**Megan's Summer Education**

by[dlsloan](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=789450&page=submissions)©

**CHAPTER 1: CLASS IS IN SESSION**
Megan Brandt woke up Saturday morning excited and nervous. She had been waiting for this day all week. Now, it was finally here. She had a carefully crafted plan. She had gone over it time after time in her head, the same way she would have prepared for her high school tennis matches. She visualized everything, played out all the scenarios in her mind. She was certain it would work. Well, almost certain. The real question was, did she want it to?

She got up and showered, liking the solitude of the empty house. Her parents had left in the wee hours of the morning -- "best way to beat traffic and make good time," her dad said -- and would be gone for a week, visiting relatives in Georgia. They had no qualms leaving Megan -- now 18 and a high school graduate -- home alone. She was a responsible girl, solid student, never got in any trouble. They lived in a safe, suburban Florida neighborhood with friendly, reliable neighbors.

As she prepared for college in the fall, her parents had encouraged Megan to quit her job at the ice cream shop and enjoy the summer without responsibilities or stress, starting with a week with the house and the pool all to herself. They envisioned their sweet daughter laying by the pool all week, watching movies all night and being the lazy summer teen they felt she deserved to be.

Little did they know that Megan had been thinking about college long before graduation. She was confident in her ability to handle the classes and she'd always been popular enough that she wasn't particularly worried about fitting in or making friends. But one thing had bothered her: The party life that seemed so prevalent in college. She had never really partied much. No drugs. Only a few drinks. Some sex, but nothing adventurous -- a couple of blowjobs, hand jobs and missionary was as far as she had gone with her handful of high school boyfriends. She wasn't a prude, but she was always worried about disappointing her parents, getting in trouble or damaging her reputation. She was a good girl. That had served her well thus far. But she felt like she needed to at least be able to fit in with the bad girls in college -- and the bad boys. But how would they respond once they found out she was a fraud? That petrified her. Thus, a plan was born.

The average teen girl might have decided to party all week, get wild, fuck as many guys as she could, drink, smoke, do whatever. But Megan wasn't average. Not in any way. Even with a week to go crazy, Megan still wanted to make sure she wouldn't get in trouble. Wild parties could lead to arrests, drugs, date rape, unwanted pregnancy, or simply embarrassing photos online for the whole world to see. She wanted no part of that. She needed to know what she was getting into, to know what to expect and how to control it. She needed someone she could trust to show her all those things without worrying about being harmed physically, emotionally or socially. She didn't need high school boys. She needed men. Mature, responsible men. Luckily, she had two living right next door. And she was pretty certain they were attracted to her. Luring them in should be easy. And given what she was offering, she didn't think they would say no.

Not that she was conceited, but she knew she was pretty. Always cute as she grew up, she had matured and blossomed into a beautiful young woman. Standing 5'4", she was the picture of a beach beauty. She had long curly black hair and a sweet round face with noticeable cheek bones and dark eyebrows. She had stunning green eyes, a pert nose and a dazzling white smile. She had a slender neck, perfectly round and perky B cup breasts with rosy red nipples, a flat stomach, narrow waist and long, well-toned legs. She had been a cheerleader and swam when she was younger, then focused on playing tennis. She was athletic, flexible and fit with a tight bubble butt that she considered her best feature. She kept her pussy waxed -- it just made sense when you wore bikinis all the time.

She had an all-over tan from many bikini-clad hours by the pool or at the beach. They lived in a nice suburban neighborhood with houses all around, but their backyard was visible to only one of those houses. That's where the old gentlemen Mick and Harry lived. Their house sat atop a slight rise that gave them a view over the Brandts' privacy fence.

When the men moved in four or five years ago, her parents had invited them for dinner to welcome them to the neighborhood. They had been very funny, charming and humble. They were from Chicago and had been friends since high school. Harry had worked as a car salesman and Mick had run his own landscaping business. Their wives got along well and they hung out frequently as couples. Sadly Mick's wife had passed away seven years ago and Harry's died only a year later. By then, both men were ready to retire and wanted to spend their remaining years in a warmer climate. They wanted to live in comfort in a nice city and, even though they had both saved wisely, still found that their best option was to split the costs for a nice Florida home. Plus, they could share the duties of keeping up the home and take care of one another if either fell ill or injured.

Megan had been sad to hear about their wives passing and felt sorry for them. She thought they were sweet and liked having them as neighbors. She always said hello when she saw them in the yard and occasionally they would come over and have a beer with her dad. Megan would always bake them cookies for Christmas.

They were good neighbors. They never bothered Megan or said or did anything inappropriate. But she knew they checked her out. She had noticed them looking out their windows as she sunbathed. She didn't mind. She was used to older men checking her out. It kind of turned her on. It was fun to tease them in her trademark tiny denim shorts, skimpy bikinis or little tennis skirts. It was sexy and a tiny bit naughty, but ultimately harmless.

Like many teen girls, she supposed, Megan fantasized about being with an older man. Maybe a teacher or one of her dad's friends. But Harry and Mick were far older than that. Harry was 62 and Mick was 64. They were both large men. She imagined in their younger days they were strong, broad-shouldered and maybe even handsome. But now, to an 18-year-old, they just looked old.

Harry was the bigger of the two. Standing 6-2, he weighed 300 pounds. He had thick hair that, once, dark and curly, was now mostly gray. His legs looked awkwardly thin, as he carried most of his weight in his chest and belly. He had big round rosy cheeks and his arms were bigger around than Megan's waist. His fingers looked like chubby little sausages. Megan thought he was kinda cute, like a big old teddy bear.

Mick was not as heavy, but because he was shorter, he looked even rounder than Harry. Mick was 5-8 and over 240 pounds. He was mostly bald, with just a few curly strands of dark hair swirled in the middle of his head. He wore thick glasses and had thin, dark lips. He was shaped like a barrel, wide and round from top to bottom. His calves and thighs were thick, supporting his jiggly beer belly and man boobs. Megan had always found him to be an adorable little man.

She wondered how she would think of them both a week from now. Not that it mattered a whole lot. Soon she'd be in college and Harry and Mick would be a distant -- hopefully fond or at least useful -- memory regardless of how the week went. But what did matter was that she trusted them. They were nice guys, gentlemen, but not prudes. They drank beer and told dirty jokes. They had lived fun lives. She knew they could teach her a lot. She couldn't imagine them hurting her or embarrassing her. They would keep her out of trouble while showing her all the things she needed to know. That was the plan. Now all she had to do was get them to agree to it. And the only bait better than a sexy young girl was a sexy young girl in distress.

After showering, Megan placed a quick call to her parents to make sure they were OK and that they were well on their way. Confirming that, she put her hair in a ponytail, put on a skimpy yellow jogging bra, yellow panties, sky blue jogging shorts and white running shoes. She hopped out of the house and spent some time in the front driveway stretching, making a good show of it. She caught a glimpse of the curtain moving from Mick and Harry's house and knew they had seen her. She took off jogging, trusting that they would be keeping an eye out for her return.

She ran her normal three-mile route, finding it hard to control her pace. She was anxious to get back and get started. But she was also nervous. What if they said no? What if they called her parents or laughed at her? But she reminded herself that the odds of that were slim. And if they did, better them ridiculing her than her college peers. She wasn't a risk taker by nature, but she considered this less risky than going to college unprepared. With renewed resolve, she sprinted the last quarter mile to the house, then walked slowly, hands on hips, her normal cool down routine. She wanted badly to look at their house and see if they were looking, but she didn't dare stare.

She stopped on the sidewalk, making sure she was in clear sight, and began to stretch. She arched her back and pulled her arms behind her. She bent over at the waist, feeling her shorts ride up. She stood on one leg, pulling the other up, holding her heel to her ass. All were legitimate stretches she used in her athletic career, but they were also terrific teases. As she turned, she caught a glimpse of Harry in the window and tried to hide her smile. The big man was watching. She was willing to bet Mick was too. It was officially show time.

She walked to the door and then made a show of frantically feeling her shorts and fumbling around, obviously missing her keys. The door really was locked and her keys really were inside. But she had done it on purpose. Just like days before she had told her parents that she "didn't need a babysitter, but jeez, if someone has to check on me, just give Mick and Harry the spare house keys. Will that make you feel better?"

So, there was nothing suspicious about her marching over to their house, skin glistening with sweat, and knocking on their door. Harry answered it and she noticed him fighting to keep his eyes up, looking her in the face.

"Hi Meg," he said. "Good run this morning?"

"Hello Harry," Megan smiled. "Well, it was a good run until I realized I locked myself out of the house. Mom and Dad have been gone for only a couple hours and I'm already messing up. They gave you the spares, right?"

"Ha, ha!" Harry laughed. "Yes, my dear, they did. Just one minute."

As Harry stepped away to get the keys, Mick came to the door, his eyes glancing quickly down her torso before looking her in the face.

"Hi neighbor," Mick said. "Good thing your folks gave us those keys, huh?"

"Guess so," Megan feigned embarrassment. "I told them it wasn't necessary. As usual, they were right and I was wrong. Just don't tell them."

"Of course, not," Mick said. "Your secret is safe with us."

"Here you go, sweetheart," Harry said, returning with the keys.

"Thanks, you guys are life savers," Megan grinned. "Hey, would you like to come over and have some breakfast with me? Mom left some muffins from the bakery. They are yummy but if I eat them all I'll have to run a marathon to burn off the calories."

"Well, sure," Harry said. "I've never turned down a muffin before."

He and Mick followed Megan across the driveway and her front yard to her house. She let them in, closed the door and smiled. So far, the plan was working to perfection.

She led them to the dining room and invited them to take a seat while she made some coffee and fetched the muffins. She had rehearsed this all so many times in her head, she couldn't believe it was actually happening. She felt entirely in control of herself and her actions. She had envisioned how the men would respond, but she wasn't sure. The uncertainty was nerve racking. She took a deep breath and focused. She couldn't just grab their dicks and get them to fuck her. She needed to tease them, make them horny and weak with temptation. She had learned that a man with his hard cock in your hand was easily persuaded. A year ago, she had a boyfriend for a brief time. She tried to convince him to take her to a concert. But he didn't want to go. One night, in the back of his car, she gripped his rigid cock and whispered in his ear, "I really want to go to that concert. What do you want?"

Not surprisingly, he wanted a blowjob, which she happily gave him. He shot his load in just a couple of minutes and that weekend she enjoyed a brilliant three-hour concert.

She knew Mick and Harry were older, more mature, and probably less easily persuaded. But she had a pretty good idea that they still had needs and desires. A pretty face, sexy body and suggestive words hopefully would reveal their weaknesses and let her take her plan to the next phase.

Megan knew the guys to be gentlemen, yes, and she knew they peeked at her. But it wasn't until about two months ago that she learned some secrets about them. That's when her plan was born.

Harry and Mick had left town for a couple of days to visit old friends in Chicago. They asked Megan to watch the house and take care of their dog, Jasper, while they were gone. Megan had agreed, of course. The first night they were gone, her parents were out a dinner function. Megan walked over to Harry and Mick's house and took Jasper for a walk. When she got back, she decided to order a pizza and keep Jasper company for a while. Her parents had an online account with the pizza place. She didn't have the app on her phone but saw a laptop on the coffee table and decided that would be easier than downloading the app or running home. She turned it on and was a bit taken aback when she saw the wallpaper was gorgeous swimsuit model sprawled provocatively on the beach with only a tiny microkini on.

Megan smiled and noted that it was Harry's computer. "Dirty old man," she laughed, even though she didn't really think that. There was nothing wrong with a man of any age checking out a supermodel. Sex sells. She knew that. She didn't think less of Harry for it, but did find it funny.

She opened the web browser and began to type the address for Ted's, the local pizza place she liked. As soon as she typed the "T" and "E", however, the search engine dropped down suggestions. The first one was "Teens in bikinis." The next was "Teen babes". She clicked the first one and a beautiful young blonde wearing a college t-shirt and some denim shorts popped on screen. A gallery of images followed, beginning with a bikini, then going nude, then being joined by a man with a long, thick cock that made Megan's mouth drop open.

She had seen porn before, of course, but never looked at it at home, fearful of being caught by her parents. Now, as she scrolled through and saw the final image with the girl's face covered in white, thick cum, she was excited and shocked and aroused.

She logged into the pizza site and ordered her pizza, then went back through Harry's bookmarks, checking out the sites, full of hardcore images and videos. There were some that were devoted to bondage, but she was afraid to look past the home page of those sites. By the time the pizza arrived, her panties were soaked and pizza wasn't the only thing she was hungry for. She had ended up fingering herself right there in their house and cumming in her panties.

That was the extent of Megan's snooping that night, but it was enough to tell her that these were men who still got horny and still wanted sex. It also told her that they knew a lot of things she didn't about sex. There was so much she had to learn.

One thing she did already know pretty well, though, was how to tease. And that's what she was doing now.

"Coffee's on," she said to the guys, "I'm going to run upstairs and change real quick."

In her room, she stripped out of her jogging outfit and replaced it with a plain white tank top, no bra, a white thong and her favorite denim cutoff shorts. They were very tight and very short. Her thong peeked out the top and her ass cheeks peaked out the bottom. And the men could peek all they wanted.

She came back downstairs barefoot and bouncy. She poured two cups of hot coffee and carried them in to her guests. Her skin was damp with sweat and the thin cotton tank top clung to her, outlining her breasts and dark nipples.

She leaned over the table as she set down their coffee, giving Harry a nice view down her top and Mick a great view from behind. She took her time, then stood up and returned for the muffins. She came back in carrying a plate of muffins, a bottle of water for herself and some napkins.

She set the muffins in front of them and was just about to sit down when she smiled her sweetest smile and said, "Oh, I almost forgot to ask, do you like your coffee with sugar?" she paused, making eye contact with them both. "Or do you prefer, um, a little cream?"

The innuendo was unmistakable. She wasn't good at hiding it and she knew it. Her game was transparent. Amateurish. Just one more way she needed their guidance.

"Hmmph," Mick cleared his throat and grinned. "Well, I like cream AND sugar. The sweeter the better, you know."

"Same here," Harry said. "Question is, Meg, how do you take it?"

Megan grinned and said in her best naughty voice, "Doesn't matter. I swallow it either way."

She left them with that thought as she bounced back into the kitchen to retrieve the cream and sugar. What she lacked in subtlety she was making up for in temptation and teasing. She was surprised at how much fun she was having with this. Teasing was a blast. But what that was going to lead to ... well, that still made her nervous. Still, she was committed to the plan and, so far, it was perfect.

She came back with the cream, sugar and a banana.

"No muffins for you?" Harry asked, pouring cream into his coffee.

"No, gotta watch my figure," she said. "I'm already worried about packing on the 'freshman 15' when I start college."

"College," Mick shook his head. "I still can't believe you're about to be a college girl. You're really growing up."

"Are you looking forward to it?" Harry asked.

"Yes and no," Megan said honestly. She put her feet up on the chair, making herself look cute and tiny and flexible while showing off even more thigh and ass cheek. "I'm trying not to think about it too much. Mom and Dad want me to just relax this summer. No work. Just time to be lazy, I guess."

"Nothing wrong with that," Harry said. "You've been working hard for a long time. Good grades, sports and a job. You deserve a break."

"Thanks," Megan smiled. These really were sweet guys.

"So you gonna spend all summer laying by the pool?" Mick asked. Megan thought she detected a hint of hopefulness in his voice.

"I guess so," Megan said, shrugging her shoulders. Her breasts jiggled a little for them and she bit into the banana.

"You don't seem too excited about that," Harry said.

"Anything wrong?" Mick asked.

"I don't know," Megan said, giving them a pouty face. "You guys would think it's weird."

"Try us," Harry said.

"It's kind of, well, embarrassing," Megan said.

"Nothing to be embarrassed about," Mick said. "We're all friends."

"I know, it's just, well..." Megan said, pausing, doing her best to look hesitant even though she could barely hold it in. Finally she blurted it out. Game on. "I don't know enough about sex and partying and I'm afraid I'll be an outcast in college."

"You don't know enough?" Mick asked, eyes wide.

"I need someone to teach me," Megan said, looking them both in the eye as she sat up straight as if some brilliant idea had just come to her. "Someone to teach me about sex."

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"Like what?" Harry asked.

"Everything," Megan said. "I have nothing to do all week and this big house all to myself. Seems like a perfect opportunity for a crash course, don't you think?"

"Wow," Harry said. "That's quite a plan. So your boyfriend coming over?"

"Don't worry, we won't tell your parents," Mick said. "Just don't get in any trouble, OK?"

"Well, that's the thing, it's pretty scary and I don't have a boyfriend," Megan said. "I need someone I know and trust. Maybe you guys could teach me?"

"You want us to teach you?" Harry asked.

"About sex?" Mick said.

"Everything," Megan said. "You can just stay here and, um, teach me day and night."

"Is this some sort of joke?" Harry asked. "Are you trying to pull a prank or get us in trouble?"

"No," Megan said. "I'll prove it. Turn on the video on your phone."

Harry turned on the video and pointed it at Megan. She looked straight into the phone and said, "I, Megan Brandt, have asked Harry and Mick to be my sex educators this week. I am 18 years old and of legal mind and body. They have my permission to do anything they feel is necessary to teach me what I need to know. I am not being coerced or blackmailed. I am not being forced." Then she spread her legs and stuck her hand inside her shorts. She pulled them back out and held up her fingers. They were shiny with her juices. "Does this show you that I want this? I'm so horny. I can't wait. I'm legal. This is legal. And I want it. Thank you."

Harry stopped recording, a sly grin on his face. "That was nice, Megan."

"Save that video," she said. "Please don't show it to anyone, but you have it. If I try to trick you or get you in trouble, that will get you out of it. Send it to Mick's phone, too, so you have a backup."

"All right, Meg, I believe you," Mick said. "But I guess we need to know what you already know so we know what we have to teach you."

"Fair enough," Megan smiled. "Does that mean you'll do it?"

"Just tell us what you know first," Mick said.

"All right, well, I have given a blowjob before and I have swallowed cum," Megan said. "I've jerked off my ex-boyfriend and I got fucked for the first time when I was 16 -- almost 17. Missionary is the only position I've ever tried."

"Wow," Mick said. "No doggie even?"

"Nope," Meg frowned. "Is that bad?"

"Not at all, honey," Harry said. "You've been a good girl. You should be proud of that."

"Well, now I'm afraid that everyone in college will make fun of me for being a good girl," Megan frowned. "I like being a good girl, but I think I need to know how to be a bad girl."

"You sure that's what you want?" Mick asked. "Being a bad girl could get you in with a bad crowd."

"I think I will pick the right friends," Megan said. "I just want to know what's going on. I don't want to be the wide-eyed preppy girl who doesn't know what people are talking about. And I can't fake it. If I haven't done it, they will see right through me."

"Yeah, being caught as a fake is a bad deal," Harry nodded.

"So, you guys see my problem," Megan said. "I don't want to just fuck around all summer with a bunch of high school guys who are going to get me pregnant or in trouble. I need men I can trust and who know what they're doing."

Mick and Harry glanced at each other, then back at the gorgeous young teen who was literally begging them to have their way with her.

"How could we say no to you?" Harry smiled.

Megan smiled back, beaming.

"Of course, now you can't say no to us, either," Mick grinned.

"Of course not," Megan said. "I will do anything you tell me to."

"Well, the first thing any bad girl can do is suck cock," Harry said. "So, why don't we start there and we'll see what you know what you need to work on."

"Now?"

"My cock's hard," Harry said. "No better time to do it."

"Mine too," Mick said.

"Both at once?" Megan asked.

"Lesson number one," Harry said. "A hard cock always deserves and needs your attention. Don't keep it waiting. You wouldn't let a baby cry in a crib, would you? A man's cock is the same way. When it's hard, it needs attention and it's your job to provide it."

"On your knees," Mick added.

Both men pulled their rigid cocks out of their pants as Megan dropped to her knees in front of Harry. Mick slid his chair closer to Harry's and put Megan's hand on his cock.

"Yes, you only have one mouth," Mick said. "But you have two hands. Never leave a hard cock waiting."

"OK," Megan said.

"No," Harry said. "You say, 'yes, sir.'"

"Yes, sir," Megan nodded.

"Or you can call me Daddy M and him Daddy H," Mick grinned. "The naughtier the better."

"Yes, Daddy M," Megan said, gripping his cock and stroking the shaft with her left hand. She held Harry's cock in her right as she slowly lowered her head toward the soft mushroom head.

"Stop," Harry said. "You didn't ask permission."

"What?" Megan asked, her big eyes wide with confusion. "You told me to..."

"It doesn't matter what I told you," Harry said. "You always ask permission to suck a man's cock. He's giving you a gift, a treat. Treat that with respect."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said. "Um, may I suck your cock, please, daddy?"

Harry almost came right then and there. It had been so long. And she was do damn hot. But he recovered and nodded coolly, "Proceed."

His cock twitched when Megan's soft lips placed a sweet kiss on his head. She looked up at him and circled her lips around the head, then she closed her eyes and went down on him, taking about half of his fat 7 inch cock in her mouth. She started bobbing up and down rapidly, her hand motionless on his shaft. Her other hand slowly worked Mick's hard cock.

"Stop, baby," Harry said. Megan sat up and looked at him with sad puppy dog eyes, wondering what she did wrong. No one had ever told her to stop sucking before. She didn't know guys did that. "You have to make eye contact. And you have to use your tongue. Slow down, too. I want to enjoy a good long blowjob. When it's time to speed up, you'll know."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said. "Sorry, daddy."

"No need to be sorry," Harry said. "You're doing your best and trying to learn. Now, try Mick's dick. Remember, eye contact, tongue and slow and steady."

Megan nodded at him and turned to give Mick some attention. Her lips were almost touching his cock when she remembered. She looked up at him, "May I please suck your cock, daddy?"

"Good girl," Mick said, patting her on the head like a dog. "Yes, you may. But don't forget him."

"Oh!" Megan exclaimed. She quickly reached her right hand back and grabbed Harry's cock. Then she turned her attention back to Mick, conscious of locking her eyes on his. She kissed the head of his cock just as she had Harry's but then, instead of going down on him, she stuck her tongue out and started licking around the head.

"Much better," Harry said. "She's got some nice lips, huh, Mick?"

"Oh yes," Mick said. "Sweet tongue too. Lick my shaft, baby."

Megan, eyes still on Mick's, pushed his cock up against his fat belly as she licked the underside of his shaft, starting at the base and going all the way up, slowly, inch by inch, until she reached the tip of his fat 6-incher.

"Do that to mine now," Harry said.

"May I?" Megan asked.

"You don't have to ask after you've started," Harry said. "All you have to do is listen and obey. Now lick my shaft."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said.

She switched back to Harry, keeping a hand on Mick. She licked slowly up and down his shaft.

"The balls are part of the deal," Harry said. "Lick them too."

Megan didn't stop when she reached the base of his shaft. She kept licking, flicking her tongue across his hairy balls.

"Suck them too," Harry said. "Right into your mouth."

Megan sucked one ball into her mouth, then the other, all the while slowly stroking his cock.

"My balls need attention, too," Mick said. "Same deal, lick and suck 'em, babe."

Megan didn't hesitate to do as told. She noticed as she stroked their cocks that they were slick and pre-cum oozed out the tops.

She continued licking their shafts and heads and balls for a few rounds, then Harry said, "Now it's time to suck my cock, babe, up and down, slow and steady." Megan went down on him, again about halfway before bobbing her head back up to the mushroom head. She worked slowly, maintaining eye contact, aware of her tongue caressing the underside of his shaft.

She did the same for Mick, again going back and forth for a few minutes. Then, Mick said, "Take it as deep as you can." Megan knew what deep throating was, but she thought that was just a porn star thing. She had never deep throated. She didn't think there was any way she could go all the way. She was already going as deep as she felt comfortable going.

Wanting to do her absolute best, she pushed past her comfort level and took in another inch. His cock was so fat that it felt like she was cramming food into her mouth like those guys in the competitive eating contests. Her mouth was stretched wide as she focused on keeping her teeth off of him. She maintained eye contact but glanced down to see how much cock was left. Too much. She couldn't take it. She backed off, coughing. She looked up, expecting to be scolded.

"Good effort," Mick said, nodding. "It's a fat old thing, isn't it? Well, you'll get there. Just takes practice. Lots of practice."

"Yeah, his is fat, but mine is fat AND long," Harry grinned. "Come on, give it a shot. Just do your best. There's no such thing as a bad blowjob, but there is such a thing as a better blowjob. You're doing fine. I'd give you a solid C so far. By the end of this week, you'll be an A-plus cock sucker. So just relax."

"Yes, daddy," Megan forced a smile. "Thank you, daddy."

She took him in her mouth and pushed down. She stopped halfway, unsure she could go much further.

"Here," she heard him say. "Look where my fingers are. Try to reach them."

She looked down and saw his fingers wrapped around his cock about an inch and half from where she was. So close, yet so far away. Her mind was her biggest enemy. She didn't believe she could do it. It was making her tense. She needed to relax. She remembered a tennis match she played against one of the top ranked players in the region. Megan had entered that match with nothing to lose. She was relaxed and played the best match of her life. She won the first set, then tightened up in the second and lost. She fell behind in the deciding set and again, the pressure was off. She was supposed to lose, right? With the pressure off, she responded again and ended up winning the match.

She told herself: "Suck like you have nothing to lose. You're not supposed to be able to do this. So just relax." She relaxed and swallowed and pushed down. She felt his cock touch the back of her throat as her lips touched his fingers. She had no idea how she could possibly go any deeper, but she did it! She rose back up, smiling, grinning from ear to ear. She was so proud.

"Excellent!" Harry said, patting her on the head. "Way to push through. That's a good attitude. For that, I'm about ready to reward you with a very large treat."

"Me too," Mick said. "I've been saving this up for you for a long time, Meg."

"I'm ready," Megan smiled. "Who's first?"

"Age before beauty," Harry chuckled, pointing to Mick.

"Thank you, buddy," Mick nodded.

"As many times as you've jerked off watching her by the pool, I figure you deserve first crack," Harry laughed.

Megan's mouth dropped, surprised that they were admitting to jerking off while looking at her. She knew they had watched her, but jerking off? That was ... kind of hot.

"Yeah, don't act like you didn't stain your window a few times yourself," Mick shot back.

"Guilty as charged," Harry said.

"Well, no mess this time," Mick said. "Babe, suck and don't stop until your mouth is full of cum. Then, show it to me, then swallow when I tell you. Got it."

"Yes, big daddy," Megan said. She lowered her head, taking him in her mouth again, ready to finish the job. She couldn't believe she was about to take a load from two men nearly 50 years older than her. She wasn't grossed out, she was excited. She felt naughty and she was surprised how good it felt to be bad for a change. But it wasn't all naughty -- it was also charitable, she thought, helping these sweet men who probably hadn't had sex in years. You could be naughty and do good at the same time. Who knew?

She sucked and slurped on the head of his cock, feeling him swell and pulse in her mouth. She didn't have a lot of experience, but she knew he was close. She was looking up at him as he closed his eyes and moaned. Cum gushed out of his cock in what felt like a steady stream of thick, viscous fluid coating her tongue and gums. It tasted bitter and old and she thought she might gag for a moment. But she kept her composure and kept her mouth on him until he finally pulled out.

He looked down at her approvingly. She started to show him the load in her mouth when she suddenly coughed and sputtered. Two drops of his cum spurted out of her mouth and onto the floor. She looked up at him, looking for his reaction.

"Show me the cum," he said calmly. She opened her mouth and showed him. "Keep looking at me and swallow it." She swallowed, eyes locked on him, then opened her mouth to show him it was empty.

"Taste good?"

"Yummy," she lied, smiling.

"Good," Mick said. "Now there's more in there. So suck that out and clean me up." She leaned forward and took his cock -- which was slowly softening -- back in her mouth, pumping her lips around it as she flicked her tongue across the head, coaxing out any reluctant sperm.

"Almost done," Mick said as his soft cock dropped from her mouth. "You missed some. When it comes to cock-sucking, it's like the military mentality -- no cum left behind."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said, reaching forward to scoop up the drops of cum that had spilled out of her mouth.

"No, no," he said. "Cum is meant for your pussy or your mouth, not your hands. Lick it up."

"But..." she started to protest.

"But what?" Mick interrupted. "What are you going to do? Stop now. You can't stop now. You're in this for the week now. You're ours and we're going to teach you right. There's no turning back and no saying no. That's what you agreed to. So, do your damn job and clean it. WITH. YOUR. CUTE. LITTLE. MOUTH."

He didn't raise his voice, but he emphasized the last words. There was no gray area. She had agreed to this. No restrictions. No saying no. They were her teachers and she was their student. There was no questioning, only doing and learning.

"Yes, daddy," she said softly. She bent forward and licked the nasty cum off the nasty floor.

"Show me," he said. She did. "Now swallow." She did. "Now, maybe you'll learn not to let any drop. My cum is a reward to you for a job well done. You don't disrespect a man by spitting it or spilling it. You treasure it and thank him for his precious gift. Now, I think Harry has a gift ready for you. Show more respect this time."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disrespect you. Thank you for teaching me. And thank you for your cum, sir."

"She's got promise," Harry said nodded to his friend as he watched Megan wrap her lips around his cock.

"Yeah, she can suck some cock," Mick said. He had his phone out now and was taking pictures and video clips, just as added security against any change of heart from Megan. "And she's obedient."

"Just needs work on her technique -- she needs to deep throat more," Harry said.

"And she needs to be less sloppy," Mick said. "It's going to take a lot of practice this week."

"Yes," Harry nodded. "Lots and lots of practice. And lots of our little pills."

They both laughed and then Harry's balls drew up in his wrinkly scrotum and he pumped his own vintage load into her mouth. It tasted nothing like a fine wine to Megan, but she dutifully held it in her mouth this time, not spilling a drop as she showed it to him, swallowed and then sucked the remaining cum out of his cock.

"She's a fast learner," Harry said. "You may go clean up, dear. If you'd like to take a shower after your run this morning, you may go ahead. Mick and I have some things to discuss regarding your training this week."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said, slowly standing up. "Thank you for your cum, sir."

Megan grabbed her water bottle and went upstairs to take a shower, just as they had suggested. She sipped water all the way up, trying to cleanse her pallet. As she showered, she thought about what she had just done, what she had committed to doing. This week was going to be crazy. The guys were certainly a little bit less the sweet old men that she had always known them to be, but of course she was no longer the good girl next door they had known her to be either. The relationship was changing. She felt it was good. More mature. More real. But part of her longed for the lost innocence. There was a lot to be said for being naïve, being genuinely sweet and caring and good. It was a shame that those things carried no street cred, no cool factor. They made you a target, a victim. It was time to move out of her fantasy world and into the real world. And she was trusting Harry and Mick to prepare her.

She didn't know how long it would take them to recharge, but she knew it took older men longer than younger, so she assumed she had quite a bit of time before her next lesson. She took her time showering, brushing her teeth, fixing her hair and selecting her clothes.

While she was doing all that, the guys had found a note pad and were writing down ideas, slowly developing a loose course curriculum they were calling "Slut School."

"I don't know if this is going to train her to transition better to college or not," Mick said, looking at his note pad. "But it's going to be a helluva fun week for us."

"She's smart and pretty," Harry said. "You and I both know she will have no problem making friends in college. We'll make it sound like we're preparing her for the wild and wacky campus life, but all I care about is banging her as many times as my body will allow this week."

"This is a once in a lifetime opportunity," Mick agreed. "Unfortunately, I think we're low on our little pills."

"Damn, yeah, my bottle is almost empty," Harry said. "I'll run over and get the bottles and we'll call in a refill."

"Good," Mick said. "Bring back some alcohol too. I'll stay here and take care of Megan."

"Mighty generous of you," Harry laughed.

The big man left and Mick started rewriting the school plan. Essentially, the men had outlined everything that would be on their bucket list to do with a girl like Megan. Then, they had come up with a sort of training exercise to match it so that Megan would think this was all for her own good. He genuinely liked the neighbor girl and had no intention of harming her, but if the little slut was naïve enough to go for this, damned if he wasn't going to take full advantage of everything her tight body had to offer. He knew Harry felt the same way.

Harry came back about 15 minutes later with a gym bag full of odds and ends, including their empty prescription bottles, their bathing suits, a 6-pack of beer and a bottle of whisky. "We're going to need more alcohol. I bet she likes wine."

"You're right," Mick said. "We'll get some when we go to the pharmacy. I'll call these in."

"I'll check on our student and tell her to dress for going to the store," Harry said.

Harry went upstairs and knocked on Megan's door.

"One second!" Megan said. She put on a robe, completely nude underneath as she opened the door.

"Hey Harry... er, daddy," Megan said.

"It's OK, hun," Harry smiled. "I'll give you some privacy. I just wanted to let you know that we're going to go to the store and pick up a few things. So dress for going out. Maybe a crop top or halter top. Maybe a little skirt or shorts. Some heels. No bra. Ponytail. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I'll do my best to please you, daddy."

"I know you will," Harry said. "Half an hour enough time to get ready?"

"Yes, sir."

Twenty-five minutes later, Megan came downstairs wearing an outfit she hoped was not too naughty for public but naughty enough for her teachers. She had on a simple white halter top that tied around her neck with a strap that connected between her shoulder blades. It was nearly backless, thus making it easy to see that she was wearing no bra. She wore a purple thong underneath a hot pink, hip-hugging mini skirt. It was tight and short -- much to the chagrin of her parents, who made it clear they didn't approve despite not banning her from wearing it. It was part of their easy-going style to give her their opinion, but trust her to make the right choices. So, she had only worn it once before now. She did not have an extensive collection of heels, but had a cute pair of pink pumps that she liked to wear with jeans sometimes. She put these on, mentally checking off Harry's list of halter top, skirt or shorts and heels with no bra. Her hair was in the required ponytail.

She found the guys waiting for her in the kitchen. They were sitting on two stools at the counter.

"Very prompt," Mick nodded as he looked at his watch. "That's good."

"Yes, now prepare for inspection," Harry said.

"Um, inspection, sir?" Megan asked.

"I gave you specific instructions on how to present yourself for us," Harry explained. "This is your summer school and we are your teachers. So, just like in school, it is up to you to complete the assignments and us to judge your work. So, stand right here with her feet together, arms behind your back, back straight, head up."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said, promptly assuming the position.

Mick and Harry both walked around her slowly, looking her up and down.

"I told her halter top or crop top, shorts or skirt, no bra, heels and a ponytail," Harry told Mick.

"Well, she's got the halter top and skirt," Mick said.

"I like the heels and the ponytail is cute," Harry added.

"Bra?" Mick asked.

"No, sir," Megan said. "No bra."

"I'd like to take your word for it," Mick said. "But as your teacher, it's my duty to be thorough."

"Of course, sir," Megan said.

Mick stepped close and put his hands on her chest. Slowly he pushed the top to the sides, exposing her perky firm breasts. Megan gasped involuntarily as his hands touched her naked breasts. He gave them a gentle squeeze, then pulled the halter top back in place.

"Definitely no bra," Mick nodded. "Did you instruct her about panties?"

"No," Harry smiled. "I was testing her to see what she would do. What do you think, is she wearing good-girl granny panties, a naughty little thong or g-string, some boy shorts, or is she just going commando?"

"Only one way to find out," Mick said. "You do the honors this time."

Harry stood behind Megan and pulled up her skirt, holding it up around her waist. He put his hand on her bare ass cheek and gave it a little squeeze.

"I'd say she passed with flying colors," Harry said. "Naughty little thong. Exactly what I would have instructed her to wear."

"Well done, Meg," Mick said as Harry put her skirt back down. "You are now presentable to go out in public with us."

"Thank you, daddy."

"I have to say, I'm surprised you have this skirt," Harry said. "I have handkerchiefs bigger than that."

"Yeah, Mom and Dad don't like it," Megan frowned.

"I can see why," Harry said. "But Daddy M and Daddy H like it VERY much."

"And this week, that's all that matters," Mick added. "I'll go get the car and be right back."

"We can take my car," Megan said.

"Thank you, honey, but we'll take ours," Mick said. "You should save your gas. I'll drive and you and Harry can hang out in the back seat. I'll be your chauffer."

Mick left to walk back to their house and pick up his car -- a large older model white sedan with red leather seats and lots of chrome. Harry and Megan walked down the sidewalk to wait for him by the road.

Mick rolled up, window down, and said, "You two love birds hop in the back."

Harry let Megan get in first, then slid in next to her.

"So, where are we going?" Megan asked.

"We need to pick up some things at the pharmacy," Harry said.

"And we have a couple of other stops to make," Mick said. "Teachers need supplies, you know."

"I really appreciate this," Megan said. "I didn't mean for you to have to spend any money."

"Oh, that's sweet, baby," Harry said, patting her bare thigh. He left his hand there. "Don't you worry. We aren't rich, but we can handle this. Besides, what better investment is there than your education?"

"Well, I do think you kind of like, um, teaching me," Megan giggled.

"Maybe a little," Harry admitted, his hand sliding up her thigh.

"You are the first ever student at Daddies School for Sluts," Mick said as he drove them through the neighborhood and towards one of the local shopping areas.

"School for Sluts?" Megan said. "I don't want to be a slut... do I?"

"No," Harry said, his hand now at the ends of her thong, inches from her pussy. "You just want to know how to be a slut. You want to know how to fit in, how to attract and please guys, how to compete with other girls. I don't want to be a mechanic, but I want to know how to fix a car. You don't want to be slut, but you want to know how to be one."

"Don't worry, babe," Mick said. "We're going to turn you into a hot, slutty little whore by the end of the week. Then you can go back to being a good girl. If you want."

"What do you mean, 'if I want?'" Megan asked.

"Well," Harry said, wiggling his finger inside her panties and touching her bare pussy lips. "No woman wakes up one day and says they want to be a slut. Sometimes it just happens. Sometimes, it's what or who you really are meant to be. Not saying that's you, just saying you never know. You're young. Your whole life is in front of you. Who knows what you will be?"

"A teacher or a trainer or a vet, maybe," Megan said, squirming as Harry's index finger slid between her pussy lips.

"Maybe," Harry said. He leaned in and kissed her on the mouth as he pushed a second finger inside her.

"You're stretching my panties," Megan gasped.

"I'm going to stretch a lot more than that," Harry said. "Here's another lesson: A slut's clothes are made for two things: to show off your body and then be stretched and ripped."

"And they get lots of cum stains," Mick added. "How's that pussy feel?"

"She must have dated some real pencil dicks," Harry said. "This thing is tight. Very tight."

"Gotta love 18-year-old pussy," Mick said. "We're almost there. Want me to give you a little more time?"

"No, it's OK," Harry said, pulling his fingers out of her. "We've got all week." '

He raised his fingers to his nose and sniffed. "Smells sweet. Ever taste yourself?"

"What? Ugh, no," Megan said.

Harry put his fingers to her lips. She knew she had to do it. She opened her mouth and sucked his fingers. They tasted sweet.

"Pretty good, huh?" he smiled. "Maybe I'll let you eat some more of that later. Lick it right off my cock."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said.

Mick parked the car at the pharmacy and they all went in. It was mid-morning now and the lot was half filled with cars. There was a line at the pharmacy counter.

"Meg, you wait in line while we pick up some other things we need," Mick said.

Megan got in line at the pharmacy. There were three people in front of her, so she knew it shouldn't take too long. She was nervous and on edge. Her pussy was still wet from Harry's fingering, she could still taster herself on her lips, and her nipples were hard. The air conditioning was turned way up in the pharmacy in anticipation of a hot afternoon, which made her nipples even harder. She was trembling and she wasn't sure if it was shivering from the cold or nerves. She wasn't sure if she was excited or scared. The guys were so much more aggressive and cocky in the car. The way they talked, the way Harry groped her... it was intimidating. And exciting.

She looked around, trying to see where they were in the store. She wondered what else they were picking up. And what other stores they wanted to go to. She hoped she wouldn't see anyone she knew. But what if she did? She wasn't doing anything wrong. Sure, she was dressed a little sexier than normal, but nothing scandalous. She saw women walking around wearing a lot less than this and no one said anything. Still, all things being equal, she hoped they could get this trip over with and stay home the rest of the week and fuck and play and do whatever they felt she needed to learn.

She finally reached the front of the line with the guys still not around. She stepped forward and explained that she was just holding the place in line and wasn't sure what they were picking up. The pharmacist, an older gentlemen probably in his mid-50s, smiled and asked who she was picking up for.

"Mick and Harry," she said. "Um, I know their last names... let me think."

"It's OK," he said. "I know them. They called in earlier. Viagra prescriptions, right?"

"Um, I guess so," Megan said.

"They haven't had these filled in a while, but I've got them ready," the man said. "How do you know them?"

"Oh, they're my next-door neighbors," Megan responded. "My parents are out of town so I came along with the guys on a little shopping trip."

"Very nice," the pharmacist said. "They're lucky to have such a sweet, pretty young woman like you for a neighbor."

"Thank you."

"Well, are they here?" the pharmacist said. "They have to sign for them."

"Yes, sir, they are here somewhere," Megan said, looking over her shoulder. "I'm sorry."

"No problem," he smiled. "I'll just page them."

"Mick and Harry, your prescription is ready, and so is your lovely neighbor," he smiled.

A few seconds later Harry and Mick came along carrying a few items along with them.

"Sorry, Meg," Harry said. "Hi, Stan."

"Hey Harry," the pharmacist nodded. "Got your stuff right here. Just been chatting with your friendly neighbor here while we wait."

"Nice girl, isn't she?" Harry smiled.

"Very," Stan said. "I understand you're keeping an eye on things while her parents are away. Mighty neighborly of you."

"Well, you know, that's what neighbors are for," Mick laughed.

"You guys want to check out here or up front?"

"Here's fine," Mick said. They put their other items on the counter.

Megan tried to hide her shock when she saw a bottle of KY gel, a bottle of baby oil and two bottles of wine.

"Looks like you guys are throwing quite a party," Stan laughed at their odd assortment of items.

"It's always a party when we're hanging out with Megan," Harry nodded.

"I bet it is," Stan said. "You should have candy for your party. You know, my favorite candy was always Sugar Daddies. Did you like those?"

"Nah," Mick said. "Always cost too much. I like the free candy better -- you know, the kind you mooch off the neighbor."

The men all laughed as Stan bagged up their items. Megan felt like they were talking in a not very veiled code about her. She felt like Stan knew what was happening. Whether he did or not, she was embarrassed and wondered if Stan knew her parents.

They left the store and got back in the car. This time, Harry got behind the wheel and Stan joined Megan in the back seat. They weren't even out of the parking space before he had her halter top pushed aside and was playing with her breasts.

"Had to let these babies out before those nipples sliced a hole in your top," he joked.

"Yeah, it was pretty cold in there," Megan said, trying hard to adjust to this constant groping. Was this really normal? "So, you guys bought a lot of stuff there."

"Yeah, we have more to get," Harry said, looking in the rearview mirror as Mick dropped his mouth onto Megan's breast. "We'll go to the liquor store next."

"I thought we already got wine?" Megan asked, her breath shallow as Mick sucked on her nipple.

"Yeah, but we need more stuff," Harry said. "College kids drink a lot. Better get you used to it."

"This is going to be a non-stop party," Mick said, lifting his head up to kiss her on the cheek.

"Call it a crash course in how to be a college slut," Harry said.

"Whatever you guys say," Megan nodded. "I trust you. Um, are we going anywhere else?"

"A couple more places," Harry said. "Just enjoy the ride, honey. Mick, give her a good last kiss then cover her back up. We're almost there."

Mick sucked hard on both nipples, making them harder than ever, then covered her swollen tits back up with the halter top. "Yes, indeed, non-stop party with those titties," he smiled. "Come on, baby."

They went to the liquor and party supply store. Megan pushed the cart while Harry and Mick loaded it with several bottles of liquor, including tequila, rum, vodka and whisky, along with more wine and beer.

"I've only ever had beer and wine," Megan said, shaking her head at the assortment of liquor the men were purchasing. "Won't this make us sick?"

"Probably," Mick laughed. "And horny. Definitely horny."

They added bottles of soda and juice to use as mixers and checked out.

"The teacher supply store is right across the lot," Mick said. "Let's put this stuff in the trunk and we can just walk over there. I think Megan needs to stretch those pretty legs."

As they walked toward the teacher supply store, Megan asked. "Can I ask why we're going to this store? I don't see what it has to do with sex and partying."

"That's why we're the teachers and you're the student!" Harry laughed. "Actually, we're going there because we need teaching supplies. You are supposed to learn this week and we are supposed to teach and grade you on what you learn. As much as we'd like to, we can't fuck you all day every day, so there will be time for some other types of lessons."

"I see," Megan said. "You guys did a lot of planning while I was in the shower."

"I always think better after a good blowjob," Mick said.

"By the end of this week, you should be a genius then," Harry laughed.

In the store, they picked out a large easel pad, markers, a notebook, pens, ruler, stickers, tape and glue.

"We probably have some of this stuff at home," Megan said.

"Better to get it now and not need it than the other way around," Mick said.

"All right, one last stop, then let's get some lunch," Harry said as they piled back in the car.

"Where to?" Megan said, joining Harry in the back seat.

"Target," Mick said. "Just need a few odds and ends."

"Speaking of ends," Harry said, "plant your sweet little end in my lap." He pulled Megan into his lap, pushing his hands under her skirt. He pulled at her thong. "Let's take these things off. Let that pussy get some fresh air."

Together they pulled her thong off and Harry handed it to Mick, who hung it on the rearview mirror.

Harry pushed his hand between her legs and stuffed his middle finger inside her. It was only a short drive to Target, but he finger-banged her the whole way. By the time they parked, Megan's pussy was heating up, her lips slick with her juice, her clit swollen.

"Yes sir," Harry said. "I've get her primed and ready. She'll be begging for it by the time we get home."

"Um, can I put my thong back on now?" Megan asked.

"Um, no," Harry mocked.

Megan's jaw dropped, but she didn't say a word. She knew if the guys wanted her to wear her thong they would have given it back to her. Her skirt was very short, but if she just didn't bend over too much, she'd be OK. She walked in with them feeling very self-conscious with no bra and no panties. She was covered, but she felt naked. It was both humiliating and exciting.

They meandered around the store with no apparent list in mind. They had her climb in the cart and pushed around. To fit in the cart, her legs were bent at the knees. She kept them together as best she could, but anyone really looking would be able to see that she was wearing no panties. They walked slowly through the store, casually dropping a few items in the cart around her. Chocolate syrup, ice cream, lollipops, and a leash -- she assumed for their little dog. Then they finally went to the clothing section.

"Do you have any sexy stockings at home?" Mick asked.

"Um, I have some black thigh highs," Megan said. "I think they look good, but I don't know if they're really sexy."

"Anything on you would be sexy," Harry said. "Still, I think we should see if they have some white ones. I like white stockings on long tan legs."

They picked out a pair of white stockings and a pair of long thigh high tube socks. Megan was just putting them in the cart next to her when she heard a familiar voice, "Hey, Megan!" She looked up and saw Jackson, one of her classmates at school. He was a year younger and still had a year to go. He was wearing a uniform vest with his name on it.

"Hi Jackson," she did her best to smile as if nothing weird was happening here. "I didn't know you worked here."

"Yeah, I just started after school got out," he smiled, nodding a greeting to Harry and Mick. "You know, summer job."

"Good for you," Megan said. "I'm being lazy all summer."

"Nothing wrong with that," Jackson said. "Hey, I gotta get to my station. My shift just started. I'll see you around."

"Whew, that was close!" Megan grinned in relief, explaining how she knew Jackson.

"That would have been embarrassing," Mick said. "I'm assuming he's never seen your pussy?"

"No!" Megan said. "Of course not." Mick and Harry laughed.

"All right, all right, you've been a good sport," Harry said. "Let's get you a thong to wear home."

"Oh thank you!" Megan smiled. "I've been so nervous."

"You can even pick the color," Harry said. "Since we don't know what colors you already have at home."

"I don't have that many," Megan said. "I don't have a black one. Would that be OK?"

"Of course," Mick said. "Why don't you put them on and you can wear them out of the store."

He helped her climb out of the cart and she stood behind them as she quickly put the thong on.

"All right, I think that's the full list," Harry said. "Let's check out."

Naturally, Jackson was working the checkout lane. Megan didn't mind so much now. Sure, her skirt was short and she was aware of her hard nipples, but having the thong on made her much more comfortable.

"Good to see you again," Jackson greeted them.

"Good to see you," Harry said. He introduced himself and Mick as friends of the family.

They placed their assortment of items on the counter and Jackson checked them out. They were chatting and Megan forgot all about needing to pay for the thong -- until they were walking out the door and the alarm went off.

"Oh no," she said. "I forgot all about the thong." Hoping to avoid a scene she scurried back over to Jackson as Harry and Mick followed, silently fist-bumping behind her.

"Jackson, I'm sorry. I got a new pair of underwear and decided to wear them out. I forgot to tell you. I'll pay for them. I'll just go get a pair like them and you can scan them."

"No problem," Jackson said.

"I think that was the last pair, wasn't it Megan?" Harry said, giving Megan a stern look that told her not to contradict him. "Can you just scan the tag that's on the ones she's wearing?"

"Um, well, sure, I guess so," Jackson said. "I'll turn around and you can tear it off and then I can scan it."

"Oh, I don't think we should tear it off," Mick said. "Might rip them. You have one of those hand-held scanners you can just zap it with, right?"

"Everything OK over here?" a manager said, walking up.

"Yeah," Jackson said. "Just missed an item. Won't happen again."

"All right," the manager said. "Sorry for the trouble, folks."

"It's no problem at all," Mick said. "He's a very polite young man. It's our fault, not his."

"That's good. Thank you for shopping with us." The manager left.

"Thank you for covering for me," Megan said to Jackson.

"No problem," he smiled. "So, um, you want me to scan it while you're wearing it?"

"Yes," Harry smiled. "I think the tag is right inside the back waist band."

Megan turned around and Mick lifted up her skirt. Megan was so thankful that the normally busy store was still quiet at this time of day. It was embarrassing enough that Jackson could now see her essentially bare ass. She felt his fingers pull at the band. Then it snapped back against her skin.

"Ouch," she said.

"Sorry," Jackson said. "Fingers slipped." She could hear the nervousness in his voice and wondered if his hands were shaking.

"I'll help," Harry said. Suddenly the thong was yanked away from her skin, far further than necessary, and the top was rolled over, exposing the tag. Her bare ass was visible to him as Jackson held the scanner over her. She felt the fabric digging into the soft flesh of her pussy. She looked up and saw a few customers looking in their direction as they walked by. Luckily, no one was close. She could see they were pointing. Some looked shocked. Some were laughing. She looked back down quickly, waiting to hear the beep of the scanner.

Once the tag finally scanned, her thong was put back in place and she stood up. Harry paid and they headed toward the exit. Megan was blushing and embarrassed, looking around to see if anyone was following them or who might have been watching. She noticed Jackson was grinning from ear to ear.

They got in the car, Mick taking his turn in the back seat with her this time.

"So, did you get the point of that lesson?" he asked.

"That was a lesson?" Megan asked, surprised. "You did that on purpose?"

"Of course, my naïve girl," Mick said. "We always have a plan."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because you learn better when you don't know what's coming," Mick said.

"Plus it's a lot more fun," Harry laughed.

"You guys are some pretty crazy teachers," Megan said. "Um, well, what lesson did I miss?"

"You just learned how to get any guy you want by playing dumb," Mick said. He saw the blank look on Megan's pretty face. He resisted the urge to kiss her and continued. "Suppose you wanted that checkout boy. You need to make sure he notices you. Sure, you're pretty and dress nice, but so will all the college girls. How do you stand out? Think he'll remember the hot chick who forgot her panties, bought some new panties but forgot to take the tag off and pay for them, so she just bent over and showed off her ass? Guarantee he'll be checking you out on Facebook or Instagram or whatever the hell you kids use these days. And if it was a college guy or an older man, you wouldn't have gotten out of the store without giving up your number. Naïve, helpless and immodest girls get attention, my dear. And you just got plenty. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," Megan nodded, biting her lip. "Do you really think I'll have to do all that to attract men in college?"

"No," Harry laughed as he drove along the suburban streets. "College guys will fuck anything that moves. You can get a guy. But to get "THE" guy, to compete with the other hot chicks on campus, you have to stand out."

"And put out," Mick said. With that he pulled her close and kissed her on the mouth, his hands pushing under her skirt once again. Minutes later, the new thong hung on the driver's outside mirror as Harry pulled up to a fast food drive through window.

Harry didn't ask Megan what she wanted to eat and she couldn't have answered if he did. Mick wasn't letting her come up for breath as his tongue probed inside her mouth and his fingers probed inside her pussy. She was wet and hot and shocked at how easily these unattractive old men were able to turn her on. They knew what they were doing.

"Hey, nice decorations on your whip, man," she heard the drive through guy say. "Hot little thongs."

"What was inside 'em is even hotter," Harry said. She looked over Mick's shoulder and saw Harry jerking his thumb toward the backseat. She couldn't see the drive through window, but pictured some high school kid -- someone else she might know! -- peering in the back window and catching an eyeful of her making out with this old man. She didn't mind the physical contact, but this exposure made her nervous. She just wanted to get home and stay home.

Thankfully, that was their next stop and ten minutes later they were there. They parked in the driveway and Harry and Mick carried the food and other purchases inside. Megan was left to carry her thongs, one dangling off each wrist per their instructions, "just in case any nosey neighbors are looking," they had smirked.

Once inside, Mick ordered, "Top off, heels and skirt on." Megan complied and followed the men out to the back deck to eat lunch on the patio overlooking the pool. Megan knew no one had a view of the backyard other than Mick and Harry from their house, but she was still self-conscious walking outside topless.

As they ate, Harry and Mick told her a little bit more about the curriculum they had planned for her.

"Today is sort of like orientation," Harry explained. "You get your supplies, your class schedule and we do some pre-testing to see what you know and what you need to learn."

"I like the sound of that," Megan grinned. "I mean, I really appreciate you guys taking this seriously and coming up with an organized plan to teach me what I need to know. I knew I made the right choice by picking older men."

"So, we already did an evaluation of your cock sucking skills and I don't think you'll be surprised to find out that we have rated you a C," Mick said. "You have average skill so far. Not bad, not great. You just need practice, which you will get plenty of this week. Can you tell me the things you will need to do to get an A?"

"Well, I need to be able to deep throat," Megan said, slowly chewing her grilled chicken sandwich. "I need to make sure I always make eye contact. I need to remember to pay attention to the balls. And I need make sure I either catch all the cum on my face or in my mouth and swallow it all unless told otherwise."

"Very good," Harry nodded. "Perfecting those techniques will get you to at least a B. To be an A-level cocksucker, though, you will need to demonstrate a love and lust for cocksucking. You have to enjoy it, to want to do it, not just be willing to do it. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Megan nodded. "It's like how I love playing tennis. I loved practicing and playing and I got a lot better because I wanted to."

"Good example," Mick said. "I must say, it's nice working with a student who has both looks and brains."

"Thank you, sir," Megan blushed.

"So, before the end of the day today, we will complete evaluations on how well you do certain things," Mick continued, looking down at his notes. "That gives us our baseline and we can see where we need to improve and how quickly we can move on to more advanced slut-level skills."

"Slut level?"

"Just a term we made up," Harry laughed. "Right now you're a barely legal babe. We want to advance you to smoking hot babe and then to full-fledged slut."

"That's pretty derogatory, isn't it?" Megan asked.

"Sure, it can be," Mick acknowledged. "But we're talking about your skill level here, not your personality. You don't have to be a slut to have slut-level skills. The thing is, men don't want a slut, they just want a woman who sucks and fucks and dresses like one. See the difference?"

"I think so," Megan said. She remembered the analogy to a mechanic they had used earlier. "Like my dad isn't a mechanic but he can do some of his own car repairs."

"Sort of like that," Harry said. "So slut level skills will include things like lap dances, strip teases, public sex, multiple partners and bondage."

"Oh wow," Megan said, staring at both men, making sure they weren't joking. "Um, that's some pretty wild stuff. I'm not sure I'm ready for that."

"You're definitely not ready for it," Mick agreed. "But you will be. Just trust us to do our job."

"You have to be fully committed to this," Harry added. "We're going to use language you aren't used to. We're going to demand things of you. You need to comply. No refusals. No questions asked. Attitude and trust are everything here."

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I trust you both. I am scared, but I won't say no. I won't be offended by any language. So long as you don't hit me or hurt me, I'll do whatever you tell me to do."

"We won't hurt you," Mick said. "Never let any man hurt you. Being submissive and compliant doesn't make you a victim. Any man who abuses a gift like you is a fool and coward."

"Thank you for saying that," Megan said. "That makes me feel better."

"Good," Mick said. "Now, we've been calling you 'honey' and 'sweetheart' and things like that so far. But you will also answer to names like 'bitch' and 'slut' and 'cocksucker'... you get the idea."

"Of course, sir," Megan said. "I'm going to be all those things for you, so you might as well call me what I am."

"Great attitude," Harry said. "I hope you still feel that way by this time tomorrow."

"I will," Megan said confidently.

They finished eating their sandwiches and Megan slurped the last of her soda.

"Reach in the cup and grab two pieces of ice and rub them on your nipples," Harry said.

"Yes, sir."

"Your nipples should always be hard," Harry said as Megan rubbed the ice on them and beads of water started to drip over the swell of her breasts. "You need to be aware of that at all times. If they aren't hard, you pull them, rub them or put something cold on them. If you have to be told to do it, it's already too late."

"You have to be ready to tease and please 24/7," Mick added. "There's never a time when you're off duty. Your man wakes up at 3 a.m. with a hard-on, you better wake up fast and take care of it."

"And those pretty nipples better be hard and that pussy wet," Harry said.

"You expect me to be ready to fuck even when I'm sound asleep?" Megan asked.

"Are you questioning us?" Harry challenged her.

"No, sir," Megan said, remembering their agreement forged only moments ago. "I will be ready. 24/7."

"Well, that little pill is kicking in, so I'm ready right now," Mick said, rubbing his crotch.

"Me too," Harry said. "But you go first. Just don't cum inside her -- I don't want any sloppy seconds."

"No, that's not where sluts take cum anyway, is it?" Mick said, looking at Megan, eyebrows raised, letting her know he expected an answer.

"No, sir," she said. "I swallow cum. Unless you want to cover my face with it first."

Mick nodded his approval and took her hand, leading her into the house. "I want to fuck you in your bed," he said. "Lead the way."

Mick enjoyed the view of Megan's swaying ass and long legs as she led the way upstairs. He'd watched that little ass in her bikinis, walking around the pool so many times. Now, it was about to be his. His cock twitched in his pants with a desire and anticipation he hadn't felt in years. He felt huge and powerful as blood filled his cock and adrenaline pumped through his veins. He felt 30 years younger.

Megan's room was what you would expect of a high school girl. Yes, Megan was 18 now and mature for her age, but she still had posters of a boy band and a calendar filled with kittens and other cute animals. A laptop sat on her desk and overhead was a collage of pictures of her with her friends. Normally there would be piles of clothes about the room, but she had picked up and everything was put away and in its place. Even her bed was neatly made. Her room had light yellow walls and the room was filled with pinks and yellows and light blues. It was a large room with a walk-in closet and her own full bathroom.

"Nice room," Mick said. He wasted no time taking off his shirt and pulling down his pants and briefs. Megan watched as he sat his thick, heavy, naked frame on the edge of her bed. The mattress squished like she had never seen before. He pushed the covers back and laid his bare ass on her fresh cotton sheets. He put his hands behind his head, fully relax, his cock half erect as he looked at her contentedly.

"I'm ready," he said. "Take off your skirt and turn on some music."

Megan dropped her skirt to the floor and stepped out of it. She opened her laptop. "What would you like to listen to, sir?" she asked.

"Whatever gets your sweet little ass moving," he smiled. "I want you to tease me. Put on a show before you take off that thong."

Megan hit her pop music playlist and, with her back still to him, started swaying to the beat. She was bent over at the waist, legs straight, heels still on. She stood up slowly and turned to face him, putting on her best sexy smile.

"Now, just dance a little and play with that thong," Mick said. He was rubbing his cock now. "Touch your breasts. Pinch your nipples. Show me you want it."

Megan forced herself to keep smiling as she danced awkwardly. She cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples. She stroked her pussy through her thong.

"Pull it up," he said. "Show me that camel toe."

Megan pulled up on the thong, forcing the soft fabric into the folds of her pussy lips. Mick made a humming sound like he was hungry and was looking at something good to eat.

She danced through one song and by then Mick was almost fully hard. He trusted the pill but still wasn't sure about his staying power these days. It was time to fuck.

"Take off your thong and heels and get over here, slut," he said sternly.

Megan stripped completely naked and climbed onto the bed, her eyes on his, questioning, showing him she was ready for his instructions.

"Now, I'm going to fuck your little cunt," he said, using the 'c' word to see her reaction. If she was offended, she didn't show it. "But most good fucks start with some nice sucking. Get my cock fully hard. Make it wet. Play with my balls. Show me how bad you want me inside you."

For the second time that day, Megan wrapped her pretty lips around Mick's fat cock. Remembering her earlier lessons, she looked up at him, maintaining eye contact as she knelt between his thick, hairy thighs. She worked her tongue over the head of his cock, lapping at the tiny opening at the tip. She kissed along the shaft and then kissed his balls with his cock bumping against her forehead. He was so hard. Harder than this morning, she thought. Those pills were magical.

"Time to climb on," Mick said, his voice thick and husky. "Straddle me and drop down right on it."

Megan climbed atop him, thankful that she wouldn't have this fat man on top of her. She straddled him and leaned forward on his chest as she dipped her hips and touched her pussy to the head of his cock. She closed her eyes as she felt his cock part are pussy lips. She trembled and slowly took in the first few inches. She was wet but he was thick and more than her tight pussy was used to.

Mick didn't care. She felt so good on top of him. He grabbed her hips and pushed down. Hard. In an instant he was fully inside her. She grunted and gasped as if his cock had somehow pushed all the way up into her lungs and knocked the breath out of her.

"Hot damn you're a tight little bitch," Mick said approvingly. "Now bounce on me."

Megan had her hands on his chest and as she started working her hips and thighs to ride up and down on him. It was a tight fit and with each stroke the lining of her pussy was clamped snugly around his shaft. She was wet and getting wetter. That feeling of fullness was so wonderful. It didn't matter in that moment that he was so much older or that he was unattractive. His cock was working wonders. She was on fire and wanted nothing more than to keep riding him.

He put his hands on her breasts and squeezed and rubbed them firmly. Her nipples dug into the palms of his coarse hands. She looked at him and saw the pure lust and joy in his eyes. She wondered how long it had been since he'd had someone ride him like this. She felt sorry for him in that moment. She was thankful that she could bring him joy. He was helping her but she was glad there was fun in it for him too. A win-win situation, she thought.

Her pussy was stuffed full and she squeezed her vaginal muscles around him even tighter.

"Oh yes, baby!" Mick grunted. "Keep doing that! Squeeze that tight little cunt for me!"

Megan squeezed as tight as she could around and ground her hips, filling herself with his shaft. She was getting close and was pushing for that sweet climax. She hadn't expected to be so turned on, but the whole thing was so naughty and fun and he was pretty damn good with his fat old cock.

"Slow down, slut," Mick interrupted her. He pushed down on her hips, squeezing, stopping her motion. "You're going to make me cum too fast. Always remember to make it last."

"But I'm so close..." she gasped, trying to rock her hips.

"I know," Mick grinned. "But you have to wait. You can cum. I want you to. But this all happens on my schedule. Just breathe. Don't think about your pussy or how good it feels. Slowly now, count to 10."

"One..." she said. He pinched her left nipple as she said it.

"Two..." he pinched her right nipple.

He alternated nipple pinching until she reached 10. Then he said, "Good, I can last a little longer now. Start again. Ride me slow. Build back up to it. Embrace the anticipation. Focus on pleasing me. Take pleasure in that. Don't rush it."

Megan focused on riding him slowly, moving her hips and thighs to massage his cock with her tender pussy. But each thrust stoked her fire and brought her back to the brink of orgasm. He felt huge inside her and the pressure and heat were building to combustion. She couldn't hold back. She started riding him urgently, grinding on him. He didn't try to stop her this time. He grabbed her hips and thrust his cock up into her as hard as he could. She came in a rush as his cock pounded away inside her. She was still cumming as he pushed her off. She rolled over on her back and he knelt beside her face, holding his cock hard at the base to hold back his orgasm for just a few more seconds.

"Open your eyes and close your mouth," he said. She did and he jerked twice, then started spraying cum all over her pretty teen face. Some splashed on her dark hair, a line drizzled over her left eye and a pool collected on the tip of her nose.

"Open your mouth," he said. She did and he put the head of his cock inside her welcoming lips. "Suck the rest out. Stick your tongue in there and suck it all out."

Megan sucked and swallowed the rest of his cum. Then Mick stepped off the bed and grabbed his phone off the dresser. He stood over her and took several pictures of her cum-covered face. Then he turned on the video and nodded for her to speak.

"Mmm, thank you, daddy," she moaned in her sexiest voice. "That was so fun!"

He turned off the phone and motioned for her to get up. "That was good, baby," Mick said. "Now go clean up and get ready for Harry. You've got a 15-minute break."

"Yes, sir," Megan said.

Mick left the room and Megan scurried into the back room despite her wobbly legs. She grabbed a wash cloth and wiped her face, then carefully dabbed at the dots of white cum in her hair. She would need to wash it, of course, but this would have to be good enough for Harry. She used mouth wash to get rid of the get the bitter cum taste off her tongue. As she cleaned up and put her thong, skirt and heels back on she thought about what she had just done. She had just fucked a man old enough to be her grandfather. He was fat, old and unattractive and yet she had enjoyed it thoroughly. It was the opposite of everything she was used to being -- a good girl, obedient, careful, sweet and kind. She had never been so reckless, so naughty. It scared her that she enjoyed it so much. That orgasm had rocked her like no other she'd ever had, and she was ready for another one. Hopefully old Harry could deliver as well as Mick had.

She was thinking about whether or not Mick had enjoyed her performance. Obviously he had cum and seemed to like it. But she remembered his instructions to her to slow down. She had tried, but looking back, she felt like she had failed. She hadn't been able to control herself. Had she rushed him too much?

Her thoughts were interrupted by Harry's booming voice, "When you're ready, come downstairs. Thong and heels only. I'll be in the office."

"Coming, daddy!" Megan called down. She dropped her skirt, adjusted her thong and walked downstairs. She wondered why he wanted her to come to her mom's office. Her mom had an office on the first floor and her dad had his "man-cave" in the basement. The office was plenty big, holding a desktop computer, small flat screen TV mounted on the wall, a leather office chair, a big L-shaped desk and a leather love seat with a coffee table.

She went to the office and found Harry sitting on the love seat, completely naked. He was so big and fat and wrinkly. She should have been repulsed. Instead, she was excited by the lusty look on his face and the half-hard cock in his hand.

"You wanted to see me, daddy?" she said in a sweet, way-too-naughty girly voice.

"Yes, my little slut," Harry said. "I want to see you riding up and down on this."

"Mmm, of course, daddy," Megan said. "I'd love to do that. May I please suck it first to get it really big and hard?"

"Yes, you may," Harry said.

"Thank you, daddy," Megan said. She knelt down between his legs, locked her eyes on his, and took him into her mouth.

It took only a minute of her working her tongue on the head of his cock to make him hard. She licked his shaft and sucked his balls, just like she had done with Mick, and expected him to give her the order to hop on. But then he took her head in his hands and pushed her mouth down on his cock. Not too hard, but hard enough that she had no choice as he pushed over half his fat cock into her mouth. She coughed and sputtered as he pulled it out.

"Stand up," he said. She did and he grabbed her thong and pulled it down her long legs. She stepped out of it and he motioned for her to take off her heels. "Get on, bitch."

Megan climbed onto the love seat, straddling him. Her perky breasts were in his face as she lowered herself onto his waiting shaft. She gritted her teeth as his big round head parted her lips and his beastly thick cock eased into her wet and willing pussy. His mouth went to her breasts, kissing and sucking on her nipples. His hands were on her slender waist, holding her, guiding her as she slowly started riding up and down.

"Fuck, you are a tight little thing," he grunted. "Mick was right. He said you have some pretty good cunt muscles too. Show me."

"Yes, daddy," Megan grunted. She felt so full. She squeezed hard, trying to make sure he felt it.

"Oh, that's nice, baby," he said. She rode him a few more minutes and again her pussy was tingling with every thrust. His cock was throbbing and he was breathing hard. This wasn't going to last much longer for either of them.

"Get up," Harry said, pushing her away. She eased up off his cock and stood up, wobbly and confused. "You are too damn hot, girl. You gotta slow down. There are times when a quickie is good. But most of the time, we want to play with you for a while. That pussy is just so damn tight it's hard to hold back."

"Um, thank you?" she said, not sure if it was meant as a compliment. "I'm sorry for going too fast, daddy."

"You will learn," Harry said. "Put your heels back on and bend over the end of the couch."

Megan slipped her heels back on and bent over the end of the love seat. "Keep you legs straight. Spread 'em. Heels on the floor. Ass up. Head down. Further, down into the leather."

Megan followed the instructions as best she could. Apparently, it was close enough as Harry stepped between her legs and thrust his cock deep inside her once again.

"This is doggy style, bitch," he grunted. "On your hands and knees or bent over the fucking couch. The main thing is that you're face down and your ass is up. Now hold on because I'm gonna pound you like the little whore you're meant to be."

He grabbed her hips and pulled him roughly against him as he slammed into her, hard and fast. So much for taking our time, she thought. Again and again he buried himself to the hilt, his pace impressive for a man of his age and fitness. He leaned forward over her. She felt his fat belly on her back. He had his hands on either side of her head on the love seat. Then he put them on the back of her head and pushed her face hard into the leather. She turned her head just enough to the side to be able to breath. She was being pounded and fucked harder than she ever had before. Her tender pussy was on fire as his cock churned relentlessly. He grabbed her hair and pulled her up, forcing her to arch her back and stick out her tits. His pace never wavered. She came as he grabbed her breast and kissed her neck all while pulling her hair. In the middle of her orgasm, he slapped her ass. Then he back up, pulling her up by the hair.

"On your knees, slut," he barked. She was so weak and rattled she could barely keep her senses. But she dropped instinctively to the floor and looked up at him, eyes open, mouth closed. "I'm gonna paint your cute little face."

And that he did. The two biggest blasts hit her forehead and right between her eyes, but several more drops and spurts followed. Then he pushed his cock against her lips and she opened up, sucking out the remaining drops just as Mick had taught her to do earlier. And just like Mick, Harry took pictures of his artwork, his canvas the face of a gorgeous 18-year-old neighbor. You didn't have to be an art connoisseur to see that it was a masterpiece.

Harry sent her off to her room to clean up and instructed her to be back downstairs in 10 minutes, nude except for some heels. Megan was disappointed she didn't have more time but dutifully cleaned up and came back downstairs. There, she found Mick sound asleep in a recliner. Harry was sitting at the kitchen counter, waiting for you.

"As you can see, it's a good time to rest," Harry said. "I'm probably going to take a little nap too. You have two hours. I want you to write a poem about why you want to be a slut. You have time to take a shower and get freshened up. Then, put on those new white thigh highs, a clean thong and maybe a little crop top or tank top -- I'll leave the top to you. Pick out something sexy that shows your cleavage or midriff. No bra. Stay in your room until once of us comes to get you."

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I hope you have a good nap. May I take some water upstairs with me?"

"Of course," Harry said. "Get refreshed and ready. We're going to have a fun night."

Megan was happy to have the break and she took her time with a long hot bath. She soaked in the tub while she worked on her poem on her tablet, finding it very odd but also kind of fun to talk about such things and use so many dirty words for a "school" project. She had always respected her elders -- teachers, parents, coaches -- and done her best to comply with their instructions and demands. Now, to have two authoritarian figures endorsing and, in fact, demanding, this naughty behavior was eye-opening. The idea that these types of things were OK for her to think, say and do was so foreign to her. She had done more "bad" today than she had the whole rest of her life combined. Yet, she didn't feel guilty. She felt free. And naughty. And like a whole new world was opening up to her.

After she got out of the tub, she wrapped in a towel and sorted through her closet. She didn't really see anything that she thought the guys would think was sexy enough to go with the thigh highs, thong and heels. She had some tight t-shirts but they weren't really that revealing. She had green thong she was going to wear so she picked out a plain green t-shirt. She put it on and then used a marker to draw a line at the bottom of her breasts. She took the shirt off and used some scissors, cutting about an inch above the line. She put the altered shirt on and was pleased that the top now rested just below her nipples, revealing the bottoms of her breasts.

She had plenty of time, so she tossed her outfit to the side, threw her towel on the bed and lay down naked on top of it while she went back to her poem. She finished it with half an hour to spare and then got dressed. She had no idea what the night had in store, but she was as ready as she could be.

A few minutes later she received a text from Harry: "Come down. We're awake and ready to hear your poem." She texted back a thumbs up emoji and went downstairs carrying her tablet. Both men were in the kitchen getting beer out of the fridge.

"Time to drink!" Harry said. "What's your pleasure? Beer? Wine? We'll get to the hard stuff later."

"Um, wine please," Megan said.

Harry poured her a glass and he held it out to her. "Good job on your attire," he nodded. "I like this little top."

"Thank you," Megan said. "I just altered it a little while ago. Is it short enough?"

"Perfect," Mick said. "Just covers those little nips. Sexy. Very naughty."

"You both look very well rested," Megan said.

"Yes, you never sleep better than after a couple of good orgasms," Harry said. "Guess I'll have to have a couple more before bed."

"I'll be happy to help with that," Megan said.

"That's a good attitude," Harry said. "I trust you completed your assignment?"

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I hope you like it."

"One way to find out," Harry said. He and Mick sat on stools at the kitchen counter and Megan stood in front of the, holding her tablet.

"Stand up good and straight," Mick said. "Legs a little wider. Shoulder width. Back straight, head up. Good. Proceed."

"This is a poem called, 'Why I want to be a slut' by Megan Brandt:

They say being good, polite and sweet is the way a girl should be.
I don't disagree, except, well, that simply isn't me.

I've been a good girl for 18 years, gotten good grades and made good choices.
Oh, but at night, I feel so naughty, my body betrays me and I hear those voices.

They tell me to give in to my urges, to touch myself, to fantasize about things taboo.
My mind says this is wrong, but my instincts, my body disagree. Oh, what's a girl to do?

Then one day it all seems so clear. The parents are gone. Total freedom for a week.
There are risks involved and anxiety is high. But this opportunity is not for the meek.

I make the decision and look next door
For two teachers I trust and adore.

"Teach me everything," I tell them. "There are no limits. Don't hold back."
Youth and desire I have. It is only knowledge and experience I lack.

My teachers answer the call. They are up to the challenge and come to my aid.
They will teach me everything a young girl should now, without getting paid.

They are masters at what they do. They show their respect for me.
They know me, both who I am and what I must be.

I have inner desires, inner needs that have been repressed far too long.
My inner self starts to come out, exposed by high heels and a thong.

Dressing this way is too naughty, my parents, my teachers, they would be horrified.
But oh, my mentors, they say my body is beautiful and should be glorified.

They teach me to please them with my mouth, my tongue and even my throat.
They tell me what I do right and what I do wrong. They want me to do better and I take note.

I swallow their cum just like they ask.
This, they say, is part of the task.

It tastes bitter, for sure, but I swallow every drop.
If cum hits the floor, it's my tongue that cleans it, not a mop.

I suppose I should feel dirty or degraded.
But the blowjobs leave me invigorated.

My thoughts are being confirmed. This is what I want to do. Every day.
Why have I waited so long? I'm young and horny and I need to play.

My mentors explain that my feelings are normal, that I'm not a disgrace.
It's OK to be sexy, be naughty and have cum on my face.

They prove my desires further still, pounding my pussy with their thick hard cocks.
I love it. The force. The strength. My pussy creams through orgasms my body rocks.

I ride them. I bend over for them. I drop to the floor.
They pound me hard and call me their whore.

I am not offended. In those moments it's a term of affection.
I accept the words, their cocks, their cum. And I await direction.

These mentors, these masters, these sexual guides.
They see through my exterior to where my true self hides.

They promise to continue to train me and help me become who I'm meant to be.
That means more fucking and sucking and other adventures I can't wait to see.

I want to try it all. I might be reluctant. I might be scared.
But my mentors will take me to places I never dared.

I want to learn how to tease. I want to learn how to please.
Cock and cum are the only cures for my disease.

They more I learn, the more I fuck, I can truly feel it in my gut.
At my core, I'm a little whore. Oh, how I want to be a good little slut.

"The end," Megan said, looking sheepishly up from her tablet. She had felt good writing the poem. But as she read it, she was worried that it was too much. That she had overcommitted after only half a day of being taught by these men. Did she really know that she wanted all that? Not really. She was just completing the assignment, saying what she thought they wanted to hear, the same way that she completed her papers for school. But she saw the men smiling, not in a dirty way. They seemed proud and impressed. She smiled.

"That was excellent!" Harry said. "I can see why you got such good grades."

"Very impressive," Mick added. "I'm proud of you for really thinking about what this all means and seeing the big picture for your future."

"Thank you," Megan said to them both. "I'm not sure what I want, but I know I need to find out. Thank you for not judging me."

"Fuck you, yes. Judge you, no," Mick said. "You're a good girl, Megan. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Well, my parents would be ashamed right now," she giggled.

"Maybe so," Harry said. "But you're 18. You're an adult. You will always have your parents but you also have to do what's best for you."

"And right now that's a week with you two, huh?" she laughed.

"Damn straight," Harry said.

"I'll drink to that," Mick said, raising his beer.

They drank for the next hour, Megan slowly sipping her wine, careful not to drink too much too fast. She knew it would hit her fast, especially on an empty stomach. Mick soon addressed that issue, suggesting they order a pizza.

"I have an online account with Ted's," Megan said. "I can order for us."

She ordered and they continued to talk and drink. There was little talk about the training. They were talking about music, movies and television. Then Harry said, "Pizza should be here soon. You pay them, honey." He handed Megan more than enough cash for the pizza and tip."

"Um, can I go put on some shorts or something?" she asked, looking down at her tiny thong and the cut up shirt.

"Hmm," Harry said. "I suppose you can..."

"No way," Mick interrupted.

"Hold on," Harry said, holding up his hand. "Let's give her a choice. You can put on shorts, but you have to take off your shirt. Your choice."

Megan started to ask why it was necessary for her to make such a choice. They already had her in the clothing they wanted and unlimited access to her body. Why did they want to expose her to someone else? But she remembered their teacher-student agreement and bit her tongue.

"All right," she said. "I'll just answer the door like this."

"Fine," Mick said. "Now, you'll need two hands to carry the pizza, so tuck the money into your thong, like a stripper. He will hand you the pizza and you tell him to take the money out and then to put the change back in the same place."

"Yes, sir," Megan said.

"You're wondering why we're having you do this, aren't you?" Harry said.

"Well, I trust you, but yes, I am confused," Megan said. "If you like me so much, why do you want others to see me like this?"

"That's a good question," Harry nodded. "This is really good for you to understand. It's great that you look sexy and follow orders, but understanding why a man wants this makes you an advanced learner."

"We aren't trying to share you or embarrass you," Mick picked up the explanation. "But we are proud of you. We want you to be proud of yourself too. You work hard for that body, so show it off with pride. Also, understand that showing off and teasing is part of what helps us replenish. Remember, from a sex standpoint as a girlfriend or slut or wife, your job is to drain your man's balls, then tease him until they fill back up again. So, you're helping us with that."

"And the biggest thing is," Harry chimed in, "being sexy is all about having fun. This should be fun. It's silly and ridiculous for you to dress like that to answer the door and to stuff your money in your thong. Smile and laugh and have fun with it. We're happy. The pizza guy will be happy. You should be happy too. So don't look at this as a task or punishment or test -- this is just having fun. It's all about having the right mindset. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Megan said, smiling. "Thank you both. That makes sense. I was worried that you wanted to humiliate me. But I see now that it's a compliment and that it's just a fun thing. I like that. I'm still nervous, but more excited than scared."

"That's good," Harry said. "You're gorgeous. You're smart. You're sexy and fun. Embrace these gifts and share them."

Just then the doorbell rang. Harry took up a spot to the side of the door where he could record it without being seen. Mick stayed in the living room but positioned himself so the driver would be able to see that someone was sitting on the couch -- didn't want anyone to think that Megan was home alone. Of course, a woman didn't dress like that to entertain herself, but still, they wanted to make sure she was safe first and foremost.

Megan double checked the bills hanging out of the band on her hip, took a deep breath and opened the door. The man holding the pizzas looked to be in his mid-30s, a little chubby with glasses and thinning hair. He was looking down at his order slip, "Good evening, order for Brandt?"

"Yes, sir," Megan smiled. The man looked up and his eyes grew wide. Megan reached for the boxes -- two medium pizzas -- and said, "how are you tonight, sir?"

"Um, good, good," the man stammered. He was clearly nervous and a bit shy. "You're very polite ... and quite beautiful, if you don't mind me saying."

"Why would I mind that?" Megan said. "Thank you. You're making me blush. Um, how much do I owe you?"

"$22.50, please."

"OK. There's $40 down there," Megan said, her head tilting toward her hip. "I can't get it and hold these boxes. Will you get it, please?"

"Um, yes, yeah, sure," the man said. He reached slowly forward, his hands shaking. He looked behind her and saw Mick looking back at him, smiling, giving him a head nod and thumbs up.

"Just need 10 dollars back, honey!" Mick called out to her.

"OK, sir!" she replied. "Um, you probably heard him. Just a ten back will be fine."

"All I have is ones," the man apologized. "But I have ten."

"No problem," Megan said. "It's all money right? Um, why don't you put five on each side?"

She turned her left hip to him and watched as his shaky fingers pulled back the strap, exposing her bare thigh and hip, and tucked five dollar bills inside. She smiled at him and turned slowly around, showing him her ass as she rotated to present her other hip.

He carefully placed the other bills and she turned to face him again. "Thank you so much," she smiled broadly. This really was kind of fun. She didn't feel embarrassed or threatened. No one was being hurt. She wasn't being humiliated. This guy was clearly happy to be seeing her and touching her and she was flattered that she was able to please him.

"You're very welcome," he smiled. He started to turn and then stopped, "Oh, what about the receipt?"

"Oh yeah," Megan said. Her first thought was to tell him she didn't need it. But then a fun idea popped in her head. "I almost forgot. I guess I better keep that. Um, why don't you just put it in the front pouch down there?"

"You mean...?"

"Yes, it's OK," Megan smiled. "Just pull it back and put it in there."

The man looked over her shoulder and saw that Mick was still on the couch, still smiling. He didn't know if this was her dad or what but he wanted desperately to know what the hell was going on. He also wanted to see inside that little thong. So, he did as she suggested and pulled back the front of her thong, taking time to peek inside and see her completely bald and oh-so-sweet looking pussy. He envied the guy who got to play with that. He took way more time than necessary to put the receipt inside, then put the thong back in place, brazenly touch thing the outside of it as if he were making sure it was perfectly centered and comfortable for her.

"How's that?" he asked, looking up at her.

"Perfect," she smiled sweetly. "Thank you."

"Thank you," he said. "Hey, um, next time you order, just ask for Darrell. I'll make sure I get it to you right away."

"Aw, you're so sweet," Megan gushed. "I definitely will. Thank you, Darrell. Have a great evening."

He thanked her and she closed the door. She turned and saw Harry and Mick grinning and nodding their approval.

"That was fun!" she laughed. "He was so nervous and so sweet. His hands were shaking."

"I bet they are shaking in the car right now," Mick laughed, making a motion suggesting that Darrell was jerking off.

"So, now you see what we mean," Harry said. "Being fun, playful and confident is sexy. It's only degrading or humiliating if you project that on it or you're dealing with the wrong guy."

"How do I know if I'm dealing with the wrong guy?" she asked as they sat down to eat. She pulled the receipt and money out of her thong.

"Oh, you'll know," Harry said. "Crude, grabby, not laughing with you, not smiling. You don't want to mess with those guys. They don't see you for the gift you are."

"A young woman like you should be appreciated and admired," Mick added. "Only a man who respects you deserves to get to play with you like this."

They talked to her more about the understanding the balance between being confident, smart and respected and then being submissive, playful and sexy for the man who saw those qualities in her.

"It's a balance," Mick continued. "Your sexuality is a gift for a man you love. But it's also a commodity that you can use to get what you want and deserve."

"A commodity? I don't understand," she said.

"Let's say in school you are having a tough time with money or grades or whatever," Harry said. "Say there's an administrator who has some money or power. He can give you what you need. He's going to want something in return. If you choose to give that to him, you have to always remember -- and make sure he remembers -- that what you're giving up is every bit as valuable as what he is. It's a balance. Never sell yourself or your body short. Understand?"

"Yes, I understand," Megan said. "Do you think I'll have to do that? Trade sex for stuff?"

"No," Harry said. "You should never have to do that. But you might want to do that. You're seeing how fun it can be. How much you can control the situation. There's no crime in using everything you have -- your brains, your beauty -- to get the most out of life. You've been blessed with an amazing body and personality. How you choose to use it is entirely up to you."

"Except for this week," Mick interjected, grinning. "You chose to give up that power this week so you could learn from us. And I, for one, am feeling pretty damn ready to use that body of yours again."

"You know it's all yours, sir," Megan said.

"Well, it's getting late so what we planned is this," Harry said. "You'll sleep with one of use each night. Whoever you sleep with can do what he wants as often as he wants throughout the night. But, before that happens, you have to send the other man to bed happy."

"Any man you're with should have his balls drained before he goes to bed and as soon as he wakes up," Mick said. "That's the minimum amount you should do for him every day. And you will do that for us."

"Of course, daddies," she smiled. "So, who am I sleeping with tonight?"

"Funny you should ask," Harry smiled. "Your pussy gets to decide."

"My pussy?"

"Yes, and trust me, you're going to like this. We're going to have a contest. We're going to take turns eating your pussy. Whoever is eating your pussy when you actually cum wins the first night with you. Now, to make sure you don't know who's eating you, we're going to put you in the splits and blindfold you. You won't feel any part of our bodies except our tongues and you won't be able to see who's down there. We're putting headphones on you so you won't be able to hear us. I suspect we will know when you're cumming, but just to be sure, we're going to give you two bananas. Hold them and when you start to cum, squeeze hard enough to squish them. Got it?"

"Oh my," Megan said, wide-eyed. She was blown away with the creativity these guys had. Most guys she'd encountered just wanted to fuck. These were experienced men, though. They wanted to play. To have fun. To try new things. And she loved it.

"Now, run upstairs and get five or six of your dad's ties," Mick said. "And leave your shirt and thong up there. Keep the heels and stockings."

"Yes, sir," Megan said.

A few minutes later, Megan was laid back on the kitchen table, pillows under her ass and her head. She had one of her dad's ties tied around her head, blindfolding her. Her legs were completely split and two more of her dad's ties secured her ankles to the table legs. Her wrists were tied together above her head, a ripe yellow banana in each hand. Her headphones were on and blasting her favorite play list. She couldn't see or hear anything they were doing. Her movements were limited to say the least. And her pussy was being served up as dessert. She felt helpless and excited and nervous all at once. They could literally do anything to her right now and she would be powerless to stop it. That was scary and yet oh-so-titillating. She trusted them. She had no choice.

Once she was secured, no hands touched her. Only tongues and lips. And they only touched her in one very select spot. She wasn't sure what the rotation was, but every couple of minutes, the licking would stop momentarily, then start right up again. Their tongues were both very eager and very talented. They were hungry, or at least they seemed so. They licked all the right places -- deep into her pussy, all over her clit and her lips. Their lips sucked on her clit and kissed her pussy lips. She was wet and hot and steadily rising to a climax.

She didn't know which tongue belonged to whom. She didn't care. She was going to fuck them both tonight and she was eager to drain their balls in gratitude for what they were doing to her right now. She had never experienced so much intense, physical pleasure. This was amazing.

At one point, both tongues left her but all four hands were on her breasts, squeezing and pinching and rubbing. It was like they knew she was close to cumming and wanted her to calm down a little bit, but still found her too irresistible not to touch and play with. Minutes later, the groping stopped and the licking resumed. If her pussy had cooled any, it heated back up like a microwave with renewed intensity.

She had no idea how long their pussy buffet lasted, but finally she couldn't hold back. She cried out and spasmed, her body tightening, her hands crushing the bananas as she came. Whoever was licking her didn't stop, but enjoyed the additional sweet flow of juices her pussy created. She could tell they switched spots so the "loser" could enjoy the taste of her cum.

She felt weak and drained as they cleaned up the bananas and her hands, removed her head phones and removed her blindfold. Her wrists and ankles remained tied. Mick stood between her legs, hard cock in his hand.

"I lost," Mick said. "So I'm going to fuck you now, then you spend the night with Harry."

There was no more discussion, just the fat old man's cock driving hard into her very hot, wet pussy. He put his hands on her hips and pumped into her, deep and hard. "You get this all day tomorrow and all night tomorrow night, you little slut," he grunted. "Bet you wish you had cum when I was licking you. Gotta punish your little pussy for that mistake."

He was fucking her hard as if he was indeed trying to punish her pussy. But oh, it felt so good. She came again, then moments later, he came too, splashing cum across her flat tummy. He scooped it up in his fingers and fed it to her, sticking his fingers in her mouth and making her lick them clean.

"Remember, cum looks great on your skin, but ultimately it belongs in your belly," he said. "Leave no sperm behind."

"Never, daddy," she gasped.

"You're such a good girl and a naughty slut," Mick said.

"Thank you, daddy."

He untied her and helped her off the table. "Harry's waiting for you upstairs in your parents' room. I'll sleep in your bed. Take the ties with you. He might want to use them."

Megan kissed Mick on the check and then headed upstairs carrying her dad's ties and ready to fuck in her parents' bed. Even in her wildest dreams -- and she'd had many leading up to this day -- she never expected most of what had already happened.

"You've got five minutes to get ready," Harry said. He was waiting for her at the top of the stairs with only his boxers on. "Come to bed nude."

"Yes, daddy H," Megan smiled.

She went to the bathroom for a quick freshening up, then joined him in her parents' bedroom.

"Ready to please me and give me a good night's sleep?" Harry asked.

"Of course, daddy," she said. "You made me cum so hard. Now I want to drain you and make you feel good too."

He tied her hands behind her back with one of her dad's ties. Then he pushed her to her knees and put his cock in her mouth. He was already aroused, but her lips and tongue got him fully hard in minutes. He made her stand up and he pushed her back on the bed. He grabbed her by the ankles and jerked her toward him. He was standing beside the bed. He put her ankles on his shoulders and pushed his weight forward so her thighs pressed against her breasts. His cock touched her pussy, then it pushed inside.

"Ever fucked on your parents' bed before?" he grunted as he pumped inside her.

"No," she gasped.

"Feels naughty, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does... daddy," she whispered.

"I always thought your dad was a lucky man," Harry said. "Your mom is pretty hot. I bet he pounds her good in here. But I'm not jealous any more. Because you're even hotter and I'm going to pound you even harder."

His thrusts were now the deepest and hardest Megan had ever felt. She was being driving across the slick bed sheets with each surge, then dragged backward as her pussy clung tightly to his cock even as he pulled back for the next thrust. She was about to cum again when he pushed her legs off of him and spun her around. Now her head was hanging off the edge of the bed. He straddled her face and pointed his cock at her lips.

"You're going to learn to deep throat now, slut," he said. "This is the porn star way. It's also the easy way. Straight shot right down your throat. Better angle. Just relax."

Megan didn't have time to think. Maybe it was his confidence or determination or control. Maybe it was the alcohol and multiple orgasms and sheer exhaustion. Maybe it was submission and giving in to what she was meant to be. Regardless the reason, Megan did relax. She felt the cock go in, his hands under her head, holding her in place. She felt him push forward, his cock reaching the back of her throat and sliding in to the hilt as his balls touched her eyes and nose. She sputtered as he pulled back out and she took a deep breath, but she didn't choke or gag. He took note and this time he pushed back in and stayed there. He touched her throat where he could see his cock pushing from inside.

"It's all the way down to here, Megan," he said. "Good girl."

Megan's mind went blank but she felt a dull sense of accomplishment and pride from hearing his praise. She gave herself to him and he pumped her mouth and throat. The excitement of seeing his cock push inside her throat was too much for him and he came within minutes. He knew she's choke on his cum so he pulled out and sprayed it on her face, delighting in the sight of it coating her eyelashes and dripping into her nostrils as her head hung off the bed.

"That's it, bitch, inhale it," he laughed. "Snort my cum. Get high on it. Get addicted, you little cum slut."

"I'm already addicted," Megan thought to herself. Maybe not to his cum, but to all of this. The sex, the role playing, the being naughty and taboo. She was loving it all. She should have been ashamed, but in that moment, tied and cum covered, she felt nothing but pride.

Later that night, hands still tied behind her back, she was awoken. Harry's cock was tapping on her face. "Wake up, little slut," he taunted. "It's 3 a.m. Time to drain the balls again."

She smiled and rolled over on top of him. It was already day two of her summer education. She couldn't think of a better way to start it.

**CHAPTER 2: PARTY TIME**
Megan woke up around 8, the taste of salty cum still in her mouth from the middle of the night blowjob. Her hands were free, though she didn't remember Harry untying her. He was not in the bed but Megan half expected either of her daddies to come in and fuck her brains out. They had said that it was important for her to have sex with them every morning and every night, at the very least.

Just then, her phone dinged and she saw that it was a text from Harry. "Good morning, slut," it read. "You have 45 minutes to shower and go through your morning routine. Come down wearing one of your dad's white dress shirts. You may button two buttons. Thong or panties, no bra. White ankle socks. Hair in a ponytail."

Megan typed her response, "Yes, daddy." She checked the time and quickly jumped in the shower and began preparing herself both physically and mentally for the day ahead. She took one of her dad's shirts out of the closet, looking at the rumpled sheets on the bed and her dad's ties. Now she was going to wear on of his shirts. She wondered if he would ever suspect that she had sex on their bed and that their little girl was fucked there while bound with his ties.

She went back to her room and pulled on a pair of hot pink boy short panties. She knew they liked thongs, but she didn't have many. Same with heels. She was glad they hadn't asked for those today. She sat on her bed and looked out the window as she pulled on her little white ankle socks. She saw Harry walking back from his house and realized he had probably gone over to check on things and take care of the dog.

She checked herself in the mirror and double-checked the text. Socks, panties, white dress shirt, , hair in pony tail. And no bra. She had it covered. She buttoned the two buttons on her shirt between her breasts and navel. Just enough to cover her breasts, but her cleavage and nave were exposed. She checked the clock. Done with five minutes to spare. She decided to go on down. Hopefully punctuality was valued at Daddies School for Sluts.

"Good morning, daddies," she said as she entered the kitchen and found them sitting at the counter drinking coffee. They motioned her over and they both greeted her with a kiss on the lips. "Thank you for letting me sleep and have time to get ready. Did you have any breakfast?"

They said they had and handed her one of the breakfast sandwiches Mick had gotten from a neighborhood deli.

"We know this probably isn't part of your diet, but you'll be burning plenty of calories today," Mick said.

"Thank you so much," Megan said, sitting on one of the stools and biting into her sandwich.

They chatted while they ate, sounding much more like they had talked over the years, chit-chatting about the weather, the neighborhood, local news and the like. Anyone listening in would have no idea of the relationship the three had entered into just a day before. Once they were done eating, however, school was back in session.

"All right, Day 2 of Slut School is now in session," Mick said. "Stand at attention for inspection."

Megan stood up in front of her stool, legs at shoulder width, hands behind her back, back slightly arched as she stuck out her chest, holding her chin high. She looked straight ahead, not making eye contact as they looked her over. They confirmed that she met the specifications they had given her, Mick reporting as Harry marked off a checklist.

"Good work, Megan," Mick said.

"Thank you, sir," Megan said. "I'm sorry that I don't have any more thongs to wear. I hope you don't mind these panties."

"They are very cute," Mick assured her. "And don't worry about the clothes you don't have. A prime slut like you makes anything look good. You just have to be creative."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said. "Thank you for understanding."

"Pop quiz," Harry said. "What's a good slut's first responsibility every morning?"

"To make sure her master's balls are drained to start the day?" Megan said, a question in her voice.

"That's right," Mick said. "Don't doubt yourself."

"Normally, it is your job to offer these services and not wait to be told to do so," Harry continued lecturing. "Your first words in the morning should be 'Good morning, master. May I suck your cock?'"

"Yes, master," Megan said. "Am I in trouble for not doing that this morning?"

"No," Harry said. "You will be if you do it tomorrow, but today you didn't know."

"Do you want me to suck your cocks now?" Megan asked.

"No," Mick said. "We will indulge your cock cravings later. Right now, we want to begin your curriculum. You have very much to learn and a short time to learn it."

"Yes, I know I do," Megan said, frowning. "I hope I can do it."

"We will work day and night to make sure you do," Harry said. "Our first graduate can't be a failure."

"I won't let you down," Megan said.

"The subjects we will be covering with you during the rest of this week will include:

proper dress and attire

body preparation and presentation

dancing and teasing

role playing

anal

bondage and toys

group sex

public sex

becoming a master cocksucker

"Yes, sir," Megan said, trying not to look as overwhelmed as she felt. What had she gotten herself into? One minute the thrill of what was happening had her body on fire. The next minute, she was terrified, not sure if this is really what she wanted. But she knew it was. She knew she loved it when she came so hard. When they took her, forcefully, manhandling her, their lust for her so pure and raw. What a turn on. She wanted to be able to turn on any many like that and leave him wanting more. That would take practice and good teachers. For a few more days, she had both. Despite her reservations, she wasn't about to waste the opportunity.

"As we have discussed already, you know you do not have the proper attire to be a slut," Harry said. "It's not your fault. The kind of clothes you should be wearing probably aren't parent or school approved. But you're an adult now. No school and your parents can't tell you what to wear. Your daddies can, though."

"First, there are some simple rules and guidelines. In general, you want to have bare legs and show them off as much as possible with short dresses, shorts and the like. You want to have high heels unless otherwise directed. You shouldn't wear a bra. And, when in doubt, some sort of choker and your hair in a ponytail is always a safe choice. When given the opportunity to dress yourself, those are the guidelines you should follow."

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I will save my money and get the proper clothing as soon as possible."

"That's very admirable," Harry said. "But waiting is not an option. You will have the proper clothing today. For free."

"Free?" Megan said. "How? I mean, thank you very much. But how?"

"You're going to host a party for some of our friends and acquaintances," Mick said. "We will provide music, food, alcohol and entertainment and they will provide a wardrobe fit for a naughty slut in training."

"We're going to make a video now and you will invite everyone to come later today."

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "Um, am I going to have sex with all of them?"

"Maybe some, but not all," Mick said. "We will be guaranteeing that everyone leaves happy, so I think you know what that means."

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "How many people are coming?"

"Well, they are ALL cumming," Mick laughed. Megan figured out his joke and giggled, feigning a blush. "We are going to invite 10. I imagine once they see the video, they will all be here."

"Everyone loves a party," Megan nodded.

"Especially a party like this," Harry said.

They rehearsed the video a few times, telling Megan the key information she needed to share and encouraging her to look sexy and pouty and playful in the video, to tease and show off. They decided that a big red sucker would be a nice prop. Megan was nervous about it at first. Not about being on camera -- she had been in the spotlight enough as an athlete and cheerleader to be comfortable with that. But she wasn't used to talking and acting like a naughty and naïve tease. And there was a lot to say. Ultimately, she decided not to follow a script -- she was more comfortable winging it and being herself. It took a couple of takes, but finally they had a video that the guys were happy to send out.

Harry recorded the video on his phone while Mick stood off to the side, ready to direct and handle props. Megan straddled one of the kitchen stools, facing backwards. She wore the same shirt and panties and socks that she had worn downstairs.

"Hi guys," Megan said, smiling brightly into the camera phone. "My name is Megan. I'm 18 years old and I just graduated from high school. I'm getting ready to start college in the fall and I am trying to prepare for college life. I've always been a very good student, athlete and a good girl. I know I am naïve about some things and I need to learn in order to be prepared for wild college life. So, my friends Harry and Mick, who I think you know, have been kind enough to start teaching me as the first student ever at the Daddies School for Sluts."

On Mick's cue, Megan stood up, moving slowly as they had practiced, letting the camera catch her inner thighs and her midriff bared by the shirt with only one button secured now.

"One thing the guys have taught me is that I don't have the proper clothes for a woman of my age and appearance. They say I should be wearing high heels, thongs, chokers, and overall tight and revealing clothing." As she talked, Megan reached beneath her dad's long dress shirt and pulled down her panties, stepping carefully out of them as the camera captured her long legs and glimpses in and around the shirt. She straightened up, holding the panties up for the camera. "They taught me that panties like this are not fit for a sexy college girl. I imagine you might agree.

"I don't have a lot of money to get a proper new wardrobe. But I do have a lot of energy, a great attitude and a lot of spunk. I also have a fun place to party and make new friends. So, I want to invite you to come over to my place today at 6 p.m. Harry, Mick and I will be your party hosts. We will have lots of alcohol, food, music, dancing and a pool. It will be so much fun!"

From the side, Mick handed her the unwrapped sucker. Megan held it in front of her as she continued.

"I am asking just a couple of favors in return. One, please don't tell anyone else about this. Only 10 of you are being invited and we really need to keep it that way. Two, since we are providing all the food, drink and entertainment, I would be appreciative," she stopped and slowly licked the lollipop, pushing it against her lips and slowly wrapping them around the sucker, hollowing her cheeks before pulling it out with a smack. "Mmmm. Most appreciative" - she winked at the camera -- "if you would donate a few items to my very worthy cause.

"We don't expect you to spend a fortune, but things that you could consider bringing would be toys, chokers, heels and naughty little clothing. Yes, I said little. I am fit and firm but still pretty petite. I am 5-4 and have a B cup. Normally I wear a size 4, small tops and small bottoms. But, my instructors have informed me that tighter is better -- in clothes and other places" -- Megan winked at the camera -- "so if you want to see me in tighter clothes that might make things, um, spill out, then you might want to think about a smaller size.

"Any and all donations and gifts will be appreciated and we will do our best to show our gratitude. We can't wait to see you tonight. I hope you all can" -- Megan paused, licked and sucked the lollipop as she looked straight at the camera -- "um, cum."

They stopped recording. "Excellent work," Harry said. "You've got some natural teasing and acting skills that will come in handy as you continue your education. Role playing and teasing are keys to becoming a Magna Cum Slut -- our highest degree."

"I can't wait to hang that certificate on my wall," Megan smiled.

"We might just tattoo it someplace," Mick grinned.

"That works too," Megan said. "So, the video was OK?"

"Yes, very good," Mick said. "I'll send it out now, then we better go get our party supplies."

"I know it might not be my place, but may I ask who you are inviting, master?" Megan asked.

"You may, but it doesn't really matter, does it?" Harry asked. "I think what you want to know is if they are people you will know. Some are, yes. Some are not. But all of them will be seeing the real Megan for the first time, won't they?"

"Yes, daddy," Megan grinned.

"All right, we have a lot of work to do before the party," Mick said. "Gotta make room in that closet for all your new clothes."

They went up to Megan's bedroom and Mick sat on the end of her bed. Megan knelt between his legs and dutifully sucked his cock while Harry started pulling clothes out of her closet. One by one, he would hold them up and he and Mick would give the item a thumbs up or thumbs down. Megan had precious few slut-worthy articles of clothing, so the majority of the clothes went into the reject pile.

Megan knew what they were doing, but she couldn't see anything but the base of Mick's cock and his fat belly as she demonstrated her quickly improving blowjob skills. She did her best to maintain eye contact as trained, but Mick was always looking past her at whatever item Harry was holding up. Her existence between his legs seemed ordinary and routine, like he was not particularly excited by her performance. It was like he was a car in for routine maintenance. It kind of pissed her off that he wasn't stroking her hair or grunting or trying to fuck her throat. She realized she enjoyed it more when they called her names and got rough with her than when they ignored her, took her for granted, acted like her appearance and skills were not worthy of their attention.

She forced herself deeper onto him, taking him all the way down, then pulled off and sucked his balls. His cock lay against her face, but still his eyes never even glanced her way. Frustrated, Megan went down on him again, determined to make him cum. Surely he would look at her then.

For his part, Mick was enjoying the blowjob tremendously and he fought the urge to put his hands on the back of her head, fuck her face until she couldn't breath and call her all the dirty names he could think of. But Megan needed to learn how to demand attention. The new clothes, the party, all of this was part of helping her understand that just being a good cocksucker wasn't going to separate her from the pack of other coeds on campus. Skill, looks, presentation, attitude, teasing, attire -- it was a combination of a number of factors. Megan had everything she needed. It was Harry and Mick's job to make sure she reached her full potential.

Another of those key traits they needed to bring out of her was an innate need to please. They assumed she already had that given her history as a good student and athlete. That signaled an eagerness to please her teachers, coaches and parents. The next logical step was to do the same for the men in her life. Just giving a blowjob wasn't enough. Giving the best blowjob, every time, that was the standard she needed to set for herself. A disinterested partner shouldn't signal to her that Mick was a jerk, but that she was failing and needed to do better.

And that's exactly how Megan felt. She felt like must be doing something wrong. Yesterday these days had been all over, barely able to contain their lust and appreciation for her body and talents. But today, the game had changed. She reminded herself that she was on the fast track, the express slut training program. What was hot yesterday was merely adequate today. What could she do better? Then it hit her. They wanted more than just a slut. She needed to be a cock slut. A cum slut. Whatever they wanted.

She pulled off his cock, looked up at him, her lips pouty, eyes wide, "Please feed me, daddy," Megan said. "Please, I need to taste it. I need to feel it in my throat and belly."

Mick finally looked down at her, stood up, grabbed the back of her head and pushed his cock down her throat. "It's about time you begged for it, slut," he grunted. "Remember, my cock and cum are the gift, not your fucking slutty mouth. Remember, there are a hundred naughty coeds on campus who would trade places with you in a heartbeat. If I choose you, my cock and cum are your reward."

Megan did her best to listen to him, but her head was rattled. He was face-fucking her furiously and she struggled to focus on his words. But she got most of his message and ALL of his cum as he pumped it into her mouth, ordering her not to swallow. Megan resisted the urge to spit or swallow, dutifully coaxing the cum out of his thrusting, spurting cock. When he finally finished, he pinched her nose and told her to hold it as long as she could. She couldn't breathe with her nose pinched shut and her mouth full of cum. Her cheeks puffed out and her eyes watered. Finally, he laughed and told her to swallow. She did and he unplugged her nose. She swallowed it all in one gulp, then inhaled deeply, regaining her breath.

"Thank you, daddy," Megan said as soon as she could talk. "You are so yummy."

"Not as tasty as I am," Harry said. He quickly took Mick's place, sitting on the end of the bed and presenting his already hard cock to her. "Care to take the taste test?"

"It would be my pleasure," Megan grinned.

"I know it would," Harry said.

The sorting and sucking continued as clothes landed in one of two piles and Megan's head bobbed up and down. Fifteen minutes later, Harry's balls were drained, Megan's belly was full of happy sperm and her closets were empty. Well, almost, anyway. When she finally stood up and saw what they had done, she was stunned.

Nearly all of her clothes lay in a massive pile that she knew had to be the reject pile. She knew this because all that remained in her closet were some of her most revealing outfits, like her cut off shorts, tank tops and mini dress. They discarded all of her bras except her sports bras, almost all of her panties, all of her jeans and most of her shirts. Her one-piece swimsuits, flat dress shoes and baggy running shorts were in the reject pile too.

"Don't worry, pumpkin," Mick said, seeing the shock on her face. "The guys will bring you plenty of new stuff tonight and later this week we'll fill in the gaps and fill out the rest of your wardrobe."

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to look so surprised. It's just a lot, you know. I trust you both."

"It's OK," Harry reassured her, hugging her from behind, his arms squeezing her breasts. "It's all right to be surprised and a little afraid. But you're right, you can trust us. We know what you need and what's best for you."

"I believe that," Megan smiled.

"Right now, what's best for all of us is to get some party supplies," Mick said.

"What about all the old clothes?" Megan asked. "Do we need to donate them or something?"

"We'll take care of that," Harry said. "Just get dressed."

"Anything in particular?" Megan asked.

"No," Mick said. "Just whatever you can put together out of the few approved clothes you have to choose from."

There wasn't a lot to choose from, but Megan was always comfortable in her tiny cutoffs and a bikini top -- this one was red. They had allowed her to keep some sneakers, but stressed these were only for her jogging and exercise. Otherwise, she was a slutty heels girl. So, she put on a pair of red heels. She wore no panties. Her hair was in a ponytail -- a handle ready for use, as they had explained to her.

Other than wearing no panties and wearing the heels instead of sneakers, Megan felt quite normal in these clothes. She practically lived in cutoffs and bikinis outside of school, so, while this was revealing, she did not feel overtly exposed. If this was the sort of thing they wanted her to wear every day, she could work with that. Otherwise, she feared what her parents would say about her new wardrobe and the disappearance of all her old clothes. She wasn't sure what the guys had planned for them, but she knew they wouldn't be in her possession much longer. Her closet would be filled with tiny, sexy clothes that would require some sort of explanation. She wondered what else she might have to explain to her parents by the time this week was over.

That thought struck her as funny. Always before the idea that she would have to explain something to her parents would have been cause for great anxiety. Not because they were mean or overbearing, but because she never wanted to let them down. She didn't want them to be disappointed in her getting bad grades, failing to make a team or getting in some kind of trouble. Now, she realized that she still cared about her parents very much, but she wasn't worried about what might happen when they got home. Maybe she would as the time got closer, but right now she felt freer than she ever had before. In that moment, she realized that none of this had anything to do with fears about college. That was a lie she had told herself to convince her that this was all OK, that it was smart and logical. It wasn't. It was wild, raw and natural. There was nothing sensible about this. This was her letting go, embracing the opportunity to be something she had never been before -- spontaneous, sexy, lusty, naughty, daring, and acting without concern for repercussion.

She put all her trust in Harry and Mick, even though the way they face fucked her and tied her up and dominated her told her that they weren't trying to teach her anything. They were using her body, fulfilling their fantasies because she had given them permission to do so. She trusted them only to the extent that she didn't think they would allow her to be harmed. But she didn't trust that they would help her hide anything from her parents or that they had any interest in her academic career or future. She smiled at the mirror. Yes, at least for this week, she was totally ok with that. Regret might come later, but not today.

She flirted and played with Mick and Harry in the car and teased them with her swaying hips and jiggling breasts as they walked through the stores, buying alcohol, food and other items for the party. Her comfort level with her clothes helped tremendously. As free and easy as she felt today, the one thing gnawing at her was the idea of walking around like this with much, much less on. She knew that was the expectation and would become her reality once the gifts came at that party. Cutoffs and a bikini top would be the most covered up she could expect to be. She was OK with that at home, but the idea of being publicly exposed was frightening. Mostly because she knew it was coming. They hadn't said it specifically, but there was no doubt in her mind that before the week was over her fears would be tested. On the bright side, that might prepare her for walking around in front of her parents dressed like a stripper. No, she decided, there was nothing that could prepare her for that.

But she pushed this thoughts aside, living in the moment, enjoying the sun and fun and freedom. She was anxious to meet these strange money coming over, to see what they brought her and exactly what she would be required to do for them in return. This is part didn't scare her because this is where she knew Mick and Harry would protect her, although she didn't really know if that's because they cared about her or they just didn't want to lose their playmate. Regardless of their motives, she knew she would be protected. Embarrassed and humiliated? Possibly. Harmed? She didn't think so.

Mick and Harry were having a great time too, fondling and ogling their personal teen fuck pet. There were worse ways to spend a day. They had discussed the seeming idiocy of sharing her with anyone, let alone so many tonight. But they couldn't afford a new wardrobe for her and this seemed like a fast way to make it happen. Plus, there were going to be limits tonight on what the guys were allowed to do. They had already agreed that no one would fuck her pussy or ass. They liked the idea of her only jerking guys off, but it was going to be hard to deny them a bit of tongue once the action got rolling. They agreed to tell the guys no intercourse at all, with the understanding that once the alcohol flowed, clothes came off and cocks got hard, offering her mouth would be a generous offer and calm down anyone otherwise determined to bang some 18 year old pussy.

They only knew a few of the guys, so Mick and Harry would be on guard, policing the situation and the activities. They agreed that they did care about Megan and didn't want her to be hurt. Plus, if anything happened to her, their access to her tight little holes could well be cut off. And that just couldn't happen. Ever.

After they got home and prepped for the party, going over the plan and rules with Megan, the guys decided to give her the list of guests. Ten men, ranging in age from 31 to 61, each of them selected for a reason.

"First, we invited Terrence Walters," Mick said. He watched her face, waiting for it to hit her.

"Mr. Walters?" Megan said. "My geometry teacher?"

"Yes, that's him," Mick said. "Seems he had an interest in some figures besides triangles."

"But how did you know..." Megan started. "I mean, do you know him? Did he talk about me?"

"No," Harry said. "But Mr. Peterson said he and Mr. Walters shared an affection for you."

"You spoke to Mr. Peterson?" Megan asked. Darrell Peterson was the school's janitor. He was very friendly. All the kids loved him.

"Yes, we spoke to him," Harry said. "Janitors know everything that happens in a school. We invited him too. He's looking forward to it."

"I never thought it would be men from my school..." Megan said, her voice trailing off.

"We put some thought into it," Harry grinned. "Speaking of which, it was very thoughtful of your dad's boss to call and check on you."

"Mr. Rothman?" Megan said. "He called?"

"Yes, apparently your dad gave him my number," Mick said. "Seems Mr. Rothman's wife was worried about you and wanted to invite you to dinner. I assured him you were being taken care of. He joked about us having a fun job, babysitting his babysitter. Didn't take long to realize that he had a thing for you and, well, he does have some control over your dad's career, so...."

"You might want to make sure he feels very, very welcome," Harry finished.

"Oh my god," Megan shook her head. This was all different from what she expected. These were men she knew. Men who knew her family. These weren't 10 friends of Mick and Harry, anonymous cocks presenting gifts. These were people at least partly in her life. She was in shock.

They continued to go through the others. There was Darrell, the pizza delivery guy. And Mr. Hanson. He lived a block over but apparently took great pleasure in watching Megan jog by his house every day. Mr. Granderson, who was Megan's best friend's dad, planned to make an appearance.

Mr. Yelton, a local photographer who took a lot of team photos and took Megan's senior portraits, was on the list. So was Dr. Meeks, a plastic surgeon who had done her mom's facelift last year. Mr. Quigley, a client from her mom's ad agency, was coming, and so was Mr. Blackmon, a guidance counselor at the college Megan was set to attend.

Megan was stunned. She had at met each of these men at least once and knew some of them pretty well. "How did you know they would want to come?" she asked. "How did you know about them at all?"

"It took some work," Mick admitted. "Luckily, the internet provides answers quickly and your friend Jackson from Target is pretty good at digging around. It helps that you're friends on social media. Apparently, he was able to identify a few of these gentlemen as stalkers of some of your accounts. It wasn't a wild guess to assume that they weren't interested in your posts about your lunch or where you were going on vacation. So, a few messages, a few hints and assurances of anonymity paved the way. It wasn't as complicated as you might think."

Megan didn't know what to think. She was surprised, but also excited. It was kind of creepy to think these guys had all held some sort of lust or desire for her, but also flattering. She wondered if they jerked off thinking about her or thought about her when they fucked their wives and girlfriends. Did they download pictures of her from her social media posts? It was crazy to think about. She shrugged her shoulders, "Well, at least I know they like me and they are all pretty nice guys," Megan said. "So, hopefully we will all have some fun."

"That's the right attitude," Harry praised. "It won't be long until they start arriving. Go ahead and get dressed."

Megan knew what Harry meant. The plan had been laid out. It seemed absurd, but kind of fun and wild too. She went upstairs to get dressed and then would wait to be summoned to meet her guests. At 5:50 p.m., she heard the doorbell ring. It continued to ring every few minutes. By 6:05, all 10 guests were there. This wasn't the sort of party that any of the guests wanted to be fashionably late for.

Megan heard Harry and Mick talking to the guys, welcoming them, thanking them for coming and telling them where to put the items they had brought with them. She waited and listened, anxious and scared, but also excited. What kind of gifts had they brought? What would the men think of her? It would be so weird seeing men she knew this way. And, most of all, she wondered exactly what she would have to do. She had ideas, of course, but Harry and Mick were full of surprises. Anything was possible.

At 6:15 Mick came upstairs. "You ready?" he asked.

"I think so," Megan said. "Do I look OK? This feels so weird."

"You look horrible," Mick laughed. "Just like you were told. Good girl. Now, it's time to learn how to be a very bad girl, right?"

"Yes, sir," Megan grinned nervously.

Megan felt ridiculous as she waddled down the stairs behind Mick. The guys' plan for all those extra clothes seemed crazy to her. She was wearing as many layers of her clothes as she could -- leggings under jeans under a skirt under a dress. T-shirt under a sweatshirt under a sweater. Three pairs of socks. Three pairs of panties. Two bras. Some old boots she used to wear for hiking. The hood on the sweatshirt up over her head. Gloves on her hands. She was virtually covered, head to toe.

"Gentlemen," Harry smiled as they came down the stairs. "Please welcome Miss Megan, the School for Sluts' star pupil."

The guys turned to watch her coming down the steps, cheering at first, then laughing, then shaking their heads.

"This," Harry said, "is the type of clothing that has been covering up the amazing young body you saw in the video. Now you see why we needed a new wardrobe."

The men laughed and agreed.

"So, tonight, before Megan accepts and models your gifts and shows her appreciation, we wanted to ceremoniously discard this pathetic old wardrobe," Mick said. "And, at the same time, we wanted to give you a chance to, um, get a feel for what we're trying to do." When he said "feel", Mick made squeezing motions with his hands, mimicking groping her breasts and ass. The men chuckled. Megan blushed.

"As you greet Megan tonight, please feel free to begin symbolically stripping away her old good girl layers," Harry said. "Pull off some clothing, rip it if you must. Peel it away. Feel the beauty the lies beneath and expose it for the world to see."

"Just keep the damage to the clothing," Mick added. "You can rip or tear as violently as you want. Just don't hurt the student. She's been entrusted to our care, which we take seriously. You all know the lines not to cross. Be respectful but manhandle her and teach her what she needs to know."

Megan took a step toward the group, forcing a nervous smile. "Hello everyone," she said, her voice shaky. "Thank you all for coming."

As the men approached her, Harry held up his hand, pausing them. "Sorry, almost forgot," he said. "Hands behind your back, slut." He purposely used the word, breaking the ice so that the others would drop any last social cues and call her whatever they felt like. Megan put her hands behind her back and Harry tied her wrists together with a white scarf. "Don't want any hands or arms to get in the way of the fun."

The fun began as the men quickly circled around her. They were polite to each other, giving everyone a turn to reach in and cop a feel and tug at her layers of clothes. They weren't so polite to her. They smiled at her, but the looks were lusty, powerful. Testosterone and adrenaline flooded their bodies. Peterson tugged her boots off. Darrell and Walters stripped off her sweater. Rothman pulled at her jeans, then shoved his hand down the front of them. Granderson's hands went underneath her t-shirt, stretching it ripping it. Walters skillfully took off her bras. Blackmon and Meeks simply ripped her panties off. It was like piranha attacking a chunk of meat, stripping the meat off the bone in seconds. In mere minutes, Megan was completely naked in front of her dozen male companions.

They didn't stop there, of course, groping her tits, stroking her pussy and squeezing her ass. Hanson's finger slid inside her pussy. Walters tongue went in her mouth. Mick turned up some club-style, beat-driven music, encouraging the frenzy.

Megan was scared. This was more than she had expected. So many hands, so aggressive. Harry and Mick were watching it all, though, and they sensed things going too far too.

"All right, gentlemen," Harry yelled, his voice booming over the music, which Mick turned down. "Time for a break. We have a long night ahead of us. Let's let Megan catch her breath for a minute. I promise you, you will all have some special time with her tonight. I agree it's hard to keep your hands off of her, but just be patient."

"All right, here's the plan," Mick said. "We have all your names in a hat. We'll draw one out. That person can give Megan your presents. If they are clothes, you can put them on her, make her model them and you can take any pictures or videos you want. If you brought any toys or other items, you can test those out as well. We can do this all out on the deck by the pool. We have the grill going and lots of beer and other drinks out there for you."

Megan drew the first name out of the hat. It was Mr. Quigley. Megan knew he was a local businessman who worked with her mom's company. Megan's mom was a marketing executive and Mr. Quigley was one of her top clients.

They all went outside on the deck. Chairs were strewn about the deck, all facing the pool. By the pool sat a table where Quigley placed his bag of gifts. Megan, still nude, took her place next to him.

"I haven't had a chance to talk to all of you," Quigley began. "I own a few stores here in town. We sell women's apparel. We have one store that is primarily geared toward young businesswomen -- business suits, skirts, that sort of thing. We own a store dedicated to shoes and leggings and then three stores specializing in swimsuits and athletic wear. Soon we will be opening a store featuring party and club type clothing, including what you would call stripper clothing.

"I know of Megan because of her mom, who is my account rep for all of our marketing. I've only met Megan once or twice when she was at her mom's office. But, even fully clothed, she made quite an impression. I have to agree with Mick and Harry that she didn't know how to present this body. Tops that were too loose, flat sandals, loose fitting soccer shorts. What a shame.

"So, I brought a number of items that I think she desperately needed and that we need to see her in. Because of the access to so many such items in my stores, I focused on the clothing she needed and trust that some of you will address the toys and other items that she also needs very much."

Quigley dug into the bag and pulled out a pair of black 8-inch stilettos with a strap that went around her ankle. As Megan put them on, Quigley said, "Every proper slut needs these. I brought black and white. Basic colors that she can wear with anything."

"I love them," Megan said as she stood back up. She hugged him and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you so much."

"That's not how a slut properly thanks a man," Quigley said. "But those are lessons that will be covered later. Now, let me help you put these on."

He held up what Megan recognized as a g-string, but it seemed way too small. She knew it was supposed to be tiny, but this looked extreme. Quigley knelt down and held the shiny gold garment out as she carefully stepped into the openings. He slowly pulled it up as she stood with her legs shoulder width apart, giving him room.

Megan looked into the faces of the other 11 men watching her. They were leaning back in their chairs, sipping their drinks, eyes fixed on her legs. They weren't like ogling school boys. They were men. They had seen attractive women before. They liked what they saw, but they weren't in awe. They were in control. Control of their bodies, their emotions, their postures. And in control of her.

Quigley pulled the g-string up into place, the thin pieces of floss holding snugly against her hips and disappearing between her ass cheeks. The only piece of real fabric stretched over her pussy lips, barely big enough to cover them, and ended midway up her bald mound. It was a least a size too small, Megan knew.

"It's not the official name we use in front of customers, of course," Quigley said, still kneeling, his cheek touching Megan's bare hip as he addressed the other men, "but at the store we affectionately call this a pussy patch, or, more crudely, a snatch patch. It doesn't cover much. Megan, please bend over the table."

He had her bend over at the waist, pointing her ass as the men on the deck. "Now the nice thing about getting a little smaller size," Quigley continued, "is that this fabric really struggles to cover her pussy. But it will fit snugly inside like this" -- he pulled it up from her ass, tightening the string until the patch thinned and slid between her soft pussy lips. "And, when it's time for fun, it's extremely easy to just push out of the way." Quigley demonstrated by pulling the gold patch from between her lips and pushing it to either side of her puffy lips. Then he pushed his middle finger slowly inside her, pumping it back and forth a few times.

"Excellent purchase," Mick said. "Thank you, Mr. Quigley."

Quigley nodded and pulled two more g-strings out of the bag, one black and one white. "This gives her a little variety," he said. Also in his bag was a white halter top made out of a sweater material. Like the g-string, it was far too small and even Megan's average sized breasts struggled to fit inside it. Her hard nipples poked out, the dark circles clearly outline by the soft white fabric. Quigley squeezed her breasts through the sweater, enjoying the feel of her firm tits wrapped in such a snug but soft top.

That was the end of Quigley's presentation. Megan kissed him on the mouth this time and thanked him again. Quigley took his seat, leaving her standing in front of them in the tiny white top, gold g-string and black stilettos.

Next came Mr. Walters. Like Quigley, Walters stood next to Megan in front of the group and introduced himself.

"I was Megan's geometry teacher for the past year," he said. "As much as I fantasized about her needing to earn a better grade, she was a very good student and always got A's. She also sat in front of the class every day, which I appreciated. She often wore cutoffs. Even though they weren't short or tight enough, they still showed me enough of these legs to know I needed to see more. Fortunately, she accepted my request on social media and I was able to see some bikini pics she posted. I encourage you all to follow her as well."

"Actually, we have a plan for that," Harry interjected. "We think you will be very happy. We'll give you the details later."

"Sounds great," Walters said. "Well, anyway, I wanted to bring an outfit that, had I been able to, I would have required Megan to wear to school."

Walters carefully removed the sweater and g-string, leaving the heels on. Megan noted the drastic difference between the care shown for these items versus the other clothes that had literally been ripped off of her.

Walters then helped her put on the white g-string that Quigley had brought. He claimed it was because it looked better with the outfit he brought, but everyone knew it was just so he could also enjoy tucking the string between her ass cheeks and pulling it around her pussy lips. Then he pulled out a schoolgirl outfit. A very naughty schoolgirl.

"This is cliché, I know, but I'm a teacher, so you'll forgive me," Walters said to the group, who nodded back at him, raising their beers as approval.

"It's a classic for a reason," Granderson assured him.

"Now, I'm going to skip the thigh high stockings," Walters said. "To me, these long bare legs in these heels is what I wanted to look at all day in class. But the rest of it is pretty standard."

It was. Tartan skirt, white button up blouse. But, just like Quigley, Walters had taken the cue from the video and went small. So, the top of the skirt started a couple of inches below her belly button and the bottom of the skirt was even with the bottom of her ass cheeks. The white blouse looked like a button down, but there were no buttons, only the tails to tie snugly underneath her breasts. The top barely fit around her and her nipples were right at the edge of the fabric. Clearly if she tried to walk or move for any amount of time in this outfit, her nipples would be repeatedly exposed.

He helped her put her hair in pigtails, tying them with red and white ribbon. Then he put a tight red choker around her neck. On it in white lettering it read, "Teacher's Pet".

"Now, if you had worn this to class every day, you would never have had to do a minute of homework or take a single test," Walters said, his voice deep and filled with lust.

"Yeah, her only math problem would have been counting how many licks it took to get you off," Peterson joked.

"Yeah, and how many blowjobs equal an A," Walters laughed. "Of course, there's one more thing you should have been wearing to, um, prepare yourself for our study sessions."

Walters presented a butt plug with a sparkly red and silver diamond design on the end.

"What is that?" Megan asked.

"A butt plug, my dear," Walters said. "It's very sexy that you don't know what it is. You put this in your little ass and wear it all day. Not only is it fun to catch a glimpse of that little shiny diamond under your skirt, but it also relaxes your asshole and prepares it for your daddy or master or, um, favorite teacher."

"I see," Megan said. "You always teach me something new, Mr. Walters. May I wear it now?"

"You must," Walters said. He had her bend over showing her ass to everyone as he pushed the g-string aside and pushed the lubed butt plug gently but firmly inside her. He held her ass cheeks apart, letting everyone see the shiny diamond that was still exposed.

"Thank you, Mr. Walters," Megan said when she stood back up. She kissed him like she had Quigley, then waited for the next presentation. As she did so, Megan tried not to show how uncomfortable she was with the butt plug inside her. She knew some guys liked to fuck a girl in the ass, but she hadn't ever done it and she hadn't realized that there was a toy to help the process. She didn't doubt that wearing this for a while might better prepare you for a big cock fucking your ass, but this felt so weird. She felt stretched and stuffed back there. She couldn't imagine what a full-size cock driving into her ass would feel like.

The presentations continued with Darrell giving her two form-fitting catsuits, a micro bikini and a fat 10-inch dildo. Peterson gave her two vibrators, a sexy little mini dress, two more chokers and a pair of cherry red heels.

As Mr. Rothman took his turn, Megan was wearing a backless dress with a plunging neckline and a hem that stopped at the top of her thighs. She no longer wore the butt plug, but the white g-string was still in place and was now wearing the red stilettos. Her hair was back in a ponytail and her current choker was black with white lettering that read "Cum Slut" and the letters were in a runny looking font that made it look like white slime was dripping off of them.

"Cum slut," Rothman chuckled. "I hope that's true. I have to admit, I made a lot of extra dinner reservations the last couple of years for me and my wife just to have an excuse to have you come babysit. Ever notice that I always planned early dinners?"

"I didn't think about it," Megan said.

"That was so you would have to come over right after your tennis practice, no time to change, so you'd prance in wearing those little skirts and tight shirts," Rothman said.

"Oh my, I had no idea," Megan said honestly. She couldn't believe what she was hearing from these men and how naïve she had been. She had caught on to Harry and Mick long ago, but she had missed so many others.

"I always liked your athleticism," Rothman said. "A young, athletic, fit girl is a thing of beauty. So, I got you several pairs of these shorts." He held up a pair of blue soffe shorts, the tight little shorts with the triangle notches cut out of the legs that cheerleaders often wore. He helped her remove her mini dress and then pull on the shorts.

"I got extra small," Rothman joked. "I hope they aren't too big." The shorts barely fit over Megan's firm round ass and well-toned thighs. They hugged tightly to her pussy mound, molding to her pussy lips.

"Fits perfectly!" Walters cheered.

"I agree," Rothman said. "I hope the extra small tank tops work as well."

He had several of those in a variety of colors and, as expected, they fell short of her belly button, revealed ample cleavage and side boob.

"Those would be great for you to jog in," said Mr. Hanson, the neighbor who had admired her daily runs.

"I think the tank tops would get more of a workout than she would," Rothman laughed.

"So would my wrist," Hanson joked, making a jerking motion with his hand.

"Feel free to wear this to your dad's office," Rothman said, not joking anymore. "You can join us for lunch."

"Yes, sir," Megan said, horrified at the thought of her dad seeing her dressed like this. "That would be fun."

Next up was Dr. Meeks, the plastic surgeon. He was the one that Megan knew the least. She had only met him once about a year ago when her mom had a simple procedure to conceal a scar on her chin. Megan had gone along to drive her mom to and from the clinic.

"Well, I must admit, I probably know Megan the least of any of you," Meeks said as he explained who he was to the group. "But I got a nice vision of who she is becoming from Harry and Mick, so my gifts went a little different direction. Nonetheless, I think you will all approve."

Meeks had brought and assortment of sex and bondage toys. Still wearing the tiny tank top and shorts from Rothman, Megan's popped and mouth dropped as he presented ball gags, handcuffs, vibrators, dog collars and nipple clamps.

"She tried on all the clothes, gotta try all that stuff too," Mick said.

Within minutes, Megan had a ball gag in her mouth, wrists cuffed behind her back, a black studded dog collar with a leash around her neck, a vibrator in her pussy and clamps on her tender nipples.

"Gentlemen, who needs home theaters and smart phones," Meeks said. "I present to you the ultimate home entertainment system, ideal for any man cave."

"That's a fucking must-have," Walters said. "Damn. I'd come home to that every night."

Megan squirmed uncomfortably, her nipples aching from the pinching clamps and her pussy responding to the humming vibrator. She was taken aback by how the talked about her like she wasn't even there -- like she was a painting or trophy, a prized possession. It was degrading, but also flattering in a way. She was the center of their attention, their only desire. They all wanted her. That made her both hot and nervous.

"I would also like to make an offer," Meeks said. "If you want to get her tongue, tits, navel or clit pierced, I'll pay for all of it. I only ask that I get to be there."

"That's a fair offer," Harry said. "We will keep that in mind."

"And needless to say," Meeks continued, "I do boob jobs and would more than willing to work out a deal if you want to turn your slut into a true bimbo."

"That thought has crossed our minds many times," Mick nodded. "Again, a fair offer that we won't forget."

All the while the guys had been taking plenty of photos and videos with their phones. Only one party guest used a professional digital camera. That was Yelton, who came up next.

"As you might all have guessed, I'm a professional photographer," he began as he slowly removed the nipple clamps, vibrator, ball gag and handcuffs. He removed the collar and leash, the tank top and the shorts and g-string, leaving her only in her heels. "I took Megan's senior pictures this year as well as her pictures for her tennis team. As you can guess, I got some nice closeups that weren't in the package for her parents to choose from. But I didn't get to dress and pose her how I really wanted. What I really wanted was to put her in a sling, make her get on her hands and knees, arch her back, stick out her ass and see just how much that sling could cover."

"Damn, that's a fine idea," Darrell said.

"I think so too," Yelton smiled. "So I brought her three of them. I'm going to put this bright green one on her now. I think the color goes well with her dark skin and hair."

The sling bikini was little more than bits of cloth connected by string not much thicker than dental floss. A tiny triangle attempted to cover her pussy mound, then split into two strings that connected to two more triangles that covered her nipples and nothing else. The strings converged behind her neck, forming one thin rope down the middle of her back and between her ass cheeks. Not only was it embarrassingly revealing by nature, but Yelton had also followed the others' suit and gotten one a size too small.

He had her kneel down in the grass by the pool, arch her back, stick her ass up and face down close to the ground. The curves of her body were more than the fabric was able to contain. She was popping out all over, the sling more of a suggestion than an actual piece of clothing. Yelton gleefully photographed her from all angles, directing her poses, moving the sling as needed to get the perfect shot.

"I'll have copies of these for all of you," he promised.

Megan followed Yelton's direction without hesitation. She had always dreamed of modeling and, despite being incredibly exposed, she felt sexy and confident. She wasn't arrogant, but she knew her body was trim, firm and athletic. She knew she looked good and was actually anxious to see the photos herself.

Yelton presented a few other basic gifts -- thongs, some pumps and a tube top, then yielded to Granderson. Megan felt especially awkward with him there. He was her best friend's father. She had spent many nights at their house, had dinner with them, took trips to the beach with them.

"I've known Megan for the past four years since she became friends with my daughter in high school," he began. It's been in the last year or so that I found myself noticing what a beautiful young woman Megan was becoming. And now to find out that she's as interested in her sexuality as we are is quite a pleasant surprise.

"However, because she's so close to my daughter, I have to think of her in different ways. Role-playing, you might call it. So, to that end, I thought it would be appropriate to supply her with some sexy role-playing costumes."

Granderson then pulled out a number of sexy outfits, including naughty maid, naughty nurse, a cute Raggedy Ann doll outfit, naughty cheerleader and another naughty schoolgirl outfit.

"Those are all fun," he said. "But you know, you used to always wear those cute little cutoffs. I liked them, but I kept wanting to grab them while you were swimming and cut a few inches off them. Well, this is my chance to give you a proper farmer's daughter outfit."

The outfit included a plaid sleeveless button down shirt. "You don't button this," he said. "Just take the ends and tie them under your tits, like this." Granderson was happy to show her how to do it and happier still that the too-small size barely afforded enough material to tie a proper knot, let alone conceal her perky tits.

Then he presented the shorts. They were only a few inches, top to bottom and covered less than half her ass cheeks. Her thighs were left bare, and the top of the shorts was several inches below her navel.

"They are really tight," Megan said, trying not to sound like she was complaining.

"That's the idea," Granderson said. "If you so much as get a zit on your bald little mound, I want to be able to see it through those shorts."

"Yes, sir," Megan giggled. Then she put on the cowboy boots that Granderson provided with the outfit. He explained that boots or heels either one were appropriate. "I hope I don't get any zits down there, though."

"You probably won't," Darrell said. "Cum cleanses the pores!"

"And the palate," Yelton added, drawing a laugh from the group.

Megan had been mostly quiet and demur through all of this, but a naughty thought struck her and she grinned, blurting out, "Think it would be good as a pizza topping, Darrell?"

"I wouldn't want it," Darrell grinned. "But I'll be happy to make a cum pizza for you anytime you want."

"Yum!" Megan smiled. The guys were all being so playful, she wanted to join the fun and let them know that she was having a good time too. She really loved all the sexy outfits and toys and the way their hands moved over her body as they helped her try everything on. Their attraction for her was intoxicating. She was being treated as an object, but she kind of liked it. She liked being the center of attention and liked their lusty eyes. It gave her a feeling of power over them in a setting in which she had no power. She felt somewhat intimidated knowing what they could do to her if they wanted, but didn't feel afraid. She didn't really trust them and she didn't feel like they had some deep respect for her, but she knew most of them to be decent, well-respected men. They might want to fuck her, yes, but harm her or degrade her, she didn't see that happening. So far, it was a party mood and she just wanted to keep it that way. When the cocks got hard and the touching got more intense, she wanted them to know she was along for the ride as long as they didn't go too far. It was a thin line, but she liked it. It was exciting. She was learning so much.

What she learned next was that Mr. Hanson, the neighbor who she had learned liked to watch her jog by every day, really liked strippers and stripper attire. He was next up and presented her with a bag full of brightly colored, neon, mesh stripper tops and gloves, clear platform heels, and brightly colored thongs and g-strings.

"Aren't you supposed to tuck a dollar in there?" Megan teased as he pulled up a neon pink g-string, carefully adjusting the strap on her hip.

"Not until you put on a show first," Hanson said. "You dance, you grind, you tease, you strip. That's how you get your reward, babe."

"I'm not a very good dancer," Megan frowned.

"Well, anytime you want to take a break on your morning runs, you can stop by and practice your moves," Hanson grinned.

"Hmm, tempting," Megan smiled. "I'll have to bring these clothes with me."

"Or just run in them," Hanson suggested.

Megan kissed him as a thank you for the gifts and then looked somewhat nervously at Mr. Blackmon. He was a guidance counselor at the university she was attending in the fall. He had met with her and her parents when they toured the campus a few months ago. That meeting had been brief and very professional and friendly. Seeing her past teachers and friends of her parents here was one thing. Those were people from her past that she would soon be leaving in the past. Blackmon was, potentially, a big part of her future. She would see him on campus and meet with him to go over her course schedules. He would have more power over her than all of the other men here combined. And she barely knew him. But she knew why he was here -- the same reason all of them were here. For her. For her body. For a good time.

He stood in front of the group dressed to Megan, who was still dressed in her stripper attire.

"I am an academic counselor at the university where Megan will start school in the fall," he began. "It was my pleasure to meet her on her visit to campus with her parents. Despite the fact that she was dressed much, much more conservatively that day, it was plain to see she would be a welcome addition to a campus already filled with some of the most beautiful coeds in the country.

"I understand why you are seeking the help of Harry and Mick to prepare yourself. There's a lot of competition among the sexy girls on campus -- competition for guys, for jobs, for perks and attention. You want to stand out and just being beautiful isn't enough. Not even for you. So, I want to give you a few things that will help you draw some attention while still looking like a college student."

"As you know, in the mornings when it's cool or in the winter months when we have some cool temperatures here, leggings are all anyone wears," Blackmon continued. "But they all wear black or dark blue or gray. Dark colors. They look great wrapped around a tight ass, but not as good as these."

He pulled out a pair of white leggings. He had her put them on over the neon g-string and his point was easily demonstrated. Unlike the dark colored leggings that hid many of the details, these thin white ones failed to conceal the brightly colored g-string.

"It's a subtle difference," he said. "But it's significant."

"Definitely," Walters said. "You'll get noticed in those."

Blackmon also had some light blue, pink and yellow versions, all of which would stand out in the world of dark leggings.

He also presented her with a football jersey from the university, but in keeping with the theme of the night, this one was very small, cut off just below the breasts. "You'll look like everyone else cheering on the team on game day -- just sluttier," he said.

He also gave her more Soffe shorts, jogging bras and tank tops as well as some pumps with lower heels that would be more practical for walking around campus but still sexy.

"I'm really looking forward to seeing you on campus," Megan said.

"You are going to fit in just fine," Blackmon said. "But anytime you need someone to talk to or maybe some new leggings, you just come see me."

"I will!' Megan beamed.

Blackmon sat down and Megan realized that everyone had presented her with their gifts. She looked at the pile of clothes, toys and shoes and was overwhelmed, both by their generosity and by the fact that was now her new wardrobe. Barely any "normal" clothes remained. What a turn her life had taken. She was apprehensive but also excited and thankful.

"Wow, thank you all so much," Megan smiled broadly. "I had no idea that this party would be anything like this. I thought maybe a couple new pairs of shoes or something, but this is crazy. I can't thank you enough. You're all so sweet and kind and I'm very grateful."

"Megan would like to show you her gratitude the remainder of the evening, gentlemen," Harry said. "Please don't rip any of her new clothes -- I know that was fun before -- but feel free to dress her up, undress her, touch her, take pictures, videos. Have fun. We just can't let you fuck her, but I assure you that you will all leave happy and taken care of."

"Plenty of food and drinks," Mick added. "Feel free to take a swim. Take Megan and her flotation devices with you if you like. Just be gentle and share."

Harry turned up some music. The drinks started flowing. Guys started dancing with Megan, pulling at her clothes until she wore only heels and a thong. Phones were pointed at her at all times. Hands were groping, fingers found their way between her legs and under her thong. She was wet, her nipples were hard. Hard cocks presented themselves as bulges in their shorts and pants all around her.

They offered her drinks and tried to pour alcohol in her mouth, but Mick and Harry wanted her to stay sober and conscious. So Mick kept joking with them, "Take it easy, boys. She's not old enough to drink alcohol. But you'll like what she is old enough to drink."

Megan was surprised at how much she enjoyed being manhandled by this lusty group. The way they looked at her, the way they held her, pulled her to them, touched her brazenly, it was intoxicating to be so desired, the center of so much attention. Because they were in so much control, she was at their mercy. She wasn't a bad girl, really, just a captive, playing a long, doing her best to keep her captors at bay. That's how she fantasized it in her mind, anyway, in a way justifying her actions, though there was little justification for how much she was enjoying it. Her body simply betrayed her.

The guys sensed her desire, felt her heat and her wetness. They pushed her back on the table, held her legs up and took turns playing with her pussy, finger fucking her, then drilling her with dildos and teasing her with vibrators.

Megan looked up at them as they crowded around her. They were all talking, about her, not to her. Their phones and cocks were out. Phones took pictures and videos, close ups as they pushed their fingers in her mouth or pulled on her nipples, videos as they slapped her breasts to watch them jiggle. Their cocks, thick and hard, touched her skin, bumping her arms, her hands, her sides.

She reached for their cocks, wanting to stroke them, but they slapped her hands away. "We didn't come here for hand jobs, babe," Meeks said. He leaned up on the table and poked the head of his cock against the outside of her cheek.

"In due time," Mick said. He and Harry stood behind the circle of men, keeping an eye on things. They were enjoying this immensely, but also needed to make sure nothing got out of control. Their guests were getting intoxicated and horny and increasingly aggressive. So far, things were going exactly as planned. "She is learning that her service to cock is about more than just getting you off. She's learning that it's about long periods of teasing, playing and being played with. Her body is an entertainment system."

"Make the little slut realize that she loves this as much as you all do," Harry continued. Their message had been rehearsed earlier in the day as they had discussed plans for the evening. "Make her cum. Over and over."

Just hearing that directive took Megan's arousal up another notch. Whether it made the guys that much rougher and more eager or not, that was her perception. Her nipples were pulled and tweaked in all directions. Her breasts were squeezed and pinched. They took turns leaning in to kiss her on the mouth, their tongues pressing down her throat while her pussy lips were spread by eager fingers and thick dildos.

"She's wetter than a Florida swamp," Peterson said. "Hotter too."

"Fucking little slut probably had half the school in her pants," Walters said. "Stupid cunt just didn't realize that the best fucking comes from the men, not the boys."

"She's about to find out," Rothman said. He slapped his cock against her thigh.

"I think she's cumming," Darrell said as he jammed four fingers in and out of her tight pussy.

"Hell yes she is," Quigley said. "Her eyes are rolling back in her head and her nostrils are flaring like a fucking racehorse."

"Look at her bite her lip," Yelton said, leaning in for some closeups of her orgasmic face. "Fuck, that's beautiful."

"She looks cum-dumb," Blackmon said. "Damn, she's a sexy little thing."

"I'm going to see if she tastes as good as she looks," Darrell said. In her cum-addled brain, Megan heard the words but still didn't realize what was happening with those happy fingers suddenly left her. Her disappoint was short-lived, however, as Darrell stuck his tongue into her dripping snatch. She bucked her hips, much to their delight, and came again.

Darrell licked up and down her slit and sucked on her moist lips. He sat up, smiling, his face covered in her juices. "That's some sweet cunt cream right there," he smiled. "Don't have a taste if you're diabetic."

He got out of the way and one by one for the next half hour, they took turns eating her pussy while the kissing, touching and toying continued with the other parts of her body. Her orgasms followed one after another. It was hard to tell when one ended and another began. Time stood still for Megan. Her brain was shut off. She was conscious only of immense pleasure. No shame. No fear. No pain. No responsibilities. No worries. Her body was electric and it wasn't about to shut off any time soon.

Finally, when they had all had their fill of her pussy, they began to stand back, needing to take a break, able to edge for only so long. They stood back and looked at her, wet with sweat, her thighs glistening with her juices. She was a pure beauty, still steaming hot, her body contorting now as she used her hands to touch the places theirs had a few minutes ago.

"Only one way to cool this bitch off," Walters grinned. Others nodded and together they picked her up, carried her to the pool and through her in. She popped up, gasping, her body shocked by the cool but refreshing water. One by one they finished stripping and joined her in the pool -- 10 naked men and herself, while Harry and Mick watched and talked strategy.

"All right, it's 10:30," Harry said. "So let's let them swim and stuff until about 11:00. Then, we'll send Megan upstairs for a little break and to get dressed in one of her new outfits. The guys can take a break and get dressed and then about 11:30 we'll talk to them about the plan, give them the guidelines and all that."

"Right," Mick said. "Then we will call Megan down at 11:45. We will explain the rules and then she can dance and tease and warm everyone up. Right at midnight, the sucking starts."

"Then we get the cars to take them all home," Harry said.

"It's the perfect plan," Mick nodded.

While her teachers prepared their next lessons, Megan splashed about happily in the water. It was such a relaxing way to come down from her orgasmic high. The guys had a ball they were tossing around as they chatted and relaxed. Some sipped beers. Occasionally, they would throw the ball to Megan, always throwing it high so she had to jump out of the water, her wet breasts bouncing up and down. Other times they would have her dive down to retrieve a dive stick or goggles that had sunk to the bottom of the pool. She would dive forward, her ass and pussy briefly breaking the water as she dove. It was fun, playful and relaxing.

At 11, Mick and Harry asked everyone to get out of the pool, get a drink, grab some food, get dried off and dressed as much or as little as they liked. The men all had shrinkage thanks to the cool water, so they were happy to dry off and put on shorts or pants. Most remained shirtless as they hung out in the living room with fresh drinks and small plates of food. They were all drunk to some degree and all anxious to finally relieve the tension in their balls.

Mick and Harry took Megan upstairs, bringing her a plate of food, some water and an energy drink.

"You're doing very well," Harry said.

"Thank you, sir," Megan said. "This has been fun. Everyone is so nice."

"You came a lot, didn't you?" Mick laughed.

"I've never cum so much or so hard in my life!" Megan exclaimed. "That was amazing."

"It definitely was," Mick said. "Obviously, you know these men deserve to be given the same sort of pleasure before they leave. They know your pussy and ass are off limits for fucking. So, of course, you're going to suck them all off."

"There's a little more that we need to tell you," Harry winked. "But for now, you have 45 minutes to eat, drink, and get read. Put on some of your new clothes. You can pick. Heels, obviously. But whatever you want out of the new clothes will be fine. Come down at 11:45."

"Yes, daddies," Megan smiled. "Thank you both so much for all you're doing for me. I really appreciate it. I am trying hard to be a good student."

"We know you are," Mick said. "Just understand that passing one test doesn't mean you will pass the next. Every day we build on the previous day. Every day gets harder. You're off to a great start, so just keep up the good attitude."

"Yes, I will," Megan smiled.

The guys left Megan to prepare herself while they went to inform their guests of the plans for the remainder of the night... and beyond.

Megan took a few minutes to sit in her room, listening to music as she ate the sandwich and chips the guys had brought her. She was tired and hungry. The food and energy drink instantly perked her up. She fixed her hair and makeup and then began sorting through the clothes that the guys had brought up to her room while everyone else swam. She decided it was night time and some club or stripper attire might be appropriate. She put on a pair of clear platform stripper heels, a neon mesh yellow tube top and a matching neon yellow mini skirt that was essentially just a waist band with some ruffles attached to it. It didn't really cover anything. And she wore no thong or g-string. Her nipples poked through the mesh top. The outfit was sexy and effectively covered nothing -- not her breasts, pussy or ass. Her long bare legs looked even longer in the platform heels and tiny skirt. Her flat tummy and narrow waist made her average size breasts look larger, firm and perky. A shiny silver choker with the words "Daddy's Toy" adorned in ruby-colored letters drew attention to her slender neck and glistening, pouty red lips. She put her hair in a ponytail, knowing that the guys would want a handle while they fucked her face. She had learned that much already. What else would she learn tonight?

Little did she know, downstairs the guys were covering that exact topic. Mick and Harry had them all gathered in the living room and laid out their plan.

"As you can see, there's a lot that Megan has to learn about her body and how to use it," Harry began. "But as you can also see, she takes to the role of submissive slut quite naturally. Most of you know, she's used to being a good girl, a good student, good athlete, never getting in trouble. Now, she's learning a whole new way of life in a very short amount of time. So, her emotions ebb and flow. She's hesitant one minute, inquisitive the next, and lusty little slut the next. What we're trying to do with our training is, of course, fuck her as much as our bodies will allow in the time we have, but also to train her to not only be willing and a tease, but to be a lusty, cum-hungry little cock toy."

"You've all had a woman who could swallow your cock whole, but there's nothing like a woman who gobbles your cock like she's starving and chews on your cum like it's prime rib," Mick said. "That's something a woman can't fake. We don't know for sure, but think that a woman is either born with that trait in her or she isn't. We believe Megan is and that, like any God-given gift, it only needs to be developed. Since we only have a week to work with, we are adopting a crash course technique. That's why you're all here."

"Yeah, it's not like we're anxious to share the best pussy we've had in our lives," Harry laughed. They all laughed with him. "But we are old and, even with medication and the teasing of an 18 year old beauty, there's only so much cock we can give her."

"And it's not enough for what we want to do with this crash course," Mick said. "To become a cock-gobbling cum slut, we are putting Megan on a 24-hour cock and cum diet. As of midnight, she can drink whatever she wants but she can only eat cum for the next 24 hours."

"She doesn't know that yet," Harry said. "She knows she's going to give all of you blowjobs tonight and she's preparing for that now, but she has no idea about the cum-only diet. She also doesn't know that she will be seeing each of you again tomorrow -- assuming you want to see her, that is."

The guys all perked up, realizing that another turn with Megan awaited them.

"You're all too drunk to drive tonight so we're going to get you all rides home," Mick said. "Tomorrow, we'll schedule times convenient for us to bring your cars back to you. At that time, Megan will almost certainly be very hungry and you will be welcome to feed her if you so desire."

"The private website we are setting up should also be working by then and you will all have access to login to the site and see pictures and videos of Megan as well as communicate with her," Harry added.

"So just remember, no pussy or ass tonight," Mick said. "You can touch but no fucking. Her mouth only. And please cum in her mouth or on her face so she can consume as much of it as possible."

"And you can receive two blowjobs tonight if you want," Harry added. "After that, we'll get you home and everyone can rest for tomorrow."

"Any particular order we're going in?" Yelton asked.

"No," Harry said. "She's going to come down in a bit and we'll have her tease you a bit and get you warmed back up. Then, whenever you're ready, you can have at it. Just be patient, take turns and if you're not close to cumming, let the guys who are finish. You'll each get much more personal attention tomorrow."

Mick went upstairs to get Megan, approving of her attire and praising her attention to detail with fresh eyeliner, lip gloss and her ponytail.

The men whistled and cheered as she entered the room and she smiled, blushing.

That smile turned to wide-eyed shock as Harry explained the 24-hour cum diet that was about to start.

"This will teach you to not just be willing to suck cock and swallow cum, but to love it, to crave it," Harry said. "Plus, cum is very good for you. It's high protein and you burn more calories, um, extracting it, if you will, than it contains. We'll keep that little waist of yours little."

"Ideally you would do a 24-hour cum cleanse once a week," Mick said. "But since we are on a tight schedule, today will have to do. For now at least."

"For now?" Megan asked.

"Harry and I have some ideas beyond this one-week training, but nothing set in stone yet," Mick said. "We realize it would be complicated with your parents back. And totally up to you, of course, to consider your, um, studies."

"I understand, sir," Megan said. "I like the idea of studying some more after this week, though. It would be so naughty with my parents here."

"You could even come to the office," Rothman said. "Now that would be naughty, sucking my cock with your dad in the office next door."

"Oh my, you mean I might see all of you again after tonight?" Megan asked.

"Definitely tomorrow," Harry said, explaining her feeding schedule for the day. "Beyond that, yes, it would be nice to have some others to assist with your training. And they will be keeping in touch with you via our website. You are a lucky girl to have two daddies and 10 mentors."

"Plus over 6 feet of cock combined," Mick added, laughing.

"That's a lot of cock," Megan laughed.

"All of it's about to go down your throat," Harry said. He turned up the music and waved his hands. "Let the party begin!"

Megan started moving her hips and dancing to the music, her arms up in the air as the men began circling around her, dancing with her, touching her again. They rubbed up against her and felt under her skirt and through her top. They took turns posing with her while Yelton took photos for everyone. Granderson was the first one to pull out his cock and pull her hand to it. She felt it, semi-erect and thick. She couldn't believe this was her best friend's father. How many times had his cock hardened as he looked at her the past couple of years?

Rothman took her other hand and put it on his cock. Pants began to drop and soon she was the only one in the room besides Mick and Harry with any clothes on. Walters stepped forward and touched her breasts. His cock was fully erect. He gently pushed down on her shoulders and she knelt before him. It was exactly midnight.

She leaned forward, lips parted, then remembered. She stopped, looked up at him with a sweet, pouty face and said, "Daddy, may I please have the honor of sucking your cock?" Walters' cock literally twitched, so turned on by this sweet, naughty girl at this feet. He looked at Harry and Mick and nodded, acknowledging their fine training. Then he looked back down at her, grinned, and said, "Of course, you may, my pet. Every fucking inch of it."

"Thank y..." Before Megan could finish, Walters pushed his cock into her mouth. She instantly went into action, looking up at him as she sucked on the head, smooching his shaft with her lips and circling the head with her tongue. She leaned back and licked her lips. "Yummy."

She started to go back down on him, but Granderson turned her head and put his cock between her lips. "You may suck mine too, slut," he grinned, fist-bumping Walters as he did so. As her lips wrapped around his shaft and she started dipping her head, taking more of him, he groaned and nodded. "Yeah, boys, she's good. Someone has trained her well."

"It was a tough job, but someone had to do it," Mick laughed.

"Messy little slut spilled the first time," Harry added. "We fixed that. Now there's no sperm left behind."

"As it should be," Darrell nodded. He moved forward and Granderson handed Megan's waiting mouth off to him.

Over the next few minutes, each man took his turn, getting his cock wetted by Megan's willing lips and tongue. Gradually, the intensity increased as they took their second turns. They were more forceful in taking the back of her head and making her deepthroat them. They started lightly slapping her face with their cocks and pushing their cocks into the inside of her cheeks. Hanson made her lick and suck his balls while he rested his cock on her face. Yelton got a great photo of that and of all the guys as Megan posed with them on her face, in her mouth, against her mouth or wherever they wanted to put them.

"What do you think, doc, should we make those lips a little bigger?" Harry asked as Dr. Meeks rubbed the head of his cock against Megan's soft lips.

"Definitely," Meeks said. "They're nice now, but a little injection will make them nice and big and soft. We can give her real cock-sucking lips."

"Interesting," Harry said. "I'm hesitant to give her a boob job -- her parents would notice if she had double D's all the sudden. But I wonder if they would really notice bigger lips."

"She could pass it off as just the way her lipstick makes them look," Meeks nodded as he watched her lips push toward the base of his cock. "They might notice, but I doubt they would realize what she did or why."

"They certainly wouldn't guess why," Mick said. "They think she's the perfect daughter. Never gets in trouble. Hasn't even heard the word cock, let alone gagged on one."

"Or a dozen," Harry interjected.

"Well, her new wardrobe might tip them off to a change in her attitude," Blackmon said. "But she's 18 and ready to go to college. They might not approve, but ultimately they can't say much anymore. It's her body to do with as she pleases."

"Ours, you mean," Peterson laughed.

"Definitely ours," Harry nodded.

"Keep the training going this week," Meeks said. "Next week, when things have to slow down, let me know when you can bring her in. After hours is fine. It's quick and easy and free of charge."

"Thank you, Dr.," Mick said. "I think we can make that happen."

Megan heard all of this and started to realize that her request for one week of training was turning into something much more. She didn't mind, though. She wondered how they would hide everything from her parents. Or explain it to them. But she was willing to let these men figure all of that out. It was nice to turn her brain off and not worry about those things for a change. She took care of their cocks and they took care of everything else. She was starting to understand the allure of finding a sugar daddy. It seemed that she had 12 at the moment.

"Guys, I'm getting pretty close," Hanson said, holding his rigid cock. "Anyone mind if I take her for a minute?"

Yelton, who was balls deep in Megan's mouth at the time while he took pictures of his own cock being devoured, slowly pulled out and nodded to Hanson. "She's all yours, my friend," he said. "I stretched her throat out for you." He laughed at his joke and stepped back. Megan didn't even get to take a breath before Hanson's cock was in her mouth. His hands went to the ponytail and he used that handled to pump her head back and forth on his cock.

"The handle is such an underrated element of a good cocksucker," Walters noted. "Ponytails, pigtails, chokers, tongue rings and cock-sucking lips are the ultimate signals that a girl is ready to suck anytime anywhere."

"Those are definitely cocksucker trademarks," Darrell said. "I delivered pizza to a woman who had a tongue ring and ponytails one time. She was sucking a lollipop. She might as well have had a sign on her forehead that she was a cocksucking little whore."

"Did she blow you?" Mick asked.

"Fuck no," Darrell laughed. "I thought I was in but then her boyfriend yelled something to her. Then I looked down and she had fresh cum on her shirt."

"Well I got some fresh cum for Megan's face," Hanson said. "Yelton, you mind getting some photos of this?"

"Of course, my friend," Yelton said. "Fire when ready."

Hanson pulled out and jerked his cock.

"Would you like my mouth open or closed, daddy?" Megan asked.

"Closed," Hanson grunted. Megan closed her mouth just in time as his first wad exploded out of his cock. He aimed for her lips, but his cock jerked and changed the trajectory to her nose and forehead. He redirected his aim and hit her lips and cheek with the next few spurts. When he was done, Megan waited for Yelton to finish his photographs, then made sure the videos were rolling as she opened her mouth and licked the cum off her lips and face. She used her fingers to scoop the cum from her nose and forehead and feed herself. She showed them her mouthful of cum, then, upon Hanson's approval, swallowed.

"Did I miss any?" she asked.

"It's all of your face, but there's a few drops still in here," Hanson said. He put his softening cock back in her mouth and she stuck her tongue in the hole as she pumped his shaft with her hand, squeezing the final drops into her mouth.

"She knows that's the only time she can use her hands," Mick explained to the group, who nodded their approval.

Watching Hanson cum and Megan swallow it had the natural effect of bringing others to the brink as well. Within the next 45 minutes, they had all emptied their loads onto her face and into her mouth. Even Mick and Harry took their turn after their guests had finished.

They gave Megan a five-minute break. The guys all took a break too, getting drinks and snacks. When Megan came back, Harry and Mick took her into the dining room. They laid her across the dining room table, binding her arms and legs to the table. They had her positioned with her head hanging off the table. Ideal throat-fucking position. The guys all came back in and saw the perfect teenage babe bound and positioned, willingly prepared for their unencumbered use.

"Holy fuck, she's beautiful," Quigley said, as if he hadn't been staring at her all evening and was seeing her for the first time.

"Thank you, sir," Megan said.

"She's such a polite little fuck toy," Rothman said. "A good girl trapped inside a bad girl's body."

"I wouldn't mind getting trapped inside parts of that body myself," Darrell joked.

"Her pussy is tight enough that it's like a trap," Harry assured them. "Fucking little thing won't let go until you shoot your wad and your dick shrinks."

"We get to find that out for ourselves?" Darrell asked.

"Not tonight," Harry said. "Who knows what the future holds. Her ass is still virgin territory and we've only begun to break in that cunt. She's primed and ready, but she's still very new to most of this."

"I understand," Darrell said. "I'm not complaining. She sucks cock like a pro. I'm good with that. I like that you've started her on some bondage, too."

"Yeah, she really seems to like that," Mick said.

"I do, daddy," Megan said.

"Makes her wet," Hanson said, nodding toward her pussy. "That's pretty easy to see."

"When we're done with her, breathing is going to make her wet," Harry said. "We want her to be horny 24/7 with an uncontrollable appetite for cock and cum."

"She damn near sucked my balls off," Peterson said. "I'd say she's insatiable already."

"Well, we'll find out," Mick said. "It's the end of the night and we're all tired and horny. She's tied up and at your mercy. Face fuck her, slap her tits, make her gag and choke. You can get a little rougher this time around. Just don't cross the line. You do and you're out of the group. Everyone understand?"

Everyone nodded and voiced their agreement and approval of the conditions.

"No one wants to hurt such a beautiful treasure," Quigley said. "I can fuck her brains out without hurting her. She might have a sore throat tomorrow though." Everyone laughed along with him.

Meeks stood over Megan's head and pulled her mouth open, pulling her lips back and forcing her jaws to their limit. "Not a single filling in there," he said, stroking her tongue with his finger.

"No problem with that," Hanson joked. "She's got all the holes she needs."

Meeks stood over her and pushed his balls against her eyes, then angled his cock into her mouth. He put his hands under head, steadying her and keeping her mouth and throat at the right angle to allow his cock to go all the way in. Megan sputtered around his cock, but recovered, relaxed and took the whole thing.

"Fuck, you can see your cock moving in her throat," Yelton said. "Shit, that's fucking hot."

Meeks leaned forward, putting his hands on her breasts and rested his weight on his arms. His rigid cock held her head up on its own now as he thrust into her. "Things work out, we make these tits double Ds, keep that waist narrow, and give her some cock-sucking lips and she'll be the hottest thing walking," he said to Mick and Harry.

"She's close to it now," Rothman breathed, stroking his cock and waiting his turn.

Megan was wet and wanted someone to finger or lick her pussy for more than a few seconds. But it seemed like just as soon as someone would jab a couple fingers inside her and start a good rhythm, they would stop. She imagined they were stroking their cocks and their focus was on their own pleasure, not hers. As it was meant to be, she was learning. Her purpose was to please, first and foremost.

Judging by the way Meeks was pulsing in her throat, she knew he was very pleased. She wasn't surprised that he came quickly, but she was surprised that his cock was still past her tonsils when he did. He literally shot his wad down her throat and sent his sperm spilling into her tummy. She didn't even get to taste it.

She did get to taste some of the remainder, though, as Meeks pulled back and squeezed the last drops out of his cock and into her mouth. She swallowed and readied herself for the next cock.

As the men dumped their second loads into her belly, they got dressed and the Lyft and Uber drivers Mick and Harry had ordered picked them up.

The last guy to fuck her throat was Quigley. Yelton had already taken his turn, but he stuck around to take pictures for the businessman. Mick and Harry were there, too, of course, still observing.

Quigley was balls deep in her throat as he talked to the guys, taking his time, enjoying the ride.

"Listen, I know nothing will happen right away, but if you want her to make some legitimate money, she can model for me," Quigley said. "We need models and sales associates for our stores and trade shows. Get her those plastic tits and keep her on the cum diet and she'll be perfect. She can make good money. No college needed. No sugar daddy either, unless she wants one."

"I understand," Mick said. "I think she's realizing that she has a lot more options than she ever realized. Especially since she's willing to put her looks and body to use. She's got a good head on her shoulders, but giving good head is more profitable. Our role right now is to train her and mentor her, but ultimately she will decide what she wants to do. I'm sure she will consider it."

"That's all I ask," Quigley smiled. "It would be quite amusing to have her mom come for a meeting and see her daughter wearing our latest micro-kini and with my cum in her hair."

Megan gagged momentarily, unable to believe what she heard. She almost came when he said it. He did. Cum blasted down her throat once more, filling her belly. She wouldn't be hungry for a while at least.

Quigley and Yelton left and the guys untied Megan. They helped her get upstairs. Megan thought much needed sleep and rest was coming, but instead, they threw her on the bed. Mick straddled her face, propped a pillow under her neck and pushed his cock into her throat. Harry lifted her stripper heels over his shoulders and plowed into her juicy cunt. This woke Megan up and her arousal rose quickly. Harry fucked her until she came, then they switched places.

They traded places each time she came -- three times total -- they both came, each making sure to feed her each drop that emerged from their cocks.

"You did good tonight," Harry said afterward. "How's your jaw?"

"It's sore," Megan nodded. "But I had fun. I can't believe everyone likes me so much."

"You're very likable," Mick assured her. "They're going to like you again tomorrow. So rest that jaw and throat. Morning will come soon."

"Yeah, we'll feed you breakfast in bed," Harry chuckled.

Megan fell asleep in her parents' bed while the guys went back downstairs to clean up. As she drifted off, her tummy rumbled and she had visions of those thousands of sperm swimming around inside her. She hoped they were as happy as she was.