**Monica**

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**Monica 50: CONTROL FREAK**

"Alright Good people. Student number 69 is up for bid." Monica Gift...hell every person out there had a good laugh at her assigned Sale Number, "Who offers their hard...," Another good chuckle, every guy there was rock hard, ",...earned money for this lovely Lass?" More chuckles as all the guys heard ass over lass. "Who wants to help the Senior class pay for their Class Trip by buying her services?" Bid flyers rose before he even finished his spiel, "Mow your yard. Wash your car. Do your dishes. Whatever the need."  
  
The school board had hired the help of Auctioneer Byron Speck in the Senior class event called, Slave for a Day. Oh, how the men wanted Monica as their slave. Not for menial chores either. She knew it as much as they did, but as bad as she wanted to flaunt herself like a supermodel, Monica kept her poise casual. A shy smile was enough. Today already, over 60 students had been auctioned off to the highest bidders. Mostly family members helping their children out. Of course, others knowing just how fine some of Monica's flock were had their own cash flow ready to fancy their fantasies. The cheerleaders definitely went high bid. Not as high as this next beauty though. Antics alone were going to drain bank accounts.  
  
Monica Gift stood up on the bandstand onlooking a large gathering of buyers. Today for the most part, she behaved to avoid any disturbing signs of her exhibitionist traits. Wearing her specifically made white T-shirt promoting the event that said Slave for the Day , but with the D in Day rubbed out to make the D look like an L making the word Lay, and extra tight blue jean shorts, she stood with her hands in her back pocket. With her stance as it was, her healthy breasts were well poised for attention regardless, even without a hint of cleavage. Harmless enough she thought. Foregoing a bra her nipples were inspired to say "Look at me". Eyes were glued. The L was definitely an added bonus, seeing as the lower slash of the letter pointed directly at said nipple erection. In her mind that was a sign.  
  
Below her, the mass of people began raising their numbered cards of identification, now that the ID was acknowledged. It amused her that the men out there were driving up her bid without pause, time after time to obtain her. Many of them had seen her activities already and knew what to expect should they win her. Others who knew nothing were attracted to her beauty regardless. Even the local Police officers whom she had cut deals with were there in case of a mob scene. They bid just for kicks, but only to boost her sale price. A single blare of a squad car siren made the audience chuckle. A red light on top of the car symbolizing HOOKER in their evil thoughts. Monica couldn't stop laughing. She could almost read their minds. Especially with them using their nightsticks as if jerking off. She adored her men in uniform.  
  
Luckily for Monica, her own parents were out of town on a business trip over a hundred miles away. She would have hated it if her Father had bid on her and won, perish the thought if it had been her Mom. Her desires leaned toward someone fresh. Therefore, she put the word out through her entourage of admirers that none of them were to purchase her. They could drive up the bid, just not win her. At the moment her current bid had exceeded three hundred dollars. Top bid thus far today was for the luscious blond bombshell Zoe Klein at $375, bought by of all people a pool installation company who brainstormed the idea of exploiting the young Goddess in a bikini on a street corner holding a sign. The company investment was buying more cheerleaders just for sales. Violet Rainier, and Becca Wright were also bought and strung up, meaning skimpy string bikinis. Traffic jam for sure. Shockingly, the girls loved the idea. Blame their newfound respect for Monica Gift.  
  
Associates of Monica's parents worried her. She knew her Mother's boss Eliza was raising her hand frequently. That would mean she would need to behave if bought. Monica didn't want to behave. Bids reaching four hundred twenty five and climbing, the crowd realized her top dollar value had overshot Zoe's high price. Each time the bid rose Monica bounced up and down, her chest jostling under the inspiration of no bra. That certainly attracted attention. Dancing in a circle for the audience to preview her tight heart shaped ass, in even tighter jean shorts that shared just a hint of cheekage, wolf calls were even heard. A few stray whistles dared to interrupt the Auctioneer, who grinned at their mischief. Even the High School girls Coach, Marion Murray and her girlfriend Karla got into the excitement until the bid exceeded their smiles. Another day perhaps. Just when it looked like her Mother's friend Eliza was going to win, a loud voice objected, bellowing an amazing bid of, "FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS". From the back of the crowd stood the most unexpected entrant to her bidding.  
  
"Principal Janson?"  
  
She flared her eyes in contemplation, whining under her breath at his reasoning. Many weeks ago she had been dared by Ryan to strip naked and lay on Janson's car. That was a pivotal point in her building friendships. Students respected her boldness and what she did that day. She had smudged his windshield with her tits leaving a ghostly imprint of her nipples. Not to mention she had left her G-string thong under his wiper blade. So much more had happened since that day. Behaving in school was impossible, nor was it ever going to happen again, she needed to misbehave, it was too much fun getting away with murder. Nothing more was said of the situation. Nobody ratted her out, that she knew of. Janson himself had not confronted her or called her parents over it. Was this just a fluke?  
  
"Going once. Going twice. SOLD!"  
  
Lloyd Janson had bought this young woman. At first she didn't know how to react, watching fellow students in line behind her gnash their teeth at what this could mean for Monica, for the entire school. Suddenly, her eyes sparkled, mind racing, "This could be fun." Leaving the stage to make room for other students to be sold she took her dilemma in stride. Her life was now in Janson's hands. Walking through the crowd her friends glared at her out of shock. She just shrugged with a stressful grin, and made the best of it. Oh, her best was yet to come.  
  
Stepping down a small staircase she approached the short balding Principal in a toupee. Lloyd Janson was a meek man who seldom confronted anyone, unless it was warranted. He thought of himself as a young man even at the age of 47, energetic, and strict of persona. Nice most days, grumpy others. Pussycat? Not once.  
  
"Hello Monica." Lloyd greeted her, his palms rubbing with anticipation. It was rather creepy.  
  
"Hi, Mister Janson. That was crazy you bidding so high on me. Why did you do that? I'm sure there were other more qualified candidates."  
  
"There was just...something about you. As the bid escalated, my curiosity grew."  
  
"Yeah, everybody wants me." She jests.  
  
Lloyd puckers, "So I see, so I hear."  
  
His expression gave her concern, it was obvious that he knew something, "Oh really?"  
  
"I do believe I...own you for the next eight hours. Shall we go?" He offers a Gentleman's stance, awaiting her to walk with him. A hooked arm accepted with a weird curtsey Monica joined his swagger. The continuing Auction drowned out their exit.  
  
"So, what do I have to do for the eight hours?"  
  
"Why clean my house. You're my maid for the day."  
  
She grins devilishly, "French maid outfit? Feather duster?" His eye brow raises as he attempts to word himself so as not to sound perverted. He chose silence which came across even creepier. She could see his expression changing as he mulled it over.  
  
"My car is right over here."  
  
"Nice convertible." She offers smiling.  
  
"I think you're quite familiar with it, if I'm not mistaken." He opens the passenger door for Monica. Her eyes bulge as she climbs into her seat, avoiding the doors closure behind her. Janson steps around his car and gets in buckling up, encouraging her to do so as well. A moment to start the engine, he backs out and drives away. Once down the street he slows to a stoplight and decides to reach into his jacket pocket. Before her eyes he produces her discarded thong and dangles it from his rearview mirror.  
  
"Oh shit!" She whispers darting her gaze out the passenger window.  
  
"Of course I know this used to belong to you. Do you think I'm blind?" He continues through the intersection.  
  
"How did you find out?" She hisses with a pale expression.  
  
"Hidden cameras facing the parking lot. It's a security measure against vandalism. Not many people know this. Well, students that is."  
  
"Yikes. Am I in trouble?" She cringes.  
  
"I know more than that I'm afraid." He intimidates her.  
  
Her heart was pounding, "Such as?"  
  
"Hallway monitor cameras. You snuck into the Boy's room weeks ago. I witnessed a large number of lads entering after you. None left until their next hour class."  
  
She squirms in her seat, "Why didn't you bust any of us?"  
  
"I should have. However I grew curious as to just how long your games would continue. They most certainly did. I enjoyed your stripteases in Mr. Morrison's classroom. The man was oblivious at first was he not? That of course, changed over time."  
  
At first she chuckled to herself, "Not that blind." But switched her reaction as to express concern, swallowing hard, "You have cameras in the classrooms?"  
  
"Of course. How else do we get proof should a Teacher get out of hand? For safety purposes against complaints issued by a student. Or, vice versa. Security in my school is top notch."  
  
Shivering she refuses to cover her chest. Her nipples were aroused like never before, just the way she liked it. Janson tried his best not to look, sweaty palms on the steering wheel seemed out of character.  
  
"Has anyone else seen the video footage?"  
  
"Oh yes. Quite a good number of fellows."  
  
"Seriously? Why would you do that?" A smile fought off caved in to a smirk.  
  
"The very same reason you obviously do what you do. To turn men on."  
  
"I turned you on? You...used me to turn on other guys? Who?" She was haunted suddenly.  
  
"Absolutely. Not only myself. You have many admirers. Names I shall keep to myself."  
  
"I don't know what to say." She fidgets.  
  
"I especially loved it when you showered in the boys Locker Room. They ate you alive that day." Recalling herself surrounded by showering testosterone she had to smile brightly. "Including, when you and your...Braless Brigade, yes I am aware of the term, performed for a certain Coach. Quite impressive how you've managed to draw in so many members."  
  
"That was intense. Wait...isn't that illegal having cameras in the showers? Locker rooms for that matter."  
  
"Indeed. That is why they have since been removed. Two of us can play games Miss Gift. I trust you have been checked out for STD's?"  
  
"Actually, yes. I had a pap smear done a week ago. Clean as can be."  
  
"Good. I wouldn't want to catch anything."  
  
Her eyes bulge, "Wait! What?"  
  
"I just paid out $500.00. Do you think I would only have you clean my home?"  
  
"You're blackmailing me?"  
  
"Of course. Unless you want your parents to discover your nasty habits." He grins evilly then chuckles, "Relax Monica, it will never go that far, we have much more to discuss, you and I."  
  
She squirms in her seat, "That would not be good." Her Mother at least would be devastated. Her Father would probably love to know her history, now that they were involved in extracurricular activities themselves. Regardless of Lloyd's admission that it would never go that far, she worried about her mom Charlotte.  
  
"Oh, for goodness sake. I'm not blackmailing you Mis...I am only going out of my way to make you shiver. You can continue your school antics. As long as I get what I want, you can do as you want. I will even run interference for you should anyone intent on causing trouble get in your way."  
  
"Really?" She smiles vividly. She already had the cops on her side. Lots of men actually. 90% of the school technically.  
  
"I control the cameras, once I reinstall them. I know how to manipulate them should the need arise. Remembering to activate them each day is such a burden." He chuckles dryly.  
  
"What about the other Teachers? They won't understand as easily as you do."  
  
"You might be surprised." He winks at her.  
  
"OH MY GOD!" She whines loudly. "They know?"  
  
"You know they do, those you've seduced in some fashion. Everyone of them are ready to defend you as required. You MUST keep the show as they say on the road." He smirks just as he himself swerves slightly across the middle street lines. "Do we have a truce?"  
  
"I think so." She whispers biting her nail. "Keep your own show on the road Buddy."  
  
"My SLAVE for a day. OBEY EVERYTHING I ORDER." He growls changing his expression to that of a strict demeanor. "Well, for the most part, there is something I would request of you, once we get...comfortable."  
  
"I can do that." She beguiles him with perfect teeth, eyes sparkling with excitement. She did note his expression waver from stern attitude to almost apologetic regret. A silent, "Hmmm!" made her stare. "Request?"  
  
"In time."  
  
Reaching his home in the country, some three miles outside of town, he parks within the closest stall of his three car garage then shuts his car off. Debarking his vehicle he ushers her to follow him inside. She offers zero resistance finding this situation intriguing. She knew she was safe. Too many people saw her leave with him and he did indeed buy her at the auction. All on record. Entering his home she found it immaculately clean. Stepping into his living room she found something curious waiting for her.  
  
"Don't even think about getting comfortable. Do you see those leather boots on the ottoman?"  
  
"Yes. The thigh highs."  
  
"Get undressed. Those are all you wear for the next eight hours."  
  
Her right eyebrow peaks high, "You're serious?"  
  
"NAKED NOW!" He barks.  
  
"Gotcha." She begins lifting her t-shirt over her head, removing it, then dropped her jean shorts. She now stood before him in only her black panties. It was at that moment that she chilled at the thought.  
  
"ALL OF YOUR CLOTHING." He directs coldly, then turns away to meekly bite his knuckle. Fidgeting at his response she removes her underwear wiggling her panties down her legs, stepping out of them. Standing tall she worries as to why he was resisting looking her over.  
  
"To your liking?" She grins nervously.  
  
"PUT THE BOOTS ON." Still no solid stare at her.  
  
She sits down on the ottoman and slithers the black leather boots inch by inch to her upper thighs. They felt strange to her but they did look very sexy. "I've never worn stiletto heels these tall before. How did you even know my size?"  
  
"STAND." He ignored her question as she rises twirling in step before his timid glances. Janson stepping away removes his light jacket and hangs it up on a rustic looking iron coat rack. Wearing black pants and equally black turtle neck he moves in closer to silently circle her. His gaze studying her one second, dodging her own inspection of him the next made her tremble.  
  
"Tell me why you took such risks in my school." He hisses and continues his pacing of her.  
  
"I love exhibitionism. I can't get enough of being naked. The risk is erotic. The guys drive me crazy knowing how much they want me to keep doing it. I feel so in control over..."  
  
"CONTROL you say?" He blurts out cutting off her reply.  
  
"Yes. It's kind of a turn on leading the girls. That, and making the guys happy."  
  
"And the sexual acts?"  
  
She fidgets, "I didn't plan on doing those. I was dared to in the beginning and I began to like doing it. The boys want me. I like being wanted."  
  
"Do you like that I'm seeing you naked right now?"  
  
"Seeing? You're trying hard not to look at me." She giggles, "Stressful, but yes."  
  
"Good. Follow me." He turns. Trailing him through his home he led her down into his full basement. Turning on lights the area brightened up revealing more than she bargained for.  
  
"Whoa! Is this stuff?" Her jaw dropped.  
  
"Bondage equipment. Yes. Do you fear this room?"  
  
"Not really. What else do you know about me?"  
  
"The yearbook photos. Your deal with young Jimmy Newton. The dildo rides. All of the girls in your so-called Braless Brigade. The flag pole. Even your body paint. I can be quite a good actor. I knew of every detail you've tried to pull off without my knowing. I do hope those acts continue. I truly enjoy coming home to your home videos."  
  
"Stop! You're turning me on." She giggles.  
  
"Likewise. Have no fear of me Miss Gift. This is only the beginning of a budding friendship. May I ask you something?"  
  
"Anything Mister Janson."  
  
"Please call me Lloyd, or..." He trembles, "or...Knave. I love being called Knave."  
  
"Why Knave?"  
  
"In time beautiful Mistress."  
  
"Mistress? What?" She snickers.  
  
"My question...have you ever considered...switching from subservience to domination?"  
  
"Someone else asked me that recently. I'm pretty inexperienced at that. Are you wanting me to...dominate you?"  
  
"Very much." He melts under his stricter persona, "God yes." His change startles her into a sly grin. Dropping to his knees before her he bends forward and crawls toward her, then kisses her boots over the toes. He was now shaking like a leaf.  
  
"Dang Lloyd...I mean DAMMIT KNAVE!" She giggled then held her breath to alter her thoughts. "DID I SAY YOU COULD KISS MY BOOTS?" Her outburst gave her goosebumps. It gave Janson a serious erection. He tried looking up and captured a glance at Monica's pink pussy. The second he did he began drooling like a madman yet cowered just as quickly. Seeing his reaction Monica lifted her brows out of curiosity. As spooky as Lloyd was being she was already deep in thought over how to use this to her advantage. Not just here and now, but in the future. If she played this perfectly she might have Janson under her thumb a good long time, at least the remainder of the school year, graduation forthcoming in a mere month and a half. Imagine how the student body might react to this sniveling idiot? "Yeaaaah!" She agreed with her shoulders little devil. Angel brushed off the other she uses her boots to her advantage and plants a stiletto heel on his left shoulder. Wincing at its pressure against his shirt she clears her throat loudly.  
  
"Might I look upon your face Mistress?"  
  
"Why? Do you really think you deserve it you perverted Freak?"  
  
"I do not."  
  
"Let's get something straight Lloyd...this boot on your shoulder is your Goddess. What is beneath it is diamonds and gold, precious in every way. Steal it without my consent and the punishment will be beyond your worst nightmares. The sweat you wring from your brow will be the polish over my black boots. Why do you wish to serve me Knave?" She marveled at her own words, growing silently giddy, "What have I been missing?"  
  
"Yes, yes, only Knave. Bless you Mistress." He grows giddy and lowers his head even further. "I have worshipped you this entire year Mistress. Ever since you first began offering such visual delights. I beg of you to never stop, my school is yours, my home is yours, I am yours should you wish to possess me. Anything you wish of me I will not deny. No matter the humiliation."  
  
"Why would I want to own a pathetic creature such as you?" She was channeling her best Disney Villains without laughing. Ahhh Malificent, such an evil bitch.  
  
"Of course not, I am unworthy. Forgive my wishful thinking Mistress."  
  
"Earn your position as my boot licker Knave."  
  
"I will do anything."  
  
"Begin by showing me how best to be what it is you desire. I am a...newborn Goddess."  
  
"Might I rise and offer counsel Mistress?"  
  
"Never look me in the eye. You are only worthy to offer what you find...appealing about me. For me to exceed your fantasies I must learn myself."

"Yes Mistress. I am forbidden. I shall not fail you." He rises after rubbing sweat from his brow over the toes of her boot. He pouted heavily at leaving it behind. Monica was enjoying this weirdness. She concluded that she could easily improvise her authority. Everything she seemed to be saying was well received. All it took was giving him commands and making him feel unworthy unless she gave him attention. Easy enough. Maybe what she learns today could be put to good use later. She might even surprise her body painter and dive in head first in dominating him. Nick would probably be blown away. Darth Monica, indeed, making fun of Nick's Vap Store, Darth Vapor.  
  
"These...devices I see in your pitiful excuse for an exercise room, why do you possess such...disgusting things?"  
  
"I am a freak Mistress. I enjoy...relish in bad behavior. I have awaited a Mistress such as you for as long as I can remember. Finding you finally, I offer my world in return for your...commands."  
  
"Commands...DEMANDS."  
  
"Yes Mistress Monica, absolutely."  
  
She seductively prowls about his basement inspecting bondage devices such as a Medieval looking stock that would immobilize it's prisoner for public humiliation. "This would look so much better on your front lawn." She rolls her fingers over the wooden stock, "Don't you agree?"  
  
"Yes! It...is quite heavy."  
  
"Am I hearing excuses?"  
  
"No Mistress. It's just...I'm not strong enough alone to carry it outside."  
  
"Pathetic. Such a weak excuse for a man."  
  
"Forgive me Mistress. I will find tools to take it apart and put it back together outside. Might I be excused?"  
  
"You have thirty minutes to complete your task. I will explore your home in the meanwhile. Cameras everywhere I presume?"  
  
"Yes. Everywhere. I will not lie to you Mistress."  
  
"Good. Oh, before you get to work...strip out of your clothing and find something to make yourself a diaper. Baby steps...correct?"  
  
"Yes Mistress. You excite me to no end. Feel free to explore my abode."  
  
"Diaper you infantile waste of breath." She points toward his staircase. Sheepishly grinning Lloyd Janson raced upstairs and disrobed in his bedroom, finding a white t-shirt and fashioning it under his thighs, pinning it up over his dangling manhood. He wasn't well endowed, a sympathetic six inches at hardest. Once attired, he went into his garage and grabbed a toolbox, heading back downstairs to dismantle the stock.  
  
While he took apart his bondage stock Monica perused his hand held toys. The Principal had literally everything, from a variety of leather lashes, whips, paddles, chains, cuffs, you name it. A cabinet opened discovers dildos and vibrational wands. In her thoughts she was blown away, slightly spooked, yet confident of her safety. All Janson craved from her was a Mistress to control his every move. Strange that she never picked up on his behavior before today. He always appeared dominant himself, even in his meek sized stature. Who knew his darker...sniveling side was just begging to get out. "This is priceless. I'm so going to humiliate this guy. I might not even need to have sex with Janson." She giggled under her breath.  
  
With the top block of the stock removed, Janson carried it upstairs to his front porch landing, resting it there until the rest of the stock could be carried up. Monica awaiting his return procured a leather flogger and bid her time until he began lifting the lower stock from it's pedestal. The second he bent over to lift she attacked. Slapping his ass and upper legs from behind he let out a very emotional, "YESSSS! THANK YOU MISTRESS."  
  
"Hurry it up Loser." He ignored the loser name calling, maybe he was, still he lifted the lower portion of the stock and carried it outside. All while she trailed behind him lashing at his limbs. Back and forth two more times she followed him. On the last trip she had a brainstorm. "Hold up, Knave." He froze with his gaze lowered. "I need something to carry a few things out with me."  
  
"I shall carry everything Mistress, do not exert yourself when you have me to do it all."  
  
"Oh, I wasn't going to carry a thing. Unpin your diaper and hand it to me." He swiftly removed the diaper and dropped to his knees as if offering her tribute, diaper poised over his shoulders in both hands. Claiming it she grew evil, "While I select a few things...pierce those nips with the bobby pins." His eyes flared, but regardless he obeyed, wincing at the pain, achieving his goal before she had even returned from packing her...bag. In the t-shirt/diaper she laid out accessories to be used in her devious plan. All gathered she forms the shirt into a sack and carries it back to Janson as he knelt nude before her. Having lost his earlier erection, she eyed his droopy cock as she groaned, "Look at that lifeless tool." She poises her boots toe under it kicking it lightly to watch it jostle about. "Is that worth owning? I think not. Bring the last support and carry this bag. UP!" From flogger to impact cane, her newest favorite torturing device she coaxed him upward by his chin with it. Accepting the bag and hoisting the final support on his shoulder she pointed at the stairs. Off he went. Hard cracks of the cane on his ass left marks. Hearing his delight she had to snicker. "This is fun."  
  
By all rights she knew she should be going outside before him, but the idea of marking up his ass for all the detentions she had received over the years just felt right. Lloyd had no objections, only a very verbal recital of, "Thank you Mistress." ,multiple times, as he reassembled his prison stock near the main road in front of his home. Mistress Monica had instructed him to place it at the most visible portion of his property. He knew the risk, he was very cooperative. During his rebuilding she would use her cane to taunt him, lifting his scrotum from behind, and trailing it's tip along his ribs discovering ticklish spots. It was pure hell not laughing at his reactions, yet she bit her tongue.  
  
"Done, Mistress." The nude Principal turned dropping to his knees before her. A boot lifted she goads him further.  
  
"Polish my boot with your tongue." He immediately leaned forward as if a dog and began licking her black leather boot, from toe moving upward. "The other boot." A switch off leads to a more aggressive approach, as if starving he licked at it with moans of pure enthusiasm. "I have a question, Knave."  
  
"Yes Mistress?" He responds for only a second between licks.  
  
"How often do you fantasize about me?"  
  
"Three times daily."  
  
"Have you jerked off in your office at school watching videos of me?"  
  
"OH YES! Every day. Each time you do something new it drives me insane."  
  
"Do you...fantasize over the Braless Brigade?"  
  
"Very much. It is you that leads me to partake in the visual of others. It is you that guides them. GUIDE ME MISTRESS...I BEG OF YOU." His licks became lengthy laps up her calf.  
  
"From this day forward until graduation, you will obey your Mistress without hesitation, even in school. Is that understood?"  
  
"PERFECTLY, MISTRESS." He erupts with a trembling fervor. This man she had known as an authority all of her High School years was a changed persona. She had read Women's magazine articles talking about power transfers of those in high profile careers, those mighty wanting to lose that control to others. It was obvious to Monica that Lloyd was one such figure. She was going to abuse this nature to it's fullest. So many questions crossed her mind as she evolved mentally. What else did he want from her?  
  
"Do you crave to make love to your Mistress?"  
  
"YES! Very much Mistress."  
  
"That pathetic little penis does not share your desires." Her words were even above her years suddenly. Movies were a great provider.  
  
"It is awaiting your permission to rise Mistress. I swear to you it will grow very, very hard."  
  
"We shall see. Into your prison Knave." She uses the cane to tap the wooden stock. Up he rose and extended his arms and neckline into it. Monica had seen such devices in Medieval movies so easily locked the upper portion down over his neck and limbs. Mere pins locked it down over him. He laughed at his satisfaction. "Is something funny?"  
  
"No Mistress. I am merely jubilant."  
  
"Farmer's are in the field in their combines. Should they see and find amusement in your misfortune? Traffic along this country road will assuredly spot you this near their path."  
  
"For you, I would let the world humiliate me. They will see you nude as well Mistress."  
  
"I hope so. Maybe one of those farmer's will come over and fuck me in front of you. Making you wish it were you taking my sweet young pussy, my ass, my mouth. Unlike you Knave, he deserves my passions."  
  
"All men deserve your attention Mistress. Some of us merely await permission."  
  
"Did piercing your nipples hurt Knave?" She moves around him to inspect his efforts. She noted tiny pricks of blood around them and felt badly for a moment.  
  
"Yes. I would endure far worse for you."  
  
"Do you want me to shove something up your ass Knave?" She attempted to see his true mentality.  
  
"PLEASE MISTRESS."  
  
"How about one of my boot heels, grass and all?"  
  
"I embrace your decision Mistress."  
  
Not that she intended to really do it, yet now that she had opened the expectation of it, she knew she needed to follow through. Moving casually back around him, using her cane's tip she teased his flesh. He shivered dramatically, her eyes noting his penis trying hard to grow, maybe he needed encouragement. Behind him she used her cane's tip to toss about his cock as it dangled, her hand cupping his balls lightly, a breath away from actual contact.  
  
"Feel my body heat Knave? My palm and fingers are hovering just beneath these disappointing balls. I've seen dogs with bigger nads." She heard him groan, "You may let your erection rise."  
  
"Bless you Mistress. It cries out for your attention." She merely stands there watching to see if his cock really did lift. It was on its way. Eying his anus she knew she needed to follow up on her offer. Not wanting to use her finger, nor risk hurting him with a stiletto boot heel, she chose something from her t-shirt bag. Unfolding the garment to reveal contents she lifts a butt plug up. She always presumed they were for girls. Strangely, it didn't seem right for men, even though the practices were more common than she suspected. With a wince she guides the plug up to his butthole and encourages it in, his gasp letting her know he was thrilled by it.  
  
"You will wear this to school on Monday. Am I understood Knave?"  
  
"YES."  
  
A sharp swat of her cane across his left ass cheek makes him hiss. "Did that hurt?"  
  
"Yes. More please."  
  
"When I am ready."  
  
"Of course, Mistress. I merely beg for anything you offer."  
  
"All I offer you is agony. The longing to take this sexy body of mine, but knowing I'm not giving it up so easily. Unlike the other Teacher's at school. I wanted them. You? You can't even get it up for me." Regardless of her goading Lloyd Janson's erection was rising fast. Yet, not fast enough. Monica demanded instantaneous. Stepping back around him she faces him and lifts his chin with her cane. "Look at what you cannot have." His eyes rise to her tits, her nipple hovering a mere inch from his lips. Fingers teasing her areola for his study she steps closer. Grazing his lips she pulls back forcing him to pout. Instead she lifted her cane and planted it between his lips like a dog holding a stick. This gave her room to tease him harder, hands palming her breasts and sharing her stimulations with him. "Your Mistress is really aroused. Why aren't you?" His dick jumped full tilt purple and glossy tight for her in just that bit of personal inspiration. Seeing it, she lowered one hand in front of her gliding it downward over her tight belly and to her clitoris. Rubbing it she moaned and closed her eyes to enjoy herself for his visual pleasure. Fingers dipping lower to fuck herself letting him hear her wetness each time they sank up into her pink pussy. Yearning for her he made all sorts of facial contortions. Lloyd wanted her badly.  
  
Responding to his grunts she removes her fingers to show him her damp fingers, trailing his lips with her juices. He savored them regardless of the cane between his lips. His tongue attempted to sample her. As a flavor excites him he rolls his eyes back into his head. That in itself made Monica smile brightly, not that she allowed him to witness her grins. The second he revives she sneered at him.  
  
"I'm really horny Knave. What ever should I do?" Hearing a horn on one of the combines across the country road startled her slightly. Looking over her shoulder she discovers it just beyond a ditch sitting idle. Engine shut down the farmer hops out and waves at her. She flirtatiously waved back. The guy was cute in a farm boy kind of ballcap and rugged jeans look. "Mmmm! Goodbye Knave." She abandoned Lloyd without a thought and prowled toward the road seductively.  
  
"This is something you don't see every day." The farm boy chuckled. She stopped before the ditch line on Lloyd's property and just blows the man a kiss. The guy was probably 25-27 if guessing, 6 '2 with curly blond hair. A rugged physique proved he kept fit. Without saying anything to the man she just caressed her body, again moving her fingers down into her pussy. Dipping them in and out five times before bringing her taste up to her mouth to lick her fingers in front of him. He just stood with his left hand on his right elbow, puckering at his luck. Monica was drop dead gorgeous. "Nice!" He nodded with a smirk.  
  
Turning her back to him she bent over and showed him her perfect little ass and fingered herself some more, legs parted wider for a vivid view of sinking fingers. Touching one hand on her boot she watched farm boy enjoying his chance. Waving a flutter of fingers at him he grew bold and gripped his crotch. Enticing each other as if a duel, the farmer just unzipped his fly and pulled out a far more respectable cock. That thing was easily nine inches. Eyes bulging Monica jumps to her feet and turns to face him, she nearly lost her train of dominance in that very second. She wanted to run over there and jump his bones, but that would look bad for her Mistress persona, especially in front of Lloyd. Nope! "Stay on course, Monica. Fuck Farmer Bob is hung."  
  
Smirking at her the farmer pointed at the ground in front of him as if dominating her. Any other day Monica would have pounced on Bob, not this day. Standing her ground she doubled down and pointed at the ground in front of her. A challenge was met. As the farmer stroked his cock she strutted her way back toward Lloyd. Poor Lloyd had watched their duel trying hard not to drop her cane from his mouth. His dick raging hard at their flirting came quick, cum bubbling up just as Monica glimpsed it. "Wow! He didn't have to jerk off even. Good job Lloyd." She mused without smiling, instead she shook her head and yanked the cane from his lips just to swat his cock with it. "DID I SAY YOU COULD CUM?" He felt the fire of her cane on his abdomen.  
  
The farmer kept watching her moves and realized her dominant behavior. Chuckling at his own thoughts on dominance he looked both ways and crossed the road. Stepping into Lloyd's yard made the Principal uneasy, his career could be in jeopardy if he were recognized. Luckily the farmer had no idea who he was. Still, he was one bold motherfucker moving into their territory. Monica peered over her shoulder discovering his arrival and twirled in step using the cane to defend herself should it be needed.  
  
"Calm down I'm not here to hurt ya." He spoke with his dick mighty but his hands held up to relax her. Without a word she points directly at him. Cane swatting at him to halt his step she took a deep breath and attempted to control even him. Using the canes tip she caressed Bob's dick in a circle around his beefy crown, the sensation made him tilt his head back. He enjoyed the moment until she slapped his cock with the cane. Feeling a sting he winced and cracked his neck. Eyes met she challenged him, expecting to lose and be fucked right in front of Lloyd against her will. Not that she would will against it. "You're pretty smoking hot there Trix." Short for dominatrix. She stepped closer to him just to prove herself fearless and used her cane to tap both of his hips. He took her hint, "You wanting my pants down?"  
  
A more fierce swat made her point. Laughing he just dropped his jeans and boxers to his knees. A secondary swat over his abs, he began unbuttoning his shirt. Fanning it open to a chest full of hair Monica sighed at his studly pose. Taking his shirt off he stood there totally nude down to his knees, save for his John Deere ballcap. "You can leave the hat on." She said as she stepped entirely too close, now pressing her tits directly against him as her free hand slipped down to grip his beastly cock. He took note and puckered.  
  
"Nice grip. You want that?"  
  
Peeling away from him she turned away and faced Lloyd in his confinement. Gripping Lloyd by his chin with the hand that just curled Bob's cock, she made him open his mouth and fed her fingers into it. Licking her fingers he tasted Bob's fleshy flavor. Not his finest moment. Bob just chuckled. He wasn't sure what to make of everything. Pretty damned weird seeing Lloyd trussed up like he was.  
  
Her attention primarily on Lloyd, her hand moved from his mouth behind her to grip Bob's cock, Lloyd's saliva still on her fingers. Bob realized it as she stroked him from a bad angle, he just let it go. Using what strength she had she drew Bob closer to her ass then touched his crown on her cheek. He nearly bust a nut just looking down at it. "On your knees." She dared to insist looking up at him with a devilish glint in her eye. "You at least deserve a taste of me. Unlike Knave here who cums without even being told he could."  
  
Bob nodded with a puffed lower lip and knelt behind her, turning his ballcap's brim around to keep his hat on. From there he moved on his own, prying her ass cheeks wide as he buried his face into her butt pucker first, then her cunt. Using the stock to support her weight Monica let her tits sway in front of Lloyd's face slapping his cheeks on occasion as Bob feasted. Lowering her upper body further she moves into an angle face to face with Lloyd. Letting him observe her moans up close, her warm exhale breezing across his face. Bob had a very talented tongue, Monica's whimpers made her whisper, "Is this what you want to do to your Mistress?" Lloyd nodded repeatedly with an exhaust of breath pelting her own cheeks, literally blowing strands of her long dark hair from her eyes just to share in their gaze. "FUCK HIS TONGUE FEELS GOOD."  
  
"I am glad he serves you well Mistress. I only hope to serve you in such a way."  
  
"I think I might let him fuck me Knave. Would you like to see that?" She huffs, "On your feet. Take me from behind." Bob pulled his damp face away smirking. After hearing Lloyd call her Mistress he thought it might add incentive to say, "Sure thing Mistress."  
  
Rising tall over her arched back, Farmer Bob, if that were truly his name. It was actually Roger. Bob suited her purposes. Penetrating her cunt with a nice thoroughly stretched labia Monica gasped at Lloyd who shared in her reaction, gasping along with her. He was feeding off of her emotions. Roger attempted to pull her hair but she wouldn't commit to that, her right hand holding her cane swung wide and collided with Roger's thigh. She heard him murmur, "Bitch." but he did release her hair. "Just fuck that hole, Farm boy." Monica snapped. Growling Roger did just that. Succeeding thus far Monica grew more confident.  
  
"You can cum again now Knave." She smothered Lloyd's face between her tits as he mumbled, "Thank you Mistress." Even without touching it his dick circulated as best it could. Monica had never known a man to cum without being touched down there, yet somehow Lloyd had perfected the move. Lowering her body further to bare witness to Lloyd's impossible ejaculation she just endured Roger, as good as he was at hitting her G-spot, her true need was to see Lloyd actually cum. All it took was hearing Monica's squeals and yelps to inspire his dick to throb harder. Defying logic Lloyd Janson shot cum out at a potent velocity. She could not believe her eyes. "Holy fuck Lloyd. That was incredible." Her thoughts unspoken she herself came hard, body convulsing beneath a straining Roger. He wasn't far behind, a blend of juices joined forces between them, cumming inside Monica to a shrill scream. She dropped her cane to the grass.

Without her wand of authority Roger grinned. Pulling out of her he gruffly turned her around and rammed his cock into her mouth. Fucking her face she fell prey to her own desires and enjoyed it. Eying Lloyd helpless in his prison Roger nodded at him. "Wanna taste of your Mistress?" Roger wraps his arms about her waist and lifts her lower body into the air and nudges her ass back into Lloyd's face. He refused to do anything but wallow in her juices as it smothered his face. In a bold move Monica reached her hands behind her and pried her cheeks wide, a self inspired slap on her own ass before prying them again led Lloyd into a feeding frenzy. Licking and sucking the cum from her hole, which included Roger's. He hadn't thought that far. Still he devoured his Mistress to her delight. Roger fucking her throat managed yet another detonation feeding her tonsils a thick white cream. Monica swallowed every drop. Rattled by her loss of control she kept his dick in her mouth looking up at Roger with a wink. He knew she was only acting, but let her have her fun.  
  
Whining nasally at Lloyd's ferocious appetite she tensed up for a secondary orgasm. In an explosion of juices Monica drowned Principal Lloyd Janson to his approval. Finally, Roger lowered her body to the grass and she herself was kneeling before Roger, his dick still between her lips. Stretching her hand out she retrieved her cane and struck Roger on the hip hard. Hissing at the sting she releases his dick and snaps, "FUCK MY FACE LIKE YOU MEAN IT BITCH." Taken by surprise Roger grabbed her by the hair, not letting go this time, and fed her throat another round. Taking her cane away from her he uses it on Monica's ass by leaning over her. She had red marks all over her bottom. So much for remaining in control.  
  
Regardless Lloyd admired her perfection and drooled. Roger knew he was truly in the leadership role but a sudden change of plan led him to relinquish her cane back into her possession. Maybe it was his way of switching off and on. Feeling Roger tensing up again for a third wave Monica uses her cane to voice her escape. Pulling her mouth free she leaps to her feet and moves behind Roger. Pushing him forward Monica poised Roger's cock directly over Lloyd's face. Haunted by the sudden closeness Lloyd bulged his eyes, while Monica reached around Roger and jacked him off. Roger wanted to laugh but bit his lip at the irony. "CUM ON KNAVE'S FACE." Her voice shook their eardrums. With her help Roger fulfilled his end, spitting strands of white all over Lloyd's face. He wasn't happy about it, but wasn't mad either. It was finalized by Monica escorting Roger out of her way to crouch before a splattered Lloyd.  
  
"Share with your Mistress." Monica proceeded to lick Lloyd's face of Roger's cum then pat Lloyd's cheek to force his mouth open. Impressed that Lloyd followed her unspoken command she kissed Lloyd and let Roger's cum circulate amongst their Frenching tongues. Lloyd Janson accepted his fate and enjoyed her kiss. As the couple swapped saliva Roger got dressed and shrugged. Turning away he went back to work. Fun while it lasted.  
  
As their kiss faded Monica winced at Lloyd, "Only the beginning Knave. Serve me well."  
  
"Yes Mistress. I shall."  
  
Hopping up she unhooks his stock and lets him stretch. Cracking his back after so long lurched over in his prison, he thanked her by dropping to his knees and again licking her boots. She patted his head and said, "Good boy. Hands and knees, crawl home." He listened and obeyed, feeling her cane swats on his ass until both of them entered his house. Making their way to the living room Monica plops down on the couch and snatches up a TV remote looking at it, "Let's watch some home movies Knave."  
  
"School movies Mistress?"  
  
"Yep. Show Mistress how delicious life was her senior year."  
  
"As you wish." He crawls to find a DVD remote and returns to her, a DVD was already installed, he intended to show her later anyway. TV on, DVD playing her antics would be legend. She loved the collage of events ranging from classroom hijinks, to she and her Brigade shaving their pussies in the gym. From Morrison's detention seduction to the bathroom bukkake. Lloyd made a good foot rest, on his hands and knees beneath her boots over his spine.  
  
As she watched her very own porno her cell pinged. Leaning over the sofa to her clothing she dug out her cell and noted it was a text from her besties Lisa and Michael, they hadn't spoken much since Lisa had fucked Monica's dad. The whole April stuff needed space to be resolved. Simply asking Monica how the auction went Monica chuckled. One simple text wrote back read, "Principal bought me. He's my bitch. LOL! Text you later tonight, kinda busy." She then took a picture of her boots over his back for laughs, the TV playing in the background of the photo showing Monica drowned in jizz. It was too perfect. Pic added to text, off it went. Lisa's only reply was a rolling eyes emoji.  
  
Cell tossed aside Monica jabbed Lloyd with a stiletto heel to garner his attention.  
  
"Okay Lloyd. I'll keep being your Mistress. Earn my pussy. The rest of the school year you obey anything I order."  
  
"A question if I may?"  
  
"Ask."  
  
"My reputation is on the line. At school..." She jabs him again with a stern point.  
  
"ANYTHING JANSON."  
  
"Yes Mistress."  
  
"Good Principal. Now go pop me some popcorn. This is a double feature. Extra butter, maybe you can rub it on me."  
  
"Act II?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
Before her day was over Monica let him lick her entire body of buttery goodness. With her eyes closed all she could think of was Orville Redenbacher. Ewww! Old guys. Still, she had Lloyd hooked. She made him cum one last time just to see if he could. Zero touch, only mental inspiration. Success.  
  
"Damn Lloyd."  
  
He fell asleep on the floor.  
  
Mistress Monica was late getting home.  
  
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**Monica 51: INSIDE JOB**

Teacher Edna Devereaux congratulated her journalism class on another successful year of yearbook coverage. This school year, thanks to Monica Gift and her Braless Brigade, hell everyone in school pretty much, the book was flooded with well orchestrated behind the scenes pornographic photos. It was a good thing Edna had poor eyesight. Additionally, now with Principal Lloyd Janson turning his head the other way to their perversions in light of his own pleasures, they had the yearbook of the century heading off to the printers. Monica had Lloyd by the balls now that he had let it be known that his secret lifestyle as a male submissive seeking her as his dominant was out in the open. He had recently bought her at the Slave for a Day charity, Monica presuming she would be his slave never saw what was coming. Once Lloyd let her in on what he knew about her antics in school she considered her upcoming graduation to be moot. How very wrong she was.  
  
Lloyd begged Monica to control him, to treat him as a worthless piece of shit. Funny, considering he was the leader over some 3,700 students in High School. His power was on the outside, his switch now off, his inner most demons sought to be abused. She needed the experience so Monica managed to bluff her way into being his Mistress of BDSM. A sworn oath between them, Lloyd had now lost all control over himself, in honor of Monica the Magnificent. She made Janson her bitch, the remainder of the school year was going to be awesome. Now, if she could just do everything she wanted without getting Lloyd fired.  
  
Luckily for Janson the male Teachers at least knew of some things he had done, just as he knew of things they had partaken in. Everyone had a guilty mark in their career, so nobody wanted life to be any harder than it already was. With a vast majority of the student body backing Monica and her brigade of beauties those that had seen or taken part were loyal. One slip it was game over for everyone. The trouble is, everyone involved even by saying nothing were associated, so if one falls, so falls the empire. A little under two months more and everyone could sigh with relief.  
  
Now that the yearbook was off to press, there were debts to be paid. A certain class photographer was calling said debt due. Jimmy Newton was still a virgin. Although nervous, he was ready to end that reality in spades.  
  
"Let's do this." Jimmy threw his overweight bulk against the lockers next to Monica making her jump and drop her books. Catching her breath she just bulged her eyes.  
  
"Scare the hell out of me why don't you?"  
  
"Sorry! It's been two weeks now. The auction is over so there's no reason to use that as an excuse anymore. I did everything you guys asked of me. I want to get laid."  
  
"We both know Sonya would give it up to you, just ask her."  
  
"I like Sonya. I reallllly like her, but I know me. If I get with her first I'll wanna be faithful. I need to be a playa first, while I can. Please tell me the Brigade won't let me down, I have faith in you Monica." He looked worried that he himself was being played.  
  
"Obviously, I can't force any of them, but they did swear to me they would keep their word. Loyalty among ho's."  
  
"They hate me don't they? If I make them go through with it I'll be on their boyfriends shit list." He grew panicky, "I'm dead I just know it."  
  
"Let's find out if you need to be fitted for a body bag." She looks to her blind side to spot her friend Toby at his own locker, just closing up. Seeing Monica look his direction made the boy smirk and move in for the kill. As Monica calmed Jimmy, Toby eased up behind her and gripped Monica by her hips, pressing his body into hers then dry humping her ass over her skin tight leggings for better effect. Laughing at Toby she winked at Jimmy, "And, here's our first verdict."  
  
"What's up slut?"  
  
"Toby? How do you feel about Jimmy having sex with your girlfriend Lindsey?" Hearing her Toby stopped humping her in favor of a temper tantrum, nudging her aside he doubled up a fist sharing it's threat with Jimmy.  
  
"YOU'RE DEAD MEAT NEUTRON." As Jimmy cringed expecting to be punched, Toby changed his tune laughing, "Chill out Nerd. Lindsey likes being spanked, so bend her over your knee."  
  
"Y'you're good with...?" Jimmy swallows dryly.  
  
"Yeah! We're open like that." Toby then leans closer to whisper, "Nibble her earlobes and she goes crazy."  
  
"Wow! I-I'll do that. What will she think? I mean I'm not a stud like you...not that I'm looking at you..." He begins sweating heavily.  
  
"Relax Buddy. I'm cool with this deal you and Monica made. The girls all agreed so tap all those bitches. I know I would...well I've had a few of them already, such as Monica here, which I want again. Hint fucking hint!" He grabs Monica yanking her into his side, his hand draping down over her shoulder to squeeze her breast.  
  
"Your birthday's coming up right?" She moves her own hand over to cup his hard on, his attention lowering to see her pinching his erection through his jeans. A few onlookers found them amusing.  
  
"Damn straight. You my present?"  
  
"We'll talk about it when it gets closer. Can I let you know next week? Lots going on right now."  
  
"That works."  
  
Keeping her free time sacred in case her friend and occasional Master Ryan Quinones needed her. He wasn't even at the auction, and had missed school a few days in between. She had promised his girlfriend April time to get everything sorted out. Which meant a true Doctor's appointment to define her pregnancy and to let Ryan meet her family. If she really was pregnant like she said, and really did want to be with Ryan then she had a lot to atone for. Monica worried, but knew after their confrontation that she needed to stay out of it. She had already given them plenty of time to talk. If it were bad, Ryan would most likely tell Monica. Still, she needed to be open if he required a shoulder.  
  
"So Toby?" Jimmy tried to keep calm, "Do you think all the other boyfriends will be as cool as you?"  
  
"Naaa! You'll be sporting a couple black eyes by the weekend." Toby moved behind Monica and dry humped her again. It was fun to see their audience admiring him getting away with what he was doing. Not to mention seeing him tug her leggings down over her bare bottom in order to rub his erection along her ass more intimately had the drool flowing like a broken dam. Only her books hid her puss from their visual appetite.  
  
"Stop scaring Jimmy." She laughed, "You have to stop humping me like that, I'm getting really turned on."  
  
"You're up Neutron. I got Monica ready for ya." He nudges her toward Jimmy until she ends up smothered against his body. Meeting eyes Monica shrugs at Jimmy with a grin. Sitting her books down she took him by the hand and led him through the gauntlet of students, her leggings still crumpled down to her butt pucker, her pussy hidden behind the soft leggings curled up state. Toby casting a thumbs up at Jimmy led to a flurry of support. Seeing him be straight with Newton, other classmates offered their own thumbs up to bolster his confidence.  
  
Tugged along at an accelerated pace Jimmy found himself almost humiliated, yet enthusiastic all the same, "W-where are we going Monica?"  
  
"We've had phone sex James, now it's time for a reality boost. Once I get those balls on a roll the other girls will come looking for you. They just don't know it yet."  
  
"Hard to imagine that, I'm so not their type."  
  
Stopping cold in her tracks she points a finger at his chest, his pudginess squishy beneath her dagger like nail, "Opposites attract. It's all in how you sell yourself Jimmy. We're calling you Black Friday."  
  
"Black Friday?"  
  
"Yep! Everybody wants what you're selling and they're willing to fight for it. If that means a few bruised egos...the seller always wins."  
  
"Umm? Yeah, okay. I don't get it."  
  
"Neither did the people who lagged behind."  
  
"Still don't get it."  
  
"No worries. You will." Switching tactics she leaps into poor Jimmy's arms, her body crushing into his. He nearly fainted as her breasts pressed into his fluffy pecs in competing awareness. Her perfume made him hard even though fear derailed him into a tug of war to remain erect. Then came the kiss, her lips were like honey, passionate and expectant of him to return the favor. Jimmy fell right into her ambitious approach. All around them students were praising him for getting the hot girl. He knew deep down that they were mocking him but biting their tongues to keep Monica from biting theirs even harder, drawing blood. Sure she had made it clear through the grapevine that Jimmy Newton was not to be ridiculed going forward. The fact that he helped the entire student body in some small fashion during the yearbook fiasco gave him a pass to be a man. Strangely, some girls found it fairytale. Others? Not so much, still hiding in the shadows for safety.  
  
Murmurs were heard even as the next period bell rang. Gaining confidence as the students lessened up around them Jimmy's hands found Monica's butt cheeks beneath her ruffled leggings which had risen a bit unattended. Some students remained until the last possible second, enjoying the awkwardness of the couple, Jimmy was a goofy lover for certain. Her ass hanging out some was hard to break away from. Only Monica's hotness kept the comments to a minimum of ridicule. It was enough to relax Jimmy that he and she were in good hands. His in particular unintentionally prying her ass cheeks wide for guys and girls alike to witness her pucker and her whistler. Good enough for the masses in passing.  
  
It wasn't as if Monica was truly enjoying herself making out with Jimmy, or he pawing her up, but she was a woman of her word. She made this crazy deal, she would honor it. All she could hope for was that her Braless Brigade could act the same. A few she knew would, having seen Jimmy's dick in the men's room, it was amazing what a big dick could do to change an outlook. Amber Welch came to mind. If Amber would follow behind Monica the rest might gain the courage to hold their own.  
  
With her hands all up in Jimmy's hair like a possessed stalker, his glasses fogged up, and slipping from the bridge of his nose neither Monica nor Jimmy had heard a distinct, "AHEM!" until the third exhale. Each time it was spoken the voice grew louder. Nobody wanted to go to class but eventually the halls cleared out at the very presence of a certain voice of authority.  
  
"Wait your turn." Monica whimpered , kissing Jimmy harder as his face turned beet red. He knew the voice well, panic was slipping into his sensibilities. Still, he trusted Monica. All it took was Principal Lloyd Janson to stand behind her and slobber at her ass cheeks, Jimmy swore he heard a low level, "Yes Mistress."  
  
With no further words to discourage them the make out session continued. Lloyd grew nervous as he leered in all directions for prying eyes. Sweat pouring he watched her maul poor Jimmy, the boy nearly losing balance and colliding with a set of lockers with a metallic bang. Janson worried the noise would attract attention but fortune struck and all classrooms remained vigil, his troops were good Teachers loyal to their trade. Still, the kids were a hallway pass away from having to be shut down.  
  
Now that Lloyd had shown Monica how to express her dominant side Lloyd wanted nothing more than to worship this young adult. She had eased into her Mistress role as if it were there all along. Maybe it was. Yet, she preferred being the giver not the Alpha. The Alpha was pure adrenalin. If it served her purposes in getting away with murder, Monica Gift was going to channel her inner Bitch for all she was worth. Rich indeed.  
  
Letting Monica continue was a huge risk for Lloyd, but his newfound loyalty defined his perverse desires to the point that saying no was forbidden. Continually, he found himself wanting to touch her butt right along with Jimmy's lucky palms, yet, afraid to interfere and be scolded by his Mistress. Janson was putty to be molded. For such a wise man he was stupid beyond measure. Monica counted on that. It was likely that they all needed therapy. Someday.  
  
Jimmy facing reality opens his eyes to see Janson still behind them, even as Monica maintains her dedicated kisses. One panic attack later, he breaks away from their kissing in a nasally whine. Reacting to Jimmy's haunted expression, Monica leers over her shoulder and scowls, "Why are you not on your hands and knees Janscum?"  
  
"Forgive me Mistress." Lloyd drops to his knees and folds forward, palms at her heels, eyes lowered for respect.  
  
"Don't make me go behind you and kick you in the balls." She snaps as the Principal quivers at her aggressive tone.  
  
Jimmy Newton exhaled a dramatic, "Whoa!"  
  
"Don't let this big pussy scare you James. Where were we?" Her arms wrapped Jimmy's neck and she hurled herself forward for more kissing, storming Jimmy's nervous lips for another three minutes of passion. He was slowly giving in. Frenching Jimmy was like a dog licking her hand, certainly sloppy. Abandoning Jimmy's still wagging tongue she pats his puffy cheek with an expectant glare forcing his gaze. "Lay me over Janson's back."  
  
"WHAT?" Jimmy's voice raised just as she palmed his mouth to quiet him.  
  
"You heard me Jimmy." The boy nearly pissed his jeans.  
  
"Invite me Lloyd. Show Jimmy he has nothing to worry about."  
  
"Please lay upon my back Mistress." Lloyd begs, "You have my blessing Young James."  
  
Swallowing with trembling eyes, hell every part of his body sharing in the quakes, Jimmy looked around both sides of Monica, "W-which direction?"  
  
"My ass on his neckline, nudge me all the way back, he won't let me fall off. WILL YOU LLOYD?"  
  
"Absolutely not Mistress. My hands request touching to keep you positioned."  
  
"Only if I start slipping, otherwise forbidden."  
  
"Yes Mistress."  
  
"Guide me back Jimmy."  
  
"O-okay! S-sorry Mister Janson." The pudgy young man felt faint, yet he did assist her into sitting down on his Principal's shoulders, he heard Lloyd mumble, "Yessss." As Monica lays back slowly for a comfortable spot, her legs rise up toward Jimmy, feet poised before him, "Take my shoes off." James swiftly removed her pumps. She in turn lowered her bare feet over Janson's face smothering his feature with the sides of her heels. "Lick my toes Lloyd. Doggy treat Bitch Boy." Jimmy watched Lloyd's persona becoming a slobbering canine, his tongue licking her feet and even between her toes at her insistence, "Eat my toe jam." ,until she pulled them away. Lloyd's feasting frenzy terrified Jimmy, Jimmy's mind was blown as Janson whimpered missing his treats. Another ramble of, "Dear God Woman." was heard by all.  
  
"Jimmy? Take my pants off."  
  
"W-what? Over Mister Janson?"  
  
"DO IT LAD." Lloyd belted out excitably, "STRIP HER NAKED."  
  
"Who's in charge here, you or me?' Monica jabbed Lloyd in the ribs hard with her thumbs.  
  
"You Mistress. I beg forgiveness for my lust."  
  
"This is unreal." Jimmy commented at their acts. Turning pale he pauses until Monica plants her toes over his erection rubbing it.  
  
"Pants Jimmy." She persists lifting her hips using her shoulders as support over Lloyd. Jimmy with sweaty palms leans in and begins peeling her leggings from her lower body, dragging them inside out until they left her painted toes. No underwear beneath, Monica Gift was nearly nude. Frozen in time the boy stared at her freshly shaved peach in its bright pink glory.  
  
"Guess what's going in here Jimmy." She pries her pussy lips wide to reveal a succulent tunnel of love. Her beguiling gaze awaited his eyes to focus, those damned glasses of his were steamed up to the point of being blind. "Lean down here for a second Jimmy." She curls her foot like a hook beneath his balls and guides him toward her. Once he bends forward she removes his glasses and lets him squint at her, he really did need those things to see. Frowning Monica chose the next best thing and used her finger to etch a tiny heart in each of his lens before putting them back on his face. He chuckled seeing them and felt his heart beat faster at her intentions.  
  
"YESSSSSSS!" He rears upright and pounds his fist over his opposing palm. He then tilted his glasses just enough to let fresh air clear up his fogged over optics. Seeing more clearly than ever he did his best to ignore the fact that Lloyd Janson was right there with them. He had Monica halfway nude over him as if he were a horse and she Lady Godiva.  
  
"Unbutton my shirt and take it off of me Jimmy." Responding to her request Jimmy Newton started to move to Janson's side when Monica's foot again was used to reel him back. "Ah! Ah! Ah! Face me and do it." Her soft voice had Jimmy and Lloyd both nurturing raging hard ons.  
  
"But, that means..."  
  
"Grow some balls Newton. Hurry it up or the next bell will ring before you cum inside me." She raised her voice slightly with a look of yearning to agitate his desires.  
  
Seeing her appeal Jimmy gnashed his teeth together and moved in for the kill, forced to literally plant his crotch over Janson's face in order to lean in better and begin unbuttoning her shirt. No bra beneath it of course Jimmy fell in love with every ounce of soft flesh that exposed. Janson had to wince at feeling Jimmy's dick growing right up against his brow. Uncomfortable indeed, yet Janson was loyal to Mistress Monica. He would not waver even if it cost him his job.  
  
"How are you doing down there Knave?"  
  
"I live to serve you Mistress. I shall remain your most loyal of bed chambers."  
  
"Good boy Knave. You are rather comfy."  
  
"Thank you Mistress." He replies as Jimmy unfastens her final button and parts the material to both sides for a full frontal thrill, her nipples harder than usual. Even this event seemed to be making Monica more in tune with her newfound authority. It was good to be Queen. Lifting just enough to pull her arms from her shirt Monica found total release.  
  
"Get those jeans off Jimmy, and put that big boy between your legs to use right here." Again she pries her cunt wide and uses her index fingers to point at her interior runway. He could see her wetness forming droplets all around her fingertips. Excitably Jimmy Newton began to unfasten and drop his pants, the second his erection popped out Monica wiggled on Lloyd's neckline, "Look at how big he is Knave. Have you ever seen such a magnificent cock?" She laid it on thick, mainly because it was pretty thick, there was no denying that fact. For an overweight young man he was pretty well endowed. Not that Lloyd Janson cared to look, even if he did obey her. With Jimmy's dick dangling before his nose Lloyd held his breathe and replied, "Yes Mistress. Young James is...quite remarkable." A retaliation hidden behind his breath said differently, "Get that monster away from me." Regardless Lloyd endured the moment, knowing it was about to get far worse. He knew that Monica was testing him as much as she was Jimmy.  
  
"FUCK YES! FUCK YES!" Jimmy grew eager, "I'M GONNA LOSE IT. FUCK YES!" The boy was determined to become a man. With Monica luring him in with soft verses of, "Take it Jimmy! Take my pussy." James Newton shuffled forward with an obsessed glint in his eye, the whole stress over Lloyd was fleeting. Uncaring of his environment he zeroed in and touched Monica's hole, she prying it even wider watching him close in. She was definitely hot in every sense. Forced closer in order to penetrate her Jimmy slid his crown in to royalty, the moment she felt him enter she released her pussy and let it mold around his girth, the rest of the insertion made Jimmy roll his eyes back. He had never felt such a warm welcoming feeling in his entire life. Sinking deeper the boy nearly toppled poor Lloyd over beneath his weight.  
  
Holding firm as best he could Janson found his worst nightmare in the form of bulbous hairy balls pelting his forehead. He wanted to vomit but survived when he felt Monica's nails dig into his ass cheeks, her arms over her head and running fingers beneath his beltline. She knew just how to make Lloyd respond to her control over him. He was more determined than ever to stay firmly on course for his Mistress, her pleasure his priority.

"I can't believe I'm doing this. HOLY SHIT, MONICA!!" Lloyd couldn't believe it either. "You're so...wet...and warm..." Jimmy couldn't even finish his sentence for confusing his emotions, the friction of each thrust bringing out the best in Monica's rising hips to greet each plunge, mesmerized him. He was making her crazy, he could tell. Her craziness was making him want to be just as crazy. Faster, deeper, pause, slip away, POUND HARD. Jimmy somehow knew just what to do. In the process Monica began squirting around his girth, her juices raining over Lloyd's face to his glee. He wanted to lick what crossed his lips but was fearful of accidently licking Jimmy's scrotum which moved lower over his bridge to the tip of his nose making his eyes cross. Humiliation at its finest.  
  
"Fuck me harder Neutron. Make me cum hard on my cozy little bed." She whimpered at each deep penetration of her sopping wet cunt. She found herself rubbing her own clit until Jimmy realized what she was doing and wanted to try his own hand at it. Noting his fingers upon her own she smiled up at him and whispered, "That's it, take control." He briskly rubbed her clit between plunges, Monica reacting by arching her back, her shoulder blades pressing against Lloyd's hips. Returning her nails to Janson's butt she let her fingers slide deeper beneath the seat of his pants and taunts Lloyd's asshole. The Principal nearly fell over.  
  
"Oh sweet Lord!! Fuck her harder Lad. HARDER!!" The contact sent Lloyd dropping his head under his own sensitivity. Noticing his reaction Monica wouldn't have it.  
  
"Lift that head up Janscum! I'm not hearing balls slapping." She barked drawing blood from his left butt cheek in a tiny impalement. He immediately reared upward until Jimmy's balls began smacking his lips. He wanted to cringe but stood firm, each impact making him groan. He prayed that Monica would not make him lick the poor boys balls. The issue he was having was more of what he was becoming the more time Monica worked with him. Over the last week she had used Lloyd for her own play toy. Never once allowing him to fuck her, merely lick her toes or her asshole. Strangely he rather enjoyed it when the Mistress passed gas on rare occasions. Lloyd Janson was a tool.  
  
Monica's moans echoed the hallway making Lloyd piss all over himself. Soaking through his thin slacks a small puddle formed beneath him on the tile. Heart pounding at the possibility of being caught he reinforced his hands and knees for a stronger stance. He would not fail his Mistress. He thrived on the humiliation at Monica's mercy. For such a powerful man in the community, Lloyd Janson was weak.  
  
Jimmy was a ball of sweat and still pounding away on a steady rate, he was certainly gifted considering any other man of his weight would have exhausted five minutes ago. Even stranger, Jimmy being a virgin, Monica expected him to cum in 60 seconds. Not that she was complaining, that cock felt really good zipping past her G-spot.  
  
"Heads up! The both of you." Monica faintly giggled. Jimmy was shoving his head as deep as it would go. Lloyd although disgusted maintained his pride of service even with hairy balls pelting his lips, occasionally having to huff away stray hairs tickling his nose. For an odd reason Jimmy feeling his breath on his balls made the boy fuck Monica that much harder. Perhaps he had not put two and two together, thinking it just a breeze passing through thrusts. Did it matter?  
  
Thoughts running through Jimmy's head were simple and random, thankful to be finally losing his virginity to one of the hottest girls in school, one that had become a really good friend. She was honest and open with him every step of the way. He trusted her totally. What stimulated him even more was all the pussy he hoped would come his way after today, if the girls kept their word. For now..."FUCK YEAH!" Sweat went flinging from side to side in his bulldog head shake. Monica feeling droplets rain down on her giggled.  
  
"That should be cum not sweat Jimmy."  
  
"Sorry." He hit her again and again, his fingers tiring on her clit's abuse. She took over for him, her body more in tune with her own efforts. Yelping softly made both Jimmy and Lloyd beg for her to cum. She wasn't far off, toes curling above him Lloyd smiled watching her feet dancing about. If only he could suck those toes. It was like dangling a carrot in front of a donkey. Turning his head from left to right in searching for her feet, those damnable balls hit him from all angles. He had to locate those toes. Slobbering all over himself Lloyd licked his lips until Jimmy slapped his full sack right on his tongue. That ended Lloyd's tour of booty, he pressed his lips together tightly. No more of sampling Jimmy.  
  
Jimmy felt something wet touch him but attributed it to Monica squirting again, that inevitability deduced due to Monica's behavior. She was closing in on her climax, her fingers rapidly stimulating her clit, her voice encouraging Jimmy to join her, "I'm cummmming Jimmmmmmy! Cum with meeeeee!" Hearing her shrill squeals and feeling her body tightening up, which included her pussy constricting around his girth for a snug desire to squeeze the cum out of his beastly cock, Jimmy gave up his load.  
  
"UGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!" His roar was so loud that Lloyd cringed, Jimmy's finality landing his balls over the Principal's face while breathing heavily. Monica gushing once again drenched Lloyd's features, his tongue daring to ease around Jimmy's drained sack to capture her regal wine. Eying droplets on Jimmy's sack he grew tempted to sample them, knowing full well those were from his Mistress. He just couldn't, it led to his tongue loitering below Jimmy's sack awaiting the droplets to fall. Once they did Lloyd rolled his eyes back. "Thank you Mistress."  
  
Monica's own sonic boom screams sent her body into fits, Jimmy struggling to hold her over Lloyd to prevent her falling to the floor. Once the two of them relaxed Monica pulled Jimmy into a wet warm kiss. "We're doing this again Neutron. Fuck that was incredible." James Newton grinned like the devil. He hoped the other girls would feel the same.  
  
Pulling out of Monica became a torrid mess, webs of entwined cum and and more escaping juices drowned Lloyd. Knowing half of it was Jimmy's the man whimpered in defeat. Regardless, even with Jimmy's dick slithering over his brow to escape, Lloyd relished in Monica's continued drainage. Rearing tall over them Jimmy went all dramatic. Closing his eyes he began beating his chest like Tarzan after nailing Jane for the first time. He literally went full on Kong.  
  
Hearing the screams outside, fate grew grim, classroom doors were opening in near proximity. Fortunately, for everyone involved it was Teachers that had already enjoyed Monica Gift in the past and were easily loyal in their own right. Merely, making certain everything was alright the two male Teachers grinned and went back inside, mainly to calm the students before they rioted, thinking some gunman was attacking the school. Maybe that was true, Jimmy Newton was a sharpshooter.  
  
Not every student bought their Teachers excuses, namely the members of Monica's Braless Brigade. While their Teacher explained that Principal Janson had caught some students skipping classes the trio of Amber Welch, Violet Rainier, and Zoe Klein looked at one another, the two Cheerleaders gritting their teeth while Amber nodded knowing exactly what that was. After witnessing Jimmy's dick size through a bathroom stall over two weeks ago Amber had pondered feeling it inside her, she was one of the few girls that maintained an open mind toward the nerdy giant Jimmy. Both Violet and Zoe dreaded their commitment to Monica over giving it up to Jimmy for his assistance. Neither truly wanted to be touched by Jimmy. In the conversation of skipping class Amber makes a break for it, verbally saying, "ON MY PERIOD. GOTTA GO!"  
  
Zoe darting her gaze between Amber's escape and Violet, both girls just couldn't sit there. They had to see what was going on first hand. Joining Amber led the Teacher to try and stop them, no go, they were already out the door. With the Teacher against the door preventing others outside that left the trio to bear witness alone.  
  
Out in the hall the girls discovered the source instantly. What shocked them the most was Janson on his hands and knees, Monica still on his back squeezing her tits while coming down from an all time high. Even more, there stood the flabby giant Jimmy Newton pounding his chest in triumph. The girls zeroed in on Jimmy's dick wagging about, still full tilt and demanding. Zoe and Violet swallowed and once again shared stares at one another, finally Zoe shrugged one shoulder with a sheepish grin. Violet's jaw dropped instantly, she knew Zoe's thoughts, she was intrigued. Whimpering Violet took another look at Jimmy and bit her lower lip.  
  
"Holy shit!" Amber huffed, "Monica has Janson on a leash too. I LOVE THAT HOE!" Following Amber's lead toward the group Zoe and Violet hug each others side for support. Amber was less fearful of her future, eager to be up close and personal amid the situation. Discovering Monica tilting her head back over Janson's ass to observe them coming closer she fluttered her wet fingers at them giggling.  
  
Jimmy seeing the girls strangely grew smug and fought off any shyness, hoping to see expressions of interest out of the girls rather than repulsion. What worried him more was a flood of other students catching them. He would have faith, his dick did not want to lose steam, not for a second. Amber immediately bypassed Monica and Janson and circled Jimmy.  
  
"Damn Boy! That thing is even bigger than I thought." She ended her circling by facing Jimmy with a pucker and a nod, "Yep! So gonna ride that."  
  
"R-really?' He swallowed, "Right! You need to ride my cock hard." His ego brimming he looked over Amber at Zoe and Violet, "You want some of this?"  
  
The girls held their breath, yet again sharing thoughts through eye contact. Without answering Monica sat up on Janson's shoulders, her legs drooping around his neck, her leaking cunt trickling across his neckline. Patting Janson's scalp she goaded him into obeying further. "Tongue wagging Knave." She then planted her feet on the floor and molded her soggy thighs over his hair in climbing off, her labia slithering over his forehead. Lifting on her toes to stand taller she allowed Janson to tilt his head higher, her entire pussy roamed across his face, her juices flowing over his protruding tongue. Janson gasped and wagged his tongue along her pussy until she escaped. Standing tall she faced Janson and encouraged him to walk in a circle to face Zoe and Violet. Patting his head like a loyal pet Monica smirked, "Of course they want some of that Jimmy. Isn't that right Ladies?' She winked hoping they would follow her own train of thoughts. Her idea meant to feed into Jimmy's sudden courage.  
  
"Yes." The girls nodded with a hint of fear in their admission.  
  
"How did you get this old fossil to do your bidding?" Amber turned her back to Jimmy to poise the toe of her shoe up under Lloyd's crotch and jostle his balls about. Lloyd began panting heavily. Behind Amber, Jimmy stepped closer and rubbed his wet dick on the ass of her pants. She leered over her shoulder at him with a devilish grin. "Wait your turn Bad Boy."  
  
"I wanna fuck you." Jimmy huffed.  
  
"I know." She bent over and shook her ass across his cock then stepped away razzing him with her tongue. He immediately began jerking off with a look of, "DAMMIT!" at her loss.  
  
"Bells gonna ring any second." Zoe pointed out looking at her cell for the time, then revealing it to Monica. "Better get dressed."  
  
"We have five minutes." Monica giggles and toys with Lloyd's ear making him shiver. Zoe and Violet grimace at how Monica could possibly enjoy playing with old man Janson. Definitely not their idea of stud quality, nor was Jimmy. Had Monica lost her mind? Snapping her fingers at the floor Janson looked down and awaited any further command. Monica then threw her legs around his neck once again to sit on his shoulders. "Take me to your office Simba." A pat to his cheek coaxed Lloyd to take a stroll. The girls were blown away. In passing Monica winked, "Follow me Ladies." A glance back at Jimmy she added, "Save that shit Newton. The girls are going to want that." Jimmy groaned and swiftly pulled his pants up. Amber shaking her head at the insanity of it all gathered up Monica's clothing and followed their lead, leaving her books in the hallway. Jimmy shuffled quickly in pursuit, admiring Amber's sway with a smile that refused to break.  
  
With Lloyd's office being separate from the actual main office the chances of his secretary Madge or any incoming parents dealing with their unruly kids was not a problem. Unless Madge called Lloyd away he was all Monica's. Carrying Monica on all fours to his office like a pachyderm seemed funny to the girls, yet at the same time so very wrong. Not just the fact that Lloyd was old and just "Ewww!" but the reality that his persona had been so twisted in his lust to serve Monica that it seemed stalker. Zoe and Violet hugged each others arms worried that this event was going to ruin them. Any association to this type of perverted scandal would destroy any future plans of going on to college, names being brought into the News for family to be hurt by a horrible reputation, all of the above and more. Still, the Braless Brigade marched on.  
  
Reaching his office just as the bell rang they barely made it inside before students erupted into the halls heading to their next class. With no strange behavior awaiting them the students just shrugged and continued their day. Within her office Monica crawled off of Lloyd's back and chose to steal his leather swivel chair, kicking back with her bare feet propped on his desk. Lloyd remained cowering at her side.  
  
"Take a seat Jimmy." Monica pointed at a chair across from the desk, one of two. Stepping around the girls he plopped down and leaned back himself, arms crossed behind his head with boosted ego.  
  
"This is freaking awesome." He grinned looking at Amber. She shook her head and tossed Monica's clothes on to Lloyd's desk.  
  
"Here's your shit Mistress." Amber laughed.  
  
"Thanks." Monica uses her toes to kick her outfit on to the floor in front of Lloyd. "Sniff!" She had Lloyd Janson scrambling like a drug sniffing dog in heat, his nose rummaging into the crotch of her leggings. Zoe and Violet could only wince at his sick reaction.  
  
"Why are we here?" Violet dared to question.  
  
"Ask Jimmy." Monica points her left foot at the smug bastard across from her. Both girls shifted their gaze toward him trying not to pee. They just knew this was going to be bad.  
  
"Hey there Cheerleaders. I think you three owe me."  
  
"We...really have to honor this?" Zoe winces.  
  
"We had a pact ladies. The Braless Brigade always pays their debts in spades. Unless of course you want out..."  
  
"You know we don't Wench." Amber chuckles, "I'll take one for the team here." Right before everyone's eyes Amber Welch stripped naked and threw her own clothes down at Lloyd. He wavered at their fall to his hands and knees before looking up at Monica for her permission.  
  
"Gnaw on those panties Lloyd." Like a Pitbull Lloyd tore into Amber's powder blue undies with inhales and a lapping tongue. Again Zoe and Violet whimpered hugging each other tighter. All together they watched Amber straddle Jimmy's lap and give him a lap dance. Feeding his face with poised breasts so that he could suck her nipples.  
  
"Mmmmm! Careful, the girls are sensitive." Amber flared her eyes. Behind Jimmy Zoe and Violet nodded. Seeing their reaction Amber rolled her eyes, "Not you bitches. My bitches." She quivers as Jimmy motorboats her melons. Lifting his face away Jimmy smacked his lips awaiting a kiss. Admiring his pucker Amber just went with it and had a two minute make out session of sloppy kisses. The girls cringed. Once the kiss broke Jimmy sat in absolute awe his jaw dropping without words. Feeling discomfort between her legs Amber scowled, "Did you just cum in your jeans?" He could only nod his affirmation. "Seriously? You couldn't have waited to jizz inside me?"  
  
"I can still do that." He looked horrified of missing out. "I'm good for shooting six loads a day."  
  
"No way. That's not possible." Amber rolled her eyes.  
  
"I swear it. I've done it. I could probably break that record even."  
  
"Prove it." Amber steps off of his lap and kneels to remove his pants, he kicking his tennis shoes off as she undresses him. Pants and underwear discarded toward Lloyd the Principal drew his face away and shared a grossed out expression. As Amber crawls back into Jimmy's lap she guides his beast boy up into her juicy cunt. Riding him was a sight to behold, Amber was really getting into it.  
  
Noting Lloyd's panic stricken eyes Monica snaps her finger, "You know the drill Knave. Get to sniffing. Chew toy Knave." A point at Jimmy's underwear found a two second pause before Janson dove into them tossing them about with a snarl. He had Jimmy Newton's drawers in his mouth. Zoe had to choke and act as if ready to hurl. Violet while also disturbed found it suddenly funny.  
  
"Eat his pubes Lloyd." Violet burst out. Zoe flaring her eyes at her bestie grew to find it also humorous. Monica merely sat back with a smirk at just how much fun being the Alpha was. Hearing Amber moan drew her attention from the feeding frenzy below. The sight of her protégé Jimmy gripping Amber's ass cheeks with confidence sent Monica into mischief mode. Again snapping her fingers at Lloyd the man stopped cold and let Jimmy's underwear fall from his lips. Using hand motions Monica first points at Lloyd, then to her own nose as if playing charades. A third motion resounded a pausing index finger as if saying "But!" then a point at Monica's puckered lips. Her last direction was to send him toward the playful lovers.  
  
Eyes bulging Zoe and Violet watch with curiosity, breath held as Lloyd eases quietly on all fours behind Amber, their sex having scooted the chair Jimmy sat in about for an easier access point. Hovering his face behind Amber's gyrating ass Lloyd sniffs her butt pucker and whines, his head following her rise and fall over Jimmy's cock. In her mission to get Jimmy to cum inside her she was withdrawn into herself, eyes sealed to feel his every passage across her G-spot. Thus, she had zero idea Lloyd was dogging her heels.  
  
Waiting for just such a moment as Jimmy began snarling and huffing to inform of his rapidly brewing nut Lloyd slipped his nose right up into her pried ass crack. Inhaling her with eyes turning white he maintained his mission until Jimmy roared shooting jizz missiles up into Amber. She squealed at the top of her lungs and rode him harder, hoping for a second battalion to storm her beach. With her own orgasm forced out Amber screamed. In doing so Zoe panicked and raced over to palm her mouth to quiet Amber. Not having it the brunette pulled away with a growl then continued cries of ecstasy.  
  
"Knave?" Monica waited for just the right time before adding, "LICK!"  
  
Lloyd Janson buried his face between Amber's asshole first lapping her pucker before lowering down between her shaking thighs and daring to roll his tongue along her stretched pussy lips. Her juices flooding Jimmy's cock led to drowning his scrotum. Lloyd even licked her juices from Jimmy's balls until clean. Pulling away Janson grimaced and pulled a pubic hair from his mouth. Looking at Violet who seemed pushy he ate the pubic hair.  
  
"OH MY GOD! JANSON DID IT." Violet jumped up and down amazed by his dedication to Monica. Of course the Cat did cough up a hairball...so to speak.  
  
"Good boy Knave." Amber looked backwards down at Lloyd then patted his head. "Whatever Knave is." He merely whimpered and panted like a pup. Returning her attention toward Jimmy, Amber puffed her lower lip nodding her respect. "That's two. Four more to go Cumsquat." She teased him before climbing off in a splattered web of jizz. In seeing the spill Lloyd gave chase, his mouth wide to catch any leftovers. Gross as hell but hilarious.

"HEEL KNAVE." Monica called Lloyd back to heel on his bed of clothes. Amber stretching moved to the side of the desk sitting on top of it right in front of Lloyd. Planting her foot on Lloyd's face to nudge him playfully she tilts her gaze toward Zoe and Violet.  
  
"You're up Bitches."  
  
"WHAAAAAAT?" The girls laughter turned to sheer terror. Their tight hug for support led to glances at Monica, then to Jimmy. Jimmy had his head dangling back to check them out.  
  
"Pay up Cheerleaders." Jimmy chuckled, "I can go all day." Calming one another with a brow to brow relaxation technique the girls take deep breathes. At the breaking point Jimmy added, "You should kiss." Dropping her feet to the floor and leaning on her arms Monica took interest in Jimmy's command. She wasn't sure if this was a deal breaker or not. Amber also paused in messing with Lloyd, dangling her toes in front of his mouth as his eyes crossed wanting to suck upon them. No! Not without Monica's command.  
  
Zoe sighed and made the first move. Palming Violet's cheeks she tilted her head and pressed their lips together. They could hear Violet whine at the unexpected move. Giving in Violet went further without even thinking about it and slipped Zoe her tongue. French class was in session. In a matter of minutes both girls were making out like bandits, stealing the others soul.  
  
"Daaaaamn!" Amber glared at Monica as the two shared shock. Neither of them believed the girls would ever consent to anything. Truthfully, Monica expected the girls to throw in the towel. Speaking of towels Jimmy turned his chair sideways this time and folds his knuckles over his big ole' belly, his dick still praising the bitches in the room.  
  
"Strip each other." Jimmy decided upon instigating them further. Monica noting Amber's taunting of Lloyd led to another round of snaps mouthing the word, "Fetch." pointing at Amber's toes. Caught off guard Amber Welch found Lloyd sucking her toes with an intimate frenzy. She giggled at his expressions of sheer euphoria.  
  
"Dang! He might gnaw my paint job off." Monica silently laughed at her friend.  
  
Again, Zoe took the lead in lifting Violet's shirt up over her head. As soon as the redheads tits toppled free Jimmy began stroking his cock. Violet returning the favor removed Zoe's shirt, her milky white tits dancing about. Jimmy hissed, "Hell to the yes." Kissing between any further wardrobe malfunctions became more heated. It dawned on everyone suddenly that the girls might have had some hidden affection toward one another long before today. Unspoken yet hiding away.  
  
Pants unfastened they resisted their Frenching just long enough to squirm their jeans to the carpet stepping out of them, shoes discarded prior. Only in their dainty G-strings the fever took over and the girls stormed one another in a clingy very steamy embrace. Jimmy just watched with excitement. As did Monica who was blown away by their intimacy. Boggles the mind.  
  
Wanting more out of this Jimmy took it upon himself to stand up and circle the tangled beauties. With a very uncertain touch he nudges them toward the desk. Okay, it took an unwelcomed push without being too aggressive. Inching them until Zoe turned in step, her ass hitting the edge of the desk. Monica made a swift spot for her by shoving Lloyd's desk contents out of the way, some falling to the floor in a clatter. Violet herself forced Zoe to lay back, her legs in the air. From her lips all the way across Zoe's body in nomadic kisses, Violet discovered her destination removing Zoe's G-string to kiss the blonds clit. Zoe's hand swiftly frolicked in the redheads hair, moaning her surprise. Soft exhales made Zoe Klein lift her head back, spine arching as Monica leaned over her and gave the blond a kiss of her own. Caught off guard Monica just explored the possibility. Two girls in under ten minutes, Zoe's mind was reeling.  
  
With Violet bent over eating Zoe Jimmy rubbed her cute white bottom and considered taking her from behind. Should he? He instead chose to drag her own G-string down to her ankles then her toes leaving them there at her feet. His dick rubbing between her crack along the clam he dared to get his crown wet between teasing and temptation. In a shocking move Violet wiggles her ass and reaches her own hands behind her to pry her cheeks apart. Jimmy took that as a yes. Pushing inside her Violet let out a shrill gasp of awe at his girth, Zoe in her expectation forced her hips higher until she felt Violet's lips. That simple subliminal brought Violet home.  
  
Nailing the redhead with sweat wringing from his brow Jimmy looked up at Amber who was now goofing with Janson. Removing herself from the desk to give the girls room meant taking her toes away from Lloyd. With Monica distracted Amber took control over Janson and made him lay on his bed of discarded clothing, Amber using her feet to add Zoe and Violet's clothing to the bundle. Once their clothes were a part of his bed he wallowed in them with a very deafening sigh of, "Yessssss!"  
  
"Dang Lloyd, I never saw this side of you." Amber crouched next to him her pussy within inches of her head. He froze to sniff as she rolled her eyes. Selecting Zoe and Violet's G-strings Amber stuffed them into Lloyd's mouth. He nearly went into convulsions on his back. Tugging his shirt from his waistband Amber rubbed Janson's belly like a dog. Too funny.  
  
"Fuck your pussy is tight." Jimmy was getting raw at Violet's snug twat. Although really wet her body tense, not to mention the fact that her sexual experiences were not as outgoing as some girls her age. Still, Jimmy was determined. He even killed time by putting his pinky in her butt pucker. That mere introduction made Violet lift up and wince. Staring at Monica kissing Zoe she felt almost jealous. With a nasally whine Violet took it upon herself to pull away from Jimmy and crawl up further on the desk. Feeling her escape Jimmy let out an, "Awwww Maaaan! I was almost there."  
  
Sensing Violet up close and fighting for Zoe's attentions Monica broke their kiss and found Violet right in her face. Before Violet could even reclaim her bestie Monica kissed Violet herself. The unexpected move found Monica's breasts crushing right over Zoe's face. When push comes to shove deal with it. Zoe kissed and licked Monica's nipple. Jimmy was torn on what to do next. Exploring his options he chose to move his chair up to the desk and stand on it. Creaking and unsteady beneath his 260 pound frame he towered over the girls jerking off.  
  
"You're gonna break your neck Newton." Amber looked over as he played God.  
  
"I can't help it. I wanna jizz. Firehose Jimmy is in the house." He chuckled and knuckled up like a warrior.  
  
"Your body cast." Amber switched her gaze back down to Lloyd. Stealing his mouthful of treats Amber pats his cheek, "Wanna fight like cats and dogs Lloyd?" He shook his head rapidly almost panting. Rolling her eyes Amber sighed, "The things I do for lust." Casting her leg over Janson's chest Amber Welch sat on Janson's face. Obedient to a fault he just let her smother him. "What the hell? Chase that kitty. You need a laser pointer to show you the way?" Giving up she just sat there and pouted. Noting a clock on the wall Amber felt compelled to offer a warning. "Next bell in five minutes Hoe bags."  
  
Monica breaking her kiss with Violet to look at the time herself saw Amber on Lloyd. Laughing at Amber just loitering she realized just how faithful Lloyd Janson aka Knave was. "SCOOBY SNACK THAT BITCH KNAVE." With a loud yelp Amber Welch found a maddening tongue up her soaked snatch. She was howling in seconds.  
  
From Amber's reaction to discovering Jimmy in his high wire act Monica's eyes bulged. "Holy shit! Don't lose your balance. Get down from there."  
  
"I wanna rain on their parade." He stroked valiantly over Violet's ass, Zoe's legs. Concerned Monica grabbed Violet by her hair to break up the new round of kissing. "Scoot back." The girls grumbled but did what Monica requested. Once their hips were on the edge of the desk uncomfortably Jimmy stepped down and shoved the chair away. With easier access now and a second choice in targets Jimmy stepped up to plate and dug low in order to locate Zoe's soft kitty. She yelped at his entry but let it happen. Jimmy was now fucking Zoe Klein, but gripping Violet's ass. Two sets of legs clung to his hips and upper thighs. After hitting Zoe for a dramatic set of wails, Jimmy pulled out and plunged upward into Violet once again. Back and forth between girls Jimmy was the man. Double duty booty.  
  
Bored suddenly Monica decided to pick up the items that she knocked over from Lloyd's desk. In discovering something she had totally overlooked by putting the items on a side table she flares her eyes. "P.A. System." Her thoughts rallied up the courage to pick up the chrome mic and hold it. A button push away from the entire school hearing made her giggle. Dare she? With the bell ready to sing of release, she also heard the growing signs of personal release. Jimmy was grunting, Zoe and Violet were taking turns moaning, even Amber was ready to cum hard. Standing up with the mic Monica did what she did best, create havoc.  
  
P.A. activated a loud crackle of static relayed the noise in the room. Jimmy snarling and cumming over two cunts pressed atop one another, two cunts mumbling 'Fuck this feels good." and "Don't stop Neutron.", and finally Amber howling at her accomplished orgasm. The entire school was in on the mischief.  
  
Hearing the speakers bellowing out across the school Lloyd Janson had to break character. Tossing Amber aside brusquely he jumped to his feet, slipping a bit under the mound of clothing. Going to his door he opens it and slams it just as quickly. With a ear shattering bellow he expressed authority, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO SAID YOU COULD SNEAK INTO MY OFFICE AND USE THE P.A. SYSTEM. PUT IT DOWN THIS INSTANT."  
  
Monica had to muffle her laugh with a hand over her mouth. Jimmy found it funny and chuckled slapping his cock on Zoe's clit. Lloyd had no choice but to snatch the mic from Monica and shut it off. Equally as fast he dropped to his knees before Monica. "Forgive me Mistress."  
  
"All good Knave. I was the bad girl that time. Everyone get dressed and get out. Fun's over. For you guys that is." She laughed. Giving the girls time to recover the use of their sensitive limbs everyone got dressed and waited until the bustle of students moving between classes became silent. Escapes made Zoe and Violet skipped class and went to the gym for privacy. They needed to talk.  
  
Amber slapped Jimmy on the back in the hallway. "How's about you prove you can break your record Stud?"  
  
"Stud? Thanks." He laughed, "How?"  
  
"You have a car right?"  
  
"Truck actually. I drove my Dad's pickup today."  
  
"A bed...even better. Let's test out your ole' man's shocks."  
  
"Fuck yeah."  
  
Passing Madge Carpenter, Lloyd's secretary in the hall the two laugh and disappear fast. Madge checking on her boss in his office just made sense. Gravitating at Lloyd's door she hears a bitter scolding and turns tail letting him deal with things. What she did hear was Lloyd saying, "You must be punished for your lack of common sense Miss Tress." She did question who Miss Tress was? Madge wasn't the brightest old timer in the new world.  
  
Within the office Monica still nude was bent over Lloyd's desk and letting him punish her for her bad manners. It was only fair to reward her pet for what she put him through. Between each thrust up into Monica, Lloyd raised his voice with disdain. With each retreat he whispered, "Forgive me Mistress."  
  
Monica Gift was a fair Mistress after all.  
  
Ten minutes prior...  
  
"What in the world?" Coach Marion Murray sat in her office, her turn in sharing the gym with the Men's Coach letting her relax. Hearing the disturbance of moans, squeals, and manly grunts over the P.A. System she had to laugh. "Must be Minx Monica getting into trouble again. Damn I wish I could have won her at the Slave for a Day charity. I would have rocked her world." She waits until she hears Janson bellow and the P.A. shut off before unlocking her bottom desk drawer. Keeping it locked was in her best interest. Opening it she lifts out something she should not even possess on the school grounds. Since when did any of the faculty obey regulations? In her hands was a strap on dildo with a monster ten inch wagging before her eyes.  
  
"Wouldn't we have Harryette?" Heshe would agree. "Maybe we can strike a deal with the sexy Miss Gift." Laughing she returned it to her drawer and called her girlfriend.  
  
"Hey Karla...I just had a fun thought...I say we unwrap a Gift."  
  
Karla loved surprises.  
  
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**Monica 52: wHOLE SheBang**

"You've created a monster Monica."  
  
Holden Shepard found it in himself to corner his old friend outside the school library. Throwing his arm around her he recalled his very first time fucking Monica Gift in her own home after delivering pizza along with his delivery trainer, and best buddy Ryan Quinones.  
  
"Did I?" She leans forward to pat his already tented crotch.  
  
"Not the monster I meant, but yeah you created him too. I was talking about Jimmy Newton. He's tapping more pussy than I have in four years of high school. Look at me? I'm hotter than that pudgy bastich."  
  
"You know exactly why he's getting all this attention."  
  
"Is that what it's called? I've seen girls running for the closest garbage can to hurl after being with him."  
  
"Be nice. I don't believe that. Most of the girls are actually surprised by his talents. You must be doing something wrong. Has he nailed Becca yet?"  
  
"Not yet! God I hate the idea of fucking her after he has. Gives me the willies."  
  
"You'll be fine. Worst case is you can cuddle with her after the trauma and tell her it's going to be alright. You can even go to therapy with her."  
  
"So not funny." He slaps her forehead chuckling, "You heard from Ryan recently? Ever since that crap with April I'm not sure even I trust her."  
  
"No! He's missing a lot of school this week. I hope he's okay. He won't even return my texts or calls. I thought about going next door to ask Brock but I'm not even certain his dad knows his situation. I'd hate to make Ryan more miserable if his dad bitches him out for not saying anything. Besides if I do Brock's going to want to take me to bed and watch old movies."  
  
"Crazy! I wonder if Ryan's brother knows anything? They used to talk about stuff all the time."  
  
She fidgets knowing that April nearly had sex with Ryan's brother Kyle, possibly Ryan wasn't even aware of that. It had actually slipped even her mind of that day at the adult bookstore. A simple shrug left it at that.  
  
"I'll find Ryan and corner him. Let's just give him a bit more time."  
  
"Right! See you around Beautiful." He released her and headed to his next period class.  
  
"Peace out."  
  
For now!  
  
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In the private office of Gym Coach Marion Murray whom was taking a private break from her girls upstairs in the gym...  
  
The young ladies were playing basketball half court, the other half devoted to the boys, which kept her flock busy. She had to isolate herself after pondering more on the reality that she had lost out in buying Monica Gift at last weekends Charity Slave auction to Principal Lloyd Janson. Ever since seeing cute little Monica and some super hot blond bimbo playing with one another inside a classic car weeks ago Marion and her girlfriend Karla fantasized about enjoying the crazy little bitch in bed. She was not giving up hope.  
  
She and Karla Selby were plotting their conquest without ruining their bond with the young woman. Marion's bond that is, considering Karla had only met Monica one time. This scheme was more on Marion than Karla but her lover was definitely all in to sin. Tempted to fire up a cigarette and break school policy Marion had to chew a piece of candy to maintain her strength. "Gift should be showing up next period for gym. I'm gonna propose a deal she can't refuse. As much as she's been getting away with of late there's no chance of her even crying foul when I discuss anything inappropriate. Come on that little bitch has gotten away with wearing body paint britches to school without anyone even knowing, or at least turning her in. Not that she would get in trouble as long as she has Janson on a leash. Damn! Now I wanna collar that kid and take her for a walk in the park alongside Karla." Good luck with that one!  
  
Her chuckle led to her opening her bottom desk drawer for yet another peek at her strap on dildo. Why she had it at school was anybody's guess but her lust for Monica might just have something to do with it. Sighing at the mental image of herself bending Monica over her desk and fucking her with Baby, the pet name for her strapping young cad, Marion lost track of time. Ignoring her students was nothing new she usually got the group started then let them do their own thing for the hour anyway. Easy paycheck in her mind without the stress.  
  
"Ten minutes until D-Day." She hissed at the clock on her wall. Taking her cell out she fired off a text to Karla at her own job as an interior decorator. "Here goes...Operation Gear Shift is ready to ride." Her reference to the park weeks ago when witnessing Monica literally fuck herself on a classic car's gear shifter, crazy little slut. Karla sending her a "Good Luck Mistress!" only made Marion more determined than ever to bring home a plaything for she and her sub. Ten very long minutes. Cigarette won! Three drags and a shot of Glade!  
  
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Leaving her Geometry class Monica was followed out by her favorite photographer and oversized puppy Jimmy Newton aka Neutron. Since acquiring his help in taking risque photos for the school yearbook he had actually grown on Monica as a true friend. From that endeavor onward she adopted him, looking out for the portly boy against the cruelty of some of the more hardened criminals in school. The deal formed between Monica and the students for his assist was not going over well, but at least the girls were slowly coming through on their ends. Required vomiting afterwards seemed natural...right? Strangely even as grotesque as some of the girls saw Jimmy, the second his massive dick reared up the vile aspect resided. Strange how that kind of evolution works isn't it?  
  
"Hey Cheyenne?" The girl's boyfriend Darius bolted around Jimmy and Monica just as they had ran into one another. Darius was still trying to apologize for his playing with ex-girlfriend Thelma. Cheyenne was not falling for his shit again.  
  
"Leave me alone Darius. Just let it and me go."  
  
"But, I don't want Thelma dammit! I want you."  
  
"Too late!" Cheyenne spotted Monica and Jimmy utilizing their crossing paths as her way out. "Yo, Jimmy? I'm ready to get it over with if you are." Grabbing Jimmy's arm she smiled brightly at him, "You should make me scream harder than Darius ever brought out in me."  
  
"Whooooa!" Jimmy huffed with his jaw gaping, drool forming the second she said Yo.  
  
"Don't you even Neutron." Darius doubled up his fist. Monica seeing his anger jumped in front of Jimmy. Hardly enough in her small stature to stop him a number of her other girls namely Amber Welch and Lindsey barricaded to her side as a show of unity.  
  
"Don't you worry about him James." Cheyenne hugged Jimmy's arm just to aggrivate Darius, "He and I are soooo through. He has no say over who I see...even if it is for a few minutes."  
  
"We...skipping class?"  
  
"You know it Stud." She wanted to hurl but kept her appearance bright and cheery. Behind her Chey's best friend Rosa found the congregation disturbing.  
  
"What's going on?" Rosa winced as Darius fumed, walking in circles repeatedly, a few of his friends there as back up too. It was looking like war.  
  
"Rosie!" Chey dragged her to her opposite side, "Guess what we're going to go do?"  
  
"Uhhh? We?"  
  
"Yep! We're going to repay Jimmy here as promised."  
  
"Like fuck you are." Darius was getting loud and losing it. Even Rosa whimpered a repeat of, "Like fuck I am." under her breath. She had no choice Chey was not letting go.  
  
"What's going on out here?" A voice of higher power intervened, one that made Monica Gift invincible. "Break up whatever is going on right this instant. Darius...I demand you calm down."  
  
"Fuck you Janson." He resisted the Principal. Lloyd was in control mode right at the moment even with his Mistress Monica present, he had a job to do. With their buddy beyond hope Darius lost his posse who threw their hands up and walked away.  
  
"Yeah!" Monica giggled behind her books, "Fuck you Knave." His nickname when in slave mode. Monica wanted to bark her own orders but kept it civil at the moment.  
  
"I'm gonna kick Newton's ass." Darius was becoming unpredictable.  
  
"Do you wish to stay on the team?" Janson pulled the Athlete's feet out from under him in just that one well posed question.  
  
"Fuck!"  
  
"I want to." Jimmy whines at Chey and Rosa, "Both of you."  
  
"For your own safety Jimmy you may go stay in my office until next hour." Janson knew by Monica's expression that the boy was going to need protection. With a wave of his hand Jimmy cleared his throat and led Chey and Rosa with him around Janson and Darius. Darius was ready to cry as he watched Cheyenne's cute little ass wiggle away, her head on Jimmy's arm. Rosa equally as lofty looking back at Monica with a painful look in her eye. Monica simply gave Rosa a thumbs up. Someone felt that thumb up her ass without it actually being there. Poor Rosa!  
  
"To class the rest of you. Last warning Darius...cool down and get it together."  
  
Seeing his ex-Thelma worried for him she attempted to walk with Darius until he growled, "Get the fuck away from me Bitch." Thelma backed off and pouted. She was not going to get her man back easily.  
  
"Good work Knave." Monica stepped up to Janson. "Now go to your office and jack off in front of Rosa."  
  
"Yes Mistress." Lloyd found it an honor to be told to...handle things on his end.  
  
"So crazy!" Lindsey laughed as Lloyd left them. "How do you do that?"  
  
Monica shrugged, "He likes me."  
  
With next class already started the girls would all be late. In Monica's case...Marion Murray would definitely not bitch the girl out. Amber? Different story! No fair!  
  
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"Sorry we're late Coach." Amber Welch barged ahead of Monica, Monica flirting with the boys on the opposite court slowed her down. Lifting one side of her t-shirt up over her left tit would slow anyone down. Coach Randell seeing her turned the other way to avoid students seeing him get hard, she just had that strong of an effect over him. Today was not his day! Boys and girls alike whistled at Monica boosting her ego into sitting her books on the floor just to free up both hands and inevitably both tits. Amber laughing her ass off stood by Marion Murray and sighed. "Aren't those beautiful?"  
  
"Yes...they...are!" Coach Murray was wiping the corners of her mouth.  
  
"I'm going to hate graduation time, my girl there is tooo awesome. Once we get our diploma she's going to leave us."  
  
"For where?"  
  
"Just saying...college maybe. God I can only imagine the shit she's gonna pull there. So gonna visit her every weekend."  
  
"Go change your panties, your sobs are rerouting.."  
  
"Pffft! Who wears underwear these days." Amber headed on downstairs to the girls locker room. Hearing her comment Marion had to watch Amber and her booty sway, Marion had always thought even Amber was hot for her size. While not huge, her ass certainly had some added lovin'. Let's not mention her huge well documented breasts, no bra those cannonballs were hurling across the battlefield.  
  
"Hey Marion." Monica finally made it over.  
  
"You done you shameless Hussy?"  
  
"Oh not even. Hold my books." She hands them over to Marion with a bubbly reaction. Seconds after Monica Gift had her shirt off and was working on unzipping her tight jeans. Slithering them down to her ankles she had forgotten her shoes. "Oopsie! I'll just shuffle." Reclaiming her books she heard cheers bounding from all angles. Marion had to laugh and hide her expression, again watching a hot little piece walking away so boldly made Marion crazy. She really wanted to take a cell pic but knew the students would see her. Bad move! Not for Coach Randell...he had his video recording even as Monica hopped step by step down the stairs. Marion seeing him motioned, "I want a copy of that." Thumbs up, Marion got her wish before she even gave chase.  
  
"You're insane Gift." Murray called out to Monica just entering the locker room. "Before you get dressed can we talk?"  
  
"Sure! Help me take my shoes off?"  
  
"I can do that." Like a grumbling puppy on steroids Marion hurried to catch up. Following Monica inside Marion found Amber totally nude and taking her time getting dressed. Amber Welch was a rebel just like Monica. At her gym locker Monica entered her combination then tossed her books in, then her t-shirt. Twisting to face Marion with a full frontal view she teased her nipples and lifted her right foot, taking a pant leg with her. "Little help?"  
  
Growling to conceal her dominance Marion kept her words minimal as she crouched to take Monica's tennis shoes off. "You could have kicked these off Gift." Being humbled against her wishes was not making Marion any happier.  
  
"Where's the sexiness in that?"  
  
"Trying to seduce me?" Marion chuckled, her mood lightening up.  
  
"She seduces everybody." Amber laughed.  
  
"You know Gift...I tried like hell to win you at the Slave for a Day Charity. Fuckin' Janson!"  
  
"Yes I am. He's actually pretty good in bed. Eats an awesome pussy." Monica tormented Marion knowing her lesbian side wanted to sample her sweet young twat.  
  
"Not as good as I do."  
  
"Ohhhhh hell!" Amber stayed nude and just stood there hands on her hips.  
  
"I need to talk to Gift alone. Get your ass dressed and go shoot hoops."  
  
"She can hear what you have to say Marion. We're tight!"  
  
"Are we? Are we really?" Amber reached in between her thighs and pried her labia wide to reveal a well used hole. Marion was sweating bullets at the gap.  
  
"You're right. I bet I could easily accommodate a fist." Monica shared her own succulent void. "What were you saying Marion?"  
  
"You sluts make me crazy. I wanna cut you a deal Gift."  
  
"I'm listening."  
  
"My girl Karla's parents own a beach house in Fort Lauderdale. What would you say if I got you the key to hang out there over Spring Break?"  
  
"Whooooa! HELL YES she wants that key." Amber barged in as Marion stood up from removing Monica's shoes. Monica fidgeted at Marion as if mulling it over.  
  
"What do you want in exchange?"  
  
"YOU BITCH!" Marion couldn't resist keeping her yap shut. "Karla and I wanna have a night alone with you."  
  
"So you're buying my services? I'm not bi Marion."  
  
"She is now." Amber sneered at Monica then flared her gaze just as fast, "Hunks from all over Florida."  
  
"I don't know Amber. I kind of like being the boss. Marion here is...bossy."  
  
"Never gonna change Wench." Marion scowls, "Come on Gift...a week in the sun. The house even has a private pool and sauna."  
  
"No chaperones with a Coach's whistle?"  
  
"All to yourselves just don't trash the place."  
  
"Taaaaaaake the deaaaal!" Amber was becoming vicious in demeanor.  
  
"So...what? A threesome with you and Karl?"  
  
"Karla...she's the girly one Bitch."  
  
"I'll take one for the team." Amber changed tactics..."I'm bi."  
  
"Tempting Welch, but Karla and I have our hearts set on tearing Gift here a new hole."  
  
"I tried." Amber gave up in a breath, "Back to you Skank!"  
  
"Hey!" Monica snickered, "I can squeal and deal on my own thank you very much."  
  
"Name it Gift!"  
  
"Are you willing to take one for the team Marion?" Monica smirked devilishly, instantly Marion knew where she was headed.  
  
"A guy? HELL NO!"  
  
"You would be in control!" She winked.  
  
"What part of Dike don't you understand?" Amber added laughing. "Sorry!"  
  
"I know she's a...anyways...I also know you dig control over others." Monica relates, "Just like I do now. You know I've got Janson by the balls right?"  
  
"I've seen his change when you're around. Good job! What are you asking Gift?"  
  
"Wouldn't you just love to get even with Lloyd for all the years of his strict bullshit?"  
  
"Depends on how. I'm almost afraid to hear your counter offer."  
  
"Strap on your big boy pants Marion. I want you to hit Lloyd where it hurts."  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
"Up the ass Dike!" Amber was being a bitch but playfully.  
  
"I'm not afraid to punch you in the nose Welch."  
  
"No name calling...unless it's in the bedroom." Monica chuckled. "I'm good at that. I also like being called names." She teased Marion with a finger under her chin. "I want Knave to respect any thing I make him endure."  
  
"So get a guy for him. I'm not into dudes."  
  
"You know what I've been doing with the yearbook."  
  
"I've picked up on it. Funny as hell actually." Marion grinned, "How come you never asked me to be in any pic?"  
  
"There's our pic."  
  
"Not following."  
  
"Let me take a picture of you hitting Lloyd up the ass with a strap on. I know you have one."  
  
"Bottom desk drawer even." Amber winced with knowledge.  
  
"How the fuck do you know that I have one in my desk?"  
  
"I didn't until now. SUCKER!!" Amber bluffed the woman.  
  
"We've all suspected you did. No biggy Marion."  
  
"Oh it's a biggy." She chuckled. "Follow me. We have twenty minutes of class left. I'll show it off." With her office connected to the locker room there was no cross country trek. Entering her office with the two totally nude young women Marion unlocked her desk drawer and brought out Big Baby, Baby for short, but the dildo was hardly short standing tall at a good ten inches.  
  
"That's huge." Amber bulged her eyes and touched the rubber texture of it. "I wanna try it. Put it in Coach." The busty brunette bent forward over the side of Marion's desk. Chuckling Marion strapped herself in and stroked it like a guy for laughs. "Need lube Welch?"  
  
"I can take it."  
  
"Alright! Watch and learn Gift. Watch and yearn." Easing the dildo up to Amber from behind the stiff crown pushed through her labia and penetrated. Heaving in and out a good seven times Amber was moaning and full of banter.  
  
"Harder Manior...I mean Marion." Her kind of ridicule crossing her being Manly and the donkey Eeyore, she being an ass. Regardless she pinned the tail to the backside with precision.  
  
"You're a pisser Welch." She winked at Monica.  
  
"Squirter too."  
  
"Wanna try it Gift? I'll let you borrow Big Baby to ream ole' Lloyd."  
  
"Nope! You're doing it. I want you in the yearbook fucking Lloyd up the ass. It won't look obvious you'll be wearing clothes. Like all of the photos Jimmy took of the students in compromising positions or hidden nudity. It's called stealth bombing."  
  
"Damn you Gift! I told you I'm not into guys. Even though it would be funny to make an ass out of ole' Janson."  
  
"Well I'm not really into girls either but I'll agree to Karla and you if you do this for me."  
  
"Swear on it?"  
  
"Key to the condo?"  
  
"It's a house, but I'll get it. Karla can sweet talk her parents into anything."  
  
"So can I." Monica bats her eyes.  
  
"Hey! Get busy back there." Amber laughed. Marion gave up and nailed Amber hard until she came around the Baby. Such a good boy!  
  
"You have next hour free...meet me in Janson's office. I'm going to get dressed and head out early. Don't fail me Marion."  
  
"Don't fail us Gift."  
  
"DON'T FAIL ME BABY!"  
  
Amber got another five minutes of tough love.  
  
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Lloyd Janson's private office, far enough from the secretary's to never be bothered unless it was an emergency. The ladies in the steno crew were old and less likely to budge from their desks anyway. Besides they had a TV to watch their soap operas on.  
  
"Holy shit Jimmy!" Cheyenne had endured the hefty Jimmy Newton fucking her missionary on Janson's desk. His unexpected talents and girth were doing their job to the point every girl that had fulfilled their part of Monica's agreement was losing their sanity in a good way. Repulsive or not Jimmy hit and hit hard. His worthy performance was certainly taking her mind off of Darius. Cumming with a powerful climax Cheyenne threw her arms around his neck and clung to him like she was dangling over alligators, nails digging into his shirt sharply.  
  
"Ow!" He mumbled. "That hurts Chey."  
  
"Never thought I'd ever say this but hit me again James." She was really needy suddenly. To her right Rosa stood against the wall by the door whining over why she had to witness this let alone take part at some point. While a wild one at heart Rosa was picky about guys, Jimmy Newton was not remotely her type. Even worse across from her sitting in his desk chair off to the center of his office was Principal Lloyd "Knave" Janson with his pants down to his ankles jerking off, his eyes locked on to Rosa. Cringing under the stress Rosa hadn't even realized her hands were roaming over her body nervously but enticingly just the same. The why would cross her mind in 3...2...1...BAM! BAM! BAM!

Beside her right shoulder the office door was beat on by an aggressive knocker. Everyone in the room bulged their eyes. They knew Lloyd had locked his door and his blind was drawn down to hide anyone within, yet the worry over being busted still made them all freeze like deer in a solar flare. "OPEN UP...IT'S THE POPO!"  
  
Knowing instantly it was Monica Gift, Rosa frowned at Lloyd, he of everyone in the room was less stressed, he hadn't stopped jerking off toward Rosa for longer than two seconds. He was dedicated to fulfilling what Mistress Monica had ordered of him. Of course her yelling outside his door would likely draw attention. He knew he should stop but...he just couldn't. Who needed a job anyway?  
  
Looking out the corner of the blind Rosa was met with extraordinarily huge eyes, well...hooters that is. Monica had her tits pressed up against the window, her areolas like huge eyes. Laughing at her Rosa unlocked the door and let Monica enter. Stepping over the threshold with both hands up under her shirt palming her tits Monica firstly eyed Lloyd seeing him increase his efforts with an expression of yearn toward his Mistress joining them. Blocking the door from being shut Rosa whimpered, "Move!"  
  
"Leave it open until the bell goes off it's more erotic. Look at you go Jimmy." She switched glances toward his cottage cheese ass cheeks jiggling with each downward collision with Cheyenne's trickling cunt. Hearing Cheyenne praising Jimmy made Monica smile, he needed the confidence boost. Turning her attention back on Rosa, Monica grabbed her wrist and took her over to Jimmy planting her hand on his ass cheek. "Jimmy is God for the next hour. Worship him."  
  
"WHAT?" Rosa yelped.  
  
"Pay back Bitch!"  
  
"I soooo fucking hate you Monica." Hearing that Monica smiled devilishly and took it a step further in lifting Rosa's skirt to reveal her own caramel colored butt. "What are you doing?"  
  
"Giving Knave inspiration."  
  
"WHAT?" Repeat performance Rosa leers over her left shoulder at Principal Janson with horror, presuming Monica expected her to fuck him. That's the thought when a girl yanks your thong to your knees unexpectedly. "MONICA!!"  
  
"Quiet down Mi Amiga! Just concentrate on Jimmy."  
  
"Please don't let...him fuck me."  
  
"Not Knave...no worries, but he will cum on your ass. It's only jizz."  
  
"I'm going to tear your eyes out after this." Rosa sneers but diverts her gaze to exploring Jimmy's ass and watching his balls slam into her best friend's thighs. She nearly dry heaved, it was there, just not willing. Behind her stood Lloyd coaxed to his feet by Monica into jerking over Rosa's bottom, Monica holding her skirt up for him. Just as the bell rang both Jimmy and Lloyd nutted hard. Now Rosa heaved and had to step away for a garbage can. Still no hurl just a hover!  
  
Monica swiftly went to shut the door and lock it. Pointing for Knave to take his seat again and keep stroking for another round, Monica moved to the front of the desk and reached down to pet Cheyenne's raven black hair. "Was that so hard?"  
  
"I'm still hard." Jimmy chuckled, "Wanna go again Chey?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"No! It's Rosa's turn. Let my girl up Jimbo."  
  
"Awww maaaan!" He peeled his sweaty body from Cheyenne's glistening beauty, pores literally trying to keep them together. Cheyenne seeing him back out of her cunt and shoot a left behind thread of cum across her clit made her bulge her eyes.  
  
"Shit! He came inside me." Recognition time was not as joyous as the sex itself.  
  
"Knave get over here." Monica barks but plants her palm on Cheyenne's tummy to keep her down. "Step aside Romeo." Jimmy shuffles out of Lloyd's way as Monica points at the thin streak of jizz on Chey. "Clean my girl up Knave."  
  
"Yes Mistress." Lloyd bent forward and licked Cheyenne's cunt clean of Jimmy's cum. Now Jimmy had to seek out the garbage can fighting with Rosa over it. Cheyenne watching Lloyd's tongue lapping her own juices just flopped her head back on the desk and cringed. In her thoughts she said, "I broke up with Darius for this shit?" Monica motioned Lloyd away and assisted Cheyenne up. Once up and sitting both Cheyenne and Monica looked over at Jimmy and Rosa. The trash can no longer in hand Rosa was now sitting in Lloyd's swivel chair and Jimmy was on his knees between her legs.  
  
"He didn't waste any time did he?" Monica chuckled at Chey while rubbing her back to calm her fears. Her shift was over but wasn't in any hurry to get dressed.  
  
"I...fucked Jimmy Neutron." Chey mumbled at Monica then puckered her lower lip, "Am I bonkers for...wanting more of that?"  
  
"Take a number!" Monica smirked, "He's winning you sluts over." A timid nod Chey might just agree with that.  
  
"OH MY GOD! His tongue is fantastic." Rosa knew she was going to regret admitting that. She was still queasy even letting Jimmy Newton near her but that wagging ability was winning her over.  
  
"Knave? Help Rosa out of that skirt and top. Jimmy gets full advantage of all you ho's."  
  
"WHAT?" Rosa belted out her favorite nerve release. Giving in to Lloyd who was unbuttoning her shirt and removing her arms from it, Rosa's huge tits slipped free for Jimmy's eyeballs to enjoy while peering over his brow. His tongue swirling busily preventing him from lifting his head away from her vulva, simply admired her tits.  
  
The skirt was a bit more difficult under her given situation. Knave only able to unzip it in back had no options in removing it from her body. Looking at Monica with defeat, his dick waning at having failed his Mistress he dropped to his knees and cowered over with his face to the carpet. Cheyenne seeing Janson's behavior found a mad respect for Monica.  
  
"I fail you Mistress. I will accept whatever punishment you decree."  
  
"You're useless Knave." She barked but winked at Cheyenne. "I guess Jimmy needs to do the rest. Right Rosa?"  
  
"Yeeeeeessss!" She whimpered with her own divided thoughts on Jimmy's wagger...swagger...no just wagger. "Help me Jimmy." Without his tongue leaving her cunt she lifts her hips and encourages her skirt over her ass and down over Jimmy's face. Leaving it there she at least didn't have to look into his face. Cloaked by the cotton skirt he merely lifted her legs at the knee and guided the skirt over her kneecaps and letting her pull her feet free of it. That damned skirt was now Jimmy's bib. Bon appetite Mister Newton! Minion on a mission Jimmy refused to stop eating her out. Not even a tsunami ended his pleasure, or hers.  
  
Five minutes after the next period bell sounded a knock on the door with a seeming code in it's rap was heard. Monica smirked at Cheyenne as she considered getting dressed. "Chillax Nudey Lou. I invited someone, well...a couple of someone's. Don't panic."  
  
"As long as it's not Darius."  
  
"Nope! But...vengeance will be yours." A wiggle of devious eyebrows Monica moves to the door and double checks on the visitors outside. "Oh, this is gonna be good." Thoughts concealed Monica opens the door and ushers in Coach Marion Murray and of all people...Chey's arch enemy Thelma. Once entering Thelma noticed Cheyenne and tried to retreat but Marion prevented escape.  
  
"What the heck Monica?" Thelma pouted. "Why am I here if Cheyenne is?"  
  
"Because you bitches are gonna dick it out...I mean dike it...I mean duke it out." She then whispered, "Sorry Marion."  
  
"I'm good. Fuck Cheyenne...can I do her too?" Marion mumbled into Monica's ear.  
  
"Another time. You bring Big Baby?"  
  
"I am NOT a big baby." Thelma overheard.  
  
"Big other things." Chey rolled her eyes. "Spill it Gift, why is Thelma here? I wanna know too."  
  
"Because you two need to get it together. We're going to Fort Lauderdale for Spring Break and I won't tolerate any conflict. Either talk this through or you sit here all day in the Principal's office. RIGHT KNAVE?"  
  
"Yes Mistress!"  
  
"Daaaamn!" Coach Murray lifted a brow at how pussy whipped Janson was. "I never knew you were a pussy Janson."  
  
"More than you are Murray." He grumbled against his better judgment.  
  
"WHAT WAS THAT KNAVE?" Monica stepped over to Janson and planted her left foot on top of his head pressing his face into the carpet. "DID I JUST HEAR YOU TALK DOWN TO MY FRIEND MARION?"  
  
"Forgive me Mistress. I shall apologize."  
  
"OHHHHHH NO! THAT DESERVES SOME SERIOUS PUNISHMENT KNAVE. GET THE FUCK UP!" She removed her foot and he hurried to his feet. "BEND YOUR SORRY ASS OVER YOUR...MY DESK!"  
  
"Yes Mistress!" He shuffled around Thelma and Marion, moving behind Cheyenne in her seat on his desktop. Bending over the desk without argument he awaited whatever punishment his Mistress had in mind. Monica was becoming damn good at this role, even though in truth she was all bottom feeder, preferring to be the toy to hot young...older men. Either one!  
  
"Stay put Knave!" Monica turned to Thelma, "Clothes off!"  
  
"Excuse me?" Thelma swallowed gazing at Marion.  
  
"Seen you in the showers Cutie!" Marion chuckled, "No need to be shy now."  
  
"Right! We're ALL friends here...right Cheyenne?"  
  
"Whatever! Get on with this I'm missing classes."  
  
"ALL FORGIVEN!" Knave blurts out.  
  
"From the horses mouth." Monica cast a thumb toward Janson. "No one is getting into trouble. Clothes off Thelma."  
  
"For Jimmy?"  
  
"For all of us. Just do it."  
  
"Uggggggh!" Thelma caved and took her jeans off first then her pull over top. No bra only a bright orange G-string left on her person aside socks.  
  
"Slingshot and bobby's too."  
  
"Dammit Monica." She growled and took her socks off.  
  
"Here let me help you." Marion set her bag on the floor and crouched behind Thelma to pinch and peel her G-string down over her ass enjoying the string slipping through her crack. "Ohh that's nice. Showers never give me a good hard look at you gals."  
  
"Seriously?" Thelma whimpered at Monica.  
  
"Relax Thelma Louise I'm not gonna lick ya, just drive you off that cliff." The Coach chuckled. "Might keep this G-string though. Smells yummy."  
  
"Go for it. I'll never wear that again after this nightmare." Once off of her toes Marion did indeed keep it for lunch. "Fine! Jimmy looks busy." Thelma expected to get stuck with the pudgy nerd but he was still dining on Rosa's cunt, she having squirted three times already beneath his savagery. Her eyes were long lost behind her brow and she could barely even moan anymore.  
  
Monica gripping Thelma's arms from behind now that Marion vacated her sniffing spot, walked her toward Cheyenne until they stood facing one another. "Chey? Crawl backwards and lay on Knave like a pillow."  
  
"You've gotta be kidding." Rolling her eyes Cheyenne just went with it. Janson made a decent enough cushion.  
  
"Thelma sit on the desk." Grumbling at her situation Thelma turned briefly and took Chey's old seat. Monica then lifted Thelma's legs and forcefully drug her around to again face Cheyenne. Legs over one another Thelma yelped nearly falling backwards off the desk but Marion caught her. Curious where this was going Marion nodded her approval. "Alright you two. Enough bickering over who gets whom. You both crush on Darius hard so either fight it out here on the desk or share and share alike."  
  
"She can have Darius." Chey shook her head.  
  
"You know you're crazy in love with him so stop trying to look tough. Duel!"  
  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAT?" They both looked at Monica like she was crazy.  
  
"You heard me. Crush on Darius where he makes you both feel good."  
  
"I am soooo not scissoring with her."  
  
"Scissors cut strings. Either you girls cut the bullshit and get along or Fort Lauderdale is not happening."  
  
"What's this Fort Lauderdale crap?" Cheyenne looked bewildered.  
  
"My gift...for GIFT!" Marion chuckled, "Beach house Spring Break...on me and my girl Karla."  
  
"But only if you two make up. You two were good friends before Darius put a wall up between you. So...slap labia you bitches."  
  
"I like you more and more Gift." Marion smirked.  
  
"What's not to lust?" A ventured wink toward the Coach.  
  
"We doing this or punching Monica out?" Thelma was caving, trying not to laugh. Chey shook her head more and finally invited Thelma closer by using her foot to drag her.  
  
"Let's get this over with so I can go home and get drunk." Chey relented, Thelma sliding in with legs tangling. Once cunts battled the war was in full force, strangely fun for both.  
  
"Hell of a matchmaker Gift." Marion huffed. "We're doing that tonight at my place right?"  
  
"Karla first." Monica razzes the Coach, "Ready to Man Up?"  
  
"No! I'm ready to punch you myself." She sighs then retrieves her bag on the floor. Dragging out her strap on dildo Big Baby, Marion starts to put it on over her pants.  
  
"Ah ah ah! If we're naked you're naked." Monica halts her advancement over the belts.  
  
"You're cutting out my heart Gift." Marion observes Monica facing her while unzipping her pants to tug them and her panties down. Marion being medium build with a bit of pooch in the belly felt insecure until Monica just went for it. Crouching Monica kissed Marion's pubic jungle and licked her clit twice. Standing up again after a shiver she began unbuttoning Marion's shirt whipping it open. A reach around unclasping her bra led Monica to uncup her Coach and kiss her nipples. Marion was all in now! "Let me do this before I lose my nerve. You better not renege suckering me into this Gift."  
  
"SANDY BEACHES!" Monica whoops as she steps behind Marion, grossed out but maintaining good behavior. Team player indeed! Taking Marion's shirt and bra off she left her pants at her ankles. Good enough she thought. Once undressed Marion begins buckling on Big Baby and watching Chey and Thelma really getting into it. Marion so wanted those two cunts. It was all she could do to strap herself in with her big Boy burden. Even glancing over at Rosa crunched up in Janson's chair squealing at being chowed down on made Marion's mouth water.  
  
"Does Newton gotta be in here?" Marion was feeling weird about guys. Bad enough she had to deal with Janson.  
  
"Don't even look at him. You just punish my Knave."  
  
"You can borrow Big Baby and do it yourself."  
  
"I'll borrow him regardless. Now get in there Chump...I mean Champ." A slap on Marion's ass made the lesbian snarl.  
  
"You're gonna pay for that tonight."  
  
"I'll bring my piggy bank, we can both squeal."  
  
"Bringing home the bacon." Marion hissed then took a glance at Janson's ass, "Here's to hog wild." Easing up behind Lloyd he sensed an arrival...emphasis on the rival part of the word. He knew Marion Murray for what she was, and now she knew him for what he was. Neither of them would ever bring this day up in conversation again. Humiliation on both counts.  
  
"Wait!" Monica dug into Marion's bag for a bottle of lube and stroked off Marion. "Feel good Baby?" She giggled at Marion.  
  
"Rock hard Gift!" Shrugging playfully while wincing Monica rubbed lube around Janson's asshole.  
  
"Take it like a woman Knave."  
  
"Yessssss Missssssstressssss!" Each S followed Marion's insertion. She was going to need to borrow that waste can before she was done. The competing ladies on the desk bulged their eyes at seeing Marion fucking Janson up the ass. Hearing Lloyd mumbling, "I live to serve. I live to serve." only made them want to laugh. Enthusiasm rising the girls found it funny to mock one another.  
  
"He's mine!" Chey chuckled rubbing her cunt hard over Thelma's wet slit.  
  
"No! He's mine!"  
  
"MINE!"  
  
"MINE!"  
  
Even Rosa in her lost reality was moaning, "Mine! He's mine!" Jimmy was the Man! While ego thrived Jimmy did picture Sonya. For all of two minutes! Enough eating he stood up and spun Rosa in her chair to roll it back behind Janson's desk where it was still clear. Dragging Rosa to her trembling feet he threw her over Chey and Thelma grabbing Rosa by her hair and penetrating her from behind. Rosa gasped at his big dick ramming deep and looked up at her bestie Chey while mouthing, "OH MY GOD!" Chey nodded, "Yes he is!" Thelma? "Yes Darius is." OH HELL NO! Another CoUNTry heard from.  
  
Monica loved how everyone was bonding. Even Marion found it in her to laugh about it. "How am I doing Lloyd?" Marion huffed, thrusting hard into his ass. All she could hear was a muffled, "I'll live."  
  
"So...6:00 my place?" Marion grinned at Monica.  
  
""Until 9:00!"  
  
"Ha! 6 to 9! 69!"  
  
"I'll ring the door ball." Monica knelt under Lloyd and squeezed his balls until his dick shot up. "Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Anyone home Knave?"  
  
"Knave? I love it. I call Karla Fluffy...cuz she's my pet puss puss!"  
  
"Puss puss! Too funny. Isn't that hilarious Knave?" She jerked his dangling dick like a milk cow's udder.  
  
"Maybe I should call you Moo Moo!" Marion found Mistress Monica's milking technique amusing. "Hurry up and get him off I'm getting winded."  
  
"Does Knave want to cum really, really hard for his Mistress?"  
  
"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! FUCK MY ASS MURRAY!" He lost his composure, feelings mixed over his humiliation.  
  
"Hey! Give me a break Asshole!" She laughed, "Ain't easy fucking the wrong side of pussy." Regardless she added a bit more aggression. "Fire in the whole!" Her hiss had meaning. Seconds later it was a community cum show. All for one! One for all! Lloyd Janson nutted all over Monica's hand as she palmed his crown with a vice like grip. Thelma and Chey flooded one another still mumbling, "Mine! Mine!" Jimmy detonated up inside Rosa like a force of nature she screaming until Chey covered her besties mouth. Another bell ringing closed out the Stock Market.  
  
Hurrying to get dressed everyone congregated at the door until Janson got his shit together in order to appear professional. Monica releasing him as Knave to be himself he looked at her coldly. A swift jab of her finger into his chest he apologized. She smeared his cum all over his face just to make a point. Even as he opened his office door he wore his facial.  
  
Students prowling the halls were curious in seeing Jimmy walk out all smug and looking as if he killed a bear with his...bare hands. Seeing Sonya he changed his demeanor quickly. A sad expression on the redhead's face he decided to face the music. Like a rock star he barged up to her and kissed her hard against a set of lockers. Applause made their day. Too bad she tasted Rosa on his lips.  
  
Darius and his posse loomed nearby too, he observing Thelma and Cheyenne all chummy. Once eyes all met the girls joined forces and swooped in to both hug Darius at the same time. He wasn't certain how to react to hearing their dueling, "Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine!" Another ego rose to new heights. He was gonna get one hell of a threesome after school. Fences were never going to be white picket but at least they weren't barbwire either.  
  
Rosa still reeling from her drama at Jimmy Newton's ferocity wandered the halls like a zombie. It wasn't until she ran into tiny Thea King and her gigantic boyfriend, he saying, "Wait up Baby." that she realized something.  
  
"Oh fuck! I'm not on birth control." Baby better wait up! "No no no no!"  
  
Marion Murray, bag in hand chuckled at Janson's smeared cum all over his face. He glared at her whispering, "Ever do that again...I'll pay you." Marion shook her head and replied, "Not for a million fucks! Bad enough I'm throwing my baby in a dumpster after that." Both ended their banter by calling it as they saw it, "DICK!" His version mispronounced but true.  
  
Monica Gift? She sat in Lloyd's chair and propped her feet on his desk.  
  
It was good to be Queen!  
  
"So many servants so little time!"  
  
Famous last words!  
  
"Shit! I forgot to take a pic of Marion for the yearbook."  
  
That was the wHOLE point!

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