**Megan's Summer Education Ch. 05**

**CHAPTER 5: THE STUDENT BECOMES THE TEACHER**
**Wednesday**
When Mick and Harry came downstairs on Wednesday morning, they found Megan laying on the couch, her little yellow dress and heels on the floor next to her. She was covered in a blanket and sound asleep. They didn't know what time Pierce had brought her back but it was well into the wee hours of the morning.

Mick and Harry let her sleep. They had agreed the night before that she had been put through a lot in their four days together and that she deserved some rest. Of course, she would still be required to continue her training and tend to her duties, but mostly this would be a day of relaxation, reflection and rest. Her body was made to take a lot and to do a lot, but even it needed time to recover now and then. And like an expensive sports car, it was a fine-tuned piece of equipment worthy of being pampered.

They also thought it would be important for her to have time to connect with her parents and some of the men she had encountered this week. It would also be good for her to check in with Kasey and maybe even spend some time with her. Megan's attitude and energy had been great so far, but it was hard to expect to be able to keep that up.

They ate their breakfast and drank coffee out on the deck while it was still cool outside, careful not to wake her up. These days had been a lot of fun for Mick and Harry, too, but they were also exhausting. They weren't used to so much sex, let alone all the driving and late nights. They all needed time to recharge.

The guys checked on their house. Pierce had actually cleaned up after himself and the house was in good order and the dog was fine. They made a few phone calls pertinent to the day's plans and called Megan's parents, assuring them that things were going well.

Megan slept till almost 11 a.m. When she finally woke up, she realized she was naked. She barely remembered Pierce carrying her over his shoulder, wrapped in a blanket as he snuck through the back yards in the middle of the night. After taking her virgin ass, he had rested, laying back on the couch while she serviced him with her mouth. He rewarded her with a belly full of cum. Then, after a bit of recovery time, he had made her cum as he power-fucked her pussy and then dumped yet another load down her throat. It had been exhausting and demanding, but also exhilarating being taken by such a powerful and assertive man.

She stood up, wrapping herself in the blanket, testing her body. She ached all over, much like she used to ache after a day-long tennis tournament or, worse yet, the extensive offseason conditioning drills with the team trainer. She always thought of these pains as a "good ache". It hurt, but it was a sign of growth and development and strengthening of the body, not weakness or injury. The pain she felt this morning was like that -- a good hurt. Her jaw, throat, ass, pussy and legs all ached. Her back hurt. She thought of the endless number of deep hard thrusts she had taken from some very strong and powerful, well-endowed men and knew that every pain was well-earned. It was a small price to pay for the pleasure received. Still, the thought of another day like that was daunting.

She saw Mick and Harry sitting out by the pool. She found her dress on the floor and slipped it on and walked out barefoot to join them. "Good morning, daddies," she smiled. "Thank you so much for letting me sleep."

"You're welcome," Mick said. "What time did Pierce finish with you?"

"Around 4, I think," Megan said. "I'm not really sure. My brain was mush by then."

"How's your ass feel?" Harry asked. "Did you like it?"

"It hurts," Megan said. "But not bad. Yeah, I liked it. It's really different. It's uncomfortable but I like that feeling of being full and really dirty."

"Well, you're pretty dirty and ready for a shower, I imagine," Harry said. "We are going to take things a bit easier today. We do have some things planned, but first, get cleaned up, put on whatever you want to wear -- from your new clothes -- and come back down. Then take some time to text some of the guys you've met this week, your parents, Kasey. Just be normal for a little bit. Then, we have arranged for you and Kasey to have some spa time. So, just make sure she can go and then you get a massage and a different kind of facial."

They all laughed. "That sounds wonderful," Megan said. "Thank you so much. I'll text her right now, then take my shower and get cleaned up. You guys are the best. Thank you!"

Megan texted Kasey about the spa trip and got an enthusiastic response. They hadn't seen each other all week. To be able to get massages and pedicures and facials together was a rare treat.

Megan showered and called her parents, assuring them that she was doing very well. She also had a few texts from some of the guys from the week. She checked the private site that Jackson had set up. Some of the guys were asking for updates, so Megan sent a few photos of her yellow dress from yesterday to Jackson that he could post. Bud texted that he had jerked off twice watching her video and to let him know if she would mind doing another one in a schoolgirl outfit with a lollipop or maybe rubbing her legs in baby oil. Jim had sent her a nice text and funny photo of her g-string hanging on the rearview mirror of his car. Tom had sent her a very complimentary text about her maturity and class and encouraging her to think about a career in real estate.

She responded to Bud that she loved his video ideas and would let him know when she could make another one for him. She thanked Tom for the compliments and offer and assured him she would consider it. And she sent a funny text back to Jim about how all the girls would know he was a player now and would be competing to see whose panties he would claim as a trophy next.

She really liked this interaction and it made her think more about Yelton's idea of a website where she did private photo shoots and videos for her subscribers and could chat with different ones. It would be fun, safe and might really be profitable. She checked out some of the sites that Yelton had recommended and it looked like a lot of fun. Harmless, very sexy, teasing, lots of fun outfits, a few daring public stunts, some sexy webcam videos. None of it seemed too extreme. But at the same time, she wanted to build skills that would allow her to have a real career -- business skills, networking, achievements she could put on her resume. Maybe there was a way to do more than one. There was just so much to think about.

She checked the time and realized it was close to time to pick up Kasey. She wanted something basic to wear. They were just going to for massages. Still, she knew the guys would require no bra, high heels and something from her new wardrobe. Even "basic" t-shirt and shorts would be eye-catching given the sizes and styles she had to work with.

She decided to put on a light gray t-shirt. It was like a normal t-shirt, only it was cut off just below her nipples. It was so small that it hugged her body and wrapped tight to her chest and the sleeves barely covered her shoulders. She was naturally bare from the bottoms of her breasts to the top of the waist band on her gray cotton athletic shorts. These started below her navel and ended just past her crotch. They were skin tight and wrapped around her ass and pussy, which were additionally covered by a bright blue thong, the top of which was partially visible above the back of her shorts. No heels really made sense with this outfit, but she understood that style wasn't what the guys were concerned about. She put some basic red pumps and a plain red choker. She kept her hair down.

She knew Kasey would notice and comment about her new clothes, but she wouldn't judge. Plus, they had seen each other naked and in bras and panties and cheerleading outfits and playing dress up and everything else over the years. She might tease her, but Kasey would never shame her or insult her. Megan was anxious to see her BFF. There was so much she wanted to tell her, but she wasn't sure how much she could. Or would. And she knew she couldn't tell her about meeting her dad at the movie theater. But it would be nice to get away from the School for Sluts for a bit and get some perspective from Kasey. Even if she only hinted at a little of what she had been doing and thinking, Kasey would understand and would know the right things to say.

Megan showed the guys her outfit and had them take a few photos to send to Jackson for the site. She also texted one to Bud, Tom and Jim, then left to pick up Kasey. It was the first time she had been alone since her parents left. It was nice to have the freedom to hop in the car and go. Kasey lived close by and Megan pulled into her driveway as Kasey came bounding out the door.

Megan had always known that Kasey was beautiful, but maybe it was her heightened sense of her own appearance that caused her to really notice it now. People had always said that they looked like twins, only with different colored hair. Looking at Kasey's body and beautiful smile, Megan took that as more of a compliment than ever.

Kasey, indeed, did have a body that was very similar to Megan's. She was an inch shorter at 5-3 and her breasts were a bit smaller. But her torso, legs and ass -- like Megan's -- were on point. Megan didn't consider herself flawless, but she thought Kasey looked perfect. She was a natural blonde with a beautiful round face and blue eyes. She wasn't naturally as darkly tanned as Megan, but had a smooth, healthy all-over tan. She had been in cheerleading and tennis with Megan and was every bit as fit.

Kasey wore denim cutoffs at a reasonable length, a white tank top with a bra clearly visible underneath and some white sneakers. She looked cute and sexy, but in no way inappropriate or scandalous. Megan jumped out of the car and gave her friend a hug. They exchanged greetings and talked about how excited they were to get massages. Then Kasey noticed Megan's little outfit.

"Damn, girl, you're looking extra hot today!" Kasey said. Kasey and her family had moved to Florida from Tennessee and Kasey had retained her southern drawl. That and her looks made the guys drool over her. "Your clothes shrink in the dryer or something?"

Megan knew her friend wasn't judging or criticizing. "No," she laughed. "I'll tell you about it on the way. Hop in."

Megan didn't tell Kasey about the sex. She had to go into this cautiously, let things sink in and then see how Kasey reacted. She explained how, with her parents gone and Mick and Harry watching her, she had seen an opportunity to do a little bit of experimenting. She expressed her fears of going to a large college with so many sexy girls and so much partying -- a fear that Kasey didn't share as she was going to a very small art and design school. She explained how Mick and Harry had encouraged her to try a new wardrobe and had arranged for several "donations" in exchange for allowing the men to see her model the clothes. All of this was true. She just left out the sex part and that Kasey's dad was one of the participants. So, Harry and Mick said I should wear these kinds of clothes all week and that I should practice wearing no bra and heels every day.

Kasey's mouth had dropped and eyes were wide as she listened to her friend. But it was the same sort of expression she would have had if Megan had told her that her crush had sent her a text or if there was some sort of hot gossip in school. It was an excited expression.

"Oh my god," Kasey said. "I can't believe that. That's crazy! But I love it! What a great idea. How was it modeling for those guys? I can't imagine that, but I bet it was a huge turn on."

"You have no idea," Megan smiled. "I was so horny."

"I bet they were too!" Kasey said. "Damn, girl, your parents leave for a few days and my good-girl bestie becomes the neighborhood sex symbol. I love it!"

"Ha! More like wannabe model," Megan laughed. "But thanks for understanding. I know it's ... different. I don't know. I just needed to try this."

"Of course I understand," Kasey said. "We all want to be a sexy. I mean, you already were, but I do get it. It's like when we were kids and played dress up."

"Yeah, something like that," Megan nodded. "I'm not sure how I'm going to tell my parents, though."

"What do you mean?" Kasey said. "You will keep dressing like this when they get back?"

"I have to," Megan said. "I got rid of all my old clothes. This, well, this is as plain as anything I have to wear."

"You're kidding!' Kasey said, again with the excited, disbelieving face.

"No, you won't believe some of the things I've worn," Megan said. "My folks would flip out."

"I gotta see your new wardrobe," Kasey said.

"Sure, why don't you come over after the spa and you can see my clothes and maybe we can hang by the pool or something."

"Actually, my dad had to go out of town for a meeting," Kasey said. "Want to have a sleepover?"

"I would love that!" Megan said. Then she remembered that Mick and Harry might have other plans. She started to say something, then looked at her pretty friend with that dazzling smile and hard body and shook her head. What was she thinking? Of course they would want Kasey to be there. Megan would just have to prep her friend even more for what to expect. Oddly, she was excited to tell Kasey even more. She just knew Kasey would understand. Plus, it would be good for someone to know what Megan was getting into, just in case something happened. Megan knew Kasey would have her back, no matter what. That's the way they had always been.

For the next few hours they were spoiled and pampered with hot oil massages, facials, manicures and pedicures. Their conversation turned to their normal talks -- about their friends, college, their families, favorite movies and shows and singers. It was exactly what Megan needed. Her aches largely went away and not thinking about sex for a few hours cleared her mind. It was sort of a return to normalcy. Kasey always kept her grounded.

As they were about to leave, Megan checked her phone and saw that Harry had texted her: "We are cooking out for dinner. Invite Kasey to come hang out at the pool and then join us for dinner."

Megan smiled and responded: "She wants to stay for a sleepover. Is that OK?"

Harry texted back immediately: "Of course! Did she bring her own clothes? If not, don't go back to her house. Just bring her here and she can wear some of yours." He ended the text with a smiley face emoji.

"She's a good girl!" Megan replied.

"You used to be too!" Another smiling emoji. Megan laughed.

"What's so funny?" Kasey asked.

"Just Harry," Megan said. "He wants you to come over and to wear my clothes instead of your own."

"He read our minds!" Kasey laughed. "So, are they really dirty old men? They always seemed so sweet."

"You have no idea how dirty!" Megan exclaimed. "But they are sweet and fun. I love them."

When they got to the house, they found the guys in the pool, beers in their hands, cooling off inside and out. "Mighty Kasey!" Harry said, using a reference the young teen would never get. "It's great to see you!"

"It's good to see you again, sir," Kasey waved from the patio. She waved and nodded to Mick, too, who raised his beer in salutation.

"Get your suits on and join us," Mick said. Kasey noticed that it sounded more like an order than an invitation, but she thought little of it. They went up to Megan's room and Megan showed her the new wardrobe. Kasey's eyes got big.

"Holy shit!" she said, holding up a pair of shorts that looked to be made for a Barbie doll. "You have been wearing this stuff all week?"

"Yeah," Megan smiled sheepishly. "I know it's crazy. But it's kinda fun."

"I'm guessing our swimsuits aren't one pieces then are they?" Kasey laughed.

"One piece of string, maybe," Megan joked.

Megan showed her the array of swimsuits the guys had bought her, from microkinis to slings. There were a couple of string bikinis that looked downright modest in comparison.

"Want to wear one of those?" Megan asked. But Kasey looked at her mischievously.

"They want a show? Then let's give them one!" Kasey said. "How often do we get to wear something like this and not get into some kind of trouble?"

"Who says we won't still get in trouble?" Megan laughed. She let Kasey pick out what she wanted, surprised but happy to see her friend select a downright scandalous sling. It was like whoever designed it was given only some dental floss and three Post-it notes to work with. So, what they came up with was a continuous pieces of red string that went over her breasts, between her legs, between her ass cheeks and up the middle of her back. Two, 2-inch slender ovals covered Kasey's nipples and a third covered her pussy slit.

"Oh my god!" Kasey said when she put it on and realized just how little it covered. She looked at herself in the mirror. "This is insane!"

"You don't have to wear it," Megan said.

"Oh yes I do!" Kasey laughed, still finding this all very funny. "It's dress-up day, remember? Your turn. You have another one like this so we can match?"

Indeed, Megan had several more like it. She selected a white one and put it on.

"What do you think?"

"You look amazing!" Kasey said. "Have they tried any funny stuff with you since you've been dressing like this? Oh, what am I saying, those old guys probably can't even get it up anymore."

Megan just giggled, not wanting to have to answer Kasey just yet. She would see how the guys responded to Kasey first. If they started getting too aggressive, she would pull Kasey aside and clue her in and give her a chance to leave if she wanted. Megan just hoped the guys hadn't planned any more surprises like Pierce, Muscles and Jock from yesterday. But she didn't think they would. That wouldn't be fair to Kasey -- it wouldn't be consensual. They weren't rapists. Megan had agreed to everything they had done. Kasey was safe, she told herself. Nothing to worry about.

"Shall we?" Kasey said, starting toward the door, but Megan stopped her.

"Not without heels," Megan said.

"Even for swimming?"

"Right up to the pool's edge," Megan said. "I have worn heels more this week than the rest of my life combined. I gotta admit, I like how they make my legs look and I like how guys look at me."

The girls went through the vast assortment of heels. Kasey's feet were just a half size smaller than Megan's, so the shoes were only slightly too large. Again, they picked out matching styles, just different colors -- red for Kasey and white for Megan. The heels where 7 inches, open toed with just a strap across the toes and another around the ankle, she shape of the shoes accentuating the curves of their feet.

"Now we're ready," Megan said.

"This is so fun!" Kasey said. "I can't believe I'm doing this!"

They walked downstairs and out to the pool where the guys were still in the water, still holding beers. When they saw the barely clad dream girls come out, Harry and Mick clinked beer bottles, congratulating themselves on their work and celebrating a glorious moment.

"We gotta figure out a way to get Kasey to enroll in the school," Mick said under his breath. "Fuck, she's gorgeous."

"Yeah, we can do this," Harry said. "Just be cool. Megan is the one who will convince her, if anyone does."

They walked over to the edge of the pool and Harry asked the girls to turn around for them and then walk back and forth, modeling their suits. Of course they obliged, giggling at the thought of being runway or swimsuit models. Megan was happy to see Kasey enjoying herself. She just hoped that continued. She didn't want to put her friend in a position she didn't want to be in.

"How was the spa?" Mick asked.

The girls stopped parading, took off their heels and sat down on the edge of the pool, dangling their feet in the water.

"It was great," Megan said, wiggling her toes at Harry. "My feet were a little sore from all the walking in heels. They feel brand new! Thank you both so much!"

"Yes, thank you!" Kasey said. "What a wonderful gift. I don't know how to repay you."

"You already are by staying here with us for dinner tonight," Mick said.

"And by wearing that suit," Harry added, laughing.

"Megan has so many new clothes I want to try on," Kasey said.

"You like her new wardrobe?"

"Oh yes," Kasey said. "It's so sexy. I told Megan it's like playing dress up. I mean, I couldn't wear those things most of the time, so to play around with a suit like this is fun. It was super nice of you guys to help her get all that stuff."

"Well, if you find anything you really like, we could probably arrange to get more," Mick offered, planting the seed. He didn't know what Megan had and had not told Kasey, so he had to be careful.

"You mean a fashion show with a bunch of guys like Megan did?" Kasey asked. Harry looked at Megan and she winked, sending a signal that she hadn't told Kasey any more than that.

"Yeah, the fashion show was fun," Harry said. "They're all good guys so no one got too, you know, crazy."

"They were respectful," Megan nodded. "Very sweet."

"How did you find them? Friends of yours?" Kasey asked.

"Yeah, just a few fellas we knew who had some money and would enjoy a fun night," Harry said. "We fed them and gave them alcohol and then Megan put on a little show. Their price to come was to bring some new clothes for her. It worked out well."

"Sounds crazy but fun," Kasey said. "I would just be worried that one of them would be someone I knew or who knew my dad or something."

"Well," Megan said. It was either share more, lie or let there be an awkward silence. "There were some guys I knew and some who knew my parents. So, yeah that was awkward. I'm a little worried about it. But my parents don't come back until Saturday. It's Wednesday now. Things will work out."

"You are sooo different this week," Kasey said. "This new Megan is pretty wild and free, not so tense. I love it. So, was there anyone I would know too?"

"Well, yes," Megan said. "Do you guys think it's OK to tell her?"

"It's OK by us," Harry said. "There was nothing to be ashamed of."

"True," Megan said. She proceeded to tell Kasey every guy who was there except for her dad. That was a secret she would have to keep. Kasey was stunned about Walters and Peterson from school and Yelton who had also taken her senior photos, and Hanson. She didn't know any of the others, though she was pretty sure she had met Rothman at some point or another going to Megan's dad's office with her.

It was a hot day, so after a while the girls jumped in the pool and swam around with the guys, who were respectful and didn't get touchy feely with either of them. They of course would have with Megan under other circumstances, but they didn't want to lose the prize they might catch by playing around too much with the one they already had. The next hour or so was pretty standard splashing, swimming, floating and chatting. There was no more talk of sex or the fashion show. Kasey told the guys about her love of art and plans to attend art school. She wanted to become a graphic designer, but also liked the idea of using her artistic eye to become a fashion designer. "I know that's a different thing," she said. "But I figure an art degree at least gives me some options and I can learn how to design my own clothes and styles online."

Harry and Mick both agreed it was a smart option, only casually mentioning the high cost of college and how many young people were finding ways to start their own businesses without all that college debt.

"Yeah, you have to find investors or take out big loans," Kasey said. "But I do like the idea of being my own boss and not having all that school loan debt. I know my dad doesn't have the money to pay for everything. He's always provided for us, but with just one income, I know things have gotten tighter since my mom died."

"He's such a good man," Megan said. "Does he ever date anyone?"

"No," Kasey said. "I tell him it would be OK, but he says his focus is on me and providing for me. Maybe me going to college will open the door for him to date again."

"I hope he finds someone to take care of him," Megan said.

"I'm sure he will," Kasey said. "I just worry about him being in the house all alone when I leave."

They continued to talk about their plans and Megan mentioned that she might look at other options besides school. "You are dropping lots of bombshells on your parents when they get back, aren't you?" Kasey laughed. "Don't worry, they are cool. They will support your decisions. And you know I always have your back."

"I know," Megan said. The girls embraced in the pool while Mick and Harry watched, imagining the possibilities. What it would feel like to be in the middle of that hug, loved on by two such perfect female specimens? Double the breasts, double the legs, double the holes. The potential was mind blowing.

"You girls getting hungry?" Harry asked. "We got stuff to throw on the grill."

"I'm starving," Megan said.

"Me too," Kasey added.

"Fine, why don't you two get out and let the sun dry you off while Mick and I get dinner ready."

It wasn't a question. Harry was telling Megan what to do without Kasey noticing. Megan started to get out and naturally Kasey followed. Rather than drying off with towels, they lay on two loungers, letting the sun dry them naturally. Their golden tanned bodies glistened in the bright early evening sun. After a few minutes, Harry brought them their shoes.

"Don't get up," he said. "Allow me." First with Megan, then with Kasey he carefully dried their feet with a towel, making sure to get between each freshly painted toe. Then he slid their shoes on, placing the straps over their toes and around their ankles.

"I bet your backsides could use some sun too," Harry suggested when he was done.

Megan and Kasey smiled at each other, then up at Harry as they slowly flipped over, showing him their wet bare asses, split down the middle by the slings.

"I bet my ass will dry faster if I get it closer to the sun, right sir?" Megan said in her teasing voice. She lifted her ass off the lounger, her legs bent, chest and head down. The sling was suspended in mid-air, several inches between it and her back. It made contact with her ass and then didn't touch her again until it got to her neck. One tiny snip of some scissors would be all it would take.

"That's right," Harry said. "Moon the sun to dry your buns."

Kasey mimicked Megan's pose and neither balked as Harry took a few pictures. "I promise, I won't post these online or anything like that," he said.

"If Megan trusts you, I do too," Kasey said. "Besides, it's the least I can do to repay you for the spa day, dinner, and everything. It's been a great day."

"My goodness," Mick said, admiring the display and taking his own photos. "You two get those asses two-for-one somewhere? They look identical."

"Same body sizes and same workouts," Megan said. "People always said we could be twins except for our hair color and her accent."

"You mean YOUR accent," Kasey teased.

Through the suggestions of the guys, Kasey and Megan also learned that their inner thighs would dry much faster if they lay on their backs and spread their legs really wide. Kasey and Megan laughed as they did the splits, pussy mounds barely covered while the sun shone and the cameras clicked. "They are so full of knowledge, aren't they?" Kasey teased about the guys' advice.

"That's just because they're old," Megan laughed. Mick and Harry laughed right along with them.

"Where's Yelton's camera when you need it," Mick said, trying to get a nice picture of Kasey's plump mound.

"Don't need a fancy camera if you get close enough," Harry laughed, putting his phone inches away from Megan's pussy and snapping a photo. He showed it to Mick. "Looky there, larger than life wet teen pussy right in your face."

"That's a good photo," Mick agreed. He took the same type of picture of Kasey, then decided he better get back to the grill before the meat burned or he failed to control himself. Harry joined him, commenting that he needed a dip in the cold pool if this kept up.

Harry and Mick knew things were going well with Kasey, but they had to take things slowly if they were to actually gain a second student for their school. And, despite their desire to have her, they shared their commitment to making sure it was her choice, just like it had been Megan's. In fact, it had been Megan's idea of course. They would tease and suggest and sell their ideas, slowly, methodically, but if Kasey said no or if they even sensed that it wasn't right, they would back off without ever even revealing what they were doing with Megan.

They wanted to respect Megan's privacy, too, and let her reveal what she wanted to share with Kasey. Frankly, they agreed it was a stretch to think that Kasey would buy into this too, but here she was, nearly naked and playing along. They were still a long way away from having their cocks inside her, but Kasey's response had been positive thus far so there was no reason not to keep trying. If nothing else, it was a lot of fun seeing how far they could take this. They already had Megan, so landing Kasey, even just once, would just be the sweet creamy icing on the tight little round cake.

As they ate dinner on the patio, Kasey unwittingly opened the door for them, once more thanking them for the wonderful day, great food and letting her spend the night. "I really don't know how I can thank you for all this," she said.

"No need to thank us," Mick said. "We're happy to have you here. It's been a fun day for us too."

"What should we do tonight?" Megan asked.

"I'd really like to try some of your new clothes," Kasey said. "I know it sounds silly, but I think it would be fun."

"That's a good idea," Megan said. "You guys don't mind, do you?" she asked Mick and Harry. "I hate to leave you alone."

"Well, we could help you," Mick said. "Give you a man's opinion on what looks good, that sort of thing."

"And we could help have your outfits ready," Harry said. "There's a lot of clothes. We could put away the ones you try on and lay out new ones for you. Keep things moving that way."

"You guys really want to help us try on clothes?" Kasey said. "My dad used to hate taking me to the mall because I took forever trying on clothes."

"Well, we might enjoy the view a little more than your dad," Harry laughed.

"True," Kasey laughed. "At least I hope he doesn't enjoy it!"

"Ew, weird," Megan laughed. "I mean, your dad is hot, but I can't imagine my dad looking at me."

"Your dad is cool," Kasey giggled. "My dad is anything but hot."

"Well, we have two cuties right here with us tonight," Megan said. "Think we should let them enjoy a little fashion show?"

"Why not?" Kasey laughed. "A little harmless fun, right? Besides, what's the point of wearing clothes like that if there's no one to see you wearing them?"

Mick and Harry looked at each other. Another step in the process. They fantasized about this happening when they set up the spa day for the girls, but they fully expected that Kasey would go home after the spa and Megan would continue her training after the well-deserved rest. This was not what they had planned, but it couldn't be working out any better. They were simply handling this situation on the fly, reading the cues, looking for the openings, and gently pushing the girls along the path.

For her part, Megan was not trying to make Kasey do anything she didn't want to do, but she was happy to have a friend and someone to share at least a little of this crazy week with. She knew the guys wouldn't force Kasey into anything either, so she was comfortable letting Kasey have fun playing dress up and show off for the guys. It felt good to be sexy and be desired sometimes. Kasey had certainly felt that before, but Megan knew this was a whole new level. It was a rush, a turn on. She could see the excitement and happiness in Kasey and she wasn't about to take that from her.

They decided that the fashion show would work best in the basement where there was more room, so they all carried heels and the assortment of tiny garments down the two flights of stairs from Megan's room to the basement. The finished basement had a lot of furniture that had once been the living room furniture. It was still functional, just old and mismatched. There was a large sectional couch, a love seat and two recliners. There was a large-screen TV, a mini fridge and bar, a bathroom. In the corner, totally out of place, was a queen sized bed. It was an old bed they had not wanted to get rid of, placed there as an emergency bed for any visiting family or guests. Megan had always thought it was dumb to keep it. Now, she was thankful it was there to hold her assortment of clothes.

They tossed all the clothes and shoes on the bed and sorted them by heels, thongs, g-strings, shorts, dresses, skirts, shirts and chokers. Megan was glad that Kasey hadn't seen the assorted sex toys. Megan hadn't intentionally hidden them, but they happened to be in the bottom of a stack of bins and Kasey hadn't noticed it.

"What catches your eye?" Mick asked Kasey.

"Oh my gosh," Kasey said, wide eyed in her southern drawl. She was so cute with big eyes and an expressive face. There was a light in her eyes and spirit that was captivating -- it drew friends like Megan to her and made her that much more attractive to men. "Some of those dresses look amazing."

"I really liked this one," Megan said, holding up a bright red dress that looked like it was simply not finished. Not only was it predictably skimpy -- what Harry crudely called "pussy length" -- with little spaghetti straps and a low cut top, but it also had two large circles purposely cut into the sides, leaving only a thin strip of fabric that ran from just under the breasts and over the navel before joining the lower portion of the dress. The result was that the both sides and most of the torso was exposed along with the cleavage and legs.

Like most of the outfits the guys had purchased, there were a couple of different versions of this dress. Megan found the other one -- a hot pink one -- and gave Kasey her choice. "I like the red," Kasey said. "You try the pink and we'll see how they look."

The girls scurried into the bathroom to change while the guys proceeded to continue organizing the clothes, check the battery life on their phones and figure out their next step. By the time the girls emerged, the guys had a tentative plan. Like everything else they had put together today, it included opportunities to pull back or stop if anything didn't feel right. But it also held the potential for a huge payoff. It was a little like playing the lottery -- they threw in a couple of bucks, picked their numbers and hoped for the best. If they lost, at least it was fun playing. And if the longshot paid off, well, it would be simply life-changing for all involved.

The girls came out showing off their dresses. They had picked out matching open-tied heels and thongs. No bras. Long bare legs, slender torsos and perky breasts popped out of the openings of the little dresses. They each had on chokers that matched the colors of their dresses. Both of them kept their hair down and their only makeup was lipstick.

The guys had a local rock station on and encouraged the girls to walk the catwalk -- a strip of flooring that ran from the bed the length of the basement to the mini bar at the other end -- while they took pictures "like the paparazzi". The girls ate it up, blowing kisses and making pouty faces at the camera, doing their best supermodel imitations. The guys had them stand side by side, arms around one another's shoulders, and pose for a picture. Then they got them to hug, squeezing those firm breasts together.

"How about a kiss?" Harry suggested.

"I've never kissed a girl," Kasey said.

"Me either," Megan said. "I guess I'm willing if you are."

"Why not?" Kasey said.

They giggled and leaned in, pursing their lips until they touched.

"Now that's a Kodak moment!" Harry said, taking pictures.

"What's that mean?" Kasey asked.

"It means we're a lot older than you," Mick laughed.

There was no need for any little blue pills tonight. Mick and Harry hadn't had sex all day and had been teased nonstop by these two perfect little vixens. Even if Kasey wasn't going to participate, the guys agreed they would have to pull Megan away at some point to address their needs. But they agreed it would be a nice compromise if Kasey didn't want to participate but at least wanted to watch.

The more they were around Kasey the more similarities they saw between her and Megan. Like Megan, Kasey was a bit naïve, but extremely bright, polite and fun-loving. Her innocence was endearing and her curiosity was intriguing. Megan and Kasey both seemed to view new experiences as opportunities. They were excited to try new things, even if it made them nervous or scared. That drive to learn and experience had led Megan to take the actions she did a few days ago, enlisting the help of Mick and Harry. Was it really possible that Kasey might be prone to the same sort of ideas? Mick and Harry had never had so much fun trying to figure out women before.

As the girls tried on different outfits, it became apparent that the fun of dress up time was wearing off just a bit. And there were a lot of clothes still to go. Mick nodded to Harry, "It's time for phase two."

Harry nodded back and went over to the mini bar. It was stocked with some beer and a couple bottles of whiskey. He set them all out on the bar along with some shot glasses. He looked back at Mick and shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Here goes nothing."

The girls came out of the bathroom. This time they were wearing little Daisy Duke shorts, red plaid shirts tied below their tits, blue pumps and they both had their hair in pigtails.

"Old McDonald had a farm," Mick sang out in delight as they paraded in front of them. "And on that farm he had two daughters. With a jiggle jiggle here and a jiggle jiggle there..."

The girls shook their breasts for him in response, laughing.

"All right, ladies," Harry said. "We have a lot more clothes to go and we're getting thirsty so we thought we would add a little game to the show."

"Fun!" Kasey said. Her natural cheerleader-like enthusiasm was adorable.

"You both like races?" Harry asked.

"Sure," Megan smiled. "I always win."

"I let you win," Kasey retorted with fake defiance.

"Here's the deal," Harry said. "We'll pick teams -- I'll be teamed up with one of you and Mick will team with the other. Each time we do an outfit change, whoever finishes changing first wins. That means everything done and in place -- heels, panties, the whole deal. The first team to change and touch the bar wins. The losing team has to do a shot of whiskey."

"I've never had whiskey," Kasey said.

"It's good," Megan said. "I hadn't had it until this week either. It burns a little. You want to drink a little beer to chase it."

"OK," Kasey said. There was hesitation in her voice for what seemed like the first time all day. "Um, won't we get drunk?"

"Only if you lose," Harry teased. "Look, we don't have to do it if you don't want. We can think of something else."

"No, it's OK," Kasey said. "It sounds fun. OK if we try one round and see how it goes?"

"More than fair," Harry said.

The girls put Mick and Harry's names in a cup and drew for partners. Megan got Mick and Kasey drew Harry. The first outfit the girls would change into required a change of heels and choker and putting on a string microkini.

Kasey grabbed hers and ran into the bathroom to change like they had done for the other changes. Megan faked liked she was following her, then stopped, turned around and stripped out of her clothes. Mick helped her pull them off and helped her into her shoes and choker while she tied the bikini straps. They were both leaning against the bar casually by the time Kasey emerged from the bathroom.

"What happened?" Kasey asked, looking at Harry. "They must have cheated."

"No, we just used teamwork," Mick said.

"Wait... you mean you changed out here? And Mick helped?" Kasey asked.

"That's right," Megan smiled. "Teamwork makes the dream work. And in my dreams you're slamming this shot."

Kasey skulked over to the bar with Harry and smelled the whiskey, crinkling her nose. "I don't think I'm going to like this," she frowned.

"Just throw it down the hatch," Harry said. "You'll be fine." They clinked glasses and drank. Kasey's cute little face scrunched up and she reached for the bottle of beer that Megan offered, quickly taking a sip to ease the burning.

"Burns a little until you get used to it," Harry nodded. "But trust me, after a couple of them, you'll really like it."

"It does taste good," Kasey breathed. "It was just burning my throat at first. It feels warm in my belly."

"All right, so do you want to change up our strategy?" Harry asked.

"Definitely," Kasey said. Her competitive nature was overriding her reluctance and inhibitions. If she had to strip down naked in front of them and let Harry help her dress to win the next race, then that's what she would do. She high-fived him. "We got this one."

Kasey and Megan walked ahead of the guys back to pick out the next outfits. Mick and Harry toasted one another with another swig of their beer. "Step by step," Mick said.

"Step by step," Harry nodded. He couldn't wait to see Kasey completely naked, to feel her firm body as he helped her dress. To give her a big hug when they won their first race. Their plan had worked -- the race idea moved the action from seeing and photographing Kasey in sexy outfits to now seeing and touching her nude body. Additional contact, additional exposure, more alcohol -- it was a recipe, they hoped, for making Kasey horny and open to suggestion. The guys had a million suggestions for her and Megan. Of course, for Megan, they were more like instructions. She had already committed to obedience and submission, at least for this week. Kasey's status was still to be determined.

Harry and Mick had agreed beforehand that they would make sure the girls won the same number of races. With their nearly identical body types and food consumption for the day, the effect of the alcohol on their bodies should be very similar. So, they wanted them to both reach the same point at the same time. The guys, being much larger and experienced drinkers, could easily tolerate much more than the girls. The girls would be intoxicated while the guys were just starting to feel buzzed. They didn't want the girls to get too drunk -- they didn't want them to get sick or pass out. But uncoordinated and uninhibited and very susceptible to suggestion -- that was the hot zone.

There was no guarantee that Kasey would agree to anything at that point and the guys, while eager to take her, still were not about to do anything that would bring harm to Kasey nor their relationship with Megan. At their core, the guys had always been good guys, faithful husbands and respectful to women. They just enjoyed a beautiful woman the same way most men did and, for whatever reason, they had been blessed with this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Megan had dropped in their laps, both figuratively and literally. They didn't want to push their luck and lose her or get in any trouble. At the same time, they didn't want to pass on an opportunity. This was likely their one shot with Kasey. They were going to be cautious, but it was a shot they were going to take.

"I feel like that kid in the Willy Wonka movie," Mick had said as they constructed the drinking game. "We got the golden ticket with Megan and then they said, 'oh, and you can bring a friend!' Kasey is a bonus. Potentially. But we can't forget how lucky we are just to have the ticket in the first place."

"Agreed," Harry had said. "If Kasey says no and goes home tomorrow without having touched either of us, I will still be thankful to have Megan and to have had some fun with Kasey. But I'll be pissed and Megan's little ass will pay the price." They both laughed, knowing that yes, their frustrations if things fell through with Kasey would likely lead to extra vigorous fucking for Megan, a result Megan would no doubt enjoy. The little slut.

The next outfit was going to be a fun one for the guys. Megan had been given two lace catsuits -- one was black, the other white. They were sheer, tight and clingy. They would not go on easily or quickly. There would be lots of hands-on help, adjusting and pulling the material into place. The guys agreed on matching pairs of open-toed, stiletto heels, cat collars with little rings on the front ideal for leashes, and no bras or panties of any kind. As they prepared the outfits, they gave the girls a short break and had them change their hair to ponytails. The pigtails were incredibly cute, but these catsuits demanded a slightly more grownup look, the guys thought.

"You going to touch her pussy?" Mick asked Harry about his pending dressing of Kasey.

"Probably only through the catsuit," Harry said. "I can't see a way to do it skin on skin legitimately. I'm going to feel her up, but I gotta let her warm up to it."

"Good plan," Mick said. "Resist the temptations. Make her want it before you do it."

The girls came out and took their positions next to their partners. Kasey would wear the white catsuit, Megan would be squeezed into the black. On the count of three, they started. The guys both helped the girls out of their shoes while the girls untied their tops. The guys gladly untied the bottoms, tossing them aside while they looked at prime, waxed, pink and juicy and undoubtedly tight pussies just begging to be licked.

The girls lifted their legs one at a time, pointing their toes as the guys started pulling the catsuits up their taught, curvy bodies. It was tempting to go slow and enjoy every inch of the journey, but the girls were reaching down, anxiously trying to help pull the suits on. So the guys played along, as if they cared about the race. Still, they picked their spots.

"This is really tight, so I have to pull it up tight here," Mick said, using the palm of his hand to stretch and mold the thin lacey material around Megan's puffy pussy lips. He gave her mound a little squeeze, the reached around and "made sure" the material fit properly around her ass. By then Megan was putting her arms in the sleeves and pulling the suit up over her chest. Mick stood up and put his hands on her breasts, again conforming the material to her curves while also giving her nipples a couple of quick tugs. Then he circled around behind and zipped up the suit. He wrapped the collar around her neck and fastened it snugly, then held her shoes as she quickly placed her bare feet in them.

"Thank you, daddy," she said. She was so polite. What a lovely girl, Mick said. You could feel her up and she would thank you for it. They were both enamored with Kasey because she was the new girl, but Mick's fascination with Megan hadn't faded in the least. He was more than happy to be her partner.

Meanwhile, Harry was having a great time running his hands all over Kasey's body as he, too, pulled and shaped and formed the lace around her curves and crevices. He was delighted at the moist heat of her pussy as he palmed and cupped it. She never flinched, which was definitely a good sign. She didn't budge when he cupped her breasts. He thought about tweaking her nipples but elected not to push it. He pretended to be in a hurry, trying to win the race, making the touches necessary parts of the process.

As he put the collar around her slender neck, he pictured his cock bulging inside her throat. When he helped her put on her shoes, he pictured her dainty, pedicured feet stroking him under a table at a restaurant, making him hard before she ducked under the table for her dessert. He wanted her so badly. But he stayed on task and zipped her up just seconds before Mick and Megan finished. Harry and Kasey scurried to the bar and claimed the win.

Kasey turned to Harry and jumped into his arms, wrapping her arms and legs around him. He put his hands under her ass to hold her up and squeezed her tight against his body. Only his pants and her bit of lace prevented him from being able to put his cock in her. Maybe later, he thought.

Kasey kissed him on the cheeked and dropped down, playfully taunting Megan and Mick as they took their shots. "How does losing taste, suckers?" she laughed. Megan playfully flipped her the bird and then the two best friends wrapped their arms around each other's shoulders, posing for a picture before preparing for round three.

The score was tied after round four and the guys decided it would be fun -- and fair -- to switch partners. Harry was happy to have Megan back in his hands, knowing he could do more to her. And Mick was happy to really get his hands on Kasey for the first time and to see that bald pussy up close. The wonderful truth was that neither girl was hotter than the other. They were both virtually perfect, with great personalities and attitudes to match. Had the night ended with this little game, Mick and Harry would have had no complaints. They were playing with house money at this point, and they were about to go all in on the next step in their master plan.

After eight rounds, both girls had slammed four shots plus a couple of beers. They were feeling the effects. The guys were buzzed themselves and the girls were beyond that, wobbling now, losing their coordination, slurring their speech. They were so cute to watch and fun to catch before they fell.

The guys announced the contest was a tie, much to the dismay of the girls, who demanded one more round to determine the winners. Harry and Mick had counted on this reaction based on the girls' natural competitiveness and playfulness.

"How about this," Harry said. "You each change into one more outfit and then race to the bed. First one to jump on the bed wins."

"Let's do it!" Megan slurred.

"I got this!" Kasey shouted way too loud, but happily.

Mick gave them each a thong, a crop top that would stop just below their nipples, clear platform stripper style heels and two of the cat collar chokers with the rings on the front.

The girls were stumbling trying to take of their old clothes and put on the new ones. The guys happily helped them, making sure they stayed on the same pace. Mick was done first but held an oblivious Kasey until Megan was ready too. Then, on a silent count of three, Mick and Harry let them both go.

"Hurry! First one there wins!" Mick yelled.

The girls stumbled and wobbled but made their way across the room to the bed, reaching it simultaneously. Megan was first, with Kasey landing right on top of her. "I win!" Megan said.

"Damn!" Kasey said. They both rolled over on the bed, too dizzy and tired to get up.

"What do I win?" Megan said.

"Please, no more whiskey," Kasey said.

"I think a kiss from the loser would be very nice," Mick suggested.

"Yes!" Megan slurred. "I love kisses."

Kasey rolled over and pressed her lips against Megan's. This time their tongues met. Their hands felt down each other's bodies. The guys had video and photos of it all.

"Happy now, bitch?" Kasey giggled.

"No," Megan laughed. "My pussy wants to be kissed too."

"Aw, your little pussy needs a kiss?" Kasey said in a mock baby voice, which was really funny in her drunken slur. She started kissing down Megan's chest, pulled up her shirt and sucked on her nipple. Megan's legs spread and put her hands on Kasey's head, guiding her down her body.

"Ever eaten pussy before, Kasey?" Harry asked.

"Well, I stuck my finger in my pussy and sucked it before," Kasey giggled. "But I never at another girl's pussy. I think I want to though."

She put her head between Megan's thighs and pushed the thong out of the way. She kissed Megan's pussy with a passion and tenderness that a man seldom had in such a situation. Where a man wanted to eat pussy to make it hot and creamy and lead to orgasm, Kasey was truly making love to Megan's pussy. She kissed the lips like she was kissing a lover. She captured the clit in her mouth and slowly licked and sucked it.

After enjoying this show for a few minutes, Mick and Harry saw the girls falling into a trance-like state between orgasm and passing out.

"I think you both played a great game and deserve to have your pussies licked," Mick announced.

"Yay!" Kasey and Megan screamed, almost in unison.

"Which one do you want, Kase?" Megan asked, polite and thoughtful even in this state.

"Harry was my first teammate so I'll take him," Kasey giggled.

The guys pulled the girls to the edge of the bed, knelt between their legs and made meals out of those faintly sweet and juicy pussies. They switched back and forth, comparing tastes and agreeing that they were both delicious.

Both girls came, Megan first, then Kasey. Mick and Harry had hoped to fuck them, but they realized that they had let the girls drink a little too much. They were about to pass out. Mick and Harry wouldn't take advantage of either of them that way. But there was still fun to be had.

Once the girls were sound asleep, the guys could move them in any way they wanted, touch them anywhere they wanted. It was a dream opportunity to play with these live dolls. Anything but actually fucking them was fair game, as the guys saw it. It was play time. They hadn't foreseen this development, so there was no plan. They simply acted on impulse. They were like a hungry football team at a buffet, eyes and hands roaming, touching and grabbing whatever they wanted. Everything looked ripe and delicious.

Mick ran upstairs and grabbed the box of sex toys and Harry placed a video camera on the nightstand, moving the stand until he was able to keep both girls in frame. Their first move was to play with the girls perky tits and nipples.

They had four simple elastic bands. Though the girls weren't busty, they had ample firm breast meat to wrap the bands around, making their breasts pop out from their chests like round balloons. They were such firm handfuls, the guys enjoyed squeezing them and playfully slapping at them to make them bounce and wobble. What fun toys an 18 year-old girl's breasts could be.

They had a series of nipple clamps and chains, the lengths of which could easily be adjusted. Mick put clamps on both of Megan's nipples, enjoying pulling on them and making them erect before attaching the clamps. The clamps were connected by a chain, thus connecting nipple to nipple. Two other lengths of chain connected the clamps to the ring in her cat collar, forming a triangle of chains, all pulling on her nipples. Harry did the same thing with Kasey's perfect tits. They left their breasts and nipples bound while they moved onto other featured attractions at their "drunken hot girl amusement park." Buzzed and giddy, the happy old men decided that a hot girl amusement park was the best business model they had ever dreamed up.

"Seriously, have you ever tasted any better pussy?" Harry asked as they rummaged through their box of toys.

"Not in my life," Mick said. "And I can't decide which one was best."

"I'm glad we didn't have to choose just one," Harry agreed. "What do you think the chances are that Kasey lets us fuck her tomorrow?"

"50-50," Mick said. "Either she will ride our cocks like the slut she secretly wants to be and pardon herself by claiming it's a thank you to us. Or she will wake up feeling ashamed and worried about her dad and leave Megan to do all the work."

"Well, that's not a bad consolation prize, but it would be nice for Megan to have some help and a classmate."

"And it would be nice for us to not have to take turns."

"I just hope we have at least one of them to take turns with after this weekend."

"Yeah, I don't want to think about that," Mick said. "Let's enjoy what we have while we have it."

"Six holes, four tits, no waiting," Harry laughed. He had two dildos and was lubing up on of them. "I want to stick this in Kasey's ass and the other in her pussy. I bet she's so tight it squeaks."

"Just as tight as Megan," Mick nodded as he prepared two dildos for Megan.

The guys returned to their sleeping beauties with their chained and bound tits. They sat next to each of them and pulled their thongs off and pulled their legs up over their heads and strapped their high heels to the old metal bed frame. They looked at the two pink pussies and round tight asses now fully exposed to them.

"Damn, that's tempting," Mick said, rubbing his cock through his pants.

"They would never even know," Harry nodded.

"But we would," Mick said. "That's not us. Dirty old men, yes. But not that dirty."

"I propose a compromise," Harry said. "We play around with them and then jerk off on them. Clean them up, get some sleep and see who's in the mood to play tomorrow."

"I can live with that," Mick said. "I don't think I can sleep until I get off anyway."

"I know," Harry said. "I've been ready since they put on those slings."

Mick pulled Kasey's ass cheeks apart and Harry positioned the lubed up dildo by her asshole. He poured a little lube on it to make things easier, then gently pushed the dildo against her asshole. She moaned as it reluctantly opened and yielded to the unyielding dildo. It was a very tight fit. Harry and Mick watched closely, hoping they would be able to feel that tightness wrapped around their cocks soon.

Harry pushed the dildo about four inches in, then turned his attention to her pussy, another hole they both hoped to sample later. It was still wet from the licking and orgasm and, though quite snug, accepted the full length of the other dildo with little resistance. He gripped both dildos at once and started fucking her holes with them, alternating strokes, driving each home, slowly and gently. He wasn't trying to get her off. He just wanted to feel her resistance, how tight she was. And he wanted to watch her openings wrap around the dildos, clinging to them so securely.

He pulled them out and tossed them aside, enjoying the site of Kasey's gaping asshole before it slowly closed once more. He looked over at Megan, who had both holes full of dildo as well. Mick was taking photos and had his cock out now, resting it along the back of her thigh while he played with her. Just the touch of her soft flesh against his cock made him harder.

"There's no part of her that isn't sexy," Mick said. "She looks damn good top to bottom, front to back."

"And all points in between," Harry said. Both men were tired, but determined to enjoy this time with their sleeping playthings. He lowered untied Kasey's legs and lowered them back down, electing to play with her breasts and nipples some more. "What do you think about the boob jobs and all that? Me, I would love to see Megan with double-D's spilling out of her top, but there's something kinda perfect about the way she's built now. I mean, would she seem so tight and firm and fit if she looked like a bimbo with jiggly tits and cock-sucking lips?"

"I know," Mick said. "I love the bimbo look. But I also like the fit and firm look. You can bend these girls any way you want, spin them, flip them, carry them. And they have energy for days."

"I kinda like the idea of maybe waiting for now," Harry said. "I guess it's Megan's choice, but I'm just saying, encourage her to wait. She can go bimbo in a couple of years."

"I agree," Mick said. "Of course, the best thing would be to have these two and then get two more students that we turn into bimbos."

"Best of both worlds," Harry nodded. "Fuck, that would be awesome to make this a real school and train girls like this."

"Dream come true," Mick said. He also lowered Megan's legs and then he stood next to her, placing his cock on her face. "Look at that, I'm not hung and my cock still covers her face. Damn, it feels good down her throat, doesn't it?"

"Hell yeah," Harry said. "I wonder if Kasey can gobble cock that well." He stood up and put his cock on the young blonde's face, rubbing his balls in her hair. He grabbed her ponytail and wrapped it around his cock and jerked on his shaft, masturbating himself with her soft blonde hair.

Mick grabbed his phone and took some pictures, then Harry stood between the two girls, grabbed both ponytails and wrapped them both around his cock, Megan's dark hair and Kasey's blonde hair blending to form a soft warm sheath around his shaft and balls.

"I gotta try that," Mick said, trading places with Harry. With one hand stroking his hair-covered cock, he stroked Kasey's face with the other. "Such a fucking beauty." He brushed his thumb across her lips, then put it between them, feeling her soft, wet tongue.

"I bet she can suck a golf ball through a garden hose," Harry said, rubbing his cock while he took pictures.

"If we told her Megan could, she would definitely try," Mick laughed.

"They are competitive," Harry nodded. "But they are really good friends, too. You can tell Megan really trusts her. She told her and showed her a lot already."

"They played doubles together on the tennis team, didn't they?" Mick asked.

"Yeah, I think so," Harry said. "I can see where they would make a great team."

Mick let the girls' hair go and put both index fingers in Kasey's mouth, pulling her lips back and mouth open. He let go and rubbed the head of his cock over her lips. Then he turned her head toward him and pushed the head of his cock between her lips.

"I thought we weren't gonna..." Harry started.

"Just getting a little bit of what I hope is preview," Mick said, holding up his hand. "If she walks away tomorrow, this is my only shot. I'm not going to pass it up without at least a sample."

"Fair enough," Harry laughed. "I will probably do the same. I'm not going to last much longer, I can tell you that much."

Harry pulled Megan toward him, playing with her tits while he put his balls over her eyes and rubbed his cock over her nose and mouth. "If she was awake right now," Harry breathed. "She would ask me to let her suck my cock and thank me when I said yes."

"That she would," Mick said. "She's obedient, bright, submissive, sweet, eager to learn and even more eager to please. We hit the jackpot with her."

"I think I might spray my jackpot all over her face," Harry said, tugging harder on his cock now. "Let me try Kasey's mouth for a minute."

They switched places and Harry put just the head of his in Kasey's mouth, that warm wetness giving him the final push he needed. He pulled out, jerked hard and, holding her head steady with one hand, sprayed hot cum all over her face, carefully aiming it at her closed eyes, her cheeks and slightly parted lips. A long string extended across her nose, touching both cheeks.

"Fucking slut is a ball drainer even when she's asleep," he chuckled.

Mick rubbed his balls on Megan's face, then groped Kasey's breasts one more time before jerking and tugging on his cock, adding his load to Kasey's beautiful face. They took several pictures before they cleaned her up and put the girls' thongs back on.

They were going to take the nipple clamps off, but decided to have one last bit of fun with the chains instead. They took off both girls' crop tops and rolled them both over onto their sides, facing each other. They took the two pieces of chain that went from Megan's nipples to her collar and connected them to Kasey's collar. Then they did the same with Megan's. So, now Megan's nipples were connected to Kasey's neck and vice versa. To make sure the girls didn't roll away from each other and inadvertently pull off the clamps or injure themselves, the guys tied two long scarves around their narrow waists, tying their torsos together. Then they put the girls' arms around one another, tying their wrists so they stayed in an embrace and couldn't pull their clamps and bonds off.

"Now that's a sandwich I would like to be in the middle of," Mick said, shaking his head at the picture of utter sexuality displayed on the bed.

"I could lay between them like that all night long," Harry said. "Wouldn't sleep a wink and wouldn't care."

The guys were too tired to go back upstairs and had no interest in leaving their sleeping beauties alone. They found comfortable enough spots on the old basement furniture and dozed off. For once, they had nothing planned for the next day. They had a few ideas in mind, but ultimately, their plans would be dictated by Kasey and Megan. How would they feel in the morning? What would Kasey's attitude be? The guys could be doing damage control with Kasey or just going back to normal training with Megan. Or they could be training both girls. Or, if Kasey convinced Megan this was all a bad idea, they could lose both girls and be back to jacking off while staring at them from afar. All they knew was they had gotten the most they could out of this day.

**Thursday**
Megan woke up the next morning in a fog. Her head hurt and she quickly realized her situation, bound to her friend, their bodies touching, their faces inches apart, their nipples clamped and attached to one another. She knew the guys had done it, of course. She remembered them licking her pussy and giving her a wonderful orgasm. They had given her a wonderful day, in fact. She didn't remember anything after that orgasm, but obviously the guys had enjoyed themselves.

She couldn't see them or much of anything. She looked at her dear friend Kasey, thankful she was there and wondering how she would react when she woke up, hungover and bound like this. Would she freak out? She knew Kasey very well, but this was new territory. It was hard to predict.

Megan dozed back asleep, but woke up what seemed like only moments later. Kasey was looking right at her, wide-eyed and frightened.

"What happened?" Kasey said, whispering.

"It's OK. Why are you whispering?" Megan asked.

"The guys are over there," Kasey said. Looking over Megan's body, she had a view of the room. "I don't want to wake them up."

"OK," Megan whispered back. "Do you remember them eating our pussies last night?"

"Of course," Kasey smiled. "It was crazy but I came so hard."

"Me too," Megan said. "I don't remember anything after that. Do you?"

"No," Kasey said.

"I think the guys might have had a little fun," Megan said, dropping her eyes to their bound breasts and bodies.

"Ya think?" Kasey giggled. "Dirty old men. They didn't fuck us, did they?"

"No," Megan said. "They wouldn't do that. Not without permission."

"How do you know?" Kasey asked.

Megan sighed, bit her lip and then blurted it out, "Because they have been fucking me all week. Because I asked them to. I wanted to learn about sex and I asked them to help me and they and some of their friends have been teaching me a lot and fucking me a lot all week."

"Oh my god!" Kasey whispered, her eyes and mouth wide. "I knew there was something more than just dressing sexy going on. Oh my god!"

"Look, I'm not proud of it but I'm not ashamed either," Megan said. "So, whatever you think, I understand, but I'm going to keep doing it at least until Mom and Dad get back. I'm not sure what I'm going to do then. I'm thinking about a lot of things."

Kasey asked many more questions and Megan told her everything, leaving out only the parts about Kasey's dad. All the other sex, all the other situations, the day of cum, the encounter with Muscles and Jock, the night at the carnival -- she told her everything. Kasey listened. Her face showed shock, awe, fear, excitement and compassion for her friend. Not once did it show disgust or judgement.

"That's what my week has been and that's what I've been thinking about," Megan summed it up. "I didn't mean to drag you into this. It was just supposed to be a spa trip. Then it became swimming and dinner, and well, you know. I understand if you hate me."

"Hate you?" Kasey whispered back. "I could never hate you. I love you. Yes, this is crazy, but it's also amazing! You are so brave. I am in awe of you and what you are doing. And I love that I experienced some of it yesterday. Whatever you decide to do, I support it. And if your parents kick you out, you can move into my house, take my room. My dad will be happy to have you."

You have no idea, Megan almost blurted out. But she bit her tongue. "Thank you so much, Kase," Megan said. "I don't know what I would do without you."

"Yeah, you kind of took it to extremes though, tying me up and all," Kasey giggled. "So, what's next?"

"Well, the guys didn't get to cum yesterday, so I will need to take care of that and make it up to them," Megan said, unaware that the guys had masturbated on Kasey's face. "You can go home or stick around, whatever you want. When I'm done, you and I can hang out for a while. I'm sure they wouldn't mind at all. They like you."

"Well, uh, do you need help?" Kasey asked. "I mean, I owe them a favor too."

"You don't owe them anything," Megan said. "If you do anything, do it because you want to, not because you think you have to."

"OK," Kasey said. "I'll think about it."

"Fair enough," Megan smiled. "I won't pressure you. The guys might hint or flirt some more, but they won't make you do anything. Trust me, I know that for sure."

"Um, this will sound odd, but would you mind if I watched you?"

"No, not at all," Megan said. "Just know that whatever I do or whatever I say, I'm still the same ol' Megan, OK?"

"I understand," Kasey said. "I don't know a lot about sex, but I know enough to know that we do some crazy things in the moment. It doesn't define who you are. I would never judge you like that."

"And don't judge the guys too harsh either," Megan said. "They will call me names and maybe be a little rough. It's not meant to be degrading or disrespectful."

"I think I get that too," Kasey said. "As long as you are OK with what they do, I will be too. I'm not OK with the fact that I have a headache and I need to pee, though."

They both giggled again and finally they heard Mick stirring. He walked over to them, happy to see them both smiling up at him.

"Good morning, daddy," Megan said. "Would you please allow me to suck your cock this morning?"

Mick looked at Kasey, saw that her face expressed no surprise and looked back at Megan. "Of course you may. I need to go to the bathroom first. Do you two need to go to the bathroom too?"

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "And we are both thirsty and have headaches. I know you've had to wait far too long to have your balls drained, but if you could allow me a few minutes to have some water and aspirin, I think I would be better able to satisfy you."

"Of course you may take some time," Mick said, untying the girls and carefully removing their chains and clamps. "You two passed out and missed some of the fun last night. Kasey, I hope we didn't go too far. You were just so sexy and seemed so into it that we didn't think you would mind."

"It's OK," Kasey assured him. "I had a wonderful time. Thank you for not, you know, taking advantage. I'm flattered that you find me attractive and glad you had some fun playing with us. It sure is kinky, though."

"Yeah, I suppose it is," Mick laughed. He helped the girls up and they both went to the bathroom, then got water and bagels from the kitchen. Mick liked that they made no effort to cover themselves nor asked permission to do so. They both wore only their heels, thongs and collars. He also liked that Kasey wasn't freaked out. She seemed curious, accepting and clearly Megan had told her even more details. This was getting more interesting by the minute.

When they were all refreshed and fully awake, Mick leaned against the wall and wagged his finger at Megan. "It's time, slut," he said.

"Yes, daddy," Megan said. She dropped to her knees and crawled to him, looking over her shoulder once at Kasey, who sat on the edge of the bed just a few feet away. Then she looked back at Mick as she knelt in front of him like a baseball catcher. He pulled his cock out of his boxers and wagged the semi-erect rod in front of her face. "That looks like it needs some attention, daddy."

"It does, slut," Mick said. "You neglected it yesterday. You teased it and left it disappointed."

"I'm so sorry, daddy," Megan said. "I will do my best to make it up to you. All my holes belong to you today."

"That's good, my pet," he said, stroking her hair. "I know you're a good student. Let's see how good of a teacher you are. Why don't you explain to Kasey what you're doing and why. That is, assuming you want to stay and watch, Kasey?"

"Yes sir," Kasey said. "I mean, uh, daddy. I would love to watch and learn."

"First, once you have asked permission to suck your daddy's cock and he has presented it to you, you put your hands behind your back because your lips, tongue and throat are all that deserve to touch his cock and balls at this time," Megan said over her shoulder. She put her hands behind her back, then turn back to Mick. "Then you look up at your master and maintain eye contact with him, letting him know that you are focused only on him, his needs and his pleasure. Even if he looks away, you keep watching him. He is your only focus."

Megan started to take him into her mouth, then stopped, looking up at Mick.

"Daddy, do I have permission to take my mouth off your cock to explain what I'm doing, or would you prefer to tell her?" Megan asked.

"To start with, you may continue to teach our new pupil," Mick said, carefully choosing his words, calling her a pupil so that Kasey might start to think of herself as one of their students. "Once I reach a certain point, I will tell her what she needs to know, although I think by then what you're doing will be fairly obvious."

"Of course, daddy," Megan said. "Thank you. So, Kasey, your daddy always has the option to tell you what to do or to simply shove his cock in your mouth. But, in a case like this where he's just telling me to do my job, I start with the head and just show it how much I love it and worship it. I want to make it feel so good. I kiss on it, lick the little hole and suck up any of the sweet pre-cum that comes out. Oh, and definitely roll your tongue around the head and focus on the underside of the head."

Megan went ahead and did exactly what she had just described. Kasey watched Megan's mouth working on Mick and watched Mick's cock get harder and longer. Much like Megan, Kasey had some boyfriends in high school and was not a virgin. She had sucked cock before, but it had been awhile. She had broken up with her last boyfriend the same weekend Megan had. They had followed the stereotypes and drowned their sorrows together over pints of ice cream and romantic comedies.

All the sexual tension yesterday and the drunken orgasm last night had her thinking dirty thoughts. She was horny and wanted to join the fun. She was not attracted to Mick, of course, but she still enjoyed the sight of a good hard cock enough that she wouldn't mind a taste. Megan certainly seemed to be enjoying it. There was something intoxicating about the feel of that big thick organ in your mouth, feeling its power and knowing your power over it. Like taming a wild stallion, so full of strength and energy. She knew she was horny and hungover and shouldn't make any decisions now, but she also knew it was all happening right now. Which would cause more regret later, joining in or not joining in? She wasn't sure. Her mind twirled much like Megan's tongue was swirling around Mick's head. The look on Mick's face confirmed that she was doing a terrific job.

Megan pulled off of Mick's cock, winked at him and then looked over her shoulder at Kasey. "Now, he's really hard as you can see. And his pre-cum is so yummy! Anyway, since I know my job is to drain his balls and get all that built-up cum out of there, I go straight to the source. I lick and suck on his balls and encourage them to keep making more cum for me. Sometimes he will rub his cock in my face or hair while I do this to keep himself hard."

Megan dipped her head under Mick's cock and started servicing his balls just as she had described. Kasey blurted out before she knew what she was saying, "It's just a shame that big cock has to go unattended while you're doing that."

Mick smiled. Those words were music to his ears. "Yes, it is," he said. "But Megan does the best she can. She's a fantastic slut capable of doing amazing things, but she's still only got one mouth..."

He let the sentence trail off, the obvious next line "two mouths are better than one" hanging out there, mutually understood but unspoken. Kasey licked her lips, then bit her lip in thought. She wanted to help them both. She knew they wanted her to, too. But she was basically a good girl. She had already been very naughty but this, well, this was a whole new level. She always thought college would be her years to experiment. Fuck it, she thought, what's the harm in starting a couple months early?

"Would you mind if I sucked your cock, daddy?" Kasey asked.

Mick smiled and said, "Of course not. There's only one thing you must know. This is your decision and your decision alone but, once you make it, I am in control. I treat you the same way I treat Megan. I say, you do. No questions asked. Understand?"

"Yes, daddy," Kasey said. "I understand. Just tell me what to do."

She looked over her shoulder and saw Harry approaching. The big man had just woken up and smiled as he took in what was happening. "Looks like a nice little party here," he grinned. "Don't mind me, you three have some fun. I'm going to get some coffee and come back and enjoy the show."

Kasey crawled over to Mick and Megan. "Work the head just like Megan told you," Mick said. "Show me what you learned. Megan, don't you take your mouth off my balls for even one second, you naughty little slut."

Since Megan couldn't look Mick in the eyes from her current position, she was able to look at Kasey. She saw her friend approaching Mick's cock. Kasey looked at her for a second. Megan winked at her, letting her know it was going to be OK.

"Eyes up, bitch," Mick growled. Kasey's eyes shot up, locking on his. She was taken aback by his tone and be called bitch, but she liked it too. She wanted him to tell her what to do and she wanted to show him how well she could do it. She stuck her tongue out and licked the underside of his head. Then she moved forward and wrapped her lips around it, holding it in place while her tongue turned and twirled and swirled all over and around the big, soft head. She flicked her tongue across the pee hole and tasted sweet pre-cum. Meanwhile, Megan was alternating between sucking on his left nut, his right nut and then stuffing both into her mouth at once. His balls were churning and Megan pictured them cooking up a hot juicy load full of creamy white fluid and lots of yummy little sperm. She felt like a slutty chef, making her own meal from scratch, heating it up, letting it simmer, adding in the little touches, then delivering -- or in this case sucking -- it from the oven to the dinner table, where she would devour it and wish for seconds, most likely provided by Harry. She was a cum-hungry teen slut and she didn't care.

Megan saw Kasey's lips moving, her little cheeks hollowing and Mick's cock twitching and throbbing. Her friend was a natural little cock sucker too. They had so much in common!

"Deeper now," Mick said. Kasey didn't hesitate. She bobbed her head, dropping lower on his cock each time. His cock was thick and filled her mouth, but she knew she could take it. She had to. She went a little over halfway down his shaft. She had never deepthroated before. The few guys she had been with came before things got that far. She had played around with a dildo once and gotten it pretty deep. Same with a banana. But a living, pumping cock was a different story.

"All right, both of you on your knees, one on my left and the other on my right," Mick said. "Kiss each other with my cock in between you. Slide your lips and tongues up and down my shaft while you make out with each other."

Mick and Harry looked at each other, grinning as the two teen dolls scrambled into place and legitimately tried to make out with each other, all the while making a meal out of Mick's fat cock. Somehow, lightning had struck the same place twice in the same week, bringing them not one, but two dream girls willing to do anything they wanted. Harry started taking pictures and videos of the girls as they made love to one another and Mick's fat old cock at the same time.

Megan looked at Kasey and saw the happiness in her eyes. She was so happy that Kasey was having fun and that she had someone to share this extreme experience with. She hoped Kasey would stay the day -- the rest of the week even -- and experience more with her. But even if she left, just knowing that Kasey knew what Megan was doing and supported it made a huge difference. Megan still feared many of the things that lay ahead of her, but now she knew Kasey would be there no matter what. Hell, she was willing to help her suck an old man's cock. She imagined there was precious little she could ever ask of Kasey that her friend for life wouldn't do for her. She knew she would do the same for Kasey. Her heart was almost as full as her mouth, she thought to herself, smiling at the silly joke.

Kasey didn't know what Megan was smiling for, but she smiled back at her dear friend. They had done so many things together over the years -- whatever one of them did, the other joined in. It didn't matter whose idea it was or who did it first. They always did it together. It was always more fun that way. It made her sad that Megan had embarked on this sexual awakening journey on her own for the past few days. How scared must she have been? She was proud of her for being so brave, so strong. Megan inspired her. It was Megan's influence that made her willing to participate the way she was doing right now, made her feel safe and like this was a much more acceptable and natural course of action than it probably really was.

Kasey's dad always told her when thinking about an idea to "say it out loud" and if it sounds dumb, it probably is. Her mouth was way too occupied right now to say anything, but in her head she said "two recent high school graduates ask two men old enough to be their grandfathers to turn them into naughty sluts". It sounded crazy, yes, but a bad idea? No, not necessarily. Not if you really thought about it. It was a safe way to be reckless, if that made sense. It was a judgement free zone. It was a way to try and do things with no repercussions, no risks. Except for the public stuff. That was scary. Kasey didn't know if she could have done that. Once again, Megan's courage impressed her.

Mick's cock was rock hard. Two gorgeous teen sluts trumped a bottle of pills any day. He was about to cum, but didn't want this magical moment to end.

"Both of you on my balls now," Mick said. "My cock needs a rest. You hungry little cock-gobblers are insatiable. Make some more cum down there. I need to make sure there's enough for both of you."

Since the girls weren't allowed to use their hands to lift his cock up and Mick wasn't moving it out of the way either, they both dipped below his thick shaft that pointed straight out from his body. The crawled between his legs and under his hanging cock and balls in a manner that reminded Megan of when they used to crawl under large bed sheets when they made forts in the living room. Then they had played with dolls, watched movies and ate popcorn. Here, their entertainment -- and snack -- was a pair of wrinkled old balls, big and round and hairy. They didn't hesitate, both sucking a ball into their mouths and pulling on it, stretching it inside the sack, watching his cock jerk as they did so.

"Your balls must taste good," Harry laughed. "I will take their word for it, but fuck they are gobbling them up like candy."

"I know," Mick said, his head tilted back, eyes half closed, wallowing in the sheer pleasure these girls were bringing him. There should be a law that every man could have his cock sucked and balls licked by two women between the ages of 18 and 30 every day. What a happier, more productive society it would be. If he ran for president, that would be his platform: Daily two-girl blowjobs for everyone. Every man would vote for him. That plus the slut vote should help him win in a landslide.

His fantasies of presidential campaigning did little to slow his inevitable orgasm. The girls were just too damn hungry and too damn good. "I'm going to cum on your faces," he growled, trying to hold off just a little longer. "Then you lick the cum off each other's faces. And Kasey, in case Megan didn't tell you, every drop gets swallowed. Even if you have to lick it off the floor. Now, up!"

The girls crawled in front of him as he grabbed his cock, holding it hard at the base, stemming the tide until they were in position, eyes wide open, mouths closed, two pretty eager faces looking up at him like little kittens waiting for a treat. This was an image he would never forget.

He would also never forget the sight of his cum spurting out in long white jets as he pointed his cock first at Megan, then at Kasey, back and forth, gush after gush squirting onto their perfect faces. He knew that them licking his balls didn't "make" more cum, but the intensity of his orgasm was nonetheless matched by its volume. Copious amounts of sperm-filled cream poured onto their faces, covering eyes, noses, lips and cheeks in a beautiful display. When he was finally done, the girls swallowed the cum that dripped into their mouths when they opened their lips, then they began their task of cleaning one another.

"No hands, my little kittens," Mick said. "Just your tongues. Lick, lick, lick."

The girls were happy to oblige. They would both share later how weird but good it felt to have the other's tongue licking up and down their faces, kissing their noses as they cleaned the cum off, slurping cum out of each other's eye lashes. It was such a fun, sexy mess.

When they were finally done, Mick said, "Megan, tell her the final step."

"Oh, yes daddy," Megan said. "So, it's very important that we finish the job. Daddy's cock still has a little bit of cum inside it. So we have to suck that out. And if he had fucked our pussies or faces, we would need to clean his cock too. But since it's already clean, we just have to make sure he's completely drained. Like this..."

"I think the new girl should do it," Mick said.

"Yes, daddy," Kasey said. She took his now nearly flaccid cock in her mouth and worked her lips to the base, applying full suction as she licked the head of his cock, extracting any and all little swimmers. She didn't stop until he gave her permission to do so.

"Quick learner," Mick said.

"I have excellent teachers," Kasey smiled.

"You passed basic Cock Sucking 101," Harry said. "Now you graduate to the advanced class, where the cock is bigger, badder and goes much, much deeper. Welcome, dear Kasey, to Deepthroating and Face-Fucking 202. As in your last class, Megan can explain the process right up until the point that she is almost gagging and can't breathe. You'll get the idea by then."

Harry was usually funnier, more laid back. But Megan had learned that, when he was really, really horny, a darker side came out. More crude, more dominant, more physical. She still didn't fear him, but she knew that he had an intensity that could be powerful. He was feeling that way now. He wasn't lying, Kasey was about to learn about next-level cocksucking.

"I look forward to it, daddy," Kasey said. Her tone and words were perfect, Megan noted. Kasey had exactly the right attitude and demeanor for this.

"OK, Kasey," Megan began. "So Daddy H. has not only had to wait all day yesterday and all night with no relief, but now he's had to watch Daddy M. get taken care of. He's been so patient, so understanding. But a man can only go so long without what he needs. We have to be extra attentive to his needs and understanding that he has even more built up tension and stress. You can see through his pants that his cock is already hard and you can picture his balls, heavy with cum. We have a job to do."

"Yes, we sure do," Kasey nodded.

"We start the same way with did with Daddy M.," Megan said, leading the way as they crawled over to Harry. He was now leaning against the bar, his shirt off to reveal his flabby belly and hairy chest. His sweat pants did little to hide the bulge of his erection. "Daddy, may I please suck your cock and drain your balls?"

"Yes, you may," Harry said. Then he looked at Kasey, expectantly.

"May I also suck your cock and relieve all your stress, daddy?" Kasey asked.

"Yes, you may," Harry said. He stood over them and put two fingers in each of their mouths, pushing his fat fingers down their throats. Kasey gagged slightly. Megan was unfazed.

"We're skipping all the kissing and worshiping my cock bullshit," Harry said. "Don't get me wrong, that's nice too. Sometimes. Right now, I'm not a very patient man. You sluts have teased me way too long. I might have been more relaxed, a little nicer if you had done your jobs last night. But you slacked on your duties and I'm not in the mood to watch you play kissy face with each other. I'm in the mood to shove my cock down your fucking gullets and watch it bulge in your throat."

Megan wanted apologize for not doing her job sooner, but in the next instant he pulled her mouth open with his fingers and jabbed his cock into her mouth. By the second thrust, he was already balls deep. Despite her best efforts, Megan was caught off guard and choked on his cock. He held the back of her head, keeping his cock all the way in her throat even as she coughed and sputtered. "Come on, slut," he growled. "You've done this before. Do it right, bitch."

Megan relaxed her throat and calmed herself as she looked into his wild eyes and sneering mouth. Her big cuddly teddy bear was more like a raging grizzly right now, not only a dirty old man, but a grumpy one too. Sensing she had regained control of herself, Harry grabbed her head and started fucking her face, loving that wet, gargling sound as his cock plunged in and out of her throat.

Megan was taking it fine now, but Kasey watched the whole thing wide-eyed. Megan's watery eyes, flaring nostrils and red face were telltale indications of her struggle. Kasey was scared for Megan and for herself as well. But Megan's courage inspired her. And her competitiveness told her if Megan could do it, she could too.

She had the right attitude, but when Harry pulled his cock out of Megan's mouth and pointed it at hers, she tensed up. He shoved it in her mouth, but her neck and throat were tight and she struggled, gagging and choking. He had to pull out.

"What the fuck was that?" he growled. "I don't care how hot you are, if you can't take a man's cock down your throat, he'll leave you as soon as he finds a slut who can. You want to be a slut, it's about more than looking like one. You have to walk the walk, as they say. If you are going to look like a cocksucker, you better fucking be one."

"Yes, daddy," Kasey rasped. Megan watched her, sad for her friend, but helpless. "I will do better, sir."

"I know you can," Harry said. "You were built with a body like that for a reason. You were made to tease AND to please. Let's get it right."

He pushed his cock in her mouth and got further this time, but when the head touched the back of her throat, Kasey choked again and he pulled out. "That's better," Harry said. "Still not good enough. But better. Third time's a charm right?"

"Yes sir," Kasey said.

"Good attitude. OK, Megan, you're her teacher so if she fails this time, you do too. That means punishment for you both, understand?"

"Yes sir," Megan said. "I know she can do it."

Kasey started to say thank you, but then the cock was in her mouth again. It caught her off guard and she choked again. "Fuck!" Harry bellowed. "You gotta stay focused, bitch. My cock is all that matters in your life in this moment. Understand? It's hard and waving in your face and you're still not ready for it? Well, I'll teach you to be ready."

He grabbed Kasey and Megan both by the wrist and pulled them to the couch. Mick joined him and they sat both sat down. Harry bent Kasey face down over his lap and Mick did the same with Megan. Both of their tight little asses were sticking high in the air, exposed, vulnerable.

"How short was she?" Mick asked.

"About three inches," Harry said. "So, three on each cheek."

Harry gripped Kasey's hair in his left hand, holding her head up and making her arch her back, her ass sticking up as he slapped her left ass cheek. Not too hard, but hard enough to sting and make a loud smacking sound. She bit her lip, not crying out, taking it like a good girl.

Mick did the exact same to Megan, also holding her hair, also slapping her ass with the same level of force. Megan, too, bit her lip and took it.

The next slaps were on the right cheeks, equally as hard. Already Kasey felt her ass getting warm. It actually felt kind of good.

"You know this hurts us more than it does you," Harry said. "You think I wouldn't rather just be fucking your throat right now? Of course I would. But because you didn't have the proper focus, I have to remind you of your purpose here. Any hot girl can land a guy and suck a cock. But if you want to be world-class sluts, the best of the best, you have to look hotter, dress hotter, fuck better and suck better. You have to be elite. You have to be committed. Three inches short is not an option."

His hand came down on Kasey's left ass cheek again. It hurt but it felt so good. She deserved to be punished. She needed to be punished. She thought back to waking up with her nipples clamped and pulled. What a delicious bit of pain that had been. Nothing extreme. Just enough to feel alive, to feel controlled, to feel degraded and objectified and yet desired at the same time. That's how this spanking felt. She loved his power, his control, being talked down to and scolded like a naughty girl. It was such a turn on. Kasey couldn't bite her lip anymore.

"Yes, daddy," Kasey said. "I failed. I'm such a bad slut. I'm sorry I teased you and didn't please you. I'm so naughty.'

Mick and Harry looked at each other, realizing that Kasey was actually enjoying this, getting turned on. Every time they thought this couldn't get better, it did. Then Megan chimed in and the lust in her voice was palpable.

"We are such bad girls," she breathed, squirming and rolling her ass around in Mick's face. "Punish us. Make us learn how to be the sluts you are entitled to."

Megan's next slap ended with a grope and squeeze from Mick. He loved the feel of her tight round ass cheeks and he loved that she was getting turned on by his touch. Harry, too, spanked Kasey and squeezed her firm cheeks, rubbing and caressing them. Both girls were squirming now, their discomfort stemming from pain and arousal.

After the last spank, Harry spread Kasey's legs. Her pussy was visibly wet. He pushed his thumb against her clit, rubbing the little button. Then he pushed two fingers inside her. She was on fire. Mick found the same thing with Megan. Both girls were burning up with desire. It was one thing for them to be submissive and compliant with bondage and a bit of rough play. For them to be turned on so much by it was yet another bonus. It was good to have sex dolls who could be enjoyed in so many different ways. These weren't spoiled brats, they were good girls who were on their way to becoming very, very good sluts.

"Ready to try again?" Harry asked. He pulled his fingers out of Kasey's pussy and used the same hand, coated in her juices, to grab her hair and pull her upright on his lap. Breathless, she nodded and he pushed her to the floor between his legs. "Prove it, bitch."

Kasey went down on him again as Mick and Megan watched. She tried really hard. Her effort was apparent to them all. There was no denying her desire to succeed and to please. Harry couldn't be mad any more.

"Megan, Kasey is trying extremely hard but I think she needs a little help. Get down there."

Megan slid onto the floor next to Kasey. Harry instructed her to take off her heels and lay on her back. Megan had no idea where this was going, but she complied without hesitation.

"You have strong legs," Harry said. "Put your foot on the back of her head and use that strength to help push her a little further."

Megan carefully lifted her leg in the air as she lay back, propping herself up on her elbows. She put her bare foot on the back of Kasey's head, wiggling her toes in her friend's soft, pretty blonde hair.

"Now," Harry said. He put his hands behind his back and leaned back, thrusting his cock forward into Kasey's mouth. Megan felt Kasey's head moving and pushed on it with her foot, helping her friend as best she could. She didn't want to push too hard though. "Imagine her head is like a gas pedal," Harry continued. "Floor it!"

Megan pushed harder, using her long toned legs to mash Kasey's face into Harry's crotch. Kasey gargled and choked, but at last, her lips touched the base of Harry's cock. It was all in.

"Good girl," Harry said. "Now, I'm going to pinch your nose and count to 20. Just breathe in that cock. You'll be fine. Megan, keep the pedal to the metal."

"I will, daddy," Megan said.

Harry pinched Kasey's nose shut, cutting of her air, and watched her eyes water and bulge. She showed no fear, though. Just discomfort and determination.

"One, Kasey's my slut," Harry began counting, replacing the common "Mississippi" with his own phrase. "Two, Kasey's a whore. Three, Kasey loves cock. Four, Kasey swallows sperm..."

The degrading counting continued as Kasey gasped and strained around his cock, her head immobilized by Megan's foot. She focused on keeping her lips tight around his cock, her tongue along the underside of his shaft, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked, increasing his pleasure while she gasped for air.

When he finally reached 20, Harry took his hand off her nose and signaled Megan to let her up. Kasey came up for air, gasping, spit spilling out of her mouth and down her chin. Her saliva coated his balls and shaft. Her face was red, her eyes watery. But she was happy. She was proud. She had done it. She had officially deepthroated. It felt better than making the honor roll in high school or lettering in tennis. She wondered if her dad would be anywhere near as proud of her ability to do this as he had been of her for those things. She knew he wouldn't, but it was a funny thing to think about in that moment.

Harry gave her a couple of seconds to breathe, than grabbed her hair and pushed her back down. This time, she went all the way the first time. No help from Megan's foot was needed. Megan sat up and watched as Harry grabbed her friend's head with both hands and face-fucked her, hard, deep and fast. There was no stopping him in that moment. The man had one thing on his mind. He wasn't going to be stopped, no matter what.

Kasey couldn't focus, her mind as rattled as her teeth as he hammered away at her face, his cock driving into her throat time and time again.

"Fucking little cock gobbler," Harry grunted, his voice full of aggression. "You'll never go to bed before doing your job again, will you? Know your role and do your job, cunt."

He held her against him as he came in her mouth, forcing her to swallow repeatedly to keep from drowning in cum. When he was finally finished, she sat up wearily. He pushed her aside and wagged his finger at Megan. "Finish the job, whore."

Megan crawled past her friend and dutifully cleaned his cock, coaxing a surprising amount of more cum from his semi-hard shaft.

"That," Harry said, "is your first lesson in Deepthroating and Facefucking 202. Class dismissed, sluts."

"That means shower time for you both," Mick said. "But we don't have a lot of time, so shower together. Have fun washing each other, but no pussy play. No orgasms for you two. Not until you earn it. We'll have clothes laid out for you. Kasey, are you able to stay with us today?"

"I will check with my dad, sir," Kasey said. "I'm sure he will be OK with it."

"I'm not so sure," Harry mumbled. Mick snorted. Megan bit her lip. Kasey didn't notice.

She and Megan had showered together in locker rooms before and had obviously gotten much closer physically in the past 24 hours, so showering together was not that big of a deal. Still, it felt odd climbing in together, their naked bodies touching each other as they huddled under the hot steamy spray. They both had sponges and took turns washing each other's bodies and hair. Their touches were soft and sensual and they giggled at how much fun it was. They were neither one lesbians, of course, but it still felt good to be touched and caressed. Plus, they loved each other, so the intimacy was genuine.

"How are you doing so far?" Megan asked. "That throat fucking is pretty intense, isn't it?"

"It sure is," Kasey said. "But I liked it. I mean, I wouldn't want it any rougher, but there's something about it. I can't explain."

"A strong man wanting you so badly that he can't control himself, he just has to have you. That kind of feeling?" Megan suggested.

"Exactly," Kasey said. "It's a little scary but mostly just really hot. I liked being spanked!"

"Me too!" Megan said. "It made me so horny!"

When they got out and were drying off, Kasey mentioned that she needed to text her dad about staying longer. Megan hated to do it, but she knew she had to tell Kasey the whole story. Better to hear it from her than anyone else.

"So, listen, I told you everything that happened this week so far, but I left out one thing," Megan said.

"What's that?" Kasey asked as she brushed her teeth.

"Well, there was actually one more guy who brought me clothes at that first party and who fed me on my cum diet day," Megan said. "I don't know how to say this. But please don't be mad."

"Who was it?" Kasey said. She was tired and still a bit hungover, so the obvious answer hadn't hit her.

"Your dad, sweetie," Megan said. "I'm sorry. I really am. I just, well, I just did what I was told to do. I never meant to hurt you."

"You... and my dad?" Kasey asked. "I, uh, I don't know what to say. You fucked him?"

"Well, technically I just sucked his cock," Megan said. "But that was the reason he enjoyed that movie so much."

"In the movie theater!"

"He didn't want to risk anyone seeing us together," Megan said.

"Why was he here in the first place? Did you tell them?"

"No, I didn't tell them anyone to invite," Megan said. "They just came up with a list. I'm not sure how. Apparently in the last year or so he started to notice me when I stayed over. I swear I never flirted with him or anything. Maybe it's because he's been, well, you know, your mom dying and all."

"He's not been with anyone since her," Kasey nodded, starting to come to terms with it. "At least not in a relationship. I always worried about him being lonely, but he said he had me, you know. But sex. He needed that at least. Oh Megan, I don't know how to process this, but I don't blame you at all."

"Really? Thank you. I just, I can't believe you aren't mad at me."

"No, actually I want to thank you for telling me," Kasey said. "And for helping me realize that my dad is just a man with needs like any other man. He obviously needed someone and I'm glad he had someone as sweet and caring as you. At least it wasn't trying to take advantage of him. He's so trusting and gullible."

"He's very sweet," Megan said. "I have always adored him -- in a completely non-sexual way. You know what I mean. Anyway, he was very kind and gentle and respectful to me. I just don't want this to change the way you think about him. He's a good man."

"Thank you for saying that," Kasey said. "It does change things though. Now I know why he might not want me staying here. He knows what you and the guys have been doing and he might be worried that I will become a student at the School for Sluts too. And he might be worried that I would find out about you and him."

"I guess he would be right to be worried," Megan laughed. "So, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to tell him I love him, that I understand, that I don't judge him and that I very much want to stay here," Kasey said.

"I think he will like the first part of that," Megan said. "Not so sure about the last part."

"Me either, but I'm an adult. It's not like he can stop me. I just want him to be OK with it."

Kasey sent the text and they both held their breath, awaiting a response. It came a couple of minutes later.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you. I didn't mean to. Megan was very sweet about it. Thank you for understanding. As far as you staying there, well, I'm not a fan, but I don't think I can stop you. Nor should I. You're a bright young woman with your own mind and dreams. I want to protect you forever, but I can't. So, if this is something you want to do, all I ask is you be very careful and let me know if you need me to bring you home. Just watch out for that Blackmon guy. He's a creep. But I trust your decisions and choices and I love you always."

Both girls cried when they read his response. "Your dad is awesome," Megan said.

"I know, right?" Kasey said. "Think your parents will be like that when you get back?"

"You've met them, right?" Megan scoffed. "I love them to death, but they are so, so..."

"Vanilla?"

"Yeah, vanilla," Megan said. "They won't understand this. They won't be able to comprehend."

"Don't worry, it will be OK," Kasey said. "I have your back, remember?"

The girls hugged, wiped away their happy tears and got dressed. Their outfits matched this time. Megan didn't remember seeing these during the party, nor would they have been matching -- she got several of the same items, but always in different colors. These outfits had been purchased separately. How had the guys known Kasey would stay? How had they gotten them so quickly? Their planning and creativity was impressive.

The outfits were racing themed and were designed like a professional cheerleaders outfit. The shorts were spandex, cut high on the crotch and low on the waist and hips. They were cherry red with an inch and a half wide strip of a black-and-white checkered pattern around the waist, similar to a racing flag. Underneath they wore white thongs. The top was also spandex. It was white, sleeveless and had a collar that fit tightly all the way around their necks. The top was skin tight and stopped just below their breasts. A zipper ran all the way from the neck to the bottom. Their legs and bellies were bare. They wore red, open-toed shoes with black heels and straps around their ankles. Naturally, the sizes of the outfits was too small, forcing the girls to squeeze their tight bodies into them. They had to help each other with the zippers on their tops.

"I can't believe you've been dressing like this all week," Kasey said, sucking in her already flat tummy as she looked in the mirror. "I have to lose weight if I'm going to keep doing this."

"The one-day cum cleanse helps with that," Megan laughed.

They looked each other over one last time, decided they were ready and headed downstairs, not knowing what fate awaited them today.

"Hello, sluts in training," Mick grinned. "You both look very hot. Like the outfits?"

"Yes, daddy," the girls said in unrehearsed unison.

"Look at that, they finish each other's sentences and blowjobs," Harry laughed. "It's nice to have a new student joining the class. But Kasey, you are quite a bit behind Megan in your studies."

"Yes, daddy," Kasey said. "She has told me a lot about what I missed. I will do my best to catch up as quickly as I can."

"Good, then you'll understand that a big part of Megan's training has involved more than just me and Mick," Harry said. "And it's involved more than being in the privacy of a home. It's time to get you out there and teach you how to be just as much of a slut in public as in private. Does that make you nervous?"

"Yes, daddy," Kasey said. "But I'm ready to try."

"Good," Harry said. "So, I received a text from your dad and I understand that he is not going to stand in the way of your training. I assume you understand his involvement in Megan's training?"

"Yes, daddy," Kasey said. "Megan told me everything. It was a shock, but I'm just glad he was happy and I know Megan treated him well. It's weird, but I understand it and am thankful everyone has been honest with me about it."

"And you won't have an issue if he's involved in future training exercises?" Mick asked.

"No sir," Kasey said. "I mean, not with Megan."

"What about him seeing you dressed like this?"

"It will be awkward for both of us, but I can handle it," Kasey said.

"Good attitude," Mick nodded. "I just like to get these things out in the open now. We aren't here to harm either of you or force you into anything, but once you've agreed to certain things, there's no stopping in the heat of the moment. You don't want to ride the roller coaster, that's fine. But once you're on and strapped in, we aren't stopping until the ride is finished."

"I understand, daddy," Kasey said. "I'm nervous and a little scared. But I've never been a quitter. I won't quit until whatever job or assignment you have given me is done to the best of my ability."

"That's all we ask," Harry said. "You two really are a lot alike."

"Everyone always says that," Megan smiled.

"We're lucky you're both the same size," Harry said. "But I think we all know that Kasey needs some clothes of her own. Your dad is going to go ahead and clean out your wardrobe and remove all of the items inappropriate for a young slut like yourself. From what I understand, there won't be much left. Are you surprised he agreed to do that?"

"I don't know," Kasey said, thinking for a moment. "Kind of yes. I mean, his text made it seem like he wouldn't encourage or endorse my actions, but him doing that, well, it makes me feel like maybe he's more OK with it than I thought."

"I think you might be right," Mick said. "Doesn't make him a bad father. Just human. He knows his cooperation keeps him in the group, which keeps him closer to Megan and also gives him the chance to make sure you're OK."

"You mean he might see me with other guys?" Kasey asked.

"Possibly," Harry said. "Almost certainly if you continue your training. The benefit for you is he knows what's going on. It will be less of a shock to him than Megan's parents, who don't know what's happening and haven't experienced the, uh, benefits if you will, of participating. Your dad certainly enjoyed it. I don't know what Megan's parents will think, but I don't expect a celebration."

"Me either," Megan frowned. "But I'll deal with that soon enough. I have you guys and Kasey on my side. I'll be OK. My parents will come around eventually."

"We have some ideas to help with that," Mick nodded. "But today, Kasey gets to meet some of the original instructors who will once again help provide a new wardrobe."

"Another party?" Megan asked, smiling.

"Yes and no," Harry said. "Sort of a party, but not like last time. This one will be a fundraiser. You will earn money for new clothes which you can purchase online since Quigley's new store isn't open yet. Then, we will split up the clothes you both have to give you as equal wardrobes as we can."

"To earn the money, we are going to have a car wash," Mick said. "Our invited guests will bring their vehicles and you will wash them in your little outfits while they watch. They will be allowed to take photos, videos, of course. They can tell you what to wash and how to wash it and you will follow those commands. We will not have time for you to properly thank them all today, but show your appreciation as best you can in the time allotted and assure them that additional gratitude will be expressed soon."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said. "This sounds like fun!"

"I'm so nervous already," Kasey said. "What if I'm not sexy enough? I don't know how to do this."

"Oh, you're sexy enough," Mick assured her. "Just let it flow. Follow Megan's lead. Have fun. The guys will tell you what to do and you'll get the hang of it really fast."

"Thank you for me believing in me, daddy," Kasey said.

The girls rode in the back of the car as they drove to the high school. The guys had made arrangements to have the car wash there. Peterson, the school custodian, had assured them no one was around. He had cancelled a couple of contractors coming to do some repairs. He was the only one at the school. They would do the car wash in the back of the school, near the utility building and the concession building used for the school's football games.

They pulled around the back of the school and Peterson was there with a buckets, wash cloths, sponges, towels and a couple of long hoses that were attached to spigots. The buckets were already overflowing with soap suds. He had also brought out a portable speaker and had some rock music playing -- not so loud as to draw attention from the neighborhood, but loud enough to the girls' hips moving.

Everyone got out of the car and Peterson shook hands with the guys and gave the girls big, long hugs. "Good to see you again, Megan," he said. "Get enough to eat the other day?"

"Yes, sir," Megan said. "Thank you so much for feeding me."

"And look at our new guest," Peterson said, nodding to Kasey. "I almost didn't recognize you in that outfit. Good to see so much more of you, Kasey."

"Thank you, sir," Kasey said. "It's good to see you too."

"So, you guys get ahold of everybody?" Peterson asked.

"Most of them," Mick nodded. "We didn't invite Blackmon. A few we haven't heard from. Might have a couple of other guests as well that Megan has met this week. First cars should start coming in about half an hour. I figure that gives the girls time to take care of ours and yours and start getting a little warmed up."

"Private show," Peterson said. "I like that. I'll pull my truck up behind your car and they can do their thing."

"Good," Harry said, looking at his phone. "Yelton just texted. He's almost here. He wants to get lots of pictures and stuff. He will have plenty for everyone, he says."

"Works for me," Peterson said. "That man takes some high quality photos, that's for sure. That big lens he's got, you can almost see the sperm inside those wads of cum," he laughed.

"Well girls, time to get wet," Harry said. "And you can get the cars wet too." The guys laughed and the girls grabbed the hoses and started watering down the vehicles. Megan knew Kasey was nervous, so she sprayed her with the hose and started laughing. Kasey fired back and soon they were both soaked and laughing and moving to the music. They didn't slow down when Yelton arrived. He set up a two tripods and carried around another handheld camera and a high-def video camera.

Megan went over to one of the buckets and bent down to pick up a sponge. She saw the guys looking at her. She stopped, smiled and slowly pulled down the zipper on her top until it was half way down between her breasts. The extremely tight spandex pushed her perky breasts toward the opening, revealing her beautiful cleavage as she bent over in front of them. She walked back away from them, playfully swinging her ass to the music.

"Wave that checkered flag!" Peterson cheered referring to the racing flag design on Megan's shorts. She stopped and wiggled her ass for him, looking playfully over her shoulder before returning to the car.

"She has really gotten a lot bolder already," Peterson said. "You guys are doing great work. Kasey is just as hot. What an amazing pair."

"Yeah, I think Kasey will warm up fast," Mick said. "Megan feels like the teacher now, so I think that is making her more confident. Kasey will learn a lot from Megan. She's a very eager student."

"Eager is good," Peterson nodded. "Train them to be hungry for it, eager to please."

"That's the plan," Harry said. "We have been doing it on the fly, but so far, it seems like we're doing something right."

"No argument there," Peterson said. "Damn, what perfect bodies on these two. This is a dream come true. I can't tell you how many times I found a reason to be out on the athletic fields to watch their tennis practices."

"Being around girls like this all day every day, you show tremendous restraint," Mick said.

"Lots of cold showers, my friend," Peterson laughed.

The girls were getting a cold shower of their own and their nipples were hard and pointy. Their tanned skin glistened in the late morning sunlight. The day was warming up fast, in more ways than one.

"Getting a lot of good shots?" Harry asked Yelton.

"Tons," Yelton said.

"I know we all like a good hot photo, but what are you going to do with all these images?"

Yelton told them about his idea for a personal website for Megan. Now Kasey could have one too and then maybe they could have a joint page for events and shoots like this.

"I'm telling you, it could be a gold mine for all of us," Yelton said. "And they don't have to do anything they don't want to do. No actual sex on camera. Not even nudity if they don't want. Just teasing, sexy stuff like this."

"I believe it," Mick nodded, noting that he had enjoyed more than a few pages himself from time to time.

"Anyway, I just want to use this content today to set up some pages and show them what it could look like," Yelton said. "I won't go live, of course, without their permission and without a contract about splitting up profits and other details. I might be a dirty old photographer, but I'm fair and honest," he laughed.

"You aren't that old," Mick said. "35?"

"38," Yelton said. "Still older than those two combined." He nodded at this photo subjects.

The girls continued to tease and play in the water and soap, rubbing on the car and truck and each other. Mick reminded them to bend over at the waist and keep their legs straight. He instructed them to use their breasts and asses instead of the sponges to rub on the vehicles. Harry had them kiss and playfully unzip each other's tops all the way, both girls, holding their hands over their turgid nipples before zipping their tops back up to the nipple line.

They dried the vehicles with soft cloths and then Peterson came over to them. He stood between them and put his arms around their shoulders, getting a good grip on a breast with each hand. They all smiled as Yelton took a photo. He pinched their asses and gave them each a kiss on the mouth. Then he handed them each an envelope. "Use this to buy something skimpy and slutty," he said.

The girls both thanked him profusely and each gave him another kiss and hug. "We can't thank you enough for all you've done," Megan said.

"Probably not," Peterson laughed. "But we're going to have fun trying sometime soon, I hope."

"Plans to be determined," Mick said.

"As long as there are plans," Peterson nodded.

"You know there are," Mick assured him. "This is just a little tease, a bit of tits and ass to whet the appetite."

"I'm ready for the main course AND dessert," Peterson laughed. "But I'm a patient man. I very much appreciate being part of this and look forward to more fun times."

"And this day is just getting started," Harry reminded him. "Lots more cars to go."

One by one the other guys started rolling in and soon Walters, Hanson, Quigley, Darrell and Meeks had joined them. Much like Peterson, they enjoyed the show, copped some feels, stole a few kisses and handed over their donations. They were all impressed by Megan's development and thrilled to have Kasey added to the party.

As the girls washed and danced and played in the water, the guys mostly stood back and enjoyed the show, but occasionally went up to pinch an ass or grope a tit. At first it caught Kasey off guard. She was very self-conscious like this, showing off and being felt up. Megan seemed much more comfortable.

"It's OK," Megan said as if reading her mind. "I'm nervous too. I would like to tell you that you get used to it, but if you do, I'm not there yet. But just try to relax and have fun with it. They are here to have fun too. We're not in danger. It can be kind of a turn on if you relax and think about the fact that all these grown men are turned on by us."

"It is kind of flattering," Kasey said. "I'm used to guys, you know, looking or saying something, but not all the grabbing. Plus I usually have more clothes on." She giggled, looking down at her skimpy outfit that simply screamed sex. It was a very flattering outfit, making her tits and ass pop out, her legs look even longer and sexier than they already were, her tight little belly looking so trim and fit. How could such an uncomfortable outfit make her feel so good about herself?

While the girls talked and performed, Quigley watched carefully, thinking how nice it would be if both would come work for him and model his new store with its line of very sexy adult clothing.

"Any idea what they are going to do about college?" Quigley asked Harry.

"Not a clue," Harry said. He didn't want to tell him that he already knew Megan was changing her mind and that he thought there was a chance Kasey would choose to do whatever Megan did. He wanted to let the girls handle their own futures. He hoped he and Mick would remain part of whatever the girls chose to do, but to do so, maintaining their trust was essential. He had to have their back and mean it. "All I know is that we have a couple more days to enjoy this and after that, who knows. Megan's parents come back. In a few weeks they are both supposed to go to college. I know they are caught up in all this right now, but the return of the parents could make this all seem like a fantasy and real life comes back."

"Kinda like coming back from a week in Vegas," Quigley nodded. "Speaking of parents, what's Kasey's dad gonna do about this?"

"So far he's OK with it," Harry shrugged. "Not thrilled, but kind of a 'what can I do?' response. He still loves and supports her. She forgave him for being part of this and being with Megan. So I think he feels like if she can accept it, he should too. Still it's his baby girl, so I understand why it would bother him."

"Me too," Quigley said. "But he should be proud. She's beautiful and has a great personality. She's amazing."

"Good little cocksucker too," Harry assured him. "Gotta work on her deepthroat skills, but practice makes perfect."

"That's good to know," Quigley smiled. "Just don't tell her dad that." They both laughed and looked over in time to see Rothman drive up. Other than Blackmon, who wasn't invited, and Granderson, who wasn't expected to show, that was everyone from the original party night. But it wasn't everyone on the invitation list today.

From the carnival night, Harry and Mick had invited Bud, Jim and Tom. And Pierce, the defense trainer also showed up bearing smiles and cash. Harry and Mick introduced them to the group. Then Megan, happy to see each of them, introduced them to Kasey. "I can't believe you all came!" Megan gushed.

"Isn't that what all men do when they see you?" Jim joked, getting a big laugh.

"Speaking of that," Harry said. "If any of you feel inspired by these sexy sluts to jerk off, we ask that you do so in one of these cups. The girls haven't eaten much today, so I'm sure they will be hungry and will want to enjoy your generous treat before you leave."

Kasey looked at Megan, wide-eyed. Megan smiled, "It's OK. I know it sounds disgusting, but split between the two of us it won't be that much. Just swallow it fast. Focus on looking and acting sexy and ignore the taste."

"I'll try," Kasey said, scrunching her cute little nose. "But I don't know. That's still a lot of guys."

Inspired by the invitation to cum, the guys got a little more aggressive, grabbing and groping and taking closer looks as they started rubbing and stroking their cocks. The girls were invited to lend a hand -- all four hands, in fact -- to help the cause.

Megan grabbed Bud's cock, looking the oh-so-faithful married man in the eyes and saying softly, "This is OK. She would be OK with this. You deserve this. Enjoy it." He smiled and nodded, then closed his eyes and tilted his head back as she stroked and pulled on his cock. She wanted to suck it for him, but that wasn't allowed by Mick and Harry and she knew Bud would consider that going too far as well.

He was the first to cum as Megan aimed his cock at one of the wide-mouthed cups. She looked over and saw Kasey with two cocks -- Yelton and Peterson -- in her hands, jerking on their thick shafts while they pawed at her ass and tits. Megan was happy to see that Kasey was smiling. She was finding the fun in this. Sex should be fun, Megan thought. They were making these guys very happy. That had to be a good thing, right?

Right now, their happiness was spurting all over the place, as cock after cock was tended to and load after load extracted. Megan was stroking Rothman's cock and Kasey was working on Walters' when one more car came around the building. Kasey and Megan were too busy to notice see it, but everyone else did. Mick and Harry recognized the car and their eyes got big.

"Ahem, uh, Kasey, your dad's here," Mick said. Ever the consummate slut, Kasey didn't stop tending to Walters, but she looked up at the car, shock and fear on her face. Megan, likewise, continued her work, but shared Kasey's look of surprise and worry.

Granderson rolled up slowly, a frown on his face. All the men except Walters and Rothman moved a respectful distance away from the wet, scantily clad teens, as if Granderson didn't know they had been jerked off too.

Granderson rolled down his window and looked them all, expressionless. Then he smiled, "Am I too late to get a car wash?"

"Not at all!" Mick laughed. "Ladies, please finish what you're doing. Then, I believe you have one final customer. Mr. Granderson, it's a pleasure to see you."

Granderson got out of the car and shook hands with everyone, occasionally glancing over as Megan and Kasey completed their handjobs. Many of the men complimented him on his character and on his beautiful daughter. He knew they all wanted more than hand jobs from her and suspected they all would be treated to much more as part of the "appreciation" Mick and Harry had mentioned. Granderson himself was counting on it, quite frankly, as he desperately wanted Megan again. So much so that he was willing to see Kasey like this.

At least, that's what he told himself. He pushed aside what he knew subconsciously to be the truth -- he also very much wanted to see Kasey dressed like a little slut. He loved his daughter and would never harm her, but he was a man -- a single man at that -- and he had noticed her development into a true stunner over the last couple of years. He had never thought about touching her or anything like that, but he had enjoyed the view of her perfect little ass and long legs more than once. A guilty pleasure, but a pleasure nonetheless.

He blushed when she came up and hugged him and blushed harder when Megan hugged and kissed him. What a complicated situation this was. So wrong yet so right. He enjoyed watching them work just as the others had, forcing himself to look more at Megan, but finding his eyes drifting toward Kasey, stunned by her beauty too. He wanted to fuck Megan, but watching his daughter like this was an unexpected treat. He enjoyed it far more than he knew he should.

"Um, Mr. Granderson, sir," Megan said when they were done with his car. "Well, uh, everyone else wanted a happy ending, if you will and I just wanted to see if you would do me the honor of letting me stroke your cock."

Granderson looked at Kasey, who smiled and mouthed the words "It's OK". He took a deep breath. He wanted to say no, but his cock was hard and his balls were full and Megan, well, she was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He nodded. "Yes, you may."

Now, everyone watched as Megan knelt down and used both hands, working his balls and his cock. Her mouth was only inches away, a tantalizing target. Granderson looked over and saw Kasey watching. He should have been embarrassed for her to see him like this. For her to even see his cock was shameful, let alone let her see it erect and being handled by her best friend. He should have been disgusted by himself and she should have been disgusted too. Instead, Kasey was smiling, Megan was smiling and Granderson was unable to do anything but unleash his huge wad, which Megan skillfully directed into a cup.

When it was over, he took very "normal" pictures with them, no groping involved. And then, awkwardly, he gave them each money. "I feel weird supporting this because I know what you're going to buy with it, but, well, I hope you get something you like and everyone else likes."

Kasey hugged him hard, whispering in his ear, "Thank you so much, Daddy. I love you so much. I'm still your good little girl. OK? I always will be. But thank you for understanding that I need to be more, too."

"I'm trying," Granderson whispered back. "I love you. Just be careful."

Mick and Harry took all the cups and poured the contents into a tall clear glass. The thick white liquid filled the bottom of the glass. Mick held it up for all to see. Then he handed it to Megan, "Slut number 1, please use your fingers to mix this all up. Give it a good stir. Then we will divide it into two shot glasses and you will both be assured of getting some cum from each of us in your drink."

Megan looked at Kasey as she put her finger in the glass and started swishing the warm, thick cum around in the bottom, mixing all the loads together. She realized -- and so did Kasey -- that this now meant Kasey would actually be swallowing some of her dad's cum. It would only be a small percentage of Kasey's portion, but the amount didn't matter. It was the fact that it was her dad's and it was going to be inside her in a few moments.

Kasey looked serious, but gave a subtle nod, letting Megan know she was OK. Megan smiled at her, then handed the mixture back to Mick, who carefully poured the contents into two shot glasses, making sure the amounts were as equal as possible. Then, he handed them each their glasses.

"One at a time," Mick said. "Megan, as the most experienced member of this class, you go first and show Kasey how it's done."

"Yes, daddy," Megan said. She raised her glass, saluting the men who had filled it for her. "Thank you, daddies, for this warm, yummy and nutritious treat. I love you all!" Megan tilted her head back and drank from the glass. Unlike the shots of whiskey from the night before, this shot did not go down fast and smooth. The thick cum clung to the sides of the glass and oozed onto her tongue. She waited patiently for it all to drip out of the glass, then showed her mouthful of cum to the guys. Then, with a quick wink, she swallowed and showed her empty mouth to the cheering men.

"Yummy!" she squealed playfully, pretending she loved it. "Someone's been eating lots of pineapple!"

They all laughed and then turned to Kasey, who did her best to block out the knowledge that her father's cum was inside this glass. She was about to digest sperm that could have been a brother or sisters. Not that he was planning to have any more kids, but just the thought of that was mind-blowing. She was dizzy with emotion, turned on by the taboo act. She raised her glass and spoke, "Thank you, daddies, for this wonderful day and wonderful gift. I've met many of you for the first time today, but I love you already. And to those daddies I've known much, much longer, I will always love you."

She let the cum ooze into her mouth, just like Megan had. She felt warm, sexy, very naughty as the cum oozed onto her tongue and into the back of her throat. She stopped it, showing them their work before she swallowed and slammed the glass down. "Yes, Megan, pineapple for sure. Strawberries too, I think," she giggled and was happy to see all the guys smiling at her little joke. Even her dad was smiling. Many would judge her harshly for her actions, she knew, but no one here did. And her dad was happy. That had to be a good thing. She didn't have to be a good girl to be a good daughter.

Kasey's dad hugged her and then joined the others in leaving the party. He thought about Megan and how gorgeous she was and how much fun it had been to watch her drink his cum. Then he thought about Kasey. It shouldn't have been fun to watch her doing the same thing. It was definitely weird, but in the end, it was fun too. She had his cum in her belly. It was a thought he couldn't grasp, an image he couldn't shake. He drove fast, but he was erect again by the time he got home.