**Megan's Summer Education Ch. 07a**

**CHAPTER 7: SHOW AND TELL**   
  
*AUTHOR'S NOTE: Dear readers, as there are a number of characters, I thought it might be helpful to have a quick guide as a reminder*:

* Walters: Geometry teacher, glasses, mustache, average height, 50s, beer belly but not fat.
* Sal Peterson: School janitor/maintenance, heavy set, mid 40s, strong
* Rothman: Father's boss, used to babysit for him; successful, fit, recently divorced, 46
* Quigley: Local businessman, Megan's mom's client; early 40s, lean, tall, former athlete
* Hanson: Neighbor; 50s, slender, sickly, made money on stock
* Yelton: Photographer who took team and senior pictures, 38, biracial, beard, average build
* Granderson: Kasey's dad
* Meeks: Plastic surgeon who did Megan's mom's facelift. 50. Gray hair. Handsome, classy, distinguished. Silent owner of strip club.
* Darrell: Pizza guy, mid-30s, a little chubby with glasses and thinning hair.
* Jock and Muscles (Miles and Joshua): Joshua, black, 6-3, 35, elite athlete. Miles, football player, 6-6, late 30s, co-own gym together and both work as security at Meeks strip club.
* Bud: Met Megan at the carnival, early 50s, black, short and stocky, sick wife, faithful to her, jerks off to videos and pics of Megan, great laugh and smile
* Jim: 22, about 6 feet, pudgy, basketball shooter at carnival. glasses, nice
* Tom: Middle-aged, sandy colored hair, pudgy but not fat -- dad bod, glasses, realtor, rode with Megan on Tilt A Whirl, but very respectful
* Pierce: Defense trainer, very tall, late 30s, powerfully built, short dark hair, strong jaw line, dominant, intimidating
* Mason: Washing machine repair guy; middle-aged with dark hair that had bits of gray in it. About six feet tall with glasses and a goatee. He had a big round belly and friendly smile.

**Friday**  
  
Megan woke up in the middle of the night, still bound, as Mick fumbled with her body. It was dark and she couldn't see well, but she could feel that his cock was hard. Her legs ached and she was happy when he released the bonds that held her wrists and ankles together. It felt so good to stretch out her long legs even as Mick rebound her wrists behind her back. The ball gag was still in her mouth.  
  
Mick pulled her back on top of his chest and belly, just as they had fallen asleep, but this time he moved her body back and forth across his cock. The thick penis bumped against her belly and thighs before he finally put it home between the soft folds of her pussy. He was rested and very horny.  
  
"This ain't gonna take long," Mick grunted as he lifted her up and down on him. "Enjoy the ride, but don't count on cumming. I ain't waiting for you."  
  
Megan grunted her understanding through the gag and did her best to work with him, grinding her hips when appropriate, but mostly going limp and letting him toss her around any way he felt like. As they were fucking, she heard sounds from the other room and correctly assumed that Harry was making a similar midnight treat out of Kasey. At one point Mick spun Megan around on his cock and she caught a glimpse of the clock, which read 3:44. She sure hoped she got to go back to sleep when this was over.  
  
As Mick had promised, it was a fast and frantic fuck. Megan enjoyed it but was really just getting warmed up in all the right places when he came. He rolled her off him and went back to sleep. The clock read 3:50. She cuddled up next to him and was soon asleep as well.  
  
Megan awoke again to a room full of bright sunshine. It was 9:30. She had slept a long time. Mick was no longer in bed. She knew both he and Harry were early risers. Slowly, she rolled out of bed. Her wrists were still bound and the ball gag was still in her mouth.  
  
She walked across the hall to her room. Kasey was laying in her bed, sound asleep. Her wrists were also bound, her ball gag also still in place. Megan slid in bed next to her and nudged her with her legs, waking her best friend up. Together, they got up and went downstairs, looking for Harry and Mick. The guys were nowhere to be found and the car was gone.  
  
Megan spotted a note on the dining room table. It read:  
  
"Dear School for Sluts students,  
  
We hope you got a good night's rest. Today will be a very busy day. You are not graduates yet, but as this marks the last day of your week 1 boot camp, it is time to test to your progress. As has been the case all week, you will not be forced to do anything you don't want to do, but simple hesitance or reluctance will not be cause for the activities to stop as your voluntary participation in school activities implies consent unless explicitly expressed otherwise. You know no harm will come to you and that any genuine requests to stop will be granted. Our mission is to train you and prepare you. Those challenges require certain levels of discipline and command on our part, which we trust you now understand and accept.  
  
We will be back by 11 a.m. to pick you up. Please do the following in preparation for today's events:

1. Help each other out of your bonds
2. Eat breakfast
3. Shower
4. Dress in naughty schoolgirl outfits. You know what to do.
5. Put butt plugs in each other's asses (lube as needed).
6. Be ready and waiting for us.

Harry and Mick"

Megan and Kasey looked at each other wide-eyed, then immediately turned back to back and took turns removing each other's wrist bonds. Then they removed their ball gags and stood naked in the kitchen, re-reading the letter while they ate yogurt and fruit and drank juice and coffee.  
  
"They sure talked a lot about discipline and stuff," Kasey said. "What do you think that was about?"  
  
"It could be a rough day," Megan said, reminding Kasey of her extreme experience with Jock and Muscles, among others. "My guess is some bondage and lots of sex."  
  
"I think you're right," Kasey said. "I didn't go through that defense training and the bondage stuff like you did. I'm really nervous."  
  
"I am too," Megan said. "It's scary at first. But then you realize you're pretty much helpless and that they aren't going to actually hurt you. They just manhandle you and fuck you really hard. That part actually became fun once I relaxed. But getting past that fear that they are going to go too far and you won't be able to stop them is very real."  
  
"Shit," Kasey said, shaking her head. "I don't know if I can do this."  
  
"They won't make you," Megan said. "But please try. I hate to ask, but I really need you there with me. So, please try and if you can't do it, then I understand."  
  
"You know I will try," Kasey smiled. "I'll be there with you if at all possible."  
  
"That's all I ask," Megan said, hugging her. "Thank you. You're the best friend ever."  
  
They split up, Megan showering in her parents' bathroom and Kasey showering in Megan's. Then they went to the closet and began pulling out the options for naughty schoolgirl attire. By 10:45, they were sitting in the kitchen with the front door open, watching for the car to pull up.  
  
Both girls had their hair in ponytails. Megan had a yellow ribbon in her hair and black choker that read "NAUGHTY" in white block letters. She wore a white button down blouse with the buttons removed. It was tied below her breasts which were, of course, unencumbered by a bra. Her midriff was bare and she wore a tiny black and yellow tartan skirt with a yellow thong underneath. She wore 6-inch black heels with frilly white ankle socks.  
  
Kasey was similarly dressed, with a red ribbon in her hair and a red choker that also said "NAUGHTY" in white block letters. Her buttonless blouse was also tied beneath her breasts with her midriff exposed. Her tartan skirt was black and red and her thong was red. She wore 6-inch red heels with the same frilly white ankle socks.  
  
Both girls had butt plugs inside their well-lubed asses. They were prepared the way the guys had instructed, but they felt unprepared for what lay ahead.  
  
The guys pulled in the driveway 10 minutes later. They didn't even get out of the car. Mick was driving and he honked as he pulled in. Megan and Kasey both popped cherry red blow pops between their cherry red lips and hurried to the door. Megan locked it behind her and they got in the car. Harry was in the back and he motioned for Kasey to join him while Megan joined Mick in the front. Both men immediately groped under the girls' skirts, confirming the presence of the butt plugs. They gave their approval to the outfits and Mick pulled back out on the road, hurrying off to their destination.  
  
The girls didn't know where they were going and the guys gave them no additional information beyond what they had written in the letter. Among the things the girls didn't know was that the guys -- along with their many new friends -- had secured use of the high school for the day. Peterson had scheduled a massive cleanup of the school with chemicals that would dictate that all the teachers and administrators who might otherwise feel like dropping in to catch up on some summer work stay away. At least that's what he had told everyone. So, the school would be totally empty except for the girls and the men who were there to evaluate their progress.  
  
The girls also didn't know that the guys had been dropping off clothes, toys and other items at the school. It was only in the last 24 hours that this idea had come together, with the addition of Kasey and the cohesiveness of the group of men involved making a larger last-day event possible. Mick and Harry had relied heavily on Peterson, Jackson, Darrell, Walters and Yelton to make everything happen, including coordinating schedules, arranging food and drink, and establishing an itinerary for the day.  
  
The girls understood the schoolgirl outfits when they pulled into the vacant school parking lot -- all the other guys had parked in the back, out of sight. Peterson met them at the door and let them in, locking the door behind them. The school was theirs and theirs alone. On this day, the high school's name might as well be changed to the Daddies School for Sluts. Mick had joked that they should make a sign. What a sight that would be.  
  
Peterson led them through the hallways to one of the small lecture hall that was used for some of the larger classes as well as a space for outside speakers and community events. It looked like a lecture hall on a college campus. Peterson led them through the back entrance and they emerged on the small stage that sat at the front of the room with a column of seats rising above them like a movie theater. A spotlight shown on the podium on the stage and the light blinded them. The girls could not see the small group of men -- all those from the party and car wash and carnival -- who had gathered to take part in this day-long event.  
  
Peterson positioned the girls on either side of the podium. Now two spotlights landed on them both and the light dimmed on the podium. Mick and Harry stepped to the podium while Peterson joined the others in the crowd.  
  
Megan strained to see through the light. She knew this room well, as did Kasey, and she knew that it held over 100 people. The thought that there could be a room full of people looking at her right now was incredibly unsettling. She was shaking and wanted to hold Kasey's hand, but they were separated by the podium. They were together, but alone, isolated and vulnerable. What had they just walked into? Unfortunately, the words from Mick and Harry addressing the room did little to answer her questions or calm her nerves.  
  
"Good morning everyone," Mick began. "What a great turnout! Thank you all for coming today. As you know, this has been a momentous first week for the Daddies School for Sluts. We doubled our enrollment in one week and have two outstanding young students who have demonstrated tremendous aptitude, attitude, and incredible beauty."  
  
Hoots, whistles and cheers came from the crowd.  
  
"We know the girls have a lot to learn," Harry said. "So this is not a graduation. But as the first full week concludes and the girls face some changes in their accessibility, we thought it would be a good idea to see exactly how much they have learned. Today, they will be taking the Sex Lesson Understanding Test, or SLUT, as we call it. This will be a challenging day for them, but a very fun day for all of us."  
  
Again the cheers and whistles. Kasey trembled, scared beyond belief. If it weren't for her pledge to Megan, she would sprint for the door. She fought the urge, thinking about Megan, telling herself to trust Mick and Harry and, most of all, Megan.  
  
"This is one final reminder that the fun has its limits," Mick picked up the address. "The girls can quit at any point. They can be manhandled and played with, but no harm shall come to them. Anyone breaking this rule will be out of the group, not only for today's events, but all future school events."  
  
"These girls are gifts," Harry added. "They have willingly taken on the task of learning how to please and tease us. They have willingly done all that we have asked, even when it scared them or was less than pleasurable for them. That level of effort and dedication demands our respect. If anyone here fails to see that, who sees this exercise as an excuse to dehumanize or degrade them in any way, you need to leave right now. Yes, the line can be thin sometimes, but you all know where it is."  
  
"OK, we have a lot of subjects to cover and lessons to administer today, so let's get started," Mick said. "Our subjects today are an extension of the classics -- reading, writing and arithmetic."  
  
"Ours is reading, writing and suck-my-dick," someone yelled out, drawing laughter.  
  
"That's right," Mick chuckled. "So the girls will be going to math, science and other classes today, with special lessons taught by each of you.."  
  
"Now, let's start like a normal school day," Harry said. "We'll call this home room and start the day with roll call." Mick stood next to Megan and Harry began the roll call:  
  
"Megan's handle?" Harry said.  
  
"Here!" Mick said, tugging Megan's ponytail and drawing laughter from the group.  
  
"Megan's cock-sucking mouth?"   
  
"Here!" Mick said, pulling the blow pop in and out of her mouth while Megan pursed her lips.  
  
"Megan's perky tits and hard nipples?"  
  
"Here!" Mick said, pulling Megan's top away from her chest and flashing her breasts and erect nipples to the crowd. He turned her sideways so the group could see her profile as he stood in front of her and pulled her nipples toward him. Then he put her top back in place with a final squeeze of both breasts.  
  
"Megan's tiny waist?"  
  
"Here!" Mick said, turning Megan back so she faced the crowd. He stood behind her and put his hands on her waist, his fingers nearly touching as they reached around her.  
  
"Megan's tight ass?"  
  
"Here!" Mick turned Megan around and had her bend over. He lifted her skirt, holding it in the small of her back with one hand while he slapped her ass cheeks with the other. Then, encouraged by the crowd, he tugged on her thong and pulled it away from her ass and pussy, flashing her butt plug to the group before dropping her skirt back down. Megan stood up and took back around.  
  
"Megan's tight, juicy pussy?"  
  
"Here!" Mick lifted her skirt again and cupped her pussy mound, then pulled the panties to the side, showing her bald mound to the group. He put a finger inside her. "And very, very juicy!"  
  
The crowd hooted and hollered again.  
  
"Megan's long, toned legs?"  
  
"Here!" Mick held Megan's skirt up and had her with her legs slightly apart, turning her in quarter turns, showing her off from all angles.  
  
Mick dropped Megan's skirt back in place, then took over at the podium, reading the same roll call items off while Harry confirmed that all of Kasey's desirable attributes were also present. He could feel her trembling and saw the goosebumps on her skin. Her vulnerability made him want to hug and console her, but also to take her right there on the stage and use her like the fuck toy she was becoming. It was odd how he felt protective of her and driven to attack her at the same time.  
  
Suddenly the school bell rang.

**MATH FOR SLUTS**  
  
"Time for the first class!" Mick announced. "Math for Sluts. We invite everyone to attend in room 12. Mr. Quigley and Mr. Walters are the teachers for this class."  
  
Minutes later, everyone had moved to Room 12. Megan and Kasey stood in front of the room, flanked by Walters and Quigley. The others all sat in the desks in the classroom, ready to watch the show. Megan was happy to see only familiar faces, even though there were so many. She knew this wouldn't be another car wash with hand jobs. Things were going to go much farther today. There were a lot of men, a lot of penises, to deal with. She looked at Kasey, who was nervous and still trembling. Megan held her hand and gave her smile to reassure her.  
  
"Welcome to Math for Sluts," Walters said, addressing the room. "As we all know, good sluts don't need to be human calculators, but they do need to know some practical math. Fortunately, our two students are very bright girls who have excelled beyond slut-level math. What we want to test today is how well they can use their knowledge and apply it practically to their new lifestyles."  
  
"We also know that these two have been great competitors, so we thought we would make this a little competition for fun," Quigley said. He motioned to two desks behind the girls. The desks were about 10 feet apart and faced each other. Both were equipped with lights and buzzers. "We borrowed these from the academic team. We will ask the girls questions and they will buzz in to answer. One point per correct answer. Most points wins."  
  
"At the end of the match, both girls will demonstrate their oral skills," Walters said. "The winner will do so without interruption or distraction. The loser will be spanked throughout the process by all of you."  
  
The group chuckled while Megan and Kasey forced smiles while squirming nervously as they listened to these instructions. Megan felt bad for Kasey. Megan was nervous, but she could sense Kasey's apprehension and she felt guilty for putting her in this position. Fortunately, she knew how to pick up her friend and former teammate.  
  
"Don't worry," Megan said, smiling at Kasey. "I'm gonna kick your ass so hard you won't even feel them smacking it."  
  
Everyone laughed, including Kasey, who loosened up immediately. "Oh yeah?" she retorted, also smiling now. "I kicked your ass so many times that footprint should be tattooed on it." She reached over and swatted Megan's ass playfully.  
  
"Told you they were competitors!' Quigley said. "All right, ladies, take your positions. For once that doesn't mean on your knees!"  
  
The girls giggled and took their seats, feeling much looser and ready for this first challenge of the day.  
  
"Let's test the buzzers," Walters said, standing behind a podium between the girls. Quigley stood at the white board in front of the room, ready to keep score. "Buzz if you are the first student at this School for Sluts."  
  
Megan hit her buzzer and the light came on. "That's me!" she beamed.

"Hit your buzzer if your dad is in the audience," Kasey hit her buzzer, smiling at Granderson, who sat in the second row. "That's me!"  
  
"Looks like we're all set," Walters said. "OK, first question. A student is a size 4. What size clothes should she wear?"  
  
Kasey buzzed in, "Four!"  
  
"Sorry, incorrect," Walters said.  
  
Megan buzzed, "Two!"  
  
"Correct," Walters said. "We would have accepted two or zero as correct answers. Sluts should always wear clothes one or two sizes too small."  
  
Both girls understood the nature of the questions now. "Math" was being used loosely to indicate that all the questions would deal with numbers or calculations in some manner. Quigley marked Megan for the first point and the contest continued.  
  
"How many seconds after a man asks you to suck his cock should it take for you to have his cock in your mouth?"  
  
Kasey stared blankly. Megan thought for a moment, then smiled and answered. "Trick question. I should have offered to suck his cock before he ever asked. So the answer is zero."  
  
"Well done," Walters nodded. "Next question. Pencils and paper are on your desk for this one. Your rent is $1,000 a month. It is December 5. You still owe $500 for last month's rent, plus the December rent. Your landlord is willing to let you pay it by doing what you do best. He will pay you $25 per blowjob, $30 to fuck your pussy and $40 to fuck your ass. If only fucks your ass once a week, fucks you pussy once a day and gets two blowjobs per day, how many days will it take to cover the rent?"  
  
The girls scribbled frantically. Kasey answered first, "19 days."  
  
"That's correct," Walters said. "Pretty good way to live rent-free, wouldn't you say?"  
  
"That answer is wrong," Quigley interjected.  
  
"No ..." Walters started.  
  
"The answer is infinity," Quigley laughed. "No man would give up that deal. He would just keep raising the rent!"  
  
"Yes, I would like to offer my house for rent under that payment structure," Hanson said.  
  
Everyone laughed, including the girls. The score was now 2-1 in favor of Megan.  
  
"Some basic math here," Walters said. "Your man has a nine-inch cock. It's five inches from your lips to your tonsils. How many inches of cock are left?"  
  
"Four," Megan answered first.  
  
"Sorry, incorrect," Walters said, looking at Kasey. She stared blankly, then a light bulb went off in her head.  
  
"Zero," Kasey smiled. "I relax my throat and take all nine inches, like a good little cocksucker."  
  
"Correct!"  
  
The questions and answers continued until the score was 9-9 and there was one question left.  
  
"This is it," Walters said. "Last question, winner take all."  
  
"Actually, they are both going to take it all," Quigley laughed.  
  
"Good point," Walters chuckled. "Ready ladies?" They both nodded they were. "Your heels are 7 inches. Your man's cock is 8 inches. What is the length, within one inch, of your mini skirt?"  
  
This question really wasn't fair. It was information that Megan had learned in her initial clothing training. Kasey had not been formally taught these things. Her only chance was to make an educated guess. She buzzed in, preparing to guess 8 inches, but Megan beat her to it.  
  
"Maximum of six inches," Megan said.  
  
"Correct," Walters said. "Your skirt length should be at least one inch shorter than the length of your heels. The length of the cock was just meant to confuse you. Megan, you are the winner."  
  
"Winner, winner, cock for dinner!" Quigley laughed.  
  
Megan and Kasey hugged, Megan whispering to her to relax and remember no one was going to hurt her. Meanwhile, the guys flipped a coin and Walters ended up with Megan while Quigley drew Kasey. The guys took seats in simple hard back chairs, side by side, in the front of the room while the girls threw out their suckers.  
  
Both girls were instructed to bend over at the waist while they performed their blowjobs. Walters wagged his semi-erect cock in front of Megan's face, then grabbed her ponytail and pushed her mouth to him. Once he was fully hard, he stopped her and handed her a tube of red lipstick. "Write 1 on the head, 2 just pass the head, 4 halfway down and 7 at the base."  
  
Megan had no idea what was going on, but complied with his direction and wrote the numbers in lipstick on his cock as best she could. Moments later, Quigley had Kasey do the same thing.  
  
"Pop quiz time," Walters said. "Can you focus on your task and still do math? Multi-tasking is part of slut's job. Here's an example of how this will work. If I ask you what 6 minus 5 is, instead of answering "1", you put your lips at the one on my cock. Instead of saying the answer, your mouth will touch the answer and stay on that answer until the next question. Wrong or delayed answers result in your nose being plugged until the next question. Understand?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said, smiling. She was amazed at how these guys would take the time and effort to create all these situations. You would think they would just want to fuck them a few times today and be done with it. Instead, there were games, contests, twists and turns. It made it fun and Megan appreciated that. It was, after all, just sex. These little games took some of the intensity out of it and loosened her up. She felt like Kasey was warming up to this too. Kasey's smile was a nervous one, but a smile nonetheless.  
  
"Yes, sir," Kasey said.  
  
"Good," Quigley said, playing with Kasey's breasts. "Gentlemen, please line up in two equal lines behind Kasey. Go through and slap her ass cheek, then switch lines and get the other one. Keep rotating through as many times as you like."  
  
"First question," Walters said. "We'll start easy. 1 minus 0."  
  
Both girls bent over at the waist and put their lips to the heads of the cocks they were servicing. Megan pursed her lips around Walters' cock and sucked on the juicy mushroom head. Kasey did the same for Quigley, even as the first hands smacked against her ass cheeks simultaneously. It stung, but she focused on her two tasks: sucking cock and answering questions. Everything else was a distraction to be blocked out. The slaps, the taunts, the laughter, the sucking noises Megan was making -- all of it was white noise. As a tennis player, she had prided herself on focusing in big moments. She could block out the pain, the fatigue, the crowd, and even a bad call by the umpire. None of that mattered at the end of the match. All that mattered was the win or the loss. That was the case here. All that mattered was sucking Quigley's cock in the manner required by the questions, pleasing him and taking each and every drop of cum into her mouth. It was much simpler when you blocked everything else out.  
  
"Two times two," Walters said.  
  
Four, Kasey thought, instantly going about halfway down Quigley's shaft to where the number was written. Per instruction, she didn't bob her head like she would normally do. Instead, she stayed in place, simply sucking on his cock, hollowing her cheeks while her tongue slid along the underside. Hands continued to slap her ass. She knew one of those was her dad's and she wondered what he thought about that. Did he like it? Had he wanted to do that before? Would she have liked it if he did? She was pretty sure there wasn't anything she wouldn't do for him and, if it gave him pleasure, then it would please her too.  
  
The spanking didn't really hurt, it was just a steady sting that was often accompanied by a pinch or squeeze. She heard the words of appreciation for the tightness and firmness. She appreciated the compliments, but didn't focus on them.  
  
"70 divided by 10," Walters said.  
  
Seven, Megan calculated. She went all the way down on Walters, chin to balls. She stayed there, mouth and throat full of cock, listening for the next question. Walters' hand rested on the back of her head, but was not holding her there. All she heard were the voices of the men and the slapping of skin that she knew was Kasey's poor little ass. Megan felt bad that Kasey had to take this spanking, but she knew how many men were there, how many "classes" awaited. There was little doubt in her mind that she would get her own dose of punishment, sooner or later.  
  
Little did she realize how soon. She was thinking about Kasey and hadn't heard the last question. She only heard "10" but missed the rest. She guessed four and moved her head.  
  
"Wrong, slut," Walters hissed. "One, bitch." Megan moved her mouth to his head while his fingers pinched her nose shut. All she could breathe in was his cock, which added to the suction and made it all the more enjoyable for him. Walters was in no rush to let her breathe.  
  
"Inhale my cock, you little cunt," Walters jeered. "Breathe it in, bitch."  
  
Megan was struggling, her face turning red, her eyes watering. She fought the urge to push away, knowing she could free herself quite easily. She wasn't being trapped or imprisoned. She was being tested. She didn't struggle. She sucked. She focused. And finally she inhaled deeply when he let go of her nose even as he asked the next question. The answer was two. Megan wanted to take another breath, but didn't dare be punished for a tardy answer. She wrapped her lips around him again, thankful for a correct answer.  
  
As all this was going on, Granderson had gone through the line, spanking his daughter a couple of times. When he saw her ass and long legs, he just saw sex, a perfect female form and he enjoyed the view and the feel of her firm ass against his hand. But then as he passed by to switch lines, he saw her with her mouth full of Quigley's cock. He saw the joy on Quigley's face as he held Kasey's ponytail. He wasn't sure how he felt about seeing that. She wasn't a victim. She wasn't being harmed. But still, it was his girl. He excused himself from the spanking line and sat down. The real question spun in his head: Did he not like seeing Kasey like this because he didn't want her to be hurt and taken advantage of? Or did he not like it because he wanted to be where Quigley was, receiving the pleasure of her sweet cocksucking? He told himself he only wanted to fuck Megan today, but in this one quiet moment, he didn't know if that was true or not. It wasn't easy to know when you were lying to yourself. One thing he knew was he was ready for someone to suck his cock. He was horny and one of these girls was going to help him with that soon enough.  
  
His head perked up when he heard Yelton ask if anyone would mind if he held up the line long enough to pull Kasey's butt plug out of her reddened ass. Of course, no one objected. They all gathered around and Granderson joined them, unable to resist the sight of the lovely gaping hole, so inviting, so accessible. Fuck, this was insane.  
  
"All right, for this question, if you miss, you get face-fucked," Walters said. He then rattled of a long series of numbers and divisions and multiplications. He had no idea what the answer was. Neither did the girls. Both hesitated, which was the goal. They were both wrong and Walters and Quigley both took hold of the handles on the back of the girls' heads and began fucking their mouths and throats furiously.  
  
Both Megan and Kasey knew to just relax, keep their mouths open and focus on breathing. Their mouths were just holes now. Their sucking and kissing skills were no longer needed. All they had to do was keep their mouths open, keep their teeth out of the way and try not to choke or gag, nor neither of the latter would actually stop these cocks at this point.  
  
"Throat fuck those pretty faces," one of the guys encouraged.  
  
"Make them gag on your cocks," another said.  
  
The men had reached the point of no return. There was no stopping. The cocks started spurting almost simultaneously, both girls swallowing as fast as they could, making sure that no drops spilled out of their mouths. They stayed bent over at the waist, milking those throbbing cocks until finally their heads were released and the cocks dropped out of their mouths. They both stood up slowly, backs stiff, mouths sore. Kasey's hands went to her ass. They had put the butt plug back in, but her focus was on her ass cheeks, which stung, not incredibly painful, but definitely tender.  
  
Everyone agreed that the girls had demonstrated adequate slut-level math skills but that additional training was absolutely necessary to help them reach their full potential. "For less than a week of classes, I would say they are quite advanced," Quigley summarized. "But I think we can all see that they have certain apprehension and hesitation that signals that they are not yet thinking 100 percent like a slut. Their minds require more training to match the skills and appearance of their already slut-level bodies."  
  
"Along those lines, we're ready for the next class," Mick said. "Ten minute break, then everyone can go to room 14 for Science.  
  
Megan and Kasey hurried to the restroom where they brushed their teeth, fixed their hair and makeup and tended to Kasey's tender ass. They also compared notes, able to speak privately for the first time since they were back at the house.  
  
"Are you OK?" Megan asked, gently rubbing lotion on Kasey's red ass cheeks.  
  
"Yeah, I'm fine," Kasey laughed. "That was pretty intense. Crazy what they come up with, isn't it?"  
  
"It sure is," Megan said. "That's why older men are so much better than young boys, though, I think. They put more thought into it. It's not about just fucking. It's an event with these guys."  
  
"They sure are creative," Kasey nodded. "What do you think Science will be like?"  
  
"I have no idea," Megan said. "But it will probably be just as crazy in its own way."

**SCIENCE FOR SLUTS**  
  
The girls headed to the next class where they found everyone waiting for them. The teachers for this class were Meeks, the plastic surgeon, and Pierce, the self-defense instructor. They stood at the head of the class with lab coats on. Beakers and Bunsen burners were on the lab tables throughout the room. The men all sat on high stools, hoping this would be another opportunity for some class participation.  
  
"Welcome to Science for Sluts," Meeks began. "As a doctor, science was always one of my favorite subjects. I was fascinated by conducting experiments, collecting data and supporting or rejecting hypotheses. There are so many discoveries to make, even in our everyday world. It's our duties as scientists to test boundaries, explore new topics, and challenge old conventions."  
  
"So one of the questions we are exploring in this school is what makes a young woman embrace being a slut," Pierce picked up. "Is there something innate in their makeup that simply must be brought out? Can a woman simply be trained to be slut? How much of it is natural, and how much of it is learned?"  
  
"We know our two prize pupils here will give the right answers if we ask them if they enjoy sucking cock or showing off their bodies in public," Meeks said. "But are they telling the truth? We know they both want to be here -- they aren't being forced. Hell, this week was initially Megan's idea. But what are they really thinking and feeling? Learning those answers will help us determine the effectiveness of our training and whether there is such a thing as a natural-born slut."  
  
"How do we get those answers?" Pierce said. "We will take a scientific approach, naturally. I have some connections with the local police force and they were kind of enough to lend us a lie detector. We are going to ask the girls a series of questions, record their answers and form a hypothesis as to what factors are most important in the development of a perfect slut."  
  
"We will begin the tests with some basic questions to develop a baseline, then move into the questions that we don't really know the answers to," Meeks said. "We have a good list for both girls, but if you have suggestions, please feel free to write them down and pass them forward."  
  
"To keep the girls from being influenced by each other's answers or even body language, we will put noise-canceling head phones and a blindfold on the one not in the chair," Pierce said. "Feel free to enjoy them. No fucking, but you can grope or play with them while you listen to the questions and answers."  
  
"Since Megan started all this, she will be in the chair first," Meeks said. He led her to the chair and started attaching the sensors while Pierce proceeded to blindfold and put the headphones on Kasey. They hadn't told the girls they would do this, but he then added a ball gag and fuzzy-handled handcuffs. Minutes later she was laid across the laps of Jim, Darrell and Tom, who quickly began groping her breasts and thighs and ass. Jim, the nice guy who had won Megan the prize at the carnival, now claimed his own prize, squeezing Kasey's firm, round breasts. Darrell the pizza guy had one hand on her ass while the other stroked her bare tummy. Tom, the friendly realtor who rode the Tilt-A-Whirl with Megan, stroked the insides of Kasey's thighs, his fingers edging closer and closer to her pussy.  
  
"Now this is what I call a lap cat," Tom chuckled.  
  
Kasey didn't know what she expected science class to be like, but it definitely wasn't this. She couldn't see, hear or speak. All she could do was feel. She felt strong hands. She felt bulging crotches. She felt helpless, but not afraid. She was reminded of a time she was floating down a river back in Tennessee one summer. She fell off her tube. The current wasn't strong, but it carried her along. The next thing she knew, it pulled her under as she was swept past a rock. She couldn't fight the power pulling her down. She was helpless, but she wasn't afraid. She remembered letting her body go limp. She didn't fight the water and as quickly as it had pulled her under the rock, it lifted her back up to safety. That's what she did now. She went limp. She was powerless in their control, but she was also safe. Kasey had learned from her parents long ago not to worry about things you can't control. She supposed that's why she wasn't worried now. Control had been stripped away from her at the moment, but it would be returned soon enough. And she would still have her pride, her dignity and her self-worth. This was a game, a distraction, a ride down the river. You could fight it or relax and go along for the ride, trusting that the river was just having fun with her body, demonstrating its power, controlling but not harming.  
  
After a while, she felt herself passed to other hands and realized that all the men were having their time with her. She wondered if her dad was participating. She would never know. The thought made her tingle all over and she wondered if any of the hands on her body belonged to him. She felt like she should be able to recognize his touch, but then he had never touched her like this. Would he?  
  
While that question rang in Kasey's head, Megan settled into her seat. She was a bit on edge. She had always liked tests, but couldn't stand pop quizzes. Tests were OK because she had time to prepare and she always prepared for everything. She learned to understand what questions teachers would ask, which ones would try to trick her and which ones would be straight forward. Being unprepared was uncomfortable for her. She wanted time to study, to think about her answers, to look for the tricks and traps. Intellectually she knew the only right answer in a lie detector test was the honest answer, but she couldn't help feeling like might answer something incorrectly, say something she didn't mean and get caught in a lie. She didn't mind being wrong, but she didn't want to disappoint Mick and Harry. She wanted to answer every question in a way that showed they had trained her well. She believed they had, so any answers that proved her sluttiness had to be truthful, right? She bit her lip nervously, an innocent but sexy move that caught every eye in the room.  
  
"OK, Pierce, you ready?" Meeks asked.

"Yep, let's try the baseline questions," Pierce nodded, sitting behind Megan, his eyes on the readouts measuring the truthfulness of her responses.  
  
"Good," Meeks said. "OK, Megan, all of these questions will be yes or no answers only. We're going to start with some really obvious ones just to get a base reading so we can see when you're telling the truth. Remember, there's no wrong answer. Just be honest. Understand?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan nodded nervously.  
  
"Is your name Megan Brandt?"  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
"I appreciate the respect, but just yes or no," Meeks said.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you 18 years old?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you here of your own free will?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is your pussy bald?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is there a butt plug in your ass?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you wearing a bra?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Is Kasey your best friend?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Were you a virgin before this week?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Do you like sex?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Have you had any orgasms this week?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Have you learned a lot this week?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
After each of these basic questions, Pierce gave a thumbs up, indicating that she was telling the truth. Megan and Kasey couldn't see him, but everyone else in the room could.  
  
"You're doing well, Megan," Meeks said. "Now some of these questions are going to get a little tougher. Remember, don't tell us what you think we want to hear, tell us what you really think. You won't be punished. This is a scientific study. We have been telling you how to think and act all week. We want to know what you actually think."  
  
Megan nodded, reluctant to speak unless responding to one of the test questions. She was confident she had answered every question honestly so far and was happy that Meeks seemed satisfied with her so far.  
  
"Do you like sucking cock?" Meeks asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like having sex with older men?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like the taste of cum?"  
  
She hesitated. She didn't really like the taste, but she liked the feel of it in her mouth, the sense of accomplishment as it filled her mouth and went down her throat. "Yes."  
  
Pierce signaled the first thumbs down of the session and the guys chuckled. Megan knew she had gotten that one wrong. She was embarrassed. She didn't want them to think she didn't like their cum, that she was faking her pleasure at bringing them to orgasm.  
  
"Do you prefer swallowing cum over spitting it out?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up.  
  
"Do you like having cum on your face?"  
  
Another hesitation. It was the same as the taste question. Did it feel good on her face? No. But she liked that she had done a good job. "Yes." Thumbs down.  
  
"Do you like sucking balls?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up.  
  
"Do you like being throat fucked?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up, drawing approving murmurs and nods from the guys. It was one thing for her to be willing to do it. The fact that she liked having a cock shoved balls deep down her throat was surprising.  
  
"Do you like submitting to men?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up.  
  
"Do you feel inferior to men?"  
  
"No." Thumbs up.  
  
"Do you think it's a slut's duty to take care of the needs of the men in her life?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is the man's sexual release more pleasurable to you than your own?"  
  
"No." Thumbs up. A few grumbles from the men.  
  
"Is the man's sexual release pleasurable to you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you feel like a good girl when you make a man cum?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you think it's fun to be a naughty girl?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Can you be a naughty girl and a good girl at the same time?"  
  
Ooh, tricky question, Megan thought. Then she thought about her other answers and realized the obvious answer that she truly believe. "Yes." Thumbs up. More nods of approval.  
  
"Is it bad to be a slut?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Are you slut?"  
  
"No." Thumbs up. Interesting.  
  
"Do you want to be a slut?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up. Cocks were twitching in the crowd now. Megan's answers, mostly truthful, were confirming that she was exactly the kind of girl every man dreamed of. She wasn't faking any of this. She wanted to be the naughty, slutty, fucktoy they were training her to be. The fact that she didn't consider herself a slut but wanted to be one just meant that she was incredibly coachable.  
  
"Do you believe you were born to be a slut?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Do you believe you were born to please men?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is being a slut a good way to please men?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is that why you want to be a slut?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
Megan was on a roll. She was being honest with herself and with them. She was learning a lot as much about herself as they were learning about her.  
  
"Do you like being fucked hard?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like being manhandled?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like being fucked in the ass."  
  
"Yes." Thumbs down. More chuckling. Megan frowned.  
  
"Do you like being spanked?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like having your hair pulled?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like being called dirty names?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like fucking in your parents' bed?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like wearing sexy clothes?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like being tied up?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you like being shown off in public?"  
  
Hesitation again. Megan realized that's when she had answered falsely before. She answered honestly this time. "No."  
  
"Is it scary being exposed in public?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you afraid people will judge you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you afraid you will see someone you know?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you afraid you will embarrass your parents?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you afraid for your safety with strangers, like when you were at the carnival?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you think you're pretty?"  
  
Megan hesitated. She was always humble. But she knew she was attractive. "Yes."  
  
"Do you wish you had bigger breasts?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Are you happy Kasey is here?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you feel guilty about anything you have done this week?"  
  
Megan thought about lying to her parents, about having sex with Kasey's dad.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you regret anything you've done this week?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Do you think you need more training?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you want to continue your training?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you nervous about your parents coming home tomorrow?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you going to let them stop you from becoming a slut?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Do you think it's OK to use your sexuality to get what you want?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Can you see that my cock is getting hard inside my pants?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you want to suck it?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
Meeks pulled his cock out of his pants and slapped it against her face.  
  
"Do you like getting slapped by cock?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up. Fuck, this girl was too perfect. Meeks put his cock in her mouth, then pulled it out.  
  
"Does my cock taste good?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs down. More laughter, including from Meeks.  
  
"Does it matter if my cock doesn't taste good?"  
  
"No." Thumbs up. He put his cock back in her mouth and pinched her nose shut, waited 15 seconds, then pulled out.  
  
"Could you breathe?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Did you like having your air cut off by cock?"  
  
"Yes." Megan gulped. Thumbs up.  
  
"Anyone else have any questions before I face fuck this promising young slut?" No one did. Megan looked at the crowd and saw that Kasey's thong was on the floor, her top was untied, exposing her breasts. The men were pawing at her. Kasey's dad wasn't touching her, but he bent over and picked up her thong and held it while he watched.  
  
Megan's attention turned back to Meeks, who put his cock in her mouth again, his hands on the back of her head, pushing himself fully into her mouth. Her ponytail became the handle it was meant to be and her throat turned into the cock sleeve it was meant to be as well. After a minute of fucking her face, he pulled out and rubbed his cock on her cheek.  
  
"Are you glad you learned to deep throat?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up.  
  
He rubbed his balls in her face, then pushed them in her mouth. He jerked his cock over her face. He was completely hard, his purple head was engorged. He pushed it against her lips, just putting the head inside her mouth while he continued to jerk off feverishly. His cum came without warning, but Megan was ready nonetheless. She captured it in her mouth and sucked hungrily, helping drain his fluids. She knew not to swallow until directed.  
  
He finished cumming and pulled out. He had her show him the load of cum in her mouth, then she turned to Pierce and all the other guys and showed them too. They applauded and Meeks gave her the signal to go ahead and swallow.  
  
"Did it taste good?"  
  
"No," Megan frowned.  
  
"Did you like it anyway?"  
  
"Yes." Both answers received thumbs up from Pierce.  
  
He excused Megan to go to the restroom and cleanup while Kasey's bonds were undone and she was brought to the front of the room and connected to the lie detector. Her dad still held her thong and her top was still untied, revealing her breasts. No one made a move to re-clothe her and she did not ask permission. She realized Megan was not in the room and wondered where she went and what happened to her. She was happy to see her return a few moments later, looking fresh and smiling. Maybe this lie detector thing would be fun.  
  
"Seems you lost some clothing over there," Meeks smiled at her. "Did you have fun?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Kasey smiled. "I love being touched and played with like that. It was weird not being able to see, hear or say anything though."  
  
"Yeah, well I think you did a good job of making a lot of cocks hard over there," Meeks said. "So, Megan, you're going to give those cocks some more attention while Kasey takes her test. Same deal, blindfold and headphones and handcuffs. But no ball gag. Lots of cock gag instead."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said as the guys happily bound her wrists behind her back, covered her eyes and ears and started the process of passing her up and down the line, taking turns putting their cocks in her mouth. Megan didn't know who she was sucking, she just wrapped her lips around whatever was put in her mouth and sucked until it was pulled out and replaced with something else. For the next 15 minutes, she was a mindless sucking machine, and she didn't mind a bit.  
  
Meanwhile, Kasey was now ready to begin her test. Once again, Pierce evaluated the results while Meeks asked the questions, beginning with a similar list of basic questions about Kasey's name, age, and current attire to establish the baseline prior to going into the juicier questions. The majority of her answers mirrored Megan's, including her fear of public exposure and having more of an acceptance of anal sex and cum-swallowing than a love of either. She also confirmed her enjoyment of being submissive and told what to do, particularly by older men.  
  
"After what you've experienced this week, do you want to go to college?" Meeks asked.  
  
This was the first time Kasey hesitated. She hadn't really thought about it and didn't really know. She wanted to say that, but knew it had to be a yes or no answer. She glanced toward her dad, who just happened to be taking his turn with Megan, his hand on the back of her head, his cock balls deep in her mouth. Even though Megan didn't know whose cock she was sucking, Kasey did and she was filled with mixed emotions. The main thing she saw was how happy her dad was. She thought about how happy all these men were. It was a gift to be able to bring so much joy into people's lives.  
  
"No," she answered. Thumbs up from Pierce, along with a big smile. The men all knew that Megan and Kasey were fully committed beyond today. How that would look with the return of Megan's parents, no one knew, but the forecast was for a lot more fun and regular ball-drainings from these two lovely young playthings and that was worthy of celebration. Even Kasey's dad applauded when he heard Kasey's answer and she looked at him as he passed Megan off to the next man. She was glad he was so happy. She couldn't help but wonder if he was happy she didn't want to go to college because he wanted her to still be around, or if he was happy for other reasons. She had sucked him once, but he didn't know it was her until after it was over. So, in her mind he had never willingly fucked her. Now she wondered if he wanted to. And if she wanted him to. She couldn't dwell on it, the questions kept coming.  
  
"Are you interested in being a sugar baby?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you interested in being an internet model?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you interested in being an event model?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Is that because of the public exposure?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you prefer being called a good girl over being called a slut?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Do you prefer being called a slut over being called a good girl?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Do both words signify a man's approval of your presence in his life?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Does pain bring you pleasure if it means pleasing your master?"  
  
"No." Thumbs down. Pierce and Meeks both raised their eyebrows. She enjoyed the pain but didn't want to admit it.  
  
"Are you jealous that Megan had a cum diet day and you didn't?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you think a cum diet would be good for you?"  
  
"No."  
  
"But you want to try it anyway?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is there anything you wouldn't wear for your man?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Since your dad already knows about your participation in this school, is there anyone in your life you're embarrassed to have find out about your choices?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is it another relative?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Speak freely. Who is it?"  
  
"Megan's parents." Eyebrows raised again. Meeks thought for a moment.  
  
"OK, back to yes or no only," he said. "Are you embarrassed for Megan's parents to know because you're worried her dad will want to fuck you?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Would you like to fuck her dad?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Are you worried about them finding out because you think they will blame you for Megan making her choice?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you think they will be upset with you and Megan?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you think her dad will be happier about it if you suck his cock."  
  
Hesitation. "No." Thumbs down.  
  
"Do you think her mom will be upset no matter what?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Would you be willing to help hide it from them?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You've done well," Meeks said. "Would you like your dad to come up and put your thong back on for you?"  
  
"Yes." Thumbs up. Meeks signaled to Granderson, who stood up and walked toward the front of the room carrying Kasey's red thong. She stood up and he knelt in front of her, face inches from her bald pussy as she carefully stepped into the thong. He pulled it slowly up her long legs and she trembled. His mouth and hands were so close to her. One touch -- forbidden but beautiful touch -- would either make her cry or cum. She wasn't sure which. She wanted it and didn't want it at the same time. She sensed the same with him. He carefully pulled the thong over her hips and then had her turn around as he gently placed it over pussy lips and pulled it into place between her ass cheeks. She knew he could see her butt plug. She felt his hands shaking and wanted to kiss and hug him and tell him whatever he wanted or didn't want was OK. Granderson stood up, now looking down at her as he grabbed the ends of her shirt and tied them slowly, tightly under her firm tits, covering them but also adding a provocative lift that made them seem larger and even perkier than they already were. He positioned the shirt so that it covered her tits, his hands blocked from touching her breasts only by the thin material. Her nipples were so hard. This was all so wrong, yet it felt so right.  
  
His job done, Granderson nodded at her and winked.  
  
"Thank you, Daddy," Kasey smiled.  
  
He turned and went back to his seat, feeling a range of emotions as he watched Pierce face-fuck his daughter. She was happy. Pierce was happy. Granderson was glad Kasey was happy. He was glad he could fuck Megan without guilt. And he was glad Kasey was going to be staying around. He didn't love seeing her fuck the other guys. But he didn't hate it either. He should, though, right? He should be angry, livid. He wasn't. Was he jealous? Maybe, though he chose not to entertain that thought. Mostly he was intrigued. She was so beautiful. If you said it out loud, it sounded disgusting to think of his daughter being a fucktoy for more than dozen men two, three, even four times her age. Yet when he saw her in action, it wasn't disgusting at all. It was intoxicating. He couldn't take his eyes off Megan and Kasey. They were amazing. He had images of a daylong orgy with Megan, taking her tight little body every which way, while watching Kasey being taken by all the others, one after another, as she smiled and laughed and giggled and creamed and begged for more. He was either the worst father ever or the best. He wasn't sure which.  
  
"That's it, take every fucking inch, slut," Pierce said, his hands holding Kasey all the way down to his balls. He used her ponytail and jack-hammered her face. "Suck, bitch, suck!"  
  
Kasey expertly took Pierce's cock and hungrily swallowed his cum. The guys undid Megan's bonds. None of them had had enough time to cum, but she had them all on edge and ready for release. She joined Kasey in the restroom for their five-minute rest period while the men compiled and composed their hypothesis.  
  
Megan and Kasey briefly shared notes about the questions, finding that most of them were the same. Kasey didn't tell Megan about the questions about Megan's parents. Maybe when they had more time to talk it out, but right now, they had to get back to class.  
  
They rejoined the class and stood side by side in front of the men. Meeks and Pierce had listed bullet points on a white board and quickly covered these with the group.  
  
"From the answers, we know our students are enjoying themselves and want to continue their training. They are both interested in exploring the many ways they can use their sexuality to finance their futures as well as to please the men in their life. Our hypothesis is that both have a natural submissiveness that has been brought to light and developed this week. They both possess a natural desire to please men and to be controlled by men. They are both reluctant to be publicly exposed or humiliated. They are both indifferent regarding the taste of cum and enjoyment of anal sex -- they don't particularly like either, but are quite willing to perform these and other tasks for the pleasure of their masters. We hypothesize that the pleasure and satisfaction they get by pleasing their men supersedes any distaste they have for performing certain acts. We hypothesize that we have two naturally perfect students and that Megan and Kasey are not representative of all women. However, we hypothesize that there are many women like Megan and Kasey and that certain traits -- desire to please and be good girls and be successful -- are probably common to most of these women."  
  
"Do you think there are other types -- maybe not as submissive or success-driven -- who would also enjoy this type of training, due to simple lust or a desire to make money off their looks?"  
  
"Yes," Meeks said. "We think our school would not only appeal to the intelligent, submissive good girl types we have here. We think it would also appeal to the money-hungry bad girl. The dim-witted bimbo. And the insatiable nymphomaniac. All would have different character attributes and we would need to do further research to better identify those, but that is our belief. Each would dictate a training approach modified for their specific personality types. Obviously, right now, Megan and Kasey provide excellent examples of one very desirable type of student and we have much to learn from them to help identify others."  
  
"Based upon our findings," Pierce said, "we feel the continued training of Megan and Kasey should focus on increased exposure to cum, increased public exposure, and increased intensity in terms of bondage and rough sex. These are the areas they expressed hesitance and reluctance, thus demanding additional training. It's like practicing a sport, repeated training leads to greater comfort and confidence until it becomes second nature."

"I love that training plan," Harry said.  
  
"Yes, I have a newfound respect for science," Darrell laughed.  
  
"And I have a newfound respect for lunch breaks," Mick joked, walking to the front of the room. "Class is over and we are ready for lunch. Everyone please go to the cafeteria and we will explain our menu options."

**LUNCH WITH SLUTS**  
  
Everyone went to the school cafeteria where Jackson, their 18-year-old classmate who worked at Target, and Bud, the kind gentleman from the carnival who was faithful to his sick wife, were busily setting up a spread of food. Neither had been part of the activities thus far. Jackson had been out of the loop doing the prep work and didn't feel slighted since he had extensive interaction with the girls the day before. Bud had accepted the invitation to join the school sessions, but held true to his vow to be faithful to his wife in the sense of not having sex with another woman. But he fully intended to enjoy the show and jerk off throughout the day.  
  
Jackson had picked up Bud and then together they picked up sub sandwiches, pizza, chips, cookies, pre-made salads, cheese, crackers, fruit, veggie trays and the like, all paid for by Mick and Harry. They also had plenty of beverages including soda, juice, water, and assorted alcohol.  
  
Harry and Mick stood at the front of the room while everyone gathered around, including the girls.  
  
"First, we want to thank Jackson and Bud for picking all this stuff up for us," Harry said. Everyone gave a warm round of applause. "Second, I just want to lay out the ground rules for lunch today. I know most of you have been edging all morning and are about to burst. And the few lucky ones who have already gotten off are probably ready again. These two young ladies have that effect on us. But, we're all hungry too. And, as we learned in our science class, both of these fine students have admitted that, though they don't mind the taste, they have to acquire an affinity for the flavor of cum. I think we can all agree that a cum-addicted slut gives head like no other."  
  
Several voices expressed their agreement.  
  
"So, as you know, the training never takes a break at our school," Mick said. "Not even for lunch. The girls will eat just like the rest of us. They can fill their plates with whatever they like. After they have their plates, we will proceed to fuck them. Mouths and pussy only. As delicious as their fine young asses look, I think most of us agree that anal sex and lunch don't make an appetizing combination. So, we'll save that for later. That still leaves four very nice holes for your pleasure. When you're ready to cum, cum on their food. They are only allowed food or drink with cum in it."  
  
"Please share equally," Harry continued. "Both girls need the nourishment and training, so make sure they are both well fucked and well fed. Also, they will be wearing different outfits this afternoon, so feel free to remove their clothing. While we intend to re-use these outfits, we understand there's a certain joy sometimes that comes with ripping off a pretty girl's clothes, so, if the mood strikes you to shred a shirt, go for it. No problem at all. Just the same rules as always, fuck them as hard as you want and in any position, but no abuse or hitting. You can slap their asses or tits, pinch their noses, pull their nipples and their hair. The usual. Rough is OK, hitting and injury is not. You all know the difference and the consequences if you cross the line."  
  
"As always, all videos and photos are for your personal use only or to be shared only via the group site," Mick said. "Finally, based on our results from the science class where the girls admitted they wanted and needed more training and that they both wanted that rather than going to college, we are going to have a meeting tomorrow to discuss their future training and the future plans for our school. As you know, the only person who had any inkling of this a week ago was Megan, so this is all very new. Harry and I have a basic outline mapped out as we have brainstormed throughout the week, but we want and need your input. We would like to formalize our organization and establish written policies and practices for our own protection as well as that of our students. This is very important, so if you can make it, we will meet tomorrow morning at 9 a.m. at our house. We are going to clean Megan's house tonight in preparation for the return of her parents tomorrow afternoon. We understand if you can't make it on such short notice and you won't be left out, but for those of you who can make it, Megan and Kasey will be there to address any, um, morning needs or desires you might have during the meeting."  
  
"OK, I think that's it," Harry said. "Let's eat. Girls, get your plates first. Whatever you want. But don't eat yet. Gentlemen, as soon as they have filled their plates, it's game on. Four holes, first come, first serve. Please be patient and share. You will all get your turn."  
  
Megan and Kasey stepped up, each grabbing a paper plate.  
  
"You might want two plates each," Mick suggested. "The plates are small and you want to catch as much of them cum on them as you can. Remember, no cum on the food, you don't eat it. So, give these guys a big target."  
  
"Yes, sir," the girls said almost in unison. They both filled their plates with an assortment of food and set them down in a row on one of the cafeteria tables. It made for a large target area that the guys should be able to hit.  
  
Megan still had her back to the group when a hand grabbed her ponytail and pulled her back. Another hand spun her around and pulled her toward him. It was Granderson. First in line and ready to go.  
  
"Hope you don't mind, fellas," he said as he started pulling at Megan's top. "I only have two holes to choose from, so I thought I might claim one first."  
  
"No worries, my friend," Hanson said. "It's not like your daughter is second prize. You share her with us, letting you go first is the least we can do."  
  
Granderson yanked at Megan's top. The knot was tight, so rather than fumble with it, he just yanked until he heard a satisfying ripping sound. He tore it off her, watching her breasts jiggle as he pulled the shirt from her body and tossed it aside. He reached below her skirt and pulled her thong down her long legs, then tossed it -- still intact -- aside as well. His cock was fully erect, so he dropped his pants, picked her up and told her to wrap her legs around him. She wrapped both her arms and legs around him and hung on tight as he lowered her onto cock.  
  
Granderson was in average shape for a man his age and, with Megan being to light, he had very little trouble raising her up and down as he plunged his cock into her tight teen pussy. He knew in this position he was denying anyone else access to her mouth, but he didn't care. He was being greedy. He was giving them his daughter. He deserved a few minutes of Megan to himself. He had been dying to take her like this and it was exceeding his high expectations. She was so tight inside and out, a firm little hard body that felt perfect in his hands and on his cock. She clung tightly to him with strong legs, toned arms, and snug pussy. He could have carried her around like this for hours and fucked her for days. At least that's how he felt. He knew the room was full of people -- including Kasey -- but he was consumed with Megan. He didn't even care who was doing what to Kasey at the moment. His brain was off and his most basic, animalistic urges were on.  
  
"Damn, get it, dude!" Darrell encouraged him.  
  
Granderson liked that, but what he really liked was the sound of Megan's breath in her ear, her cute little grunts and moans. It sounded like pure pleasure to him. If it was possible, she was enjoying this as much as he was. Her pussy certainly reflected that. It was smoldering with heat and bubbling with juices. She was going to cum if he could last just a little longer. That's something he very much wanted to happen -- to make this little slut, the subject of so many of his fantasies, cum all over his cock and balls with her body wrapped around him. He lifted her up higher and higher, dropping her harder and drilling her deeper. Each thrust was a squishy, delightful moment of pure lust and pleasure. Her nipples raked across his chest, her lips were near his neck and lips, her breath warm, her cries and whimpers achingly sexy. In this moment, it was impossible to fuck her harder than she wanted or could take.  
  
"Perfect little slut," he grunted. "Ride my fat cock, bitch. Grind on it. Cum all over it."  
  
Almost as if obeying his commands, Megan came, fairly quietly, but unmistakably. Everyone recognized the change in pitch in her sounds, the tensing of her body, her eyes rolling back in her head as she experienced exquisite release. Granderson smiled triumphantly and laid her gently on her back on one of the tables near the one with her plate.  
  
"Good job, little slut," he grinned. "Good girl. You've earned your reward."  
  
He pulled out, delighting in the shiny juices coating his cock. He stepped over to the table with their plates. He didn't know which plates were hers and which were Kasey's. He didn't have time to ask. He stood at the end of the table and started shooting. His first wad landed in a glob atop a plate of lettuce. There was no dressing on it -- until now. His second blast was the big one and it flew out in a long rope that dropped across the third and fourth plates. Realizing Kasey was now assured of having some of his cum on her food now, he decided to forget about that and directed the rest of his load onto the second plate. Now all four had his cum on them. Even though it hadn't been his intent any of the times, this would br the third time this week his daughter ate some of his cum.  
  
As his mind began to regain control of his senses, the fog of orgasm lifted and he looked over to see Kasey being ravaged by Rothman, Mr. Brandt's boss, and the photographer Yelton. Kasey was on all fours on one of the tables. Yelton was sitting on the table, fucking her mouth while Rothman pushed her head up and down on his cock. Rothman stood behind her, the one hand forcing her to deepthroat Yelton, the other hand slapping her ass -- still red from the earlier spanking -- as he plowed into her pussy. Her skirt, heels, and top were still on. Her thong was ripped and had obviously been forcibly removed from her. It now lay on the floor. Granderson slowly walked over and picked it up, putting it in his pocket. He sat down and watched them fuck her. All Kasey could see was Yelton's cock and belly. She had no idea her dad was watching intently with a front row seat. He watched for a few minutes, studying her face and her body. Not out of desire or lust, but out of curiosity. She looked happy. She couldn't smile and he couldn't see the twinkle in her eyes, but she seemed to be enjoying herself. That made him happy. He got up to get some food, then sat next to Pierce, Meeks, Walters and Peterson. Having already gotten off once this morning, they were being gentlemen and letting the others go first. Watching the action was quickly getting them ready for their second go-round.  
  
Kasey was enjoying her spit roasting. It was a turn on to have Rothman forcing her head down on Yelton. Her ass was still tender and she could do without the spanking, but she had told them in the lie detector test that she enjoyed the rough stuff, so she was getting exactly what she asked for. To add to it, Yelton pinched her nose shut and counted out loud to 10 before letting her breathe. He gave her five seconds, then did it again. He continued this until her face was red and eyes were watering.  
  
"You gotta learn, bitch," Yelton grunted. "Do it right. Every time. You have to earn the right to breathe. Cocksucking comes before breathing."  
  
She was being totally controlled on both ends, and she loved it. She hoped they kept this up until she was a puddle of pussy cream, then covered her food like a thick, gooey layer of cheese atop a lasagna.  
  
Rothman reached his point of no return first and scurried to the plates of food, holding his cock until he got there. He saw that the fourth plate had the least cum on it, so he started there, drizzling cum across a pile of chips, then covering a piece of pepperoni pizza on plate three with the rest of his load.  
  
Yelton continued to face fuck Kasey and her pussy was still on fire, even with no cock in it at the moment. She was slobbering on that yummy cock and thinking about how well Rothman had fucked her. She started to cum. It didn't go unnoticed.  
  
"Damn, little slut is getting off just by sucking dick," Bud said. He approached her, staring intently at Kasey's pussy as telltale cream oozed out of it. Thinking quickly, he grabbed a potato chip and scraped it across her inner thigh, transferring her cum onto the chip. Then he grabbed a piece of bread and pressed it against her pussy lips, soaking up her juices. He put both the chip and the bread on the girls' plates.  
  
Kasey felt the chip and bread and had no idea what was going on. She was still coming down from her orgasm and she still had a throat full of cock to take care of. Not that she had much choice about that. Yelton's hands were both on the back of her head now and he was fucking her face like it was a pussy. He nearly came in her mouth, but stopped himself just in time and distributed his entire wad evenly between their glasses of ice water, thick globs of sperm coating the rims and dripping into the water. Then he got dressed and retrieved his camera. There was still a lot of action to capture.  
  
Mick and Hanson were having their way with Megan now, while Harry and Jackson converged on Kasey. Megan was bent over at the waist, her long legs locked straight, with Mick behind her, hands on her hips as he thrust into her from behind. Hanson sat on the edge of one of the tables while Megan serviced him with her mouth. Every few minutes, they would change places, enjoy the unique pleasures both holes provided.  
  
Harry and Jackson liked the idea, so they copied it with Kasey, Jackson sitting on the table with his cock in her mouth and Harry pumping her pussy from the back. They quickly agreed that four holes were better than two and started a rotation from Megan's pussy to Kasey's mouth to Kasey's pussy to Megan's mouth. They switched roughly every 90 seconds.  
  
"I could get used to this," Hanson said, holding Kasey's hips as he pumped into her. "I can hear the doctor now, 'Take these four holes in any order once a day each, minimum'. Pussy and blowjobs are the secret to a long, healthy and happy life."  
  
They all laughed and commented about their favorite parts of each hole -- there were no negatives. Megan's deepthroat ability was commended, Kasey's suction power was truly appreciated, as was the incredible tightness of her pussy. Megan was lauded for not only being tight, but also wiggling and grinding as she neared another orgasm.  
  
"I'm serious, I'm going to hit the lottery and take these two and two more like them and pay them to live with me and service me day and night," Hanson said. "Can you think of a better way to spend the money?"  
  
"Can't say that I can," Harry said. "Luckily, we don't have to spend that much. They are willing to do this for nothing. Free teen pussy -- no lottery jackpot beats that!"  
  
Megan loved hearing the guys talk like this almost as much as she loved being fucked by them. It made her feel so good knowing how pleased they were with her and Kasey. Every time one of them presented their hard cock to her, she felt obligated to take care of the precious gift. Her fear was failing to do so, of being subpar, of not bringing them the pleasure they deserved and release they needed. It was a big responsibility and she didn't take it lightly.  
  
She was training and preparing every day to make sure she never disappointed any man. It was the same sort of obsessive mindset that caused her to cram all night for a test even when she already knew the material inside and out. It was the same mindset that drove her to do her own runs and workout routines even on the same days she had tennis practice. She never felt prepared and she feared failure to the point that any minute she wasn't performing, she felt she needed to be preparing. The payoff came in the A on test, a win on the court, or, in this case, happy, hard throbbing cocks and men praising her. It was short lived, as the worry about the next match, next test or next fuck started building almost as soon as the last one ended, but that moment was worth it. This moment, these happy men, made it all worth it. How could she possibly explain to her parents that this right here was all she wanted from her life? She wanted this every day. This feeling. This moment. She was addicted. She wasn't ashamed and she didn't want to be cured. She just wanted to be better. Whatever she had to do be look better, act sexier, fuck better, she wanted to do that. How could wanting to excel, to be the best, possibly be bad? Somehow, someday, her parents would surely understand that, wouldn't they?  
  
While Megan's mind was awhirl with pleasure, worry, and pride, Kasey's brain was bouncing around in her little head as Hanson face-fucked her. He was getting close to cumming and he was pumping at a furious pace, making Kasey gurgle and sputter. It also made her wonder how she could have more control over her future. She liked what she was learning and the potential for lots of great sex, adventures and a life free of worry about money. She wasn't a gold digger, but being taken care of taking care of herself simply by being sexy seemed like a good life, a happy life. But she was struggling with the concept of being all things to so many men. She understood that this experience was teaching and training her, but in the future she pictured herself with just one special man whom she would willingly submit herself and her body to his every need and desire. That sounded like a lot of fun. If those desires included sharing her with other men, she would happily oblige, of course, but, overall she liked the idea of being the property of one man. Today she was the property of what, 16 men? It was a fun day and a great learning experience. But she likened it to going to an amusement park. They were fun to go to every once in a while and made for a great day. But after a while, the lines got too long and the rides too repetitive and exhausting. An orgy a day was not her idea of a good life. Once every month or so? Yeah, that sounded more like it. She wondered if Megan felt the same way.  
  
The girls were learning so much, not only about themselves and how to please men, but also about what they wanted for their futures. Separately, they both thought this might be the most they ever learned in a single day inside these school walls.  
  
Meanwhile, Harry was enjoying life inside the walls of Megan's pussy. He had been there several times now and he couldn't imagine it ever getting old. He finally reached his orgasm and walked to the plates. He gave a previously condiment-free turkey sandwich a serving of his own special sauce. The others soon followed. Hanson added more to their drinks, Jackson splattered a couple of cookies and Mick added his load to the ranch dip for the veggies.  
  
That made seven of the men had taken a turn with the girls during lunch. Eight more awaited, plus Bud was still casually jerking his cock while he enjoyed the show. Everyone agreed the girls could use a little break and that they should eat while their food -- and toppings -- was hot. They sat down at their plates, amazed at the amount of cum splattered across their food and oozing down the sides of their drinking glasses.  
  
"Make sure every bite you take has cum on it," Mick reminded them. "Just because there is cum on the pizza doesn't mean you can eat the whole piece. Only the parts where there's cum. Eat a little bit and then we'll give you your second course."

"Yes sir," Megan said.  
  
"Thank you, everyone, for this meal," Kasey added. "It looks yummy!"  
  
Megan started with a sip of water, tipping the glass slightly, letting a glob of sperm ooze into her mouth before washing it down with some water. Kasey took a bite of the chip that had her own cum on it, then dipped a carrot in the cum-infused ranch dressing and took a creamy bite.  
  
The men delighted in watching their beautiful sluts in training devour their cum.  
  
"I never wanted to be a chef," Rothman laughed, "but I'll make that meal for them any time they want it."  
  
"Prepared fresh and hot," Granderson laughed. He watched Kasey closely, well aware that more of his sperm was now undoubtedly in his beautiful daughter's belly as the result of absolutely drilling her best friend's precious little pussy. It was insane that this was his new reality. He couldn't wrap his head around it. But he was just riding the wave for now. If it sent him to a shrink a year from now, so be it, but for now, he was living in the moment and enjoying some of the best days of his life. He hadn't been this happy since his wife died. Guilt and doubt were still there, but there was oddly much more happiness at the moment. And pride. What ought to feel perverse actually felt pure. He didn't know what would happen next. He had no intentions on fucking his daughter. But he did plan to be at the meeting tomorrow and to keep fucking Megan every chance he got. Anything else that came along with that he would deal with at that time. Kasey meant the world to him and that wouldn't change no matter what. He figured the closer he stayed to the situation, the better he could ensure her safety. The fact that he would receive frequent pleasure as well was certainly an added benefit.  
  
The girls ate several bites of their cum-covered food, then were called back into action to serve the remaining members of the party. The men had done some thinking and had a plan to start the next round. They had the girls stand facing each other and had them both bend over at the waist.  
  
"Now, kiss," Quigley said. The girls bent at the waist and kissed each other on the mouth. Meanwhile Tom, the realtor from the carnival, moved behind Megan and Jim, the basketball shooter at the carnival, moved behind Kasey. They each grabbed the girls by the hips and plunged their cocks into their pussies while the girls kissed. Once the guys worked up a good rhythm, Quigley stepped next to the girls and pushed his cock between their mouths.  
  
"Kiss each other with this in between you," he said. "Lots of lips and tongue, sluts."  
  
The girls moaned as they got pounded from behind while Quigley's cock slid slowly back and forth across their lips and tongues. They were coating his shaft with kisses and spit and occasionally he would stick his cock into one of their cheeks and pose for Yelton, who was getting pictures from every angle. Bud, too, was taking video for later use on his lonely days at home. He watched intently as Quigley settled the head of his cock between the girls and had them use only their tongues only on the head of his cock.  
  
"No licking the shaft, just the head, just lick it to death," Quigley groaned.  
  
Watching those flicking tongues was all Bud could take. He turned and aimed at the girls' utensils, filling the spoons and covering the fork tines with strings of thick white jizz. He thanked Mick and Harry for inviting him and they assured him they would continue to include him in all communications and plans. Bud left, calling an Uber to take him to relieve his wife's caretaker. Everyone respected him. It took a lot of strength and character to resist the temptations of Kasey and Megan.  
  
That wasn't something Jim, Tom or Quigley had any interest in doing. They were enjoying every pleasurable second of their time with the girls, trying their best to make it last. Quigley, however, was reaching the boiling point fast. He was going to cum, but couldn't pull himself away. "Someone bring me a plate, please," he said.  
  
Jackson grabbed the plate with the salad on it and handed it to Quigley, who held it in front of his cock as it continued to surge between the girls' mouths. He kept pumping and they kept kissing and licking his shaft as cum spurted from the head all over the salad. When he was done, he stepped away and returned the plate to the table. Meanwhile, Darrell took his place, thrusting his cock between the girls' dueling tongues. He put his hands on the backs of their heads, gripping their ponytails and holding them in place. Then he pulled his cock back and made them suck on his balls while his cock jerked and bumped against their noses.  
  
The noises of their licks and kisses joined the wet, sticky sounds of the cocks sliding in and out of their juicy but oh-so-tight little cunts. Jim was single and it had been some time since he had had sex with anyone, let alone someone as prime as Kasey. He had started slow, trying to make it last, but now he was hammering away at her, wishing only that his cock was a foot longer so that much more of him could experience this much pleasure. He had his hands on Kasey's ass, fondling her tight cheeks. She was so fit and firm and, in his judgement, simply perfect. When he finally couldn't take it any longer, he pulled out, hurried to the table and aimed for the piece of bread that Bud had used to soak up Kasey's pussy juices earlier. Just like his aim at the basketball game at the carnival, his shot was true and every drop soaked into the soft bread, which would now become a slightly soggy mixture of bitter and sweet. The perfect treat for a hot young slut. He couldn't wait to watch her eat it.  
  
Kasey was close to cumming again and was happy that Jim's cock was quickly replaced by Walters. He started a little too slowly for her taste and she tried to wiggle and squirm to encourage him to speed up and finish the job that Jim had so adeptly started, but Walters seemed intent on taking his time, so she continued to linger agonizingly close to release. She saw Megan's eyes rolling back in her head and realized that her best friend was about to cum. Kasey winked at her and Megan smiled around Darrell's cock, resisting the urge to bite it as orgasm racked her body. Instead she locked her lips around the head and cried out, the result being intense vibrations around Darrell's cock. He moaned and stuffed his cock into the inside of Megan's cheek.  
  
"Eat my cock, slut," he groaned.  
  
To Megan, it felt like he was going to rip a hole in her cheek. It didn't matter. Nothing could dull her pleasure as she came, creaming around Tom's cock. Her clenching pussy and the rush of cream around his shaft sent Tom over the edge. He pulled out and jerked his load onto the fruit plate, creating a completely different version of peaches and cream.  
  
Megan was enjoying the afterglow of her orgasm as Peterson filled her creamy cunt with his thick shaft. It felt so good. She loved it. She loved being here. She loved looking at her best friend and sharing a fat cock with her. She had visions of them living together, working together, supporting each other and becoming rich and happy together. No man, no cock, no money, nothing would ever come between them.  
  
But Darrell was about to "cum" between them, she thought. She could sense his cock throbbing and saw his balls draw up. He stepped away from them and made a puddle of cum next to some chips, all ready to dip.  
  
Meeks and Pierce, the last two men not to take a turn during lunch, waited patiently for Walters and Peterson to do their work. They already had a plan for their turn, so they would wait. Meanwhile, with no cock for the girls to suck, Walters, decided to take a different approach with little Kasey. He picked her up, her back to his chest, his arms under her legs, holding her upright as he thrust harder and deeper into her juicy cunt. Her body weight now helped drive him that much deeper into her. Kasey was thrown around like a rag doll and she loved it. She came fast and hard, crying out and moaning, not even trying to hide what was happening to her. It didn't even occur to her that her dad was seeing this, his daughter's ultimate release.  
  
Walters would have cum just at the sound of her orgasm. Feeling it, creating it, seeing it was incredible. He almost came inside her. He dropped her ragged body gently to the floor and raced to the table, grabbing a glass just in time to catch his load.  
  
Peterson had planned to last longer, but watching Kasey writhe on the floor in ecstasy while Megan's moans of pleasure filled his ears was more than a man could take. He pushed Megan against a table, banging into her furiously, his thrusts nearly lifting her off the floor. He finally lifted her enough that she fell forward on the table. He climbed up after her, lifting her hips while he pushed her head down against the table. He slammed into her, determined to make her cum again.  
  
"Cum on, bitch, cream for me too," he grunted. "You fucking slutty cunt, cum. Cum now."  
  
Megan didn't cum on command, but it was close. Her third orgasm of lunch time hit her moments later and Peterson stepped down off the table, slapping her ass triumphantly. "Slut," he chuckled. He moved to the table, shooting his load across everything he could. Man, what an amazing day this was, he thought.  
  
Megan and Kasey now both lay on the table and floor, respectively, both having just taken an endless line of cocks, Kasey experiencing two orgasms and Megan having three.  
  
Meeks and Pierce rolled out a flat-top cart that was used by staff to collect dishes and trays off the cafeteria tables. It happened to be the right length and height for what they had planned next. They picked limp, luscious Kasey off the floor and lay her on her back on the cart. Then, they picked the exhausted Megan off the table and lay her on top of Kasey so they were laying mouth to pussy.  
  
"That's just a pile of pleasure flesh right there," Meeks grinned, studying their work. "Heads or tails?"  
  
"No wrong choice, but I got Kasey's mouth last class, so let me have Megan's this time and you take Kasey," Pierce said.  
  
"Works for me," Meeks smiled. Truth was they both got both girls. Meeks positioned himself by Kasey's head, which also put him next to Megan's pussy. That gave Pierce Megan's mouth and Kasey's pussy. Two holes each. Good things did indeed come to those who wait.  
  
"You girls like pussy as much as we do?" Pierce asked. "Go ahead and have a taste."  
  
To this point, the girls' experience with pussy tasting had been limited to licking fingers and cocks that had been in their pussies. But neither were hesitant to dive in. Their love and caring for one another was more than ample motivation to bring each other pleasure. They licked and sucked passionately on one another, trusting that what felt good to them would feel good to the other.  
  
Megan loved the heat and smell and aroma of Kasey's sweet little pussy. She was delicious! Megan would always prefer cock, but a pussy snack once in a while might not be a bad idea.  
  
Kasey, likewise, was enjoying Megan's body and wondered what it would be like to make her friend cum. Making a man cum was rewarding and exhilarating. Would it be the same with Megan?  
  
They didn't get that far into their taste-testing before the guys joined in. Meeks signaled Kasey that her mouth was needed elsewhere by tapping his cock against her forehead. With her head hanging backwards off the edge of the cart, Meeks was able to put her head in just the right position to have a straight shot into her mouth and down her throat. He took great joy in watching her throat bulge as his cock pushed in and out of her. He supported her head with one hand while he slide three fingers in and out of Megan's pussy with the other. He often joked at work that he was busy and "had his hands full". This was the way a man's hands should always be full, he thought.  
  
He enjoyed this positioning for a few minutes, then filled his hands with Megan's ass cheeks while he pumped his cock into her pussy and dangled his balls in Kasey's face.  
  
"Suck my balls, bitch," he grunted, as if Kasey needed to be told what to do. The little slut was already licking them and sucking them into her mouth, breathing in his musk and Megan's sweet smelling pussy.  
  
On the other end of the cart, Pierce was having a great team alternating between Kasey's pussy and Megan's mouth. When he fucked her mouth, his balls slapped against Kasey's pussy, and when he fucked her pussy, Megan stuck out her tongue and licked his shaft as he pumped in and out.  
  
"Good girl, Megan," Pierce praised. "Lick that cock, you naughty cunt."  
  
Megan thought briefly about her current situation. She literally had three people -- two horny older men and her best friend -- playing with her body. She couldn't believe where her simple plan to seduce two sweet old men had turned into this, but she was glad it did. This was the eye-opening, life-altering experience she had been hoping for. This was a moment she would never forget.  
  
Pierce and Meeks hadn't planned anything as elaborate as Megan's week, but they had thought through this little episode. They agreed that whoever came first would do so inside their girls' pussy. That girl would need to be on top. It just so happened that Pierce felt his orgasm first, so he signaled Meeks. They had the girls roll over so now Megan was on the bottom and Kasey on top. Pierce started fucking Kasey's pussy again while Megan sucked his balls. When he reached his orgasm, he pulled nearly out of Kasey's pussy, keeping just the head inside as he shot his load inside her. When he pulled out, the cum started spilling out of Kasey's cunt.  
  
"For this course of the meal, the food is Kasey's pussy and, as you can see, I have covered it with cum," Pierce said. "So eat up, slut."  
  
Megan licked and sucked and swallowed, collecting all of Pierce's cum as it spilled out of Kasey and dripped on her sweet thighs. It was sweetened by Kasey's pussy juice, making a delicious cocktail and the best part of the meal so far. Megan's flicking, hungry tongue hit Kasey just right and the little blonde came fast and hard, adding even more juices to Megan's meal.  
  
Pierce then helped roll the girls back over and Meeks was officially the last cock standing. He wanted to end it with a bang, specifically fucking Megan's pussy as hard as he possibly could while Kasey's tongue did its job on her balls and the sensitive area right behind them.  
  
"Come on you little sluts," he grunted. "Make daddy happy. Drain me dry. Take my cock. Suck my balls. Come on, Kasey, lick me. Fucking cum buckets!"  
  
He pulled back as he came, focused on keeping his load just inside Megan's hot little cunt lips. He then stuffed the head in Kasey's mouth, letting her finish the job, then he stepped back and watched Kasey slurp up all the fluids oozing out of Megan's snatch and coating her thighs. Kasey looked like a mama cat bathing her kittens, her long tongue stroking up and down Megan's body, lapping up every drop of fluid created by Megan and Meeks.  
  
When it was all over, Meeks and Pierce helped the girls get off the cart and guided them back to their respective meals. The girls ate until all the visible cum had been consumed, sharing the piece of bread soaked with cum and Kasey's pussy cream.  
  
"I think we can declare that the best school lunch of all time," Harry said, standing up. Everyone cheered and shouted their agreement, including Megan and Kasey. "Now, the girls just did a whole lot of fucking. While we all know they are built for it, I think we can all agree they have earned a short break. We are going to give them 45 minutes to rest, clean up and put on their next outfits. In the meantime, we would like the rest of you to take time to check in with your places of work and take care of any business, then meet us back in the lecture hall so we can talk about a few topics that have come up today. Then, we will all meet back up with the girls in the gym. Ladies, we will see you in 45 minutes. Gentlemen, we will see you all in 15 minutes. Thank you."  
  
Mick, Harry, Jackson, Darrell, Peterson and Walters all helped clean up the cafeteria while the other men checked their phones. Megan and Kasey escaped to the locker room where they had spent so much time before and after practices. They put on shower caps and took hot showers, washing away the aches and odors accumulated over the last several hours.  
  
"That was so much fun!" Kasey said. "I've never cum so hard in my life!"  
  
"Me either," Megan agreed. "That was amazing. So many men, so much cum! And you, my dear, have the sweetest little pussy ever."  
  
"Next to yours, maybe," Kasey laughed. They were so happy, yet so tired. Their fears for the activities of the day had proven to be misguided. There had been no public exposure and the bondage and manhandling had been mild, contained to levels that were pleasurable and exciting.  
  
"What did you think about the lie detector test?" Megan asked. "I got caught in a couple of lies -- now they know I don't really like the taste of cum or enjoy ass fucking that much." She giggled.  
  
"Yeah, it was hard to be honest," Kasey agreed. "I felt like I wanted to tell them what they wanted to hear, but then they seemed to like most of it anyway. Um, there's a couple of things I should admit to you that I really hadn't thought of until they asked. But I'd rather you hear it from me than anyone else."  
  
"OK,' Megan said. "You know whatever it is, it's OK. We're in this together."  
  
"I know," Kasey smiled. "Well, first, they asked if I was attracted enough to your dad that I would like to have sex with him. I swear I never thought about it before, but when they asked, the honest answer was yes."  
  
"Babe," Megan grinned. "I fucked your dad. Do you think I would judge you for a second for wanting to fuck mine?"  
  
"Well, my dad is single and yours is married," Kasey said. "So, I didn't know. I would never want to hurt your parents or you or anything. I wasn't thinking about the details of how or why it would happen, just, ya know, in a vacuum without any, um, repercussions, would I fuck him. That's all."  
  
"It's OK, I promise," Megan said. "What else was there?"  
  
"Well, they asked if I was nervous about your parents finding out about what we're doing," Kasey said. "Again, it's not something I had thought about until they asked me. Then I realized that I am nervous. And they asked me if it was because I think they will blame me for your decision to do this and, well, yes, I do."  
  
"Why would they blame you?" Megan asked. "This was all my idea. I basically dragged you into this, not the other way around."  
  
"I know," Kasey said. "I mean, I was pretty willing. I don't think you dragged me. But I also know that you've always been the model daughter and student. You're always responsible and plan everything out. I'm a little more spontaneous and, well, I think they will assume that I'm a bad influence and they will blame me and hate me."  
  
"That's not going to happen," Megan said. "First, you're plenty responsible yourself. Being outgoing and spontaneous doesn't make you a bad influence. When the time comes, I will make sure they understand that I planned this. And no matter how they react initially, they will come around. I will always have your back, you know that. Shoot, you can win my dad over with a little piece of that sweet ass of yours."  
  
They both laughed and hugged, feeling even stronger in their commitment to seeing this through together. They proceeded to get dressed and ready for gym class.  
  
While the girls were preparing, the guys had convened back in the lecture hall. Mick and Harry stood in the front, addressing the group.  
  
"So, I know we already told you about the meeting tomorrow to formalize this thing we have been calling a school since it looks like we are going to be able to keep this going for a while," Harry said. "I just wanted to thank you all for taking a respectful approach to this. It's easy to have a frat mentality with girls like this, but this only works if we work together, respect privacy, and respect the girls and their well-being. I think that showed in the lie detector test. They want to keep doing this not because they can't get laid anywhere else, but because they feel like they are being respected and protected while being directed in a positive direction."

"We just want to make sure as we make our plans tomorrow that we keep that idea in mind," Mick continued. "We want to keep fucking these girls as often as we can as long as we can, just like you do. But we also really do like them and ultimately want what's best for them in return for them giving us so much of themselves. Let's face it, they won't fuck us forever, but the best chance we have of finding new students is by doing right by these girls."  
  
"New students?" Darrell asked. "I like that idea. So, you think this can go beyond Megan and Kasey?"  
  
"We're thinking about it," Mick nodded. "I have to believe there are other girls out there like Megan and Kasey, not exactly the same, of course, but a little lost, a little curious, a little submissive, and interested in utilizing their sexuality to empower their own futures. So, that's what we wanted to talk about here is just planting that seed to think big, think about how this could keep going for months, years, ahead, with our group training and developing these young ladies the right way. We don't expect a master plan right now, but please think about it and we will talk about it more tomorrow."  
  
"And we are going to have some more specific plans for Kasey and Megan," Harry added. "Our prize students aren't leaving any time soon and I, for one, plan on planting my cock inside them as often as my body will allow. But we need a plan for next week, next month, and next year."  
  
"OK, the girls should be heading to the gym, so let's head over there and have some more fun," Mick said.

**GYM SLUTS**  
  
In the gymnasium, the men took seats in the bleachers and looked out over the gym floor, which was covered with large exercise mats and various sorts of sports and exercise equipment, a small inflatable pool and an open chest filled with an assortment of sex toys and bondage devices. Megan and Kasey weren't there yet, but the instructors were. Only Mick, Harry and Meeks recognized them.  
  
"Mr. Meeks, would you like to introduce our instructors while Harry and I go check on our students?" Mick asked.  
  
"Certainly," Meeks said as Mick and Harry strolled to the gym door just as Megan and Kasey came in. It was fortunate all the men had been so recently drained or the girls would have been attacked on site. They were sex on heels. They both had their hair in pigtails, per orders. They both had plain black chokers that both read simply "HIS TOY". They wore matching white bikini slings that made their tanned skin look even darker and smoother. The slings were unusual in that they weren't made of a swimsuit material. Instead, they were made out of a soft, stretching material that clung to them like a tight sweater. The sling provided inch-wide straps that covered their nipples and a tiny cloth triangle over their pussy mounds. The remaining material was simply thin spaghetti straps that separated their ass cheeks and were pulled taut along their back, straining over their breasts and connecting to their pussy pouches. They wore clear, stripper style stilettos.  
  
Mick and Harry knew what the girls would be wearing and their jaws still dropped. They were truly irresistible pieces of female perfection, fantasy girls brought to life.  
  
Heads turned as the girls walked in with Mick and Harry. Megan and Kasey looked at all the equipment and realized something extreme was about to happen. Again.  
  
Kasey was nervous. After what had just happened in the cafeteria, she wasn't sure she was up for this, whatever it was. She was sore and exhausted. This was all so draining, mentally and physically. But it was fun too. She remembered getting tired in a tennis match, then catching her second wind and finishing even stronger than she finished. She prayed she would get her second wind again this time.  
  
Megan, meanwhile, caught sight of Muscles and Jock standing next to Meeks. She hadn't seen them in her first encounter, but there was little doubt in her mind that's who she was looking at now. They were huge mountains of muscle. They grinned at her and Muscles winked, confirming that these were indeed the same guys. She looked at Kasey, who was wide-eyed and clearly nervous. Megan wanted to warn her that this was going to be rough but also amazing. But then Meeks started talking.  
  
"Good to see you again, ladies," Meeks grinned. "Extremely good. Wow. OK, I would like to introduce our physical education instructors. Megan has already met them, though she's never actually seen them, correct, Megan?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan nodded. Kasey looked at her wide-eyed. She remembered Megan telling her about Muscles and Jock. She trembled. Whether it was fear or excitement she wasn't sure.  
  
"But I understand you came up with your own names for them?" Meeks said.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said. "I could only feel them so by their body types I called them Muscles and Jock. In my head."  
  
"Pretty accurate descriptions," Meeks said. "I understand they gave you quite the workout."  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
"Good," Meeks continued. "I hope you're ready for more. Gentlemen -- and little sluts -- this is Miles, the one Megan called Muscles. He works at the strip club I have ownership in charge of security. He's a former football player who now also has his own gym and trains young athletes and body builders."  
  
Miles looked to be in his late 30s and was absolutely chiseled. He had a square jaw, broad shoulders and stood about 6'6". His muscles rippled under his tank top. There didn't seem to be an ounce of fat on him. Megan saw exactly why she had felt so powerless in his arms and how the man's massive cock was in total alignment with the rest of him.  
  
"And this is Joshua," Meeks said. "Megan called him Jock and again she was right on target. Joshua was a three-sport star in high school and a scholarship basketball player in college. Now, he also works at the club and is equal owner of the gym with Miles."  
  
Joshua looked to be a little younger than Miles. Megan guessed he was 35. He was a black man, head completely shaven, with a lean, fit body. He was about 6'3" and looked every bit like the elite athlete he was. Any girl would throw themselves at men like this. Megan had been ravaged by them both and didn't even know how hot they really were. Her lust for their muscled bodies was triumphing over her fears of how rough things might get this time. Guys like to hot girls as trophies. Well, these two would certainly be in Megan's trophy case if she had one. It was an honor to take care of the older men, but it was a reward to be taken by men like Miles and Joshua.  
  
"These men were part of a rigorous training session with Megan earlier this week," Meeks continued. "Poor Kasey had not yet enrolled, so this is her first encounter with these men. Has Megan told you anything about them?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Kasey said.  
  
"Good, then you know what's coming," Meeks said. "Guys, explain to everyone why you're here and why you do what you do, besides the obvious pleasure that comes from such young sluts."  
  
"Hey everyone," Miles started out. "Thank you for letting us be here. While it is indeed a pleasure to spend time with two lovely young sluts like this, let me be clear that that is simply like the icing on the cake for us. We are grateful, but we both have access to other beautiful women. That is not meant to sound like bragging. I say that only to help you understand that our motivation for being here is that we love what you're doing with this school -- training young women to be the absolute best fuck toys they can be. Joshua and I have a passion for training young athletes and help them to reach their full potential. We also have a passion for young women. Like you, Megan was our first student, but we now see the potential for being the physical trainers for young sluts."  
  
"You are training them how to act," Joshua picked up. "You are training them to understand their roles, to embrace their inner-slut, and to submit to men's needs. You're teaching them the techniques, how to dress, and how to perform. What we want to do is make sure that they are physically able to perform at their absolute best as well. Like any athletes, they must train, put in the work, and develop their bodies to be prepared for any and all challenges."  
  
"We know you started the cum diet day to help train them how to crave the taste of cum as well as to provide them with a bit of a cleanse day," Miles said. "We applaud that and would recommend that you maintain that and add in training days, preferably at least three per week. They would work out other days -- jogging and the like. But the three training sessions per week would be more intense and specifically geared toward the tasks they must perform and skills they must develop. We would also work on toning their bodies to your specific requests, including waist size, overall weight, and the like."  
  
"We also want to show you how this workout regimen can help you all make the most of your time with the girls," Joshua added. "You could join in the workouts and I'm sure you would feel the benefits of your own increased strength, stamina, and flexibility. Making you even better fucking machines to maximize your experiences with your students. So, we're going to work out Kasey and Megan today and show you the benefits our unique training model can offer both them and you."  
  
"Normally we would start out with a warmup of some stretching, but we understand they just had a pretty strenuous workout during lunch," Miles said. "So we'll skip that and get down to the real work. We'll try to explain things as we go, but feel free to ask questions as well."  
  
With that, Miles and Joshua brought the girls to the middle of the gym floor and instructed them to take off their heels, bending over at the waist, of course. Joshua and Miles stood behind the girls as they bent over, both admiring the tight asses presented to them, butt plugs still nestled in place.  
  
Megan was happy to take her heels off. Heels made her feel sexy and she was getting used to wearing them now, but it felt good to wiggle her bare toes on the cool exercise mat. She noticed Kasey doing the same thing and winked at her.  
  
Kasey was still nervous, but she was also excited that these handsome, strong men were going to have their hands on her. She was hoping they would pick her up. She wanted to feel that strength, to touch their muscles and feel their power. At least she hoped she wanted to feel it.  
  
The girls were told to lay flat on the stomachs on the floor. Miles stood over Kasey, Joshua over Megan. The men proceeded to bend the girls into different positions, making them hold each one for a full minute before moving to the next.  
  
"This is what we call yoga for sluts,' Miles explained. "These are yoga positions -- some of them modified for our purposes -- that will train these bodies for proper positioning, posing and body control. For instance, this is called the slutty kitten." He had Kasey on the floor, her head up, looking at him, her chest pressed to the floor, her ass up, her knees on the floor and her feet off the floor behind her. "You can see her angles fully demonstrated here. It's a lovely view for a pose as well as a useful position to fuck any of her holes."  
  
Miles demonstrated the latter by pulling out his massive cock and kneeling down on the mat. He pushed his cock into Kasey's mouth, smiling as her eyes widened. He could see the little whore wasn't sure about her ability to take him. Apparently she had yet to learn that she didn't have a choice. He put his hands on her pigtails and jerked her head down, undeterred by her sputtering. "Don't even try it, slut," he grunted. "I won't flinch until you take every inch."  
  
Kasey wasn't trying anything but to take him. She wanted it all in her, but he was massive. He was going to have to force it down her throat, she couldn't do it on her own. She was OK with that. It was so clear to her how much training she still needed to really be the kind of women men wanted and deserved.  
  
Miles groaned and pulled her pigtails around his hips, thrusting into her mouth, forcing his last inches. Spittle came from her lips and nostrils and her eyes watered. He pushed onward, impressed by her effort. She wasn't resisting or pulling away. She wanted to succeed. With a final hard jerk on her head, she did. He groaned victoriously and the guys cheered. All except, Granderson, who watched with mixed emotions. He was proud of her effort and commitment. He was jealous of Miles and ashamed for being so. And he was anxious -- was it out of fear for her safety or excitement for her performance? -- to see her other holes taken by this mammoth man.  
  
He didn't have to wait long. Miles pulled out quickly, not at all ready to actually fuck this slut. This was just demonstration time to show the value of the position and to start revving up the engine a bit. He moved behind Kasey, pulled the sling aside, and pointed his cock at her pussy, splitting the lips in one smooth thrust. She moaned as he filled her, feeling her pussy walls stretched to the limit and beyond. She felt so full, but this, yes, this was a feeling she could get used. Unfortunately, it didn't last long.  
  
"That was hole two," Miles said pulling out. It dawned on her what was next and she began to tremble.  
  
Miles spun her so her ass faced the room and everyone could see the little butt plug still so comfy inside her. "It's about time this thing came out."  
  
He pulled the plug slowly out and they all admired her gaping little asshole, so round and perfectly inviting. In that moment, her face turned away from him, Granderson was able to see her as just that -- a perfect little hole that could belong to any hot little slut. He wasn't ready to fuck her ass, but he could at least appreciate the moment more now that she wasn't looking up at him. Nonetheless, he flinched as Miles put the head of his cock against her asshole. Even gaped, it still was no match for that cock. Miles pulled back and mercifully squirted a bit of lube inside her, then pushed in. Granderson expected to hear her cry out, but she didn't. No sound came out and he realized that she probably couldn't breathe.  
  
Miles pushed about halfway in, then grabbed her pigtails and continued the slow but steady push. "The first time," he grunted, "is always the hard part. Can really feel her splitting open. Just have to keep a steady pressure and exert your will. The slut always submits." He said this last line as his cock finally sank balls deep into her. She finally breathed, groaning as he laughed triumphantly.  
  
Miles pulled out, giving them another look at her gaping hole, then pulled her onto all fours. "Common pose here," he said. "We just renamed it doggy slut. We have them hold each pose for at least one minute before moving to the next. But we will move through them a little faster today in interest of time."  
  
Joshua spoke up next as he began manhandling Megan, not rough, but not gentle either. He didn't tell her how to move, he just moved her. She liked it. He knew what he wanted to do. He was confident, strong, in charge. It was a thrill to be in his possession, to be wanted by him. He put her on her back, pushed her legs over her head and her hands on her ankles, holding them in place and out of the way. He pulled the bands of the sling aside, exposing her breasts, pussy and ass, which was lifted off the floor, the butt plug pointed at the sky.  
  
"The slutty crab," Joshua said, introducing the position. "Much like the slutty kitten, this pose exposes all three holes for use while she's in the pose. I will demonstrate."  
  
He crouched down above her head, between her legs and arms that framed her head. He pulled out his long, thick cock and dangled it in front of her face, smiling as she hungrily opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.  
  
"I fed her this cock a few days ago," Joshua said to the group. "As you can tell, she's hungry for more."  
  
"Embracing the training is the first step in being a perfect fuck toy," Miles chimed in. "You have chosen wisely with these two. They are ideal candidates for this training."  
  
Joshua straddled Megan's face and pushed his cock into her mouth, putting his hands under her head and tilting it to the optimum angle for a direct line down her throat. She struggled a little, but not as much as Kasey, and he kept going until his balls were rubbing against her nostrils. He pulled on her nipples and watched his cock bulge in her throat before he pulled out and moved around to her pussy. He smiled down at her like he owned her. "Been dreaming about more of this, haven't you, slut?" he said in a tone so low only Kasey and Miles could hear.  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said, her voice barely a whisper.  
  
He grinned and pushed into her pussy, hard and fast and deep, rolling her further onto her shoulders, driving his cock downward into her tight teen cunt. She was wet and her juices oozed around him, coating his long, thick shaft. He knew he could make her cum in minutes, but he pulled out, removed the butt plug and let everyone see her gaping hole.  
  
"I didn't have the pleasure of taking this hole the other day," he said. "Obviously, it should always be part of every training session. A total slut workout involves every hole."  
  
He looked back at her. He saw the anticipation in her eyes. She was tense, but not scared. "You're ready, aren't you, bitch?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said softly again.  
  
"Tell me, loud enough for everyone to hear."  
  
"Please, sir," Megan said in full voice. "Fuck my ass. I've been preparing it for you all day long. Please, sir."  
  
The lust was evident in her voice for all to hear. Megan's desire was as genuine as it was incredible. Her breath sucked in as the head of his cock more than filled the hole left open by the butt plug. He didn't do her the service of adding lube like Miles had for Kasey. All she had to ease the entry was her own pussy juices that were on his cock. Her level of comfort didn't seem to matter much to him. He smiled devilishly as he pushed in, faster and firmer than Miles had. He had already seen what Megan could take physically. He knew she could handle this and would do so with the same can-do attitude she had displayed in their earlier session. She feared letting anyone down. She feared failure. She would sacrifice a great deal to avoid both, much to the benefit of him or any other man fortunate enough to be in this position with her.  
  
She was so tight around him, so vulnerable yet willing beneath him that he wanted just to spend the half an hour reaming out her ass until she passed out in a combination of pain, lust, pleasure and exhaustion. But they were making what amounted to a sales pitch here and he had to stay on point. He pumped her for a minute past the 60-second pose time, but then pulled out and unfolded her and pulled her onto her feet. Miles did the same with Kasey and they proceeded to go through a half a dozen other poses, roughly positioning the girls while they groped and occasionally fucked them, keeping their cocks hard and the girls wet.  
  
"We all value these girls for their trim bodies and their flexibility," Joshua said as they moved onto the next part of the presentation. "But for them to be able to serve all the cocks required of them on a daily basis, we also need to keep them in shape in terms of their strength, endurance, and agility. We know these girls love to compete, so we'll make this fun for them."  
  
As Joshua was talking, Miles was dumping bottles of baby oil into the pool. Joshua explained that the girls would race through a makeshift obstacle course that included two balance beams side by side, a trampoline, a blocking sled, jump ropes, and a kettle ball. They would race side by side with the finish line being the pool. The first one to slide into the pool, where they would wrestle for thirty seconds per round. The first one to get to the pool got to use both hands, while the loser had one hand tied behind her back. They would run as many laps and have as many wrestling rounds as it took until one girl had been completely stripped of her sling and had dildos in both her pussy and ass.

Megan and Kasey looked at each other wide eyed, a look they had become accustomed to. Racing? Baby oil? Wrestling? Dildos? How did they come up with this stuff?  
  
"First race is simply to go across the balance beams, hands behind their backs, then jump five times on the trampoline, hands still behind their backs," Miles said. "Then they have to push the blocking sled 15 feet -- you'll enjoy the view from behind on that one -- and then jump rope 20 times, then run to the pool."  
  
"You can all come down and gather around for a closer look. Just please don't interfere with the girls our photographer here," Joshua said, nodding toward Yelton who had been dutifully capturing all the yoga poses already.  
  
They made sure all the components were properly aligned and got the girls in position at the start line. Megan and Kasey hugged each other and Megan whispered, "I won't hurt you." Kasey whispered back, "I know. Be careful."  
  
Miles stood behind Kasey and Joshua stood behind Megan. On the count of three, they simultaneously slapped the girls on the ass, sending them on their way. Both girls hopped with great agility onto the balance beams, climbing to their feet and putting their hands behind their back before nimbly walking across with nary a bobble.  
  
They jumped directly from the balance beam onto a large trampoline, both stumbling initially and then struggling to stand up without using their hands. They were giggling and laughing at themselves, well aware that their slings were doing a poor of staying in place. They bumped into each other, both leaning on the other as they gained their feet and started bouncing.  
  
"Higher," Joshua barked. "High bounces, jiggling tits, girls."  
  
The girls bounced as high as they could, trying to maintain their balance without use of their arms. Their breasts strained against the thin strips of sweater-like clothing, their nipples hard and on the verge of popping free.  
  
They finished at the same time and Megan was slightly ahead jumping of the trampoline onto the mat. She raced ahead to her blocking sled, which was weighted on the other end. It sat on a turf-like strip of material. She pushed against the sled, her legs extending behind her, her arms outstretched, torso straight and flexed. Kasey was soon right beside her, pushing her own sled. Both girls were well aware that this position made their asses stick out and breasts hang down. They heard the guys commenting, appreciating the view as the girls strained and pushed and eventually reached the finish line with the sleds. Megan was still just a little ahead.  
  
She grabbed her jump rope and started jumping. Kasey stumbled, putting her just a few seconds behind. Kasey jumped faster, trying to catch up, her left breast popping out of her suit as she did so. She caught sight of her dad and wondered who he was cheering for.  
  
Megan finished first and sprinted for the pool, Kasey just a few steps behind. Megan slid on her belly into the oil and sat up on her knees, leaving room for Kasey to join her. Miles quickly moved behind Kasey, strapping a thin leather belt around her left waist and another strap around her wrist, then clipping her wrist to the belt behind her back.  
  
"Thirty seconds, sluts," Miles said. "Megan, you have the advantage. Don't waste it."  
  
"Yes, sir," Megan said.  
  
"Go!" Joshua said, starting the timer. Megan lunged toward Kasey, who tried to pull away, hoping to stall. But Megan got ahold of her shoulders and pulled her in. Kasey pushed back with her one free hand. Neither girl could get much leverage with their legs in the slippery oil. Megan gripped Kasey top and pulled. The oil-soaked material ripped with limited resistance. Megan kept pulling, ignoring Kasey's efforts to turn away. The straps gave way completely and Megan grabbed the material covering Kasey's pussy and yanked it off her as the time ran out. Kasey was completely nude now except for her choker. Joshua removed the belt and wrist band, putting them back on equal footing for the second race.  
  
So far it was fun. Kasey looked determined, but she wasn't angry or hurt. Megan didn't feel like she had harmed Kasey in any way. It had been kind of fun ripping off her clothes. She sort of understood why guys liked doing it. She knew the next steps would be harder, pinning Kasey, binding her wrists and filling her holes with dildos. She hoped it wouldn't get too physical.  
  
The girls found the race much more difficult this time. Their smooth skin was now coated with baby oil. They both fell off the balance beams and realized the only way across was to straddle the beam and scoot along. Megan had a little bit of protection with her sling still in place, but Kasey's bald little pussy slid directly along the course beam surface. Her hands were in front of her, pulling herself along, her upper arms pressing her tits together. Despite her apparent disadvantage, determined little Kasey got to the end of the beam first.  
  
She jumped onto the trampoline, sliding and then scrambling to her feet, already on her third jump by the time Megan was on her first. Kasey slipped again, her tight ass smacking on the trampoline. Cursing under her breath, she got up and finished, but not before Megan was scrambling off the trampoline, back in the lead.  
  
Kasey again was faster with the rope and it was a dead heat as the girls sprinted for the pool. Kasey had always been a little quicker than Megan and she dove into the pool just ahead of her. Megan smacked the side of the pool in frustration as Joshua bound her wrist behind her back.  
  
"I had you!" Megan said in mock anger.  
  
"Now, I got you!" Kasey giggled. Megan slipped in the oil and fell backward. Kasey pounced and shredded Megan's sling, her nails tearing through the cloth and pulling off her lifelong friend's tight body. As the timer ran out, Kasey leaned in and kissed Megan on the mouth. Hoots and hollers filled her ears as Megan kissed her back and the girls pressed their chests together. It was an instinctive move. Kasey wasn't sure if it was lust or love or what, but in that moment she just wanted to kiss Megan, to show her she cared and was happy to be her with her in this weird and wonderful moment.  
  
"Looks like there's more than competitive juices flowing!" Miles laughed. "Damn, I'm about ready to jump in and get in the middle of that sandwich."  
  
"All in due time," Joshua said. "Break it up, you little sluts. Time to race. This should be the one to decide the winner."  
  
The trampoline was getting too treacherous so they replaced it with kettle ball lunges in which the girls swung the heavy metal balls from between their legs up to their chests and back down. With both girls completely nude, there was a lot of bending and jiggling visuals of soft, oily flesh for the men to enjoy.  
  
Once again, there was a good deal of slipping and sliding, with Kasey just edging Megan and getting to the pool first. With one hand bound, Megan could only hold off her friend for so long. Kasey pinned Megan's other her knee, then grabbed one of the dildos rolling in the oil and pushed it gently inside Megan's pussy. The time was up, but no one wanted to stop it now. Kasey pushed on Megan's chest, trying to roll her over. Megan fought gamely, but realized there was no reprieve coming. She relented and Kasey stuffed another dildo between Megan's ass cheeks. She straddled Megan, beaming triumphantly as she raised her arms to the crowd. Then she leaned forward and the girls rubbed their oily bodies together again, kissing and giggling.  
  
Miles and Joshua helped the girls get up and took off Megan's wrist band and removed the dildos. Now they were both standing there, naked and oily with only their chokers on.  
  
"That was a great race," Miles said. "I think you enjoyed it more than we did."  
  
"It was fun, sir," Kasey smiled. "What did I win?"  
  
"You got a room full of men willing to give you their cocks and you have the nerve to ask what you win?" Joshua said tersely. Kasey's eyes got big and she bit her lip, realizing she had made a mistake. "As you can see, gentlemen, our young students still have much to learn about their roles and what they do and do not deserve."  
  
"As you have also seen," Miles said. "Training can be fun for the girls. We like to make it that way so they will get that much more out of it and achieve higher results for your benefit. Training can also be fun for you guys, if you want it. Allow us to demonstrate."  
  
"We recognize and totally respect that most of you are older than we are," Joshua said. "You are in fine shape for your age, so please do not take offense to any of this. But we are talking about the opportunity to do amazing things with young women capable of doing literally anything you want them to do. So, you don't want to be average middle aged men. You want to be able to take advantage of this. And that starts with being able to lift these lovely young toys and handle them the way you want to."  
  
"What my friend is saying," Miles said, picking Kasey up and tossing her over his shoulder like she was a towel at the gym, "is you gentlemen need what we call practical strength. You need the strength and conditioning that will allow you to do what you want with this girls as often and as long as you want. So, what we do is dismiss with the weights and machines and we work out with the weight needed to do the job."  
  
Joshua picked up Megan and slung her oily body over his shoulder, emphasizing the point. They sat both girls atop the balance beams, both of them straddling the beams, their bare pussies against the bars. Then, Mick, Harry, Joshua and Miles proceeded to use thick towels to dry as much of the oil off the girls as they could. When they were done, their skin still glistened, but was less slippery and better suited for the next round of exercises.  
  
Kasey loved the feel of the strong hands and soft towels drying her. By the smile on her face, she could tell Megan did too. Still, they both were worried. Joshua and Miles had been bothered by Kasey asking what she won. Much like they had been punished by Mick and Harry for cumming without permission, they feared that another punishment awaited.  
  
Miles and Joshua picked them back up and carried them to the middle of the exercise mat. "Now, we simply do the same exercises you have done with free weights and barbells, using the girls instead," Joshua said.  
  
To demonstrate, Joshua picked up Megan, holding her across his arms, her face looking up at him. One arm was under her thighs and the other was under her shoulders. Holding her firmly and standing with his feet shoulder width apart, he slowly lowered her to his thighs, then rolled her up, pressing her tits to his chest. "Simple bicep curls, gentlemen," Joshua grinned. "The titties are just a bonus."  
  
He did nine more curls, counting them out, then kissed her hard, his tongue deep inside her mouth before laying her back down.  
  
Megan had returned the kiss passionately, as if trying to apologize for their transgressions and inviting him to exact revenge by fucking her pussy and making her cum right there in front of everyone. In that moment, that's all she wanted. Nothing rough or extreme, just him drilling her pussy and making her cum, then shooting his load wherever he wanted. That sounded like a lot of fun. But she know Jock and Muscles had different ideas about what was fun.  
  
"Another lift you can do is the dead lift," Miles continued. Kasey lay on the ground at his feet, her legs crossed at the ankles, her arms folded just under her breasts. Miles put one hand between her thighs, his hand cupping her firm ass cheek. The other hand went under shoulders. He bent at the knees, looking into Kasey's beautiful eyes as he slowly but effortlessly picked her up, stood up straight, rolled her up to his chest, then pressed her above his head, her body flat, his arms straight. He had a firm grip on her ass as he held her aloft for a count of 10 seconds before carefully dropping her down to the mat.  
  
Kasey lay there thinking that if this was their punishment, she was OK with it. Those strong hands tossing her around -- she felt safe and desired and totally helpless. What an amazing mix of feelings.  
  
The guys proceeded to use the girls in a variety of exercises. Crunches with the girls laying across their stomachs, adding resistance and allowing the opportunity for a slap on the ass to count out the reps. Pushups with the girls sitting on the guys' backs, legs criss-crossed, back straight for balance. Deep knee bends and lunges with the girls clinging to their backs, arms wrapped around their chests, tits pressed against their backs, legs wrapped around their waists. Wind sprints with the girls sitting atop their shoulders.  
  
Then came the pull-up bar. The girls stood in front of Miles and Joshua. The guys would pull themselves up until their cocks were at head height. "Suck!" they would order. Megan and Kasey, keeping their hands behind their back, would suck on the cocks until the guys dropped down, then suck again, every rep, every time.  
  
"They aren't weights in that one," Miles said. "But they are inspiration. When you think you can't do anymore, you feel those lips and you find the strength."  
  
"The final thing we want to show you today is a little game we call slut ball," Joshua said. Megan's head dropped. She was pretty sure she knew what that meant.  
  
"It's like medicine ball, only with, well, 18 year old little fuck boxes," Miles said matter-of-factly. "We take advantage of their size and flexibility to turn them into human medicine balls. And like any ball, they are a lot of fun to play with."  
  
"Yeah, you can bounce them, roll them, play catch with them," Joshua smiled as he retrieved the necessary bands. "And if you find a leak, you just plug the hole." Everyone laughed, knowing fully what he meant.  
  
Miles and Joshua approached Megan first, bands in hand, hard cocks wobbling, muscles rippling. She realized this is what it must have looked like that day at Mick and Harry's when these two men had bound her, played with her and fucked her harder than she had ever been fucked before. Even if you couldn't see their hard cocks, their intent and lust was obvious in their eyes. They looked at her like the fresh meat she was to them. She quivered with apprehension and anticipation.  
  
She wasn't surprised when they bound her ankles to her thighs and then her wrists to her ankles, folding her in half, essentially. If they tucked her head between her knees, she really would resemble a human ball.  
  
Kasey watched her friend being bent like a pretzel, then bound with soft leather bands that were pulled tighter than seemed necessary. She watched Megan's face carefully, looking for signs of pain or fear. She saw discomfort, yes, but not really pain or fear, mostly Megan looked tense, like she was waiting for a needle to go into her arm to draw blood. Kasey realized the bonds and position weren't what Megan was reacting to -- it was the needle that she hadn't yet been stuck with. And Kasey realized that Miles and Joshua were brandishing something much larger than a needle. She trembled as the men finished with Megan's bonds and approached her. She looked toward her dad, but his eyes were fixed on Megan. She could practically see the images in his eyes as he thought about the things he would do to Megan right now. She wondered if he would look at her the same way once she was bound.  
  
The guys seemed to enjoy their work as they put her in the same position as Megan. She felt Miles' cock rub against her shoulder and her neck as he worked on the bonds. He was incredibly big and hard. She wondered which one of them would fuck her and which hole they would use. In this position, they could get to any of her holes, which, she realized, was part of their plan.  
  
Kasey remembered Megan telling about her experience with Muscles and Jock earlier in the week. How rough it had been, how hard they had been, how helpless she had felt. Kasey was starting to feel the same thing, only probably with less fear since she knew Megan had come through it unscathed and a room full of other men were here watching, ensuring that Miles and Joshua couldn't really take things too far. Still, she had to admit it was very intimidating and frightening to be so helpless, so vulnerable. This could be amazing. It could be awful. Or a mixture of the two.  
  
She didn't have to wait long to find out. Joshua picked her up and held her to his chest. She liked it there. She could see the muscles in his chest and arms, those broad shoulders, firm jaw. He was all man, chiseled, hard as steel from head to toe. She thought about the choker around her neck. Indeed, she felt very much like "his toy" at the moment.  
  
"I'm gonna split you in two," he whispered in her ear. She didn't respond. Couldn't. She swallowed hard, her mind racing. He spun her against his chest so her knees and head were facing him, then he lowered her, clutching her ass cheeks and pulling her thighs apart. His cock bumped against her pussy, then entered it. He lowered her all the way down, letting gravity impale her on his massive member. She cried out, then lost her breath. She tried to control her breathing, focusing on long, deep breaths, trying to relax her body. He laughed in his deep, manly voice and whispered in her ear again. "Takes your breath away, doesn't it, slut?"  
  
"Yes, sir," she whispered back, gasping.  
  
He started lifting her up and down, almost all the way off his cock, then dropping her back down. "Twenty-five reps," he grunted. "Come on slut."  
  
She didn't realize this was still an exercise. She thought she was just being fucked. She tried to count, but his thrusts were so deep and hard she kept losing track.  
  
"Lose count, we start over," Joshua laughed.  
  
"One, two, three," Kasey counted each time she felt his balls against her ass. He made it more difficult by varying the pace, slow and steady, then fast and furious. She kept losing track, her mind scrambled by the rigorous pounding she was taking. She wondered what was happening to Megan. That was a mistake. She lost count. "One..." she started, vaguely aware of the laughter in the room as her eyes rolled back in her head.  
  
"And they say men are mindless when it comes to sex," Joshua laughed to the crowd. "Straight A student turns into a dimwitted slut with a cock in her cunt."  
  
"As it should be!" someone yelled.  
  
"I blame her math teacher," Peterson said, pointing at Walters, the geometry teacher.  
  
"I think she was sick the day we covered counting while you fuck," Walters nodded. "Now, I really regret not tutoring her privately."  
  
"Yeah, Joshua is tutoring the shit out of her," Darrell said.  
  
"Joshua, don't break our toy!" Walters called out, laughing.  
  
"Or my daughter," Granderson burst out. He wasn't sure if he was joking or concerned. He said it before he thought about it. He was mesmerized watching Kasey be ravaged like this.  
  
"She's your daughter?" Joshua grunted, not slowing down in the least as he looked at Granderson.  
  
"Yes, she is," Granderson nodded.  
  
"Shit," Joshua said. "I'd apologize but, well, you know I ain't a bit sorry. Your daughter is a tight little cock toy. No offense."  
  
"None taken," Granderson waved. "She wants this and I support her."  
  
There, in one incredibly simple line, he had said it. And, despite her brain being rattled around as Joshua pounded her, Kasey heard it loud and clear. She smiled. She came. She cried out and everyone knew why. There was no pain in that sound.  
  
"Well, we still didn't have an exact count, but I think it's safe to say we did enough reps," Joshua laughed. He pulled Kasey, who was still trembling, off his cock and tossed her like a ball over to Miles. Then Joshua picked Megan up and put her in the same position Kasey had been. "Think you can count or should I just drill you until you cum?"

"Whatever you want, sir," Megan said.  
  
"Good answer," Joshua smiled, starting to pump into her. He tried to decide if Kasey or Megan was tighter. It was a tough call. They were two of the snuggest little pussies he'd ever had. Really no reason to rank one over the other, since he had full access to both.  
  
"One, two, three..."Megan grunted with each gut scrambling thrust. She had seen Kasey's incredible orgasm and she hoped Joshua would get her there too. She purposely messed up the count so she would have to start over and he would have to keep going.  
  
"She's just as cock-dumb as the other one," Joshua chuckled.  
  
"She was sick the same day in class," Walters laughed. "Definitely should have tutored her too. Would you have liked that Megan?"  
  
"Yes, sir!" Megan gasped. She lost count legitimately this time. She wasn't disappointed. Joshua could fuck her all day as far as she was concerned. Sure, he was splitting her in half and her bound body ached, but all she felt was the pure pleasure of being thoroughly desired and taken by a dominant, strong, impressive man with the right cock for the job. Her only issue with Joshua was that he wasn't old enough. She found that she really liked the older guys -- the ones old enough to be her dad. There was just something about them. No, they weren't built like Joshua or Miles, but they were so mature, so strong in other ways. Plus it was kinda taboo, and she realized she liked that too. A lifelong rule follower breaking the rules, yeah, that was a turn on. Big time.  
  
Still, Joshua's powerful cock was a joy all its own and she was becoming a sloppy mess, just like Kasey had been. He was relentless, hammering her mercilessly. Her body had no choice but to rejoice, worshipping his wonderful cock with a massive orgasm that racked her sweaty, oily body and made Joshua groan with pleasure and chuckle in triumph.  
  
While Megan's pussy was getting its deep drilling, Kasey was part of a different exercise with Miles. He held her out in front of him, her face towards the floor. His hands were on her waist, holding her ass against his crotch. Her bare feet pressed against his thighs.  
  
"This position is really good for your core strength," Miles explained. "Much like the one Joshua is demonstrating, we do a certain number of reps and try to build up that number and frequency over time. In this position, you can fuck the ass or the pussy. I think Miss Kasey's pussy needs a break after that drilling, so I'm going to see how much I can stretch this asshole out."  
  
With no additional warning, he pushed his fat cock in her ass, pulling her back towards his belly, then sliding her back and forth in a straight line, parallel to the floor. Kasey groaned as her was filled and stretched, taken by a massive cock that was reminding her with each thrust that her body belonged to him, that this ass was his property. Physically it hurt, mentally it was turn on.  
  
Miles put one hand under chest, supporting her weight with one strong arm and his cock. With the other hand, he grabbed both pigtails in one hand and yanked back, making her face the group as her back was arched and body pulled even tighter to him.  
  
"Count to 20, bitch," he grunted. "Look everyone in the eyes. Even your dad. Show them how much you love this."  
  
"Yes, sir," Kasey groaned. "One, two, three..." she managed to keep count this time, but it was distracting looking at all the men looking at her. They looked at her like she looked at a car she wanted or dress she liked -- like an object they wanted to own, to show off, to use and play with. Her dad looked at her and winked. She came again.  
  
"Fuck, little bitch is cumming again," Miles said. "Gotta admit, they love the cock in the ass sometimes, but not usually that much. We got a grade A slut here, gentlemen."  
  
"Two of them," Joshua said, standing over Megan, who lay on the mat, basking in the residual pleasures of her orgasm. "Seriously, you guys have set the bar at an all-time high with these two. Hats off to you, gentlemen."  
  
"17, 18, 19, 20," Kasey counted off. Miles pulled her off his cock, turned to Joshua and tossed her back to him. Joshua lay her on the mat, picked up Megan and tossed her back to Miles. Megan's ass was soon skewered on Miles' cock and Kasey was flipped upside down, Joshua holding her head to his cock, her pussy near his face, as he pushed his cock into her mouth, one hand on the back of her head, the other holding her torso to his.  
  
Megan heard Kasey gurgling and sputtering as Joshua face fucked her so hard and fast Megan was worried Kasey might black out. She knew how Miles and Joshua were. They only did these things one way. There was no intent to harm, but they had no regard for the line between pleasure and pain. They were far rougher, less respectful than the other guys. She trusted them overall, but not as much as the others.  
  
"Count 'em out, bitch," Miles instructed, pumping his cock into Megan's tender ass. "Bet you get off again like your slutty friend. Take a ride on my magic cock."  
  
Megan started counting, her mind whirling as he reamed her ass, stretching it, owning it. She could understand how Kasey got off on this. It was intoxicating in a way. But she reached the 20 count before she approached orgasm and he promptly flipped her over, holding her mouth to his cock in the same position Joshua was face-fucking Kasey.  
  
A few days ago, the idea of ass to mouth fucking would have been foreign and abhorrent to her, now Megan took it in stride, understanding it was part of her job, part of who she was now. The man she was submitting to at the moment wanted this, so it was her job to comply. That's how she viewed it. She opened her mouth, relaxed her throat and tried not to choke as he fucked her face like he was on a time limit. The pace of his thrusts was insane. She was dizzy, rattled, just trying to hold onto consciousness. She wondered if Kasey was still awake.  
  
Suddenly, Miles dropped her on her back on floor. She realized Kasey was right next to her, awake but equally rattled. The men quickly undid their bonds, stretching out their legs and arms. Then Miles stood over Kasey's chest and Joshua stood over's Megan's. Both men jerked their cocks, looking down at their helpless, ragged little cum targets. Miles came first, his cock firing large white jets of cum through the air and onto Kasey's pretty face and hair. Megan noticed Kasey's smile and smiled herself, looking up at Joshua, who fired his own load into her face, splattering her, marking his territory once again.  
  
"You should do hair and makeup for the stars," Miles joked, looking at Megan's cum-splattered face.  
  
"Nice work yourself," Joshua said, looking at Kasey's lovely cum-covered face. "Maybe we should open a salon inside our gym."  
  
Both men laughed, then Miles looked down at the girls and barked, "Why is that cum still on your face? Eat up, cum buckets. Every drop. You know the routine."  
  
"Wait," Joshua said. "Lick it off each other, bitches."  
  
The girls rolled toward each other, exhausted but smiling. Megan saw a huge wad of cum on Kasey's eyelid. She kissed it sweetly, sucking the thick jism into her mouth, swallowing as she went. Kasey reciprocated by licking the cum off of Megan's nose and cheeks. They continued until they were both clean, finishing with a sweet kiss on the lips.  
  
"Gentlemen," Miles said, "that's our fitness program that can benefit the girls and yourselves. Thank you for the opportunity to present it to you today. Any questions?"  
  
"Why don't you explain the arrangement you propose?" Harry suggested.  
  
"Sure," Miles began. "As I said, we recommend training at least three days a week, but no more than four. As you can see, it's intense. It gets results for all involved. But even these perfect bodies need time to recover after a peak performance."  
  
"What we would do is work with you on the positions, measurable, performance you want to achieve for them and for you," Joshua said. "We would tailor a regimen to meet and exceed those goals."  
  
"Because we obviously enjoy the workout ourselves, we charge only half our normal hourly personal training rate," Miles said. "If you add more students, we will keep the rate the same -- in other words, we would charge the same for four girls as we would for two."  
  
"And for any of you wanting to participate in the training, that would be free," Joshua said. "Just join in as often as you like and your schedule allows."  
  
"Regardless of our decision," Mick said to the group, "I think we can all agree that's a very fair and reasonable offer."  
  
"Definitely," Walters said. "Is that something we are voting on tomorrow?"  
  
"Yes," Mick said. "So give it some thought. We are inviting Miles and Joshua to attend the meeting to answer questions, but they will be excused when we vote on whether or not to retain their services."  
  
With that, Harry declared the school day over and sent the girls to the locker room to clean up and put on whatever outfits they could piece together from the shredded garments they had left. He asked everyone else to help clean up as a huge thank you to Peterson for securing the school for the day's activities.  
  
Two hours later, Mick, Harry, Megan, and Kasey were back at Megan's house. The girls were tired but hot showers and clean clothes had revitalized them. Now they were in naughty maid outfits.  
  
"Clean the house, top to bottom," Mick ordered. "We won't have time in the morning. Make it spotless so Megan's parents will have no immediate concerns about what happened here this week."  
  
Megan and Kasey scurried around, cleaning and organizing, erasing all evidence of the week's debauchery, with the exception of Megan's modified wardrobe, of course. There was nothing they could do about that.  
  
When they were done, they all walked to Mick and Harry's house. They would sleep there and then have the meeting in the morning. Kasey slept with Mick and Megan slept with Harry. But they were all so tired, there was no more sex that night. Much-needed sleep came fast to them all.