**Megan's Summer Education Ch. 06**

**CHAPTER 6: SHOWING GRATITUDE**  
  
***Thursday afternoon***  
  
Peterson said he would take care of all the cleanup and shooed Mick, Harry and the girls on their way after the car wash. The girls had dried some in the sum, but the insides of their outfits were wet. They were both very happy when the guys told them they had packed extra clothes in the trunk.  
  
"Just change right here," Harry said. "I'm sure Peterson won't mind."  
  
"Not one bit," he grinned. "Don't mind me. I'm just putting things away. I won't stare at your tits too long."  
  
The guys had brought two pleated miniskirts - one hot pink and one cannery yellow. True to form, they were quite small and stopped at the top of the girls' thighs. Megan wore the pink and Kasey the yellow. There were also pink and yellow tub tops, so they mixed, with Megan wearing the yellow top and Kasey the pink. The colors were bright and bold and the fabric minimal. The heels were basic pumps and were the same colors - pink for Kasey and yellow for Megan.  
  
"Sorry, girls, we forgot panties," Mick shrugged a not-so-innocent look that told them they had not forgotten at all. "And the other ones are too wet, so, just pray it's not too windy, I guess."  
  
"Well, I know where we can get some," Harry grinned. Alarms went off in Megan's head. She realized that this was all planned. The guys always had a plan. And when they were secretive and grinning, it usually meant something new and wild, something they would definitely enjoy and that she might or might not. Her enjoyment wasn't their top priority. Enjoying her was. She wanted to alert Kasey, but with the guys there in the car with them now, she stayed quiet and waited for the guys to reveal their plan. They were sitting in the front seat while Megan and Kasey sat in the back sipping on bottles of water to wash their cum shots down.  
  
"He just texted that he's ready and gets off in 20 minutes," Harry said to Mick, who was driving.  
  
"Perfect," Mick smiled.  
  
"You two did well at the car wash," Harry said. "Did you have fun?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "It was so wild!"  
  
"I agree, sir," Kasey said. "The guys were all so nice. It was fun to meet everyone."  
  
"Did you enjoy your treat at the end?" Mick asked.  
  
"How would we not?" Megan said. "So yummy!"  
  
"I never did anything like that," Kasey said. "But it was so sexy. I liked it."  
  
"How did you feel about being dressed like that, having the guys look at you, touch you, comment on you?  
  
"I was really nervous," Kasey admitted. "But the music and Megan helped a lot. Plus, even though they were strangers, it wasn't like we were walking around in a big crowd or something. I mean, I guess it was sort of controlled, so that helped."  
  
"Yeah, it can be extra scary going into a public park or an office," Megan said.  
  
"Or a store?" Mick smiled. The girls had been so engaged in the conversation they didn't notice Mick was pulling into the parking lot at Target. Megan understood right away.  
  
"Jackson's working today, isn't he?" Megan asked.  
  
"How did you guess?" Harry smiled.  
  
"You forget she was a straight A student," Mick said. "We might have hot little sluts in the back seat, but they aren't dim-witted bimbos. Beauty and brains with these two."  
  
"Yes, Jackson is working today," Harry said. "Do you know Jackson too, Kasey?"  
  
"Yes, I know him," Kasey said. "Megan told me about the thong."  
  
"Yes, he was very helpful," Mick said. "He's also been supporting a lot of the technical and online work for the School. I'm sure he can help find an appropriate cover for your little cunts."  
  
They parked and the four of them walked in together. They found Jackson waiting for them in the women's clothing area. He shook hands with the men like they were old friends and hugged Kasey and Megan like they had hung out together at school.  
  
"It's so good to see you guys," he said. "I really like what you're doing. The pictures and videos have been amazing."  
  
"Thank you, Jackson," Megan said. "Thanks for your help with everything."  
  
"Just happy to be part of the team," he smiled. "So, someone told me you both lost your panties this time?"  
  
"Well, we didn't lose them, they are just soaking wet," Kasey teased. This part of the role came pretty natural to her. She had always liked flirting with the boys in school and didn't mind a little naughty talk to embarrass them and turn them on.  
  
"Not the kind of wet we would like," Megan pouted, following Kasey's lead. "Just water. But still soaked. So we took them off."  
  
"Well, there might have been little more than water in them," Kasey teased again. "It was pretty, um, exciting, you know."  
  
"Sounds like some good messy fun," Jackson said. "Well, personally, I'm all for you going without any panties, but since you're such good girls, I know you want to cover up. We have several thongs for you to choose from."  
  
The girls sorted through the undergarments and Megan grabbed a black thong and a pink one. "I just can't decide," she said, holding them both up. "What do you think, Jackson?"  
  
"Well, uh," Jackson started.  
  
"Wait, you can't tell anything holding them up by your ears," Mick said. "Show them next to where they belong."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. She looked around. The store, as usual, was fairly busy. Many people milled around nearby. Rather than being rewarded for being a little tease, she was now going to have to pay the price and risk public exposure once again. She lifted her skirt with her right hand and held the black thong over her bare pussy with her left. She forced her best teasing, perky voice and said, "What do you think now? Black or pink?"  
  
Up til now Jackson had been playing things much cooler than their previous encounter. He gained a great deal of knowledge and confidence over the last few days in posting content on the private web page for the guys. He expected Megan and Kasey to come in looking sexy and teasing. He hadn't expected Megan to lift her skirt and show her pussy to him. He swallowed hard, unable to focus, then shook his head and said, "Um, they both look great, but I like the way the black looks against your skin."  
  
"Already some nice pink down there, isn't there?" Harry laughed. "Are you getting black too, Kasey?"  
  
"I don't, sir," Kasey said. "I kind of like this blue one, but this green one looks good too."  
  
"Well, Jackson is the store expert, so I think he's best qualified to help you pick," Harry said.  
  
"Of course, daddy," Kasey said. "Jackson, which do you like?" Like Megan, she lifted her skirt and held the brightly colored thongs next to her bare pussy mound. Jackson swallowed hard, wiping sweat from his brow and told her he liked the royal blue. Another customer walked by just then and Jackson slid over, blocking their view of Kasey's pussy.  
  
"You're such a gentleman," Kasey smiled. She leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. He blushed "Thank you!"  
  
"You know, these girls have so much trouble keeping their panties on, maybe we should both them two pair each," Mick said.  
  
"I like that idea," Harry agreed.  
  
"Actually, I have an employee discount," Jackson said. "I don't buy a lot of women's underwear, but I'm pretty sure if we buy three we get one free."  
  
"Even better," Mick said.  
  
Jackson led them to the front, applied his employee discount and checked them out. As he slid the panties into a bag, he looked at his phone to check the time. "Quitting time," he smiled. "I'm going to go clock out. You all have a great day."  
  
"Well that's great time," Mick said. "Do you have some free time this afternoon?"  
  
"Sure, I suppose so," Jackson said. The guys had mentioned to him they might have a surprise for him and to keep his afternoon open, so he wasn't shocked by Mick's question. His hopes were high for some quality time with one of the girls, but he tried to temper his expectations.  
  
"Well, the girls earned some extra money this morning and need to buy some more clothes to fill out their new wardrobes," Mick said. "It's a lot of online stuff, and we know you're an expert there. And it's picking out sexy clothes, and obviously you have a good eye for that as well. So, maybe you could come along with us and help the girls with their shopping?"  
  
"Sure, that sounds like fun," Jackson said. "Um, I took the bus to work..."  
  
"You'll ride with us," Mick said, waving off Jackson's question. "We have plenty of room. You can squeeze in the back seat with the girls."  
  
"Sounds good," Jackson said. "I'll go clock out and meet you out front in a minute, if that's OK."  
  
"We'll be waiting for you," Megan smiled.  
  
Jackson practically sprinted to the back of the store to clock out, then back to the front. He wasn't sure what kind of car they drove, but it didn't take long to spot them. Kasey had the back window rolled down and was waving her new blue panties at him. "Over here, Jackson!" she called.  
  
He ran over to them and Kasey got out of the car. "You get in the middle," she smiled. He climbed in, noting that Mick and Harry were in the front seat. Megan was in the back. He slid in next to her and Kasey followed. He noticed that all four new thongs were laying on the seat. They hadn't put anything on. The only thing covering their pussies was their little pleated skirts. He could see their hard nipples and knew nothing was under those tube tops than perky titties. Their long legs filled the space around him with temptation, his eyes drawn to their sexy heels and tanned thighs. The back seat was small, but not as small as the girls made it seem, as they rubbed their legs against his and squeezed alongside him. He was hard and put his hands over his lap to hide it.  
  
Megan noticed and winked at Kasey. Megan picked up one of the thongs and then tossed it in the air, "Catch, Jackson!" she said. Instinctively his hands went up to catch the thong. Before he could drop them back down, however, the girls were giggling.  
  
"Oh my," Kasey said. "That looks big."  
  
"Really big," Megan said. Both girls were looking directly at his crotch. He was wearing khaki pants and a red shirt, part of his dress code for work. "Um, sirs, we have a fourth passenger back here."  
  
"Fourth?" Mick asked, playing along.  
  
"Yes," Megan said. "Jackson has, um, a really big boner. It's taking up a lot of room."  
  
"In his pants," Kasey added.  
  
"You girls know the school rule," Harry said.  
  
"Actually, I don't think I do," Kasey said.  
  
"It's a slut's job to take care of the needs of any hard cock," Megan said. "Assuming the owner of that cock grants us permission to do so."  
  
"Very good," Harry said. "Yes, Kasey, we still need to review the rules with you. But that's a big one. Never forget it."  
  
"Yes, daddy," Kasey said.  
  
Then, in unison, the girls said, "Jackson, may I suck your cock?"  
  
Jackson very nearly came right then and there. He didn't know what to do. "Uh, guys, I mean, sirs, um, how do I respond?"  
  
"Unless you're an idiot, you respond yes," Harry laughed. "Tell them what you want and how you want it. Just make sure when you pop it goes in or on one of them and not on my car seats. Got it?"  
  
"Uh, yes, of course, sir," Jackson stammered. Then, to the girls he said, "Um, yes, you may both suck my cock. Uh, Kasey, you start and Megan, you show me your tits."  
  
"That's it," Harry said. "Take control. They are not just sluts, they are training to be submissive sluts. You say, they do. They teased you so it's their fault you're horny. Now it's their responsibility to make sure you are happy and taken care of. Both mouths and pussies are available to you, as well as their tits and you can spank or play with their asses. Whatever you like. You did your work for the day and now it's playtime."  
  
"With two playmates," Mick added.  
  
Kasey was already unzipping his pants and Megan was pulling her top off. They were nothing if not eager. And obedient. Jackson helped Kasey by pushing his pants down to his knees. She looked at his thick, long cock and smiled, then looked up at him. Keeping her eyes locked on him, she slowly put her hands behind her back and put her lips to the head of his cock.  
  
Jackson was so busy watching her, he almost forgot about topless Megan. So Megan demanded his attention by grabbing his hand and putting it on her breast while she leaned in and kissed his ear, sticking her tongue inside it, then nibbling on his ear lobe. He squeezed her breasts one at a time and moaned at the sheer pleasure being delivered by the mouths of these two amazing girls.  
  
Kasey's lips were going further and further down his cock and Megan was now sticking her tongue in his mouth and rubbing her hands on his chest. He knew he couldn't last long like this and he didn't want this one magic moment to end so quickly. He might never get this chance again. He pulled away from Megan and told Kasey to stop.  
  
"Give me a second, girls," he said.  
  
"You can call them sluts or bitches or cunts, whatever you want," Mick said. "It's all part of their role. If you like dirty talk, don't hold back. But if you don't, call them girls or ladies or babes. No rules, my man."  
  
"All right, you sluts are way too hot," Jackson smiled. "Let's slow down and enjoy this. I like what you were doing with my ear, Megan. How about you both kiss my ears and cheeks and neck, then meet at my mouth. Oh, and Kasey, show me your tits, too."  
  
"Much better," Harry said. "Take control."  
  
Kasey pulled her top off and the two topless girls squeezed alongside him, kissing and nibbling on his ears, nibbling his jawline, kissing his cheeks, running their fingers through his hair. Kasey reached his lips first, but Megan soon joined her. They both kissed him, then each other as Jackson stuck his tongue out, happy to put it in either mouth. Kasey wrapped her lips around his tongue and sucked. Then Megan took her turn, kissing him hard on the mouth and, as she pulled away, gripping his lip gently between her teeth.  
  
Despite taking the attention away from his cock, Jackson was still progressing towards an orgasm. Pre-cum dribbled freely from the head of his cock. Megan saw it. "Jackson, I have to clean that up. May I have permission to suck your cock at least long enough to take your pre-cum."  
  
"Yes, you may," Jackson groaned. "You both may. Megan, you suck the head. Kasey, you take the shaft and balls."  
  
The girls' mouths were on him instantly. Kasey slobbered all over his shaft and balls and Megan worked her magic on his head. Her lips were as soft and wet as her tongue, it seemed to Jackson, and his cock had never felt so engorged. He tried to sit still and suppress the urge to hump his hips, but the girls were just too much. He was way past the point of no return. He put his hand on the back of Megan's head and pushed her down his cock, forcing Kasey to give way and focus strictly on his balls. He came hard down Megan's throat, his cum spurting in huge, never-ending gushes. Megan swallowed hard, impressed by his youthful virility. What he lacked in stamina and technique he made up for in sheer volume and energy.  
  
Megan kept up with his orgasm, swallowing and sucking until he was done pumping. She lifted off, but he stroked his cock, which was still hard, and aimed it at Kasey. "You get the rest, slut," he grunted. He pushed her head down on his cock and fucked her face as she sucked a few more spurts out of him and swallowed his tasty treat.  
  
"How many times have you thought about that moment while you jerked off looking at their photos and videos the last few days?" Mick asked.  
  
"I can't count that high," Jackson laughed. "I cum, see a new set of photos and I'm jerking off again."  
  
"Here that girls?" Mick said. "You're a long way from taking care of our friend. At his age, he can recover and reload over and over again. So, as you're looking through your online orders, pay attention to his needs. Obey his commands and wear him out."  
  
"Yes, daddy," Megan said. "It will be our pleasure."  
  
"Seriously?" Jackson said. "I get to do this so more?"  
  
"It's your personal orgy," Harry said. "Say, they never put those new thongs on, did they?"  
  
"No sir," Jackson said.  
  
"Have a little fun then," Harry said. "They each have two new thongs. Stuff one inside each of their pussies, then put the other one them."  
  
"Really?" Jackson asked.  
  
"Yep," Harry said. "Gives you a little preview of the two more holes you can fuck later. They give great head, but you don't want to miss out on those little cunts either."  
  
"I sure don't," Jackson said. "Every guy in school wanted a piece of those. I can't believe I get both."  
  
"It was a nice surprise for us too," Mick said. "They are prime pussies, so just enjoy every second of it."  
  
Jackson started with Megan, telling her to put her legs up and spread them. He decided to put the pink thong inside her, but first he touched her puffy pink pussy lips with his fingers, stroking them lightly. His fingertip slid between the soft lips and he felt her heat and her wetness. He pushed further in, dipping his finger up to the first knuckle, then pulling it out. He smelled his finger, then licked it, smiling at the gooey sweetness of it.  
  
He had Kasey get in the same position as he knelt on the floor of the car between them. Now both girls had their long legs up, their heels pressed against the roof of the car, their skirts up and pussies out. He felt Kasey's pussy too, noting that it was just as soft and wet and warm as Megan's. And just as sweet too. He decided to put the green thong inside her and started with her, pushing the thong between her pussy lips and inside her pussy. She moaned and lifted her hips, giving him a better angle as he used two fingers to stuff the little thong inch by inch inside her. Finally, he inserted his middle finger all the way to the second knuckle, making sure the thong was fully inside her. He playfully tapped his fingers on her pussy lips after they closed back together.  
  
Kasey looked at him, biting her lip. She was horny. Her nipples were erect and he leaned forward and kissed them both before turning his attention to Megan and her beckoning pussy. He pushed the pink thong inside her the same way he had with Kasey. Then he slid the black thong over her heels and down her long legs. She lifted her ass off the seat as the pulled the thong up over her hips and carefully secured the garment over her stuff pussy mound.  
  
"Sit up and put on your top," he said.  
  
"Yes, Jack-" Megan started.  
  
"Call me master, bitch," he snapped.  
  
"Yes, master," Megan said. She smiled inwardly, happy to see Jackson embracing his position of dominance. This was training for him as much as it was for them, she thought as she watched him pull Kasey's blue thong into place. Kasey also sat up and put her top on, just as the car pulled in the driveway. Jackson pulled his pants back up and followed Mick, Harry and the girls inside the house.  
  
As they entered the kitchen, Megan grabbed a blowpop and handed one to Kasey.  
  
"This is practice," Megan said. "We have to have our mouths trained and prepared to be of service at all times."  
  
"Shit, that's hot," Jackson said as the girls popped the suckers in their mouths. He could hardly believe all that had happened this week, today and was still happening. They had his cum in their bellies, suckers in their slutty mouths, their panties stuffed inside their pussies and they were happy about it. Maybe not as happy as he was, but close enough.  
  
He sat on the couch and the girls sat on either side of him. He held a laptop and the girls squeezed in tight to look pressing their tight, nearly nude bodies against him. He felt their breasts brushing against his arms and he wanted to rip their tops off and squeeze their firm tits. Then he remembered, he was in charge. The guys had told him to be dominant. He decided to take this newfound authority for a little spin.

He turned to Kasey and yanked her tube top down until her breasts popped out. He left the top stay right her breasts, making the perky things stand out even more. He did the same with Megan, not saying a word to either girl. They remained quiet, letting him have his way. Way cool, he thought.  
  
Kasey wasn't sure how to respond to Jackson's dominance. It had been weird at first with the older guys, but soon felt natural to submit to them. But Jackson was younger than them. To have him be in control was odd, not nearly as natural as submitting to an older man who deserved to be respected and taken care of. But, as she followed Megan's lead, she thought about all that Jackson had been doing for them, helping out with their thongs and the website and all that. She had seen some of what Jackson had put together. It was a nice site. Private and secure. She liked what he had done. So maybe he was young, but he had earned this, she realized, and deserved the same level of respect and submission as Mick, Harry and the other guys.  
  
On the laptop, they visited a number of sites specializing in club wear, sexy costumes, fetish attire, lingerie, swimsuits and the like. Mick and Harry sat in the recliners, drinking beer with their feet propped up and keeping an eye on the action. They had kept all the cash from the car wash and given the girls a credit card to go shopping online.  
  
At first, Jackson was happy to operate the laptop, clicking on items he liked, getting the girls' opinion - they knew what they already had and needed, so in this instance, they had equal decision-making power - and adding items to their cart. But he really wanted to touch the girls, to play with their hard bodies. He handed the laptop to Kasey and sat behind her on the couch. Now her ass was backed up against his crotch. He could look over shoulder and see the screen and he could reach around and play with her tits. He rub his cock against her ass. Yes, this was much, much better.  
  
Her breasts were so firm, her nipples so hard and rubbery, he could pinch and squeeze them all day. Fuck fidget spinners, he thought, just let me play with these all day. His cock was getting hard. Megan noticed and she took it in her hand, smiling at him.  
  
"I'll take care of this as soon as you're ready, master," she said. "But I would like to do something with it that I think you might like. With your permission, of course, master."  
  
"Yes, show me what you have in mind," Jackson said. He watched as Megan pulled on the back of Kasey's thong, picturing it riding even more tightly between her pussy lips. With the thong pulled away from Kasey's ass, Megan used her other hand to put Jackson's cock between the thong and Kasey's bare skin. Then she let the thong go, the soft fabric now embracing his shaft and pinning it to Kasey's ass.  
  
"How does that feel, master?" Megan smiled.  
  
"Good work, slut," Jackson said, shifting his hips to make his cock slide against Kasey's warm, soft skin.  
  
"Thank you, master," Megan said. "I'm honored to please you."  
  
They were looking at full body catsuits on one of the sites. Both girls selected black because it looked more catlike. "No," Jackson said. "White. Your nipples, pussy lips and ass crack will show up better. I swear, if I ever become president, I'm going to outlaw black leggings."  
  
"You got my vote," Harry said. "Yes, girls, if you want catsuits, go with white."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I'm sorry I didn't think about that. Thank you so much for teaching me."  
  
"You're welcome," Mick said. "That's something you both need to learn. Don't pick what you think looks best or that you like the most, dress based on what shows off the most."  
  
"Yes, sir," Kasey said. "We need to think from the perspective of our masters. When in doubt, ask ourselves, 'what would daddy want?'"  
  
Jackson humped his hips again, pushing his cock along Kasey's ass while still under the thong. He was getting really hard. He was going to need to get off again because he could focus on the shopping.  
  
"Suck the head," Jackson said to Megan.  
  
Megan looked at him, then down at his cock. The head was engorged, purple and pulsing. It looked delicious and ready to pop.  
  
"My pleasure, master," she smiled. Megan leaned over, pressing her cheek against Kasey's lower back as she kissed Jackson's mushroom head, then took it in her mouth, swirling her tongue around it just like she had been doing with the blowpop. Jackson lifted his hips, driving his cock further through the strap of Kasey's thong and pulling the thong even tighter between her pussy lips. Jackson thought it would so cool if his mighty cock just ripped through her thong, displaying his power for both these sluts to see and worship. His body was pumping with testosterone and adrenaline. The first orgasm had taken the edge off, but not the lust. Practicing dominance and control over the girls was making him that much more excited. He needed pussy and he needed it now. Actually, he needed both.  
  
"Get up, both of you," he said, pulling his cock away from Megan's mouth and Kasey's thong. "Get behind the couch and bend over, side by side."  
  
The girls hurriedly complied with his demands and he circled behind them, wagging his cock like a weapon. He yanked Megan's thong down her long legs and she stepped out of them while he did the same with Kasey. Then, he stuck his fingers in Kasey's pussy and pulled out the other thong, slowly, enjoying the sight of the green thong slip between her juicy lips. He noticed that her legs were trembling and she was very wet. Little slut was on the verge, he thought. He laid the wet thong on her back and then pulled the thong out of Megan's pussy, noting that she was equally wet and inviting. This was going to be fun.  
  
He stood up and paced back and forth behind his prized pussies, slapping their asses with their pussy-soaked thongs. "Teeny, tiny, little ho," he said in a sing-song voice to the tune of "Eenie Meenie Miney Mo". "Catch a slut and watch her blow. My cock told me to pick the very tightest one and that is y-o-u!" He slapped their asses for emphasis on as he spelled out "Y-O-U" and then plunged his cock inside Kasey's wet and willing cunt.  
  
Jackson wasn't a virgin, but he'd only had sex with two girls that he dated. Both were nice and he loved the experience, but neither was a grade-A hottie like Megan and Kasey. These were two girls that every guy in the school wanted a piece of, including the teachers, as it turned out. He drove deep into Kasey's pussy, putting his hands on her hips as he pounded into her. She was tight, wet and hot. She was moaning and humping back against him, clearly wanting it as badly as he did. This was everything it was supposed to be.  
  
Kasey's arousal had been building all day and now, being fucked while two old men and her best friend watched made it all the more intense. Jackson had a nice cock and good firm grip on her. He was strong and urgent in with his pace. She heard the slapping of his cock and balls as he slammed in and out of her wetness. It was such a sexy sound. She was so close to cumming. She looked at Mick and Harry, who watched her with knowing smiles on their faces.  
  
"About ready to cum, isn't she?" Mick said to Harry, but clearly intending for Kasey to hear.  
  
"Oh yes," Harry said. "Too bad she doesn't have permission."  
  
'Think she has the willpower to control it?"  
  
"Hell no," Harry laughed. "Horny little slut almost came when he shoved the panties in her snatch."  
  
"Give her hair a pull and I bet she cums all over your cock," Mick said to Jackson. Jackson smiled, grabbed Kasey's pretty blonde hair, pulling firmly but not too hard.  
  
"You like that, Kasey?" he grunted. "Pull your hair and slap your ass? I would have done this to you a long time ago if I had known how bad you wanted it."  
  
Kasey couldn't take it any longer. The taunts and teases and cock and humiliation and manhandling. It was all so perfect. She came, not even worrying about the repercussions, just living in the moment, relishing the ecstasy even as Mick and Harry high-fived and chortled.  
  
"Bet I can make this one cum too," Jackson said, feeling like a sex god as he pulled out of Kasey and stood behind Megan. He plugged his cock into her equally wet and welcoming pussy, thrusting hard and going balls deep almost immediately. Jackson felt incredible. He wanted to cum again, but wanted to make Megan cum even more. What a stud he would be to make both these sluts cum before he did. He didn't wait this time, grabbing Megan's hair and grunting, "This is what you wanted that first day at Target, wasn't it? I should have bent you over the checkout desk and taken you right there."  
  
Megan was pushing back against him, enjoying the steel-like hardness present in a young man's cock. It felt like a metal rod was being shoved into her and she loved it. Watching Kasey cum had brought her close to the edge. She looked at Mick and Harry and knew they would punish Kasey. Megan didn't want to make Kasey go through that alone and she sure didn't want to miss out on an orgasm. She gave in, enjoyed the ride and urged Jackson to keep pounding her.  
  
"Yes," she squealed. "I wanted you then. I wanted you take put me in front of the security cameras and fuck me for everyone to see. Fuck me, master, make my pussy yours."  
  
"Fuck yeah," Jackson said. "It's mine. All mine, bitch." His cock was pulsing. He was about to cum, but Megan beat him to it. She squirted and creamed, keening as she felt orgasm take over her body, just like Jackson had.  
  
Jackson came too, shooting his load deep into her pussy. When he was done, he pulled out and ordered Kasey to her knees. "Clean me, then her," he ordered. "Swallow everything."  
  
Kasey didn't waste time responding. She put her mouth to work exactly as he had ordered, wrapping her lips around his cock and sucking on it, cleaning the pussy juice off the shaft and coaxing the final drops of cum from his head. She kept her eyes on his and waited for his nod of approval before turning her attention to Megan's dripping pussy. She was surprised at how eager she was to slurp up the warm gooey cocktail of Megan's cum, Jackson's cum and her Megan's pussy juice. She knew that some of her own cum and juice was likely mixed in as well, making the whole thing that much more decadent and naughty. It was the sort of act that a couple of days ago would have repulsed her, but now excited her.  
  
Megan was excited too, loving the feel of Kasey's tongue on her, so warm and gentle. It wouldn't take much of this to make her cum again. But before it got there far, Jackson ordered her to return the favor on Kasey, whose pussy was also slick with warm juices. Kasey tasted so good. She wondered if she tasted this good to Kasey. And if Kasey felt as naughty as she did right now.  
  
When the girls had finished their tongue baths, Jackson told them both to bend over the couch again. Megan couldn't believe he was ready to fuck them again already. He was young, but still, this was really fast recovery.  
  
"We'll finish our shopping now," Jackson said. "Maybe we'll pick out a couple more of these." He showed them two butt plugs that Mick and Harry had lubed. He spread Megan's cheeks first and pushed one plug into her ass. She had been through this before. It was far from natural feeling, but she handled it much better this time than the last. Kasey's little ass puckered up tightly and Jackson had to be more insistent as he pushed the plug into her. Megan talked to her softly, encouraging her to relax. "It's easier if you relax," she said.  
  
Kasey tried, but it was hard. She was built to be firm and tight. Being loose and relaxed and, well, penetrated, was not natural to her. The plug felt hard and foreign and it hurt. But she knew it was a mind over matter situation. She controlled her breathing, thought about playing in the waves at the ocean and relaxed a little, just enough to ease the way for the plug.  
  
"Fuck, these are some tight holes guys," Jackson said. "You fucked these yet?"  
  
"We haven't," Mick said. "Megan had hers plowed yesterday. This, I assume, will be a first for Kasey."  
  
"Yes, master," Kasey said. "This is my, um, first time in, uh, there."  
  
"I understand," Harry said. "But you have three holes and they are all for the use and pleasure of your master. Anytime, anywhere, any way."  
  
"Yes, master," Kasey said. "I look forward to learning how to please you with each of my holes."  
  
"Damn, they know just the right thing to say every time," Jackson said, shaking his head.  
  
"All part of the training," Mick said. "Good, obedient, smart girls like these learn quickly. It goes that much faster when they are naturally submissive like these two are. It's less training and more about bringing out the true submissive slut that's already inside them."  
  
"Ever had to train any that weren't so submissive?" Jackson asked.  
  
"Truth is, these are our first trainees," Harry said. "But we've learned as much this week as they have."  
  
"Think you'll train any others?"  
  
"I don't know," Harry said. "I'm enjoying this experience for now. But yeah, the more the merrier I guess you'd say."  
  
"Fucking awesome," Jackson said. "I just hope you'll let me be part of it. You don't have to pay me. I'll do it for free."  
  
"We'll see how it all goes," Mick said. "But you'll always be part of the Daddies School for Sluts as far as we're concerned."  
  
"Thanks, man. You're the coolest dudes ever."  
  
The online shopping continued, butt plugs in place, all thongs discarded, Megan now grinding against Jackson while Kasey managed the laptop. By the time they had filled the carts, they spent well more than they had earned at the carwash, but Mick and Harry approved all the purchases, considering it a small price to pay to keep these two living dolls dressed appropriately for them.  
  
As Jackson was entering the card numbers and overnight shipping information for the online checkout, Mick took Megan by the hand and led her to the back of the couch. "You know the position," he said. Megan smiled and bent over, legs straight and slightly apart, back straight, elbows on the edge of the couch. Mick wagged his finger at Kasey, "Come here, young student, and learn. Your turn is next."  
  
Kasey came around next to them and watched as Mick spread Megan's cheeks, gripped the base of the butt plug and steadily pulled it out of her. He already had his cock out. It was hard and he had put some lube on it as well. Megan's asshole gaped open, small but inviting. "Wide open for me," he said, nodding to Kasey. "Easy for me and less, um, uncomfortable for her." He put his head inside the hole before it closed, then slowly pushed forward, firm and steady. Megan moaned but kept her back and legs straight, providing a firm base for him to work into.  
  
"Your eyes are as wide as Megan's hole," Harry laughed, coming over to Kasey. "Don't worry, you'll be just fine. I can't promise I'll be gentle, but I won't be excessively rough. Fair enough?"  
  
"Of course, daddy," Kasey whispered, unable to find her breath. She was trembling from fear and excitement. "I trust you, daddy. My holes are for you."  
  
"Good girl," Harry praised, trying to calm his submissive student. He prepared his cock with lube, then pulled the butt plug out of Kasey's ass and snuck the head of his slick cock into the opening before it became a tight little ring again. Pushing through that would have been that much more uncomfortable for her. He didn't expect her to love getting fucked in the ass, but he didn't want her to hate it either. They wanted to keep Kasey around and, even though she had embraced the experience so far, both she and Megan were still slight risks to leave the school at any moment. Scaring or hurting them, even accidentally, was a concern. Megan's session with Muscles and Jock had been a particularly risky move. Based on Kasey's nervousness, this anal penetration looked to be a bit risky as well. Nonetheless, hers was a once-in-a-lifetime level piece of ass that he had been aching to fuck. It was the sort of opportunity Harry simply couldn't pass up, risk or no.  
  
Kasey jerked and tensed up as she felt Harry enter her. She took a deep breath, trying to control herself. Lots of girls had anal sex, she told herself. Harry wanted this and deserved it and she needed to learn how to give him and other men what they wanted and needed.  
  
"Just relax," Harry said, his voice calm, his hands gentle rubbing her back as he steadily pushed his cock into her. "I know it feels weird, but it's not going to hurt you. And it feels fantastic to me, so you should be proud of the fact that you're pleasing me. You're being a good little slut for your sugar daddy."  
  
"Oooh yes," Kasey cooed, turned on by his dirty talk and encouragement. "I want to please you. Take my ass. Fuck it as hard as you want. Whatever it takes to please you, master."  
  
"You have the right attitude and the perfect ass," Harry grunted, nearly balls deep in her now and still pushing. "Just learn to relax and you'll be an ass master."  
  
"I'm trying, sir," Kasey moaned. She looked over at Megan, who was getting steadily pounded by Mick now. His strokes were every bit as deep and fast as if he were fucking her pussy and the discomfort showed on Megan's face. Kasey took comfort in the fact that Megan hadn't mastered this yet either. She felt Harry's balls touch her ass, then slowly pull away. She knew the relief of his cock pulling out of her would be short-lived. Now the pace would pick up, the strokes would be harder and faster. He was determined to ream her ass the same way Megan was being reamed by Mick. Kasey took another deep breath, held it, then let it out slowly as Harry thrust back into her, all the way, hard and deep. She gasped and whimpered. Her legs buckled but Harry held her up, keeping that ass in the proper place, right where he needed it.  
  
"Keep your feet," Harry grunted. "You're strong and flexible. You can do this. Focus. Legs straight. Back straight. Makes the angle straight, easier on you."  
  
Kasey knew he was right, but it was easier said than done. If this was going to happen, she wished he would just pick her up and impale her on his cock. She had seen it on porn videos and thought it looked incredibly exciting and painful. Now she just thought it looked like a good way to take the strain off her body, the responsibility out of her hands. He could fuck her like a rag doll and toss her aside and let her rest. That sounded like the more palatable option under the circumstances. She simply couldn't relax her tightly toned body and she knew that was making it harder on her. She also knew that, while Harry would prefer that she relax for her own good, his pleasure wasn't going to be impacted either way. He had her and, with her submissive permission, was taking her all the way.  
  
Just as Kasey was adjusting to Harry's rhythm, Jackson closed the laptop, announcing the order had been placed. He then stood on the couch, pulled out his cock and pushed it into Kasey's mouth, which was already open as she gasped and tried to take deep relaxing breaths. Jackson was only half erect, but Kasey instinctively sucked on it, looking up at him while she worked on the head and slowly thickening shaft. It seemed to be true what they said about high school guys - they could fuck all day long. She was kind of impressed.  
  
"That's it, Jack," Harry grunted. "Shove your cock down her throat. We'll see if our cocks can meet in the middle somewhere."  
  
The thought of these two cocks drilling so deep into her, tearing into her to the point that they could meet somewhere inside her was both absurd and exciting. Kasey's mind reeled. Her pussy was responding even though the only stimulation it was receiving was Harry's fat wrinkled balls slapping against it. The images in her mind were more than enough to turn her on now. She was being spit-roasted and, well, it was pretty great. She realized that she had relaxed when Jackson had put his cock in her mouth. She knew it was probably because it gave her something else to focus on, distracting from the discomfort in her bowels. But she couldn't help but think of a baby being soothed by a pacifier. Apparently, for an 18-year-old girl, a cock could have the same effect.

While Kasey was getting stuffed from both ends, Megan was taking a long, deep drilling from Mick, who held her tightly at the waist as he pumped into her. He made each thrust deep and hard, lifting her heels off the floor each time. Megan tried to focus on maintaining her posture and on the double-stuffing Kasey was taking. She wasn't sure whether to feel bad for her or jealous. That was a lot of nice hard cock. But of the three holes being stuff in the room at that moment, none was a pussy. Megan was happy to have had the orgasm, but feared that the denial of future pleasure would be even longer now given the fact that they had cum without permission.  
  
"Jackson," Mick said, interrupting her thoughts, "you want a piece of ass? Come plug this slut's hole."  
  
Jackson eagerly pulled his cock out of Kasey's mouth, much to her disappointment, and hurried around behind Megan, filling her ass with his cock while Mick went around and presented his cock - fresh out of Megan's asshole - to Kasey's mouth. Kasey knew where it had been but she blocked that out and opened her mouth as was her submissive, cock-sucking nature. She slurped on Mick's cock, all the while having her ass reamed by Harry. She was experiencing a wide range of things, disgust at the cock in her mouth, pain and discomfort in her cock-filled ass and desire burning in her pussy and nipples. She wanted this to keep going, but just with a cock in her pussy instead of her ass and a clean cock in her mouth. She looked over at Megan and saw her being fucked violently, her body lurching. Jackson was a deceptively strong young man and he had lots of energy. Kasey could only imagine how Megan's tight little ass was feeling.  
  
Jackson, on the other hand, didn't care one bit about how Megan's ass was feeling. To him, it was feeling like heaven. It was so tight around his cock and he felt so powerful, taking her forbidden hole like this. He was learning so much about being dominant and finding submissive sluts who will do anything to serve their cock master. He felt like he had learned more about sex and what he wanted in one week than in the rest of his life combined. For the last couple of years he had watched girls like Megan and Kasey in the halls at school, staring at their tight little asses. Never did he think he would actually be buried balls deep inside them. Checking out the girls in school next year was going to be a totally different experience and he couldn't wait. If he could have Megan and Kasey, he could have any girl in school. Senior year was going to be epic.  
  
He looked at Mick, stuffing his cock in Kasey's sweet little mouth. He looked so happy. He hoped he would be as happy when he was Mick's age. He supposed if he had a hot little thing with her lips wrapped around his cock, he would be happy at any age.  
  
Mick was certainly happy. Kasey seemed to compensating for the discomfort in her ass by sucking on him even harder than usual. He felt like his balls were going to shoot right through his shaft and into her hungry little throat. Not that he would mind. He would give her every bit of him if he could. But for now, she would have to settle for a whole bunch old man sperm. He held her head as he came, pumping his load into her mouth.  
  
Jackson watched Kasey, mesmerized as she slurped and sucked and swallowed. She looked so incredibly beautiful. He gripped Megan's waist, holding her still as he pulled out and spurted cum all over her ass and back.  
  
"Stay right there," he said. By now Mick was done with Kasey, so Jackson put his cock in the hot blonde's mouth, making her clean him. At the same time, he nodded at Harry who smiled and nodded back, understanding his young protégé's plan.  
  
When Jackson pulled his cock out of Kasey's mouth, Harry pulled Kasey's hair to get her to stand up straight. "Clean up your friend," Harry grunted. With his cock still in Kasey's ass, together they turned and shuffled over to Megan. Then Harry bent her back over, putting her face in the pool of cum on Megan's back. Kasey started licking and sucking up the precious load, all while Harry started pumping into her tortured asshole once again.  
  
She was relieved when he pulled it out. She expected him to cum on her back, too, but instead he grabbed Megan's hair, pulled her mouth to his cock and came deep down her throat, holding her nose until she swallowed every drop. Megan, ever the good girl, looked up at him with watery eyes, doing exactly as she was told. When he let her breath, she gasped, swallowed and said, "Thank you, sir. That was yummy."  
  
"Damn," Jackson said in disbelief. "You do whatever you want to them and they thank you for it. Fuck, that's amazing."  
  
"I agree," Harry said. "They are model students."  
  
"But they still are naughty," Mick reminded them. "Cumming without permission."  
  
"And I know just how we're going to punish them," Harry said.  
  
Megan was wide-eyed, expecting another spanking or some weird bondage. Kasey looked at her, equally wide-eyed, apprehensive, though, not scared. They both knew the guys would only take the punishment so far. True harm would not come to them.  
  
"Thank you notes?" Mick asked Harry.  
  
"Thank you notes," Harry confirmed. He smiled at the bewildered faces of Megan, Kasey and Jackson. "Go get cleaned up and dressed. You know what to wear - and what not to wear. Look hot and naughty. You have an hour."  
  
The girls hurried to clean their cum-, sweat- and lube-covered bodies, sharing a shower again.  
  
"My ass hurts so much," Kasey complained as they washed each other's bodies.  
  
"Mine too," Megan said. "Jackson was an animal."  
  
"I saw that," Kasey said. "He was loving your ass, that's for sure."  
  
"Who could blame him, right?" Megan giggled.  
  
"That's right, you slut," Kasey laughed back.  
  
"You were bent over the same couch I was," Megan smiled.  
  
"God, of all the things we've done together over the years..." Kasey said, shaking her head in amazement.  
  
"We're a good team," Megan said. "Best friends forever."  
  
"Forever," Kasey smiled. "Thank you for..."  
  
"Getting your ass reamed?" Megan laughed.  
  
"Yeah, something like that," Kasey said. "You know, for helping me with this. And for sharing it with me. I can't imagine you doing this by yourself."  
  
"Me either," Megan said. "It was scary. It's so much better with you here."  
  
"What do you think they mean about our punishment being thank you notes?" Kasey asked. "And why would we have to shower and dress for that?"  
  
"I have no idea," Megan said. "All I can tell you is that they always have a plan. It's always a surprise. Sometimes it's fun. Sometimes it's scary. But it's always perfectly planned. I bet they wanted us to cum so they could do this."  
  
"I couldn't have stopped anyway," Kasey said. "It felt too good."  
  
"Same here," Megan said. "Good thing we enjoyed it. Something tells me part of our punishment might be denying us orgasms for a while."  
  
"You think?" Kasey asked.  
  
"Well, they fucked our mouths and asses, but they didn't even touch our pussies after we came," Megan said. "I think that was on purpose."  
  
"I bet you're right," Kasey said. "Wow, I feel like a yo-yo. Sometimes I'm so happy with how they treat us and other times it's like a hard reminder that ultimately we are learning to submit to them."  
  
"Yes," Megan said. "They are sweet, but their interests always come first. Ours only matter when it's convenient or of benefit to them. That's how they are training us to think."  
  
"Well, I kind of like it," Kasey admitted. "It's fun being controlled and manhandled. Does that make us weird?"  
  
"I think it makes us human," Megan said. "Some people want to be dominant, some want to be submissive. Like you and I, we are confident and smart and athletic. We compete. We are not weak in mind, body or spirit, but it's in my DNA to want an older man to take me and make me his."  
  
"God yes," Kasey said. "It's so hot like that."  
  
By now the girls were out of the shower and starting to look through the clothes, trying to figure out what to wear.  
  
"How do we know what to wear when we don't know what we're preparing for?" Kasey asked.  
  
"One thing I've learned is that everything we have in this closet is designed for the same purpose, no matter where we are or what we are doing," Megan said. "These clothes are designed to show us off, turn them on and to be entirely inappropriate for any occasion."  
  
"That sounds about right," Kasey laughed. "Well, it's late afternoon. So maybe some sort of evening attire?"  
  
"Makes sense," Megan said. "Like something for the club or a party."  
  
"Or for a ball game," Kasey suggested. She held up dress that was made to look like a basketball jersey. It was black with hot pink letters across the front that said "Pussycats". On the back was the predictable number 69. The tank top was small, of course, and was cut very low, dipping between her breasts, which bulged around the sides of the tank top straps. The dress was clingy and tight and hugged her torso. A large vertical oval in the middle revealed her bare naval. The dress molded to her hips and ass, stopping just three inches below her pussy lips.  
  
"That's pretty hot," Megan nodded. She grabbed a pair of black and pink stilettos designed to look like basketball shoes. Where the tongue should have been, however, it was open with the faux laces replaced by thin strips of leather. And rather than the customary "high top" around the ankle, there was another strap that wrapped around the ankle with a buckle that included a small gold ring. In place of a logo of an athletic company on the side of the shoes was the outline of a cat.  
  
"Those are slutty," Kasey laughed. "I love them."  
  
"Cuz you're slutty little bitch," Megan teased. "Just like me."  
  
Megan knelt down and helped Kasey place her dainty, pedicured toes in the shoes and securing the straps tightly around her ankles. She placed a black choker that was similar in width and texture to the ankle straps around Kasey's slender neck. This, too, had a small silver ring on it. If the guys wanted to punish them, the girls were dressing for the occasion.  
  
Megan's jersey was exactly the same, only it was white with the hot pink letters. The team name and number were the same. She had a pair of white shoes and white choker just like the black ones that Kasey was wearing. Kasey helped Megan put on the heels and choker.  
  
"You should wear a black thong," Kasey said. "It will show through this white dress. The guys will like that."  
  
"Yeah, they will," Megan smiled. "OK, then you wear a hot pink one. They won't be able to see it through your dress, but if they catch a glimpse under your dress, it will be pretty noticeable."  
  
Megan liked that she had Kasey here to help her make these decisions and she found it interesting that they were consciously trying to anticipate what the guys would like - the visible thongs, the subtle bondage hints. They were learning, she realized, how to present themselves without being told what to wear all the time.  
  
"I think we should put our hair in ponytails," Megan said. "It looks more sporty and fits the theme."  
  
"Yeah, and they seem obsessed with having a handle to grab or pull," Kasey giggled.  
  
"Well, it's only fair," Megan grinned. "We like to pull on their handles too."  
  
"Yeah, but I think they like it a lot more when we pull theirs than when they pull ours."  
  
"Says the girl who just admitted she likes being manhandled."  
  
"I hate it when you're right."  
  
"I usually am," Megan teased.  
  
"OK, miss smarty pants," Kasey challenged, "then what are we in for tonight?"  
  
"I still don't know," Megan shrugged. "Like I said, it will be well planned and probably totally opposite of what we expect. It will be designed to teach us something we didn't think we needed to know and, more importantly, to turn them or someone else on. The only thing I know is that we will be playing with more cocks before the night is over."  
  
"I'm sure you're right about that," Kasey said. "I just hope at least one of them goes in my pussy."  
  
"Don't count on it," Megan said. "They want to remind us of our purpose and our priorities. Our own satisfaction and pleasure doesn't go very high on that list."  
  
While the girls were prepping and conjecturing over what the night held in store, the guys had already cleaned up and were explaining the plan to Jackson.  
  
"They think we will punish them with bondage or spanking or something like that," Harry said. "The trick is to never let them know what to expect. They need to be ready to look and perform their best in any situation."  
  
"Even in public," Mick added, "which is what makes them both most uncomfortable. They get off on the hard stuff, but they both are still skittish about being shown off and exposed in public. They are afraid to be judged by others. They need to learn to be comfortable and confident no matter where they are or how they are dressed. The only opinion that matters is that of their masters. It's a hard thing to learn, but a fun thing to teach."  
  
"You guys don't mind if I go along?" Jackson asked.  
  
"Not at all," Mick said. "In fact, you can get some good video and images to share with the others. You're better at it than we are."  
  
"No problem," Jackson said. "I love this stuff."  
  
The girls came back and the guys carefully inspected them, unanimously approving their attire.  
  
"That's a one-on-one matchup I would watch any day," Jackson said, noting their basketball-themed look.  
  
They all got in the car, Jackson once again riding between the scantily clad girls while Mick drove and Harry rode shotgun. Along the way, the guys explained exactly what the girls had to do.  
  
"We are going to three different flower shops," Harry said. "You will go into the first one together and send flowers to these eight men. You will tell the clerk what to put on the card for each one. Make sure each is worded a little differently. Use your own words, but basically you will say, "Thank you, master so-and-so, for giving us the gift of your cock and allowing us the honor of swallowing your sperm. Hugs and kisses, Megan and Kasey."  
  
"We can't write it on the cards ourselves?" Megan asked.  
  
"Now what kind of lesson would that teach you?" Harry asked.  
  
"None, sir," Megan pouted.  
  
"Exactly. You came without permission. You need to learn about obedience and discipline."  
  
"You're lucky," Mick said. "Our first thought was to cover your faces in cum before you walked in. We decided to take it easy on you."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Kasey said.  
  
"After this stop, the next two you will have to do solo. At those stops, you will each send three more cards and flowers to our dear friends."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "Thank you for this opportunity to learn and to improve ourselves."  
  
"You're welcome," Mick said. "I would like to say this is harder for us than it is for you, but we love watching you, so I have to admit this is gonna be fun for us. Oh, and Jackson is going to come in a little bit after you all, pretending to be your brother. Just play along with it."  
  
"Of course, sir," Megan said. "Any other instructions?"  
  
"Yes, be honest with whoever you're dealing with," Mick said. "If they clerk asks if this is a joke, the answer is no. If they ask if you really swallowed cum, the answer is yes. Got it?"  
  
"Yes sir," the girls said in unison.  
  
Harry handed them the list of names and addresses, all of whom were members of the group at the car wash. The girls had eaten sperm from every one of them and now, as punishment for their discretions, they would have to thank them in a most humiliating way.  
  
Mick pulled into the parking lot of small flower shop. Before the girls got out of the car, he gave Megan his phone and had her call Harry. They muted Harry's phone so there would be no background noise but the guys would be able to hear everything. Megan had no pockets, so she tucked the phone under one of the straps on the tank top.  
  
The girls entered the store and were thankful that no other customers were there. A woman that looked to be about the same age as Megan's mom. The name badge on her chest said Judy.  
  
"Hello, ladies, how can I help you?" she asked. If she disapproved of their appearance, it didn't immediately show.  
  
"Hi," Megan said, taking the lead. "We need to send eight thank you arrangements, please."  
  
"Certainly," Judy said. "Do you want them all to be the same?"  
  
"That would be fine," Megan said. "Oh, and all eight are going to men, so I don't know if that matters."  
  
"It doesn't matter, but it helps," Judy said. "We can put together something with a bit of masculine appeal. Of course, they will probably just give these to their wives and say it's from them," she laughed.  
  
"Probably," Megan nodded. Judy showed them a few different arrangements in a catalog and they picked out one they liked.  
  
"It will take me a few minutes," Judy said. "Would you like to go ahead and make out the cards while I do this?"  
  
"Actually," Kasey said, thinking on her feet, "do you have nice handwriting? We tend to write like, well, you know, teenagers with hearts over the i's and all that. It might look more professional if you did it."  
  
"I do have good handwriting when I try and yes, I'll be happy to do that," Judy said. "That's very thoughtful of you. Oh, can I help you, sir?" Judy acknowledged Jackson, who had just walked in. He was staring at his phone and wearing headphones.  
  
"Oh, that's my idiot brother," Kasey said. "He doesn't need anything."  
  
"OK," Judy laughed. "Make yourselves comfortable and I'll put these arrangements together. It will just a take a few minutes."  
  
"Thank you so much," Megan said.  
  
Jackson, Megan and Kasey wandered around the little shop, admiring the beautiful arrangements and lovely smell of fresh flowers. The bell on the door jingled and a man walked in. He was tall and lean and looked to be about 30 years old.  
  
"Put on a show," Jackson whispered to the girls, holding up his phone to indicate he wanted to get it on video.  
  
"I'll be right with you, sir," Judy called from the back. "Please look around and see what you like."  
  
"No hurry," the man called back. He looked around and saw something any man would like. Two long-legged, gorgeous young woman, barely dressed, bending over at the waist, their asses nearly on display as they looked at some vases on a bottom shelf. "Lord, please let them find something they like on a high shelf," he whispered to himself. He didn't even notice Jackson, who was now standing behind a large planter and tree. Jackson had his camera trained on the girls, but was closely watching the customer, who now had his phone out.  
  
"That's it, dude," Jackson whispered. "Get some good shots. They won't mind at all."  
  
The man pretended to be looking at his phone, but Jackson could tell he was nervously taking pictures now, glancing around to make sure no one else was there. Jackson panned over and caught the man on video, then panned back to the girls, making it obvious who the man was focused on.  
  
Meanwhile, the girls were doing their best to put on the show that Jackson had ordered. Megan took the lead, starting with the bend over move. She whispered a reminder to Kasey to bend at the waist, not the knees. Then after she was sure the man had plenty of time to notice, she whispered to Kasey, "now we reach up and stretch." Kasey just nodded back.  
  
Megan stood up and said, "Ooh, look at that," she pointed at a pot on a top shelf. She reached for it, raising one leg and turning her torso to give him a profile of her flat tummy and perky breasts. "I don't think I can reach it."  
  
"Let me try," Kasey said, catching on quickly. She too reached up and twisted, well aware of her dress riding up and baring her hips and thighs and ass cheeks. Her breasts threatened to fall out of the tank top straps. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the guy holding his phone and thought he might be taking a picture. How creepy, she thought. But it was a turn on nonetheless.

Just then Judy came back out to the front of the store. She was not naïve about the girls' attire nor the show they were putting on. She also knew well what the man was doing with his phone. "Sir, I'm sorry for the delay," she smirked as he hurriedly stuffed his phone in his pocket. "What can I help you with?"  
  
"I, uh, wanted to get some roses for my wife," he said. He tried to hold Judy's gaze but he couldn't help but glance back at the girls. He had caught glimpses of both their thongs and was certain they weren't wearing bras. He was married, yes, and faithful, but he wasn't dead. When beauty and perfection were presented to you, you were compelled to admire it.  
  
"That's very sweet," Judy said, pretending she didn't notice his wandering eyes. "I'm sure your wife will love them. Maybe a dozen red roses in a vase?"  
  
"Uh, yes, that would be perfect," he said. For some reason Megan was bent over again while Kasey was arching her back. He didn't care why. He just stared. Those long legs and tight bodies were just too much.  
  
"I assume you like them uncut?" Judy asked.  
  
"Uh, what?" he asked.  
  
"That you want the long stems," she smiled. "I see that you seem to like long ones. Stems that is. So, one dozen uncut long-stem roses?"  
  
"Oh yes," he smiled. "The longer the better. Uh, I mean, yes long stems are great. Thank you."  
  
Judy handed him the flowers and he paid and left, looking back at the girls even as the door closed behind him.  
  
"He really liked you two," Judy smiled. "Liked teasing him a bit too, didn't you? It's OK. I was teasing him too. It's fun to make men squirm sometimes, isn't it?"  
  
"Yes, it sure is," Megan smiled, walking toward the counter, Kasey right behind her. "Sorry if that was inappropriate. He just was staring so we thought, why not have some fun."  
  
"It's OK," Judy said. "No harm done. So, my assistant is in the back finishing up your arrangements. How about I go ahead and write those cards for you?"  
  
"Yes, that would be great," Megan said. It was weird how much more confident she felt with Kasey here. Even though they were the same age, in this particular situation it was like she was the big sister showing the little sister how to do something. Even though this sort of thing was still pretty new to Megan, her day of going into the offices and other public places with the guys was far more experience than Kasey had with this. So, it made Megan feel protective of her friend and like she needed to show more courage and confidence than she really felt.  
  
Megan pulled out her list of names and addresses. "Um, the first one is to Mr. Walters. Can you just write, 'Dear Mr. Walters, thank you so much for helping us with fundraising car wash and for giving us such a yummy snack. Your cum tasted delicious. Hugs and kisses, Megan and Kasey.'" Megan tried to say it calmly, but her voice was shaking. Her hands were trembling. She felt Kasey put her hand on her elbow. Kasey's hand was ice cold.  
  
To their surprise, Judy wrote the card, smiling but not shocked. "That's a lovely note," Judy smiled. "Can I assume all of these notes will be similar? Did you, um, swallow cum from eight different men at this car wash?"  
  
"Um, yes, ma'am," Megan said, her voice cracking. "I, uh, we, well..."  
  
"It was actually 14," Kasey broke in, anxious to have her friend's back. "It wasn't, well, it wasn't a bad thing even though it sounds like it."  
  
"You don't have to apologize or make excuses to me," Judy said. "What you do is your business. And it sounds like it might be profitable. So, good for you if you enjoy it."  
  
"It really is fun," Megan said. "I mean, the guys were all nice and respectful."  
  
"It was just supposed to be us washing cars and them donating money for some new clothes," Kasey added. "But, well, we felt like they deserved more."  
  
"And we really were hungry," Megan added.  
  
"It's a protein-rich snack," Judy smiled. "You girls look like you eat healthy and stay fit. Who am I to judge?"  
  
"Thank you so much," Kasey said. "You're the coolest person ever."  
  
"Yeah, can you tell my parents?" Megan laughed.  
  
"I'm not sure I can help you there," Judy said. "So, they don't know about the car wash and whatever this is that's going on today?"  
  
"No, ma'am," Megan said. "I mean, we're both 18 so these are our decisions. But they are going to find out and they won't be happy."  
  
"Probably not," Judy said. "But be honest and confident like you are now. They will respect your decision more that way and eventually will come around. I take it from your concern and attire that this car wash isn't just a one-time thing?"  
  
"No, ma'am," Megan said. "This is who I..."  
  
"We..." Kasey interjected.  
  
"Who we want to be," Megan said. "It's fun and well, there are some job opportunities too. Legitimate jobs."  
  
"I'm sure there are," Judy said. "Listen, just be careful. Take my card and if you're even in trouble, call me. Otherwise, be safe and have fun."  
  
"Thank you so much," Megan said. "I can't believe you are so cool about this."  
  
"Look, I started my own business when I was only a few years older than you two," Judy said. "I did it all on my own. It's not easy. I respect any women who figure out their own way to make a living and manage to have fun doing it. I love plants and flowers. But if I was 18 with a body like yours, I would love wearing outfits like that, turning heads and getting men to give me money for some teasing and the occasional pleasing. The shame you think you should feel is societal pressure, not human nature."  
  
"I like that," Kasey said. "Makes me feel a lot better about all this."  
  
"Good," Judy said. "One thing I've learned is to own your decisions, make no excuses for them and, whether they turn out good or bad, don't look back."  
  
The girls were stunned by Judy's wisdom and understanding and joked with her as they recited the other thank you notes. All the while, Mick and Harry listened on the phone and Jackson sat on the bench, recording everything.  
  
"He's not really your brother, is he?" Judy asked.  
  
"No, ma'am," Kasey said. "He's a, um, friend."  
  
"I see. And the two men in the car out there. They are friends too?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Megan said. "They are kind of like the grandpas I never head."  
  
"They take good care of you?"  
  
"Yes, they are very sweet," Kasey said.  
  
"OK," Judy said. "I'm on your side. I respect your decisions but I also know they are risky. Choose your, um, friends and grandparents wisely. Understand?"  
  
The girls indicated that they did.  
  
"So, you said there were 14 men but we're only send eight thank yous?" Judy asked. "Were the others not so nice?"  
  
"Oh no, they were fine," Megan assured her. "We, uh, well, we wanted to do this together and then each try doing three on our own. You know, stepping out of our comfort zone. It's not easy to tell a stranger that you want to write that on a card."  
  
"I'm sure it's not," Judy said. "Well, if you would like to have some fun with your next stop, my husband is at our other location tonight. Normally he would be here, but our manager for the other store called in sick so he's over there tonight. Why don't you pay him a visit. Don't tell him you were here and just see how he reacts."  
  
"You want us to tease your husband?" Megan asked.  
  
"Yeah, it will be fun," Judy said. "He won't hurt you but you will definitely have him flustered. If your 'brother' could send me a video of his reaction, that would be a lot of fun for me to see."  
  
"Um, well, I think we can do that," Kasey said.  
  
"Yeah, you've been so nice to us it's the least we can do," Megan said.  
  
Judy gave them the address and sent them on their way, giving both girls a big hug first and a reminder to call her if they ever needed anything. Megan wasn't sure what she expected when they walked in that shop, but she was pretty sure walking out with a hug and the support of the woman owner wasn't it. She was slowly learning not to trust preconceived notions. She had to be prepared for anything.  
  
They got back in the car with Jackson. Mick and Harry commended their performance and agreed that visiting Judy's husband at the other shop seemed like a logical next step. They had planned all three shops based on location only - they hadn't wanted to prep the owners or clerks ahead of time. Who the girls encountered and interacted with would be random. That was the whole idea. So, even though the drive to the other shop was a bit further, the fact that Judy had been so nice and had encouraged them to visit her husband and tease him made it a simple choice.  
  
The guys decided to send Kasey in for this one. It was time for her to step out and do this on her own. Megan had been her security blanket throughout most of her initiation to this point. Kasey needed to do this one alone and really see how it felt.  
  
Kasey felt a little more confident feeling that any many married to Judy was probably a nice guy. She had told her to tease him, make him flustered. That could be fun. Megan gave her a nod and a smile and Kasey had flashbacks to their pregame pep talks to each other during their playing days. Here they were again, teammates encouraging each other to succeed.  
  
She was about to go in, but Jackson stopped her. "Hold on, let me do a video check," he grinned. Holding his phone close to her, he slowly moved it up her body, starting with her legs, moving up her to her waist, hovering over her breasts, then holding on her beautiful face.  
  
"Working OK?" Kasey asked.  
  
"Oh yes, every inch of it works," Jackson grinned. "You're unbelievable. That dude's jaw is going to hit the floor."  
  
"Thank you, Ja-, uh, master," Kasey smiled. With his nod, she got out of the car, popping a blowpop in her mouth as walked into the shop with Jackson trailing a few steps behind, camera trained carefully on the wiggle of her taut ass.  
  
She entered the store, which, like the last one, was empty. The bell on the door announced her entry and a middle-aged man of average height and build with flecks of gray in his brown hair emerged from the back. He wore dark framed glasses but they failed to hide the popping of his eyes when he saw Kasey. She noticed it and smiled inwardly. It was so flattering to have men be instantly attracted to her.  
  
"Hello, how my I help you today," he said, regaining his professionalism. His name badge said Jerry.  
  
"Hello, Jerry," Kasey said. She decided to be bold. It was sort of like the first time she went off the high dive at the pool. Hesitating only made it worse. She jumped right now. This was the same. She could be shy and reluctant to tease Jerry, or she could dive right in. "How are you today?"  
  
"I'm doing well, miss..."  
  
"Kasey," she smiled. "With a K. For kiss." She puckered her lips and kissed the blowpop, the popped it in her mouth and winked at him. He was clearly taken aback. "And this is my dumb brother Jackson."  
  
"It's nice to meet you both," he nodded, trying not to stare at her mouth as it worked on the blowpop in a most seductive way. "So, are you looking for anything particular today?"  
  
"Yeah, I want something long, strong, thick and full," Kasey said slowly, holding his gaze. He was slack-jawed and he was turning red. "And I need three of them."  
  
"I, uh, you mean..."  
  
"Flowers, Jerry, flowers," Kasey smiled. "That's what you thought I meant, right? I want a thick, full arrangement with long stems and a strong, sturdy vase."  
  
"Oh, yes, of course you meant flowers," Jerry said, surprised at how flustered this little tart had made him. He had seen plenty of pretty young beach babes and wasn't easily swayed by beauty alone. But this girl oozed sex. Not only her natural beauty, but her attire and her personality. In a matter of minutes she had wrapped him around her little finger. She was a very impressive young woman indeed. "May I ask what the purpose of the arrangements is?"  
  
"Of course you may, Jerry," Kasey said, wondering if she would get in trouble with the guys for not calling Jerry "sir" or "master". "I need to send three thank you arrangements to three men. Older men."  
  
"I see," Jerry said. "Well, I could put together a nice arrangement of some summer flowers that will look nice in their offices or that they can take to their wives or girlfriends."  
  
"That sounds good," Kasey said. She walked over to a tall, slender vase on one of the display shelves. "I like this vase here, but the top is so skinny. Can we get the flowers in there? Do they teach you how to stuff things into small holes in gardening school, Jerry?"  
  
Jerry glanced over at Jackson, who just smiled back at him, nodding, his camera still trained on Kasey. Jerry was eager to change the subject. He had no desire to answer Kasey's question. "Your brother always do that to you?" he asked.  
  
"Oh yes," Kasey rolled her eyes. "He's such a dirt bag. He takes videos and pictures of me and sends them to his buddies. They pay him for them. But he gives me half, so, whatever. I just roll with it."  
  
"I see," Jerry said. "Well, to answer your question, we can work with whatever size vase you like. I will, uh, make it fit."  
  
"I bet you will," Kasey winked. "All right, Jerry. Three arrangements in these tight little vases, please."  
  
Jerry excused himself and Jackson did too, having been summoned by the guys in the car. They had been listening to everything and loved what Kasey was doing. They didn't want Jackson to interfere with the growing interaction between Kasey and Jerry.  
  
Megan had been listening as well and was initially stunned by how outgoing Kasey was. But then she thought about all the big matches they played in high school. Every time they were up against an opponent that was supposed to be significantly better, Kasey always played her best match. She always rose to the challenge. That same mentality seemed to be at play here. Megan hoped she could do as well when it was her turn. She had not been nearly so bold nor comfortable going into the offices or modeling in the park just a few days ago. Even though she felt more understanding of her role now, she still wasn't sure it would come quite so naturally to her.  
  
She didn't get to think long as Jackson piled in the back seat and started kissing and groping her. Watching Kasey had made him horny. Again.  
  
"Suck my cock and be sure to send me a nice thank you card," Jackson chuckled. He leaned back, unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. "Yes, you may suck your master's cock."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Megan said. She knelt on the seat and began sucking on him once again. She performed her duties while they all listened as Jerry came back with the floral arrangements.  
  
"All right, Miss Kasey," Jerry said. "How do these look?"  
  
"They look lovely," Kasey said. "I went ahead and wrote the notes but I want to make sure they sound OK. Do you mind if I read one of them to you? They are all basically the same."  
  
"Of course," Jerry said, leaning against the counter ready to listen - and stare - intently.  
  
"Dear Mr. Meeks," Kasey began reading, "thank you so much for supporting my car wash fundraiser. I have already bought some new clothes that I hope to show you sometime. Thank you also for helping quench my thirst in that heat. Your cum was delicious and gave me the energy I needed. Hugs and kisses, Kasey."  
  
"So, what do you think, Jerry?" Kasey asked, biting her lip as if nervous about his answer. It was a subtle change in attitude she hoped would lead him to be more aggressive toward her. Not physically, necessarily, but less intimidated by her appearance and boldness and more in control like the mature man he was.  
  
"I think they better hope no one else sees these notes before they do," Jerry chuckled. "Their wives or girlfriends might not be too happy."  
  
"These will be sent to their offices," Kasey said, rolling her eyes as if to say 'I'm not stupid'. "Besides, their wives or girlfriends have nothing to be upset about. We didn't have sex. They just jerked off watching me and I gave some of them a helping hand. But there was no intercourse."  
  
"But you drank their cum?"  
  
"Of course," Kasey said. "It's very nutritious. Plus, it tastes good once you get used to it. It's like one of those little energy shots only way, way better. And more fun."  
  
"Well, I understand what you're saying, but I still don't know that their significant others would agree with you," Jerry said.  
  
"Are you married, Jerry?" Kasey said, glancing at the ring on his finger.  
  
"Yes," he nodded.  
  
"Does your wife get upset if you jerk off?" Kasey asked.  
  
"Well, no," Jerry said. "I mean, I don't advertise it, but she knows I do sometimes and she doesn't seem to mind."  
  
"Do you look at porn when you jerk off?"  
  
"No, I mean, not hardcore, maybe just a sexy picture."  
  
"OK, fair enough. Do you think I'm sexy?"  
  
"Uh, well, yes, of course, you're very lovely."  
  
"Sexy, Jerry," Kasey said. "Am I sexy?"  
  
"Extremely."  
  
"Thank you," Kasey smiled. "So, if you jerk off to sexy women and you find me sexy, why is it OK for you to jerk off to a picture but not the real thing?"  
  
"It's just different," Jerry said. "It's like I'm doing it behind her back, you know?"  
  
"Hmm," Kasey pouted. "I don't understand men sometimes. So masculine sometimes, such pussies others. Let me put it this way. You get hungry. You get something to eat. You don't look at a picture of food. You actually eat it. Hunger gone. Wife not present. Is she pissed? Do you feel guilty?"  
  
"Depends on what I eat," Jerry laughed, patting his belly.  
  
"I'm serious," Kasey said. "Sex is a drive, a natural need and urge. Just like sleep and eating all that. When you jerk off, you're not cheating. You're not engaged in a different relationship with me any more than you are with the woman who makes your sandwich."  
  
"I don't think most people see things that way," Jerry said. "But I have to say, you make a very compelling case. It's food for thought for sure. I like that you don't accept societal norms blindly."  
  
"Thank you, Jerry," Kasey said. "Most people see a young girl who chooses to dress a certain way and they make assumptions about my intellect."  
  
"I'm guilty of doing that myself sometimes," Jerry admitted. "But you've opened my eyes. Thank you, Kasey."  
  
Kasey smiled and moved towards him. "If I leave now, you're going to jerk off thinking about me tonight, aren't you? Or maybe you'll fantasize about me while you're fucking your wife. If you do, don't feel guilty. I'll be thinking about you too."  
  
Jerry swallowed hard. What the hell was with this girl? Just when she couldn't get sexier, she hit him with another surprise.  
  
"What do you mean, thinking about me?"  
  
"The way I think about all men I interact with and like," Kasey said. "What they would be like in bed. How they would treat me. How they would like it. You are super sweet and gentle, but I bet in bed you ravage your wife and she loves every second of it. You everything in and then that passion and energy and lust just explode when you fuck her."  
  
"Damn, the way you talk," Jerry shook his head. "You always talk like this?"  
  
"No, silly," Kasey said, sucking on her blowpop for a moment as she studied his face. "Only with people mature enough to have a real conversation with. So, Jerry, am I right? Do you ravager your wife? Does she like it? Will you picture me the next time you do?"  
  
"Yes," Jerry said, his voice deep, his eyes narrowed. He didn't know why, but he wanted to be honest with her, tell her exactly what he was like. "Yes, I fuck the shit out of my wife and yes, she cums every time. And yes, I will probably picture you while I'm fucking her."  
  
"Mmmm, naughty," Kasey smiled. "But honest. I like that. So, what part of me in particular will you think about, Jerry? You an ass man? Legs? I hope not tits - mine are perky but not exactly the massive jugs that tit men like."  
  
"You're stunning head to toe," Jerry said. "Don't sell yourself short. But honestly, your mouth, your lips, your eyes. That's what I'll picture."

"You're hard, Jerry," Kasey said, leaning over the counter and looking at his crotch. "You need to listen to your body."  
  
"I can't," Jerry said. "Not now. Not here."  
  
"Of course you can," Kasey said, walking slowly around the counter. "You own the shop. No one else is here. All you have to do is pull it out and look at me. The rest will happen naturally and you'll feel a lot better when it's over."  
  
"You're serious, aren't you?"  
  
"Why wouldn't I be?" Kasey said. She leaned toward him and touched his chest, then ran her hand to the bulge in his pants, gently rubbing across it. "You're worried about work? About someone coming in? I understand. I can take care of that."  
  
"Wait, what? How?"  
  
Kasey knelt under the counter and reached for his crotch. "I can, um, handle things from here," she said matter-of-factly. "If someone comes in before you're done, I just tuck you in, zip you up quietly and you tend to business. I'll be right here waiting."  
  
"You'll just tuck me back in?"  
  
"Yep, you'll just have to hide the bulge as best you can," Kasey said. "So, you want me to use my hands or my mouth?"  
  
"Hands," Jerry said quickly. "I don't know why, but that feels less like I'm cheating."  
  
"I understand," Kasey said. "Don't worry, I'm good with my hands. They are small but strong."  
  
"I can't believe I'm doing this," Jerry said, unzipping his pants. He felt Kasey reach inside and pull his cock out.  
  
"I can't believe you were going to just let this raging hard on go without getting it taken care," Kasey said. "Nice cock, by the way."  
  
"Thanks," Jerry laughed. "Never heard it complimented so casually."  
  
"Oh yeah, I forgot," Kasey giggled. "I'm supposed to ooh and ahh over it and how beautiful it is and how delicious it looks and how it's so huge it would tear me apart if you fucked me. I can start over. You like a bimbo voice? High-pitched little girl voice? Low and sultry? Country girl?"  
  
"You're unbelievable," Jerry smiled. "Just stroke it. No fake compliments necessary. But I do like that southern belle voice."  
  
"I kind of hide it sometimes," Kasey said with her sexy little southern drawl. "But I'm from Tennessee originally, so it comes natural."  
  
"I like it," Jerry said, watching her hands go to work on his cock.  
  
"I know you don't want me to suck it, but we need some moisture," Kasey said. "OK if I spit on it?"  
  
Jerry nodded that it was OK.  
  
Kasey pursed her lips and spit on his shaft, then spit again on the head. Then she started working the saliva up and down his cock, making it slick and shiny. Jerry loved the feel of her hand on him. She was right, her grip was firm and her skin soft. It wasn't the pure pleasure of a blowjob or a tight pussy, but it was a hell of a lot better than his own hand. She looked so damn cute with her hands on him and that blowpop still stuffed between her lips. She had a smile in her eyes as she looked up at him.  
  
"Oh shit," he said suddenly. "You gotta stop. Someone's coming."  
  
Kasey gave him a couple of more tugs until she heard the door, then pushed his cock back in his pants, positioning the hard shaft down the leg of his pants and slowly sliding the zipper back up as he greeted his customer. She looked up at him with pouty lips like a child who just had her favorite toy taken from her. She finished the blowpop and tossed the stick in the trash and otherwise knelt quietly out of view like a well-trained puppy.  
  
The customer was just a woman picking up an order that Jerry had already prepared. The whole transaction was over in less than five minutes. The second the door closed, Kasey pulled Jerry's zipper back down and was happy to see he was still semi-erect. A bit more spit and a few strokes had him fully hard again. She worked his shaft with her right hand, keeping her eye on his big mushroom head, looking for some drops of pre-cum. With her left hand, she cupped and fondled his balls. Jerry was now leaning on the counter, both hands on the tabletop, arms straight, eyes trained on the parking lot and all other attention focused on the pleasure Kasey was providing him.  
  
"Hey," she said, getting his attention. She pointed to the head of his cock, where pre-cum was now dribbling out. "OK, if I clean up this mess?" she winked. He nodded and she scooped up the liquid in her fingers and then put her fingers in her mouth, hollowing her cheek as she exaggerated her sucking. "That's good stuff," she smiled. She put both hands back on him, one gripping the base of his shaft while the other worked his head. She ran her fingernails over the tip and tickled the underside, teasing him, bringing him to the edge. She could tell he was getting close.  
  
"Oh no, stop, stop," he said suddenly. "It's my wife!"  
  
But Kasey didn't stop. She kept teasing him. The door opened and she gripped the base of his cock tightly, like a cock ring, keeping him hard but not allowing him to cum. She kept scraping her fingernails lightly on the head, hypersensitive now, pulsing, ready to shoot his load.  
  
"Hey honey," Jerry said, his voice shaky.  
  
"Hi dear," Judy said. "It was slow at the other shop so I closed up a little early. Thought I'd come over and see if you could use a hand." Kasey heard the word hand and gave him a firm squeeze as if to say, "This is the only hand you need. Get rid of her."  
  
"Thanks, dear," Jerry said, praying Judy wouldn't come around the counter. He was pissed that Kasey didn't stop and zip him up. He should never have trusted the little bitch. This was all just a game to her. "Actually, I just finished an order. It's pretty slow, as you can see. I just need to close up."  
  
"I see a car out there with some people in it," Judy said, referring to Mick, Harry and the crew. "Have they already been in?"  
  
"Yeah, uh, yes," Jerry said, stammering as Kasey rubbed her finger nails across his balls. "They ordered these three arrangements here. I'm sure they will be leaving soon."  
  
"Well, why don't I stay and help you finish," Judy offered.  
  
"No, no, dear, you've had a long day," Jerry said, trying hard to stand still while Kasey teased his cock and balls. "Why don't you go home and order us a pizza and I'll pick it up on my way home."  
  
"That sounds nice," Judy said. "Don't worry about making a big mess. Just finish and come on home."  
  
Jerry had no idea that Judy's words deliberately had a double meaning. She didn't know exactly what Kasey was doing, but she knew he was liking it. Judy was surprised that it didn't bother her. She had told them to come tease her husband. She hadn't expected this outcome, necessarily, but she found the idea of sharing him with another woman exciting. She wasn't jealous, probably because she knew Kasey wasn't trying to steal Jerry nor was she trying con him. It was all part of her education. It was odd, yes, but also fun in a way to see her husband so flustered. He was so cute, trying to act like nothing was going on. He was a terrible liar, and that was comforting to her.  
  
She leaned over the counter and gave him a peck on the lips. She was pretty sure she could hear Kasey breathing and could hear the slick sound that she assumed was a handjob or blowjob or some combination. Judy left, knowing that her husband was happy and surely relieved that she was gone.  
  
"Fuck, that was close," Jerry said as the door closed. "What the hell is your problem? You were supposed to zip me up."  
  
"Sorry, Jerry," Kasey said. "I just couldn't let this big thing go. Plus, it was fun watching you squirm."  
  
"Well, I'm going to watch you now," Jerry said. "Lock the door so we get no more surprises." Kasey started to get up but he tapped the top of her head with his cock. "No, no, slut. You like being on your knees so much? You crawl over there. Slow and slinky, like a cat. Show me that ass you've been flaunting. "  
  
"Ooh, I like the bossy Jerry," Kasey teased. "Yes sir! Or should I call you master? Or daddy?"  
  
"Sir is fine," Jerry said, frustrated that she seemed to get happier the angrier he got. Kasey started crawling toward the door, slowly, with long motions of her legs to accentuate the curves of her ass and also to pull the dress high up on her hips. "Yeah, that's it, nice and slow. Mmm, my god that is a perfect little ass you have."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Kasey smiled over her shoulder. "You thinking you want something besides my hands wrapped around that cock?"  
  
"I've been thinking that since you walked in," Jerry confessed. "But I'll just enjoy the view."  
  
"Aw," Kasey said, sticking out a pouty lip as she turned the lock on the door and started back toward him. She didn't have her ass to mesmerize him now, so she locked her eyes on his and slinked back to him. "I have lots of holes to play with, you know."  
  
"I know that," Jerry said. "And if I wasn't happily married, I would play with all of them. Hard."  
  
"Mmm, do tell," Kasey said. "Would you stretch out my little holes with that big cock?"  
  
"Fuck, you sure know how to tease," Jerry said. "Yes, yes, I would ream your ass and make your little pussy cream and I would have my cock so far down your throat I'd feel your tonsils on my balls."  
  
"Shit, I don't think that's possible, but I like the sound of it," Kasey grinned. She was back in front of him know, kneeling, his cock at eye level. "Well, sir, since you're too good of a man to ream my holes, how would you like me to take care of you? This cock is not as noble as you are, sir. It's demanding attention. I don't think it cares so much about the right or wrong of it, do you?"  
  
"But it's my cock and I care," Jerry said. "So wrap your hands around it and do the job."  
  
"Of course, sir," Kasey said. She started stroking him again, feeling his hard shaft and watching his mushroom head. He was in desperate need of release. She was surprised at how much she was enjoying this. She didn't really feel that nervous. Diving all in from the start had worked. Granted, this was a fairly controlled environment. She knew she couldn't have done what Megan did at that carnival. That just seemed so extreme to her. But she was learning, she reminded herself. It had only been a couple of days and she was gaining confidence. "When you cum, where do you want it to go, sir?"  
  
"In your slutty mouth," Jerry spat without thinking.  
  
"Really?" Kasey grinned. "You going to take the long shot and see how good your aim is? Or do you just want to go for the sure thing with the slam dunk?"  
  
"Fuck," Jerry said. "Why do you have to make things so complicated? You're right, if my cum is going in your mouth, you might as well suck it out. More enjoyable and cleaner."  
  
"So, you want ..."  
  
"Yes, suck my cock, you hot little tramp," Jerry said. "Let's see if you're the real deal or just a cock tease who can't back it up."  
  
"I'll do my best, sir," Kasey smiled. Then she decided one last teasing comment was in order. "Although, I don't think I can get your balls far enough in my throat for you to feel my tonsils."  
  
"Ugh, you're such a little brat," he sneered, putting his fingers in her mouth. "I'm gonna fuck your throat raw. You might not have tonsils by the time I'm done with you."  
  
"Hmm, seems I've bitten off more than I can chew, huh?" Kasey said after he took his fingers out. "If my throat is gonna be raw, maybe you can soothe it with a nice, thick warm liquid of some kind?"  
  
Jerry had enough of the bratty little tease that Kasey was presenting herself as. He pushed the head of his cock in her mouth and she wrapped her lips around him. He felt her tongue flicking back and forth across the tip. He saw her cheeks hollow and her eyes lock on his. This girl wasn't just a tease. She knew exactly what she was doing. "Oh, yeah, that's good, baby," Jerry groaned. She winked at him and sucked harder. He wanted to skull-fuck her, to teach her a lesson for being such a naughty girl and almost getting him caught. But she was just too hot and he had been edging for too long. He wasn't going to last. He pulled out and pushed his balls against her mouth. She licked them and sucked on them while he held his shaft, trying not to cum. But it was happening way too fast. He put his cock back in her mouth just as he started to cum, thick, creamy hot bolts of jism splashed on her tongue and slid past her tonsils and down her throat.  
  
She sucked and swallowed in an eager manner that told him that her teasing, bratty attitude was merely an act, a front for hot young woman who genuinely liked being on her knees, doing what she was doing now. She wanted to please him. He could see it in her eyes and feel it in her lips. That was hotter than her dress, her ass, her playful licking of the blowpop and her naughty handjob combined.  
  
Kasey swallowed it all, smacking her lips when he was done. "All clean, sir," she winked. "Nothing to clean up before you close the shop."  
  
"Not a drop," he grinned, zipping up his pants. "I appreciate that. You're a naughty tease, but you're also a really good girl, aren't you?"  
  
"Probably so," Kasey said. "You're a really nice man, but also like to fuck a girl like she's a slut every now and then don't you?"  
  
"Probably so," he smiled. "I guess we're both more than a label. I hope I treated you with the proper respect."  
  
"You did, Jerry," Kasey said. "You were a gentleman. I practically had to beg you and dare you to fuck me. You're a good man. Your wife is very lucky. Don't worry, she will never know about this from me and I will never interfere with your marriage again. I'm sorry if I was in the wrong to do so today."  
  
"No, you were right," Jerry said. "Judy is an amazing woman. I would never have a true affair with her. But this, well, it was just an encounter. An excellent one. But just one. Never again."  
  
"Good bye, Jerry," Kasey smiled. "And thank you." She walked out the door with a spring in her step. She was so happy at how she had performed and how well things had turned out. She just hoped Mick and Harry would approve of her tactics, which were much less submissive than she had been trained so far.  
  
She opened the car door, surprised to see Megan on her knees on the seat sucking Jackson's cock. "You'll have to ride up front on my lap," Harry said. "She's been slurping on his cock ever since he got back in the car. Kid's got some stamina after all the times you two have fucked him today."  
  
Kasey got in the front seat, climbing into Harry's big lap. She had to wrap her arms around his neck and extend her legs across the seat, her feet resting in Mick's lap. "Careful with those heels," Mick said. He pulled them off her feet rather than risk a heel digging into his balls. Her little bare feet rested in his lap while they sat in the car, listening to Megan's steady sucking.  
  
"So, you guys heard everything through the phone, right?" Kasey asked.  
  
"Yes, we sure did," Harry said. She felt a bulge against her ass but wasn't sure if that was his cock, his belt buckle or just his chubby beer belly.  
  
"Did I mess up?" Kasey asked. "I mean, I called him by his first name and kind of made him do what I wanted instead of the other way around."  
  
"It's good that you recognize that," Harry said, putting his hand on her belly and the other hand on one breast, squeezing it through her dress. "Yes, you surprised us but you also impressed us. What made you act like that?"  
  
"I don't know," Kasey said. "I was really nervous. I just couldn't be really flirty and sexy and yet timid and pretending like I didn't know what I was doing. Plus, from what Judy said, I figured he was a nice guy who would have to be more than just teased. But I was so afraid I was messing up the whole time and making you mad."  
  
"We were surprised," Mick said, rubbing her bare feet and sliding his fingers between her toes. He could tell she liked how it felt. He liked how it felt having her feet and ankles rubbing against his crotch. "But we weren't angry. You just skipped ahead a couple of chapters in our lesson book. You skipped addition and went straight to long division."  
  
"I don't get it," Kasey said.  
  
"He means you figured out how and advanced version of what we're training you to do," Harry said. "We want you to learn how to anticipate what a man not only wants, but also needs. You know we all want sex and you're learning how to tease and be submissive. That's kind of the first lesson because it's the basis for everything else. But you took the next step. You realized Jerry would need more than teasing and a submissive vibe. You had to take control and actually make him want to dominate you. That's next-level slut work right there."  
  
"Thank you," Kasey beamed.  
  
"How you doing back there, Jackson?" Harry called as he stuck his hand inside Kasey's dress and squeezed her tits.  
  
"Never better," Jackson said. "She just doesn't stop."  
  
"She's committed to her craft," Mick nodded. "You think you can cum in the next 10 minutes or so?"  
  
"Hell yeah," Jackson said. "I'm getting close."  
  
"Good," Mick said. "We're off to the next place. Don't cum until we get there. We have a plan."  
  
Megan heard the word "plan" and smelled trouble. The first two stops had been too tame. The punishment for cumming without permission had not been severe enough yet. They couldn't have known Judy and Jerry would be so nice. She feared they were going to make sure the next stop was more of a challenge. And she would be the one paying the price for both of them. She supposed it was only fair. She had asked for all of this when she tricked the guys. It was what she wanted. Kasey, on the other hand, had fallen into this. She had asked for none of it, planned for none of it. Sure, she seemed plenty eager now, but just a couple of days ago she was still totally naïve while Megan was busy spending a day on a cum diet. It was fair that she be the one held to a higher standard and forced to set an example for her friend. Still, she felt her tummy rumbling. Not from hunger but from fear and nervousness. Maybe Jackson would finally cum and his semen would help calm her belly.  
  
While Megan and Jackson kept going, Mick pulled his cock out of his pants and put it between Kasey's bare feet. "Just move your feet and do your best," he said. Kasey started stroking his cock with the bottom of her foot, then pinned it between her feet, moving them slowly, careful not to kick his balls.  
  
"That feels nice," Mick said. "Just warm it up a little."  
  
"Yeah, you can move your ass around a little for me," Harry said. He pulled his cock out and rubbed it between her thighs. Mick started the car and they drove slowly to their third and final stop of the evening. It was getting late, but they had checked and the place was still open.  
  
Mick parked in a dark corner of the lot, which had two other cars parked in it. "OK, here's the deal," Mick said. "Megan, listen while you suck. Kasey just took a big step forward at the last stop. Now it's your turn, Megan. You will order the final three arrangements with a similar thank you message that you dictate to the clerk. If it's a man, you will flirt and tease and make sure you address his needs. If it's a woman, well, that might be worse."  
  
"Why would it be worse?" Kasey asked the question on behalf of Megan, who had a mouthful of cock.  
  
"Because a woman might not understand as well why Megan would come in half dress and covered in cum," Mick said.  
  
"Covered in cum?" Kasey said, eyes wide. Megan's eyes - and mouth - were wide too. One out of necessity, the other out of shock. They were going to send her into public with cum visible on her body? This was public humiliation at a whole new level. Now, she understood the plan and the punishment. Was she up for this? Not at all. Would she do it anyway? She knew that she would. She wouldn't just be letting Mick and Harry down if she didn't. She would be letting Kasey down, who had trusted her and stood with her when no one else would. And she would be letting herself down. She didn't plan this week to get halfway through it and stop. If this is what Mick and Harry said needed to be done, she would do it. She only hoped she could be as bold as Kasey had just been at the last shop.

Mick, Harry and Kasey got out of the car. Mick opened the back door on the driver's side. He had Jackson and Megan get out on that side so the car was between them and the front of the shop.  
  
"You ready?" Mick asked Jackson.  
  
"Yes, sir," he said.  
  
"Good, fire when ready," Mick laughed. He and Harry stood to the side and instructed Kasey to kneel down and suck their cocks, getting them primed to dump their loads on Megan's face as well. The guys took turns with her mouth while they watched Megan work on Jackson. He was stroking his cock while she sucked on his balls.  
  
"Any particular place I should aim for?" Jackson asked.  
  
"Nope, anywhere on her face, hair, ears - wherever you like," Mick said. "You can get some on her clothes too, if you want. It will all show up. We're just making it clear to anyone who sees her that's not only a slut, but that she's our property."  
  
"So, we're marking our territory?" Jackson asked, grunting as his cum began to spill out once more. He didn't have as much volume as his earlier efforts, but he still blasted a couple of long white streams across her cheeks and forehead, then tapped the last drops on the tip of her nose before wiping his cock across her tits, leaving a white streak on her dress.  
  
"Yes," Harry said. "We are marking our territory, reminding Megan that, even when we're not around, her body belongs to us. We might tell her to use that body to satisfy a stranger, like Kasey did with Jerry. Or we might tell her to tease all she wants, but save the pleasing for us, as is this case this time."  
  
"I like it," Jackson said. "Man, it would have been so cool to have been dating Megan in high school and cum all over her every day before school."  
  
"That's the idea," Mick said. "You got a hot piece of ass ready to kneel down for you like these two do, you show them off but you also keep that leash tight on your property. You only share if and when you want to."  
  
"But their beauty should be a gift for everyone," Harry added.  
  
"Look but don't touch," Jackson nodded, zipping up his pants. "I get it."  
  
He stepped away and Harry took his place in front of Megan, who wrapped her lips around his cock, which was slick with Kasey's spit. Kasey, meanwhile, now gave Mick her undivided attention. Harry came first, but Mick was right behind him. Harry nailed Megan in the nose, cheeks and chin with his thick wads of cum. Mick stood behind her and poured his cum into her dark hair. They gave her moment to collect herself, then she stood up slowly, cum now dripping into her ears and onto her dress. None of them had packed a massive load since the girls had been so diligently draining their balls all week, but she was a sticky, gooey mess nonetheless. The white cream stood out against her dark hair, tanned skin and dark dress. It was impossible not to notice that it was all over her.  
  
"Show time," Harry nodded, slapping her on the ass as she started toward the store entrance.  
  
Megan was on her own now, 100 feet of pavement to gather her thoughts and prepare for whatever awaited inside the shop. She didn't mind the cum on her. It was warm in the cool evening air and she was happy to be wearing it for them. In some ways, she liked wearing it more than swallowing it. While their cum diet training had worked in terms of getting her to enjoy the act of swallowing a fresh load, there was something more exciting and sexy about having it all over her. It was taboo and naughty and for the whole world to see. That was the part that was hard for her come to grips with - was she looking forward to being seen like this or dreading it? Such diverse reactions, both legitimate, duking it out in her tummy, which churned with butterflies but not cum.  
  
The guys had told her not to touch the cum or brush it away - just to let it drip if that's what it wanted to do. But they didn't have to tell her that. She knew that would have ruined the lesson. And, even though she knew that many of the things the guys had done this week had been for their own pleasure more than her education, she was still intent on treating every minute of this week as a learning experience. It had been her goal when she first started thinking about this and there was no reason to divert from that now. She had actually learned a great deal already, though she had to admit it was less about the how to do things like suck cock or fuck properly and much, much more about the mindset and attitude involved. It was about understanding what the man wanted and why. That's what she had learned most so far. She was struggling to understand the desired to mark their territory, but she realized it was part of the training.  
  
The only way to learn the lesson was to complete it. She opened the door.  
  
There was a young woman at the counter. She was wearing a t-shirt with the shop's logo on it and a pair of jean shorts with tennis shoes. She had long, autumn colored hair and a pretty smile. She was tall and slender.  
  
"Hi!" the girl said in a bubbly, high-pitched voice. She had a name badge that said her name was April. "How are you this evening?"  
  
"I'm good," Megan smiled back. "How are you?"  
  
"I'm great! I'm April. Can I help you with something?"  
  
Megan introduced herself explained what she needed, well aware that April was carefully studying her face and dress. The girl was smiling so Megan decided to get it over with. "Is there something wrong?" Megan asked.  
  
"Oh, no!" April replied. "I'm sorry if I was staring. I just really like your makeup. I've never seen anything like it. You mind if I ask who makes it?"  
  
"Men make it," came a snarling voice. Megan turned and saw a man emerge from the back of the shop. He was also tall and slender, young, but older than April.  
  
"What do you mean?" April asked. "Uh, Megan, this is my big brother Al."  
  
"Hello, Al," Megan said, extending her hand. Al refused to shake it.  
  
"That was rude," April said.  
  
"It's OK," Megan said.  
  
"I'm not shaking her hand," Al said. "I'm not touching her. You see what's all over her?"  
  
"Her makeup?" April asked.  
  
"Good lord you're an idiot," Al said. "It's not makeup. It's jism. Cum. Sperm. Get it?"  
  
April looked at him blankly and Megan could see that no, poor April did not even come close to "getting it".  
  
"Fuck," Al said angrily. "Some guy jerked his penis and shot cum all over her."  
  
April looked at Megan, who nodded that Al was correct.  
  
"Oh my," April said. Her surprise was just that - genuine surprise. She didn't seem disgusted like Al did. Just surprised, like a child seeing fireworks for the first time. Poor April's mind was blown away. Megan liked her instantly. And disliked Al intensely. He didn't need to be so mean to his little sister or so judgmental toward Megan.  
  
"Well, I still think it looks good," April said, as if, after careful consideration, these new facts hadn't changed her mind.  
  
"I bet you do," Al said. "You want some guy to cum all over you so you can look like this slut?"  
  
"That's very mean, Al," April said. "I'm so sorry, Megan. Al, why don't you leave so I can help Megan with her order?"  
  
"Fine with me," Al said. "I don't want to be around trash like this anyway."  
  
Megan would have been hurt by such harsh words except that, having seen Al's treatment of his sister, she knew that she would be taking nothing the man thought, said or did seriously. He didn't show them respect, so she didn't respect him. It made her realize the difference between genuine dislike and judgement that men like Al held in their hearts versus the appreciation that Mick, Harry and the others showed for her and Kasey even while they were using them for their own pleasure. They had never talked to Megan and Kasey with such disdain. Megan was happy to see Al go away, leaving her and April smiling awkwardly at each other. Megan could feel a glob of sperm hanging from her earlobe and wondered when it would drop.  
  
"I'm so sorry about all that," April said. "I think the, uh..."  
  
"Cum," Megan smiled, nodding.  
  
"Yes, the cum looks lovely," April smiled. "It glistens on your skin. It makes you glow. You look lovely."  
  
"Thank you," Megan said. "You're so sweet. How are you two related?"  
  
"Not my fault," April giggled. "Uh, well, let's get your arrangements put together."  
  
April started cutting flowers and putting them in vases while Megan watched. April was very sweet and treated Megan like any other customer. She was definitely like her brother, who came back a few minutes later. He noticed the cum hanging from Megan's ear.  
  
"That's fucking disgusting," he snarled. "If you're in my shop, the least you can do is wipe that shit off your face."  
  
"Of course," Megan said. "I'm sorry it offends you. Do you have a towel I can use?"  
  
"Fuck no," Al said. "You aren't using our stuff. I see your black panties under that dress. Use those."  
  
"Al..." April said.  
  
"This is my store, April," Al said.  
  
"Our story, you mean," she corrected.  
  
"Well, it's half mine and I don't want jizz all over everything."  
  
"Then you shouldn't jerk off in the back all the time," April said. Al raised his hand as if to hit her.  
  
"Wait, wait," Megan said quickly. "I agree. I'm sorry. This is not my store and it was rude of me to come in here like this. I will use my panties to clean my face. Just please relax."  
  
"Let me see you do it, then," Al grinned.  
  
"You want to watch me?" Megan asked, acting surprised even though she wasn't. "You want me to take off my panties in front of you?"  
  
"Shy all the sudden, huh slut?" Al teased. "You're all cocky and slutty until it comes time to put up or shut up."  
  
"I just don't feel comfortable -"  
  
"You don't feel comfortable taking your panties off but you feel comfortable flashing your tits and ass and a face full of fucking cum?!"Al said, his voice grow loud and angry again.  
  
"You're right, you're right," Megan said, holding up an open palm to calm him down. "Just relax. I'll take the off while you watch. Then I will clean my face while you watch."  
  
"Obedient," Al smiled triumphantly. "Just the way a slut should be."  
  
"I'll be obedient in your store," Megan smiled, reaching under her dress to pull down her thong. "But just so you know, it was the guys who were obeying me when they came on my face."  
  
"Guys? Plural?" Al said.  
  
"You think one guy produced all this?" Megan laughed. "Yes, plural. I told them to cum on me and they did."  
  
Megan stood up, holding her tiny thong. "Shall I start cleaning up?"  
  
"Yes," Al said lustily. "Wipe it all off. Fuck, I'm surprised a whore like you even wears panties. Sure don't wear a bra."  
  
"I wear what I want," Megan said, well aware she was much more defiant than she would ever be with the guys. She hoped she wouldn't be in trouble. She was taking her cues from Kasey, though, who had been so fun and confident with Jerry. This was not fun, but Megan would not be intimidated by this jerk. Howard, the man on the Ferris wheel a couple of days ago, had been disrespectful and demeaning and she had taken it out of fear and a lack of confidence. She realized she would probably be feeling fear now if not for the presence of April, whose naiveté made for a friendly, calming presence.  
  
There wasn't much cloth to wipe her face with, but Megan held the little triangle that had just covered her pussy and wiped it on her face, trying to collect as much of the slowly drying cum as she could. She wiped her face and chin and neck, then her ears. She didn't bother with her dress. The cum there had already soaked in. Likewise, the cum in her hair was there to stay until she showered and washed it properly.  
  
"Happy now?" she asked with an intended bratty tone. She really wanted to get under his skin the way he had hers.  
  
"Just throw those things away and get out of here," Al said.  
  
"She can't leave yet," April said. "She needs to write her cards for these flowers."  
  
Megan threw her cum-soaked thong in the trash can Al indicated and then turned to April, "Oh dear, my hands are a little messy. Would you mind writing them for me, April?"  
  
"Of course not!" April smiled. "What would you like to say?"  
  
Megan smiled naughtily at Al as she stepped toward the counter. She gave April the names for each card, then told her to write the same thing on each one, "Thank you so much for helping with my car wash. Your donations were so appreciated. Thanks to you, my wardrobe got the upgrade it needed. And thank you so much for the delicious snack. Your cum was so yummy! It was so refreshing and tasty. Your little sperm in my belly gave me so much energy. Hugs and big wet kisses, Megan."  
  
"That's so sweet!" April beamed as she wrote the note.  
  
"Sweet?" Al scoffed. "Don't encourage this slut."  
  
"That's really mean," April scolded in her unintimidating voice.  
  
"It's OK," Megan waved it off. "I'm not determining my self-worth based on his opinion."  
  
"OK?" April said, looking at her blankly. Megan realized the poor girl didn't understand what she meant.  
  
"I don't care what he thinks," Megan said, dumbing it down for her.  
  
"No one does!" April giggled.  
  
"Watch your mouth, or I'll leave you to run this place by yourself," Al snarled. "We both know how that would go."  
  
"I think she would do great," Megan said.  
  
"Yeah, like I care what you think, either," Al said. "You're good for one thing and one thing only."  
  
"Gee, first time I've heard that," Megan scoffed. She noticed April's blank expression. The poor girl was lost. "He thinks I'm only good for sex."  
  
"I bet you are good at it!" April said in a high-pitched cheerleader-level outburst of enthusiastic support. Megan couldn't help but smile.  
  
"I've received a few compliments," Megan shrugged. "It's not the only thing I'm good for, but yeah, I get the job done."  
  
"Care to put your money where your mouth is?" Al said.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Show me how good you are. Make me cum in less than 10 minutes and I won't charge you for these flowers."  
  
"And if I don't?"  
  
"You pay for the flowers and you sleep with me tonight."  
  
"Deal," Megan smiled. She instantly regretted it, knowing she couldn't leave with him tonight. She had backed herself in a corner. She would just have to get the job done. Fast. "Clock starts when you are naked and your dick is hard."  
  
"Deal," Al grinned. He locked the door and turned off the sign on the storefront. He stood in front of her and pulled down his pants. April looked on, wide-eyed. "Start the clock, April."  
  
"You're not hard yet," April said, shaking her head.  
  
"Thank you, April," Megan smiled. She put his hand on his soft cock. "Need a hand?"  
  
"You're going to need two in a minute," Al said.  
  
"Ooh, too big for one hand, huh?" Megan smiled. "I hope it's not more than a mouthful."  
  
"If you choke, I'm not apologizing," Al grinned. "Like I said, put my cock where your mouth is."  
  
He was getting hard fast now and Megan knelt in front of him. She pulled on his average-sized prick a couple more times, then turned and nodded to April, who started the timer on her phone. Megan was trying to do what she thought the guys would want her to do. Despite Al's attitude, she felt like they would want her to tend to the needs of a hard cock per her training. It had been fun to taunt the guy and put him in his place for treating her and April so rudely, but now she was in her place - on her knees with a hard cock pointed at her face. She really didn't like Al and she was tired and ready to be done with this day. Sucking his cock did not appeal to her. But she had made a bet and the competitor in her was determined to win that bet. Yes, he would win regardless by getting the blowjob, but she would gain her own private victory if she could make him cum fast enough.  
  
Despite her outward arrogance to Al and April, she didn't really know how quickly she could get him off. If he was used to just jerking off as April had teased, then Megan's touch should be a welcome change that would get him there faster. But if he had jerked off recently, he might have considerable staying power. Plus, with April in the room, who knew if that was a turn on or detractor for him. In athletics, she had always prided herself on preparing for her opponents and scouting them before the match, but she knew so little in this situation. But it boiled down to her putting her mouth to work for this man's erect cock. She knew she could get him off. Really, it was the clock - not the cock - that was her opponent.  
  
"Never met a cock I couldn't lick," she laughed to herself. She looked up at him instinctively now, locking eyes and winking as she wrapped her lips around his head. He smiled down at her triumphantly, as if he had won a prize. It was sort of flattering to be viewed that way, really, like your presence was a prize, a treat, a trophy.  
  
Megan's tongue went to work now, twirling around the head, then sliding along the shaft. She kept her hands behind her back while she nuzzled his balls and the base of his shaft, then went back down on him. She wasn't sure how much time she had but she didn't look. She focused on him, his eyes, his cock. The task was the same, clock or no clock. It was a task - this wasn't fun sex. But as tasks went, there were worse ones than cock sucking, Megan thought. She lacked confidence in many areas, but in one short week she had become a very confident cocksucker. Was there room for improvement? Of course. But she knew she could lick, kiss, suck and slurp on a big dick with plenty of skill and genuine eagerness. She took pride in her work. It was an odd way to look at it, but it was the truth. This was her job at the moment, and she wanted to do her best.  
  
The look on Al's face told her that he was enjoying the experience very much. His hands ran through her hair and she laughed inwardly that he had probably touched some of the cum that had dried in it. It was funny only because of his disgust at her cum-covered face.  
  
"Time?" Al grunted toward April. Megan didn't hear April's response but Al groaned and Megan realized that April had probably held up the phone for him. She also realized from his response that she was probably winning. He was getting close and was realizing he wouldn't last long enough to win the bet. Her coach had always taught her that when she had an opponent on the ropes, to finish them off. She decided to finish Al off. He was trying to slow down, but she pushed her head all the way down on him, flicking her tongue on his shaft. She felt him deep in the back of her mouth. She looked up at him. He was straining, fighting. She winked again. He came. Big spurts poured out of his mouth and straight down her throat. It was a large gush of cream and she realized he had likely been holding that in there for a couple of days. She swallowed, of course, continuing to lick and suck, happy to see the mixture of ecstasy and defeat on his face.  
  
Megan sat back when he was done and looked back at April. She held up the phone. There were still over four minutes left on the clock. April smiled and gave her a thumbs up.  
  
"That was great!" April said.  
  
"Of course it was," Al said. "Fucking slut probably eats cum every day."  
  
"You have a lovely cock and your cum was yummy," Megan said, taking the high road. "I really wasn't sure how much time I had. It's hard to have a clock in your head when there's a cock in your head."  
  
April laughed at her joke. Al frowned, not liking the bond between Megan and April nor the fact that Megan hadn't taken his bait. He loved her body but was tired of her superior attitude. He had gotten what he wanted from this bitch. It was time for everyone to go.  
  
He went to the restroom and when he came out, he saw Megan and April talking and exchanging phone numbers. "Best friends now, huh?" he laughed. "You sure know how to pick them, April."  
  
"She's a nice person," April countered.

"She's a nice fuck," Al laughed. "Megan, call me next time you need some cock."  
  
"Sure," Megan grinned. "Next time I have six minutes to spare, I'll let you know."  
  
April laughed and Megan waved as she walked out the door, smiling to herself. She wasn't sure she had done what she was supposed to do in there, but she had made it fun. She would find out soon enough if Mick and Harry approved.  
  
She got in the car and Kasey and Jackson high-fived her. That was a good sign.  
  
"Went off script a little bit, didn't you?" Mick said.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said, worried. "Sorry, sir."  
  
"Don't apologize," Harry said. "That was a different circumstance than you could have expected. It was pretty odd, the brother and sister. Why weren't you more submissive toward Al? Why didn't you tease him like Kasey did earlier?"  
  
"That was my plan, sir," Megan said. "But he was so disrespectful and demeaning towards me. I know I have to accept some of that, but it was different than when you call me a slut and fuck me. It doesn't feel mean. He felt mean, not just to me, but to April too. I want to submit to you, daddy, but not to him."  
  
"Excellent answer," Harry said. "You're learning. Submission isn't blind nor without self-respect."  
  
"Then why did you suck his cock?" Mick challenged.  
  
"Because you trained me to take care of hard cocks," Megan said. "Was that wrong?"  
  
"No, baby, that was perfect," Mick said. "You could have opted out and we probably would have been OK with it, but I'll give you extra credit for setting aside your personal feelings and completing the assignment the best you could."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Megan smiled. "I'm sorry I lost the panties. I will pay for new ones."  
  
"Punishment for that will come separately," Harry said. "But not to worry. The punishment's for too little clothing aren't all that severe." Harry and Mick laughed and Jackson suggested jokingly that she should be rewarded.  
  
They drove Jackson home and dropped him off. Mick and Harry asked about April. Megan answered their questions about her appearance, showing them her social media pictures since they were already friends online.  
  
"She seemed very nice," Harry said.  
  
"She was," Megan said. "I don't know much about her, but she was just one of those nice people. She's funny. She liked to laugh even though I don't think she understood most of the jokes."  
  
"Yes, she seemed a little behind," Mick said. "That's OK."  
  
Megan wondered why the guys were so curious about April, but she didn't ask. Instead, she listened as Mick and Harry explained what they said would be the final stop of the evening. They were going to the movie theater for another meeting with Kasey's dad.  
  
"Of course," Megan said. "That doesn't bother you, does it, Kasey?"  
  
"You're staying in the car," Harry said. "He thinks it's you again, but this time it will be Kasey."  
  
"Wait, what?" Kasey asked. "He won't go for it once he sees it's me."  
  
"It's dark in there," Harry said. "You two are built very similarly. He won't hear your voice above a whisper. He is expecting Megan. He will have no reason to think it's not her."  
  
"Am I supposed to give him a blowjob?" Kasey asked. She was in shock. Seeing her dad at the carwash and knowing she had likely swallowed some of his cum as part of the sperm cocktail was one thing. Actually engaging in sexual contact was another. It was taboo, it was wrong.  
  
"Yes," Mick said. "I'm sure you're wondering why, but I think you will figure it out on your own. If you don't, we can talk about it afterwards. Understand?"  
  
"Of course, sir," Kasey said, understanding fully that she was not to ask any questions about why.  
  
"Try not to give it too much thought," Harry said, seeing that her mind was spinning. "It's a cock that needs a hole. Your dad has no girlfriend, no one to take care of him anymore. We are all so sorry about your mom."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Kasey said.  
  
"This is purely physical," Harry continued. "Just take care of his needs. The rest will work itself out. Trust me."  
  
"Of course," Kasey said. "I trust you, sir."  
  
Megan gave Kasey some pointers about how and where to find her dad. She gave Kasey her phone so she could text her dad from Megan's phone. They parked outside the theater. Kasey took a deep breath, then got out of the car and entered the theater. She was shaking, a jumble of nerves reaction to fear, anxiety and hint of excitement and anticipation. She bought her ticket and texted her dad from Megan's phone. He told her to find him in the last row, far left corner. He said there were more people in the theater this time, but no one within two rows of him. She responded that she was on her way and added "can't wait!"  
  
She entered the cinema and stood near the front, letting her eyes adjust to the dark. Then she made her way up the stairs to the last row, far right. Sure enough, someone was sitting there. She could only make out his shape, but she could tell it was her dad. As she approached, she moved quickly towards him, hoping to take away his ability to focus on her features.  
  
She leaned toward him and he took her hand and whispered "hello". She whispered back and then he pulled her toward him and kissed her on the mouth. She felt his tongue in her mouth and offered hers to him as well. His hands grabbed her waist, then slid to her ass. He felt her breasts and rubbed her nipples. He put his hand between her legs. She was wet. He dug his finger under her thong and touched her pussy, sliding his finger inside, then pulling it out, smelling it, then licking it. He kissed her some more and put her hand between his legs where she felt his hardness inside his shorts.  
  
"Time to use that tongue somewhere else," he whispered.  
  
"Yes, sir," she whispered.  
  
"Don't you mean daddy?" he corrected. It caught her off guard for a moment, then she realized he didn't mean that kind of daddy.  
  
"Yes, daddy," she whispered. "Sorry, daddy."  
  
She knelt in front of him on the theater floor. His cock was already out and semi-erect. She could barely see it, but she could feel it as he rubbed it against her face and in her hair. It was getting hard fast. She felt the soft mushroom head push against her cheeks and nose. Then it touched her lips. She kissed it. Then she licked it. Then she felt it slide between her lips. He slid down in his seat, pushing it further into her mouth. She tried to push the thought of whose cock this was and focus on the fact that it was a cock like any other - it looked, felt and tasted the same. Its function and purpose were the same and its needs were the same. Her dad was like any other man in this sense. He had needs and desires and she certainly believed he deserved to have those needs met.  
  
Her guilt began to recede even as his cock expanded in her mouth. It still felt weird, but she was starting to feel proud that she could take care of him for a change. He had taken care of her forever, particularly after her mom's death. He would do anything for her. She knew that. She would do anything for him too. He would never have asked for this, but it was making her happy now nonetheless. As his balls touched her chin and his cock fully filled her mouth, she finally landed on why Mick and Harry had done this. They wanted to take out the mystery and awkwardness. After this night, the barriers would drop, the curious looks and walking on eggshells would end. This otherwise innocent blowjob was breaking down the walls and laying it all out there. She knew in that moment too that she was meant to reveal herself to her dad once this was over. She didn't know how he would react, but she wasn't scared. Her dad was a saint and she was his angel. That's the way they had always seen each other. Now, those titles might be a tad tarnished, but would feel all the more genuine.  
  
Her reluctance gone, Kasey was all in now, devouring his thick, delicious pecker, her mouth and throat working hungrily on it. He was all in, too, every inch of him inside her, his hands on the back of her head, pushing her back and forth at his pace, unknowingly fucking his only daughter's throat.  
  
To Granderson, fucking his daughter's barely legal best friend was taboo enough. But the longer things went on this week, the less guilt he felt. Megan was a treasure and Kasey was OK with the whole thing. He would never hurt her, but he absolutely loved pinning her pretty face to his crotch and feeling her commit to consuming every inch of him. Her dedication was amazing. He thought briefly about Kasey and wondered if she was learning the same techniques and using them on the other men. But he pushed that thought out of his mind. His beautiful girl could be and do what she wanted, but he preferred not to think too much about it. Seeing her in skimpy outfits conjured darker thoughts he didn't want to entertain.  
  
Instead, he wanted to focus on what was happening to his cock right now. This beautiful young woman was servicing him willingly and eagerly. She didn't resist as he gripped her head and pushed her head down on his cock. She didn't push back as his cock reached the back of her throat. She didn't turn her head when he rubbed his cock and balls across her face. And she didn't pull away when his cum spilled out of his cock into her mouth and throat. Instead, she swallowed and sucked and made sure to finish the job. This was something he needed every day.  
  
Kasey could feel the release and ecstasy spread through her father's body and that made her happy. She swallowed every drop of the cum that represented his ultimate pleasure, warmed by the gift of his sperm and comforted by the vigorous but caring way he had fucked her mouth. She was happy to know that this is how he had probably treated Megan. She wasn't surprised that he was an enthusiastic but kind partner, but she also had never really thought about it. Megan's safety was just as important to her as was her dad's happiness.  
  
Kasey sat back and was about to help him put his cock away when a figure appeared behind him. Kasey was afraid they had been discovered, but then the figure whispered in Granderson's ear, "Let me give you a hand, Mr. Granderson." He jumped and turned to see Megan's face right next to his. The realization hit even before he looked back and saw his precious Kasey kneeling in front of him. Kasey got up quickly and whispered in his other ear, "It's OK, daddy. I wanted to do this. Now we don't have to wonder any more. No secrets. It doesn't need to happen again, but it needed to happen once. Right?"  
  
"Yes, baby," he whispered back. "Thank you. I love you."  
  
"I love you too, daddy," she said. "I'll text you soon."  
  
Kasey and Megan left together, leaving Granderson to absorb what just happened and come to grips with his thoughts and feelings about the future for him, Megan and Kasey.  
  
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"How long were you there?" Kasey asked as they walked out of the theater.  
  
"Just a couple of minutes," Megan said. "We just guessed on how long it would take. It was good timing. I'm sorry about surprising you. I didn't know they wanted me to do that until after you went in."  
  
"It's OK," Kasey said. "I realized why they wanted me to do it and knew I had to let my dad know it was me. You just saved me the trouble."  
  
They got in the car and Kasey thank Mick and Harry for pushing her way past her comfort zone so she could breach a potential impasse in her relationship with her father. "Now I know we can be completely honest with each other about literally anything," she said. "I mean, there's nothing we can ask of one another that will shock or hurt at this point."  
  
"We knew the only way you could fully invest in this process was to have any and all questions out of the way with your father," Harry said. "He's part of this group. Just having him tell you it was OK or you tell Megan it was OK wasn't enough. The act is done and it said everything that needed to be said between the two of you."  
  
"I know it's wrong and I don't want to fuck my dad, but this one time, it couldn't have been more right," Kasey agreed.  
  
They drove home, the girls thankful to be done paying for their transgressions. All the excitement had left them horny and exhausted. Unfortunately, the pleasure denial would continue overnight.  
  
"Sorry girls," Harry said when they got home. "You performed well tonight, but you still broke the rule and came without permission. So, we have to make sure you don't try to cheat tonight."  
  
Thirty minutes later, Kasey lay naked n Megan's bed next to Harry. Leather cuffs bound her wrists to her ankles behind her back. There was a ball gage in her mouth and butt plug in her ass. Harry was playing with her exposed body, manhandling her tits, slapping at her ass and jabbing fingers into her pussy, only to pull them out before she got too excited. He was too tired to fuck her again tonight, but he played with her tight, compact body while his mind and body slowly relaxed. Then he wrapped his big arm around her and pulled her tight against him, like a child hugging a favorite teddy bear, while he drifted to sleep. Kasey ached from the bonds and groping, but exhaustion won the battle and she, too, fell peacefully asleep in his arms.  
  
The scene was similar in the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Brandt. Megan, also nude, was bound exactly the same way as Kasey. Mick had her laying on top of him, his hands cupping her perfect ass cheeks, her face cradled against his shoulder, her nipples poking against his hairy chest. He fell asleep a happy man. Megan fell asleep, too tired to even try to guess what tomorrow might bring.