**Megan's Summer Education**

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**CHAPTER 3: HOUSE CALLS**  
  
Megan awoke the next morning to the sound of the ring tone on her cell phone. She rolled over, saw it was 8:45 a.m. Her mom was calling for a video call. Groggy, she sat up in bed and answered the phone, her mom smiling back at her.  
  
"Good morning honey," her mom said, smiling. "Sorry to call so early. I figured you wanted to sleep in. But we are going to be busy today and I just wanted to check in on you while I could. How's everything going?"  
  
"Good," Megan smiled. "I'm fine, Mom. Just taking it easy."  
  
"Good," her mom smiled. "Did you wear a choker to bed? What are those letters on it?"  
  
Megan was horrified. She hadn't thought about what she was wearing. She still had the "Daddy's Toy" choker, neon mesh clothes and platform heels on. The guys had fucked her raw and left her as is. She had been too tired to change or even take off her heels.  
  
"Ha!" she laughed nervously, reaching as nonchalantly as she could for the choker, intentionally covering the lettering as she touched it. "I forgot I was even wearing it. I went shopping with Holly last night. We bought these goofy matching chokers. They say, uh, 'Party Time' on them. Just silly. They were on clearance."  
  
"OK," her mom said, buying the story. "You have any plans today?"  
  
Megan remembered the plan to eat only cum all day and to visit all her daddies today to get fed. It was going to be a wild day. "Nah, not really," Megan shrugged her shoulders as she kept her hand on her neck, covering the choker. "I'll probably see if Kasey wants to come over and hang out at the pool."  
  
"Good, that will be fun. Are Harry and Mick checking on you?"  
  
"Oh yes, a couple times a day."  
  
"That's sweet. They are so nice. It's such a comfort knowing that those sweet, kind-hearted old men are there to watch out for you."  
  
"Yes, they have been great."  
  
"Do you have plenty to eat?"  
  
Megan thought about her diet and couldn't help herself, "Well, I'm a little low on groceries. But Harry and Mick told me yesterday not to go to the store. They said they would feed me."  
  
"How sweet!" her mom exclaimed. Megan loved her parents, but she was suddenly seeing how naïve they were. "Now listen, even if they fix something you don't like, be sure to eat a good helping and tell them how much you like it."  
  
"I will, Mom," Megan giggled.  
  
"Well, I have to go, honey. Have a great day. I love you."  
  
"I love you too, Mom. Tell Dad I said hello."  
  
Megan hung up, laughing and breathing a sigh of relief at the same time. She knew she would have to deal with her parents and her new wardrobe when they got back, but that had almost been a disaster. If her mom had seen what it really said, they probably would have driven straight back that day and the week of training would have come to a screeching halt. As it was, she didn't know how things would work when they got back, but Harry and Mick seemed to have ideas and she trusted them -- and her other 10 new daddies -- to come up with a plan over the course of the week.  
  
She got up and went to the bathroom and brushed her teeth. When she came out, Mick was laying on the bed waiting for her.  
  
"Hungry?" he asked.  
  
Megan remembered that they wanted her to act ravenous, starving for cock and cum. She wasn't that hungry yet, so she wasn't yet associating cock with sustenance. But she did her best to play the part.  
  
"Starving," she smiled, slinking over to him. "Daddy, would you please feed me?"  
  
"Of course," he grinned. "Breakfast is served."  
  
Mick lay back and let Megan do the work, crawling between his legs and going down on him, tongue coating the underside of his shaft, lips sucking hard, eyes locked on his.  
  
"Wish I would have come in here 15 minutes ago and you had been doing this when your mom called," Mick grinned. Megan didn't try to respond, but gave him a wink and somehow smiled with her eyes. "I bet she loved your choker." He laughed as Megan's eyes got big as if to say, 'no!', then she winked again.  
  
"Are your jaws sore today?" he asked, patting the back of her head and running his fingers gently through her hair. Megan took him all the way into the back of her throat, then nodded her head up and down. "Oh, sorry they're sore but damn that feels good. You know, it's a lot like when you played sports I bet. You know, you worked out and trained and your muscles were sore, right? But you worked out day after day, harder and harder and your muscles ached less and less, right?" Megan nodded again, much to his delight. "Same thing here. You might be sore, but the way to get past it is just to keep doing it. A lot. Stuff big fat cocks in your mouth and throat all day, day after day. When you don't have a cock in your mouth, put a dildo or lollipop or giant wad of gum in there. Train your mouth and your throat for this. The greats train every day, be it sports, music or whatever. You're going to train to suck cock the same way."  
  
Megan slurped loudly on his cock, excited at the naughty words he was saying, anxious to devour him and earn her prize. She always heard that a good way to deal with a night of drinking was to have another drink the next morning. "A little hair of the dog that bit you," was the saying, she thought. She wondered if the same applied to sucking cock. "A little taste of the cock that choked you." It seemed like a good theory, at least.  
  
She heard someone coming up stairs and knew it must be Harry.  
  
"Harry went over to check on the house," Mick said, answering her unasked question. "Must be about ready for his turn. He'll just have to wait." Megan winked again, as if to say, "I've got you and I'm not going to rush you."  
  
Harry came in her bedroom and wasn't surprised to see Mick laying back with Megan going down on him. "Don't you two love birds mind me," he laughed. "I'm just going to pick out your outfit for today. Oh, but first, let's get a picture for the website. Our guests might be logging in this morning."  
  
"I had Jackson sent Yelton the credentials so he could upload the photos from last night," Mick said, putting both hands behind his head and giving Harry a clear shot of Megan's oral work. Harry took some photos and a short video of Megan winking with Mick's cock in her mouth that he would ask Jackson to make into a gif.  
  
Harry sent those to Jackson and then went back to Megan's closet. He started putting her clothes from last night away, arranging them, trying to decide what to have her wear today. His phone dinged and he looked down. It was Hanson. Even though he only lived a few blocks away, he was checking to see on his car return and visit from Megan.  
  
"I'll tell him 10:30," Harry said. "Sound good?"  
  
"Yeah," Mick said, putting both hands on Megan's head and starting to fuck her face a little harder. "We better give her breakfast and some time to get ready. It's going to be a busy day. If we start at 10:30, a cock an hour takes us til 8:30 tonight. And some of them will take longer than that with travel."  
  
"I agree," Harry said. "I bet we'll wrap up around 11 tonight."  
  
"I'm going to wrap this one up right now," Mick grunted. His cum hit the roof of Megan's mouth and slid thickly down her throat. He kept pumping as more and more oozed out, slowly, a little at a time. Megan was glad that it was thick. It seemed like it would be more filling that way. She knew she would get hungry before the day was over, so the bigger, thicker the loads, the better.  
  
Mick took Harry's place organizing the closet while Harry approached. "Daddy, will you please feed me?" Megan said again, sweetly.  
  
"Of course," Harry said. "But I'm going to give you a little extra treat, some icing on the cake, you might say." He had her bend over the end of the bed, spread her legs wide and shoved his cock deep inside her pussy, pulling her ponytail for leverage as he did so. She was already wet from sucking Mick's cock, so Harry just gave her enough thrusts to get his dick wet, then pulled out. He lay back on the bed, just like Mick had, and motioned for her to come to him. She crawled between his legs and licked his cock.  
  
"Mmm," she smiled at him. "Pussy tastes good. Thank you, daddy."  
  
"Especially yours," Harry said. "Now you can wash it down with some sperm and they will feel right at home swimming around in your cunt juice."  
  
Harry's dirty words were turning her on and, since she wasn't allowed to use her hands on his cock anyway, she put them between her legs, fingering herself as she slurped on him.  
  
"Uh-huh, babe," Harry admonished. "Your focus is to be only on pleasing me. Unless I tell you otherwise, you finger yourself. You haven't been given permission to cum."  
  
Megan took her hands away and looked at him apologetically, slowly nodding her head and blinking her eyes in acknowledgement.  
  
"It's OK," Harry said gently as he pulled his cock out and slapped it against her forehead, like a teacher slapping a student on the wrist with a ruler. "You'll learn. You're a good student, but you still have a lot to learn. You just have to be reminded of that every once in a while. Just remember, your pussy, your ass, your tits and your mouth are our property. Anything that goes in them -- including your little naughty fingers -- is determined by us."  
  
"Yes, da...." Before she could finish, he pushed his cock back into her mouth and started face-fucking her harder, pushing her balls deep and holding her there until her face turned red, then letting her up for a breath before pushing her back down.  
  
Mick got some photos and video to add to Jackson's work for the website.  
  
"I'm thinking maybe some shorts today," he said to Harry.  
  
"Either that or a mini dress," Harry said. "Whichever we choose, no bra, no panties and no stockings. Let's show off those legs in some heels and something that doesn't come down more than an inch past her cunt lips."  
  
"I agree," Mick said. "Something thin and tiny on top. Show off that belly and perky nipples."  
  
"Gotta have a choker," Harry added just as he was holding Megan down to the point that she was nearly choking herself. "Besides my cock, that is."  
  
"All right, I think I have something here," Mick said. He left the room just as Harry's cum splashed against Megan's tonsils on its way down her gulping throat. "Good job, pet. See you downstairs in 45 minutes."  
  
"Thank you, daddy," Megan said. "I was so hungry."  
  
"I know, baby," Harry said. "I could tell. Don't worry, your next meal is coming up soon. Mick left your outfit by the closet. Let's go hair in a ponytail again today."  
  
"Yes, daddy," Megan said. Harry left and Megan set about preparing for her day, starting with a hot shower.  
  
The outfit that had been selected for her was some of the items Mr. Rothman had given her. He had brought the ultra small Soffe shorts and crop tops, in assorted colors. They guys had picked out a pair of bright yellow shorts and a white crop top. The shorts were so short that the little triangles in the sides nearly touched the white band that ran around the top of the shorts. She remembered that he had bought extra small. They were ridiculous. She was petite, yes, but she had athletic thighs and a firm round ass. The shorts simply couldn't cover it all. They formed tightly around her pussy lips and the legs of the shorts actually came up higher on her thighs than her pussy lips did.  
  
Despite the fact that she wasn't big-breasted, the crop top was also far from sufficient. Its thin shoulder straps connected to a three-inch wide strip around the middle of her breasts, barely covering her nipples. The tight fit forced her breasts to bulge out the top and bottom. Everything from mid-breast to just about her pussy mound was bare.  
  
Though she wasn't vain, she had to admit that her smooth, well-tanned skin looked amazing against the contrasting light colors. She was dismayed that her dark nipples were so evident through the crop top, but what part of her wasn't exposed, really? What a day this was going to be. She was going to be in public today. A lot.  
  
Well, she went to the beach and the pool in bikinis all the time, she reminded herself. And she cheered in front of large crowds in those slightly sexy high school uniforms. And she played tennis in front of small crowds in swirling little tennis skirts. This wouldn't be the first time she was showing off her body. But this still felt different. It wasn't a uniform or appropriate beach attire. It was anything but appropriate attired for going into a restaurant, store or office. It was sexy, slutty, revealing and very naughty. She took a deep breath and calmed her nerves.  
  
She looked at the choker next. It was a simple tight black band about an inch wide with a little gold ring on the front that helped draw attention to her slender neck. Lastly, came the heels. She already worn heels more in the last couple of days than the rest of her life combined. Today figured to be a lot of time spent on her heels... and probably her knees. The heels were bright blue -- they didn't match anything on her outfit, but they sure drew attention to her legs, which she realized was the point. They were stilettos with a strap that ran around her ankle and another that crossed over the top of her foot. They were really cute and sexy. Megan liked them and she liked that the blue heels and yellow shorts reminded her of her school colors. The bright, daring outfit didn't really clash as badly as she thought.  
  
She checked herself head to toe in the mirror one last time, decided she had done her best and was as ready as she was going to be. She was about five minutes early, but headed downstairs, remembering the guys telling her at one point, "to never keep a hard cock waiting." They had filled her head with so many instructions and rules like these, she was surprised at how much she retained and how these rules kept coming back to her. Like maintaining eye contact while sucking cock. It was already so ingrained that it was becoming second nature to her.  
  
"Damn, that's nice, baby girl," Mick said when he saw her. "Spin around, give us a good look."  
  
"I think Rothman should have bought extra, extra small," Harry laughed. "If he did, those shorts would be inside her pussy." They both laughed. Megan smiled. She was more nervous today. The first day had been all new, just jumping in like taking on the high dive at the pool. Yesterday had been extreme, but it was at home, controlled. Today was, as she understood it, going to be a day running all over town in this ridiculous outfit, begging these older men to let her suck their cocks. She might see people she knew. She might be expected to do even more for her daddies, who had already received two blowjobs from her. They were nice and respectful, but would their comfort level make them bolder, more demanding, more dominant? Megan felt like she did before riding a huge new roller coaster -- scared, nervous, ready to turn back and get out of line.  
  
Instead, she did what she always did. She followed the direction of her instructors, her elders. Mick and Harry used the extra five minutes to take some pictures of her in her amazing outfit. She posed as instructed. They wanted "before" pictures, joking about how she might look by the end of the day -- makeup smeared, hair mussed up, used and worn.  
  
"You seem nervous," Harry said as they walked to the car. He would drive her in their car, while Mick drove Hanson's car.  
  
"I am, daddy," Megan admitted.  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"I don't know," Megan said. "The clothes, I guess. And going all over town in these clothes, walking in to homes and offices and stores or wherever and, you know."  
  
"Doing what you were born to do?"  
  
"Yeah," Megan said. "I love it, I really do. I want to suck all their cocks and swallow all their cum. It turns me on so much. I know it will be a good day. I'm just a little anxious."  
  
"That's good, actually," Harry said. "You should be. Not because you're in any danger, but because this is a big day to find out exactly who and what you are. This week is all about finding yourself and defining your future. You are seeing that you have many more options than just going to college for four years and getting a job, aren't you?"  
  
"Yes," Megan said. "So many options. It's scary."  
  
"But exciting," Harry said. "You're a lucky girl. Not everyone has so many choices."  
  
"I know it," Megan said. "Thank you so much for helping me understand what is out there for me. I can't thank you enough."  
  
"Look," Harry said as they drove, "I know we are being pretty demanding, calling you names and making you do things you never thought you would do. But I want you to understand that both Mick and I think you're a great girl. We like you and your parents and we want what's best for you. This training is extreme because it has to be. We know it's more fun for us than it is for you, but it's the only way in one week to make you be the sexual young woman you want to be and to show you what that can do for you. You might very well decide to go to college, get a job and be the girl you have always been. But you might also be a model, a sugar baby, a bimbo, start your own business, be an executive assistant -- there are many ways you can go. That's because you're smart enough and beautiful enough. Now, we're making you slutty and naughty enough. The only way to do that is to push you hard and fuck you harder. You're a good sport and have a good attitude. I can tell you see the positives in this. So, just trust us today. You're going to be uncomfortable and we're going to enjoy seeing you that way. But don't mistake that for thinking that we don't like you or want what's best for you in the long run."  
  
"That's very sweet," Megan said. "I know you guys have my best interests at heart, even though I know you're enjoying this more than I am. I can see that it's not all about you. If it was, you would keep me to yourselves. You're opening new doors for me. I know that and I appreciate it. I apologize if I ever seem ungrateful or untrusting."  
  
"Don't worry," Harry grinned, bringing an end to the solemn talk. "It will be my pleasure to punish you for any inappropriate attitude. You have an extremely spankable ass."  
  
Megan giggled and thanked him for the compliment as they pulled up to Hanson's house. Mick parked Hanson's car in the driveway and Harry parked on the curb. She got out, looking around nervously, then walked over to Mick, who handed her the car keys. "Give these to him, then ask him to feed you," Mick said. "He can touch you and take pictures, but no fucking anything but your mouth. And no damaging your clothes or harming you, obviously. He won't do anything he shouldn't, but if you feel uncomfortable or if he crosses the line, get out or text xx on your phone and we'll be right there. Understand?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said.  
  
"He knows we are on a schedule and he has 30 minutes," Mick said.  
  
"OK," Megan said. She turned and walked up to the door. Hanson was there, waiting for her. He was wearing an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt and a pair of baggy shorts. Megan didn't know how old he was -- to her anyone older than her dad was just "old". She didn't judge age well. Her dad was 46. Hanson was definitely older, but he was one of those men who probably looked older than he was. He was slender, but in more of a sickly way. He was not muscular and his skin was pale. His hair was thin and wispy, a light brown color that looked like it would turn to gray any day. She thought he looked 70, but figured in reality he was probably in his mid 50s. She had no idea what kind of work he did, if any.  
  
"Her are your keys, sir," Megan smiled.  
  
"Thank you, dear," Hanson said. "Come on in." He waved to the guys, who waited now in their car, then closed the door and followed Megan inside, his eyes locked on her ass. Oh, how he wanted a piece of that one of these days.  
  
"Would you like some water or anything?" he asked.

"No thank you, sir," Megan smiled, turning to face him. They were standing in the middle of his living room.  
  
He stepped close to her, putting his hands on her ass he pressed against her body. "Had anything to eat today?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan smiled. "I've had some sperm. It was delicious and I'm really hungry for more. Could I please have some of yours?"  
  
"Fuck, you're good," Hanson said. "Yes, baby, you can have some sperm. But let me see this outfit and get a good look at you.  
  
For the next 10 minutes, Hanson rubbed all over her, felt her up, squeezed her, kissed her and photographed her. He had her run in place -- as best she could in the heels -- while he shot video of her bouncing tits. Then he had her walk upstairs while he followed along behind, again shooting more video and pinching her ass.  
  
He was visibly hard and Megan was aware of the time. Hanson looked at his watch and realized it was time to proceed.  
  
"Kneel down, balance on your heels, not your knees," Hanson instructed. Megan knelt down in front of him. He dropped his shorts. He wasn't wearing underwear. His cock, thin like his body, was about six inches long. The head was engorged, the opening flaring as he flexed his cock.  
  
"Just slow and steady," Hanson said. "Just the head for now. Lick and suck and kiss. Make love to it. Worship it."  
  
Megan looked up at him as she wrapped her lips around the head and flicked her tongue back and forth across the tip.  
  
"You know, Megan, I've been watching you run by my house for years," Hanson said. "You've grown into a sexy young woman. I think you should stop here every morning during your run. Let me give you a shot of a nature's energy drink."  
  
Megan didn't take her mouth off him to respond because Mick and Harry had trained her not to take her mouth off a hard cock unless specifically told to do so. She knew Hanson would let her know if he really wanted an answer. She knew the last thing he wanted was for her to take her mouth off of him.  
  
She continued to focus on the head, as instructed, while he continued to talk.  
  
"I bet you don't even know what I do," he continued. "Well, I don't do anything, really. I made a bunch of money on the stock market. I still trade online, but I do that from home. Self-employed. Rich. I can buy you things, you know. Take you places. Treat you well. And you treat me well. College is great if you need the education for a career. But you don't need it. You can be rich too. You can have what I have for what is a pretty small price in return, if you really think about. I know you are having a lot thrown at you this week, but just think about it. A life with no worries is a good life."  
  
Megan heard him and realized what he was proposing. A life with no worries was tempting, but not with Hanson. He was creepy and kind of disgusting. He was doing a good job of pitching the sugar baby gig, but she needed a better sugar daddy than him if she actually went that route.  
  
"All right, we can talk about this later," Hanson said. "I don't have much time, so let's pick up the pace." He put his hands on the sides of her head, covering her ears as he started pushing his cock deeper into her mouth. Megan relaxed and let him take control, using her mouth like a pussy, fucking her with long, deep strokes. He moaned and encouraged her to "suck him dry" and "choke on his cock". She coaxed him with her tongue on the underside of his shaft, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard. As turned off by Hanson as she was, she was nonetheless turned on as she anticipated that warm splatter of cum that would hit her tongue and roof of her mouth and back of her throat. It was so rewarding, like getting an A on a test or earning a varsity letter.  
  
She didn't have to wait much longer for her reward. He held her in place as his cock spasmed and spurted and oozed cum into her mouth.  
  
"Go ahead, swallow it all, bitch," he groaned. She swallowed as he came, continuing to suck and lick, doing her best to pull out every last drop, to the benefit of both of them. "That's some grade-A protein, slut. Eat it up."  
  
When he was done, Megan made a show of licking her lips and rubbing her bare, flat tummy. "That was delicious," she beamed. "Thank you so much." She kissed him on the cheek and he escorted her to the door. Again, she was five minutes ahead of schedule.  
  
Megan walked down the driveway, aware that a few people were out in the yards and on the sidewalks. They could see her in her heels and skimpy outfit, looking very much like the slut she was being today. Heads turned but she marched straight to the car and hopped in the back. She assured the guys that everything went fine and that Hanson did nothing inappropriate.  
  
They hurried home, picked up Rothman's car and headed downtown to the office where both Rothman and Megan's father worked. Megan was riding with Mick this time and was extremely nervous. She had been to this office many times and many of the people knew her. She couldn't believe Rothman was going to make her walk in there, dressed like this, and then give him a blowjob right there in the office. This was her greatest fear as she thought about all that might or might not happen on this day. She didn't really think it would happen, but she was wrong.  
  
To make matters worse, Harry parked Rothman's car in the reserved executive spot next to the door. Mick parked at the far end of the lot. "Just seems like a nice day for a walk," he grinned. "Or better yet, to watch you walk."  
  
"You're silly, daddy," Megan said playfully, hiding her frustration and anxiety as best she could.  
  
"Keep your head up, back straight, long strides," Mick said. "Don't look at your phone. People look at you, you look straight ahead and keep going."  
  
Her stomach ached as she started the long walk to the big office building. She wasn't sure if it was due to nervousness or hunger. She drank a bottle of water on the way here, but three shots of cum and some water wasn't a lot to go on. Lunch time was coming up soon. She wondered who would be supplying her lunch after meeting with Rothman.  
  
Men and women dressed in business attire passed her, the men enjoying the view, the women, mostly looking at her disapprovingly. She recognized some of them, but if they recognized her, they didn't say so. Most likely they were too busy looking at her exposed body parts to notice her face, Megan thought. She strode as confidently as she could, thankful for her strong legs and growing comfort walking in heels. She stopped by Rothman's car and picked up the keys from Harry.  
  
"Enjoy your snack," he smiled.  
  
"Of course I will, daddy," she said, forcing a smile.  
  
Harry could read her thoughts and felt genuinely sorry for her. "Look, drown those butterflies with a big load of cum. Then walk out of there with pride. You understand?"  
  
"Yes, Harry," she said, breaking character for a genuine moment of appreciation. "Thank you. I'm OK."  
  
"Good girl."  
  
She walked in with renewed confidence and walked through the lobby to the receptionist. She was in luck. It wasn't the normal receptionist. She must have been sick or on vacation and someone was filling in. "I have an appointment with Mr. Rothman," Megan said. "My name is Megan."  
  
"Last name?"  
  
"Brandt," Megan said reluctantly. She had hoped to avoid that.  
  
"Any relation to Michael Brandt?"  
  
"Yes, he's my father," Megan admitted. Cat was out of the bag already.  
  
"I see," the receptionist said. There was a tone there. Megan wasn't sure what it was, but she had the feeling this woman was a gossip and the whole building was about to know that Michael Brandt's daughter dressed like a whore. She just hoped they didn't find out she fucked like one too.  
  
The receptionist made a call, hung up the phone and said, "He will see you now. 11th floor, office is at the end of the hall."  
  
"Thank you so much," Megan said.  
  
She hoped for a solo elevator ride, but a group of three men in polos and khakis got on just before the door closed. They were younger, probably in their 30s, Megan guessed. They looked at her hungrily. She looked straight ahead. She had her orders and she was here to follow them. She reminded herself to stay focused.  
  
"Beautiful day at the office today," one of the guys said. The others smirked.  
  
"Cold in here though," another said. "Pretty nipply. I mean, nippy. Right?"  
  
Luckily, the elevator was fast and they reached the 11th floor. The guys were going to 14, so they stayed on and stayed pressed together, forcing Megan to squeeze by them on her way out the door. Hands groped her ass from either side and another touched her breasts. But she didn't stop or look back. She strode off the elevator and down the hall toward Rothman's office. She was shaking and trembling, but she was determined.  
  
She looked to the left and saw her dad's office. Just one door away. She shook her head, opened the door and entered Rothman's office. She knew his assistant, Bonnie. She was all business, but friendly. Probably about the same age as her mom.  
  
"Hello Megan," Bonnie said. "It's so nice to see you." If there was any disapproval or surprise, Bonnie didn't show it in her expression nor her tone. Megan liked her.  
  
"It's good to see you too," Megan said. "Sorry, I, uh, had a bit of a wardrobe malfunction today."  
  
"It's OK, sweetheart," Bonnie said, waving off Megan's apology. "We all have those days. You look lovely. My, if I had a body like yours, I think I would walk around naked all day."  
  
They both laughed and Megan felt better that at least Bonnie wasn't judging her. Of course, she wondered if Bonnie knew why she was here or was the least bit curious about it.  
  
"Did Mr. Rothman tell you why I'm here?" Megan asked.  
  
"No, honey," Bonnie said. "It's none of my business."  
  
"Oh, it's OK," Megan said. "I just hope you won't tell my dad I was here while he was on vacation. I wanted to talk to Mr. Rothman about a surprise for my parents and I just needed his help."  
  
"I see," Bonnie said. "That's very sweet of you. I know your dad is very proud of you. I'm sure Mr. Rothman will help you any way he can. He's a good man."  
  
"Yes, ma'am, he is," Megan smiled.  
  
Just then a light lit up on Bonnie's desk and she nodded to Megan, "He's ready to see you now. Go on in."  
  
As Megan went to the door, she felt relief. It was odd, but the act of sucking Rothman's cock was the easy part of this task. She was confident in what she was doing. She wasn't nervous at all. It was all about being exposed to so many people, especially those who might recognize her. She feared the judgement, not the cock. She liked the cock, and right now, her hungry tummy told her a nice dose of cum would be most welcome as well.  
  
Rothman smiled as she walked in. She asked if she should lock the door, but he assured it wasn't necessary. Megan thought it might be, but didn't argue.  
  
"You look amazing, young lady," he smiled.  
  
"Thank you, sir," Megan said. "The clothes everyone brought were so lovely. Mick and Harry picked these out for today, but it was a tough choice."  
  
"They chose well," Rothman said. He put his hands on her bare waist and spun her around, taking a good look from all angles. He led her to his massive desk. He sat down in his high-back leather chair and pulled him onto his lap. He was hard already. Megan could feel it through his suit.  
  
Rothman, unlike Hanson, was a handsome enough man. He had dark features and was tall and in good shape. She knew he was the same age as her dad. He was recently divorced, too. Megan remembered his wife from when she would babysit for them. She wasn't very nice. Megan could see even then that their marriage was failing. A man like Rothman would have little difficulty finding women to date, though. Successful and good looking and polite.  
  
He wasn't being all that polite now as his hands slid inside her shorts and under her crop top, casually feeling her as he looked at her and began talking. He asked about her college plans and goals. He asked about boyfriends and her decision to seek the help of Harry and Mick.  
  
"You know, you could forget college and work here," he said.  
  
"Really?" Megan asked. "I don't need a degree?"  
  
"Harry and Mick might give you a diploma in the only education you need," he chuckled.  
  
Just then Bonnie buzzed in, "Mr. Rothman, the call you were expecting is on line two."  
  
"Shoot, I have to take this call," Rothman said. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. "Just get down there and do what you do. Try not to make too much noise, though."  
  
"Of course, sir," Megan said. She knelt down in front of him and pressed her lips against the head of his cock, looking up at him as he pressed the speaker button on his phone.  
  
"Hello Michael," he said. "How was your drive?"  
  
"It was good," came the voice through the speaker. Megan nearly choked. It was her dad.  
  
"Sorry to bother you on your week off," Rothman said. "I really appreciate you calling in. I'll keep this short. I just needed to run a couple things by you."  
  
"No problem at all," Michael said.  
  
They talked for a few minutes about what seemed like legitimate work stuff to Megan, who steadily sucked Rothman's thick cock. She pulled down his pants when he lifted his hips, gaining greater access to go all the way down on him, which he encouraged with a light tap on the back of her head.  
  
"Oh, one other thing I wanted to run by you," Rothman said. "Bonnie is thinking about leaving."  
  
"No way," Michael said. "Wow. Why?"  
  
"She's thinking about helping her husband run the restaurant," Rothman explained. "I hate to lose her, but in case she decides to go, I wanted to think about restructuring her position a bit."  
  
"What did you have in mind?"  
  
"Well, you know my travel has gone up quite a bit and it seems like I'm always working late at home," Rothman said. "I was thinking I might try to find someone with the flexibility to work some unusual hours and possibly travel with me. I could use more help."  
  
"I agree," Michael said. "You need someone young with a lot of energy and no family. No jealous husband either."  
  
Rothman's looked directly in Megan's eyes as he spoke and she understood what he was suggesting.  
  
"Yeah, would that be weird? Do you think people would get the wrong idea?"  
  
"Hell no," Michael responded. "You're single now, first of all, so whatever happens between you and some 20-year-old is no one's business. Get it if you can get it, I say."  
  
They both laughed as Megan cringed at her father's words. How could he think that way? Rothman's cock lurched in her throat.  
  
"Seriously, though, you're professional and everyone respects you," Michael continued. "I think everyone would realize that anyone you hired was here to do a legitimate job for the benefit of the company. Do you have anyone in mind?"  
  
"As a matter of fact, I do," Rothman said. Megan's eyes got big. Surely he wouldn't say it. "But I have to make sure she's up to the task first. It's a demanding job. Plus, Bonnie hasn't even made a final decision yet. Just wanted to run it by you. I appreciate your thoughts. How's your daughter doing, by the way?"  
  
"She's good," Michael said. "Thanks for asking. We have a couple of harmless old guys who live next door check on her. She's smart and tough, but you always worry about your daughter, you know. It's a relief having guys we can trust look out for her."  
  
"Sounds like you chose wisely," Rothman said. "I'll see you next week."  
  
Both men hung up the phone and Rothman stood up and started hammering his cock down her throat. "You heard that, right?" he grunted. "Even your dad wants me to hire you and fuck you every day. Good to have the old man's blessing, ain't it?"  
  
He pulled out and told her to keep her mouth open. He watched with lust as his cock shot spurt after spurt of thick white cream onto her tongue, lips and teeth. "Bon appetit, bitch."  
  
She swallowed it all of course, and licked the remaining drops off the head of his cock.  
  
"Thank you, daddy," she said. "Would you really hire me?"  
  
"I think I would," Rothman said. "Of course, we would have to have an in-depth interview first. After all, I know very little about your asshole and pussy, yet, do I?"  
  
"No sir," Megan said. "Not yet."  
  
"Wouldn't be very wise of me to hire you without fully examining those skills as well, now would it?"  
  
"No sir," Megan said. "I'm flattered that you would consider me."  
  
"Least I can do for your father," Rothman smiled.  
  
"Yeah, I'm sure he would be very proud," Megan smirked.  
  
"He would never even know," Rothman said.  
  
"I believe you," Megan said. And she did. She didn't know how, but she believed he could hire her and fuck her feet away from her dad without him ever knowing. Hell, he had just face-fucked on her while on speakerphone with her dad and no one was the wiser. Not even Bonnie, who smiled as Megan left and wished her luck on surprising her father.  
  
"Don't worry, my lips are sealed," Bonnie said.  
  
If only mine were, Megan thought to herself. They open for any hard cock they see.  
  
She rode with an elevator full of people and the nervousness returned as she felt their eyes on her, some leering, some judging. A couple of people recognized her and asked about her dad. This was all so awkward. But she smiled, acted like anything but what had just happened had happened, and walked as calmly out of the building as she could. She was surprised to see Harry near the entrance now. She assumed they would want to make her take the long walk again.  
  
"Third cock is ready and waiting," Harry said as if in answer to her question. "Mick and I went back to the house while you were in there and got Quigley's car. We are meeting him for lunch. Hope you're hungry!"  
  
"I am," Megan said. "I really am. Each time I get some cum in my belly, I can tell the difference. I just need more."  
  
"That's what we like to hear," Mick said. "Four blowjobs before lunch. You're like that commercial, 'Megan sucks more cock before lunch than most women do all day.'"  
  
Megan laughed at that one. She saw a bag in the back seat next to her. It had bubble gum and lollipops and blow pops in it. She remembered what they said about practicing all the time. The fact that she was so hungry was further incentive.  
  
"I know I'm only supposed to eat cum today," she said. "But can I have one of these blow pops?"  
  
"Yes," Mick said. "We agreed that it was more important for you to maintain your training. You don't really 'eat' any of that stuff. It's things you chew or suck. So, it's a nice little treat to go along with your mouth training."  
  
"Thank you so much," Megan said. She ripped off the wrapper of a cherry blow pop and started sucking on it.  
  
"Just no biting it -- just like a cock," Harry said. "Lick it and suck it."  
  
"Of course, daddy," Megan said, just happy to have the little energy boost of a modest sugar rush.  
  
Megan finished two blow pops and chewed a large wad of gum -- per their direction -- by the time they got to the restaurant. Quigley was a very successful businessman, so Megan had expected some fancy restaurant downtown. Instead, this was a medium-sized, ordinary diner. Nice enough, but a common place that attracted blue and white collar lunch customers alike. That helped her not feel quite so out of place as they walked in with a large percentage of her body on display. Yes, she still turned heads, but there were other young women in their in cutoffs and bikini tops and other revealing clothing common for Florida in the summer.  
  
Quigley waved them over to join him. He was in a booth in the corner. He got up and let Megan slide in so she was next to the wall. She liked that he sat next to her, essentially hiding her from the rest of the restaurant crowd. Mick and Harry sat across from them, though they offered to let Quigley and Megan have some privacy.

"No, I think it will be helpful for you two to join us," Quigley said. "The three of us can chat and enjoy our lunch. We should be able to help shield Megan from view as she enjoys her lunch. Sorry, your seat won't be quite as comfortable, my dear."  
  
"I don't mind at all," Megan said. "I'm just very hungry and happy to eat the delicious meal you have prepared for me wherever you like."  
  
"You have your mother's politeness," Quigley said.  
  
"Thank you, sir," Megan said, sensing that Quigley was reminding her of his business partnership with her mom, a subtle statement of his power.  
  
A waitress came over and took their order. The men all ordered meals. Megan deferred, asking only for water. "She's on a special diet," Quigley explained. "Also, could we get one more chair to sit at the end of the table? My friend here has a bad knee and could use a place to prop it up."  
  
"Of course, I'll get one right away for you sir," the waitress said, nodding to Mick, who played along, rubbing his knee.  
  
"Just a little more coverage," Quigley explained. "I love exposing Megan in these clothes, but I don't want to go too far."  
  
"Thank you so much, sir," Megan said. "I'll serve you anywhere you ask, but I do appreciate the respect and privacy."  
  
"There's a line between being a classy slut and a trashy slut," Quigley laughed. "Just want to keep you on the right side."  
  
"That's a good way to put it," Harry said. "We've talked to her about being sexy and cock hungry but maintaining her class and style. She's naturally beautiful as well as intelligent and obedient. She doesn't have to act trashy. She can get what she wants and deliver everything the men in her life want just by being herself. All we're really doing is teaching her out to channel that inner slut and just add that characteristic to what she already brings to the table."  
  
"Yes, you have many, many options in front of you," Quigley said to her as the waitress brought the chair and their drinks. Quigley put his hand on her bare thigh and then touched her pussy through her shorts.  
  
"I'm realizing that this week, sir," she said. "It's like a whole new world has opened up. It's kind of overwhelming."  
  
"I'm sure it is," Quigley said. "You're intelligent, but naïve and innocent in a very endearing way. But that can also be dangerous for such a young beauty as yourself. There are those out there who would look to take advantage of a sexy naïve girl like you. You're fortunate to have two men here who have your best interests at heart."  
  
"I agree," Megan said. "I'm seeing that more and more each day. They are doing so much for me, as are you and the others."  
  
"It's good that you see that and that you're understanding the power that you have, even as you're playing a submissive role for your men," Quigley said. "So long as you maintain your self-respect and ego, you will retain the power to submit but to demand compensation in return. Sugar daddies will lavish you with gifts for your company. Professors will give you A's and an easy graduation for your services. Employers will overpay to have you as an assistant."  
  
"I'm learning that too," Megan said. "It's hard to know that the right thing to do is."  
  
"Of course it is," Quigley said. "Some might even try to blackmail you. Like I could threaten to fire your mom as our ad rep if you didn't do certain things. Or Rothman could fire your dad, I suppose."  
  
"Oh dear," Megan said. "I hadn't thought of that."  
  
"Now, don't worry, that's not what I'm proposing," Quigley said. "But I do want you to understand that you have to watch out for those types of traps. You are an incredible young women and even successful men like me will take huge risks sometimes when they want to possess something."  
  
Megan was feeling uneasy. This seemed like a thinly veiled threat.  
  
"I understand," Megan said. "I will be careful."  
  
"Good," Quigley said. "Then you should carefully think about doing some modeling for us. We have some new lines of swimsuits and lingerie that we can't really advertise in the local community magazines and tv channels the way we do some of our other stores. Your mom is great with that stuff. But these specialty items -- some of them are geared toward exotic dancers, club girls, you know -- are best promoted through private events, fashion shows and the like. You would be wonderful at that. It would give you the opportunity to learn about modeling, earn some money and work a little bit with your mom."  
  
"You mean, she would see me doing that?" Megan's eyes got wide.  
  
"Of course," Quigley said. "She would be marketing the events. And that's where I think the best part of this is for you. Your parents are coming back soon and you're going to have to explain your new wardrobe and some of the choices that you're going to be making soon. At least with the modeling, it would be a legitimate job and you could pass it off as career exploration and you could tell them the new wardrobe was part of your orientation package from us. That would give you a little freedom. They might not love the modeling thing for you, but it would sell a lot better than some of the other excuses you could come up with."  
  
Megan looked at Harry and Mick, wondering if that made as much sense to them as it did to her. As awkward as it would be, it would make much more sense to walk out of the house half dressed with her parents understanding it was for a job with a trusted client and colleague than to say she had to go over to Harry and Mick's to help them make dinner.  
  
"I like it," Harry said. "I mean, the choice is Megan's, of course, but as an explanation, I think it's a strong way to ensure she can keep dressing the way we all want her to."  
  
"I'm glad to hear that," Quigley said. "I won't be so pushy as to demand an answer today. Complete your training, my dear, and we can talk more. I love your pictures online and will send you more information and ideas through the private messaging."  
  
Their food came out and Quigley said, "I know you've got a busy day, so I suggest we all eat. Megan, I think you know where to find your lunch. I encourage you to attack it as ravenously as you like, given your current state of hunger."  
  
Megan liked the way he talked and loved that the legs and big bodies of the men concealed her pretty well as she slid under the table and in between Quigley's legs. He had a napkin over his crotch and dipped her head underneath it. He pulled out his cock. Just the sight and smell of it triggered Megan's drive to eat, as if she was smelling a steak hot off the grill. She couldn't believe it, but the idea of associating cock with food really seemed to be working.  
  
As he had suggested, she dove right in, opening her mouth wide and sliding her tongue around the head of his cock, then under the shaft as she took him deep into her mouth. Quigley, who was a few years younger than her dad -- probably early 40s, she guessed -- was tall and lean with a receding hairline and a friendly face. He was built like the former athlete he was, having been a successful three-sport guy in high school. He was still in good shape and decent looking for his age. Never married, he lived a bachelor's life but remained single. His cock was a good seven inches and extremely firm and rigid, giving it ample girth to fill her mouth. And she was happy to have her mouth full of something, anything at this point. She heard Harry talking to Quigley about her training.  
  
"It's unproven, of course," he was saying, "but we are hoping to train her brain to associate sucking with food, rather than biting or chewing. She can suck a lollipop, but can't bite it. Still, she gets the sugar and satisfaction. She can suck cock, but not bite or chew. But the sucking ultimately gives her the nutritious payoff her body needs."  
  
"I like the concept," Quigley said. "She certainly seems to be trying to suck everything out of my body right now." He laughed. "Damn, what's the old saying, 'suck a golf ball through a garden hose'? I see where they get that imagery now. Fuck. It feels like my balls are going to fly into her mouth at any moment."  
  
Megan smiled inwardly at the thought, wishing she could sink her teeth into a big ball of man meat and cum right now, thousands of sperm filling her mouth and throat and stomach. She wanted every last one of them.  
  
She didn't get them all, but she got enough as Quigley dropped his fork and put his hand on the back of her head. The waitress brought the check as cum spewed into Megan's throat.  
  
"Did your friend leave?" the waitress asked.  
  
"No, I dropped my napkin and she's getting it for me," Quigley said. Megan was still sucking out his last drops but realized she needed to get off the floor. She slid back into the seat next to him. She looked at the waitress as she swallowed, then smiled and said, "Could I get a water to go, please?"  
  
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As busy as they had been, Megan and the guys still had a long way to go -- seven more cars to return and cocks to suck -- and it was now early afternoon. Luckily, the next two were in the same location, so they went back to the house. Megan drove their car, Mick drove Walters' car and Harry drove Peterson's. Even though school was out for the summer, both men were at the high school. Peterson's job as janitor was year round, with cleaning and maintenance, while Walters had been in during the morning to attend a teacher's meeting about the preparations for the fall. He had decided to stick around to meet Megan there. So, the giant school was empty except for Peterson, Walters and Megan. Harry and Mick decided to use the extra time -- Megan had plenty of work to do -- to go back and get the next car.  
  
Peterson greeted Megan at the door to the school, letting her in before locking the door behind them.  
  
"It's so weird being here when it's empty like this," Megan said as they walked down the main hallway, past the doors to the gymnasium and the administrative offices.  
  
"I'm pretty used to it," Peterson said. "But I'm going to miss seeing you in these hallways. I'm not a pervert or anything, but the last couple of years when you filled out, well, it was hard not to notice or think impure thoughts."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said. "I don't think you're a pervert, either."  
  
"You might after today," Peterson laughed. "Just kidding. It's nothing too weird, but Mr. Walters and I had a couple of little role plays we wanted to act out with you today."  
  
"Sounds fun," Megan said, honestly. "I haven't really done role play, but it seems like a good way to bring fantasizes to life."  
  
"Exactly," Peterson said. "Harmless fun. So, once we go in here, just play along. It's silly, but I assure you we're just having fun and, of course, we will feed you as I know you must be as hungry as we are horny."  
  
"Sounds perfect," Megan said. Peterson was certainly checking her out but she was happy to not be on display to anyone but him and, soon, Walters.  
  
Peterson led her to one of the science labs and told her to go on in. "Walters is waiting for you," he said. "I'm going to give you guys five minutes to get ready, then I'll be in."  
  
"OK, sir," Megan said. "See you soon!"  
  
Megan went inside and found Walters waiting for her. He was wearing a lab coat that was buttoned all the way up. He was wearing flip flops but she couldn't tell if he was wearing shorts or anything else under his coat.  
  
"Wow, you look incredible," he said. "God, I wish you would have dressed like this for class every day."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said. "I think I would have been expelled though."  
  
"Well, not today," Walters said. "So, Peterson told you about some role playing, right?"  
  
"Yes!" Megan said. "It sounds like so much fun."  
  
"It will be," Walters said. "So, the first one will be pretty basic. I'm the instructor. Peterson is a student. And you're, well, no offense, but you're a pet 'slut' and I'm going to explain to lecture him on the anatomy, care and, of course, feeding of a pet slut."  
  
"Oh my, that's hilarious," Megan said. "Yes, please show him all he needs to know about me. This will be so fun. Of course I'm not offended."  
  
"Good," Walters said. "So, I'm going to put this leash on you -- works out well that you have that little ring on the choker. I'll lead you in like you're some pet I just picked up at the pound."  
  
"That's too funny," Megan said as he put the leash on. "Please take me home, mister!" she pouted, putting her hands up like little paws. She was so damn cute in that moment, Walters had to fight the urge to drag her to his car and run off with her.  
  
"So, you just get in this cage over here and we'll get started," he said. He put her in a dog kennel that was in the front of the room, next to a large lab table. Megan climbed in, sitting on her knees, waiting to see what would happen next. She was truly enjoying this. They were so creative! Wasn't this how sex should always be? Of course, sexier partners would be nice, but as older men went, Walters and Peterson weren't bad looking and at least they were fun.  
  
Walters looked very much like a professor. He had round spectacles, a thin mustache and dark hair combed over to hide his balding head. He was at least 50, Megan figured, average height and build with a slightly flabby belly that suggested a little too much beer. Peterson was a larger man, built sort of like Harry, heavy set. He had a large belly, thick legs and arms, a wide chest and chubby fingers. He was overweight, but also muscular, the product of hard work and bad diet. Megan guessed him to be in his early to mid 40s.  
  
Megan heard the door open and saw Peterson walk in. He had changed into a t-shirt, gym shorts and some sneakers. He looked the part of a student.  
  
"Hello Dr. Walters," he said. "Another boring class today?"  
  
"Very funny, Sal," Walters said. Megan had never heard Peterson's first name before. "I think you will enjoy today's class very much. Today, I am going to introduce you to the beautiful and rare pet slut."  
  
He motioned toward the cage and Peterson, acting as if he was noticing her for the first time, responded with exaggerated wide mouth and eyes. "Wow, what a beautiful pet!"  
  
"Indeed," Walter said. "Very rare to find one like this, so beautiful, a perfect specimen. Now, every slut like this needs a good home and to be taken care of. They can be wild at first, though, hence the cage and leash."  
  
"What makes them so wild?" Peterson asked, clearly following a loose script.  
  
"Well, an untrained slut can develop an insatiable hunger for sex. They are cock-hungry little things with bodies perfectly designed to tease, entice, lure and capture cocks at will. They never get enough."  
  
"So how do you make them a pet?" Peterson asked.  
  
"You have to train them," Walters said. "They must learn that their owner's cock is a gift, a treat, a reward to be earned, an organ to be worshipped. But before we get into that, we need to understand the anatomy of the slut."  
  
Walters opened the cage and pulled on the leash, leading Megan out of it. She didn't speak, not sure if she was supposed to talk, make animal noises or what. This was weird but fun. She stood up when Walters pulled up on the leash.  
  
"Like all pets, there are a number different ways to praise and punish your pet slut to train their behavior," Walters said. "Their breasts and nipples are particularly sensitive. Squeezing and touching and rubbing them like this shows them your appreciation of them."  
  
He was rubbing Megan's breasts and, indeed, it felt good. She exaggerated her reaction with wide eyes and a big smile. Her nipples were hard and he pulled up the crop top to expose them.  
  
"But if a slut misbehaves," he continued, "a light slap on the breast or tweak of the nipple can get the point across." He did both, neither too hard, but enough to demonstrate his point. Megan again exaggerated her reaction, whimpering and pouting like a scolded puppy.  
  
"There are two more areas of particular pain and pleasure for a slut," Walters said. He turned Megan around and bent her over the lab table, showing Peterson her ass, encased in the way-too-small shorts. "This ass is particularly tight and firm, definitely eye-catching and worthy of attention. Sluts like it to be manhandled, so rubbing or light slapping tends to turn them on, like this. But a naughty slut will still get the point if you smack that ass just a little harder. It's a fine line between pleasure and pain and every slut is different. You just have to learn how to get your slut to respond the way you want her to.  
  
"The last zone is the pussy or cunt. It's mostly a pleasure area that you can stimulate with your fingers, tongue or yes, your cock. Sluts go crazy and their pussy gets very hot and wet with this type of touching."  
  
Walters was caressing her pussy now while she was still bent over. Her wet pussy lips were clearly outlined by the shorts. Her legs were straight, back arched and she wanted desperately to have one of them fuck her or at least finger bang her. But she knew that was not allowed today.  
  
"The best way to demonstrate discipline in this area is to deny the pleasure your slut seeks," Walters continued. "She's practically begging for me to fuck her. She wants that sexual release. But she's been a naughty slut, so we tease her to the point that the frustration trumps the pleasure. Deny her the orgasm and teach her the lesson."  
  
By this point, Walters' cock was hard and, with the clock ticking, he knew he had to get to it.  
  
"So, as you can see, your slut can dressed and housed as you like and tamed with a few tender or slightly firm touches," Walters said. "But of course, the main thing you have to do is feed your pet slut. And, as I mentioned, their favorite foods are cock and cum. Allow me to demonstrate."  
  
He had Megan climb on the lab table and get on her hands and knees. He then adjusted the height until her mouth was level with his crotch. She bit her lip in anticipation. It wasn't part of the act and they both knew it.  
  
"See what I mean?" Walters smiled. He opened his lab coat. He was nude underneath. His cock popped out, nearly hitting her in the face. She moved her head, trying to catch it as it wagged back and forth in front of her face.  
  
He took his cock and slapped it against her cheek, then rubbed it over her face, jabbing the head against her eyelids and nostrils before finally serving it to her lips. The instant three points of contact -- top lip on top of the head, bottom lip on the bottom of the head and tongue flicking across the pee hole -- made his cock jerk and he pushed three inches into her mouth.  
  
It felt wonderful to have that yummy cock in her mouth. Megan was so ready to be fed again. She lunged forward, eager for more. Walters was surprised but did not try to stop her. He stood firm and let her consume him, her lips eagerly sliding down, her head bobbing and tilting to get the right angle to take all of him.  
  
Walters looked over at Peterson and shrugged his shoulders, a big smile on his face. Megan looked up at him, feeling lust and hunger and wishing he would just fuck her throat.  
  
"You can feed your slut any way you want," Walters said, trying to hold his professorial character. "You can take it nice and slow and make her work for her dessert while you enjoy her efforts. Or, you can just grab her by her handle and fuck her throat raw."  
  
As he said this, he grabbed her ponytail and held her firm as he hammered his cock violently in and out of her mouth. Her head jerked and she sputtered but she was as determined to stay all the way on his cock as he was to choke her with it.  
  
"You can do this as hard as you want," he grunted. "About the only limit is don't break her teeth and make sure she can breathe. Although sometimes it's fun to make them really inhale you." Empowered by her lusty cock-gobbling, he pinched her nose shut and watched her munch down further on him, widening her mouth to try to pull in some air. Her face turned red and he let her nose go.

He pulled out, barked at her to open her mouth and stick out her tongue, and feverishly jerked his cock until he had squeezed every drop onto on the tongue. He plugged her nose again as she swallowed. "That, dear pupil, is how you feed a fucking pet slut. Class dismissed."  
  
"Damn, that was good!" Peterson said, standing and applauding. "Nice show. My turn now. Megan, take five minutes, then meet me in the hallway."  
  
"Of course, daddy," Megan said, crawling slowly off the table. Walters took off the leash and she walked wobbly out the door toward the restroom.  
  
"Little bitch damn near inhaled me," Walters said.  
  
"That was impressive," Peterson nodded in agreement. "Damn, I hope this isn't the last time we get to do this. I really want to fuck her pussy and ass before she goes off to college or whatever the hell she decides to do. I watched that little ass go up and down these halls for way too long not to get a piece of it now that I'm this close."  
  
"We will get a piece," Walters said. "Those two old guys can't give her enough cock to do it on their own."  
  
"I'm not sure there is enough cock for her," Peterson said. "Now not only is she built for it, but she's becoming obsessed with it."  
  
"Cum dumb, they say," Walters nodded. "She's book smart but cum dumb." They both laughed, then moved on to the next act in their little play.  
  
Megan was in the bathroom where only a few weeks ago she would have been talking with Kasey and her other friends about boys or the latest school gossip. Instead, she was now rinsing out her mouth, fixing her hair and actually looking forward to having another guy old enough to be her dad shove his cock in her mouth. What a crazy, crazy week this was. She had launched her plan thoughtfully and carefully, but she never thought things would go like this. Even weirder was that she was enjoying most of it. The public exposure was nerve-racking, the fear of seeing someone she knew was terrifying and she simply pushed the thought of anal sex out of her mind. But the rest of it -- even the rougher sex and harsh language and light bondage -- was all a lot of fun. It was exciting not knowing what was going to happen next and her body had trembled with excitement and anticipation so many times in the last couple of days. Not to mention that her orgasms had been unlike any she'd had before. She was desperate for another one and she knew it would be incredible when they finally let her get off.  
  
She rejoined the guys. Peterson was now dressed in a pair of gray overalls, looking like a car mechanic or some sort of service technician. And Walters was dressed in what she assumed he had worn to the staff meeting -- jeans and an untucked polo shirt.  
  
Peterson led the way to the basement. It was a dark, steep stairway that led to a large room that was used for storage. It was also home to a lot of Peterson's maintenance equipment. He had a small metal desk and old office chair there along with a locker and two large tool cabinets. It was dark, but kind of homey in a way and Megan could picture Peterson hanging out down here during the school day in between work projects, especially since a lot of his work took place after class hours.  
  
Peterson stood next to Megan in the middle of the room, his arm around her waist. Walters sat in the old office chair. "Thank you for attending our seminar on care and maintenance of essential school equipment. Today, we are discussing the most important piece of equipment any school maintenance man can have at his disposal -- the school slut. Like any other tool or machine you use daily, the school slut should undergo routine maintenance and inspection on a regular basis. The purpose of this is to make sure that she is providing maximum output every day."  
  
"I thought school sluts were like those watches -- they just give a licking and keep on ticking," Walters said. Megan giggled at their scripted joke. This was so goofy, but it was playful and she liked it.  
  
"They do," Peterson said, "but they will maintain peak performance only if you make sure they are adequately prepared and cared for. So, at least once I week, I recommend a thorough inspection. Fortunately, school sluts don't wear many clothes and they are quite flexible, so this process is relatively easy -- not to mention enjoyable.  
  
"I recommend immobilizing the school slut as they tend to get horny and want to squirm or touch themselves. Would you like to lend me a hand?"  
  
Together the men led Megan to a wide, adjustable work bench that was on wheels that could be locked in place for stability. She laid on her back and they moved the table under a large pipe. Walters held her legs straight up in the air while Peterson tied them to the pipe with long strips of soft fabric cut from an old sweatshirt so as not to leave marks on her ankles. Then they pulled her arms down and Walters knelt below the bench, holding her wrists as close together as he could, making her back arch and chest pop out while her shoulders strained. Her arms still weren't long enough to touch, but Peterson used another long strip of cloth to tie them together under the bench.  
  
"Now, we have access to the essential areas we need to check," Peterson said. "Specifically, we will be looking for firmness, fitness, functionality and signs of excessive wear and tear. As you know, school sluts have insatiable sexual appetites and invite rough and frequent intercourse. That's part of what we love about them, but also cause for concern about overuse."  
  
"That makes sense," Walters said.  
  
"So, naturally, the pussy is a prime area of concern," Peterson said. He was now standing over Megan, straddling her and the bench, facing her pussy. He reached down and moved the tiny band of her shorts to the side, exposing her soft, pink pussy.  
  
"Now, this is a brand new school slut," Peterson said, "so this is what you want to see when you examine the pussy. See how healthy and pink it looks? Juicy, soft lips, smooth mound."  
  
"Yes, it looks perfect," Walters said.  
  
"It hasn't been gangbanged and stretched out yet," Peterson said. "Which is very nice. Prime pussy here. Tight and right. Still, we want to make sure it's working properly, so we just push the starter button and then give it a little wiggle."  
  
He touched her clit and rubbed it for about 15 seconds. Megan squirmed with pleasure, but her movements were limited by her bonds.  
  
"That's the response we're looking for -- and why we tied her up," Peterson smiled. "You can almost hear that little engine purring now can't you?" He put a thermometer in her pussy. "The temperature should start to rise now," he continued, "and when we pull it out, it should be wet -- and sweet to the taste. Prime perfect pussy tastes fresh and sweet, like a sugary syrup."  
  
"I love that taste," Walters nodded. "Temp is going up."  
  
"Yes it is," Peterson confirmed. "Let's have a taste." He pulled the thermometer out and licked the end of it, then handed it to Walters, who licked further down the length of the thermometer. "Tastes fresh and sweet."  
  
"Sure does."  
  
"So, what we have here is a healthy, tight, perfectly maintained and not overused young slut cunt," Peterson said. "Grab that clipboard and give the pussy a 5, please and check off tight, hot, wet and sweet on the checklist."  
  
Walters complied. Megan had no idea if there was actually a checklist, but Walters was at least using the clipboard and appeared to be writing on a piece of paper.  
  
"Next, you want to check the ass," Peterson said. Megan's ass was lifted slightly off the table by the bonds and pipe, so Peterson walked around to the foot of the bench and cupped her ass cheeks. "We check them for look, feel and firmness. We observe that they look perfect. We squeeze and they feel firm. We slap and we see that they jiggle nicely."  
  
He did all these things and Walters recorded the results, including a five-star rating. Peterson pulled the shorts back over her pussy lips and walked around to the head of the table. "The next area to examine is the tits," he said, pulling up her crop top. "There isn't likely to be overuse here, of course, but we do want to examine nonetheless for firmness, bounce, nipple size and sensitivity."  
  
Peterson stroked and squeezed her breasts. He grabbed them in his hands and squeezed them together, making the nipples touch. He pulled on her nipples and kissed them and sucked them, making them rigid. He smacked and bounced her breasts, watching how they moved and jiggled.  
  
"Excellent overall in terms of shape, firmness, bounce, perkiness and nipples," Peterson reported as Walters marked the form. "Make it four stars, though, with the comment that size is adequate, but enhancement is recommended."  
  
Another reference to a boob job. Megan had thought about getting implants at some point but hadn't seriously considered it until this week. It was apparent they all liked her breasts, but would increase their size at least a little if they could. If she wanted to be a cock-teasing man-pleaser, maybe she should do it. She would think about it.  
  
Peterson left her breasts exposed as he moved on. "Next, we examine the mouth," he said. "I have it on good authority that, unlike her pussy, this little cock-sucking mouth has been put to extensive use. As well it should. So, first, we see the lips. Nice, pouty, very kissable. Let's mark here that an enhancement would be recommended, but these are healthy and more than adequate."  
  
Lip injection. Yep, Megan was getting that hint too.  
  
"Now, we have a petite little school slut here, so size is always a concern," Peterson said. He pulled her mouth open with his hands, pulling her lips back, exposing her teeth. "She has lovely teeth, no cavities, very straight and white. Tongue is soft and pink. Let's recommend a tongue ring. Throat looks nice and healthy, which is important because with such a small head and mouth, cock is going to reach that throat easily. It's a little red back there, now that I look closer, like maybe it recently took a good hard fucking."  
  
"I heard something about that," Walters laughed.  
  
"Well, her throat is a little raw, but everything else looks good so I think she's good to go," Peterson said. "A good test of the size and her capabilities is the ball test." Peterson opened his overalls and pulled out his cock. He straddled her head and dipped his balls toward her mouth. He used his fingers to pull her lips back and jaw open, making room for both balls in her mouth. Megan cooperated, of course, happy to lick and suck on them as they puffed out her cheeks like a chipmunk prepping for winter.  
  
"Fuck, that feels good," Peterson said.  
  
"School sluts do make good little ball lickers," Walters nodded. Peterson was rock hard now, pre-cum on the head of his cock.  
  
"Probably the most important maintenance for your school slut," Peterson said, regaining his composure and falling back into character, "is to make sure they are well fed and hydrated. They need to have energy to do all the naughty things they love to do for us. So, sometimes in the early afternoon, it's nice to give them a little energy drink. There are a lot of them on the market, but school sluts love the taste of my all-natural energy drink. Allow me to demonstrate."  
  
He stood over her, his cock bobbing above her face, and pointed the head down to her lips. She sucked it in happily, licking all around the head and lapping up the sweet pre-cum. She expected him to shove his cock down her throat -- although that would be difficult unless they re-positioned her so her head hung off the end of the table -- but instead, he just fed her the head and a couple of inches, instructing her to just lick and suck.  
  
"Just lick it like a lollipop, baby," he groaned. "Just make love to it. Give it kisses and swirl your tongue around it."  
  
Megan followed all instructions and felt him throbbing in her mouth. She saw him grip his cock tightly, controlling his aim and flow as cum oozed out, not in jets and spurts, but in a lava-like gush, falling from the tip of his cock in globs on her tongue. She got to taste it and hold it in her mouth before swallowing. She continued to lick and slurp on the head while he squeezed the final drops out of his shaft.  
  
They guys untied her and Megan hopped up, playing the scene out to its conclusion, "Whew, I feel great! I'm ready to run a marathon or something!" she said, bouncing up and down.  
  
"Energy shots will do that," Peterson said.  
  
Walters handed her the checklist -- it was real -- and told her to give it to Mick and Harry.  
  
"I will, sir," she promised. "I'm really sorry I didn't realize how much fun you two were when I was in school. I would have done this every day. That was a lot of fun. I love role playing."  
  
She also loved that they hadn't spent time trying to convince her to work for them or be their sugar baby or anything like that. They just enjoyed her in the moment. That was nice.  
  
As expected, Harry and Mick were waiting for her outside the school. Harry was in Yelton's car and Mick was driving his. Megan hopped in with him and told him all about the fun role playing as they drove. She also showed him the maintenance checklist.  
  
"They recommend breast and lip enhancements and a tongue ring," she told him. "They wanted me to point that out to you."  
  
"Good girl for sharing that," Mick said. "How do you feel about those things? There's a lot we can tell you to do this week, but those are decisions that we won't force on you. We can make recommendations and even probably arrange to have any of those things done for free, but, we do respect you enough that we know those are your choices to make."  
  
"I appreciate that," Megan said. "I don't know. I mean, I won't lie, I've thought about all those things even before this week, but it was never really plausible. You know, good girl, parents and all. But now, they are coming home to a different daughter. Plus I'm an adult and it's my body, my decision. So, yeah, I'm thinking about all of it."  
  
"Smart to give it thought," Mick said. "I know you're an intelligent girl, so I'll just give you time to think about it and you can ask me any questions any time."  
  
"Thank you, daddy," Megan said. "You're the best!"  
  
"You seem pretty happy," Mick said. "Feeling good? Hungry?"  
  
"I feel great right now," Megan said, chomping on another big wad of gum. "I think it's because it was so much fun doing that role playing. They were so silly, it made it a lot of fun. Plus, two loads so close together helped fill me up a little bit."  
  
"Well, you have five more to go," Mick said. "So I'm glad you have plenty of energy and are having fun. The other good news is your throat will get some rest tomorrow. We have other holes to train, after all."  
  
"I need my pussy fucked so bad," Megan squealed. "That's the only bad thing so far today. I just want to cum."  
  
"Ha-ha!" Mick laughed. "Just wait your turn, little slut."  
  
"You know I will, daddy. It's actually kind of fun not being able to cum, feeling like I'm on the verge off and on all day. I just know when it finally happens it's going to feel sooooo good."  
  
Mick pulled into a parking lot at one of the city parks. It was a warm, sunny afternoon and plenty of people were out. The park was adjacent to a public pool and just a block from a popular shopping district, so it was a common gathering place for people from all over town. Megan's good spirits were interrupted by growing anxiety.  
  
"He wants to meet here?" she asked timidly.  
  
"Yes," Mick said. "Don't be nervous. You look great. Plenty of people around here in swimsuits, shorts and tank tops. You aren't that different."  
  
But Megan knew the heels and choker and blatantly too-small clothes would draw attention in ways that those other revealing outfits wouldn't. This outfit was designed to make her look sexy -- not ready for shopping or the pool. It was designed to turn heads. Megan would not blend in. Not like this. She again reminded herself of cheerleading and competing in public. She reminded herself of Rothman's office. She had handled that. She could do this.  
  
"He said he would be waiting by the playground," Mick said.  
  
Megan got out of the car and started walking toward the playground, about 200 yards away. She didn't see Yelton yet, but she walked in a straight line, trying not to notice heads turning or murmured comments from judgmental passersby.  
  
She reached the playground and stopped close to the slide. Still no sign of Yelton. Then a man approached her and said, "Excuse me, miss, but there's a guy over there taking pictures. I think he's taking pictures of you."  
  
She looked over and saw Yelton step away from a tree. He was holding his camera and smiling. Megan smiled back, "Thank you, sir," she said. "That's my friend. He's a photographer. It's OK."  
  
"Sorry," Yelton said as he walked up. "You looked so hot walking through the park, I couldn't resist."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said, looking down at her outfit. "These clothes definitely stand out."  
  
"That they do," Yelton said. He led her over to a picnic table and they sat down. Megan couldn't imagine where he would have her suck his cock in such a public place. The restaurant was one thing, but this was crazy.  
  
"I wanted to talk to you about modeling," he started. Megan giggled.  
  
"Mr. Quigley talked to me about the same thing," she said.  
  
"Well, I think what he has in mind and what I have in mind are pretty different," Yelton said. "I'm thinking online. Your own website."  
  
"I don't want to do porn," Megan said. "I'm not sure what I want to do right now, but I know I don't want to do that. I'm sorry."  
  
"No, this wouldn't be porn," Yelton assured her. "It would be very sexy, but not porn. And we would both make a lot of money."  
  
"Hmm, OK," Megan said. "You really think I'm pretty enough to make money doing that?"  
  
Yelton could tell she wasn't fishing for compliments. She really was humble about her appearance. That was refreshing and it made him like her even more.  
  
"Absolutely," he said. "We're not talking about supermodels or anything like that. These are models who do sexy photo sets and videos, but no porn. In fact, it could be no nudity at all if you wanted. There have been a lot of very successful 'non-nude models' -- not underage or anything -- who just post new photo sets a couple of times a week and subscribers can view those."  
  
"Hmm, that sounds all right," Megan said.  
  
"Yeah, if you're interested, you can look up some older ones I used to like -- they aren't modeling any more, but you can still find their photos and see what I'm talking about," he said. "I really liked Next Door Nikki, Princess Blue Eyes, Teen Kasia, Teen Tiffany and Alison Angel. No porn. Some did nudity, some didn't. Mostly hot little outfits like you have on now. I'll send you the names and links and you can look if you're interested."  
  
"Thank you, I would like that," Megan said. "And people paid for this?"  
  
"A lot," Yelton said. "I never subscribed, but there were plenty of sample images you could find for free. But I know the subscriptions were like $20 a month. I know you're a smart girl. Take 10,000 subscribers -- and I think you would have more than that -- times $20 a month. That's good money split two ways."  
  
"Even split?"  
  
"Yes, even split of the profits. I would cover the expenses -- any photography equipment, clothing, the website and, in exchange, you would make sure my sexual needs were met. You would have no expenses whatsoever in terms of the business."  
  
"That's a great offer," Megan said. "I'm flattered. Um, I just need to think about things. I hope that's OK."  
  
"Of course," Yelton said. "I didn't expect an answer today. I'm just glad you're willing to consider it."  
  
"It sounds interesting," Megan said. "I like it more than working with Mr. Quigley and my mom or Mr. Rothman and my dad. Or being Mr. Hanson's sugar baby."

"Yes, those offers are pathetic," Yelton laughed. "My competition isn't as strong as I expected. Well, anyway, I just want to take a few photos of you today -- for my viewing only -- and then you may feast on my cock."  
  
"Yummy, I can't wait!"  
  
"We don't have tons of time and I really like fun, candid shots, not stuffy staged portraits," he said, "so I just want you to play on the playground, walk along the trail, get a drink from the fountain -- just be as natural as you can be. I'll be right with you and I'll just tell anyone who gets too nosy that we're just shooting some shots for a modeling portfolio."  
  
"That sounds good," Megan said. "Um, I guess you will just tell me if you want me to turn a certain way or, you know, stick anything out?" Yelton laughed. He loved how sweet and naïve she could be, while being so willing and so sexy.  
  
"Yes, I'll let you know if you need to stick anything out," he said. "Just be natural and try to have some fun with it. Big smile, please."  
  
Megan felt more at ease. Yelton had such an easygoing style. He clearly loved taking pictures of women, but he wasn't creepy about it. It was just fun for him, but it was also "no big deal." He was very carefree, sort of a hippie mentality, though he looked more metrosexual. He was probably in his late 30s, well groomed, average build, full dark bid, light brown skin indicative of a mixed race background, although Megan couldn't tell exactly what races. He was decent looking and kind of classy. She got good vibes from him.  
  
That made it easier to smile as she carefully played on some of the playground equipment, her heels a bit of a hindrance climbing up the slide and the jungle gym, but she knew it was not an option to take them off. She hung on the monkey bars, all too aware that her tank top was riding up and her nipples were nearly exposed.  
  
She smiled and laughed with the kids on the playground, who didn't judge her at all, though she knew their parents almost certainly did. She moved onto the walking trail, walking down the path with the other walkers while cyclists, joggers and rollerbladers whizzed by. Yelton walked behind her for a while, then raced ahead of her, the camera clicking the whole time.  
  
People saw him with his professional equipment and seemed to realize this all had a purpose. They didn't have to like it, but it's not like she was a victim or there was some sort of illicit pornographic activity. A photographer taking pictures of a scantily clad model was hardly newsworthy. Megan sensed this and her apprehension faded and her smile broadened. This was actually pretty fun.  
  
Yelton walked up to her and said, "Get a drink from the fountain. Let some of the water spill on your shirt. Yes, your nipples will be exposed, but play it off like an accident and try to cover yourself. I'll help you and then we'll run off to the parking lot."  
  
"OK," Megan said, biting her lip nervously. Yelton took a picture of that too. Too sexy not to.  
  
Megan went to water fountain and took a drink, then let the water dribble out of her mouth and down her shirt. The thin material became transparent almost immediately. She stood up, clutching her chest and Yelton came over, laughing, and put his arm around her. Together they walked quickly toward the parking lot. The guys had left his car in a corner of the lot with a dumpster on one side and tree on the other. For such a busy place, they were relatively isolated.  
  
"Back seat," he said. "More head room there. First, though, take your top off and put it on top of the car. The sun will dry it while you do your job."  
  
Megan took off her top and laid it on top of the car, pushing her breasts against the car so no one would see. Yelton got in the back seat with his back against the car door. Megan crawled in the other side, kneeling on the seat between his legs. He already had his cock out and his camera ready. Megan took a quick look out the car windows, but saw no one particularly close by. She knelt down, looking up at him, asked permission. He granted it and she accepted by placing a big kiss on the head of his cock. She slowly took him in her mouth and felt her tummy rumble. Was it possible her body was already anticipating sustenance, just from the smell and taste of cock? She knew smelling food being prepared could start your body's gastric juices. Was it possible that her body was learning to this smell and taste with an impending meal? That was pretty funny.  
  
As she sucked him, Megan looked up at Yelton, who took several point-of-view shots of her oral talents. Then he turned the camera around so she could see the photos he had taken as he scrolled through them. It turned her on to see the sexy shots he had taken of her on the playground and in the park, then of her sucking him. Again she felt the urge to touch herself, but she resisted. His pleasure was all that mattered. She sucked harder, deeper and more urgently. He sensed her hunger, her craving. It was intense, overwhelming. He came directly in her mouth, watching her face as she collected his sperm and held it, waiting for his approval to swallow. What an amazing young woman.  
  
Megan reached out the car window and grabbed her somewhat dryer crop top and put it on. "Thank you, sir. I had fun," she said, realizing as she said it how much it sounded like she was thanking a guy for a pleasant date.  
  
Harry picked her up this time and they drove off to meet Mick, who was already on his way to the college to return Blackmon's car. Megan popped a blowpop in her mouth and told Harry about the photoshoot, but she left out the part about a website. She was intrigued and wanted to investigate that idea on her own.  
  
So many doors were opening up for her right now, it was crazy. And the one she assumed she would take was still there waiting for her as well: College. And behind that door was Mr. Blackmon.  
  
Harry dropped her off as close as he could get to the administrative office building, but it was a closed campus, so it was still a pretty long walk. By now, Megan was becoming more comfortable in public. It helped that the campus was largely deserted as most students had left for the summer. A few were around for summer courses, but the quad was almost desolate as she walked across. She knew it would be much different in the fall. The only question was, would she be here then?  
  
She entered the admin building and was directed to Blackmon's office. She handed him his keys and told him where Mick had left the car. She didn't have any particular feelings about Blackmon yet. He had been nice enough showing her and her parents around campus. But he didn't seem to be genuinely interested in her or her plans or anything. She was just another student taking a campus tour. That was the case until a day ago, when she became a prospective student willing to suck her counselor's cock. Now he was very friendly and overly happy to see her. He seemed fake to her. Walters and Peterson had been fun. Rothman and Quigley were business, but they were polite and professional. And Yelton was just plain cool -- for an old guy. But Blackmon, well, she couldn't tell who he really was. She didn't trust him. At least not yet.  
  
"You look even hotter today than you did last night," Blackmon said, leering at her. "Damn, I'm glad you're going to be on campus every day soon."  
  
"Me too, sir," Megan said. No need to broach the idea that she was having second thoughts about college right now. She was keeping all options open at this point.  
  
"So, about that, I wanted to make you aware of some opportunities available to help you get through any difficulties you have with your grades or your finances," Blackmon said. "We have a group here within the administration that helps a few students every year who find themselves in difficult situations. Now, I'm part of the group, but Mr. Thornton is the final decision maker. So, he's going to join us shortly and he will explain the program while you, um, do what you came to do."  
  
"He's going to watch me?" Megan asked.  
  
"I'm afraid it's a necessary part of the process," Blackmon grinned lasciviously. "I trust you can listen and suck at the same time?"  
  
"Of course, sir," Megan said. "I will focus on your pleasure first and foremost, of course, but will pay close attention to Mr. Thornton as well."  
  
"Excellent," Blackmon said. "I must say, you're much brighter than most of the students in this particular program we have. But still I think you might find it beneficial."  
  
"I'm sure I will, sir. Thank you for the opportunity."  
  
Megan found it difficult to be comfortable with Blackmon. He was kind of creepy and hard to read. Thornton joined them a few minutes later. If he was surprised at Megan's appearance or attire, he didn't show it.  
  
"Nice to meet you, Megan," he said. "I've heard a lot about you. I know why you're here, but you might not fully understand why I'm here."  
  
"Not exactly, sir," Megan admitted. "Mr. Blackmon explained that you were going to tell me about some program that I might qualify for."  
  
"That's right," Thornton said. "You may go ahead and suck Mr. Blackmon's cock. I have to evaluate your appropriateness for this program before I can share the details."  
  
Thornton was a very peculiar man, Megan thought. He was quite tall -- maybe 6-6, Megan guessed -- with white-blond hair, pale skin, thin lips and beady green eyes. He was fit and lean and probably in his 40s, she guessed, though it was hard to judge. He pursed his lips a lot and barely opened his mouth when he talked. There was no expression on his face or in his voice.  
  
Blackmon was standing in front of his desk, leaning back on it, his arms folded across his chest. He unzipped his pants and dropped them around his ankles. He motioned for Megan to take her place in front of him. She squatted down, balancing on her heels like a baseball catcher -- and kissed the head of his short, thick cock. She sucked and licked and was distracted by the quiet in the room. There was no noise, no groans or comments. Nothing. Just the sound of her sucking mouth.  
  
It was a shocking contrast to Mick and Harry, who were always talking to her. Or to Walters and Peterson, who were great fun. Or to Yelton, who was so calm and cool. This was tense. It felt sterile, like a lab experiment. Blackmon touched the back of her head, urging her to go deeper. She swallowed all of him.  
  
"OK," Thornton said. "Please continue, Megan, while I explain the program. First, I had to make sure you not only were attractive enough, but that you also had the skills and attitude to match. I can see from your enthusiastic and impressive efforts on Mr. Blackmon that you have fit all the necessary requirements to be a program candidate."  
  
Megan listened, thinking how weird this all was, but happy for some sort of noise in the room. She just wanted Blackmon to shoot his load so she could get out of here.  
  
"There exists at this university a select group of administrators and professors -- eight in all -- who discovered that some students need some extra assistance. In some cases, they are struggling with one class and just need to earn extra credit. In others, they don't have time or the desire to study but need to pass classes and graduate. And in others, they can't afford their education and need financial assistance. Now, obviously with such a small group, we have neither the time nor resources to assist every student. So, we have a very strict selection process. Those admitted are part of an elite and exclusive group.  
  
"In short, they are all attractive, sexy young women who are willing to do things such as you're doing right now in exchange for the grades or funds needed. Naturally, discretion is critical. You don't want to be embarrassed or kicked out of school and we don't want to lose our jobs. So, the trust factor is inherent. There is no hidden agenda, no dark secret. It's just a simple trade off of ordinary sexual favors for grades or money."  
  
Megan couldn't believe what she was hearing. She had heard of girls trading sex for grades before, of course, but she hadn't pictured anything so organized as this.  
  
"Essentially how it works is, if you have to take a math prerequisite, for example, but struggle with math. You can either try to pass the class on your own and provide the necessary services to your professor -- provided he's part of our group -- to maintain your grade. Or you can bypass the classes and tests and simply trade a semester's worth of sex for an A grade. The financial tradeoffs are much more complex, as you might expect, but Mr. Blackmon assures me that you have high test scores and have received significant scholarship aid. I congratulate you on that. Not all of our members are blessed with your mix of brains and beauty."  
  
Blackmon was very hard now and picking up the pace. She hoped he would finish soon. Thornton's self-important, monotone droning was annoying and boring.  
  
"Despite your intelligence, you might find a certain class too difficult or time consuming and wish to take an easier road," Thornton said. "In that instance, you would inform Mr. Blackmon, who would collect his fee to facilitate the process with your professor. Because there's no direct discussion of the transaction between you and the professor, there are no texts or recorded conversations to expose the activity. Mr. Blackmon makes all arrangements and, should anyone catch on to your activities, it could be explained as actions between consenting adults. There would be no evidence of grade-fixing or other offenses."  
  
Megan had to admit it seemed relatively fool proof. She wondered what the frequency of the sex acts were -- how many times for an A, etc. And what Blackmon's fee was. Despite the subtle brilliance of the plan, however, she found it distasteful simply because of her distrust of Blackmon and distaste for Thornton. She couldn't see her becoming part of this group, though was sort of flattered that she was considered a worthy member.  
  
Meanwhile, Blackmon's member was throbbing and pulsing and he held her head as he came in her mouth. She sucked his hot seed out of him and swallowed as she went, remembering to make eye contact all the way through until she had milked him dry. He seemed satisfied, but this had been the least enjoyable of her encounters today. She hoped the next one would be better.  
  
"Thank you so much for offering me inclusion in the group," Megan said, standing up. "I'm very honored and flattered. I will consult with Mr. Blackmon should I decide to utilize any of your, um, resources."  
  
"Very well," Thornton said. "Nice meeting you."  
  
And with that very odd ending, Megan was escorted out of the building.  
  
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Megan didn't even know that to tell the guys about Blackmon and Thornton. She just told them it was very weird and that she wasn't sure college was the right fit for her. That, of course, was music to their ears as college represented the most likely way for Megan to fully leave them behind. Their hope was to find a way to extend their opportunities with her beyond this week. There were a lot of variables, but eliminating college meant she would most likely still live right next door a little while longer and give them more time to enjoy her company, so long as they could hide it from her parents.  
  
In the meantime, three more stops awaited and it was getting well into the evening. Granderson was next. This was another one that made Megan nervous. Not because of him. He was a very nice man. But he was her best friend's dad and that made it awkward. She had known him forever. Kasey's mom had died six years ago and Megan remembered how hard that was for Kasey. She had never thought about how hard it was for her dad. The poor man would soon be alone with Kasey leaving for college. That made Megan sad for him and she wanted to help him, but she didn't want to hurt Kasey in the process.  
  
She was relieved to find out they weren't going to Kasey's house. They were going to a movie theater. Smart. Megan understood that discretion was as important to Granderson as it was to her. At the same time, the man had needs that, as far as Megan knew, had not been met for a very long time, until yesterday. She was about to address those needs again.  
  
Movie ticket and Granderson's keys in hand, she entered the movieplex and found the theater he was to be waiting for her in. He was seeing an action flick that had received modest reviews and had been in theaters for a few weeks. The crowd for this one was sure to be low. Another wise choice.  
  
Granderson had texted Mick that he was in the back row, far left corner. The movie was already playing so it was difficult to see in the dark theatre. Megan approached him slowly, not wanting to come upon the wrong man. As her eyes adjusted, however, she recognized the outline of his face and smiled as she sat next to him.  
  
Even though there were few people in the theater and no one in their row, Granderson leaned over toward her, put his hand on her thigh and said in a low voice, "You look incredible, even in the dark."  
  
"Thank you," Megan smiled. "It's good to see you."  
  
"I hope you don't mind this," Granderson said. "I didn't want to risk Kasey seeing us at home and I've always kind of had a fantasy about getting a blowjob in a theater."  
  
"I think it's perfect," Megan said, opening her thighs as he stroked her pussy through her shorts. "I don't want Kasey to know either, but you have needs that must be taken care of. That's the most important thing. I've learned that. I love to give and it's something I'm happy to give you."  
  
"You're amazing," he smiled. "It's, well, it's been a long time. Until yesterday."  
  
"I know and I'm so sorry," Megan said. "I hope I can help you, um, address those needs in the future."  
  
"That would be nice," Granderson said. "I wish I could share my popcorn, but I know that's against the rules today."  
  
"It's OK,' Megan said. "You have all I need for nourishment in that big cock of yours. May I please have it?"  
  
"Yes, you may," Granderson grinned. He unbuttoned his fly and pulled out his cock.  
  
"I feel so bad," Megan giggled. "You're not supposed to sneak food into the theater. You carried mine in and they never noticed."  
  
"Just make sure you get it all," he smiled. "The floor is already sticky enough."  
  
"I won't miss a drop," Megan assured him. She leaned over and took him in her mouth. He leaned back, hand resting on her head, other hand casually scooping up popcorn, enjoying this most unique movie-going experience.  
  
Megan really cared for him and felt for him, so she wanted to make this as special as she could. She took her time, licking and kissing on him, placing little kisses on the head and then up and down the shaft. Then circling her tongue around the head and flicking it back and forth up and down the shaft and teasing the balls. She slurped up his pre-cum and kept on going, bobbing her head slowly up and down, taking about half of him in her mouth each time. She kept that pace and depth for about 10 minutes, not rushing him. She let him dictate. Once he started lifting his hips, she knew he was getting closer. She responded by going further down on him and staying down, holding his entire cock in her mouth, feeling it pulse and flex in her mouth. She sucked harder, feeling her cheeks hollow as she imagined those delicious little sperm struggling to make it through his long shaft to her warm, welcoming mouth. She wanted to help them along, to make their journey easier. She sucked hard, coaxing them, luring them closer and closer until finally he grabbed his cock and jerked on the base, forcing his cum and all those sperm to fly into her mouth and down her gullet.  
  
She cleaned him up, being careful not to get anything on his pants, then leaned in and hugged him. He kissed her on the cheek and thanked her. It was sweet, genuine affection. No, Kasey wouldn't understand, but Megan knew she was doing a good thing helping her dad like this. No matter what path she chose, she hoped she could still be there for him if he needed her.

The movie was still going as Megan left. She stopped in the restroom and cleaned up, then went out into the fading evening light. As always, the guys were there. They were so reliable. She really appreciated that.  
  
They had some time to kill before they were scheduled to meet Meeks, so the guys, who had just finished dinner, fed Megan hers. They took turns with her in the backseat of the car while the other drove casually around town, gradually making their way to their meeting place with Meeks.  
  
It turned out that he had invested some of his lucrative medical practice profits to become a silent owner of a local strip club. He didn't want his name attached to the place, for logical reasons, but he liked the investment as well as the access to unwind with beautiful women at his own private table. He could get in and out of the club discreetly. And he liked the fact that many of his dancers were also his customers. He had made more than half the firm jiggling tits in this place, and he was proud of it.  
  
One of the bouncers met Megan, Harry and Mick at the door and ushered them inside. Megan knew she was too young to be in a strip club because of the alcohol, but apparently Meeks didn't care about the rules. And the bouncers did what Meeks told them to do.  
  
Meeks had a large rounded booth in a dark corner of the club. There was a partition he could close, allowing him to have private interaction with the girls. After all, it was his duty to check on his patients, right?  
  
Meeks offered Harry and Mick drinks and gave Megan some water. Together, they sat back and watched the girls dance. Megan sat next to Meeks. He had his arm around her shoulder, pulling her close, touching her breasts and thighs.  
  
"I didn't bring you here to convince you to be a stripper," Meeks said. "I brought you here to show you the type of breast implants I was talking about. I'm not telling you to get them or no, but I want you to be able to make an informed decision. I put the tits on most of these girls. Some of them go too big, in my opinion. I don't recommend big jumbo bimbo tits for you. You have a tight, hard, petite body. You're fit and firm. You can carry the extra breasts just fine, but I would recommend something more like Lexy over there."  
  
He pointed to a dancer on the stage.  
  
"When she's done with her set, she's going to come over and I'll introduce."  
  
"That would be nice," Megan said, feeling intimidated. These women were beautiful and sexy. "Thank you, sir."  
  
A few minutes later Lexy joined them. She was young -- early 20s, Megan assumed. And her body was similar to Megan's -- petite, skinny waist, long legs. She had platinum blonde hair with red streaks in it and pretty eyes underneath a lot of mascara. She wore only a thong and heels. Now, Megan and, guys, you too, give those tits a good squeeze and see what you think.  
  
Mick and Harry both were more than happy to grope the young stripper and play with her huge jugs. Megan was hesitant. She had never felt another woman's breasts before -- not like this. She reached out, smiling nervously, and touched them. They felt firm and natural. She squeezed them a little bit. They were big and heavy, a nice handful.  
  
"Now, Lexy has a 24-inch waist and she's the same height as you," Meeks said. "Your waist is maybe a 22?"  
  
"Yes," Megan nodded.  
  
"OK, now Lexy had tits about your size. We put these in. These make her a 34DD. They are big, but not ridiculous. They look natural on her."  
  
Megan had to agree, they did look big, but also natural. And they felt nice too.  
  
"That's the sort of look you could pull off too," Meeks said. "Those are the sort of tits where you can't tell if they are real or not. It's plausible either way. And they look and feel fucking great."  
  
"They are really nice," Megan said. "And Lexy, you're gorgeous. And such a great dancer."  
  
"Thank you, dear," Lexy smiled. "If you have any questions about these implants or Dr. Meeks, just let me know. I highly recommend him and these." She cupped her breasts for emphasis.  
  
"Lexy also had an injection in her lips," Meeks continued. "See, full, luscious, but not big balloons, right"  
  
"They are beautiful," Megan nodded. They didn't look inflated like some pictures she had seen. They just looked naturally thick and full. Very sensual and attractive. "Would mine look like that?"  
  
"Yes," Meeks nodded. "Just a subtle change that gives you those fuller lips that are very attractive -- for kissing, sucking cock and all those things we love you to do with your mouth."  
  
They chatted a little while longer, then Mick and Harry mentioned that time was starting to get a little tight. Meeks nodded politely.  
  
"Lexy, would you mind taking Harry and Mick to one of the VIP rooms, please? Grab Candy and maybe you two can keep them company for a while?"  
  
He handed her some cash -- Megan couldn't see how much, but assumed it was as ample as Lexy's chest -- and she escorted the men to the VIP room. Now it was just Meeks and Megan in the booth. The bouncer pulled the partition, giving them some privacy.  
  
"Are you tired of sucking cock yet?" Meeks asked.  
  
"No sir," Megan said honestly. "I mean, yes, my jaws are a little tired, but I will train them with suckers and gum so that doesn't happen in the future. But I love sucking cock."  
  
"What about eating cum?" Meeks asked.  
  
"I like it much more today than yesterday," Megan said. "I don't know if it's because I'm so hungry that anything tastes good, or if the taste is growing on me."  
  
"We'll know soon enough," Meeks said. "If you start craving it, then that will prove the theory correct. If not, at least you enjoy sucking cock and are willing to do the job the way it is intended to be done."  
  
"Absolutely," Megan said. "I know it's silly, but I think of it as a gift, all those little tiny sperm. They shouldn't die in your balls or on the floor or get spit out. They should be received and welcomed on and in a woman's body. I am thankful for the nutrition I receive. This is like a cleanse. I'm hungry, but I feel so good otherwise."  
  
"Very interesting," Meeks said. "Well, I hope you will welcome my sperm into your sweet little mouth. They're all yours. All you have to do is send the invitation."  
  
"I don't have time to send a formal invitation," Megan mused. "I hope a little word-of mouth will work."  
  
He chuckled as he knelt between his legs and pulled his cock out of his pants.  
  
"If you're hungry, dig in," he said. "You don't have to tease or make love to it. If you're starving, gobble it down."  
  
His words made her even hungrier and she attacked his cock, plunging her mouth down the shaft, her lips and tongue working in unison. She found herself turned on and ravenous. She wanted to inhale him and make a meal out of his thick, juicy cock and balls.  
  
Despite his affiliation with the strip club and mild obsession with modifying her body, Megan found Meeks to be a charming and reasonably attractive man. She guessed he was about 50. He had gray hair, but looked very distinguished and classy. He was obviously intelligent, but he didn't talk down to anyone. He was pleasant to be around and his cock was indeed a yummy piece of meat that she wouldn't mind jumping on one of these days.  
  
For now, she would have to settle for devouring it, and she indeed was enjoying the snack. Clearly, he was too. He was so hard and he encouraged her slutty attack, using language that turned them both on.  
  
"Eat my fucking cock, you hungry little cock whore," he growled. "Fucking slut. Naughty little bitch. Your parents would be so proud of you right now. There sweet little daughter choking on cock and loving every minute of it."  
  
Megan moaned and made noises of pleasure and agreement, working hard to make him give her what she wanted and needed so desperately. This was a frantic, sloppy, messy blowjob. There was slurping and choking and gagging. But in the loud club, the noises were drowned out and Megan's head was filled with only two things -- Meeks' sexy and degrading words and his even sexier and demanding cock. At the moment, she loved both because she was so wet and getting wetter. She wondered if she could cum doing this without even touching herself. She felt like it might be possible.  
  
Unfortunately, he didn't last quite long enough for her to find out. He stood up and held her head firmly against his crotch as he thrust angrily, each push driving his cock and the cum spurting out of it deep into the back of her throat. She gulped and sputtered and swallowed hungrily, resisting the urge to just take a little bite out of his lovely man meat. She was so fucking cock hungry right now.  
  
He finally finished and collapsed back down in the booth. She fell forward on her hands and knees, looking up at him, exhausted but smiling. "That was fun," she said. "Thank you so much, daddy. I needed that."  
  
"Yes, I could tell you did," he said. "You need to cum too, don't you?"  
  
"Desperately!" Megan said. "I almost came while I was sucking you. Do you think the guys will let me cum later?"  
  
"I don't know," he shrugged as she sat down next to him. "Not my decision. They are your trainers and they are clearly doing a great job. If they are denying your pleasure, it's for a good reason. I would trust them."  
  
"Oh, I do," Megan said. "Everything they have told me and taught me has been so helpful. They said they didn't want me to cum because my focus needed to be on pleasuring cock and collecting enough cum to feed myself."  
  
"That sounds pretty smart to me," Meeks said. "But when you do finally cum, my oh my, it's going to be electric, isn't it?"  
  
"God, I hope so," Megan said. "I am so horny."  
  
"Good lord you're a hot little thing," Meeks said. "Every man's dream."  
  
"Thank you for saying that, sir," she said. She hugged him and kissed him on the cheek. He signaled the bouncer, who brought the guys back. Moments later, Lexy was back on stage and Megan was walking out with Mick and Harry. Nine cocks down --13 counting Mick and Harry twice each -- and one to go. It was almost 11 p.m. One hour of cum diet day left.  
  
The last load would come from Darrell. He had just finished his shift delivering pizzas and planned to meet them at a little hole-in-the-wall bar that he and other service industry professionals often met at after their shifts. His plan to meet there was simple. He wanted to show her off. And it was the sort of bar where laws and age restrictions were more suggestions than rules.  
  
Darrell liked the crowd there because it was very much come as you are. It was a diverse bar crowd, all ages and ethnicities. Everyone shared the common bond of grinding, working multiple jobs, most low paying, hustling between two or three jobs and blowing off steam here. There was no judgements. It was a cool place to unwind. There were delivery drivers, servers, dancers, retail store workers -- a hard-working, fun-loving group in general. Darrell felt welcome here and he wanted everyone to see him with Megan, if only for a few minutes. Then he would find a place for him to blow him and take the edge off before resting up for another busy day tomorrow.  
  
He had already had a beer and a shot by the time she got there. He met her at the door and took her by then hand, making it clear to all that she was with him as they walked to the bar. He ordered two beers and two shots of whiskey, reveling in the attention that Megan was receiving.  
  
Megan noticed it, but she also noticed that no one seemed to be judging her or saying nasty things. She saw one girl from the strip club she had just been at. And others dressed in waitress uniforms. She realized no one cared how she was dressed. She liked that. She didn't feel quite so slutty here. She didn't stand out from the crowd for any reasons other than she was young and hot and with an older man who, apparently, didn't often bring hot young girls to the bar.  
  
Darrell introduced her to his bar buddies -- which consisted of both men and women, young and old, many races and occupations. It was pretty cool. They all accepted her. It was flattering to be shown off, but it could be intimidating and degrading in some situations. Not this one. This was pretty much just fun.  
  
"Dude, we love it when you bring us free pizza," one guy said. "But from now on just bring her. She's awesome."  
  
It was such a nice thing for him to say. Megan felt so welcome here. She felt free and loose, slamming her shot and sipping her beer. With only cum on her stomach and low body weight, the alcohol spread through her system quickly. It didn't take a lot for her to feel the effects. She felt warm and good.  
  
Darrell was feeling good too. Good and horny. "Finish your beer, slut," he said to her, smiling.  
  
Megan smiled right back, "Yes, sir, daddy." She slugged it down and he took her by the hand, leading her out the back door, hearing hoots and whistles as they went. They passed a few people outside smoking, then turned the corner and went down a little alley that was used by the beer delivery trucks. It was empty now. It was dirty and slimy and smelly, but it was also dark and mostly private. Megan sensed she would be neither the first nor last girl to stumble out of that bar and give a blowjob.  
  
"I've sucked 15 cocks today and I'm still hungry," she said. "Please, daddy, fill me up. Don't let me go to bed hungry."  
  
"Never," he smiled. "Better balance on your heels. I don't think you want to kneel down in this alley."  
  
"I have great balance," Megan said, wobbling a bit. They both laughed. "Maybe not so much when I'm drunk, huh?"  
  
"Maybe not," Darrell laughed. "Tell you what, once you get down there, all you gotta do is fall forward. Deepthroat me and lean into me and you won't fall."  
  
"That's a good plan," Megan's voice was slightly slurred. "You're such a smart daddy."  
  
She knelt down, her hands on his thighs for balance. Then his hands went to her head and her mouth went to his balls. Her hands went behind her back and her eyes looked up at him.  
  
"Nice, baby, nice," he groaned. "Fuck yeah. I've been waiting all day for this."  
  
They could hear some of the other bar goers just around the corner from them. But no one bothered them. They knew why Megan and Darrell went down the alley. They believed in live and let live and blow off steam however you could. Blowing, in general, seemed to be Megan's method and no one blamed Darrell for taking advantage. A lot of bad decisions were made in bars like this. No one remembered. No one ratted anyone out.  
  
Megan, feeling a bit light-headed and emotional, felt a bit of disappointment that this crazy day was almost over. Overall, it had been so much more fun than she had expected. At the moment, she felt so alive and energized, she thought she could do this all night. "Bring on more cocks!" she thought. "And let them fuck me. Please."  
  
The one fucking her now wasn't giving her pussy the pleasure it needed, but it was tapping the back of her throat incessantly. Her head was bobbing back and forth like a head-banging heavy metal rock fan. Darrell was nearly matching the furious intensity of Meeks, and that was fine with Megan. She was done with the cock teasing and worshiping for the day. She wanted hard cocks using her for their pleasure, hard and fast and deep. As the guys had made quite clear, she was built for this. She could take it. And now, she needed it.  
  
Darrell clearly needed it too. His balls, which slapped against her chin, drew up tight and his cock flexed. She felt the head pulsing and knew he was about to cum. He pulled out just in time and sprayed her face with stream after stream of white hot jism. It was in her eyes, mouth, hair and nose. She loved the warm, sticky feel on her face and giggled at how much of it he had stored up in just one day.  
  
He helped her stand up and then guided her as she scooped the cum into her mouth, diligently transferring every drop to her hungry lips.  
  
"Mmm, that was the best shot of the night," she smiled. "Thank you, daddy."  
  
"You're most welcome," Darrell said. "Come hang out here with me any time. I'm here most every night."  
  
"I'd like that," Megan said honestly. "I like this place."  
  
"I wish you could have another drink with me, but its five minutes til midnight and they guys wanted you in the car by midnight," Darrell said.  
  
Megan walked around the corner to the car, a walk not of shame, but of pride. Fourteen cocks in one day. Ever punctual, she had finished her work promptly -- with five minutes to spare.

**CHAPTER 4: OUT OF THE COMFORT ZONE**  
The guys were too tired when they got home to have any more fun with Megan after they got her home from her cum-fest day. And Megan was too tired to think about eating any real food, even though she would have been allowed. Megan slept on the living room couch while the guys slept on the beds upstairs. She was still wearing her tiny neon shorts, crop top, choker and heels when she woke up the next morning. She had to think for it a minute -- it was Tuesday. Her parents were due home on Saturday.   
  
She smelled coffee and bacon and sat up, realizing how hungry she was. Starving it felt like.   
  
She got up and walked slowly into the kitchen, stretching her aching muscles. Harry and Mick were both working on breakfast. It looked like a big one. Eggs, toast, bacon and pancakes. They were going all out. Megan's mouth watered.   
  
"Good morning, babe," Mick said. "Sleep OK?"  
  
"Like a rock," Megan said. "How about you, daddy?"  
  
"Very well," Mick said. "It was a long day yesterday."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "But it was a lot of fun."  
  
"Hungry?" Harry asked.  
  
"Famished," Megan said. "I guess cum is like they say about Chinese food -- you eat it and half an hour later you're hungry again." She smiled, happy that she made them laugh.  
  
"Guess you just didn't eat enough," Harry said.  
  
"Guess not!" Megan said.   
  
"Well, how about some real breakfast today?"  
  
"I can't wait! Can I help?"  
  
"You'll be plenty busy today," Mick assured her. "Relax for now."  
  
Megan sat at the dining room table and looked at her phone, responding to texts from Kasey and her parents, assuring them all that she was alive and well. Kasey talked about what a great mood her dad was in last night and she was worried to go to college and leave him all alone with no one to take care of him. Megan resisted the urge to tell her why he was in a good mood and that, one way or another, her dad would be taken care of. She asked Kasey if she wanted to get together on Saturday night, maybe see a movie.  
  
"That would be fun," Kasey responded. "Dad said he saw a movie last night and the climax was incredible."  
  
Megan giggled and responded, "It sure was!" She sent it, then quickly sent a follow text, "Stupid autocorrect, I mean, I'm sure it was!"  
  
"Having fun?" Harry asked when he heard her giggle.  
  
"Yes, sir," she said. "Just texting with my friend Kasey. She's funny."  
  
"Cute too," Mick said.   
  
"Yeah, she's always been popular with the boys," Megan said.   
  
"Any chance she would want some training too?" Harry asked.  
  
"Kasey? No, I don't think so, I mean, we've never talked..." Megan said. "I mean, I don't know how I would even ask her that."  
  
"Just something to think about," Mick shrugged. The guys brought the food over and joined Megan at the table. "So, we're making good progress on your training. Four full days left."  
  
"Yes, on the things we said we would cover, we've already done becoming a master cocksucker, public sex, group sex, body preparation and teasing and proper dress and attire," Harry said. "We've done some bondage and toys, but there's more to be done there. Anal, obviously, is still on the list. And I know you did some role playing with Walters and Peterson yesterday, but we will probably do more of that as well."  
  
"I can't believe how much I've learned already," Megan said, shaking her head. "Meeks is right, you guys are great teachers."  
  
"He said that?" Harry asked.  
  
"Yes, sir. He said I should trust you. I assured him I do."  
  
"That's good," Mick said. "Trust is important, especially with some of the things we are doing today and tomorrow."  
  
"Yep, bondage and anal training, plus a few other surprises," Harry said.   
  
"I love surprises," Megan said, her mouth full of bacon. She was shoveling food in fast. It was weird though, she did feel like something was missing. It must have shown on her face.  
  
"Everything taste OK?" Mick asked  
  
"Yes, sir. It's delicious. It's just, well, something's missing."  
  
"What's that dear?" Mick asked as if he already knew the answer.  
  
"I, well, uh, I would really like some cum," Megan said, shocked to hear the words from her mouth.   
  
Mick and Harry nodded at each other and grinned. "We thought so," Harry said. "You're not all the way there, but you're developing a craving. That's a good sign. Of course, we will oblige."  
  
Both men took out there cocks and stood on either side of her. Megan sucked them both, surprised at how good it felt just to have a mouth full of cock again. It was soothing, like a pacifier, but also exciting, making her horny as those cocks touched her throat and their balls bounced against her chin. Was she really such a slut that she couldn't go more than few hours with a cock in her mouth and cum in her belly? And was it really such a bad thing if she was?   
  
The guys had obviously taken their pills this morning and that, combined with a good night's rest, breathed new life into their old-man cocks. They stuffed her throat deeply, but with long, steady strokes, not the frantic, violent, near-choking that she had experienced at times yesterday.   
  
"Want it on your pancakes or toast?" Mick said, pulling out and jerking his cock, nearing his orgasm.   
  
"Mmm, pancakes please," Megan said. "It can soak right in. Better than butter."  
  
Mick first, then Harry, dumped their loads all over her pancakes. She had not put butter or syrup on them yet, so the cum sat atop them for a moment, then soaked in. Virtually every bite would include sperm.   
  
After they sat back down, Megan dug hungrily into the pancakes, dry except for their contributions. "Yummy! That's exactly what I needed."  
  
"Cum addict got her fix," Mick nodded to Harry.  
  
"I'm happy to be her supplier," Harry laughed.   
  
As they ate, the guys asked Megan more about each of her encounters from the day before, getting her thoughts after some rest and time to reflect.   
  
"Well, I don't know what I want to do this fall, but I know I don't want to go to college," Megan said. "I didn't like being with Mr. Blackmon and his friend. They weren't mean, but they weren't fun, either. I don't think they cared about me at all. I think I would suck and fuck my way to good grades but have nothing to show for it in the end."  
  
"Interesting," Harry said. "Did you hear any ideas you liked?"  
  
Megan shared that she was intrigued by the modeling offer from Yelton and that it was more appealing than modeling for Quigley, though only because of her mom. She had the same reservations about Rothman because of her dad, but otherwise liked the opportunity the position he described would present. She had no interest in Hanson's sugar daddy offer, but she felt compelled to support Granderson, though no money would be involved. And she like and trusted Meeks enough that, should she go through with body modifications or enhancements, she would like him to do it and would pay him in any format he wanted.   
  
She enjoyed being with Walters, Peterson and Darrell, but there was no indication that they had anything to offer her long-term. But she would be happy to see any of them again if her training called for it.   
  
"Good to know," Mick said. "That actually fits with what a lot of our thoughts were too. We do have a plan that we think you might like. A suggestion to help you test the waters and figure out what you want to do."  
  
Megan was very excited to hear their plan. Essentially, they suggested she do internships with Rothman, Quigley and Yelton, working for each to see where she felt most comfortable and which presented the best career opportunities.   
  
"I like that idea," Megan nodded. "I just have to think about it a little bit. My parents won't be happy. I have to see if they will let me live here or if I should get my own place."  
  
"You could live with us, of course," Harry said. "Or we might be able to arrange a place nearby."  
  
"Granderson will have some extra room once Kasey goes to college," Mick smiled. "Might kill two birds with one stone there. Your parents would suspect nothing. All they would know is that you were trying your hand at some modeling while making money as an administrative assistant. They might question your attire and your decisions to not go to college, but they would know nothing of your sexual endeavors. You could explain that Kasey asked you to keep an eye on her dad and that he was willing to give you a place to stay in exchange for some help with the housework."  
  
"That's smart," Megan smiled. "You're devious daddies!"  
  
She agreed to think about it in the coming days before her parents got back. There was much to figure out. And still much to learn.   
  
"Anything you were disappointed about yesterday, other than your experience at the college?" Harry asked.   
  
"Well, I was really nervous at Dad's office and at the park -- dressed like this in public still freaks me out," Megan said. "But the only real disappointment was that I wanted to cum so badly. I know it's selfish, but I don't want to lie to you. I really wanted to cum."  
  
"It's good that you're honest," Mick said. "And it's good that you obeyed. Today, you will be rewarded. I promise you will have the opportunity to cum and permission to cum as much as you want."  
  
"Thank you, daddies!" she squealed. She jumped up and hugged them both.   
  
Megan took a much-needed shower, then got dressed. They had instructed her to put on skin-tight red mini-dress that came to the bottom of her ass cheeks. It had a series of large ovals around the waist line that revealed most of her slender waist as well as hints of the bottoms of her breasts. The low-cut top and tight fit showed more cleavage than she realized she had. She wore no bra and only a black g-string underneath. Once again, her perfect legs were on full display, completely bare and aided by ankle-high red boots with six-inch heels. Her shoulder length hair, freshly washed, hung straight today, per their orders.   
  
She could barely move in the little dress and wished she hadn't eaten so much for breakfast. Of course, if a day of ingesting cum-only didn't make the dress fit any better, there wasn't much more she could do. She felt like it was going to rip apart at any moment, but the fabric was both flexible and strong and managed to hold everything in, amplifying her firm body, tiny waist and enticing curves.   
  
"I think we're gonna need a bigger dress," she joked as she came downstairs, referencing one of her dad's favorite movies.   
  
"Not on your life," Mick said. "Damn, that looks like it was painted on."  
  
"If that's paint, that artist deserves an award," Harry added.   
  
"Thank you," Megan said. "You're going to make me blush."  
  
"So, you said you liked role playing yesterday, right?" Harry said. "So, to start things today, you're going to do that some more. You're going to pretend to be ditzy and naïve while a repairman tries to figure out why the washing machine isn't working?"  
  
"It's not working?"   
  
"It is, we just took out sensor," Mick said. "It will take him five minutes to fix it. But, in that time, you're going to be teasing him, but you'll act like you don't realize it. You'll be driving him crazy in that outfit. Eventually, you will realize what you're doing to him, will feel bad about it and let him fuck your brains out. Pussy only."  
  
"Oh my," Megan said. "Um, do you know this man?"  
  
"Not really," Mick laughed. "That's part of the fun. He has repaired our machine before. He's good and seems trustworthy. He will see that we're here so he won't get carried away. But just tell him that we can't hear you or whatever and get the fucking you've been craving."  
  
"When is he coming?" Megan asked. She was nervous. The last two days it had felt weird being with men she sort of knew and she had worried about her reputation. But now, a total stranger? This was different. She wasn't worried about her reputation, she was worried about her safety. How could she trust this man? How could they?   
  
As if reading her thoughts, Harry responded.  
  
"He should be here in about 15 minutes. Now listen, this is where you start to learn about the power that your body gives you. I can tell you're scared. But you control everything. You will have him eating out of the palm of your hand. At first he's going to be happy to look and maybe hope to sneak a picture to send to his buddies. Once he realizes more is on the table, he won't be able to resist, but he will be so worried about getting caught that he will want to bump and run. Harming you will be the furthest thing from his mind. You're an unattainable treasure that he gets to receive. He won't risk that by being an ass. But if he does do something wrong, you pop him and we'll be right there. We have hidden video cameras set up. We'll be able to see it all."  
  
"That's not only for your safety," Mick added. "But also for your education. We will be able to review your performance with you and point out areas for improvement."  
  
Megan listened and nodded, more comfortable now that she knew they were watching. She was still concerned about how to tease and tempt this man. How could she send the signals without going too far? And how could she be sure he wanted her? The guys seemed so confident, but she wasn't confident at all. She did have an idea to help her tease, though, so, with the guys' permission she scurried upstairs as fast as her heels and dress would allow. She was just finishing up when she heard the doorbell. Per the guys' orders, she knew she was supposed to be in charge, so she hurried back downstairs to answer the door.   
  
She opened it for a man wearing a dark blue work shirt and dark blue work pants. He was middle-aged with dark hair that had bits of gray in it. He was about six feet tall with glasses and a goatee. He had a big round belly and friendly smile. She noticed his eyes pop a bit when he saw her, but he was trying hard not to look anywhere but her eyes. The name on his shirt said Mason.   
  
"Hello, ma'am," he said politely. "I'm here for the washing machine."  
  
"Yes, thank you so much for coming," Megan said. "Come on in."  
  
Harry and Mick were sitting in the living room. Mick called out to him, "Hey Mason," he said. "You remember us?"  
  
"Sure do!" Mason said walking in and extending his hand. "You two lived around here somewhere, didn't you?"  
  
"Yep, just next door," Mick said, waving off the hand shake. "Better not. We're both sick. Don't want you to get it. That's why we're here. Sweet girl is taking care of us."  
  
"That's very sweet," Mason nodded. "Well, I sure hope you both feel better. It's good to see you again."  
  
"I'll show you where the washing machine is," Megan offered. "Follow me, Mr. Mason."  
  
She walked slowly up the stairs, giving him ample opportunity to look at her ass or legs or whatever he chose. When she got to the top of the stairs, she stopped and looked back at him, forcing him to stop a couple of steps from the top, his face unintentionally even with her ass. She saw the embarrassment on his face. It was sweet, she thought.   
  
"Oh my, I'm such a ditz," Megan said in an exaggerated high-pitched voice, attempting to sound young and airheaded. "The washing machine isn't up here. Just my dirty clothes. Do you mind if I grab them real quick? The washing machine is in the basement. It will save me a trip."  
  
"Of course not," he said. "Take your time."  
  
Megan took long, catwalk model like strides to her room, grabbed the basket of her sexy clothes that she had thrown in just before Mason arrived, and came back to where he waited at the steps. "You're so sweet," she smiled. "I'm sorry. I don't know where my head is today."  
  
She led him back downstairs, then to the basement stairway in the kitchen.   
  
"It's very nice of you to be taking care of the guys," Mason said as they reached the basement.   
  
"It's the least I can do," Megan said. "They're so cute. I just love them. Plus, my parents are out of town so who else is going to take care of them?"   
  
"You sure dressed up for the job," Mason said.   
  
"Oh, yeah, well since I can't wash any of my clothes, I didn't have a lot of choices," Megan said. "Plus I'm trying to get better at walking in heels so I thought this would be a good time to practice."  
  
"Makes sense," Mason said, thinking that nothing this dim-witted hottie said made much sense. With a brain like that, it was a good thing she was hot, he thought. He walked over to the washing machine and turned it on. It buzzed but nothing happened. "Well, it's got power. Probably just a sensor causing it to auto shut off. Should be easy to fix."  
  
"Thank goodness," Megan said. "I had no idea what to do. If the washer didn't get fixed today, I was either going to have to go buy more underwear or just go without."  
  
"With that dress, that might not be a good idea," Mason smiled. "I mean, it looks great, but it's kinda short."  
  
"Yeah," Megan laughed. "I guess it is. It's not too short though, is it?"  
  
"No, no," Mason said, trying hard to be a gentleman. "I think it's just right. Very lovely and classy."  
  
"Thank you!"  
  
Mason went back out to his truck to get a new sensor. When he came back, Megan was sitting on top of the dryer. Her dress had ridden up, revealing even more thigh and Mason could see her black g-string. "Damn, what is this girl doing?" he thought. He couldn't believe she didn't realize what she was doing, but she was so dingy and naïve that she really might not know.   
  
As he bent to work on the machine, his head was inches from her legs and he could see right up her dress. He wasn't sure if there was some higher power rewarding him for mostly being a pretty decent guy or punishing him with forbidden fruit. He knew he couldn't have her, but he sure wouldn't mind getting a picture or two. The other guys were always bragging about the hot wives they saw and sneaking pictures of them. Well, none of them had ever shown him anything to match this girl.   
  
To be prepared, he took his phone out of his pocket and set it on the washer. Megan seized her opportunity. "Would you mind if I looked at your phone?" she asked. "I am thinking about getting a new one and I like yours."  
  
"Of course," he smiled.   
  
"How's the camera?"  
  
"It's great," he said. Just as he was wishing he could show her just how great it really was, she held the phone up and took a selfie.   
  
"Wow, that's a really sharp picture," she said. "I like this camera. Oh, sorry, I'll delete this picture. I just wanted to see how it looked."  
  
"No, it's OK," Mason said, trying not to sound overeager. "Play around with it. Take however many you want. I'll delete them later." Much later. Like never.   
  
Megan thanked him and proceeded to make silly faces, sexy faces. She made sure to get shots that showed her cleavage. She had a blowpop with her, of course, and took some shots sucking on it. Mason had long since finished replacing the sensor, but he wasn't about to tell her he was done. She had probably taken 50 selfies and he hoped she would take 100 more. He was tempted to ask her to let him take some for her, but he was afraid she that dim bulb in her head would go off and she would realize that all these photos were on his phone, not hers. He wanted badly to take a picture with that ass and legs. She was a beauty head to toe, but he was a leg and ass man and hers couldn't be beat.   
  
"What grade are you in," Mason asked, suddenly fearing that he could be lusting after someone a little too young. He loved women, but he was no pervert.   
  
"Well, I just graduated high school," Megan said. "I'm 18. Some guys think that's important to know." She smiled, coyly licking the blowpop. "Is it important to you?"  
  
"I'm not sure what you mean," Mason said, trying to back out of a corner. "Um, so you going to college in the fall?"  
  
"Maybe," Megan said. "I don't know. I'm not really the college type. I just want to have fun, be free, party a little, ya know."

"I hear that," Mason said. "Do it while you're young."  
  
"You don't have to be young to have fun and do things you're not supposed to do," Megan said. "You ever do anything you're not supposed to do? Anything naughty?"  
  
"Uh, I don't know," Mason stammered a bit. "I, well, I'm a pretty boring guy. Just me and my dog at home, ya know. Uh, well, this should be fixed. Want to put some clothes in and test it? I'll wait until it runs through a full cycle to make sure there are no problems."  
  
"Sure," Megan said. "You can put these in." She sat her basket of clothes next to her and, instead of handing him the basket to dump in all at once, took each item out one at time and handing it to him. A pair of tiny shorts, a skimpy tank top, a little thong, a skirt that looked like it wasn't big enough for his 50-pound dog, let alone a young adult woman. One by one the items passed through his hands and past his eyes and he imagined what she looked like in them. He grew hard just thinking about it. He pressed against the washing machine, hoping she wouldn't notice. But of course she did. It was what she had been waiting for.   
  
He started the machine and said, "I'll wait a little bit and make sure it's working all right."  
  
"That's great," Megan said. "What should we do to entertain ourselves while we wait?"  
  
"Well, I can take some more photos for you if you want," Mason offered.   
  
"Aren't you afraid that will make your cock even harder?" Megan said. Mason was taken aback. The dim-witted naïve teen was more aware than he thought.   
  
"You weren't supposed to notice that," he chuckled. "Sorry, that's not very professional of me. I apologize."  
  
"No man should ever apologize for what nature makes him do," Megan said. She handed him his phone. "Here, take some more photos. I'll pose for you. I always wanted to be a model. I'm afraid I don't have the body for that though."  
  
"Anyone who told you that is an idiot," Mason said. He knew this could all be some sort of twisted trap and he could lose his job, but this was all too good to pass up. He would claim temporary insanity. One look at Megan and these pictures and any jury would let him off the hook.   
  
She stuck the blowpop in her mouth and got up on the dryer on all fours, arching her back and sticking her ass in the air. He got that shot from all angles. He put the phone right between her legs and got a close up of her little pussy and g-string. He got a closeup of her beautiful face and those perky tits. He got it all. She posed and shifted, showing off for him, teasing him, making it impossible for him to deny his urges and needs.  
  
"I think it's about time you put the phone down," she said finally. She was standing in front of the dryer now, legs shoulder width apart, arms crossed under her perky tits. The blowpop had been consumed and the stick discarded.   
  
"OK, sure," Mason said.   
  
"Take my panties off," she said.   
  
"What?"  
  
"They're wet. Take them off and put them in the wash while there's still time with this load."  
  
Mason didn't ask why she couldn't take them off herself, nor why they were wet. He knew the answer to both questions and wasn't about to argue. He knelt down. He intended to reach under her dress, but the thing was so tight there was no room to get his hands between the dress and her thighs. So, he pushed it up, bunching it around her waist and exposing the g-string. She took hold of the tiny strings and pulled them down her never-ending bare legs. Her bald little pussy was right there, pink and puffy and wet. If ever a pussy was in need of a good hard pounding, this one was. The question was, was she going to let him do it or did she just get off on teasing men? One thing was for sure, she wasn't the naïve, ditzy little bitch she had pretended to be.   
  
He stood up, held her g-string to his nose briefly then tossed it in the wash. He noticed that she didn't pull her dress back down.   
  
"Got a boyfriend?" he asked.   
  
"No sir," Megan rolled her eyes. "High school boys, ugh."  
  
"What boys do you like?"  
  
"No boys," Megan said. "Men. Real men. Older men. Much older men." She lifted her head toward the stairs.  
  
"Those two upstairs?"  
  
"I was hoping to have some fun with them, let them take care of me, instead of me taking care of them," Megan said. "They are so nice. But not when they fuck. They treat me like a little slut."  
  
"You like that?"  
  
"Maybe," Megan said coyly, reverting to her playful young girl voice. "One way for you to find out."  
  
"Giving me permission?"  
  
"Permission?" she grinned. "That's sweet. But you don't need permission. I'm just a lonely young girl, home alone, at the mercy of a powerful, big, strong man with throbbing cock. Can't hardly stop something as powerful as that, can I?" she gave him a pouty face and he almost came in his pants. He'd never seen such a tease, at least not one this hot.   
  
He grabbed her and turned her around, bending her over the dryer. "Spread your fucking legs," he grunted. Mason was generally a nice guy, but this bitch was asking to be treated like a slut and he felt like doing it. He dropped his pants, then squeezed her ass with both hands, pulled the cheeks apart as he took aim and pushed his cock against her wet pussy lips. She was slick and he could have slid right in, but instead he rubbed the lips with the head of his cock, teasing her, giving her a taste of her own medicine. She would get cock when he damn well pleased. The tables had turned and he was in control now. He wanted to teach her a lesson, make her cum harder than she ever had before and thank her for making his day, all at the same time.   
  
He put his hands on her waist and plunged his cock inside her. She was so wet, he slid in easily, but damn she was tight. He imagined that's what she felt like inside that dress -- skin tight. She moaned and he grinned.   
  
"Like that big cock, don't you, you little slut?" he said.   
  
"Fuck yes," Megan whispered. He had knocked the breath out of her, pushing her against the dryer. She didn't care. She was learning how closely pain and pleasure could be related at times.   
  
Mason fucked her with long, deep strokes, loving the sound of her pussy squishing and making suction sounds as he went. He held her around her waist, his hands inside those ovals in her dress. He was turned on by how close his hands came to touching. Long legs, great ass, perky tits and this tiny little waist. He had an urge to pick her up and carry her around like she was permanently mounted on his cock.   
  
He put his hands under her arms, then locked his fingers behind her head, a wrestling move he know from way back. Then he stepped back, pulling her with him, away from the dryer. When they were clear, he leaned back, pulling her upper body towards him and driving her pussy down hard on his cock as she was lifted off her feet.   
  
Megan couldn't believe how powerful he felt. He wasn't some big strong athlete. He was a heavy old man. But he was holding her and tossing her like a rag doll. And it felt amazing. She came almost as soon as he lifted her off the ground. She heard his triumphant grunt and he called her a dirty cunt, which just made her orgasm that much more intense. She had been building for this since yesterday and, as promised, the long-overdue release was beyond intense. Instinctively she pushed her legs backward around his waist, both to hold on and to keep from kicking him with her heels.   
  
She remembered learning about old-school butter churns in history class. Everyone had laughed at the videos of people pumping those sticks up and down. Stupid high schoolers with dirty minds. But now she felt like she was one of the churns, her insides getting mixed and scrambled and rearranged as his cock reached new depths. He was average size. What if some really well-hung stud did this to her? It might kill her. Or it might be the best thing that ever happened to her. She wanted to find out.   
  
Just the thought of it brought another rush of juices as she came again. "Fucking amazing," Mason grunted, unable to believe how hot this slut was. He didn't often make women cum once, let alone repeatedly like this. This is what pussy was supposed to be like all the time.   
  
He was getting tired, so he sat her down. She wobbled, but he held her up, turned her around and picked her back up. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding herself up while he put his hands under ass cheeks and dropped her pussy slowly onto his shaft. She was moaning and her breath was raspy and labored. "That's it," he groaned. "Purr, my little kitten."  
  
She whispered instead, "Fuck me, daddy."  
  
Mason couldn't take it anymore. He lifted her up and down as fast as he could, cum pumping into that perfect little cock sleeve. She came again too. He hadn't cum this hard in years. He didn't want it to ever stop. This was perfection. He wanted to stay here forever.   
  
When he finished, he let her down on the floor. She slumped to her knees and he was afraid he had hurt her. But then she looked up at him. "May I please clean your cock, daddy?"  
  
Fuck. What was with this slut? "Of course you may," he grinned. "Which do you like more? Your pussy juice or my cum?"  
  
"Your cum," she said. "But nothing wrong with adding a little sweetener, is there?"  
  
She sucked on his softening cock, pumping out any final drops and licking off the mixture of fluids that coated his head, shaft and balls. It was delicious.   
  
"Well, I think the washer is fixed just fine," she said, finally standing up and pulling her dress down. "But I thought you were going to break me in half there for a minute."  
  
"I was trying to," Mason said. "I mean, not really, but that's how hard I wanted to pound you."  
  
"That was really hard," Megan giggled. "I feel like my guts have been rearranged. How do I explain that to my doctor?"  
  
"Hazard of being a little slut, I guess," Mason laughed.   
  
"I'm learning," Megan said. "I didn't start, you know, being this way very long ago."  
  
"Slut in training," Mason laughed. "Well, I'm happy to help you learn anytime."  
  
"I might get my own place soon," Megan offered. "If I do, I'm sure I will need my appliances installed."  
  
"And your guts re-arranged."  
  
"Definitely."  
  
She walked him back upstairs and the guys asked him how much it cost.   
  
"Just a sensor," he waved. "No charge."  
  
"That's a good deal," Harry said. "Megan talk you into that?"  
  
"She can be, um, persuasive," Mason nodded. "Sweet girl. Take good care of her."  
  
He left and Megan flopped on the couch, ready to rest her hard-fucked little body.   
  
"Have fun?" Harry taunted.  
  
"Oh my god," Megan grinned. "That was so much fun. It was really scary at first. I'm not very good at acting like that, but he was really sweet. At first. Then he turned into an animal!"  
  
"Yeah, we saw," Mick laughed. "About broke you in two."  
  
"It felt like it," Megan said. "But I came so hard. You were right about not cumming yesterday. It was worth the wait."  
  
"Showing off makes you nervous, doesn't it?" Harry asked.   
  
"Yeah, I don't know, it's just so different for me," Megan said. "I feel awkward, like I'm trying to be sexy but really just being dorky. Or when I'm in public, like at the office or park yesterday, I'm just worried about what people think about how I'm dressed or how I'm acting. I don't like thinking that people are judging me or feeling bad things about me."  
  
"Understandable," Mick said. "You've always tried to please your parents, your coaches, your teachers. You don't want to stand out. You want to be a good friend, a good student, good girl. That's not going to change overnight. And honestly, we don't want it to. It's part of what makes you so sweet and attractive. But your need to serve and please others and not disappoint authority figures is what makes you the ideal submissive. You put our pleasure before your own. You've embraced that during sex already. But you have to embrace that in your appearance and attitude all the time."  
  
"I'm not sure I understand," Megan said.   
  
"Your desire to please needs to extend to how you dress and act in public," Harry picked up. "You can't worry about what anyone thinks except the man or men you're submitting to. Theirs are the only opinions a true submissive cares about. The only person you are trying to please is him."  
  
"I understand," Megan said. "Wow, that's tough though."  
  
"It is," Mick nodded. "That's why this is called training. You're learning. I think we're seeing your comfort level growing in these private situations. You embrace the role play. In public you're hesitant. And we can sense your fear of a situation turning too rough or violent, where you give up control and can't get it back."  
  
"Definitely," Megan nodded. "That's exactly how I feel. I'm sorry."  
  
"You don't need to be sorry," Mick said. "We just need to keep training you. So, there are three primary areas we want to focus on. One, we want to give you some self-confidence with a bit of defense training. It's not sexual, but it's important to helping you protect yourself and be able to fully embrace submissiveness without fear. Second, we need to put you in more public positions. And third, we need to put you in situations where you have limited control and have to trust the man you're with."  
  
"That all sounds terrifying," Megan frowned, wondering if this was something she really wanted. She had come so far, but she could call off this whole thing right now, end the week laying by the pool and head to college in the fall and this would all just be a wild three days, nothing more. If she continued down this path, would she be letting down her parents? Maybe. But maybe they would be proud of her being a successful model or even a business executive.   
  
If she quit her training, would she be letting down Harry and Mick? Without a doubt. These two sweet men had no plans for any of this. She had dragged them into it. It was a huge favor that they hadn't even hesitated to fulfill. Yes, you could joke that what man would turn down the opportunity to fuck an attractive young woman, but the truth was they had taken risks too. They had put their trust in her. She didn't want to let them down now. No, she couldn't stop. At least not yet. She would face these next tests. She might fail, but she would let them down by trying and failing, not by quitting.   
  
"College was terrifying to you too," Mick said. "And you took action to prepare yourself for it. The path to being a true submissive slut requires the same sort of preparation -- you get there by taking action. I know, it sounds counterintuitive. You think a submissive means doing nothing. It's quite the opposite. The security, the love, the protection, the comfort you seek by being submissive comes only by exposing yourself. You are a natural submissive being held back by societal norms that have been ingrained in you. You have to see a bigger picture, a bigger purpose."  
  
Megan nodded, thinking about what he was saying. It was true that she did things just because it was what she was supposed to do. She seldom questioned the norms and expectations. Then, Harry put a halt to the philosophical talk with his normal bawdy humor.  
  
"So, basically we're going to reprogram your brain by fucking your brains out," he said, laughing. Megan and Mick laughed too.  
  
"Sounds like a good plan to me," Megan smiled. "I'm still terrified, but I'm in."  
  
"Good," Mick said. "Go put on some shorts, thong and t-shirt. We have a self-defense instructor coming. He'll be here in about 20 minutes."  
  
Megan was excited about the self-defense instructor. She had always thought it would be good to learn these things and she hoped it would give her the confidence she needed to proceed with the scarier trainings the guys seemed to have in mind.   
  
She got dressed quickly, putting on a simple pink thong, tiny white gym shorts and a pink tank top. She had some hot pink heels that looked good with the outfit, so she put those on and went back downstairs, ready to kick some ass. While she was upstairs, the guys had cleared space in the garage and put down an old tumbling mat that Megan had from her cheerleading days.   
  
Megan found them in the garage talking to a large, muscular man she knew must be the trainer. He was well over 6 feet tall, late 30s, powerfully built. He wore a t-shirt that struggled to maintain his muscles, gym shorts and tennis shoes. He had short dark hair and a distinctive jaw line. He was intimidating but also sexy, Megan thought.   
  
"Megan, this is Mr. Pierce," Harry said. Megan shook his hand and smiled.   
  
"Hi Megan," Pierce said, looking her up and down. If he was surprised by her attire, he didn't show it. "I understand that you want to learn about defending yourself."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said.   
  
"I also understand you like to dress a little provocatively," he continued.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said, eyes drooping, feeling ashamed.  
  
"Nothing wrong with that," Pierce said. "Women should be able to dress how they want. A sexy outfit is an invitation to look, nothing more. But, it does put a bit of a target on you, especially a young, beautiful woman like yourself."  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"I served in the military and wrestled in college," Pierce said, explaining his credentials. "I have been teaching self-defense for the past 10 years. I want you to have the self-confidence you need so you can be comfortable dressing the way you do. You ever watch Shark Week?"  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
"Then you know that if you put out the bait, you will attract the predators, both the ones you want and the ones you don't," Pierce continued. "I'm here to show you how to fend off the ones you don't."  
  
"Thank you, sir. I'm so excited to learn how to do that."  
  
"I assume you'll wear heels frequently?"   
  
"Yes, sir. Almost all the time. Guys seem to like how they make my legs and butt look."  
  
"I agree," Pierce said. "You look terrific. Definitely wear those heels, but also remember that they are weapons."  
  
He showed her how to stomp on a toe with the pointy heels or kick, making sure that the points struck hardest in the right places. He put her in a choke hold, his arms around her slender neck. She wished she had remembered to put on a choker. That would have looked sexier.   
  
His hands and arms were so big and strong, she loved being held and manhandled by him. She wished this was a role play leading to him fucking her. His cock had to be massive.   
  
Her nipples, as usual, were hard and his hands brushing over them as they went through practice holds and breakout maneuvers only made them harder. It was a physically demanding training and soon Megan's golden tanned skin glistened with sweat.   
  
Pierce wrapped up the lesson after just over an hour. "All right," he said. "You did really well. You are strong and fit, which helps a lot. Ideally you would take a few more classes to master these techniques, but you're a fast learner. Do you feel more confident?"  
  
"Much," Megan said. "Thank you so much. I hope I never have to use these, but I'm glad I know how."  
  
Harry followed Pierce to his car. Megan assumed he was paying him and wondered how much private lessons cost. Harry and Mick weren't rich, she knew. She felt bad they were spending so much money on her.   
  
"I will pay for that lesson," Megan offered to Mick.  
  
"It was free," Mick waved his hand. "Don't worry about it."  
  
"Free? Really?"  
  
"Yeah, well, sort of a trade," Mick said. "Let's just say that he's going to help with some other training and he expects to enjoy it enough that he's willing to call it even."  
  
"Is he going to fuck me?" Megan said, trying to hide her excitement.  
  
"We'll see," Mick grinned. "Something tells me you would like that though."  
  
Megan blushed but said nothing.   
  
They spent the next hour relaxing. Megan caught up with Kasey and checked in with her parents. She made lunch for the guys and put her laundry away. After lunch, they all went over to Harry and Mick's house. They didn't tell Megan why, and she didn't ask.

"You've been bound a couple of times this week already," Mick said. "What do you think of it?"  
  
"I like it," Megan said. "It's kind of naughty but it feels safe when you're with someone you know and trust. Like acting out a fantasy, I guess."  
  
"Right, being helpless in the hands of a man," Harry said. "Common fantasy. But like you said, so far it's been safe. Someone you knew. A simple role play. Today we will turn it up a notch. We'll be watching and you'll be safe, but you will have less control and you won't know or see your partner or partners."  
  
"Oh, wow," Megan said. It was a hot day but she was now breaking out in goosebumps and a cold shiver went through her. She was truly nervous and frightened. She trusted the guys but things were amping up quickly. If someone wanted to do something to hurt her, could Harry and Mick really stop them? "Um, OK, uh, what do I do?"  
  
"Your job is easy," Harry chuckled. "You just have to lay still and look pretty. Of course, you won't be able to do anything else. Oh, and yes, you have permission to cum."  
  
"Thank you, daddy," she said nervously.   
  
The guys took her top and shorts off, leaving only the thong and heels. They handcuffed her wrists behind her back. They put a blindfold on her and a ball gag in her mouth. They led her through the house. She wasn't sure where they were going, but she tried to picture the house in her head. When they sat her on a soft leather sofa, she realized they were in the den. She could picture the room with its large sectional sofa, love seat, recliner, coffee table, big-screen TV, small bar and pool table. They guys weren't rich, but they had put all their efforts into this man-cave style space. Megan always thought it was really nice. What she couldn't see was the pool table was covered with a variety of bondage devices, including duct tape, rope, chains, leather cuffs, nipple clamps and the like.   
  
"We have to go back to your house for a while," Mick said. "We'll leave the door open in case you have any guests while we're gone. Be a good girl and show them lots of warm hospitality."  
  
She heard them leave and squirmed uncomfortably, wishing she could at least see. It was excruciating, just sitting there, not knowing what was going to happen or who might already be there, just watching her. At least they hadn't immobilized her. She could move her legs and stand up if she wanted. The handcuffs weren't too tight. She was OK, just scared and nervous and yes, a little excited. She wondered if Pierce might be about to collect his fee and if she would be able to tell it was him. She knew she would recognize his voice, but what if he didn't talk? Surely, she would recognize all those muscles. None of the other guys Harry and Mick had introduced her to so far had muscles like that. Of course, maybe this was going to be someone totally new. They said she wouldn't know "him". Terrifying. Or "them". Even more terrifying.   
  
She heard a door open. Footsteps nearing, then stopping at what she thought might be the doorway. She trembled. Then silence. Then more footsteps, lighter, further away. A different person? Or maybe the first guy took his shoes off? Why weren't they saying anything? The fucking she could take -- she thought, anyway -- but the waiting, the not knowing, that was driving her crazy.   
  
Suddenly the footsteps were back. Fast. Loud. Boots or hard shoes. They came toward her in a hurry. Hands grabbed her arms and pulled her on her feet. "Get up, slut," a deep voice growled. She didn't recognize it. Definitely not Pierce. But who? "So you're the dumb cunt who let two old guys tie her up and thought everything would be OK. I swear, the prettier you sluts are, the dumber you are. You're hot though. Might be brainless but you got everything else. And that's all I need."  
  
This guy was scaring her. He didn't sound like he was role playing. He sounded like he wanted to inflict pain. Like he had tricked the guys and was going to be much rougher with her than they would have allowed. This dark fantasy was becoming a nightmare.   
  
His hands were touching her breasts now, firm but not too rough. Then his hand felt between her legs, pushing inside her thong and touching her pussy. "Oh yeah, that will do nicely," he said. Megan was trembling, mostly fear but partially excitement. He must have read her body language. "Listen, I'm not a rapist. I was told this was OK and you wanted this. If that's not the case, just shake your head no and I'll leave you alone or help you if you need it. But if this is part of this 'training' or whatever, nod yes and we'll have some fun."   
  
Megan felt reassured. She nodded yes. "Good," the man chuckled. "Hot little slut, just like they said. I'm not going to be gentle, but I won't hurt you on purpose. Understand?"  
  
Megan nodded again. Her pussy was so wet. He was going to manhandle her. Sexy, but scary. The words "on purpose" were particularly unnerving. He didn't promise he wouldn't hurt her, only that he wouldn't mean to. This was going to be more than her role playing had been so far. This had an edge to it, an intensity. A reality. The guys were taking bigger risks now, it seemed.   
  
He picked her up and tossed her over his shoulder. She could feel his strength. He was a large man, broad shoulders and chest, big arms. She could tell she was lifted high off the ground and he must be tall. He carried her with ease, then set her down gently on the pool table. "Hmm, lots of fun stuff to play with her -- you and all these goodies."  
  
She didn't know what goodies he was referring to. But she could guess. Sex toys or maybe bondage devices. Hopefully nothing too extreme. Being tied up was one thing. She heard of people who liked to be whipped or spanked. She didn't think she would like that at all ... well, maybe a little spanking, she thought.   
  
The man -- she called him Muscles in her head -- uncuffed her wrists and made her lay flat on her back on the table, arms over her head, legs spread wide. "I'm taking your gag out," he said. "You make a peep and I'll shove something twice as big down your throat to keep you quiet. Got it?"  
  
Megan nodded and he took the ball gag out of her mouth. He kissed her on the lips. She kissed him back. He put his finger in her mouth. She sucked on it instinctively. He pushed his finger back in her throat and pushed it in and out of her mouth. She wrapped her lips around it as if sucking a cock.   
  
"Born to suck," he chuckled. "Looks like you were built for two things: look hot and be a cock toy." He groped her breasts roughly, squeezing them hard and pulling on her nipples. To keep from making any noise, she bit her lip. "Like that, huh?" he sneered. She nodded.   
  
"Could be bigger," he said. "But these are nice little handfuls you got here. Firm. I like that." Megan felt him grab her breast in one hand, his hand cupping her breast at the base and squeezing. With the other hand, he put some sort of elastic band over her breast and slid it down around the base of her breast. It was tight and squeezed hard around her. It felt like her breast was being pulled away from her body. She pictured it looking like a balloon atop her chest now. He did the same with the other breast. It hurt but wasn't extreme. It was more just sensitive and uncomfortable.  
  
"Now those are some nice fun bags," he said. He turned her over on her hands and knees so her bound breasts hung down. He smacked one on the side, making it slap into the other. He laughed. She winced, but he hadn't hit her too hard. It stung a little, but in kind of a good way. He slapped her tits a couple more times and pulled on her nipples. They were very hard and sensitive. Her breasts felt heavy and engorged and she wondered if they were discolored -- maybe turning red due to the circulation being limited by the bonds.  
  
Something touched her lips. She realized it was the head of his cock. She opened her mouth and he put the head between her lips. She licked the head and pressed her lips firmly around him. The head was big. Really big. She wondered how big his cock was. She wished she could see it and his big cum-filled balls. She wanted to feel them slapping against her chin or, better yet, her ass as he fucked her pussy. As long as things didn't get too extreme, she could definitely cum like this.   
  
"Yeah, you like that cock," he said. "Cock hungry slut. Don't even know who I am and you'll open your fucking mouth and eat my cock without a second thought."  
  
Megan hated to admit that what he said was true. She had basically given up her decision making willingly. Other than the blindfold, she wasn't bound or restricted now. She had consciously made the decision to submit her body to an anonymous stranger. What had she become?  
  
"You want to know how big it is, don't you?" he laughed. "I can see the two or three brain cells that haven't been fucked out of your pretty little head swimming around in there. You want to know how big it is. You wonder if you can take it." He pulled out. "Don't you?" Megan, head down shamefully, nodded.  
  
He grabbed her hair and held her head firm. She felt his cock along the side of her face. He kept moving until she felt his big round balls next to her chin. He pressed the head of his cock against her skin. It was near the base of her slender neck. He was massive. "Big enough to make you feel it in your chest," he said. "See, that's why I can't guarantee you I won't hurt you. My eyes tell me there's no way you can take me in any of your holes. Your daddies, my cock and your cock-hungry body tell me there's no way you won't take every inch. Something's gotta give. Bottom line is, I'm going to fuck you balls deep. I don't want it to hurt you, but if it does, well, I'll get over it. And you will too... eventually. You're young and tight and flexible. I bet all your little parts will just snap back into place. Little sluts like you take years to stretch out."  
  
Muscles was not a nice man, this much was clear. Her best interests were not at heart. If she could start all this over, she wasn't so sure this moment wouldn't be the one that would make her call it all off and never lure Mick and Harry over. She also wasn't so sure this wasn't exactly what she had secretly hoped for. Either way, it was like being at the top of a roller coaster. The decision had been made, the ride was in motion. The only thing to do now was to finish it.   
  
Muscles pulled the bands off her engorged breasts and laid her on her back once more. He wasn't rough with her when he moved her like this. But he was firm. He was moving her body around like he might arrange objects in a workshop. That was it, she felt like an object. He had made a point of discounting her intelligence. She was just a body, a piece of flesh. The fact that he found her flesh desirable was still somehow flattering and exciting. She should have been offended by his lack of respect, but she wasn't. She wasn't ashamed. She was scared, but she didn't feel useless or stupid. She knew she was smart. She knew she was loved. And she knew that, despite his attitude, he admired her beauty and wanted a piece of it for himself.   
  
He pushed her calves back against the backs of her thighs. "Hold just like that," he said. She held her legs up, heels touching her ass cheeks. He used leather bands to bind her ankles and shins to her thighs. It didn't hurt. She was flexible and the bonds were tight but didn't dig into her skin. He used similar bands to tie her wrists and elbows together above her head.   
  
He picked her up again. With her legs bound, she was like a tight little ball. He sat on the edge of the table, held her against his chest with her back to him and lowered her toward his crotch. He used the head of his cock to push the thong aside and worked the head between her pussy lips. She gasped. He laughed. "Felt that, didn't you, bitch?"  
  
He grabbed her hair and pulled her face back against his, cheek to cheek. Her lips were parted and she was gasping, but otherwise remaining quiet. He nibbled her ear and kissed her neck while his cock slide slowly into her. He was massive, incredibly thick, rock hard. If her pussy had a brain, it would have had very mixed emotions. It was wet and hot and willing, clearly wanting to take every inch of him. But it was also tight and overmatched. Megan thought about when her mom used to tease her about putting too much food on her plate, "Your eyes are bigger than your stomach." She could say the same thing to her precious little pussy right now. It wanted more than it was prepared to take.   
  
Want or not, Muscles was making her take it. He wasn't ripping into her. But he was pushing steadily, no signs of stopping.  
  
Muscles loved the feel of this tight little cunt wrapped around his cock, how it resisted weakly, then yielded to his superior size and power, it's juices flowing freely in an effort to make his entry easier for them both. "Your cunt is smarter than you are, slut," he laughed. "It knows what it wants. Amazing how something so small can overcome its limitations when it feels something it wants."  
  
Megan just moaned quietly. She felt like she was being split in two. How much more of him could their possibly be? It felt like he was in her guts and she pictured the head pushing past her ribs toward her lungs. It was an absurd image, she know, but that's what it felt like. She had never felt a cock so large in her admittedly limited experience. She was so full.  
  
She let out a little cry of surprise when she finally felt his balls against her. "Yep, it's all inside your little cunt," Muscles chuckled. "I gotta say, I wasn't sure you could do it. At least, not without a little more effort. I sometimes forget how flexible and juicy little teen cunts like you are. Yeah, you're a good little whore. This is gonna be a good day."  
  
Megan was still undecided as to whether this was going to be a good day or not. For every scary or slightly painful thing that happened, there was an equally exciting or pleasurable experience. It was still early and things could go either way. It was sort of like what she was experiencing now, up one minute, down the next, her body riding his massive shaft.   
  
"I'm missing my workout time for this," Muscles groaned theatrically. "What am I going to do? Hmm. I got it. Did you know, slut, that you can build muscle two ways? Usually I lift a lot. Heavy weights. But you can also build muscle by doing a lot of reps at a lower weight. You're small but strong. A little hard body. Former athlete, right?"   
  
Megan nodded.  
  
"Yeah, firm little thing. I like that. So I'm guessing your about 115 pounds?"  
  
She shook her head.  
  
"120?"   
  
She nodded.   
  
"So, let's go for 100 reps of 120 pounds and see how that feels, shall we?" He kept his weight on the edge of the pool table, his legs spread, forming a sturdy base. His back was at a 45 degree angle from the table top, similar to how he would sit on a weight bench. He had his hands on Megan's slender waist. He could feel her ribs and her strong abs. Her bound hands and elbows rested atop her head. Her legs were all still folded up and bound tightly. She was a compact unit with plenty of handles and easy access to her pussy.   
  
He lifted her up until only the tip of his cock was inside her. Then he lifted her all the way off, held her up so her pussy was at eye level, then slowly brought her back down, placed her pussy on his cock and pulled her all the way down until he was balls deep. "That's one" he said.   
  
He slowly pushed her back up again, his cock ever rigid, until he had her all the way off him. He kissed her left ass cheek before he dropped her back down again. He took it so slow, she felt every bump and vein and inch of him passing through her walls. She was completely full and her juices made sexy little squishing and squirting noises as he plunged her depths.  
  
"The key to a low-weight, high-rep workout is to control the weight at all times," Muscles said. "You want to take it slow. The duration you hold the weight and the length you make it travel is the key."  
  
This was excruciating. The pleasure was so intense each time he entered her. Then the pressure as he stuffed her full was uncomfortable but exciting. She wanted him to pick up the pace, just a few quick strokes would do the trick. This slow and steady pace was original and she appreciated that, but it was incredibly frustrating.  
  
After his fifth rep, he picked her up and held her to his face, licking her pussy for just a moment, then resuming his lifting. "Little energy drink there," he chuckled. "Zero calories yet so sweet. Amazing what they can do these days, isn't it?"  
  
His pace did gradually pick up, but he continued to lift her full off him each and every time. It was slow and arduous and incredible. His stamina was amazing. This was the sort of man who could say he wanted to fuck you all night and actually back it up.   
  
Megan's pussy was on fire. He was fucking her raw. She had already been pounded so hard by Mason earlier and now each rep from Muscles felt like she was being split in two all over again. She needed release and rest. A great orgasm and some time to recover. That's what she needed. But it's not what Muscles seemed to have in mind. His needs were all that mattered. Megan's was a means to an end to him. A toy. Her level of pleasure was of little consequence to him, outside of taking pleasure in making little sluts cum all over his huge cock.   
  
Muscles knew he could make her cum anytime he wanted to now. But he wanted to torment her more first. It was so fun to turn the tables on these little cock-teases. He knew if he kept going so slow, she would be unable to get off. She would remain on edge, just like he was. By the time he got to his 100th rep, she was biting her tongue and lips, trying not to whimper or beg or scream. Muscles loved it. She was barely able to control herself. He was in the one in control. He could do anything he wanted to her. And she would thank him for it.   
  
Finally, he lifted her off his cock and laid her back on the table, hands over her head. He stood over her, jerking his cock and slapping it against her face and lips.   
  
Megan couldn't believe it. He was going to cum and she didn't get to. Again. But oh, how she loved hearing him beat his cock. She could feel his balls in her hair. She wanted to feel that hot load on her face or in her mouth or wherever he wanted to put it. If his volume was in any way related to his cock size and strength, she might drown in his cum. There would be worse ways to die, she thought in her sex-addled, orgasm-deprived brain.  
  
"Mouth closed, slut," he ordered just before he came. Long thick ropes of cum spurted across her face, making her look like a crazed sports fan painting her face in team colors before a big game. Muscles hadn't cum in a couple of days, so his load matched his size. He covered her face with giant globs and reveled in his work of art when he was done. "Nothing more beautiful than a pretty slut covered in cum."   
  
After a couple of photos, he used a spoon to shovel the cum into her waiting lips. Megan welcomed the afternoon treat, pushing aside her frustration and taking pride in knowing that she had provided him the pleasure and release he needed.   
  
"Your blindfold is a mess," Muscles said. Megan wondered if he was going to let her see him. Instead, muscles covered her face with her top that the guys had removed earlier, dropping it over her eyes as he removed her blindfold. He held the cum-covered cloth over her mouth, watching cum drop onto her tongue. Then he stuffed it into her mouth. "Suck on that for a while. Get every fucking drop of cum off of it."  
  
Megan nodded, working the cloth forward in her mouth so as not to choke on it. She could taste his cum on it. She thought about where it came from -- that magnificent cock and huge balls. She pictured him still being hard. He seemed like a sexual beast, like a man who could fuck you for an hour straight, cum, take a five-minute break and then fuck you for another hour. She realized she was fantasizing, imagining a man she hadn't even seen. But it was fun to think about.

"That was fun," Muscles said. "I'll be back later."  
  
Megan started to ask when, but the cum-filled rag muffled her. After she heard him leave, she shook her head and rolled to the side, tossing the shirt off her face. She spat the blindfold out of her mouth. She was still tightly bound, but at least she could see and breathe better.   
  
Her eyes adjusted slowly to the light and she looked around, studying her bonds and then all the items on the table and throughout the room. She saw the toys, the chains, the devices. This ordeal was only beginning, she realized. She thought briefly about trying to leave or call for help. But did she really need help? The only harm that had come to her was being denied an orgasm. Somewhat cruel, yes, but hardly a crime. She had survived the initial act, the huge cock, the bondage. She could take whatever came next.   
  
She didn't have to wait long. About 15 minutes later, a door opened and there was the sound of approaching steps. Muscles was back, or so she thought. She suddenly wished she hadn't spit out the gag and removed the shirt. He didn't seem the sort you wanted to make angry. Of course, if she got him angry, maybe he would pound her good and hard and make her cum.   
  
She looked toward the doorway, but then a deep voice called out. "If that shirt ain't covering your face anymore, close your fucking eyes and keep them closed." It was a different voice. Not Muscles. Not Mick or Harry or even Pierce. Megan closed her eyes tight.   
  
"My eyes are closed, sir," Megan called out softly, unsure if she was permitted to speak.  
  
"Good," the man approached quickly and blindfolded her once more with a fresh cloth. "Now don't speak again unless I tell you to. That's not what your slutty mouth is for."  
  
Megan nodded. She was nervous again. Over time she became somewhat comfortable with Muscles. But now there was a new man. Another one she didn't know. He undid the bindings on her legs and helped her stretch them out.  
  
"Fucking hot legs," he said. "Gorgeous. I can see why you show these things off."  
  
Megan wondered how he knew she showed them off. Maybe he just assumed that based on her heels. Or maybe he knew her somehow.   
  
His hands ran up and down her legs, touching her thighs. His hands were strong and large. Maybe he was Muscles workout partner or something. She would have to feel his chest and arms to know more. As much as she enjoyed Muscles' impressive cock, she hoped this man was closer to average size. Despite the slow place, her pussy had taken more than it ever had before. Taking another 100 reps from another giant cock was a daunting thought.   
  
"I hear you had a good workout," the man said. "You know, it's very important to stretch after a workout. You have such a tight, firm body, but we want to keep those muscles loose, those legs long and lean and flexible. A fit little slut like you should be able to bend in any direction I want you to."  
  
He grabbed her ankles and pushed them high over her head, keeping them straight as he studied her lean, tan thighs, firm ass and pink little pussy. He climbed up on the table and pulled her thong off. He pushed her legs apart, forcing her into a full split. He ordered her to hold that pose as he played with her pussy, fingering her and rubbing her clit.   
  
"Claims he stretched you out, but sure feels tight to me," he mumbled. "Little snap-back cunt you have there, isn't it?"  
  
He leaned forward and kissed her breasts and sucked on her nipples. She liked that. She could feel his body. He was naked as far as she could tell. His stomach was flat and his chest was bare. She hoped he would pick her up so she could get a better feel for his body.   
  
He obliged her moments later, lifting her off the table and carrying her into the middle of the room. Her bound arms went over his shoulder and her legs wrapped around his torso. He was lean and firm. Not as muscular or tall as Muscles, but very fit and strong, more like an athlete than a bodybuilder. She decided to think of him as Jock. He put her arms behind her back and bound her wrists there.   
  
"I can tell you work out," Jock said. "Body like that is half natural gift and half hard work. You've done your work and turned yourself into the perfect little fuck toy. Just don't get complacent. You have to keep working out every day, no matter how much cock you're getting. Understand?"  
  
Megan nodded.   
  
"So, we're going to combine the two for you," he said. "I've got a couple of workout mats stacked up here. I'm going to lay down on them. Height should be about right. You're going to straddle me and do your squats. I'm sure you know those are great for your legs and ass, which are amazing on you already. The depth of the squat is always the key. You will know you have gone down far enough because you will have my cock all the way inside you. You reach my balls, you hold for a count of five, then go back up. I'll count so your little slut brain doesn't have to think. Just drop your cunt down on me, slow and steady, 100 times."  
  
Jock took his place and guided Megan as she blindly stepped over him, feeling the sides of the mats to know how wide to spread her legs. Slowly she squatted down, back straight, tits out, dropping down, anticipating that mushroom head against her pussy. His hands were on her hips, guiding her onto him. His cock was just as thick as Muscles' but not quite as long. It was still formidable, though, she could tell and filled her wall to wall. When she was all the way down to his balls, he put his thumb on her clit and turned it in slow little circles, counting as he went, "one... two... three..."   
  
That felt amazing. After he reached five, Megan slowly stood back up until her legs were straight and his thick cock was no longer inside her. Then, she started down again. She wanted to just bounce up and down on him and ride him until she came, but she knew that wasn't going to be allowed. She knew this game already. Slow and steady. 100 times. Enough friction for them both to reach the edge. But only he would get to finish. She had to trust her turn would come when she had earned it. But she had no idea when that would be nor what she would have to do to accomplish it. This was such sweet torture.  
  
It was true she was in great shape, but she was tired. She had been bent and twisted and bound and fucked incredibly hard today. And yesterday had been no lazy day either. Her thighs started to burn after 50 squats. But she kept going. It helped that the cock splitting her pussy lips and filling her felt so fucking good every time.   
  
As she performed her workout, Jock kept count and chanted in a mocking voice, "Pussy up, pussy down, rub the clitty round and round." That was the chant for the first 50 squats. Then he changed it up.  
  
"No more clit rubs," he said. "Now you drop down and circle your hips five times, then go back up."  
  
Megan nodded and he chanted, "Pussy up, pussy down, wiggle that ass, round and round."  
  
This felt good to Megan too. She was able to grind on him. She just wanted to do it to a count of about a thousand instead of five. When she finally reached 100, he pulled her down onto the mats, making her straddle them in a near splits. He stood up and put his pussy-juice covered cock to her lips. She kissed it. He pushed past her lips and her tongue gave him a warm, wet hello. As soon as she flicked her tongue across the head, cum started spurting out. It surprised her, but she recovered quickly and began sucking and swallowing while he held her head firmly in place.   
  
When he was done, he untied her wrists and told her she could take off the blindfold when he left. "You will have a 30-minute break," he said. "There is water in the fridge. Your phone is on the counter. Keep it handy. We will be back soon."  
  
Megan nodded and he left. When she was sure he was gone, she took off the blindfold and let her eyes adjust before heading to the kitchen for some water. She checked the time on her phone and made note of how much time she had before "they" came back. Was it possible both Muscles and Jock would take her at the same time? She couldn't imagine. Two average sized cocks was a lot to take at once. Two beasts like that would tear her apart. She shook her head and tried not to think about it.   
  
She freshened up in the bathroom, drank water and ate some fresh fruit. The break was short, but needed. They had teased her about her pussy and body "snapping back" into place because she was so fit and firm and flexible. But it was true. She could recover very quickly. She was young and healthy and used to intense exercise. This was different, but her body was still custom-built and trained to recover quickly. By the time the half hour was up, her energy level was back and her soreness, though still there, had faded significantly. If not for the size of their cocks, she would have felt confident about taking on the next challenge. As it was, it was all she could do not to text Harry and Mick to call it off or to ask Kasey to come rescue her. But she resisted the temptation. She had never quit anything before. She wanted to quit now, but she knew her self-esteem could handle the degrading acts and taunts of Jock and Muscles better than it could handle quitting. She would stay right where she was.  
  
A few minutes later, she regretted that decision.   
  
Her phone dinged. It was from a blocked number, but the message simply said, "Eyes and mouth closed. Keep them that way. Now."  
  
Megan stood next to the pool table, eyes closed, mouth closed. Still naked except for her heels. She heard them enter. Definitely two of them this time.   
  
"That's one fine looking slut," Muscles said. She recognized his voice.  
  
"One of the best I've seen in a while," Jock agreed.   
  
OK, at least she knew who it was. No surprise guests so far at least. She had no idea why they wouldn't let her see them but that was no surprise at this point either.   
  
"Did you enjoy the warm-up exercises?" Jock asked her.  
  
Warm-up exercises? If those were warm ups, what did they plan for a full workout? Megan thought these things, but simply nodded that she did.  
  
"Good," Muscles said. "Now it's time for the real workout."  
  
"Let's start with the resistance bands," Jock suggested.   
  
Megan had used resistance bands before, of course. She didn't see how they could really be used in any way to tie her up effectively or make her perform sexual acts. She couldn't picture what they had in mind, but she could hear them making preparations.   
  
What she couldn't see was the guys tying the end of one of the stretchy bands around the knob on the bathroom door. They laid the band out straight and positioned Megan over it, legs shoulder width apart. They had her bend over at the waist, keeping her legs straight and back flat.   
  
She felt the soft cool band pulled up between her legs, then along her spine and started to realize what was going to happen. One of them held the other end of the band while the other carefully moved the band between her pussy lips and ass cheeks.   
  
"Ready for the first set?" Jock asked from behind her.  
  
"Ready!" Muscles said. He was in front of her, next to the bathroom door. He had one end of the band, the door had the other and Megan's most sensitive body parts were providing the resistance. Muscles pulled on the band, wedging it into her crevices tighter, the band digging into her clit as he flexed and did a curl with the band. He held it for five seconds, then released. The band slackened and rubbed the other direction through Megan's slit. The friction irritated and stimulated her tender pussy and exposed clit. It felt good and bad all at once. Back and forth the band rubbed her as Muscles completed his set, then handed it off to Jock, who performed the same exercise.   
  
This experience, more than anything else she had experienced this week, was humiliating. Being shown off was embarrassing but also flattering and exciting. Being fucked in public was naughty and scary. The role plays were fun and earlier sessions with Muscles and Jock had been more about fear, objectification, submission and denial of pleasure. But this little workout was mostly humiliating. Another lesson in submission and control and acceptance of her place and purpose. She stood firm and strong, taking it, trusting that each friction-filled pull of the band was leading to more understanding of who she was and what she was becoming.   
  
It was a mindset Megan had developed through her years in athletics. Many times coaches, as they played mind games with their athletes, would have them do exercises and drills that seemed to have little to do with improvement and development. Sort of like the karate instructor in the Karate Kid teaching the martial arts via household chores. Eventually it all came together, so Megan went along with it, mindlessly trusting her teachers even while those around her complained and questioned. Megan's obedience and blind trust had treated her well in the past. But were they her enemy now? Were all these men taking advantage of that this week?   
  
As the men continued with a second set of resistance band pulls, she was happy that her pussy was getting wet, lubricating the band and reducing the friction. It felt much better now, kind of pleasurable. She moaned lightly, but the guys noticed and taunted her.  
  
"Like this workout, don't you slut?" Muscles said. "That little cunt loves this attention, doesn't it?"  
  
"If it likes this," Jock said, "it will really like the rest of the workout."  
  
Megan noticed that the guys talked about her pussy like it had a mind and feelings of its own. She supposed in a way they were right. Cocks sure seemed to have a mind of their own.  
  
Megan tried to picture what this looked like. It had to look ridiculous, but maybe sexy too. She knew the guys were taking pictures. She hoped Mick and Harry would let her see them. She really wanted to see what the guys looked like too, but was beginning to think that might not happen.   
  
The guys put the resistance band away after two sets of rubbing and friction had Megan's pussy all red and swollen and wet.   
  
"Seems like her privates are having all the fun so far," Muscles said.   
  
"Yeah, mine could use some attention too," Jock said. "Planks?"  
  
"Planks!"   
  
Megan didn't know what planks had to do with sex, but she knew she was about to find out.   
  
Muscles guided her to one of the workout mats. Jock was already laying on it, naked now. Muscles helped her lay on top of him and she felt his cock, hard and strong, sticking straight up. She was positioned so that her face was even with his cock. Her body was between his legs, her arms placed alongside his hips.   
  
"Now, do a plank," Muscles said. "Hold it for two minutes."  
  
Megan got into plank position, back level, legs straight, weight resting on her elbows, forearms and toes, which was awkward at best in heels. She focused on her form like she had been trained over the years, almost forgetting about Jock. Then she felt his mushroom head bump her lips.  
  
"Open up, slut," he said. So this was it, she realized. She opened her mouth and accepted the head of his cock between her lips. She started to bob her head, but Jock stopped her. "Just hold still. Suck the head. This ain't pushups."  
  
"Cock hungry whore wants more than the head," Muscles laughed.   
  
"No doubt," Jock said. "But damn, she's doing some nice work right now. She's got some skills."  
  
Megan was happy to hear him say that. She was working hard, holding her plank while her lips and tongue teased, kissed, licked and sucked the head of his cock. She focused on the sensitive underside and kept flicking her tongue across the hole, ready to slurp up any pre-cum.   
  
Two minutes went by faster than she expected. She was allowed to rest a moment while the men switched places, then she performed the same oral duties for Muscles' fat cock.   
  
"I heard they have her practicing on blow pops," he said. "You can tell. All lips and tongue."  
  
"She savors the flavor," Jock agreed.   
  
"Then we should probably give her some more," Muscles said.   
  
This time they had Megan lay flat on the mat and they each took turns doing their own planks -- with their cocks directly above her mouth. In this position, they each pushed about three inches into her mouth, far from deepthroating, but enough to get their shafts a little wet and fill her mouth. She worked her lips and mouth on them both during their planks, able to add more suction now, hollowing her cheeks and trying to start coaxing that yummy cum along. She knew they weren't either one ready yet, but every suck and lick got them that much closer.  
  
"Think she can take the whole thing?" Muscles asked.   
  
"One way to find out," Jock answered. "Push-ups."  
  
They maneuvered Megan on the mat so that her head was hanging off the edge of it, the back of her head now touching the floor. The few inches from the floor to the mat would give the guys that much more room and a better angle to push deeper into her throat.   
  
While they were both capable of doing many more, they agreed to do pushups in sets of 50. Muscles went first, carefully positioning himself and cautioning Megan not to move, just to hold still and keep her mouth wide open. Megan understood. He started slow at first, dipping his cock into her mouth then raising back up while Jock counted his reps. Megan kept her tongue out so he had a soft, welcoming entry rather than risking being scraped by her teeth.   
  
"Good girl," Muscles praised her. "Worship the cock and treat it with the respect it deserves."  
  
"I don't know if she respects it," Jock laughed. "Or if she's just a hungry little bitch."  
  
"Either way," Muscles said. "She's the best workout equipment I've ever used."  
  
"Yeah, we should do an infomercial. The Exer-Slut. Get yours today for only four easy installments of $19.99. But wait, there's more! Order today and we'll send you a second Exer-Slut free! Just pay separate shipping and handling."  
  
Muscles was laughing and doing pushups, now touching the back of Megan's throat with the head of his cock and pushing deeper each time, getting closer and closer to going balls deep. Only a few women he had dated -- and he had dated plenty -- had been able to take him all the way. It amazed him when a petite little hottie like Megan could swallow him whole, but he was beginning to think she could do it. He knew one thing, she wasn't one to complain or quit, she was going to try. She took pride in this. While they didn't show much outward respect for her, he did respect her attitude and effort. Some sluts had ulterior motives and some were genuinely eager to please. Megan was the latter. He hoped she would stay that way.  
  
He pushed deeper into her as he neared the end of his set. "Come on, 10 to go, balls deep on each one, bitch," he said. He pushed all the way in, felt her balk involuntarily, waited, pressed more and stuffed the final inches into her mouth and throat. His balls touched her chin. "That's one!" he said.   
  
Megan couldn't think very clearly at the moment, but she was excited that she had been able to take his whole cock. She hadn't seen it, but she knew it was massive and had to be the biggest she'd ever had. There might be larger, of course, but this was a great test and she had just aced it. Ever the good student, even after graduating.  
  
Once Muscles finished his push-ups, he gave way to Jock, who took the same approach, slow at first until he was confident he was lined up, then faster and deeper until he too, was making her deepthroat him. He wasn't as long as Muscles, but Jock's girth was every bit the equal of Muscles, making the chore just as daunting in many ways.   
  
"I could do that all day," Jock said after his finished his rep. "But you know, I always like to finish my workout with some good medicine ball work."  
  
"Me too," Muscles said. "I didn't bring one."

"Me either," Jock said. "But I think I know how to make one."  
  
"I think we have everything we need," Muscles agreed. The next thing she knew, Megan was being manhandled and bound into a little ball, her legs folded up to her chest, her arms wrapped around her legs and everything held together by leather straps and duct tape.   
  
"Homemade medicine ball," Muscles laughed, picking her up easily. Megan felt herself being tossed in the air and then Jock caught her. They tossed her gently back and forth, laughing as their hands "accidentally" ended up between her legs or on her ass.   
  
"Now I see why they call it a medicine ball," Jock said, holding her up with two fingers in her pussy. "This one has the stuff to cure what ails you."  
  
He tossed her back to Muscles and this time, instead of being groped, she was pushed onto the big man's enormous cock. He lifted her pussy up and down on him half a dozen times, then tossed her back to Jock, who did the same thing.   
  
Though it was a little rough being tossed and jostled back and forth, this was the best part of the workout so far, in Megan's opinion. Her pussy was craving attention and their big cocks felt so good inside her. She loved the feeling of being held and controlled and stuffed full of their huge slabs of meat, their balls slapping against her. Any pain she felt in her arms and legs was surpassed by the simple pleasure of big cock in tight pussy.  
  
"Mind if I just take her for a little ride?" Muscles asked. "She has another hole. I can share, if you like."  
  
Another hole? Megan was afraid he meant her ass. She wasn't ready. Would she ever be? But she need not have worried. Instead, she was held out straight in front of Muscles. He held her arms as he plowed her pussy. Then Jock held her shoulders and had straight line access to her mouth and throat. Soon however many inches their cocks were combined -- to Megan it felt like they were about to meet somewhere inside her body -- were all inside her, balls deep. She had never been stuffed so full.   
  
Megan came and Muscles happily shared it with Jock. "Little bitch is cumming like a fucking faucet," he grinned.  
  
"I knew she was on the verge," Jock said. "Little whores like cock, man. They tease us all the time, but shove your cock in them and you can see how bad they want it."  
  
"She's been begging for it all day," Muscles agreed. "I asked her at the beginning if she was OK with all this and a few minutes later she was inhaling my cock. Never a doubt she wanted this."  
  
To Megan, there had been a lot of doubts all day, but apparently she had done a good job of disguising it. Either that or the guys saw what they wanted to see. Regardless, she was very happy right now. Her body had experienced another massive orgasm and the guys were still pumping away. She might get to cum again before they were done.   
  
Soon, the guys changed places, once again filling her holes from both ends, Jock now plowing her pussy. She came again. And then again.  
  
Jock pulled out and shot his load into a glass. Muscles did the same. Megan couldn't see what they were doing. She lay on the floor, exhausted and bound and happy.  
  
They picked her up and Muscles held her, the back of her head against his chest. "Open up, slut," he said. She opened her mouth and was not a bit surprised to feel a glass at her lips and then hot cum oozing into her mouth. It was a double shot of cum and she ate it up happily, only swallowing once given permission.   
  
The guys tossed her on the couch and got dressed.   
  
"Good job today, slut," Muscles said. "You're a natural."  
  
"You are made for this," Jock agreed. "Embrace it."  
  
To her surprise, they left. She was alone. Naked and bound. She didn't know if other guys were coming. Or if Mick and Harry would come. She wasn't scared. But she was sore, tired and ready to at least be untied. About 10 minutes later, she heard someone come in. Two people. Mick and Harry, once again, there for her when she needed them. Never mind they had put her in this crazy position, she saw them as her protectors and heroes.   
  
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An hour later, freshly showered and wearing only a soft robe, Megan sat in her own kitchen, eating dinner with Harry and Mick. They had showed her a few pictures and short videos of the day's events, but nothing that showed Muscles and Jock. She told them that's what she called them in her head. They laughed and agreed that her assessment was pretty accurate. They didn't tell her who the men were and she didn't ask.   
  
"You've had several orgasms today," Mick said. "Seems you like the bondage and role playing."  
  
"I do," Megan admitted. "It's a little scary, but it's fun. I kind of thought Muscles and Jock were going to hurt me though. Well, maybe not hurt me on purpose, but like they wouldn't really care if they did."  
  
"How did that make you feel?"  
  
"Scared, nervous," Megan said. She thought a little more. "But it was kind of exciting too, I guess. It felt a little dangerous. A lot more real."  
  
"I can see that," Harry said. "We wouldn't have let them hurt you deliberately, but yes, the risk was higher because they were certainly putting their needs ahead of yours."  
  
"I felt like an object," Megan said. "Is that why they wanted me to be quiet and blindfolded?"  
  
"Very observant," Harry said. "Yes, without your voice, your expressions, your eyes, they saw you as legs and tits and holes -- an adult playground wrapped up in a tight little package."  
  
"It was weird, but it turned me on that they were so into fucking me," Megan said. "And that they were so huge."  
  
"You took it like a champ," Mick said. "Very impressive."  
  
"Yes, you've done well today in the bondage and role play and being submissive," Harry said. "Tonight, we're going to explore that some more and take you a bit out of your comfort zone."  
  
"You mean, dressing naughty in public, don't you," Megan pouted.  
  
"Of course," Harry said. "Part of the job, my dear. Men want arm candy not only because you're fun to fuck, but also because you're fun to show off. So, you need to get used to it. Remember, the only opinions that matter about how you're presenting yourself are yours and his."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I understand that. I just have to keep working at it, I guess."  
  
"Your outfit is laid out for you," Mick said. "Go get ready. We'll leave in half an hour. You can do your hair however you like."  
  
Megan went upstairs and put on the dress they had laid out for her. It was canary yellow, backless, with a simple strap that went around her neck like a choker. From there, the dress split into a deep v that extended past her belly button. The resulting thin panels of fabric fit over her breasts, covering her nipples but revealing a large portion of her flesh. It was so tight that the soft stretchy material didn't even touch her ribs -- it was suspended above her skin by the protrusion of her modest-sized tits. Below her navel, the dress morphed into a tiny skirt that flared out, revealing lots of upper thigh and ass. The skirt only came down to the tops of her thighs even when it was hanging straight. Underneath, she wore a simple white g-string. Again, no stockings or leggings, just those long bare legs supported by 7-inch canary yellow heels with thin yellow straps around the ankles. She put her hair in a ponytail with a bright yellow scrunchy. She looked at herself in the mirror and had to admit that her long tan legs looked pretty nice against the bright yellow outfit. The color complemented her sun-kissed complexion very well.   
  
It gave her some confidence feeling like she looked good. Yes, way too much of her was revealed, which was unnerving. The dress was just way too small and overmatched, especially with no bra and only the g-string underneath. It would be a struggle to stay covered. Hopefully the night's events would not include much movement.   
  
She went downstairs and the guys quickly inspected her outfit and gave their approval. Then they added one final touch. "Time to start training that ass," Mick said. He showed her a little black butt plug with a shiny silver tip that would potentially be visible between her ass cheeks. Her eyes grew wide. It wasn't very long, but she could see that it was lubed up and ready for insertion, even though she wasn't.  
  
Harry had her bend over and he pulled down her g-string. He squirted a bit of lube in her crack and worked it in with his finger. Then, gently but firmly, he pushed the plug against her tight little hole until it poked past the outer ring and entered her. She squirmed, feeling that pressure. It wasn't painful, but it was uncomfortable and unwelcome. But the choice wasn't hers.   
  
The plug was only three inches long and fit inside her easily enough. It wasn't the plug's size, but its simple presence that was unnerving.   
  
"You just have to relax and let it become part of you," Harry said as he re-positioned her g-string and pulled down her dress. "It will feel weird at first. But so did walking in stilettos, right? You'll get used to it, sooner or later."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said, unable to hide the uncertainty in her voice.   
  
They all piled in the car, began sitting in between them in the front seat so they could both touch and tease her. The little dress was quite a sexy number, drawing their eyes and hands to her amazing legs.   
  
"Do you like roller coasters?" Harry asked as his fingers slid alongside her pussy lips.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said.   
  
"Good. Because we are going to a carnival tonight. Just one of those little traveling ones, so there might not be many big rides, but it will be fun anyway," Harry said.   
  
"I love carnivals," Megan smiled. "Where is it at?"  
  
Mick explained that it was in the next town over, about 30 miles away. Megan was happy to hear that. At least she wasn't likely to run into anyone she knew.   
  
"Do you guys like rides?" Megan asked.  
  
"Oh, I used to," Mick said. "But I'm too old now. Those things hurt these old bones."  
  
"Oh, you're not that old," Megan giggled. "But who will I ride with?"  
  
"Funny you should ask," Mick replied. "You're going to have to find different ride partners for each ride. Only rule is they have to men. You show us who you're going to ask and we'll say yes or no."  
  
"I have to ask them?" Megan asked.   
  
"Yes," Mick said. "And I think your little dress will suggest to them that you're interested in more than the Tilt-A-Whirl. It will be interesting to see how they react."  
  
Megan took a deep breath, trying to calm her rising nerves. She still didn't feel comfortable with the butt plug. The dress was simply too small. And now this -- inviting strange men on rides. They were just rides, but she was going to have to flirt with them. At least they couldn't go too far on a ride. It wasn't like she was going to be giving a blowjob on the Scrambler. She took another deep breath and forced a smile. "I'm good," she said. "I can do this."  
  
"It's not going to be as hard as you think," Harry said. "Just be you, flirt, let them cop a feel and enjoy the ride. Wave goodbye and scoot on back to us. Simple."  
  
"I can do that," Megan said. "Thank you for, you know, the vote of confidence."  
  
"You're all right," Mick said. "We know this isn't easy stuff. It's not supposed to be. But nothing about being an adult is. You asked us to train you, to prepare you. That's why we are making it like this -- it's to help you, not hurt you."  
  
"I know that," Megan said. "I really do. I'm sorry I'm not always as enthusiastic or appreciative as I should be."  
  
"All part of the process," Harry said.   
  
They got to the carnival, parking in an adjacent lot, and walked in. Megan was well aware of the butt plug, the clingy top and flaring little skirt. She felt totally exposed. But she tried to focus on the lights and sounds. She did love carnivals. All the terrible fried foods, the music, the games, the rides. It was always exciting. She remembered going to carnivals with her parents as a child, with friends as a teen and on a couple of dates. Now, still a teen but also an official adult, Megan realized this carnival experience was going to be completely different.   
  
She angled toward the ticket booth, but Mick waved her off. "We don't need tickets," he said. "We aren't riding and your companions will pay for your rides, your games, your concessions."   
  
Megan got it. Now she wasn't just asking for someone to ride with. Now she was asking for men to spend money on her. Not a lot of money, but money nonetheless. That and her attire would send the signal that she was willing to trade a little of what she had for a little of what they had. They weren't spending enough to expect sex, but they might expect a little flirting, a little touching, a little arm candy, maybe a kiss or a photo. This was a sugar-daddy hunting lite. She was intrigued now. She was still nervous, but her self-defense training had given her some confidence and now that she understood the lesson, she was curious to see how it would work. How should she approach the men? What approaches would work best? How sexy was too sexy? How did she balance being suggestive without sending signals that were too strong? And could she focus on pleasing only that man in that moment without paying attention to the looks, comments and judgements from those around them?   
  
Maybe it was the refreshing evening air. Maybe it was the thrill of being at a carnival. Maybe it was her slowly growing confidence, but Megan felt happy in this moment, nervously excited, anxious but nonetheless hesitant to actually start.   
  
In addition to the usual rides and games, the carnival also had a beer tent, bingo tent and a stage featuring a steady rotation of local bands. This enabled the carnival to attract not only families and teens, but also adults. Megan had no interest in trying to lure a dad with his kids to ride with her. A man -- even if he was a father or husband -- who was here on his own or with friends would be the best option. And she figured the beer tent would be a logical area to find one.  
  
As she approached the tent, flanked by Mick and Harry, a few heads turned. There were lots of pretty women wearing revealing clothes -- it was a summer night in Florida, after all -- but Megan stood out, the hottest of the hot.   
  
It was a beer tent, so she couldn't buy anything. Mick and Harry got in line and told Megan to find a table and scout the men. Megan found a seat and looked around, studying the men, most of whom were looking back at her, not staring, but looking away and looking back, well aware of her presence. It was weird for her to be looking at them the same way, judging them, gauging them by their appearance, trying to read their body language and expression to see who was interested and available but not too creepy or socially awkward. Whoever she approached needed to be prepared to be judged too.   
  
She wasn't sure, but she felt like the guys who looked too much were just that -- lookers. They would be uncomfortable with her. She needed someone with confidence, someone who would not be intimidated, someone used to attention. But this was hardly some upscale restaurant lounge. It was a carnival beer tent. The pickings were slim.   
  
"What's your thought process here?" Mick asked as he and Harry sat with her. They had beers and had brought her a soda.  
  
"Well, I think young guys are more likely to be single and thinking I'm looking for a hookup or a date," Megan said. "They want to go home with someone tonight. So, I'm thinking someone older. Middle age, maybe. Someone who will like being seen with a younger woman but has too much baggage -- a wife or girlfriend or kids at home -- to think that taking an 18-year-old dressed like a slut home with them is a good idea. They will be more apt to play it cool, enjoy a nice moment and let it go."  
  
"That's a good read," Harry nodded. "I think you're on the right track. What else?"  
  
"Well, I don't really care what he looks like," Megan said. "I don't need to be attracted to him. I just need him to be attracted to me. But not intimidated or awkward. Confident but not arrogant. Strong but not violent."  
  
"Good," Mick said. "You have the right idea. The trick is figuring out who fits that description. We don't know either. Nothing is for sure. But keep reading them and trust your instincts. Let us know when you're ready. Your assignment tonight is to get four different men. One to buy you a snack. One to play a game with you. Two to ride rides -- the Ferris wheel and Tilt-a-Whirl."  
  
Megan nodded her understanding. She liked knowing what was expected. She had an assignment, a due date and a clear idea of what a passing grade would look like. That was how she liked things. Structured.  
  
She sat, scanning the crowd, finally realizing that her eyes kept going to a very ordinary looking man. He was wearing khaki shorts and a loose polo shirt. He was sitting at a long table, sipping a beer and watching the band. There were other people at the table, but they were a few seats away. He didn't appear to be with them. He looked to be alone. He was middle-aged with sandy colored hair, a pudgy but not fat "dad bod" and glasses. He glanced at her a few times, but he didn't stare. He wasn't obsessed nor intimidated, but not oblivious either.   
  
"How about him, the guy in the blue polo and glasses?" Megan asked. She explained her reasoning and the guys agreed. "OK, here goes." Megan stood up slowly, then started her approach. Many eyes were on her, she knew, but the man was watching the stage. She was only a few feet away when he looked over and noticed her coming his way. He smiled, but looked only at her face. She liked that.   
  
"Can I help you, miss?" he said. Very respectful. She liked that too.  
  
"Um, yes sir," Megan said. "I'm sorry but I, well, I wanted to ride a ride tonight but my grandads aren't able to ride." She motioned back to Mick and Harry. "I didn't bring any money and they said they are saving theirs for beer, so, well, I thought it looked like you were here alone and I wondered if you would want to ride a ride with me?"  
  
"I see," the man said, looking past her at Mick and Harry, who raised their beers on cue as if to say, "Hello, and yes, it's OK for you to ride with our hot teen granddaughter."  
  
"Well, what did you want to ride?"  
  
"I really like the Tilt-A-Whirl," Megan said. "Do you like that one?"  
  
"Sure," the man said. "It's a classic. It's nice of you to bring your grandads here instead of ditching them for your friends."  
  
He was fishing for information, weary of a trap. "Thank you, sir," Megan said. "Yes, they like to get out but it's hard for them, you know. I can't take them to a bar because I'm too young, but I can bring them here."  
  
"How old are you?" he asked, obviously wearing of a trp.   
  
"18," Megan said. "I just graduated from high school. Last summer before college."  
  
"Good for you," he nodded. "Why don't you sit down while I finish my beer, then we'll go for a ride."  
  
Megan thanked him and sat in the seat across from him. "I'm Megan," she said.   
  
"I'm Tom," the man said. Megan felt like that might not be his real name. It didn't matter if it was or not.   
  
"It's very nice to meet you, sir," Megan said.  
  
"Nice to meet you, too," he said. "You're a very polite and attractive young woman. Your grandads must be very proud."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Megan said. "They take such good care of me. I don't know what I'm going to do without them when I go out on my own."  
  
"You'll be just fine," he said. "Just be careful. There are lots of not-so-nice guys out there."  
  
"I know," Megan said. "That's why I asked you. You looked nice."  
  
"Thank you," he laughed. "I'm pretty harmless."  
  
"And kinda cute," Megan smiled. "Are you married?"  
  
"Divorced," he nodded. "And no, I don't have a girlfriend. I brought my son here tonight. He's 12 and off riding rides with his friends. Actually probably playing games. They love throwing their money away on those games you can't win." They both laughed.

"Well you seem like a sweet man," Megan said. "I bet you're a great daddy." She used the word "daddy" on purpose, understanding the double meaning. She bit her lip for effect. She felt so naughty.  
  
"Your boyfriend is a lucky guy," Tom said.   
  
"Oh, I don't have a boyfriend," Megan said. "We broke up a few months ago. Both going our separate ways, you know. Plus, he was kind of immature."  
  
"High school boys can be that way," Tom said.   
  
"Well, he was a little older than that," Megan said. She left it hanging there. No details, but floating him the idea that she liked older men.   
  
"I see," Tom said. "Well, I'm sure he's regretting letting you get away."  
  
"Thank you for saying that. You're very sweet."  
  
"And you're very patient," he smiled. "You came over here asking for a simple ride and I've had you talking for 15 minutes. Let's get you that ride and you can get back to your, um..."  
  
"My grandads," Megan said. "I usually call them both daddy though. It's easier. A girl can never have too many daddies, I guess."  
  
"I suppose that's true," Tom was even cooler than she expected. He had to catch on to her flirting, but he didn't really show it. He seemed bemused. He was enjoying this, yes, but his expectations were muted. He was aware that this was all mostly a game. He was just happy for the entertainment. She liked that vibe she was getting from him.  
  
He finished his beer and they walked side by side to the ticket booth. He bought them each a ride ticket and they headed to the Tilt-A-Whirl. A few men gave him the head nod, like, "Way to go" or "How did you score that?" A few women his age scowled at him. Megan did her best not to notice. She was focused on Tom and playing her role of sugar baby on the prowl for a sugar daddy. She needed to continue to flirt and make sure he knew she understood that his generosity deserved to be reciprocated. On impulse, she took his arm, holding him as they walked. He didn't pull away nor did he seem phased by the eyes upon them.   
  
As they waited in line for the ride, for the first time he hinted at a little payback for his generosity.  
  
"You know, one of the things I always liked about this ride is how that car kind of wraps around you so you're sort of enclosed," he said. "People aren't staring at you. You're just spinning and sliding and your body is kind of out of control."  
  
"Yeah," Megan latched on to the opportunity. "You're kind of bumping into each other and your hands are flying around."  
  
"You never know where they might land," Tom laughed.  
  
"That's why it's good to have a ride partner who doesn't mind," Megan said suggestively. "They can land anywhere they want."  
  
"Hands do have a mind of their own sometimes," Tom said. For the first time he really looked her up and down, as if plotting exactly where he was going to put his hands.   
  
"Looks like yours are thinking already," Megan teased.  
  
"Possibly," Tom said. "Right now they have a bit of a dirty mind, I'm afraid."  
  
"Nothing to be afraid of," Megan said. "The Tilt-A-Whirl is a judgement free ride. And I'm a judgement free girl."  
  
The previous ride ended and it was their turn to get on. Megan sat down first, then Tom sat next to her, putting his arm around her neck. "Cozy in here," he said. "Hope you don't mind."  
  
"Of course not, sir," Megan said. To emphasize the point, she arched her back as if trying to get comfortable, purposely pressing her breast into his hand. He didn't move it away.   
  
"Guess you can't wear a bra with a dress like this, huh?" he said as they waited for the other riders to get into their cars.  
  
"No," Megan said. "Sure can't. Luckily it's not too cold tonight or I would be putting on a bit of a show."  
  
"Trust me, you already are," he said. "But in a good way. A very good way."  
  
As the ride slowly started moving, he slid his hand inside her dress, cupping her breast. He didn't ask if it was OK. He knew it was. In response, she giggled and put her hand between his legs. He was getting hard.   
  
"Hmm," she said. "That could be an issue when we get off this ride."  
  
"Nah," he said. "No one sees me when we're walking together. They only see you."  
  
The ride went faster and their car, true to the name of the ride, started spinning and twirling. He did the same to her nipple. They moved so fast they weren't concerned what people could and couldn't see. Certainly some might notice something, but by the time they really looked, the car was spinning again and moving away to the other side of the ride.   
  
Knowing that the ride would be over far too soon, Tom reluctantly moved his hand from her firm breast and pleasingly rigid nipple. He only had a few minutes to reach between her tan thighs and touch her pussy. He wasn't about to miss that opportunity.   
  
She moved her arm out of the way, holding her arms up like she was on a roller coaster while his hand went between her soft thighs and under her dress. He deftly moved his fingers, pushing aside her g-string, touching her bare mound and moist slit. He could only imagine how tight this hard-bodied teen would feel riding up and down on him. He knew he would jerk off later that night, envisioning that very moment.   
  
The ride ended and he took her hand, helping her out of the car. They walked hand-in-hand back through the carnival, neither caring what anyone thought. It had only been a few minutes, but Megan really liked him and was proud of her first choice.   
  
"I know this is just a brief moment," he said. "But I want you to know that I appreciate that you never asked what I do for a living or tried to find out how much money I had. You really are drawn to older men, aren't you? I mean, you're not just looking for a sugar daddy."  
  
"That's true," Megan said. "I have always been drawn to older men. I don't really care about looks or money or age. I just like maturity. You treat me like a woman, not a toy. I like that."  
  
They took out their phones and exchanged numbers. Megan then stood and let him take a couple of pictures of her -- nothing sexual, just standing there, giving him a smile. He walked her back over to Mick and Harry. He introduced himself and shook their hands.  
  
"You have a wonderful granddaughter," he said, winking at them to let them know he knew she wasn't their granddaughter. "I just wanted to let you know that she was extremely polite and mature and respectful."  
  
"Thank you," Mick said. "We are very proud of her."  
  
"As you should be," Tom said. "Out of respect for you both, I wanted to let you know that Megan and I exchanged numbers. I will not pester her nor make any unwanted advances. But I am a real estate agent and would be happy to be of assistance to any of you if you ever need it. Even if you already have an agent, I'm happy to offer any advice. No charge."  
  
"That's very kind of you," Harry said, accepting Tom's card. "We were talking the other day about possibly selling our house and moving as needed to stay close to Megan."  
  
"I can certainly understand why you would want to do that," Tom said. "And I would be happy to help you if you decide to do that."  
  
Tom accepted a kiss on the cheek from Megan and turned away, just as his son and his friends approached, asking for more money to play more games.  
  
Megan sat back down with Mick and Harry, smiling. "That was fun!" she said. "He was so nice!"  
  
"Looks like you aced that one," Harry said. "Good choice. You really thought that through."  
  
"By the way, how's the butt plug feeling?" Mick asked.   
  
"You know, I still feel it but it doesn't bother me anymore," Megan said. "It's just kind of there. I guess that's good, right?"  
  
"Yes, that's good," Mick nodded. "So, ready for round two?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I just hope I find someone as nice as Tom. Does it matter which thing I ask for?"  
  
"No," Harry said. "You can complete the remaining assignments in whatever order you choose. I would remind you that the Ferris wheel is a longer ride with some privacy. You will probably get stopped at the top. So choose wisely."  
  
"I wish I had chosen Tom for that one," Megan said. "Hopefully I can find someone else just as sweet."  
  
"We'll see if you had good judgement the first time or if it was just beginner's luck," Mick said.   
  
Megan looked around the beer tent and stage again. Plenty of men there, but most were in a large group or there with family or girlfriends. She looked at the bingo tent. There she saw a man sitting by himself. She watched him for a few minutes. He was smiling and chatting with the people running the game, but he seemed to be alone.  
  
He looked older than Tom, maybe early 50s. He was black and had a stocky build and looked to be pretty short. He seemed to be having a lot of fun. Megan liked his laugh, which was audible above the ambient noise, and smile.   
  
"Him?" she nodded towards the man. Again, she explained her reasoning and the guys agreed.   
  
"I'm kind of hungry," Megan said. "I thought I might ask him for a snack."  
  
"Go for it," Mick said. "We'll be right here."  
  
Megan walked over to the bingo tent, keeping her eyes on the man, trying to decide how to approach hm. She had never really approached even guys her age before. Now here she was trying to figure out how approach men old enough to be her dad or grandfather. They wouldn't expect that she was trying to pick them up, so she had to be pretty forward. But she didn't want to be so forward that they mistook her for a prostitute or gold-digger or as part of some sort of prank. Plus, she had to be protective of herself, reading them to make sure she would be safe with them. It was very challenging. She trusted her instincts, ability to read body language and ability to be very polite and engaging. Her experience as a cheerleader helped her see the value of being cute and perky. Some found it annoying, true, but very few were put off by it. Most of all, she wanted to be as genuine as possible in hopes of him reciprocating.  
  
"Excuse me, sir," Megan said, approaching him hesitantly. The man looked at her, his eyes quickly going up and down her body. Not leering, but he certainly noticed. "I was wondering, um, could you teach me how to play bingo? I've never played and you seem to know what you're doing."  
  
"Don't know how to play bingo?" the man asked skeptically. Megan knew it was a pretty thin opening, but it was all she could think of. So much for being genuine.   
  
"I know," she said. "I mean, I played it as a kid but I don't really know how you get the cards and how much it costs and all that."  
  
"I see," the man said. "Well sit down here if you want and I can show you while I play."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said, sitting next to him so she could see his cards. He was playing three at once.   
  
"Your parents know you dress like that?" he asked.   
  
"They are out of town," Megan said. "What they don't know won't hurt them, right? Besides, I'm 18. I can wear what I want."  
  
"True enough," he said. "Name's Bud. You are?"  
  
"Megan," she said, shaking his hand. "Very nice to meet, sir."  
  
"You didn't really come over here to play bingo, did you?"   
  
"No sir," Megan frowned. "I'm sorry. I just, well, you have a great smile and it seemed like you were having so much fun, I wanted to meet you."  
  
"And..."  
  
"And I wanted to see if maybe you wanted to share a funnel cake with me."  
  
He looked at her skeptically. "You don't have any money, do you?"  
  
"No, sir," Megan said. "But I'm not asking for your money. I mean, yes, I suppose you would have to buy the funnel cake. But I don't need money. I would just like the company. I promise, that's it."  
  
"You got a thing for black men, older men or what?" he said laughing.  
  
"I have a thing for men," Megan laughed. "Mostly older, I guess. Just real men, you know. I don't suppose you like 18 year old former cheerleaders in tight little dresses, either, do you?"  
  
"Hell no," he laughed out loud. "What kind of man would be attracted to someone like that?"  
  
They both laughed and he said, "All right, let me play another round and then we'll go find some good fried carnival food. I'm not looking for any trouble from your dad or a jealous boyfriend or anything, so we'll keep it casual and just get to know each other. I'm still trying to figure you out."  
  
"I understand, sir," Megan said. "I know it's weird for me to approach you like this, but I promise there's no trick, no angry dad or boyfriend or anything like that. I won't bring you any trouble."  
  
He played the last game, winning $20 which he said would pay for their treat.   
  
"Thank you," Megan said. "I want you to know that I'm not a gold-digger. I'm not looking for handouts or trying to con anyone. I just, well, it turns me on to flirt with older men."  
  
"That's a dangerous game," Bud said. "You realize sometimes flirting can be interpreted as an invitation for something more, right?"  
  
"I know," Megan said. "That's why I'm careful. I watched you. I saw how you interacted with people and how you smiled. I thought you would be fun to flirt with but, well, safe, too."  
  
"What do I get out of this then?" Bud said. "I know you're not going to go home with me and let me pull that little dress off you."  
  
"No, sir," Megan said. "I can't do that. But I will do something for you. What do you want?"  
  
Bud stopped and faced her. "You really want to know what I want? All right. Well, my wife is home tonight. She's home every night. We've been married for 26 years. I love her to death. But she had a stroke a few years ago. She needs constant care and, well, she can no longer care for my needs. I'm not complaining, but I do have to make time for myself. I'm not proud of it, but it's true."  
  
"Of course you do," Megan said, her voice filled with genuine compassion. "You poor thing. Maybe we can find a quiet place and I can jerk you off?"  
  
"Nah, little girl," Bud said. "I'm not asking for that. That's just trouble waiting to happen. But what I would like is a little show. A video that I can, uh, use later when I'm alone. A video for my eyes only."  
  
"Uh, sure," Megan said. "What did you have in mind?"  
  
"You're hungry, right?" he smiled.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said.   
  
"You know how to eat and make it look sexy?"  
  
Megan smiled. "Yes, I sure do. Maybe buy a corndog and a funnel cake with lots of that white powdered sugar and whipped cream on it?"   
  
"I like that," Bud said. "I'll get the food. You find a place where we can have a little privacy but with enough light to make a good video."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. She was smiling as she looked for a good place. This was going to be fun too. She felt much less like a slut knowing that she was doing something nice to help this poor, sweet man.   
  
She looked around and saw a small building with a sign that indicated it housed arts and crafts exhibits. But exhibitors were gone and the building closed for the night. There were plenty of people walking by it, but no one approaching it or the three small round picnic tables sitting under a security light next to the building. Anyone looking over would be able to see them as they walked by, but there was no real reason for anyone to approach them. It was too open to have sex or anything like that, but not too open to make a little sexy video.   
  
She went back and joined Bud in line, helping him carry two corn dogs, fries and a funnel cake and two drinks back to the table.   
  
"Perfect," he said. "Before we start, let's just do a little test to make sure the video and audio and lighting and everything is OK."  
  
"Sure," Megan said. She was feeling comfortable now, creative, having fun. She stood up next to the table and looked at his phone as he recorded. "Hello Bud. I'm very happy to make this video for such a sweet man. I wish I could do more for you, but I hope this helps fulfill your needs for a long time to come. My name is Megan, I'm 18 and I'm, well, as you can see how I'm dressed, I'm not a very good girl. But I am very good at being very, very bad. Just watch."  
  
"That was pretty hot," Bud said, stopping the recording. Megan looked over his shoulder as he played it back. It was a little grainy from the lighting, but overall the quality was quite good. "That will work for sure. So, look, I'll ask you some questions and give you some direction and you just do your thing. OK?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "Direct me. Tell me how to turn you on."  
  
"Damn, there are days I wish I didn't love my wife," Bud chuckled. "This is one of them."  
  
"I know you don't mean that," Megan giggled. "But I'm flattered. I'm so impressed by your devotion to her. You shouldn't feel guilty about this at all. Every time you jerk off watching this, just remember that you're a good man and that I'm doing this because I respect you and want you to be happy."  
  
"You're not what you look like at all, are you?" Bud said as they sat and ate some fries before starting the video.   
  
"What do you mean?" Megan said. "I mean, I know I look like a little slut dressed like this."  
  
"Exactly," Bud said. "Like your IQ matches your dress size. But this is new to you, isn't it?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. She proceeded to tell him about her athletic career, good grades and solid family life. "I have been very fortunate. I know I should embrace the opportunities I have, but, well, I just needed to try being different. I need to know what I want to do with my life, not what everyone thinks I should do."  
  
"Yep, you have to figure out who you are," Bud said. "That's the only way to be happy. I can see that you really like doing things for other people. You're a giver. And I thank you for giving me a gift tonight."  
  
"You're very welcome," Megan said. "Thank you for understanding and not judging me."  
  
"Not a thing about you I don't like," Bud said. "Now, about the video, you don't mind talking a little dirty and stuff like that do you? I mean, it's all just pretend."  
  
"Not at all," Megan smiled. "Only I don't have to pretend to be turned on by you."  
  
"Fuck, you're just natural-born hot. You know just what to say and how to say it," Bud said. "All right, let's do this."  
  
Bud held up his phone and started the video, "So Megan," he began, "do you like sucking cock?"  
  
"Of course I do," Megan said. Her answer was straightforward, honest. Not some fake tease. "And I'm pretty good at it."  
  
"How did you get good at it?"  
  
"Practice, of course," Megan said. "And not just with cocks. I'm not a total slut! I practice with popsicles, blow pops, suckers, dildos, oh, and corn dogs!" She held the corn dog up by her face.  
  
"Why don't you show us a little of your technique?"  
  
'Well, the main thing about being a good cocksucker is you have to want to do it," Megan said. "Sometimes I think I enjoy it more than the guy does. Or at least as much. There's just something about having a big hard cock to play with and tease and worship."  
  
"Worship?"  
  
"Oh yes, in that moment, I'm a slave to cock and balls, a humble servant unworthy of the mighty cock and nutrient-giving cum. I pay my respects and homage to the mighty cock. I stroke it with my hands, kiss it and rub it all over my face." As she said these things, she acted them out with the corn dog. "But I am not worthy, so I punish myself for being so selfish, so lusty." She slapped herself in the face with the corndog, hitting both cheeks.   
  
"I stuff it in my naughty little mouth and stretch myself to make sure I do the job right -- all lips and cum, no teeth." She put the corn dog in her mouth and stuffed it inside her cheek and jabbing it back and forth, showing the corn dog pushing her cheek in and out.   
  
"I know I don't deserve it, but I'm starving for it, so I put it in my mouth, just the tip at first, showing as much restraint as I can." She demonstrated for a few seconds, kissing and sucking on the corn dog. Then she pulled it out and continued talking. She put the corn dog down and picked up a clump of the funnel cake. "I'm so hungry for it though and I know what I really want comes from the balls. So I lick and suck on them too, showing my respect and begging them to share with me." She licked the powdered sugar off the funnel cake and stuffed the full piece in her mouth. After she ate it she said. "I put both balls in my mouth at the same time just like that and give them tongue bath. I make them churn and ache with pleasure, so full they are desperate to be drained."

Then, I let the man use my mouth however he wants. He can fuck it slow and make me work on the head. He can slide it across my lips and make me kiss the shaft. Or he can jam it all the way down my throat and try to choke me with it. I am merely the tool at that point, the receptacle, his to use as he wants and needs. I have created this need in him. I am so naughty for doing so. The least I can do is take his passion, his power, his desire all the way down my throat. My eyes might water. I might not be able to breathe. But I never gag. I never ask him to stop. And I never tell him where he can and cannot shoot his cum."  
  
She scooped up whipped cream and powdered sugar now and slapped it across her face. "He can cover my face with it, my tits, my hair. Or he can drop it right on my tongue or shoot it right down my throat into my belly. Regardless of where he shoots it," she said, scooping whipped cream off her face and into her mouth, "I swallow. Every. Drop. Then I put his cock back in my mouth and I suck out the rest of it. There's always a little left over. I just can't leave those sweet little sperm behind though."  
  
Bud shut off the video. "Good lord, girl, you're too hot for words."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said. "You inspire me. That's what I would honestly do for you if the circumstances were different."  
  
"Every inch, every drop?"  
  
"Yes, sir. Every inch. Every drop. Every time."  
  
"You're going to make some man very happy someday."  
  
"I want to make lots of men happy," Megan said.   
  
Bud took several photos before they finished. She posed for him, seductively putting her fingers in her mouth, bending over the table, arching her back, standing straight legged and even laying across the table. Bud noticed that not only did she have a great body and sexy outfit, but she seemed to know how to show off her best assets -- her legs, ass and tiny waist. Her perky breasts looked amazing as she arched and contorted. She was a true doll.  
  
"These are going to get me through a lot of masturbations," Bud laughed.   
  
"If you would like, I can send you some other pictures or videos sometime," Megan said. "You know, so you don't get bored looking at the same time all the time."  
  
"That would be great," Bud said. They exchanged numbers. "Just let me text you first, so you don't actually send something at the wrong time. I don't want anyone to see what you send, for your privacy and mine."  
  
"I appreciate that very much," Megan said. "I promise I won't ever send you anything without you reaching out to me first."  
  
Bud walked her back to Mick and Harry and Megan introduced him.   
  
"This fine gentlemen is Bud," Megan said, explaining Bud's devotion to his ailing wife. "The poor man hasn't been with anyone else for a very long time. I respect that so much, but I know he has needs. So, with your permission, daddies, I would like to send him some, um, inspiration from time to time."  
  
Mick and Harry heartily agreed, showed their respect to Bud and complimented Megan on her generous nature. "Lots of good people at this table," Mick said.  
  
"Well, two anyway," Harry laughed. "I'm not sure you and I qualify."  
  
Bud left, saying he had to get home to his wife. His nephew was staying with her so Bud could enjoy a night out of the house. Megan sat back down. Two challenges down, two to go. So far so good.   
  
"Having fun?" Mick asked.  
  
"Yeah, I really am," Megan said. "I didn't think I would, but this is cool. I don't like how some people look at me and I'm glad I'm not in a place where I'll see people I know. Plus the guys have been great so far. I know I'm only halfway there. I'm nervous that I won't find such good guys all four times."  
  
"That's a reasonable concern," Harry said. "But you have shown good judgement so far and obviously are communicating well with them, managing expectations. And you know how to handle yourself if there's a guy who's not so nice."  
  
Megan asked if she could walk over to the area where most of the carnival games were, explaining that she wanted to find someone who looked like they were good at the games. "I don't want the poor guy to spend a ton of money trying to win me a prize," she said. "I want him to win me a prize and then I can let him take my picture or something as a thank you."  
  
"Good plan," Mick said. "Go ahead. If you find someone, just let us know."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said. "You know I like older men, but is there a minimum age -- I mean, he has to be an adult, but does he have to be a lot older?"  
  
"No," Harry said. "18 or older is fine. Just remember that a younger guy is probably not as likely to be as mature and able to control himself as the other guys you picked."  
  
Megan indicated her understanding and walked off, carefully adjusting her dress to cover as much as possible. She slowly approached the game booths, aware of people looking at her, some commenting, some whistling. It didn't startle her anymore, but it was still unsettling. She did her best not to let it show as she strolled through the games, politely waving off the barkers trying to get her to come over and play.  
  
There was a group of young guys -- college aged, she guessed -- trying the basketball game, where the baskets were always too high, the rims too tight and the balls too bouncy. But every guy always thought they could win. The guys were throwing their money down, talking trash to each other and failing. Time and again. Then she noticed another guy, about the same age but not part of the group, walk up and hand over his money for a try. He didn't look athletic like the jock-looking group did. He was a little under 6 feet tall, kind of pudgy and a bit geeky looking with glasses and a haircut you would expect to see on an old-time newscaster. He wore baggy khaki shorts, tennis shoes and a concert t-shirt.   
  
The other guys noticed him too. They didn't say anything mean to him, but she could see them pointing and smirking as if to say, "Watch this dork." She found herself rooting for him. He missed the first shot, but it was close. Then he sank the next two. He won a small prize. He told the barker he would let it ride and try again. He made two out of three again. Medium prize. They jocks were stunned, insisting that it was luck or that he knew some kind of trick. But Megan had seen enough. She walked over to him, ignoring the jocks who had plenty to say about her too.  
  
"Hi," she said. "You're really good at that."  
  
"You're talking to me?" the guy said, looking around to see if there was someone else she might be speaking to.  
  
"Yes," she said, holding out her hand. "My name's Megan. I was just watching you shoot. You're really good."  
  
"Thanks," he replied, shaking her hand as well. "I'm Jim."  
  
"Nice to meet you, Jim. Um, I have a strange question for you, but I would like a little privacy," she said, nodding toward the guys behind her. "Would you mind walking with me for a minute?"  
  
"Uh, sure," he said. "I was just about to try for the big prize though."  
  
"That's kind of what I want to talk to you about," she said. Then she turned to the barker. "Excuse me, I need to talk to him for a minute. If he comes back can he still trade the medium for a big prize if he wins?"  
  
"Sure, babe," the barker said, looking her up and down. "As long as you come back too."  
  
"Oh, I'll be back," Megan smiled. She put her arm around Jim's and led him back toward the beer tent.  
  
"I don't understand," Jim said. He did enjoy the other guys stare at them as they walked by, their disbelief over his shooting morphing into outright astonishment that a girl like Megan was with him.  
  
"I know," Megan said. "I'm really sorry about that. I didn't mean to put you on the spot. It's just, well, I have a favor to ask."  
  
"Um, sure, I guess," Jim said. "What I can help you with? Do I know you?"  
  
"No," Megan said. "I don't think so. I know this sounds silly, but I REALLY want one of those huge panda bears. But I know I could never make those shots like you. But I'm guessing you don't really want that bear, do you?"  
  
"Not really," Jim said. "I just like playing the game. So, you want me to win it and give it to you?"  
  
"Yes," Megan said. "But not for free. I mean, I can't pay you, but I can maybe do something else to repay you. Maybe give you something you want as much as I want that bear."  
  
Jim looked at her, studying her face, then looked around. If this was a prank, she hid it well. "You're serious? Like what would you give me?"  
  
"Well, we can talk about that," Megan smiled. "First, I want to meet my daddies." They arrived at the table and she introduced him to Mick and Harry.   
  
"Nice to meet you gentlemen," Jim said as he shook their hands.   
  
"Nice to meet you," Mick said.   
  
"I have asked Jim to try to win one of those big bears for me," Megan smiled. "He's REALLY good at basketball."  
  
"That's mighty nice of you, Jim," Mick said. "I'm afraid Harry and I aren't much good at sports these days. Used to love to play though. Can we pay your fee to play?"  
  
"Oh, no sir," Jim said. "It's my pleasure. I just met Megan but she seems really sweet and I don't really want the bear. I just like to play the game. So if I win it, I'm happy to give to her."  
  
"You've found a very nice young man," Harry said to Megan. "You two kids go have fun."  
  
That was the approval Megan was waiting for. She took Jim's hand and together they walked back to the game. "Thank you so much for doing this," she said.   
  
"Don't thank me yet," Jim said. "I haven't won it for you yet."  
  
"Oh, I know," Megan said. "But you're going to try. That's the main thing. Plus, I just know you will do it. And I'll be right there cheering you on."  
  
"That will be enough payback," Jim said. "I mean, if I win, if you just be there and cheer for me, that's all you owe me."  
  
"That's sweet," Megan said. "But I owe you more than that."  
  
"How old are you, anyway?" he asked, trying not to sound like he wanted to make sure she wasn't too young.  
  
"18," Megan giggled. "Nothing to worry about, right? How old are you?"  
  
"22," Jim said. "No boyfriend to win this for you?"  
  
"Nope," Megan said. "No girlfriend to win prizes for?"  
  
"Nah," Jim said. "I'm not much of a ladies man."  
  
"Could have fooled me," Megan smiled. She put her head on his shoulder for added effect as they walked past the group of jocks that had now moved on to the ring toss game. She made sure her hips rolled and ass wiggled for them as she walked by them.  
  
As they neared the basketball booth, Megan asked him, "How are you so good at this when no one else is?"  
  
"No special skill," Jim shrugged modestly. "I've just always been good at shooting and throwing things. I think a lot of people psyche themselves out -- the rims are too small and too tight and all that. But you just have to trust your shot and know that, if you do it right, it will go in."  
  
"It's a big ball to fit in small, tight little hole," Megan said in an overtly innocent, naive voice. She bit her lip and winked, letting him know that she very much was aware of her double entendre.   
  
"Yeah," he grinned. "I guess a tight target is nothing to complain about."  
  
"I've never had any complaints," Megan grinned.   
  
"Good to see you back," the barker said. "You too, sir." He laughed and took Jim's money and the medium prize. "You know the deal. Two of three gets you that big bear the little lady wants. Make all three and you get the bear and you can keep the pussycat too." The medium prize, a pink and white stuffed kitten with big eyes and whiskers. It was no slip of the tongue that the barker had used the "pussy" name though. They all three knew what he meant.   
  
"Then you'd walk away with two pussycats!" Megan said, deciding to play along rather than act naïve or offended.   
  
"I like your style, little lady," the barker nodded. He handed the ball to Jim. "Come on bud, win your girl a prize."  
  
"Hold on," Megan said. She walked over to him and kissed him on the mouth. "A kiss for luck."  
  
"I'd say he's pretty damn lucky already," the barker said.   
  
Megan stepped back, out of Jim's line of sight so as not to distract him. He dribbled the ball a couple of times, took aim and shot. The ball arced beautifully and dropped through the rim.   
  
"Yay!" Megan jumped up and down, be careful about landing on her heels. In that moment, though, she didn't care if the jumping made her boobs bounce or her dress flip up to reveal too much ass. She was in the moment now. "Give me a J! Give me an I! Give me an M! Yay Jim!!"  
  
She noticed everyone looking at her and shrugged her shoulders. "Sorry, I used to be a cheerleader. Old habits."  
  
"No need to apologize," Jim said. "Never had my own cheerleader before."  
  
"I never had a star athlete before," Megan said. She kissed him again. Then she held his hand to her mouth and sucked on his index and middle fingers exactly the same as if it was his cock. "Gotta cool these things off. You're on fire."   
  
She giggled as he tried not to show his shock. Who was this girl? She just oozed sexuality. She was full of surprises. He struggled to focus on his next shot, but it was all rhythm and form. He was automatic. He sank the second shot. Megan jumped and cheered. He had won the big prize.   
  
"Now win that pussy!" one of the jocks said behind them. His buddies all laughed. Such immature jerks, Megan thought. That was exactly why she liked older men. Or at least mature guys like Jim.   
  
She kissed him again, looking over his shoulder at the crowd of jocks as she did so, making sure they were watching. She moved Jim's hands to her ass as they kissed. Then she whispered in his ear, "You're making me wet."  
  
Jim swallowed hard, took the last shot and drained it. He knew as soon as he let it go. He turned to her, smiling. She ran up and jumped in his arms, wrapping her legs around him. He put his hands on her ass, holding her up as they kissed. He still didn't know what was going on, but he wasn't about to stop her now.   
  
"You two better get a room," the barker laughed. He handed both animals to Megan. The bear was as big as she was, almost, so Jim carried it and she carried the cat.   
  
"That was amazing!" she said as they walked away. "No one can do that!"  
  
"Just luck," Jim grinned, knowing it wasn't. "Your kisses worked. I think I could do anything after kisses like that. Thank you."  
  
"I haven't done anything for you," Megan said. "Yet."  
  
"The kisses and cheering and all that weren't your way of paying me back?"  
  
"No, those were just me supporting you," Megan said. "I still owe you."  
  
"What are you suggesting?" Jim said. "Look, I wouldn't turn it down, but you don't owe me sex. I just want you to know that. I mean..."  
  
"It's OK," Megan smiled. "I don't think we should have sex either. I know I look like it, but I'm not a slut and don't want you to think of me that way."  
  
"I don't think you're a slut," Jim said. "I just think you're the sexiest woman I've ever seen. Not just how you look, but how you act. I don't know you, but it feels like you're just being you. At first I thought it was some sort of joke or act, but it wasn't, was it?"  
  
"No," Megan said. "It's weird, I'm nervous when I go out dressed like this and when I approach someone like you, but it's kind of a rush too, ya know. I know you won't believe this, but I have only done this a couple of times. Anyway, I just want to thank you for being so nice."  
  
"No problem," Jim said. "And I do believe you. But I have to ask, did I really make you wet?"  
  
Megan gave him a naughty grin, "Come on. See for yourself."  
  
She led him behind a row of portable restrooms and took his hand. She put it under her dress, between her legs. He touched her pussy through her panties. She was hot and, yes, wet.  
  
"Jesus," he said. "You're on fire. And your panties are soaked."  
  
"They're a mess," Megan giggled. She bit her lip. "Take them off. They're yours. If you want them."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"A prize for a prize," Megan said. "I got my bear and cat. You get my pussy -- in a matter of speaking."  
  
Jim knelt down in front of her, taking full advantage of the opportunity to get a good look at her pussy in the pale light of the street lights. He realized that her panties were really a g-string -- not a surprise -- and pulled them down over her hips and thighs. As her pussy came into view, he saw that her mound was completely smooth. Again, not a surprise. Instinctively, he leaned forward and placed a kiss on her bald mound. She took in a breath of surprise, then giggled again. Such a cute little giggle. "Oh my," she said. "I shouldn't do this, but if you want a taste..."  
  
He needed no further invitation. She spread her legs wider as he let her panties drop to her ankles and stuck his head between her legs, smelling her sweet pussy and licking her wet lips. He licked between them, his tongue going right over her clit. She put her hands on the back of his head, running her fingers through his hair. But he stopped and stood up. His hair was a mess and his glasses were fogged.   
  
"Sorry, I really want to, I just, I can't guarantee I can stop if we start," he said. "You're unbelievable."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said, pulling her dress back down and stepping out of her g-string. "You have class. Most guys your age wouldn't stop. I like mature men of any age. Can I have your number?"  
  
"Hell yes," Jim said. They exchanged numbers and then she took the panties from him. "Hey, I thought those were mine..." he mock protested.  
  
"They are," Megan said. "But you can't have the panties without the pussy." She put the g-string over the stuffed cat. It didn't really fit right, but it was funny and sexy anyway. He laughed and accepted her gift.   
  
"Oooh, so hot," he smiled. "Sorry, babe. You've got some pretty tough competition now."  
  
"I think I'm out of my league," Megan laughed. "Hard to beat a pussy like that!"  
  
They walked back to the beer tent, Megan wondering why the hell she had given away her panties. Her little dress couldn't be counted on to cover her bare ass and pussy and there was a chance anyone might see her butt plug. Giving him her panties had been an impulse, a decision made in the heat of the moment. She felt exposed now, but she didn't regret it anyway.   
  
As they approached Mick and Harry, Jim thought about the panties on the stuffed cat. "Should I hide this?" he asked. "I don't want to piss them off."  
  
"No," Megan said. "They will think it's funny. Don't worry. They are the coolest guys. Like you."  
  
"Wow, you must be a great shot," Harry said, noting the two large stuffed animals.  
  
"He's amazing," Megan said on Jim's behalf.  
  
"It's also amazing that stuffed animals now come with underwear," Mick laughed.   
  
"Well, the poor thing looked cold," Megan said in a pouty little voice. "And I was really warm, so..."  
  
"It was the least you could do," Harry filled in.  
  
They all laughed, Jim's laugh being one of nervous relief. "Well, I guess I should let you guys enjoy your evening," he said. "It was an honor to meet you gentlemen and, of course, a pleasure to meet you Megan. I hope to hear from you sometime."  
  
"You will," Megan said. "I promise." She kissed him on the cheek and he walked away, clutching the stuffed kitten.  
  
"Getting all worked up, huh?" Mick laughed. "Try not to hump the next guy on top of the Ferris wheel."  
  
"I know!" Megan said. "I don't understand. I go from nervous and shy to slutty and horny just like that," she said snapping her fingers. "That's not normal, is it?"  
  
"Who's to say what's normal?" Harry said. "You're just honest. Genuine. That's one of the appealing things about you. So far, you seem to have found that in each of your selections tonight. I hope you have the same wise judgement for the last one."  
  
"Me too," Megan said. "I've been lucky so far. This is all making me so horny. I might need you guys to fuck me when we get home tonight."  
  
"Hmm," Mick said. "I think our little pupil is forgetting how this works."

"I agree," Harry said.   
  
"I'm sorry," Megan said. "I don't know what I was thinking. I'm very sorry, daddies."  
  
"We'll let it go this time," Mick said. "You've done well tonight. You're entitled one slip up."  
  
"Yeah, you're thinking with your pussy instead of your brain," Harry said. "Classic slut behavior."  
  
"Thank you for understanding," Megan said. She took a deep breath and started looking around, once again trying to identify a partner for her next assignment. She saw a gentleman who looked to be in his 30s. Very handsome. Well-dressed. She started to say something, then stopped herself. He seemed pretty drunk, which could spell trouble. "Trust your gut, not your pussy." She decided to keep looking. It had been a fun night so far, but maybe it was time to play it safe. Just tease some old man on the Ferris wheel, send him home with a boner and call it a night.   
  
She locked in on a silver-haired gentleman who was tall with a round belly and friendly face. He wasn't drinking, just sitting in one of the folding chairs tapping his fingers along with the performance of the barbershop quartet onstage. He had to be around 60. Not drunk, clean cut, older. He checked all the boxes for safety. She explained all her reasons to the guys. Mick frowned.  
  
"Hmm," he said. "I see the value in playing it safe. I'm all for that. But it seems like you're generalizing here. Are you trusting your instincts or simply what your eyes tell you? Your eyes and your thighs will both lie to you, ya know."  
  
"I don't know," Megan said. "The other three were kind of obvious. I knew right away. I don't have that same feeling this time, but he's gotta be pretty safe at least, right?"  
  
"Sounds like your priorities have changed," Harry said. "But if he's your choice, go for it."  
  
Megan bit her lip nervously. They guys' hesitation made her hesitate too. She looked around, trying to find someone else, anyone who caught her eye and gave her a good vibe. She was getting frustrated. The guys didn't seem confident in her choice for the first time tonight. But were they just testing her? This was Slut School, after all.  
  
She looked back at the younger, good looking drunk guy. She was drawn to him. He seemed like a happy drunk, at least. But he was with a small group of people. That was intimidating. The old guy didn't give her the warm fuzzy feeling, but she attributed the alarms going off in her head to Mick and Harry. She decided to go for it.   
  
She walked over to him, well aware of her lack of any attire at all under her dress. "Excuse me, sir," she said after waiting for the quartet to finish their song.   
  
"Yes, hello my dear," he said. He looked her up and down, smiling. "What can I do for you?"  
  
Megan introduced herself and explained that she wanted to ride the Ferris wheel but had no money and no one to ride with.   
  
"And you picked me?" he said. "Why?"  
  
"Well, you look sweet and kind and it seemed like you might be alone, so maybe you'd like a little company," Megan said hopefully. "But if I'm wrong, please don't be offended. I'll leave you alone."  
  
"Don't be silly," the man smiled. It was sort of a creepy smile, like a salesman who knew he had just hooked another sucker. "My name is Howard and I'll be happy ride with you. You seem like a very nice young lady who would be a lot of fun to ride with."  
  
Megan didn't like how he said "a lot of fun" but she shook it off and said, "Oh great. Thank you so much, sir."  
  
They listened to another song. Megan focused on the stage as she sat next to him, but she felt his eyes on her the whole time. This man had a little more spunk in him that she figured. Still, he had to be harmless. Maybe a dirty old man, but still old. He would probably think holding her hand was "getting frisky." She told herself these things to try to ease her concerns.   
  
She was feeling the same concerns, however, as they got on the ride a few minutes later. He sat on the same side of the car with her, his arm her neck. As they started to move he fidgeted with the strap of her dress. "So, I pay for your ride and you do what for me, exactly?" he asked, grinning. "And what are your prices?"  
  
"Excuse me?" Megan said, astonished. "I'm not a prostitute."  
  
"You look like one," he said. "Let me guess, you want a sugar daddy. Still makes you a prostitute. But OK. What do you need me to buy you so you don't feel like a whore while I'm fucking you?"  
  
"Sir, please," Megan said. "I'm not that kind of girl. I'm not going to have sex with you for any price. I'm sorry if I gave you that impression."  
  
"Impression?" Howard chuckled. "You call dressing like this an impression? I call it an invitation. Come on now, let's see those tits." He pulled at her dress, exposing her breast. She grabbed at the dress and pulled it quickly back, covering herself.   
  
"You're a little wildcat," he laughed. "I like that. Now let's see what's under here." He grabbed her dress and flipped it up. She tried to push it down, but not before he saw her bare pussy. "Fuck, no bra, no panties, totally bald but you expect me to believe you're not a little whore."  
  
"I'm not," Megan said. "Sir, please. Let's just ride and then go our separate ways. I'm not what you think I am."  
  
"Fine," he said. "You're not a whore. You're a little slut. Even better. I don't have to pay you and I still get what I want because you want it as bad as I do." He put his hand on her face and pulled her to him, kissing her on the mouth. She pushed him away again. They were stopped at the top of the wheel now, as other riders got on and off. She was hand-fighting him, pushing him away, trapped with this man determined to have her. He grabbed one of her hands and put it on his crotch. He was hard. "At least give me a hand job."  
  
"Fuck no," Megan said. Then she remembered her training. Be polite, respectful. "I'm sorry, sir. But no."  
  
Just then the ride started moving. As they neared the bottom, she yelled down to the ride operator. "I don't feel well. Can you please let us off?"  
  
"Yeah, I want to get off too," Howard said, laughing at his dirty joke. He grabbed her ass as she exited the ride. She took off running, not looking back to see if he was still on the ride or had exited too. She hurried back to the beer tent and found the guys.   
  
"I would have teased him like the other guys," Megan said, explaining what happened. "But he wasn't happy with that. He wanted to fuck me right then and there. It just wasn't right. I hope you're not mad."  
  
"Not at you," Harry said. "Not very happy with Howard. I can understand him missing the signals, but he shouldn't have been attacking you like that. I'm glad you're not hurt."  
  
"Right," Mick added. "You did the right thing. There is a time to submit and a time to defend yourself."  
  
Megan thanked them for understanding and they left the carnival without any further incidents.   
  
"I would give you a B for tonight," Mick said. "You had an A going with the first three. Even though you did the right thing by getting away from the last guy, you did err in choosing him in the first place."  
  
"But don't worry," Harry said. "There's extra credit available tonight. You can still finish the day with an A."  
  
"Extra credit?" Megan grinned. "Oh, I like the sound of that, daddies." She assumed they meant to have sex with her when they got home. She hoped at least one of them would fuck her pussy and get her off. But even if it was two blowjobs, it would be a fun way to end the day. Then she thought about the butt plug. They had put that in her for a reason. Was tonight the night they were going to fuck her virgin ass? That made sense for extra credit. She wasn't looking forward to that, but she knew it was coming and was as ready to try it as she was going to be. She knew the butt plug was intended to loosen her up and have her prepared for a hard cock. But she was anxious to have the plug removed, not replaced.  
  
It was late when they got home. Megan wanted to fuck and go to sleep. The guys, as usual, had other ideas.  
  
"Megan, go over to our house and check on the dog," Mick said, handing her the house keys. "Just needs to be let out and fed. You know the deal."  
  
"Of course, sir," Megan said. She took the key and walked down the sidewalk to their front door. The guys were in her house, preparing for her ass fucking, she assumed. She opened their door and was immediately grabbed by a big strong man. Jock and Muscles again? The house was dark. She couldn't see anything, but she could tell the man was naked. And muscular.   
  
"Ready to pay for defense training?" a deep voice said in her ear. It was Pierce. She realized the guys had given him a key and set this up. Her fear was gone and she relaxed. She wasn't sure why Pierce had surprised her like this, but was more than happy to see him and find out if he was as well hung as she had suspected.   
  
He let her go and turned on a light. "It's good to see you, sir," Megan smiled. He was naked and gorgeous. His cock was half erect and looked huge.  
  
"Yeah, you like what you see," he said. "I know you do. I like what I see too. I'll like it more when that pretty dress is on the floor, though. Do you know how badly I wanted to fuck you this morning? I've trained some hot women over the years and fucked a lot of them too. But you're at the top of the list. Just glad Mick and Harry realized the value you offer beyond money. It was an easy deal to make."  
  
"I'm glad they made it," Megan said. "So, um, what do you want me to do?"  
  
"Like I said. Take off that dress. The heels too."  
  
Megan wasn't surprised about the dress, but she was surprised about the heels. It seemed like she had worn heels everywhere but in the shower this week. She stepped out of the heels and shimmied out of the dress, standing completely naked in front of him.   
  
"Much better," Pierce said. "Crawl over here and worship my cock. Make it hard so it can ravage you the way you've been fantasizing about all day."  
  
Damn, how did he know that? Megan dropped to her knees and crawled to him, eager to get a closer look at his cock. She had meant what she had said earlier about not caring what men looked like or how much money they had. And Pierce wasn't the hottest guy she had ever seen, but he was so well built, so masculine, so in control. She wanted him desperately. She would gladly submit to a man like this any time.   
  
She looked up at him as she knelt at his feet. "Daddy, may I please suck your cock?"   
  
"You better," Pierce said.   
  
He was intimidating. Dominant. Powerful. She loved it. She took him in her mouth, just taking care of the head and kissing on his shaft and balls at first. He grew thicker and harder. She started to take him deeper, but he stopped her. He pulled her to her feet and looked her in the face.  
  
"I know there's been talk of you getting implants and lip injections and all that shit," he said. "Your body, your choice. But let me just add my two cents and say I think you should stay just like this. I love a tight, firm body like yours. Let me show you why."  
  
He picked her up with ease and tossed her over his shoulder, flipping her around and upside down. The next thing knew, his cock was in her mouth and she was holding onto him, her arms around his waist, her legs around his neck and shoulders. She felt his hot breath on her pussy lips and his cock pushing into the back of her throat. He held her firmly in place. She never felt like she might fall.   
  
He face fucked her for a few minutes, then flipped her over again. Now she was face to face with him as he dropped her pussy onto his cock. She clung to his neck and wrapped her legs around him as his massive cock drove deep into her. She let her arms hang down by her side so all her weight was essentially on his cock with maximum penetration. Her pussy, which had been stretched to its limits earlier in the day by Muscles and Jock, was once again put to the test. In her lust-driven brain, she felt proud of her little cunt. It took huge cock like a champion, took the pounding and punishment, snapped back into place and asked for more. God, she loved being fucked like this.   
  
"See, you were made this size for a reason," Pierce said into her ear. "You're perfect just the way you are. I can put you in any position. I can hold you like this for hours without getting tired. I can make you cum over and over again. Just like that."  
  
He said the last sentence as she came, her body tensing, her pussy and legs clamping onto him, holding on for dear life. She trembled and shook, spasming through a powerful orgasm. "Oh god," she breathed.   
  
"That's right baby," Pierce said. "Cum for daddy. Such a naughty girl. But I have another surprise for you."  
  
He grabbed her ass, felt the butt plug and pulled it out. He flipped her over, her face at his crotch again, her crotch at his face. Her asshole was gaping open. "Perfect," he said. He flipped her back over once more and dropped her ass right onto his cock. The head fit inside with a bit of pushing, the gaping hole prepared for it. But the butt plug hadn't been nearly as long, so it wasn't long before his cock was entering completely virgin territory.  
  
"First time, right slut?"  
  
"Yes, daddy," Megan moaned. "Fuck. Oh fuck. It feels so... weird."  
  
"Just relax, bitch. Remember, you were born for this. Cock teasing. Cock pleasing. Every inch of your body, inside and out, built for pleasure. You wouldn't be made this way if you couldn't take it."  
  
He was lifting her up and down now, steadily working more and more of his cock into her with each thrust. Finally, he was all the way in. She cried out. He whispered in her ear again, "I officially own your ass now. Your cunt and mouth are public property, but no matter who else you fuck, I'll always be the one who broke your ass in. Never forget that, bitch."  
  
"You own it," Megan cried out. "Take it. It's all yours, daddy."  
  
Just then the door opened and Mick and Harry walked in.   
  
"Right on time," Pierce said. "Her ass is no longer virgin. But you missed her cumming like a little whore. But don't worry, I can last a while longer. She'll be creaming again soon."  
  
"She was begging for that earlier tonight," Mick said.   
  
"Yeah, she was ready," Pierce said.  
  
"How's that little ass?" Harry asked.  
  
"Even tighter than her pussy," Pierce grunted. "At least it was until I stretched it out. I highly recommend it though. She's a tight little spinner though, I'll you that."  
  
"Spinner?"  
  
"Yeah, you know, like this," Pierce said. He lifted her ass off his cock, spun her upside down and put her mouth back on him, then spun her again and fucked her pussy. She was like one of those rodeo girls that did tricks on their horses. She was all over his body, but she never touched the ground. "I like huge tits, don't get me wrong, but you start injecting her with shit you'll lose a lot of this fun right here. I don't know about you boys, but tossing a little slut around on my cock and just sticking it in whichever hole lands on it is pretty damn fun. But whether you keep her as a spinner or turn her into a bimbo, she will always be a hot little fuck toy. Look at this."  
  
He lifted her up and showed them her asshole, which was gaping open. He dropped it back down on his cock before it closed.   
  
"Every hole is perfect in its own way," Pierce grunted. "You want to cum again, bitch?"  
  
"Yes, please, daddy," Megan groaned.   
  
He plugged his cock back into her pussy, rammed it deep, watching her eyeballs roll back in her head as another massive orgasm wracked her body.   
  
"If she's not addicted to this already, she will be soon," Pierce said. "You boys picked the right girl and are training her right."  
  
"We have had good help," Mick said.  
  
"Yeah, right place, right time," Harry added.   
  
"Speaking of place and time, you guys have a request on where I shoot my load?"  
  
"Anywhere you want is fine," Mick said. "You can officially christen her ass or she loves eating the stuff. It looks great on her face too."  
  
"All very tempting," Pierce said. "You fellas mind if stay here a long enough tonight to try each one?"  
  
"Not at all," Harry said. "You earned it. She sure ain't going to complain. We'll leave the door open at the other house. Just leave her on the couch when you're done."  
  
"Got it," Pierce said. He plugged his cock in her ass and came, shooting his load into her guts. "I claim this piece of ass in the name of Pierce!" he laughed. Even Megan laughed, clutching him, holding on tight, hoping this night would never end.