Pam - Eagerly Naked in School

Chapter 1.Pam’s Background

Me

Hi, y’all.I’m Pam.Pamela Fionda.

I finished seventh grade last spring.It was a real struggle getting them to

let me, but I took placement tests the district gives students who move in.As

I expected, but they were surprised, I fit in the advanced placement track of

all the highschool freshman classes.I’m skipping eighth grade.I was the

youngest in the class.My birthday just hit the cutoff date in the first week

of September.Now I’ll be the youngest by more than a year.That won’t hurt

because I don’t look that young.It will hurt a little to leave all my friends

behind in middle school.I made new ones this summer, but very few go to my

highschool.

I’ll be going to Lincoln High.It’s in walking distance like most of the other

places I hang out.The other schools in town are McKinley and Kennedy.Is it

just me or is there a morbid theme in these assassinated presidents?There’s

also the Catholic highschool – Bleeding Heart.None of them are very big –

about 500 students each.

Readers who haven’t seen me are just waiting for the physical description.I

know I would be.Okay, here it is.I’m cute.No – more than cute.My

face is drop-dead knockout gorgeous.I’m big.Well, big in most places but

the opposite of fat.I think the first growth spurt is over.It left me six

feet tall with broad shoulders, a wide chest, a long tiny waist, a cute tight

bubble butt and looong arms and legs.All of that is packed with muscles.

Sounds more extreme than ideal, doesn’t it.Well, I really like showing it off

– most of it, that is.

My growth spurt needs two parts.The first one made me tall and strong.The

second one has just started – I hope.My boobs are high, wide and round.

They cover my whole big chest with good sized areolas and responsive nipples.

They feel soft, but so does the rest of my skin.They just don’t stick out

very far.Fried eggs stick out more.Maybe, with the built-up swimming pects

under there, they would fill an A cup.Jiggle?Not even when I jump and land

hard.

The public decency law finally got changed in this state – about three years

late.It went into effect at the end of last school year.That’s the last

time I wore a stitch.I have a light overall tan to prove it.Summer’s hot

here and I don’t stay at home.

I’m into sports as much as into school studies.You’ll notice that all the

activities I’m good at need quickness.That’s paramount in karate and my

quickness makes simple moves effective.Volleyball and basketball in school

need quickness more than speed.At soccer, I’m the goalkeeper – just the spot

for a tall, quick player.My best swimming events are sprints.I get that

stuff and go with my strength.

I’m a lifeguard.I’d be too young normally, but with this new pool complex

they needed more guards than they had.The Parks department was desperate and

took anyone who could pass the test.They took me ahead of older students,

even boys.Is that because I could get 280 pounds of man-shaped blubber out of

the pool or because I did it naked?In any case, they assign me to the pool

used mostly by teens.

The nakedness isn’t that embarrassing.It feels great and the attention is a

lot of fun.Just where is the line between extrovert and exhibitionist?

There were only a few times I felt uneasy.One was the first time I wore a

tampon to the pool.You know how it is.I wear one of those for a few days

every month.When I first got my period, I couldn’t get the tampon in and

couldn’t do lots of stuff with just a pad.I got the doctor to cut me open.

It was a hurt I’d have to face someday and was really worth it so I could keep

up with all my sports any day of the month.The uneasiness came when the

tampon strings showed.That lifeguard perch gives everyone an eyelevel view

right into my pussy.I don’t try to hold my legs closed – not worth the

effort.I started to get second thoughts when the snickering started.

“What happens if I pull your string?” asked a boy who thought he was being

smart.

I couldn’t let him get to me.The lifeguard is supposed to be in charge.

“You get a handful of stinky red crap.Want some?” I answered and spread my

legs really wide, offering it to him.The horrified look on all the boys ended

that.

Mom

I live with my single Mom in our own house in a fine but not fancy neighborhood.

We get along with all the neighbors now, but it wasn’t always so.Mom took a

lot of flack, mostly over me with her never being married.We moved a few

times, won some people over and ignored the rest.

Fionda is Mom’s maiden name – Caroline Fionda.She stayed home to care for me

until I started school, then got a part time job.When I could take care of

myself, she got a great job.Now at 45, she’s the maitre d’ and assistant

manager at the fanciest downtown restaurant.She puts her knockout figure in a

fancy evening gown five days a week from four to midnight.I don’t see her on

school days when she works.She works weekend evenings, so we’re together

those days, her evenings off and in the summer, but almost never on holidays.

We’re really close because we work at being close when we can.We talk a lot

about everything and we do things together.Here’s the routine of our days

this summer

I got up early, ate a little, quick breakfast and got to the pool complex.The

next two hours were swim team training – laps, entry dives, flip turns and more

laps at sprint pace.We have a great coach and he’s paying more attention to

me since summer began.Do you think it’s that I’m stronger and faster or that

I’m naked?

After that, I went back home for a bigger breakfast with Mom.We took an early

karate class.It’s pretty advanced.Our belts are black, and Mom’s a third

degree.We both do the class naked.Guys think it might be nice to work with

us at first, you know, to check us out.They don’t often come back for seconds

after being partnered with either of us for one class.The master has to make

them work with us so we don’t get stuck with each other too often.It’s fun

when we work together, but we don’t learn as much as when there’s variety.

Mom’s still doing morning karate, but I have to drop it to make time for sports

in school.I’ll be lucky to get there on Saturdays.

We worked out together at the health club after karate.We don’t need much

warmup or aerobic work, so we did an hour with weights.Presses, curls,

thrusts, crunches and all that have worked.I’m packed with muscles.So’s

Mom, but she has softer, thicker skin over them.Mine show and ripple.My

abs are really spectacular all the way down to my mound.I think some guys

don’t like that look or that I can bench press them.From all the stares I

get, there are a lot of guys who do like it.They’re the ones who interest me.

We had some time for whatever before lunch – shopping, errands, whatever.

Electrolysis – my pussy is permanently bald and ready for the Program.Lunch

was the last I saw of Mom on her work days.After lunch I went to work back at

the pool complex.I did an afternoon and evening shift guarding with a supper

break in between.I mostly sat there.It’s not strenuous until someone needs

a rescue.

Dad

What’s Dad’s name?Don’t know.That’s an occupational hazard in Mom’s former

profession.It could be any of six guys, but we only know two of their names.

There was a batch of pills made with no estrogen at all.That company got

sued and pays a lot of child support, including mine.The condom was either

bad or put on wrong, too.I am sooo glad we don’t have to worry about those

anymore.The one guy we all hope is my Dad pays, too.He paid so Mom

wouldn’t have to work while she raised me.There’s some resemblance, so we

really think he’s the guy and he likes the idea.He likes me and I make him

proud.His wife knows and accepts me, but her family would be hurt by a

scandal.I won’t be outing them in this journal.

Dad and Wife, as I’ll call them, took me to supper last Monday for Labor Day.

Mom had an extra long day, so she was agreeable.I dressed up in shiny,

strappy sandals instead of my usual sneakers and took a patent leather clutch

purse instead of the usual little pack around my waist.The big deal was

makeup.Not the dab of cover-up on some zit – my eyes.That’s all the makeup

I need – eye liner, very light mascara and light shadow.Emphasis on the

‘light.’It’s just enough to change me from gorgeous to spectacular.

They don’t pick me up at home in front of the neighbors or even take me anywhere

in this town.The limo picked me up.The old chauffeur stared at me as I

walked and got a great look as I stepped into the car.He fumbled with the

door.He noticed when I pulled a little towel from one compartment of my purse

and put it down to sit on.I noticed how much trouble he had in his pants when

he tried to sit.He fumbled with the keys starting the car, fumbled with the

gearshift and almost ran us into the neighbor’s mailbox.Nudity has its

hazards.After he calmed down and got on the road, he adjusted the mirror for

a better view of me in the back seat.

Dad and Wife were waiting outside the general aviation terminal at the airport –

where the private planes are.I’ve done this enough to know to wait.The

chauffeur came around and opened the door, staring all the time I was climbing

out.I stood behind the door with its heavily tinted window so all Dad and

Wife could see was my face.

“Oh! So beautiful!” Wife gasped.

See where I get the idea that I’m cute?My face lit up with a bright red

blush.Dad’s face lit up, too, with a smile.Then I stepped from behind the

car door.Wife didn’t quite stifle the scream by putting her hand over her

mouth.Dad’s jaw dropped.The chauffer rolled his eyes.That was old stuff

to him by then.He just closed the door and left.I was facing those two

adults in the altogether with a blush running down to my navel and both nipples

out as stiff as they can get.That’s what happens when I’m embarrassed.

Nudity and teasing don’t get that from me, but compliments do.

“Oh, dear,” Wife finally managed.“Are you really one of those nudes?”

“Yes, ma’am.I haven’t worn anything since the law changed,” I answered trying

to keep from rolling my eyes.

“Didn’t you see her in that news report?” Dad tried to remind her.“Oh.Of

course not.That’s when you were in New York.It was about the new pools and

all the lifeguards.Pam was featured for making the most rescues that month.

The nudity was incidental, but they played it up.They wondered how many of

the rescued were really in distress.”

That didn’t help the blushing any, so I asked, “Can we please just go?”

Dad waved to the pilots as we went through the terminal.They were already

through security, so they went to the plane and got started with pilot stuff.

Yes, there’s security in the general aviation terminal.Like in the airline

terminals, it’s pretty good and we hardly see it.Just after I walked through,

this uniformed guy came out and stopped me.Everyone wondered how I could hide

anything dangerous.He asked to see my shoes.Of course.The shoes.The

only things I have on have to be what’s dangerous.

Dad started to throw his influence around, but I didn’t think it would do any

good.I didn’t need his help either.I kissed Dad on the cheek and whispered

that it was okay.That left me with my back to the security guy.I bent over

at the waist and unbuckled one shoe.That guy got a real eyeful of my ass and

bald labia from the back.When I stood up, Wife was looking at me horrified.

Dad was scowling at the security dude.I turned and handed him that shoe.I

put the other foot on the arm of a nearby chair.That spread me wide open and

gave him a view from the front.He checked the shoes very briefly.That’s

what pissed Dad off – it was just too obvious.I gave the security guy another

round of the same show when I put the shoes back on.Meanwhile, Dad talked to

the security manager.The guy’s eyes went wide when we all heard the word

‘unprofessional’ from the office.

Dad had arranged a small plane this time.There were three of us in a plane

with room for four.I pulled out the little towel to sit on again.Wife

noticed and smiled at how thoughtful I am.Hey, that wasn’t my first day

naked.The jet plane is pleasantly quiet, so we had a good conversation.I

told about my seventh grade and summer.I asked them about their interests.

I got clues about his from the business pages of the newspaper.The society

pages tell about hers.I did a little reading in library books and on the web

over the weekend so I could keep up a good conversation.They were impressed.

That’s the stuff that gives them pride and makes them like me.

The flight to a nearby city took almost an hour, then a little limo ride took us

to the restaurant.This is one of those well run places like Mom’s.The

maitre d’ greeted Dad by name and showed us right to the table.I went to pull

the little towel from my purse again, but the maitre d’ beat me to it.He put

his towel in my chair.

“Oh,” I was a little surprised.“Thank you so much.”

“I hope you’re not offended, ma’am,” he said.

“Oh, no.I was about to use my own,” I said showing him my towel.“Not

offended and way flattered at being called ma’am.”

I made a note to ask Mom whether she gave that service.

Dad suggested steaks.Wife and I agreed, so he ordered filet mignon around and

a bottle of red wine.While Dad was checking the cork and first sip of the

wine, the waiter asked if we would all be having some.Dad let him off the

hook with, “I’ll pour, thank you.”There were already wine glasses at all the

places.There was suddenly wine in mine.

That one glass of wine lasted me all evening.It worked to loosen me and I

talked more about being naked.I also tried to explain the Program as I

understood it.Wife needed three glasses of wine and the conversation took all

of dinner and the trip home before she start accepting the ideas.She

understood them.Accepting them was another matter.By the time we took our

separate limos, we were all on very good terms with it.We separated with hugs

and kisses around.

The Program

That’s almost all the background.The active day with a lot of working out

explains the extreme body.Am I perfect?Not quite.From this side of the

eyes, I see three problems.First, I’m conceited.I really do think I’m

great and gonna get better.The other problems will be fixed.

One I thought would be easy to fix is that I’m a virgin.Highschool boys would

hit on me at pool closing time.I am naked after all.They were a little too

careful.They found out how old I’m not and word got around.They looked,

but didn’t touch me.I touch me.I’m ready to be touched more and I’m ready

to not be a virgin.All the responses are there.My body does all the stuff

the books and Mom tell about.And. I. Like. It.

The last problem is this damned flat chest.The first guy I tried to date this

summer got to second base.He complimented me on my nipples and their

response, but wondered what they’re connected to.He figured out the too-young

thing from that and spread the word.Damn these flat boobs.

Mom has a couple of dozen of those evening gowns, each with its own way to show

off her 40D cleavage.I tried one on.It needs boobs to stretch it tight.

It fell off.“Maybe someday,” I sighed.She caught me.

“Like mother, like daughter,” she said.“I tried on my mother’s stuff when I

was your age.Had that figure then, too.I got these when I was 14, so you

might not have to wait too long.”

The mother to daughter inheritance worked for being tall and strong.Maybe it

will for the boobs, too.Her point is that, since her boobs are real, there’s

hope for me.

I mentioned the Program above.I’ve read and heard a lot about how it goes in

other states.Besides Mom, my idols are Karen Wagner and Beth Finch.I want

the Program to mean as much to me as it did to them, at least what they told of

it.

That’s the point of this journal – telling my story like they did.I’m

starting this section on me and my background Sunday evening.School starts

tomorrow.A month ago, we got the pamphlet.You know the one with the naked

couple on the cover and all the rules inside.Mom and I both like the idea.

She noticed how I react to comments about my nudity – with grace and poise when

they’re negative, with pleasant joy when they’re positive and with those blushes

when they’re compliments.She thinks that’s just what the other students

should see.She suggested I volunteer for the first group.I’ve been

thinking about what sort of example to set ever since.

I do have a unique thought about the Program.It came across at first like a

school course – vocational training for Mom’s old profession.In the Program,

I’m sure to lose that ol’ virginity.Can’t wait.Mom and I both signed the

volunteer forms.We got the doctor to fill in my shot records. Highschool

provides birth control shots, so I don’t need to see the doctor that often

anymore.

I took the forms in before lunch one day last week.Mr. Carlson, the

principal, knows me from the grade-skipping flap.He’s okay with it, but had

to be in the middle of those who weren’t.I think he got to like me and he was

surely happy to see me naked.While the secretary was checking over the forms,

he came out of his office for a chat ... and a good look.

“Good morning, Mr. Carlson,” I greeted him cheerfully.

“I know you’re anxious to start here, Pam, but that’s not until Monday.What’s

up?” he asked.

“Oh, just turning in these forms for the program, sir.Volunteering,” I

answered.“What are my chances for the first week?”

“We’ll pick some people on Friday.The first few weeks will be all volunteers.

Your chances are fairly good sometime in September,” he said.

“I really like being naked, sir.Did it all summer, even at work.I saw you

at the pool and saw you looking at me.Just think.If I can work nude like

that, wouldn’t I be a great example in the first week of the Program?” I

suggested.

Actually there were very few others nude around the pool – only one other girl

lifeguard.That was even after we tricked some, dared others, offered to let

them put sunscreen on me and even rigged some to lose bets.A few more girls

and some boys got out of their suits that way, but only for a day.There were

several women and girl swimmers and two noticeable boys who were naked

regularly.We few nudes really stood out.In my case, sat out perched on a

high chair overlooking the pool.They gave me the chair at the shallow end.

A big gang of guys would stand in the water and gawk at the show.The view was

great in both directions.Those boys hang their shorts really low.Maybe the

Program will help them feel comfortable swimming naked by next summer.

I heard some of their comments.The compliments made me blush.Some of the

boys noticed my nipples pop out when I blush, so they poured on the praise.

Others got rude about what they wanted to do with me, where they wanted to stick

things and how they wanted me to suck them.That bothered me, but not the way

you’d think.It made those thoughts run in my imagination and fluids run in my

pussy.It took some effort to stay focused on my water, watch all those

swimmers and keep my hands out from between my legs.The point is that I could

function in the nude with all that going on.

Mr. Carlson and I talked some more about the sort of example that would help the

Program work well.I may have convinced him that my sort of enthusiasm would

be a great start.

“You know I’ll just be naked anyway,” I concluded holding my arms a little away

from my sides.

“Be a little careful.There’s a catch,” he warned.“The Program rules say

that a participant has to strip at the start of participation.We’ve heard

that means the participant has to start dressed.We’re afraid that if you’re

already naked, your week won’t count.Be sure to wear something at least to

start Monday.You won’t need to keep it on after the participants strip, but

you’d need it again the next Monday if that’s when you’re chosen.

“I can’t promise anything, Pam, but it might give you a head start.All the

first week participants will be assigned to write a journal about themselves and

about their week.You might want to get started on it.Put down what you

think your goals for the week are, then we’ll see how well they’re met.”

“Ooh.I already know two goals.Mostly I gotta lose my virginity.No more

missing out or being told I’m too young.Do you think the Program has anything

for my other goal – to get my boobs to grow?” my answer kind of shocked Mr.

Carlson.

“Time will take care of your figure, Pam.What does your Mom think of that

first goal?”

“She remembers her teens with the raging hormones, sex going on all around her

and being told she was too young.She tells me about all those so I’ll know

she understands.All she says about me doing it is ‘The first time can be

great or horrible, depending mostly on your own attitude.Hope you enjoy it.’

I think I have a great attitude – just what I need for the Program.”

Just then a beautiful nude woman in her twenties strolled into the office.

She’s almost as tall as I am, in great shape and almost as strong looking as

Mom.She and Principal Carlson greeted each other, then she looked me up and

down.She had a look like she was salivating over me.

I gave the principal a quizzical look, then he introduced, “Donna, this is Pam,

our youngest student.Coach Reeves does PE, varsity volleyball, JV basketball

and soccer.”

“Oh, yeah.The grade skipper,” she said, still looking hard at my body.

“What’s your sport?”

“Umm, I played volleyball, basketball and soccer in seventh grade, all on the A

team.I also do karate and I’m on the parks department swim team.To answer

your real question, ma’am, I will be trying out for volleyball on Monday,” I

told her, then to the principal, “Sorry to cause you more trouble.When I make

the team, you’ll have to change my schedule.”

At this school, sports count as PE and the last hour PE class is reserved for

team practices.Anyone who makes a team is scheduled for that hour and has to

change if it wasn’t planned.New freshmen can plan for athletic PE if they’re

recommended by eighth grade coaches.I didn’t have that chance.

“Hmm.Let’s see,” mused Coach Reeves, still with the looking.“Volleyball.

Six feet tall.Strong, eager, confident, and Six. Feet. Tall.How about

putting her in athletics right now.She has my recommendation.If she didn’t

learn the eighth grade stuff, we’ll teach her.”

I totally blushed at that.I got red from my face to my navel and my nipples

stiffened again.They all noticed.The principal and secretary looked

sympathetic.Coach Reeves salivated some more.

“Okay, Donna.For you.Pam, stop in here first thing Monday.Program or

not, you’ll get a new schedule.Throw away the one we mailed,” the principal

is decisive.

He nodded to the secretary.She scurried off to file the forms and work on my

schedule.

“Thank you, sir.Thank you, Coach Reeves,” I said.That’s the real me.The

sucking up is natural.

“Are you ready to talk about uniforms, coach?” the principal asked as I went

bouncing out.

“Yes, sir.And model our idea,” she held out some pieces of cloth – very small

pieces of cloth.

I just finished trying on some clothes for tomorrow, just to cover that catch.

Damned growth spurt.Nothing fits.Blouses and shirts won’t go around my

shoulders. Knicker waistbands won’t stretch over my hips. I found one spandex

skirt that will go around me, but it comes out micro- mini length and stretched

enough to see through.I would so rather be naked.

I still needed help with a top.I took the laundry basket full of everything

else down to Mom.The “I have nothing to wear” is literal this time.Mom was

sympathetic as always and we talked about where I wanted to donate the discards.

“If you’re desperate enough to wear that skirt, I might have somethin’ for you,”

she offered after the chance to think.

She got this huge tank top.She says it’s expendable because it’s too big for

her.At least her boobs hold it on.If I let one strap fall down my arm, the

other one stays up, but ...

“Maybe a little pin right here will keep that nipple covered,” Mom suggested.

It worked, so I have something to strip off tomorrow.It’ll be my biggest day

yet.I start highschool a year early; I turn 14 and am finally legal; and, oh

I hope, I start the Program.

Oh, yeah – the goals.Here’s what I want to get out of the first week:

First and most important, I must lose my virginity.

Then I’ll have lots of sex.

I want to impress the teachers and earn their respect as a good student.

I will grope and be groped.

I want to make the volleyball team by playing well, not by being tall.

I want to learn lots of ways of doing sexy things.

I will keep up swim team as I did all summer.

I want the reputation as the school slut for doing it with lots of people.

I will be nice to everyone and still be popular.

Did I mention a lot of sex?

I want to set a healthy example for Program participants to follow.

That means having lots of sex, doesn’t it?

Looks like the Naked in School Program and sex are big parts of my goals.Hey,

it is my vocational training, after all.

Pam, Eagerly Naked in SchoolMonday Morning

Chapter 2.Monday Morning

The clock went off, I got up and went to the pool.Nothing unusual there, even

with me naked as I’ve been since Spring.I still bopped and bounced down the

street and waved to the usual people who saw me.One unusual thing was my

bookbag - a backpack now stuffed with a few necessities.It holds my good

court shoes for volleyball tryouts, a bunch of little soft towels, a zip-lock

bag for used towels and those clothes I have to wear.It’ll fill with books

later.The undercurrent of anxiety was unusual, too.It’s a big day - I

start highschool, I hope I start the Program and Mr. Lenke, the swimming coach,

told everyone on the team about the other thing.

He blew his whistle, beckoned all of us out of the pool and announced, “Come

back here after the ‘celebration’ but now birthday girl - raise your hand.”

This team has a little tradition - on your birthday you get thrown in by all the

teammates of the opposite sex.I raised my hand sheepishly.By the time it

got to my nose, the boys had their hands all over me.Those boys have been

swimming with the naked me for three months.They’ve seen plenty of me and I

see them in their Speedos every day.None of them ever touched me before, but

they really touched this time.Hands first went to my shoulders, butt and

legs.When they got me overhead, they were holding me up by hands to the

shoulders, boobs, legs, abs and one right on my mound.

I squealed and shrieked, but not out of fear or because anything hurt.It was

for entertainment - theirs and mine.No dunking is any fun if the dunkee is

cooperating.I also spread my legs.They got a better look and more of them

could reach some part of me.Each hand holding up a leg was matched by another

hand on my inner thigh.Those felt as good as the one on my mound.I was

wiggling a lot, but not to get away.

Now, I’m big and heavy - six feet tall, 165 pounds and all muscle.They

couldn’t throw me far.The mass of boys holding me up moved around to get me

broadside to the pool and right to the edge.Two of the younger guys - about

eleven - were caught between that mass and the pool.Everyone was looking up

at me.The little guys ran out of deck and fell in.The boys rolled me off

their hands and dropped me into the water.My last squeal was as much protest

over them taking their hands away as it was about the drop.

Just as the two little guys came up gasping for air, I landed on them.They

gasped water.I was still the center of attention when I came up.

“You okay, birthday girl?” the coach always asks after one of those.

The two young boys surfaced then, obviously not okay.They were sputtering,

thrashing and coughing up water.The lap pool there is over five feet deep and

these two couldn’t stand.They were panicking and maybe with good reason.

Over the summer I pulled out two rescues with water in their lungs.These two

were just like those.Lifeguarding kicked in.I grabbed both those boys by

their asses and held them up to me.As panic victims will, they grabbed my

neck and held on for dear life.There’s a stairway at the side of that first

lap lane.I just carried them out of the pool, one in each arm.They didn’t

get any thrill out of it because they were having enough trouble breathing.

Coach Lenke and I laid them head down on the wheelchair ramp beside some steps,

just like I’d done with those other rescues.The coach probably knows this

stuff, but this was the first accident on his swim team.I’ve been doing this

stuff all summer.

“Parks Department policy, coach.We need paramedics and their parents.It’s

my rescue, so I’ll stay with them,” I prompted him.

“This is our first day with the team.We didn’t expect that for your

birthday,” said the first boy between coughs while we waited.

“Didn’t expect you to be naked, either.Aren’t you that lifeguard?The naked

one?Now we don’t even get to see you,” complained the other, trying to sit up

to get a better view.

“Oh.Here.Check this out.You’ll see more of me if you don’t let this

scare you away from the team,” I answered.

I was sitting on the ramp between them.I got up on my knees so they could see

as much as they wanted.The boys whispered ‘wow’ and said that they weren’t

scared away.They stared until more people came.

Professionals that they are, the paramedics were there in minutes taking care of

the boys when the parents arrived.Bureaucrats that they are, the city sent an

accident investigator.I’d dealt with the paramedics and that investigator on

almost every rescue.She gave me the benefit of the doubt when I took blame

for causing the accident by falling on the boys.She wrote it up as

carelessness due to youthful exuberance and noted the quick lifeguard action.

Coach Lenke still has to write stuff for their files.

I heard one of the boys say while he was being wheeled to the ambulance, “See,

Mom.The naked lifeguard IS a good one.”

The coach had the swimmers staying warm doing easy laps.When we were ready,

he called everyone together.We were to do a mock meet.There would be two

heats of sprint events today with finals tomorrow along with the distance

events.We were getting a late start, so there would only be one final of 400

meter events and Coach Lenke would have to approve the entries.He already had

the electronic timer on and set.

“You’re not just racing each other,” he said.”We’re checking you against the

winning times at state and regionals.Even when you’re ahead, don’t let up.

We’re also averaging heats and finals.Don’t let up.Finish each race

strong.

“First eight for the 100 meter freestyle, on the blocks,”

Eight eager swimmers took to the starting end of the pool.I got in the nearby

adult pool and re-did my warmup.I was ready for the second heat.I brag

about how strong I am.Here’s a chance to brag about the swimming.I use my

long reach, the length of my body and very strong shoulders and lats.I

trained hard over the whole summer and it shows.I won every heat, even

beating older boys.The heats went through freestyle, backstroke, breast

stroke and butterfly for 100 meters, then 200 meters.There was almost enough

chance to rest between heats when the first group was in.I really left it in

the pool.I had nothing left after the 200 meter fly.

I felt proud of those heats.Not only did I win, but I did my absolute best.

I remembered my times and looked them up later.They all would have placed in

state meets over the last few years.They wouldn’t all be gold, but I’d have

eight medals.

I didn’t feel so puffed up then.I was worn out, hungry, and had to get to

school for breakfast.The plan was to eat in the cafeteria, then dress and

show up at the office.I showered at the pool, left my wet hair in a pony

tail, grabbed my bag and walked the two blocks.

This was a new route for me and a new group of regular commuters going to work.

I expected more of the ‘slut’ and ‘get dressed, bitch’ but I got way more than

usual smiles, waves and encouragement.Those cheerful supportive greetings got

smiles, waves and “good morning” from me.The invective just got smiles.

There was more of that going on when I got to school.Almost a hundred

students were eating or in line and most of the faculty was sitting around

sipping coffee.

I heard a lot of “That’s her.””You go, girl.””Damn, she IS naked.”

Everyone was smiling at me or gaping at my nudity.I don’t mind being the

center of attention, but I’d like to know what it’s about.I got to the end of

the line.The boys there went non-verbal and just stared.All the ads,

pictures and TV portrayal of nudity didn’t prepare them to see a bare bald pussy

up close and personal.

A girl finally came along who could tell me.Anything even a little bit

exciting is news in our small city.The TV stations found out about the

rescue.They interviewed those boys’ mothers at the hospital.The ladies

were very complimentary when they mentioned my name.The stations showed those

interviews and footage of me from that time in the summer.That’s when I got

puffed up.

There was a seat at the table with all those boys who had been in front of me in

line.I set down the tray, put a towel from my bag on the chair and sat with

them.I was all smiles and tried to get them to talk.They managed to get

introductions out between the stares and drooling.These guys really need the

Program.I had about as much trouble with the food as I did getting those guys

to interact.

Gotta explain now about the cafeteria and my normal cuisine.In the summer Mom

cooks breakfast, but it was usually later than this.I don’t have time to walk

home and to school after swimming.I’m used to great food at other meals, too.

Mom brings carry-out boxes from her restaurant every night with a meal for my

next supper.Yes, she pays for them, but not full menu price.I get

delicious, well prepared food in fancy rich sauces.Now I’m in the school

cafeteria.It turns out to be true that ketchup covers any culinary sin.Of

the eggs, potatoes and sausage, only the sausage doesn’t get ketchup.It has

grease.I mentally check the calorie balance.This might make up what I

burned on those heats, but I’ll need a big lunch.

Coach Reeves came over as I was leaving the cafeteria.Her eyes were all over

me again.Another naked teacher was with her, introduced as Mrs. Miller, a

biology teacher and my homeroom teacher.That’s news, but not unexpected

considering the schedule change.

“I thought you would wear clothes this morning, Pam,” said Coach Reeves.

“In here,” I answered hoisting the book bag.”I’ll put them on, then go to the

office.”

“I’ll mark you present, Pam,” said Mrs. Miller.

My eyes lit up and my mouth dropped open.She didn’t expect me to get to

homeroom after that visit to the office.

“Really?I’m in the program?” I cried.

“Oops.Shouldn’t have said that,” Mrs. Miller said.”We don’t want to give

anyone a chance to run away.”

“Don’t worry about her, Teresa.She’s been begging for it,” Coach Reeves

defended me.”Go on, Pam.Get dressed.”

I struggled into that stupid skirt.I needed more wiggle room than that toilet

had.I went out in front of the sinks and tried to squirm into that thing.I

made it.The super-stretched spandex went all around my butt.It covered

from the top of my crack to the top of my legs.When I stood straight, it

covered my pussy.I slipped on the huge top and pinned it under my arm to hold

it closed.If I leaned forward at all, the top separated from my chest and

gave a view all the way to the floor.Damned flat boobs.A check in the

mirror brought only a sigh.I’d really rather be naked.I put on a little

eye liner and started for the office.

I learned to sort-of trust the skirt while I walked to the office.The hems

were above and below the full part of my bubble butt.It wasn’t going to ride

up or down without a struggle.Wish I felt as confident about that top hanging

by one stringy strap.At least I have something to strip off.Stupid program

rule!

I got to the office among a stream of others being closely escorted by their

teachers.The secretaries took their names and directed them to one of the

four counselors.I was going to take longer, so they made me wait.One of

them finally got the chance to find my new schedule and I was told to go to Mr.

N’Dantu’s office.

This is better than I expected.Jason N’Dantu is one of the friends I left

behind in middle school.I’ve been to his house and met his folks before I

started going naked.He’s also one of the boys who regularly swam naked at the

pool.He really stood out with his nearly black skin and perpetual erection.

I tried to talk to him at the pool lots of times.I still had this virginity

to lose.By the time I got a break every day, his father had come to take him

home.It looked from my lifeguard chair like Mr. N’Dantu supported Jason and

encouraged him to go naked.I knew the father worked in the school system

somewhere.Now I know where and I think he’ll be a great one to counsel

Program participants.

His place is down a hallway in the office complex where the nameplate can’t be

seen from the main desk.I went down that hallway and into the office as happy

as could be.He was waiting for me with his usual pleasant disposition,

beaming smile and bright white eyes.

The three students in there with him weren’t quite so bright.The girl and two

boys looked me in the eye.That’s the first time in months that someone I was

just meeting looked at my face. They looked at me with apprehension and maybe a

little fear.My smile said that I was genuinely happy to be there and I was

happy to be with them.That worked a little.The smiles they returned might

have been weak and sheepish, but they were smiles.One guy was really big and

great looking.The other two looked almost alike - medium build with identical

red hair and green eyes, but of course one was a boy and the other a girl.

“Good morning, Mr. N’Dantu.Can I strip now?” I greeted him.

“Good morning to you, Pamela.Please sit for now.The stripping will come

soon enough,” he answered.

He’s an immigrant from Kenya and speaks with a strong accent that’s mostly

British.

The other three students were sitting along the wall in front of his desk.The

remaining chair was along the side wall where it faced all of them.I went to

that chair and tried to sit.The skirt had other ideas.It struggled.I

won.The skirt seam split from hem to hem.Not only did it show my bare

pussy to all in front of me, but one side of my ass was now sticking out.Mr.

N’Dantu looked concerned for me.The other students were horrified, picturing

themselves enduring that embarrassment.I laughed my ass off.That broke the

tension and the others joined in laughing with me.

Mr. N’Dantu spent several minutes going over the Program rules.Check the

brochure if you don’t know them.He added some things that may be just for

this school.

“There are reserved chairs in the cafeteria for Program participants,” he

explained.”They are marked by towels draped over them.There are pairs at

three of the tables.You must sit in the reserved chairs with your partner at

the same table.Other student will have to mix with those in the Program since

there are not enough chairs in the cafeteria to leave any table empty.

Likewise there are reserved lockers in each gym locker room.They are

scattered to maximize mixing and exposure, but always with two program

participants near each other.You are to be on display to the rest of the

school and should not congregate with only your fellow participants.

“You are to know how this first week’s participants were chosen.We chose

athletes - those in athletic PE - who volunteered and who are in the most

advanced placement tracks in their grade. You four are in all AP tracks.Your

schedules differ only in the art elective, actually.We were trying to select

the popular leaders of the school.We appear to have succeeded.This group

includes half of the class officers.It is up to you, therefore, to give the

Program a good start and set the example for participant behavior.

“Now for the stripping.I want each of you, one at a time in order, to remove

your clothes and place them in this box.Remain standing while you tell about

yourself - age, sport, outside interests and most important what you expect to

get out of the program.You are all volunteers after all.

“How could we start with anyone other than Pamela?If you would, please.”

I popped up out of that chair like I couldn’t wait.That’s because I couldn’t

wait.I grabbed the lower hem of that skirt and tore it apart.Same with the

upper.That skirt didn’t go in the box.It went into Mr. N’Dantu’s

wastebasket.The top followed.My smile grew wider and brighter the less I

wore.All eyes were on me, but none were on my face anymore.I talked fast

about myself hoping to keep their interest.I covered age, grade-skipping, my

sports, lifeguarding, my birthday and ...

“And I’ve gone naked since the law changed.I was having this growth spurt

last spring.By the end of the school year, I was cutting things off and

splitting seams for enough to wear at the end of the school year.I kept

growing.Last night, the only thing that covered my ass was that stupid skirt

and the shirt was one Mom’s throwing away.I won’t be dressing at the door on

the way out,” I finished.

My look asked Mr. N’Dantu if that was satisfactory and he prompted, “What are

your expectations - your goals for the week in the Program?”

“Oh, yeah,” I said.”I feel pretty good about my body even if I could use a

pair of boobs.The most important thing I want is to lose my virginity.

After that first time, I want to learn about a lot of sexy stuff and enjoy a lot

of sex with a lot of people.”

The others blushed at that.Don’t know why.Nobody could need to learn that

stuff more than a flat-chested virgin.

I sat down and the red-haired boy was next.He’s Kelly O’Connell.He’s 15,

normal age for a freshman around here.His sports are cross-country running

and baseball.That’s how he looks - lean and fast.He’s medium height,

actually a little shorter than me.He was in knee-length shorts and striped

pull-over shirt.Then he was in very brief bikini underwear, but only briefly.

The view was enjoyable.His muscles are wiry and he has absolutely no fat

anywhere.If he didn’t work out, he’d be too bony.He was nervous when he

stripped and started talking even faster than I did.He didn’t hesitate to

strip and didn’t hide anything, so he wasn’t that ashamed.He relaxed as he

went along and looked a lot more comfortable.

At the end he was saying that he saw me at the pool - and he admired me.He

looked at me as he said that and ... he got hard.His penis went from hanging

down a couple of inches to curving up, big around and a lot longer.He

wondered how someone could be that comfortable in the nude when all others were

clothed.That’s what he wants out of the program - to be comfortable with his

body.

“And if you’re offering, I’ll take some of that virginity, Pam, and give you

mine.You’re hot,” he finished.

That last thing broke up the other two, but not me.I smiled hopefully.His

hard cock gave a twitch that hinted he wasn’t kidding.I hoped not.He’s way

cute enough.

The next girl stripped very slowly.I think her hands were even shaking for a

while.She didn’t cry.I think she was more nervous than Kelly, but also not

overcome with shame.She wasn’t wearing much, but that dress covered her.It

was a modestly cut sundress with built-in bra, a mesh midriff and fairly short

skirt.When she pulled that dress off, she set free the second best set of

tits I’ve ever seen - round, full, solid C cups.I’d kill for those boobs.

The rest of her is just as good.

She’s Emily O’Connell, Kelly’s fraternal twin.She has a cute round face, a

firm athletic build and those curves in all the right places. She’s in

volleyball, basketball and softball.Neither of the O’Connells does any

organized sport outside of school.It turns out she volunteered to feel more

comfortable in her one outside activity.She’s a model with an agent, contract

and everything.She did one runway show and nearly froze from being nervous.

She needs to be more comfortable with her body before they give her sheer,

peek-a-boo or topless things to parade down the runway.She didn’t really care

if some lifeguard went naked.

She looked at me after that and said, “That’s before I knew you, Pam.You’re

so nice that I want to be your friend now, if you’ll have me.

“I just have to be prepared to show all they expect of fashion models.My goal

is to get that experience in the program and I’ll try really hard to enjoy it.

I think the other students will just ignore me anyway.I’m a virgin, too, Pam.

I want to know someone really well and like him a lot before I get intimate,

at least that first time.”

We smiled at each other.We’ll be friends.She’s gonna need one to help get

over that self image. She doesn’t realize how her beautiful face goes with that

knockout figure.She’s damn near perfect.How does she think she got that

modeling contract?

The last boy is Dan Allen.He stood, faced us and just stripped.No nerves

or shyness.I could like this guy.He’s huge - about 6-6 and packed.A

real hunk.His penis is big, too.It hangs longer and bigger than Kelly’s,

Jason’s or anyone else I’ve seen.

He’s as rare a case as I am, but the opposite way.He’s moved so often into so

many different states with their own school curriculum that he lost a year.

He’s old enough to be a sophomore and smart enough to be in all AP tracks.He

plays football at tight end where he blocks, runs and catches passes.He’s

into basketball and he’s a goalkeeper at soccer like me.At sixteen, he’s also

old enough for a driver’s license.

“I’ve been in the Program two times already.I had to repeat eighth grade and

both those states had the Program in junior high,” he explained.”I know I’ll

have to do it every year here, so I want to get it over with.I’ve had to play

football with my ass hanging out.I want to do my week during tryouts so I can

wear pads when it gets tough.It’ll be easy for me - girls like the look and

guys don’t give me trouble.I’ll be a good partner for you, Emily.I’ve been

there.”

He and Emily made contact just then.They looked each other in the eye despite

the other attractions.Oh, the other attraction?Dan got hard checking out

Emily.That long hanging thing swung up straight and got a lot fatter.I’m

surprised it didn’t get much longer.The two guys erections are about the same

length.

“What do you think of the partner arrangement, Kelly?” Mr. N’Dantu asked.

“It’s great.Otherwise it would be like kissing my sister,” his answer broke

us all up yet again.

Mr. N’Dantu gave each of us a small towel.Emily got the reason immediately

and sat on hers.I sat on mine as soon as I got it.The boys just shrugged.

The counselor emphasized that these were to keep us from leaving sticky chairs

behind, not to hide ourselves.He also explained that we would have to keep

the towel clean and provide any more that we might need.I was way ahead of

him.

We talked a little more, covering Dan’s experience.He’s way not a virgin, but

seems to have a lot of respect for others.He also likes the looks of Emily.

I don’t think she has anything to worry about there.

Principal Carlson came in while we were talking.He checked that everything

was going as well as could be expected.He was almost surprised that the

freshmen were having the best time of it.

“But then you have two advantages with Dan’s and Pam’s experience,” he

concluded.”Come out to the hall and we’ll get to the next step.If you have

a book bag, purse or anything, leave it behind the main desk.You can get it

on your way back from assembly.”

I deposited the backpack and joined the others in the hall.There are 16 of

us, four from each grade.Mr. Carlson told us to take positions in the middle

of the hall on marked tiles.There were 16 tiles with chalk marks running down

the exact middle of the hall.The marks were five feet apart.Classrooms are

to the left, the auditorium is to the right and this is the only hall between

them.Mr. Carlson went to the PA system and called the whole school to an

assembly.They were going to walk right by us on the way.So cool, but

nobody else thought that.

“Girl - boy by partners.Freshmen first,” I shouted as I grabbed Kelly’s hand.

I went to the mark at the far left making me the first one the students would

see.I dropped Kelly off at the second mark and watched the others take spots.

Dan pushed Emily into place.She was hanging in there and not covering, but

she stood hunched over.Her body language was shy.I was facing the

direction the students would come from when I heard Mr. Carlson return.

“Face away from the auditorium.No covering.You’re supposed to be

displaying yourselves,” he must have seen someone trying to hide something.

The students came in a rush.They anticipated an assembly about the Program.

They didn’t anticipate the reverse parade along the way.The audience paraded

past the exhibit.They looked.They even stared.They gave me the longest

looks because they could see me from farther away.I liked it.Lots of boys

started walking funny and it was so cute the way they tried to hide it when they

adjusted themselves.I laughed at them mercilessly.Most girls went by me

like they didn’t care.They were still where I could see them when they got a

load of Kelly and Dan.Their eyes and mouths went wide open.

I glanced back at Kelly.He was up and rock hard.He’d smile at the girls

who stared and they were the ones who got self conscious.Behind him was

Emily.She wasn’t exactly hiding, but she certainly wasn’t showing off.Her

shoulders were hunched and she was looking down, not at the students parading

by.Dan towered behind her.He smiled calmly at all the girls who stared at

him.He even said ‘hi’ occasionally to snap them out of the staring.

Most students looked but gave us a wide berth.That was good in that it kept

the view clear for more of them.There were two bold ones.One boy came

close and reached for my chest.He pinched a nipple.When he tried to take

his hand away, he couldn’t.I’d caught him by the wrist.I’m quick.

“Hey!That hurt,” I said loud enough to be heard by lots of students and the

principal.”Now stroke it gently.We’ll both like it better that way.”

I put his hand back on my chest.He stroked me.I think he enjoyed what soft

stuff I have there.I really liked it.Both my nipples popped out and my

pussy felt a little wet.I kept his hand there.

Another boy came by rather closely, one I knew from middle school.I thought

he was going to say something to me, but he smacked my ass and kept walking.

“Hey!Mark Wellington!Get back here,”I called.

He knew me from school and from the pool.He knows what I’m capable of.He

came back and I noticed the principal watching closely.

“That hurt,” I protested.”Rub it and make it feel better ... and don’t quit

‘til I tell you.”

The very surprised Mark started rubbing my ass gently but too timidly at first.

He got the spirit soon enough and was stroking both cheeks and my legs.I was

definitely getting wet.The sensations and my reactions kept building as more

students went by.

I turned to Kelly.He was watching me and those two guys.I could tell by

the twitches of his cock that he was imagining doing things with me.I thought

that was enough of the imagining and gave him a big smile.

“Were you serious about that offer?I was and I’m ready now,” I propositioned.

“You have me ready, too, but now?Here?Us?” he couldn’t believe it.

“Right now.Right here.We do it,” I confirmed.

He just stood there, so I took the few steps to him dragging those two guys with

me.

“I really want it, Kelly.If you want to, lets do it.If you don’t, that’s

okay.You don’t have to give any reason,”I said to him quietly.

“Happy Birthday,” were the only words in his answer.

The rest was all action.He held me by the hips and pressed his crotch against

me.He slid down and thrust up trying to enter me.Uh-oh.Two virgins

trying to do their first time in public could get awkward.It did.He

couldn’t line it up with my vagina.I reached down between us and guided him

into me with my hand.That was the first time I ever touched a boy’s penis and

there I was putting it into myself.

Both of us got the sensations at the same time.Our eyes went wide and we

gasped.He thrust and I went limp.That was sooo much better than my fingers

ever felt.

“Hey guys?Let me lean on you, please.You can both keep going with the

boobs and ass, but put your shoulders behind me,” I pleaded to the two I’d

caught.

Every thrust from Kelly gave me one hell of a shot.His cock stroked my inner

spot and he pinched my clit just right.I don’t know how a virgin knew to do

that, but he did a little grind at the top of every thrust.Those made me gasp

and the gasps turned into little screams.Pretty soon I couldn’t feel anything

but my pussy and that was incredibly intense - more than anything I’d ever

dreamed of.I exploded and wasn’t quiet about it.My arms were around his

shoulders, so the collapse was naturally onto him.He didn’t quit.Those

other two still held me up and Kelly kept pounding into me.

The thrusting, pinching and grinding worked again and again.A little after I

came for the third time, he finally did.He slammed it in there hard as far as

it would go.His face got all twisted like it was the most enjoyable thing

ever.My pussy felt suddenly wetter and stuff was running out.He finished

and almost collapsed.By then I’d recovered enough.My wide shoulders and

long arms went around him comfortably.I hugged and held him up.

We heard, “Jeez””Gawd””Damn, they really did it.””Sure sounded great.”

“Well, you’re not virgins anymore,” came weakly from Emily.

I gave Mark and the nipple pincher thankful kisses.They pulled back from the

hugs and apologized.They didn’t want any of that runny stuff on their pants.

The other Program participants had gathered around during our fucking.They

came close with more questions and exclamations than I can remember.The

teachers and counselors kept their distance, but Principal Carlson came up.

“Well, that’s your first goal, Pam.How was it?” he asked.

“Great!Better than I ever expected.Three orgasms my first time, standing

up and in public.Kelly, you’re wonderful,” I said, then I kissed Kelly.

“You two get to the gym - the girls locker room - and take a shower.Pay

attention to the shower, because we have to get the assembly started.Now

hustle,” Principal Carlson instructed.

I started to say something, but he apparently anticipated me, “I know you’re

supposed to use the boys shower, Pam.The reason is to shower with the

opposite sex.In this case, you two will have to use the same facility in

order to meet the spirit of the Program.Remember everyone - instructions from

teachers and administration override the general rules.”

Kelly and I started for the gym with arms around each other’s waist.My hand

dropped to his ass, but he kept his tight around me.I think he still needed

to be held up.He was dragging along like he was really tired.I was

bouncing and happy.About half way there, I kissed him and whispered “Thank

you” in his ear.Think I might have been thrilled about the way the virginity

losing went?

He gave me quite a squeeze and I snuggled close to him.His hand started to

wander around my back from my ass to my shoulders.He stroked my front with

his other hand, stopping to explore the chest muscles under my boobs.

“You’re amazing.The feeling of all that muscle on your ass turned me on.

You’re like that all over - packed solid.I even like how your chest spreads

your boobs.You can bounce around and they won’t hurt,” his compliments got

him more kisses, blushes and another ‘thank you.’Someone doesn’t hate my flat

boobs!

I tried to be playful in the shower, grabbing his penis and ass with handfuls of

soap.He let me wash him, but didn’t let that distract us.It was only two

or three minutes since he came so hard in me.He wasn’t ready.He washed my

pussy just to return the favor.His fingers found my clit and he knew what to

do with it.The sensation had me reliving the sex from a few minutes before.

After only a few strokes, I exploded again, screamed and my knees gave out.He

was the strong one this time and held me up.He prodded me to finish washing

so we could get back to business.

It felt different when I washed my chest.My boobs were about twice as thick

as usual.When I checked the mirror, they were red, too.Mom had said that

boobs get engorged the same way as a vulva during sex.Mine work, but I wish

they were bigger to start with.

I found some squeeze bottles with long spouts on a shelf outside the shower.

Yep, they’re for douche.I couldn’t tell whether Kelly was excited or

disgusted watching me use one in the shower.He just went for towels and threw

one to me when I finished.

“Pam?That really was great.It was better than I thought it would be - a

lot more warm and personal than with my hand.I want to do it with you a lot

more, but you talked about doing it with a lot of people.That means we’re not

going to be exclusive, right?”Kelly asked as we left the locker room.

“Well put, Kelly.That’s just what I want.Lots more with you and with

others,” I answered and he smiled.

We got into the auditorium to find everyone milling around.They hadn’t been

called to their seats yet.The other Program participants were with their

friends - some sitting and some standing around in the aisles.All were the

center of attention of their groups.Kelly and I went down one side aisle

looking for seats.We overheard the group of girls in front of us.

“I don’t know about this Program.I heard that a girl already got raped,” said

one.

“There sure was a lot of screaming in the hall.It was scary,” said another.

“I saw them.Two boys were holding the girl while another fucked her - right

there in the hall in front of the office.Right in front of the principal!

She was screaming alright, but not from pain and she wasn’t scared.She was

getting off,” came from a third.

Kelly and I looked at each other, then pretended we didn’t hear.

Principal Carlson stepped to the podium, looked directly at us and started, “I

see we’re ready to start now.Program participants come up on stage and

everyone else find seats, please.”

I understand that punishment gets rough if students lollygag after an

instruction like that.The place got quiet and the aisles cleared fairly

quickly.We had no trouble making our way to the stage.The 16 participants

naturally lined up from seniors to freshmen by partners.Mr. Carlson smiled at

how that worked out, then started his speech while we stood there.

He started right in on us.He read our names and we had to step forward and

wave.That made most of us jiggle something.That in turn made the audience

cheer and jeer.Emily got all cheers, but still tried to hunch her shoulders

like she was crawling into a hole to hide.I got some cheers, too, but they

were for the lifeguarding.Damned flat boobs got the jeers.His speech

lightly referred to the rules in the brochure and covered the reserved chairs

and lockers.Most of his speech went into what the others could expect over

the year - to be in the program one week.By taking four students from each

grade every week, we could get everyone into the program every year.

“I want to squash one rumor now,” he said.”We’re not changing the restrooms.

The boys still use the boys’ and the girls use the girls’.You will use the

other gym locker room when you’re in the program, but that’s the only time.

We’re also dispensing with rules against displays of affection.How can we

tell you to be more comfortable with your bodies and with sexual responses,

force that on you by making you be naked in school and then tell you, ‘No

kissing’?We won’t try to draw any fine lines.All those rules are gone.”

He did something unusual then.I think he could do that because of the way

this group of participants was chosen.He asked if any of us had anything to

say to the student body.He went down the line starting with the seniors.

None of the others wanted any more attention on their first morning of

nakedness.If this was my first day, I wouldn’t have either.I’m used to

asserting myself, reminding people of rules at the pool and acting decisively

under stress - all while I’m naked.I also had something to say.

He said my name by way of introduction and stepped away from the podium.That

podium would have hidden me too much.Yes, I want the attention.I took the

microphone from its stand and walked to center stage front.The boys in the

first few rows stared up into my pussy.They may have seen girls naked, but

probably not bald or with labia swollen from recent sex.They were fascinated.

I couldn’t see past those first rows because of the lights in my eyes.I

guessed the whole school was about the same.

“Hi, y’all.I’m Pam, Naked in School,” I started and they mostly cheered.

One boy near the front taunted, “Oh, yeah?Where’s your tits?”

I think my answer scored with the nerd community, “In the space-time continuum,

about January, waiting for me to get there.

“I gotta make a few points.First is about what some of you saw and most of

you heard.Kelly and I gave each other our virginity in the hall a few minutes

ago.Yes, we screwed and the way those two guys were helping to hold me up may

have looked bad.It was not rape, so don’t work that rumor any more.We both

talked about it before we went into the hall.The counselor and principal knew

that I wanted it.It was my own idea and Kelly agreed.He even made sure

just before we started.After that, he was great.”

Some wiseass piped up, “He doesn’t look so great now.”

I think a teacher got her name.I tried not to look at Kelly to avoid

embarrassing him any more.Soon I heard something going on behind me and

cheering from the audience.I had to look.Kelly was standing there, the

only boy without an erection.He still wasn’t over doing me.The two

sophomore girls were standing on either side of him and facing him.They were

each rubbing one boob against him and held one of his hands to their other one.

They rubbed their crotches on his hips.They were standing to the sides so

they didn’t hide his penis.They got the job done.Kelly was red with

embarrassment all the way from his face to his navel.Pretty soon another red

thing rose like the period at the bottom of an exclamation point.Kelly was

back among the ready.

The students cheered and the two girls waved.

I gave the audience a knowing smile and said into the microphone, “And he knows

how to use it.”

It took a minute for the audience to get quiet even with help from teachers and

Mr. Carlson.

“The other point is about requests and agreeing to them,” I finally continued.

“We know we have to do what’s reasonable when we’re on display.Ask and we’ll

do it, or maybe ask and we’ll let you do it.The point is to ask.There are

things we are allowed to refuse - penetrating us for example.Some will draw

the line differently than others.Just because you can do something with me

doesn’t mean you can expect to do it with anybody else.Because you did it

before doesn’t mean you can do it just any time.When we have to get to class

or to something outside school, there may not be time and that would make the

request unreasonable.

“I got pinched and smacked out there in the hall.Those weren’t very sexy.I

want to ask you to respect us.We aren’t being punished and we aren’t toys.

Gentle touches are much more enjoyable for everyone.You’re all going to be in

the Program soon.Remember - we will do unto you as you do unto us.”

The other freshmen hadn’t been offered a chance to speak, so I checked with

them.Kelly and Emily looked horrified at the thought.Dan stepped forward.

I said his name as introduction.He took the microphone and went to where I

had been.

“Pam talked about letting you do things,” he said.”I didn’t really see much

touching this morning except on her.In other schools where I’ve been in the

program, the touching started slowly and the first participants didn’t get as

much as they should from the Program.Participants learn to be comfortable

with our body, how it looks, how it works and the feelings we get.The rest of

the students learn about other people’s bodies, how they react and what touching

does.Remember to ask as Pam says.As soon as you get the courage, ask to

touch us.Thanks.”

He put the microphone back on the podium and stepped into line with us.Mr.

Carlson dismissed the assembly.Activity hour wasn’t quite over yet, so there

would be a little extra time to get to the first class.He asked us to stay on

stage for a few minutes, but then left us.We used the opportunity to meet

each other.The girls descended on me.I think the boys gave Kelly a lot of

crap, but in the good natured way that let him know he has their respect.

We girls were all looking each other over.I’m very happy with how I am.

Even without boobs, I’ve done very well with the things I can control - building

up the muscles and working on conditioning and coordination.Stood proud and

tall.Check me out, girls.I AM the competition.

Emily was quite the opposite.The things she can do something about are great.

On top of the athletic build, she also has a great face and figure.I’d kill

for those boobs.Hers are clearly the largest and best shaped of the Program

girls.She felt the worst about herself, though.Even among the girls, she

was shy and obviously wishing she could hide.She said almost nothing.All

the others fell somewhere in between me and Emily.

The first ones to introduce themselves to me were a senior, Amy, and a junior,

Crystal.Amy is taller than me, maybe 6-4, and very thin and straight.Her

legs and butt are built, but everything else is bony.Her boobs stick out low

from her ribs like halves of a softball - round and firm.Her moves are smooth

and graceful - very ladylike.Crystal is almost the exact opposite.She’s

5-5 or so and her wide frame is loaded with muscles.She’s perky, energetic

and constantly moving.Her soft B-cup boobs bounce and jiggle constantly.

She’d look stocky or even fat in clothes.In the nude, she looks strong.

The other senior is Rochelle and the other junior is Brooke.The sophomores

are Dawn and Melissa.The four of them are taller than average, about 5-7 to

5-10, with athletic builds and sexy figures.As expected they all play on the

volleyball team.They thanked me for saying that stuff.Those were just the

things they were worried about.They didn’t have any thanks for Dan.Even

Emily had been giving her partner a dirty look since he gave that speech.

The conversation was getting around to my curiosity about the volleyball team

when Mr. Carlson returned.

“You can all go to your lockers and next class now that the assembly has

dispersed,” he instructed.”Take your time and enjoy the attention ... except

Pam.I need to see you.”

He went on after the others left, “There’s a Program rule that you can’t get any

help with meeting Program requirements.Now, I know what I saw you do and I

don’t have any trouble with it.The way you described those two boys as

helping you could raise a complaint.”

“Oh crap!” I interrupted.”I got as much help from those two as I would from

leaning against a wall.Besides, fucking in the hall isn’t a Program

requirement.”

“Cool your jets, Pam,” he said softly to calm me.”That’s the way I get it,

too.On a related subject, the photography club has been asking me if some

Program participants could model for them at the activity faire tomorrow

morning.I’m assigning you to do that as punishment.We won’t have any

arguments in case of a complaint.”

“Oh, no, sir,” I said with mock horror.”Don’t do it.Don’t throw me in that

briar patch.”

“You’re too heavy to throw, Br’er Rabbit.Run in there yourself,” he quipped.

“Thanks for the notice, sir.This way I can do hair and makeup to get ready,”

I said with a smile.

I went to the office with only one stop.A boy complimented me on my speech

and said he thought I was cute.His eyes actually spent half the time on my

face.

I got my bag and went seeking Mrs. Miller’s room.Of course, it’s in the wing

where ninth grade classes are clustered.Of course, the lowly freshmen are

relegated to the farthest wing of the school.There were many more stops with

conversations as excuses for looking.Other participants were scattered

through the halls.A few of them were posing to show off what a reasonable

request asked for.None were being touched yet.

More than half the times I was stopped, the talk was about those rescues at the

pool.I wonder if Program participants can make up a sign with all the answers

to Frequently Asked Questions and avoid being stopped so much.Probably not

since the talk is just an excuse.I still had to go over and over, “Yes, I

rescued two boys at the pool this morning.Yes, they were really drowning -

water in their lungs and all.Yes, I carried them both out at the same time.

Yes, I’ve been lifeguarding in the nude all summer.”

One rather short boy didn’t believe I could carry two guys out of the pool at

the same time.I looked down at him with smirk.I reached behind him and

under his ass with one hand.I picked him up to me and he grabbed on like the

panicking victims did.I carried him a few steps up the hall and set him down.

“Damn, you’re strong,” he said and his wide eyes followed me as I walked away.

I got to the freshman wing and found Mrs. Miller’s room.Emily was standing in

the hall just outside the door.She was letting a boy cup and stroke those

luscious breasts.He had a noticeable tentpole in his pants.As I watched,

Emily’s expression went from fear to determination with a little smile.In

just that minute, she started liking the sensations.She was standing a little

straighter, too.Emily may have started to realize she has a body to be proud

of.

Mrs. Miller asked to see my new schedule and confirmed that I was in her next

class.She also caught me up with the morning activities by telling me my

locker assignment a few feet up the hall from her door.I had to set my own

combination on the electronic keypad, write it down and give it to her.

I was halfway into my locker, busy with the lock, when two boys asked if they

could stroke my butt.They said they’d been watching me wiggle it as I set the

combination and I had the cutest butt on any girl in the school.The request

was not only reasonable, it was politely made and would even be exciting.The

boys did quite a good job.They got a feel of my soft skin and the hard gluts

under it.I got wet in my pussy again.They even thanked me.

As I was finishing, a very nervous girl came up and said, “I have a request?

Umm ... I’m not lesbian, but I am curious about your shape - your boobs.Can I

feel them, please?”

I readily agreed whether she was gay or not.She gently felt me.She didn’t

try to stimulate my nipples, so I think she was really interested in how I’m

constructed.

“You really do have a lot of breast.They’re just spread out wide over your

big chest.Most of the shape comes from the muscle under there.Really

unusual.My Mom’s a doctor and she’s been trying to tell me about how girls

are all built differently.She gave me a lot to read and she’s trying to get

me to accept that I’ll grow later.Have yours done a growth spurt?” she asked.

“No.They’ve just grown slowly since I was eleven - too slowly,” I answered.

She said, “About like mine.The way Mom tells it, when they do they’re gonna

be huge with a start like that.”

As she left, Emily came up.She didn’t prance or thrust herself out proudly,

but she was a little straighter and her head was up.

“Did you see?” she asked in an excited whisper.”He was touching my chest!

He liked me!He told me I have the best body in the Program and he even

thanked me.I got so wet I’m gonna need that towel.Is that how it happened

to you?”

“Yeah, those two boys and the excitement of being stared at got me ready for

Kelly.I’m glad you’re not so shy that you would miss that.I saw a lot of

the other participants in the hall just now - just posing.Emily, I think

you’re the first one to get a touching request.I’m glad you liked it and that

boy knows the best body when he sees it,” I complimented her.”How long do you

think you’ll stay a virgin now?”

She punched me lightly on the arm and we went into Mrs. Miller’s room to start

our first highschool class and first class in the Program.You might know it

would be biology.

Chapter 3.Monday Classes

Emily and I found seats at the front of the middle row.I dropped my towel in

the first desk and she dropped hers right behind me.Our partners came in and

sat beside us in the next row.

“Those girls are sure curious.They couldn’t get enough of the looking,” said

Dan.

“Where does curious become horny?Some of them really had a look of their

own,” commented Kelly.

“On Monday of a Program week, it’s curiosity.We’re the ones who get horny and

they haven’t started touching yet,” Dan said looking at me.

I looked at Emily who was blushing brightly and looking sheepish.She looked

up at Dan and her brother with just a little pride.Kelly knows her look.

“Em?What?” he asked in their twin’s shorthand.

“A guy had great time with my chest out in the hall.Two more got handfuls of

Pam’s ass,” she answered.

“And you liked it a lot, didn’t you?” I reminded her.

Emily and I were still standing and the room was beginning to fill.Most of

the girls circled around our position in the front middle and surrounded our

partners.They stood over the boys where they got a great view down into their

laps.The boys surrounded us and started with the reasonable requests to see

this and that.One had me put a foot up on the seat of my desk then lean back

against the desktop.Emily noticed the view that gave of my pussy.She

blushed, embarrassed at my exposure.I blushed at the compliments all the boys

gave.

Emily blushed all the more when she got the request to assume the same pose.

She swallowed hard and slowly raised her foot to the seat of her chair.Her

pubic hair is fine and almost as bright red as her head.It’s trimmed and

short, so it does very little to hide her.She has every bit as much to show

off as I do ... plus those boobs I’d kill for.

“Wow!You’re so sexy.That red hair looks so hot,” said one boy who soon had

to make an adjustment in his pants.

“Is that for me?”Emily asked looking at his obvious bulge.

The boy nodded and smiled at her.Emily actually smiled back.Here was

another boy who liked her body.Emily sat on her desktop and leaned back on

her arms.That one foot up spread her and the leaning rotated her entire pussy

out into plain sight.The more the boys said “Wow” and stared, the more Emily

smiled.That’s how Mrs. Miller saw us when she returned to start class.Her

smile was as big as Emily’s.

“I’m so glad to see freshmen program participants doing so well.The four of

you are way ahead of the others,” she said so the whole room could hear.”Lets

start class.Take your seats, please.”

The naked teacher had everyone’s attention and kept it with, “As you can see,

the Program is starting right on schedule.You will find that I wholeheartedly

support the Program and we’ll be making use of it in class.First, though,

here’s a question you should hear at the start of each class.Do either of you

naked gentlemen need relief?”

Kelly smiled at me as he quietly said, “No, thank you.”

Dan was a different story.Mrs. Miller asked him to step to the front of the

room and set a stool out for him.She asked if he would like any assistance.

Dan is probably the only one in the school who would answer yes to that on

Monday morning of Program week.Mrs. Miller asked for volunteers.I was

ready from all the posing and what those guys did to my ass.I also liked

Dan’s looks from the moment I saw him.I still gave Emily a chance.One

glance at her told me she wouldn’t be taking that chance.All the other girls

looked afraid, too.I raised my hand slowly, but my big grin gave away that I

was eager.

“Would you please help me, Pam,” Dan asked formally.

I don’t think he finished the ‘Pam’ before I was in front of him saying, “It

will be my pleasure, really.”

I straddled his legs as he sat on the stool and moved closer until we were

touching.Dan liked what was happening.I could tell by the way he kissed

and licked my nipples.I had hold of his shoulders and was really digging in

with my fingers.I started lowering myself to sit on his lap.Mrs. Miller

gasped an ‘Oh, my’ when she realized what I was about to do.More gasps came

from around the room as students figured it out.Dan reached around me,

grabbed me by the ass and his fingers dug in.That felt great and got me even

more ready.My hands slowly drifted down onto his big round pects and stayed

there.At least one of us has a chest worth feeling.

I rocked my hips letting the head of his hard penis stroke my labia and spread

my juices.I went lower letting him penetrate me.He’s so big, he didn’t go

in as easily as Kelly.I would lower my lips over him, rock a little until it

hurt then rise up to let him out.It was like my lips were nibbling on him

rather than swallowing him.This went on for a minute before he stopped me.

“Pam, I really want to do it with you and soon.We need our first time

together to be more private.I’ll explain then.Right now, just give me a

hand job, ‘kay?” he said.

I looked shocked and disappointed at first so he took it further, “Tonight, Pam.

Seriously.I’m not rejecting you.”

“Umm ... okay, but you’ll have to teach me how to get you off with my hand,” I

answered.

He coached me through the grip and stroking.This was my first real feel of a

penis.Kelly’s was down out of sight and the contact was just too brief.I

felt what I’d read about - the hard shaft covered by soft skin and topped by a

head with all the landmarks in the right places.I looked as much as I felt

and took it all in.My juices and his pre-cum had him well lubricated.I

couldn’t have hurt him if I tried.He did need the relief, especially after

nearly getting into me.

“Here I come.Watch out or it’ll hit you,” he gasped a warning.

“I’m a hard target to miss,” I teased as he started to shoot.

Every muscle on his well-built body went tense.That sight by itself was

enough to thrill me.A second later he came and sure enough, he hit me.He

gushed in a series of spurts.His semen landed all over my front and stuck

where it landed.He was breathing heavily for a while and it took some time

for his penis to soften.I used the time to study him all over.He’s bigger

up close than he looks from across the room.

Mrs. Miller gave each of us some tissues to wipe ourselves off.I used all of

them to remove the semen and made plans for the first change of towel after this

class.The one in my seat wasn’t going to last out the hour.

“Vaginal intercourse is way more than we expect in these classroom relief

sessions,” Mrs. Miller said to the class while looking directly at me.

“There’s nothing to preclude that method of giving relief, though, if both

people agree.I’m glad you backed off when he disagreed, Pam.Now please

return to your seats.You can help him with that, too.”

She went into the syllabus, issued and introduced the textbook and assigned the

first four chapters for homework due next week.There was a little disturbance

in the back of the room, but I thought it was just from passing books around.

“This first week, however, we have to fill a dire need,” she explained.”This

is Biology, advanced placement Biology, the first class of the day and we are

blessed with all four of this week’s Program participants.This class will be

producing an instructional video on the anatomy and physiology involved in

sexual responses.”

I think my face lit up anticipating that much more attention.I turned to see

what Emily thought.Her worried, reluctant look was back.

“I was starting to get used to this,” she whispered.

There was a large camera on a tripod at the back of the room.The tripod was

extended all the way up so the camera would see over all the students’ heads.

A man, probably thirtysomething, was behind the camera in coveralls with the

logo of our local professional audio-visual production company.

“We are having these professionally produced.A cassette will be available for

the rest of today’s freshman Biology classes.The other grades will see them,

but I don’t know when.After the whole week, we’ll get a set of DVDs for

posterity,” she explained.”I expect the greatest interest will be in female

anatomy and we have such excellent specimens in the Program.Ladies, please

come to the front.”

I bounced out of that desk, almost ran to the front of the room and stood beside

Mrs. Miller.Emily was just starting to stand up.The Program was becoming

an up and down rollercoaster ride for her.Mrs. Miller was patient and let

Emily gather her courage.She even helped with Emily’s self image a little.

“There is a difficulty with using you as our model, Emily.You’re body is too

nearly the ideal.No wonder you’re so popular this morning,” she said quietly,

then to the class and camera,”These two beautiful young ladies are Program

volunteers, but they probably didn’t expect this.They have some differences

in their body types, but since they’re both conditioned athletes there are a lot

of similarities.You will find even more differences among the other girls of

the student population.We could find examples of underweight bodies and I’d

be an overweight example.Such examples would make no real difference in the

purpose of this class.

“As to the general shape of these models, both have the hourglass type of

figure.Their flared hips are typical of the female of our species, they are

both quite narrow in the waist and then flare through the chest to wider

shoulders.Emily is an excellent example of the ideal proportions with

shoulders slightly narrower than her hips.Pam is an extreme example with a

very small waist that is long in keeping with her height.Her shoulders are

wider than the normal range for girls.In her case this isn’t bad.

“We have selected athletes for the Program this week.As expected, both of

these girls are mesomorphs who have found it easy to develop strength and excel

at sports.You’ll notice that Pam’s musculature is clearly visible.Emily

has thicker, softer skin.Pam, can you identify a reason why you look so much

leaner?”

I answered after thinking for a second, “It has to come down to a combination of

three things: genetic predisposition, higher metabolic rate and maybe I’ve been

more active over the summer.I did have a physical in the summer.Don’t

worry - no malnutrition.I’m carrying plenty of weight.It’s just all

muscle.”

The lecture continued, “While both girls have well developed legs typical of

female athletes, Pam has more upper body structure visible.This is again at

the extreme end of the normal range for women.

“We’ll get past these rather obvious aspects of our two models and get to the

parts that we are seeing around the school for the first time and that are

emphasized by the Program.Breasts are a primary defining feature of females

and are points of distinction even when women are clothed.Emily’s breasts are

again nearly ideal - large and full enough to be attractive without being so

large they would become awkward or painful.How do you feel about those,

Emily?”

Emily’s face blushed and she looked self-conscious again.Her arms were behind

her where only I could see that her fists were clenched tight.Her voice only

squeaked.

“Self-conscious, I see.That’s to be expected.I’m actually surprised that

Pam is so outspoken.Do you have some other experience with nudity, Pam?” Mrs.

Miller asked.

Some classmates who saw me at the pool already knew the answer, “I’ve lived

naked since the law changed.I work as a lifeguard at the pool complex and

have to deal with people in public.I had to get used to doing normal things

without any clothes on.”

Mrs. Miller nodded in appreciation of that and went on.”Pam’s breasts are

again an extreme case.Please cup and lift your breasts, Pam.I want you to

show just how much and where your breast material is.”

I saw my face on the video later.I looked disgusted.Damned flat boobs.I

scooped up handfuls of nothing then poked and prodded the fried eggs that

covered such a large area of my wide chest.I did notice they were still

swollen from sex.Even with that, my boobs are too damned flat.

Mrs. Miller was sympathetic and encouraging, “Pam, I assure you that they are

still growing and you’re not alone in looking forward to developing your

breasts.I should point out that Pam is younger than other freshmen by at

least a year and Pam, there are quite a few at all ages in the school who are

still growing.

“Please turn around, girls, roll your shoulders and flex your back muscles.As

athletes, both girls have well developed backs and shoulders.Again Pam’s

muscles are more visible.You’ll note that shoulder blades are not showing on

either of them.That is one variation that would distinguish athletes from

most of the other students.

“Their buttocks are very well developed as are their legs.Note that neither

of them has any wrinkles on their backsides nor a crease where buttocks meet

their legs.This is fairly rare even among athletes, but do note that these

girls are young freshmen.They are different in the shape of their buttocks.

Emily is more nearly normal in the spread of her seat and the length of her

crack.Pam is unusually round and high.If she wore clothes, Pam could get

away with some extremely brief shorts and skirts.”

The four of us remembered what I wore to the office.The boys started laughing

out loud.Emily and I turned to check them and found the laughter contagious.

Mrs. Miller misinterpreted.

“Now see here!We will treat Program participants with respect and there will

be no heckling.Even if you’re already in the program we can arrange

sensitivity training,” she said sharply to Dan and Kelly.

“Oh, Mrs. Miller, they’re not heckling.You just described the stupid skirt I

wore this morning.It really was a riot.I had to tear it to get it off.

They are laughing with me about it.Really,” I defended the boys and she

bought it.

“Very well.We are trying to protect participants from undue humiliation.

What I said about heckling is still the policy,” Mrs. Miller went on.”Now

ladies, please turn around again and come to the front of my desk.”

Emily rolled her eyes knowing what was left to be shown.Mrs. Miller’s desk

was cleared, centered at the front of the room and spaced a few feet from the

first desks.We had plenty of space and everyone had a clear view - especially

that camera.Too bad the bell rang just then.Emily’s sigh of relief almost

drowned out the ringing.

“We’ll continue with the girls tomorrow, then examine the boys’ anatomy.

Dismissed,” she said to the class, then to the four of us, “Emily, I do hope

you’ll feel more relaxed tomorrow.You were doing so well just before class.

“We will be getting deeper into physiology - how things work.I want to have

demonstrations of various ways to bring arousal and orgasm.I think things

will go well with this group from what I’ve seen so far.Each of you, please

decide how much you will be willing to volunteer for.I’ll ask at the start of

class.”

I knew my answer already and wanted to get into the hall to see if anyone had

any requests.Emily was taking her time.I wiped out my pussy with the towel

from my seat and packed it into the zip-lock bag.Emily noticed.I could see

her making a note to herself.

“I see that my partner needs support and you’re in a hurry,” said Dan behind me.

“Tell me when we can get together, Pam, and I’ll let you go.”

“You were serious?My house after eight o’clock.I’ll be alone,” I answered.

“Hey, we should all exchange addresses and phone numbers.We really are in a

four-way partnership.”

We spent the next few minutes writing each others’ stuff in our notebooks, then

ventured into the hall.Emily seemed to be okay.At least she didn’t need to

be dragged or pushed.Dan politely let her go ahead of him.That gave him

another good close look at all of her.She even smiled when she saw Dan get

hard while he was looking her over.

The hall was as expected - crowded with students who had eight minutes to travel

a whole fifty feet in the freshman cluster.We all had English next, just two

doors away.The requests came before we got two feet.

“Your ass is great, Pam. May I feel?” asked one boy who had seen the anatomy

lesson.

He stroked my behind while another boy did the same to Emily.A third boy

worked up the courage to ask to touch her boobs.She even smiled again when

she granted the request.She was getting with the Program, at least when she

was one-on-one.

Dan and Kelly got their share, too.Advertising and TV started showing a lot

of skin these past few years, but almost all of it female.We might get to see

a guy’s ass, but almost never a penis.Lots of girls were curious to see these

two hard cocks.None of them had the courage to touch yet.

The warning bell went off all too soon.My ass and legs were starting to

tingle ... a lot.Emily’s areolas were protruding and puffy.Her nipples

made hard points at the ends of her breasts.Yep, Emily was enjoying the

one-on-one part of the Program.We ended the requests and went directly to

English.

“Are you normally nervous in front of a class, Emily?” I asked on the way

“Usually am, yes.Nakedness and the attention from the Program just adds to

that,” she confessed.

When we got into the classroom, there were more requests.Most of the students

here are on the AP track in Biology and saw our performance last hour.They

wanted to start exploring what was to come next - our pussies.I was just

spreading my legs and Emily was putting down her books to join in when the

teacher interrupted.

“Take seats immediately,” she said clapping her hands to get our attention.

“Program participants sit in the first row - the seats nearest the door.”

We sat as directed.There isn’t much of a show when the naked ones are sitting

at school desks.Some got a look at one or the other guy’s penis peeking up at

desktop level.Emily’s boobs drew the most attention.We mostly just smiled

at the students passing to find their seats.

The teacher is a young woman who must not have been out of college very long at

all.She was wearing a tight white sweater and very short black pleated skirt.

All her outfit needed was lettering and a logo to be a cheerleading uniform.

The tight sweater showed off a trim figure with big breasts that jiggled with

every step she took.I could see lines of the band and straps of her bra, but

it must not have given much support.”Miss Forester” was lettered neatly at

the top of the board behind her.

The bell rang and she began talking quite fast, “This class will observe the

following procedure.Program participants shall not enter until after the

warning bell and shall take the seats nearest the door immediately.I will

dismiss the Program participants at the end of the hour and they shall leave the

room before the rest of the class.

“Now this is advanced placement English.We shall be studying the elements of

grammar, syntax, punctuation ....”

She carried on through subject matter while she passed around copies of the

syllabus and reading list.She also issued textbooks and assigned reading of

the first two chapters for tomorrow.

Kelly raised his hand and had to hold it up for a very long time before he was

recognized, “We in the Program are supposed to be allowed relief.May I get

some?”

She answered in the coldest tone of voice I’ve heard a teacher use, “I am forced

to allow that in the first five minutes of class.That time has passed.

Request denied.”

She resumed going through the expectations for outside reading and for the book

reports we would have to turn in.She was covering a lot of details about how

she wanted book reports and the two term papers done.I took a lot of notes

because that stuff isn’t in the syllabus.My poor partner was still pissed and

could only glare at the teacher.He would need me to share those notes with

him.

The teacher went on and on until the bell rang.She curtly dismissed the four

of us.We were not unhappy to get out of there.We lined up in the hall to

wait for the other students.Miss Forester kept them for another minute.She

didn’t say or do anything for that minute, she just kept all the other students

in their seats.By the time they were dismissed, we were up to our naked asses

in requests.The English class missed out.

Another class had been in biology and seen the tape.They were looking us over

closely.I had some fun bending over and looking back between my legs to see

their expressions.The boys were just being stared at.They were erect, but

their mood was clouded by that English teacher.

Dan called a halt to the requests early.This is our art hour, and we have

different classes.He’s in theater and that meets backstage in the auditorium.

Kelly and Emily have orchestra in the music wing behind the auditorium.I

had Introductory Creative Art and had no idea where to find that room.It

wasn’t hard.That wing with music has all the extra- large rooms.I was

right across the hall from Kelly and Emily.

I was afraid I’d be the only naked one in an art class, but Crystal and two

junior boys were already there when I arrived.Crystal waved, so I joined them

at the table in the back corner.This room had eight large tables arranged in

a square with an open space in the middle.Each table could seat four facing

the open middle.

The boys introduced themselves as Steve and Brian.They’re on the football

team and trying hard to make the varsity this year as receivers or defensive

backs.They have the long slim build for those positions and look like they’re

strong enough to take the tackling.

“How’s your day going?” Crystal asked.”I don’t mean just the Program.How

is being a freshman?”

“What do you know about Miss Forester, the English teacher?” I asked.”She

acts like she disapproves of the Program and took it out on us.”

“Never heard of her,” Crystal answered and the boys agreed.”She must be new

to the school this year.Other than that, how is it?”

I answered “great” about the Program and told how much I like examinations, ass

rubbing and giving relief.All three had looks of envy.They were in the

Program and older than me, but here I was enjoying it.I rubbed it in and told

how Emily was getting an hourly boob massage.

“They’re touching you!?” Crystal exclaimed.”Nobody will get near us.They

ask to see this and that, but won’t lay a finger on us.Of course, we don’t

encourage them the way Dan did.”

“Emily and I have let them know we like it.It’s keeping me horny and I won’t

bet on when she’ll lose her virginity.Nobody has grabbed Dan or Kelly, so I

know what you mean,”I answered.

“How did that relief go?” Steve asked.”What did he do?What did you do?

Nobody’s done that in our classes.I’ve been hard all day with the exposure

and seeing such beauty.If I don’t try that soon, I’m gonna be so sore.”

I told about getting Dan off by hand and offered to do the same for either of

them.I implied that I’d go farther if they wanted.Both boys said they have

girlfriends, but Brian was really looking at Crystal.Steve said he could

excuse a hand job as part of the Program, but wouldn’t go farther with me.

“Lets set an example.These guys can ask for relief and we’ll give it to them.

Maybe that’ll spread the spirit around to more classrooms,” I urged Crystal.

She looked apprehensive and only sort of nodded her head, so I suggested, “Guys,

ask for volunteers to help you and pick the one you really want.It doesn’t

have to be Crystal.”

The teacher arrived and called the class to order.That didn’t take any real

effort.Naked teachers have our attention immediately.She is Mrs. Santucci.

She’s in her late twenties or in very good shape for her thirties.She takes

good enough care of herself that she can proudly go naked.She’s medium height

and her hair is as black as mine.She trims her dark coarse pubic hair in a

little triangle pointing down into her vulva.

“We’ll get to the course matter in a few minutes, but first I want to mention

what we will be doing in respect of the Program.First, participants will not

be forced to model for our art.Participants who volunteer will be selected

first and get extra credit,” she got right to what had everyone scared.

When she noticed my big smile and raised hand, I got to ask, “If we’re naked but

not in the program that week, will we get selected first and get credit?”

“You would be picked after the participants had a chance and get half the extra

credit since it would be entirely voluntary,” she answered.”The second thing

is that no two Program participants may sit at the same table.All over the

school, we’re trying to keep participants mixed with the rest of the students.”

She asked our names and assigned three of us to exchange seats with others.

Crystal and the boys tried to sit as far as they could under the table.That

made them that much more visible from across the room, but they felt a little

more covered.I sat back to give the guys at my table a good view and they

took the opportunity to stare.

The third thing was, of course, relief.Both boys asked for it and Mrs.

Santucci remarked that this was the first of her classes where that was done.

The boys asked for volunteers.I raised my hand promptly with an eager smile.

Crystal saw the complete lack of other volunteers and raised her hand slowly.

She did manage a small reluctant smile.

Now, Crystal knows what it is to be part of a team and was starting to get it

that Brian likes her.She would go through with that relief even though she

didn’t want to.Maybe getting past the first time would help her want to

again.We both went to the boys.I smiled at Steve and Crystal tried to

smile more at Brian.She did rub her boobs against him when she got a grip on

his cock.I snuggled against Steve’s side, gripped his erection and put my

other hand on his ass.Both boys liked the affection and their cocks twitched

in appreciation.

We were stroking them for only a minute when they both went off.Their semen

splattered on the floor.Mrs. Santucci dispensed the usual tissues.We

cleaned off the boys and our hands, then the floor.

“Damn!Hand jobs right in class,” came from the first amazed student who found

a voice.

“More than that sometimes,” I said with a lot of tease.

“That’s the way the Program is supposed to work,” said Mrs. Santucci.”Even

those who just watch get something from the experience.We’re all made a

little more familiar with our bodies as much by those on display as by our own

experience.

“Lets all recover from that stimulation by filing past that side table and

taking each of the three texts.”

The books are small paperbacks on film cameras, digital cameras and on

composition and styles of photography.Think maybe first topic is photography?

Mrs. Santucci explained that the school requires two years of art, language and

PE.Any of those can become a four-year elective, but the plan is to spend two

years in one then another.She pointed out that this class has freshmen who

are starting with art and juniors who have just finished something else.Arts

include theater and music.This class starts into several creative art forms.

After photography, we’ll get into sketching, painting, pottery and a little

sculpture.

She went right into cameras, names of their parts and how to operate them.I

must have looked disappointed.From what she said, she also must know about

the modeling I’m supposed to do.

“Program participants make good models, being on display and all.However,

we’re here to learn this material, not exploit or humiliate those in the nude.

Sorry we won’t need a model today.Tomorrow is definitely a different story

starting with the activity faire,”she said with pointed looks at me.

The bell rang after a little more of the lesson.This class has had it’s hour,

but only some students leave.There were two other sittings for lunch during

the hour and now the third lunch started.The next class starts after that.

Crystal and the other juniors got to stay for a study period.Their lunch came

sometime during the next class.

I met Kelly and Emily in the hall and Dan was waiting by the auditorium.We

got to the cafeteria at the same time as Dawn, one of the sophomore girls in the

Program and her partner.He’s Shawn.Oh, wow - Dawn and Shawn.Dawn has

the typical athletic build of this week’s participants, dark brown hair, 5-7 or

so, with small and very perky up-pointing breasts.She acts as perky as she

looks, too.Shawn is a defensive lineman.A lineman in advanced placement,

you marvel?You don’t want to be the one to challenge him about that, do you?

He’s built heavy and looks like he worked to put on strength to play.He

sounds like an AP student - articulate with well thought-out opinions.

We got in line together and went through the usual questions and answers.The

sophomores hadn’t been touched nor had any relief in any of their classes

either.Those two were amazed at our stories.I told how at least three

juniors got a little more experience.

Dawn brought up something I think was hard for her, but the alternative may have

been harder, “I know we’re supposed to sit with partners, but we want to switch

around.Still boy-girl, of course.Umm ... Shawn and I went together last

year until I gave him a good reason to dump me.Now it’s a little awkward.

Melissa is so lucky to have her true love (in air quotes and falsetto voice) in

the Program with her.There’s no chance of swapping there.Kelly, could you

sit with me.”

I’m guessing the other choice, Dan, intimidated her.Kelly looked at me.

“Oh, damn.You two are together.Sorry,” Dawn whined.

“Not really,” Kelly answered.”We did it and like each other, but we’re not

exclusive.I’d be glad to sit with you and check out more of what you showed

me on stage.”

“And I’ll sit with you, Shawn,” offered Emily, looking him up and down and

smiling at what she saw.

Dan and I smiled at each other.This arrangement could work.We got our

food, didn’t pay and went to the reserved seats.They were covered with towels

- fresh, clean gym towels.We started as the only two at the table for eight.

The group who sat with us were mostly freshmen, mixed boys and girls.

Conversation was about the Program and nudity, of course.They got our

reactions and gave their own.Dan and I are unique in being nude so much

before this week.The questions were more like challenges about our attitude.

Dan impressed me two ways.First he was articulate in explaining what he got

from the Program his other times.He suggested that the students look at it as

an opportunity.That different point of view would give them a different

conclusion.The second impression was left on my inner thigh by his hand.He

was stroking me with his left hand the whole time.He even got me to squeak

when he touched my lips a few times.They needed another towel for the next

lunch.That one wasn’t fresh or clean anymore.

The students with us noticed and also noticed when I took a drink with my left

hand so I could retaliate by grabbing his erect dick.Our whole table

adjourned to the courtyard outside when we finished eating.Dan and I were

both obviously sizzling and it wasn’t due to the hot noontime sun.That got us

some attention we were ready for.

“Umm ... Dan?You said we could ask to touch you?Can I?Can I stroke

you?” one of the girls asked.

Dan didn’t need to answer by much more than his smile.The girl gently prodded

and brushed his cock to feel that unique combination of hard and soft.Her

‘ooh’ and ‘wow’ showed how she reacted to its size.

“This isn’t my first hand job, but I haven’t been near anyone this big.Let me

know if I do anything wrong,” she said as she started stroking him in earnest.

That gave some courage to one of the boys.He didn’t say anything out loud,

only with body language.He held out his hand palm up right at my pussy, then

looked at me with a raised eyebrow.I didn’t use words to answer either.I

gave him my biggest, brightest smile and stepped forward right onto his hand.

His strokes were good, but he kept missing my clit.It helped with some visual

stimulation when Dan went off in that girl’s hand.I rolled my hips into the

hand stroking me and tried to get him to snag my clit.It almost worked and I

was getting ready to come when the class bell rang.

“Damn!Come back here!” I said when the boy pulled away to leave.

“You heard what Dan said about Program girls building tension.Sorry,” he

taunted.

“Bastard!” I replied.

We were both smiling.The Program was working with both of us even if the

language was salty.Dawn, Shawn and Kelly were finishing their poses without

being touched.The Program was working better with Emily.She was between

two boys on either side of her.They each had a boob and a buttock in their

hands.Emily’s knees were wobbly and she was breathing hard.A little trail

of fluid was running down the leg I could see.That girl’s virginity will not

be with us long.

The boys offered to walk her to class when the bell rang.

“Okay.I might need your hands to keep me standing and walking,” she said

holding their hands on her ass.

The three of them went inside and toward the freshman wing with Dan and me

following.Dan had the biggest smile.Some of that had to be left over from

the hand job, but a lot was from the way the freshmen were leading the Program

today.Brooke, Brian and Steve, the junior participants, were watching all

that touching through the window.We smiled and waved.They waved back, but

were only sort of smiling.

Emily and her entourage went past Crystal without noticing, but she caught Dan’s

and my attention.She was pinned against a locker and a fairly big guy was

copping a feel of her pussy.The trouble was that she didn’t sound like this

was a good Program touch.

“I told you NO, asshole,” Crystal stage-whispered with a fierce burning look at

the guy.

“You let those other two finger you, but not me.Now I get to and you have to

let me,” the boy sneered.

“I broke up with you because I don’t like you.You’re reminding me of why that

is,” Crystal said trying to pull away.

The asshole grabbed her arm and kept his hold on her pussy.The crowd heading

to lunch had gone by and we were the stragglers going the other way.There

wasn’t any other help for Crystal

Dan and I walked up on either side of the guy and I cleared my throat pointedly,

“Ahem”

The hand he tried to push me away with went straight into a half-nelson.I

grabbed the back of his belt then swept his legs out from under him with my

foot.His whole weight went into that wedgie and he screamed.I lifted him

by the belt, bent him forward by pushing on the half-nelson and shoved all of

him into an open locker that was right there.Crystal and Dan reached the

locker door at the same time and slammed it closed.

“Whose locker?” I asked.

“His own,” Crystal answered, then over her shoulder as she left for the

cafeteria, “Thanks, Pam.I owe you.”

Farther down the hall was Mr. Carlson.He was staring at us in shock.He

closed his mouth and turned his back before Crystal or Dan saw him.I’m still

wondering what I’ll hear from him about that.Dan and I left just as Asshole

recovered enough to start pounding on the inside of his locker.

“Damn.You can be hell when you’re pissed,” said Dan.

“I can be heaven with someone I like,” I countered.

“I’ll go for the heaven.Why is it we have to wait ‘til 8?” he asked.

“Oh.I’m working until 7, then supper,” I explained.”They have real trouble

with lifeguard staff from 6 to 7 every evening.I’m available then, so I fill

in.”

We did a few pose requests when we got to the more populated part of the hall,

but called them off when the warning bell rang.We got into the freshman wing

with little time to spare.We didn’t expect to see Emily still entertaining a

request.Kelly was even coming out of the classroom to check on her.A boy

had her against her locker with both hands on her chest.He was polite and

complimentary and we could tell Emily was enjoying it again.He just didn’t

want to let go.He was soon surrounded by naked people, and two of us are

bigger than he is.He carefully apologized, let go and went to class.

Mr. Siever, our World History teacher, looks old but doesn’t act like it.He

acts like he’s having a lot of fun.Oh, is ‘old’ the right word?’Senior

citizen’ might be politically correct.As he introduced himself, he said that

he’s retired from a full career in business.That puts him at least

sixty-five.I guess ‘old’ is the right word.History was his avocation.

Now he teaches it for fun.

“I really hope to make it fun for you,” he said.”One fun thing that’s new

this year is the Program.This is the AP class that has all the freshmen

participants this week.Would either of you gentlemen like to seek relief?”

Kelly went for it and I flashed him a huge smile with a come-on look.I had

been way ready since the courtyard.He took the come-on and asked for

assistance from me.Mr. Siever waved me to the front of the room with a

flourish and asked us both to introduce ourselves.We did.

“Your stool is there in the corner, Mr. O’Connell,” he said pointing.

Kelly set the special stool near the wall.I’d followed him over there and was

ready to straddle him.To my great surprise, he spun me around and sat me on

the stool.He positioned my ass at the edge of the seat so he’d have an

unobstructed approach.Our sides were to the classroom so the students would

have a mostly unobstructed view.

“Spread wide and lean back against the wall, Pam.I’ll try to keep you from

falling off,” he said.

“Woah!Hold it.I have to know that you both agree to this,” Mr. Siever

interrupted.

“Oh, we agree.We’ve talked and it’s not the first time we’ve done it today,”

I answered clearly.

I got like Kelly wanted me and was pretty well balanced on the stool.He moved

in between my spread legs and started stroking with his hands.I was plenty

wet and it didn’t take many strokes to get the tingles going again.

“I’m ready,” I whispered.

He leaned forward, put his hands on the wall on either side of my head and then

he kissed me.The kiss was not only right on the mouth, he used his tongue.

I was so taken by the kiss that I didn’t notice his penis entering me until it

was all the way in.That’s when he pinched my clit and did his little grind.

That made the screaming start with little whimpers then loud and long while I

came.Later Emily said she couldn’t tell when one orgasm ended and the next

began.

Kelly came then stayed inside me to keep me going.He did that little grind

that works so well on my clit until Mr. Siever told him to quit.The five

minutes were up.I’m glad we were both really ready when we started.We both

fumbled with the tissues.I only used them to wipe what was on the outside and

on the stool.We helped each other to our desks.He and Emily helped me sit.

He must have been feeling better because he made it to his seat.

The ritual of the syllabus and text books went as usual.It’s not that

demanding, so I had a chance to get over the sex.The feeling was stronger

this time, probably because I didn’t have to spend any effort to stand.I was

warm, blushing red and sort of buzzing all over.My pussy was freshly swollen

and bright red.I checked my boobs.They seemed a little thicker again and

my nipples were out and hard.The towel in my seat soaked up a lot of stuff

running out of me the whole hour.It went in the zip-lock bag when the bell

rang.

“I want to call your attention to the page of the handout that talks about the

weekly presentation.This is part of the attempt in this class to challenge AP

students and make it more fun.A small group of students delves into the

subject a little deeper, then gives a presentation or acts out some historic

scene,” Mr. Siever said looking mostly at us four naked students.”This week’s

topic is prehistoric man.Since pre- history occurred pre-clothing, our

Program participants are assigned to do the first presentation in class on

Friday.

“Don’t worry.This isn’t for your humiliation.I am trying to make good use

of your participation in a way that fits the subject.There will be extra

credit to any student who does the presentation in their Program week - provided

that the nudity of the Program is worked into the presentation in an historical

and entertaining manner.Simply reciting in the nude or doing a skit in the

nude that does not include nudity as some part of the subject is not

sufficient.”

He answered questions about the class outline, gave suggestions about working

nudity into historical context and went over his expectations for the two term

papers we would be doing.He also assigned reading of the first two chapters

of the text for tomorrow.All the first day stuff was covered and he was

starting to talk about prehistoric man when the bell rang.

This was the start of sixth lunch.Those of us who already had lunch got study

time for a half hour.I read the English and history assignments.The first

chapters are introductory and don’t have questions at the end.I read the

questions at the end of the second chapters and sort-of answered them in my

mind.The questions get another visit later.

The class change to math was another short trip that took a long time.With

all the posing, butt strokes and questions, I needed almost the whole time to go

across the hall.It was the guy fingering my pussy who ran me past the warning

bell.I did not want him to stop.Emily had a nice time with her boobs

changing hands three times that I noticed.Even the looks of the algebra

teacher couldn’t pry the smile off her face.Dan and Kelly each got touched -

more like examined than jacked off, though.They got more excited and I

wondered whether either of them would go for the relief.

The AP algebra class accelerates two years into one.The teacher is Ms Grisom.

She’s in her forties I guess, with grey streaks in her hair.She’s small and

very thin with a thin sharp-featured face and dark circles under her eyes.I

know I did a double take when I saw her and I think my partners did, too.She

could have, but didn’t seem to shake the built-up arousal from any of us.This

teacher wanted to get right into the subject, but she touched on the Program

first.

“There isn’t much Algebra can do with the Program.I will regularly call on

students to work problems at the board without regard to nudity.Be assured

there won’t be any preference nor immunity for Program participants.I’m sure

you’ve read the articles from other places where the Program has been running

for a while.I suppose we could calculate the volume of cylinders that

approximate breasts, but ... nevermind,” she tried to joke looking directly at

me.

Damned flat boobs.I’m sure she was trying to make a joke, but it was at my

expense.The other students took offense, too.Nobody laughed.Ms Grisom

moved right along to relief.Neither of the boys felt like they needed any

just then.

Ms Grisom went through the syllabus and book ritual with remarkable efficiency

and then introduced us to our dearest friends in this class - x and y.She did

that with professional competence and just enough humor to keep it interesting.

The homework assignment was the first three chapters.That is an accelerated

course, after all.

That class ended and we vanished.I had my book bag full and didn’t even stop

at my locker.PE and volleyball tryouts were next.The gym is as far from

the ninth grade cluster as you can get in that school.We were not gonna be

late, so we didn’t give anyone a chance to make requests.Besides, I was horny

enough with anticipation of seeing all those football players’ packages being

tucked into their jockstraps and asses bent over to pull up shorts.That’s

what I expected of the boy’s locker room.

Monday Evening

Chapter 4.Monday After Classes

I was ready to see a lot of naked guys.That’s how it’s supposed to work in

the boys’ locker room, right?.Not this time.The sign on the door said to

report to the bleachers in the gym for locker assignments.Shoulda known.

When we got in there, Crystal was talking to Amy, Rochelle and Brooke, “... with

one hand and THREW him into his locker.He was still banging away in there

when we came back from lunch.He stayed far away and very quiet after someone

let him out.”

“Ooh.Here are those touchy-feely freshmen now.You guys really like that,

don’t you?” asked Brooke.

“You saw us at lunch, Brooke.It’s sexy and sooo much fun,” Emily enthused.

“So did you get laid today?” Crystal asked her.

“No.Still a virgin, but my outlook on that is changing,” Emily answered.

“How many times did you do it now, Pam?” Amy asked.

“Twice.Fingers got me close another two times,” I bragged.

“We haven’t been inviting it, but if it’s that much fun I might see what I can

get,” said Brooke.

The sophomore program people got there then and we went to sit with the junior

and senior boys.Steve gave me a smile and a little blush.Crystal sat by

Brian and they held hands.Hmmm.Progress.

Coach Reeves began speaking, explaining that she was the Athletic Director for

Lincoln High.She’s been teaching and coaching the longest.The head

football coach Mr. Johnston is older, but he didn’t start teaching until he

finished a pro football career.Too bad his knees will never be the same.

She introduced the cross country running coach, the JV and ninth grade coaches

for volleyball and football.

“Before we start in on assigning lockers, we have to talk about how sports at

Lincoln relate to the Program.You can tell I like and support it with me

being naked and all,” she said and waited for the cheers to die down.”Coach

Johnston tells me he wishes nudity was legal for men and he could join us.The

point is that we are going to do what we can to make the Program work well among

athletes and make sports practical for Program participants.Coach Johnston,

tell us about football please.”

“The big deal is uniforms,” he started.”The Program allows participants to

wear things for safety, but not for modesty.The rules of the various sports

also have to be considered.The state may have screwed up by not overriding

the uniform rules of the sports.Even if they did, uniforms have their place.

How would football work if both teams’ players looked white, black and all

those shades in between?In fast games where players mix together, the color

of the uniform is important to good play.In football, lower body pads are

sewn into the pants.We can’t just leave them off.Football will be played

in full uniform.This isn’t the players’ choice, it’s the coach’s instruction.

As long as players, Program participants or not, don’t have a choice, the

participants aren’t violating rules.

“When we’re dressing in pads for contact drills and scrimmage, wear the full

practice uniform.When we’re not in pads, all players are required to wear

supporters - jockstraps.I want everyone doing your best at running routes or

wind sprints without worrying about kicking your balls all over the place.

“Umm ... girls?Excuse my plain language.Of course I know you use worse.

“Program participants will wear the jocks.Since they’re required for

everyone, you don’t have a choice and you’re not breaking Program rules.

That’s all you wear, however.Nothing else is needed for safety.T- shirts

and shorts are optional for non-participants.The jocks are required and I

will be checking.”

He turned the floor over to the cross country coach Mr. Harrier.His normal

class is Geometry.He tells the cross country team that they, too, are

required to wear supporters.It’s not optional for anyone even if their

running shorts have built-in lining.Most of the runners groan because they

didn’t bring jocks.The light nylon split-seam shorts they usually wear have

linings that do a great job of supporting.Mr. Harrier thought for a minute,

then required everyone to wear those shorts today.Jocks would be required

tomorrow, but nothing else for Kelly.Everyone was to participate in the

uniform fitting.The Program-friendly uniform would replace the nylon shorts

and jocks as soon as they could be delivered.

“Okay, are you getting it?Health, safety and play of the game count.Girls

have different soft body parts that need support, but they need it just as much.

A sports bra is required for all participation in Volleyball.Who has a

sports bra on now?Gail?Strip off your shirt and show everyone,” Coach

Reeves resumed.”Right.Gail’s blush isn’t necessary.That bra covers more

than her swimsuit.You can tell by the tan lines.It’s modest, but that’s

not the point.It has a wide band and straps that won’t dig in when you reach

up.The cups pull breasts in and up to prevent bouncing.The T-back keeps

the straps high on your shoulder so you can move freely.This is the right

sort of sports bra.

“As the other coaches have done, I’m making this sort of bra mandatory during

tryouts.To check that you’re all wearing the required support, nobody will

wear anything over the bra.They are more modest than swimsuits, after all.

Shorts are optional for non-participants.Program girls go bottomless.This

is about safety, not modesty.”

“Pffft,” I scoffed.What the hell would I ever need a bra for.I was too far

away for her to hear the derision, but she must have seen my expression.

She spoke directly to me, “Maybe you don’t think you need it, but the bra is

required for all players.Program participants don’t get a choice.If anyone

can choose not to wear one, it would be optional and then no Program

participants could wear one.Show hands if you don’t have a bra or if you only

have a little lacy thing.”

Four of us put up our hands.A few seconds later Melissa raised hers and said

that she was wearing hers when she had to strip in the morning.

“Okay.As soon as you’re finished with your lockers, you five see me,” the

coach instructed.”I’ll give you passes to get bras.You can go home, go to

a store or call for someone to bring it to you.Mr. Carlson is with us on all

this, Melissa.I’ll give you a note and he should return your bra.Keep it

in your bag tomorrow.

“Here’s what we decided on for uniforms for volleyball, girls’ basketball and

some others.This sort of shorts will work for boys.Cross country will use

them.We hope to have a good answer for boys shirts before basketball season.

Volleyball and basketball rules require that all the uniforms have shorts and

jersey.The whole team must match, with exceptions.Numbers have to appear

in particular places on the shirt.Sandra, come on out and model that.”

One of the players came out of the locker room wearing all fishnet.Her shorts

rode low on her hips and had real short legs.The threads of the fishnet were

fine and black.The openings were about half an inch square.Her pubic hair,

labia and butt all showed through clearly.The top had a band under her

breasts, straps and cups like a sports bra.White fishnet mesh was added all

around like a short-cropped sleeveless T-shirt.That included the bra cups.

Areolas showed and her nipples poked through.Quite cute, really.The mesh,

band and straps stretch some, but it looked like the cups didn’t stretch enough.

“These have to fit right.There’s not enough mesh in the cups to stretch and

they really do have to support well.I’ll be wearing one like this, too.

Yours will have numbers on the front and back.Mine will have a bow tie.We

won’t be naked, but they’re not modest are they?They feel like you’re dressed

and that may take some getting used to if you get hooked on nudity.

“There are fit samples in almost every size.Try them on until you find a fit.

Sandy needs a larger cup size, for instance.The samples will be on that

table.Try them right after you get your lockers and write your size on the

chart.

“Here’s how we’ll do lockers.Boys’ locker room at that table, girls’ at this.

Program participants come first because you have two lockers to work on.

Program people also go to the opposite table to get the locker you’ll use this

week.Change when you get to your locker for today - no pads for football,

shorts for running and sports bras for volleyball.You five girls see me

after.Go.”

The naked girls went first and found our permanent lockers.I wanted to see

boys.I hurried faster than most of them and got to the middle of the line for

boys’ room lockers.Those guys didn’t mind letting me in.They asked what

they could touch while we waited.

“Me,” I answered holding my arms out to the sides.

They did.About ten hands went all over me.The more they touched, the more

I liked it.The more I liked it, the more I smiled.They saw the smile, got

closer and touched more intimately.That’s positive feedback the way it’s

supposed to work.Every now and then the whole crowd moved closer to the table

then some of the guys started dropping off.I was breathing hard when I had to

tell Coach Johnston my name.He put on a big smile.I don’t know if that was

for my obvious strength, that I’m cute, that I was naked or for how aroused I

was getting.I also caught sight of Coach Reeves checking me out and

salivating again.

My locker for the week is at the end of the last row.I had a long walk close

to a lot of guys.Most of them were in the middle of changing and I got the

view I’d hoped for.Lots of cocks and they got hard when they saw me.They

dragged their hands along my body as I walked by.I raised my arms to give

them an open shot and walked slowly.All the touches and gropes were gentle

and sexy.By the time I got to my locker, I was really aroused.

“Hey guys?That’s stuff you can do to me that you better ask other girls

about.I don’t think many of them are ready for that much groping.Maybe

Emily, if you ask.Me, any time.”Then I tried to get them to do more for my

arousal, “Now I want more.You guys make me soooo horny.”

“Good!” said one of the football players and they all turned to leave.

One boy patted my ass and said, “Not something you can’t take care of yourself.”

Dawn must be the other Program girl in this row of lockers and the line must

have come to the end.She came along as they were leaving.

The boys each asked to touch her someplace.She hesitated and agreed to the

first ones only reluctantly.The agreements came more quickly after her

shoulders, perky boobs and six-pack abs got a few strokes and Dawn got some

thanks.The last few boys touched her ass and legs.None dared to try for

her pussy.

“Damn.I see why you like the touching.It feels good,” she said with the

blush of excitement spreading over her body.

I sat down with a little yelp.My pussy wanted warm soft hands, not a hard

wooden bench.It got my own hand.I only needed a single stroke on my clit

to get off.

I did my locker combination, grabbed my little waist pack and was on my way out.

There was Emily cornered just inside the locker room door where every boy went

by her.She was granting every request they asked and had lots of hands all

over her.She had that horny look, wobbly knees and stuff running down her

legs again.They left her that way.”Bastards” was a fitting label.She

gave herself a few strokes, squealed through an orgasm and collapsed against the

wall.I got there in time to keep her from falling over. We both washed off

and Emily jiggled into her sports bra.She needs it with that big rack.

I reported to Coach Reeves.She gave Melissa a note for the principal.Two

of the other girls were going to call home for bras so they got hall passes.

The other girl, Tania, was like me in that she needed to buy the right style.

All of us would miss the stretching, warmup and a little of the tryout.We

could join the open tryout for girls who hadn’t planned for sports.

We got exit passes and had to check out with the office.Mr. Carlson or one of

the counselors would have to approve.That turned out to be no problem.The

principal accepted the explanations.He even accepted that I wear my pack

strapped around my waist but on one hip where it doesn’t hide anything

important.He initialed our passes and took Melissa to get her bra.

“You’re really going out there naked!?” Tania marveled.”All the way to the

mall?”

I explained living naked and that the mall was only two blocks away.We could

get the bras at the sporting goods store and be back before the hour was over.

“How about either of the department stores?They have nicer styles,” Tania

suggested.

“We’re not after nice styles.We want supporting T-back sports bras and you

probably want something modest,” I responded.”Besides, the clothing

departments of those other two stores don’t like naked people.They don’t see

much return business.They both mark everything up 10%, like a reverse sale

for naked people.”

The main street between the school and mall is pretty busy, but both of those

places are larger than a block.There are two other neighborhood streets

between them with virtually no traffic.We passed only a few people outside in

the heat of the day.They looked at us, well at me.I smiled and waved.

That broke their staring and got me waves in return.One was naked and very

friendly.She was in her mid-twenties or so, sitting out in her shady front

yard with her baby.She was holding the baby’s hand for support while the baby

tried to stand.We exchanged big smiles and pleasant greetings.

Tania had laughed at the reverse sale idea, but understood that the sporting

goods store is the better place for the style we need.It’s also a better

place for naked people to get service.The owner and another guy gave us their

undivided attention.No, Tania didn’t need any help in the fitting room.She

found the same model that Gail showed and bought a few.I got super lucky.

There’s a style that’s supposed to be cool and breezy and definitely underwear.

It has cups of quarter-inch open fishnet and everything else is like the

example.I tried some on right there in the store.Too bad it wasn’t very

busy at that time of day.The cups are expected to stretch, so they start

small.The 40A size fit me without being baggy.There was only one of that

size in stock.I have to wash all those towels every day anyway.I can throw

in the bra until uniforms come in.

On the way back to school, Tania complained, “It’s hot.I’d really rather be

wearing a halter.”

“You could strip,” I suggested.If you don’t want to join me all the way, try

topless.You’re plenty cute.”

“No, I couldn’t.I’m dreading my Program week as it is,” she answered.

“Okay, how about losing the shirt and wearing the new bra?You’ll have to do

that in the gym anyway,” I tried again.

“That makes a little more sense.Where could I change?” she wondered.

“How about right here.It’s legal.Lemme hold your stuff,” I offered.

She got a wide-eyed scared look, but swallowed hard and found some courage.

Her T-shirt came off and I added it to what I was holding.Do you think it was

an accident her new bra was tangled with everything else?She unfastened her

lacy bra, then tried to snatch it off quickly.That worked, but she couldn’t

get her new one from me.

“How does that feel?” I asked while pretending to fumble with her clothes.

“Your nipples look like you’re excited by it.”

“Yeah, it’s strange to feel the breeze there and it’s embarrassing, too.Hurry

up,” she prodded.

“Do a dare, Tania.I dare you to walk this last block topless, then put on the

bra after we cross the street to the school,” I tried again.

She looked down at herself, then at me.My damned flat chest made her feel

good about her full B-cups.She ran her hands over herself and sort of

shivered.She was really considering the idea.

“Okay for a block, but I’ll put on the bra before we cross the street.Not so

many people will see me through the windows that way,” she agreed.

We walked on talking about the Program and living naked.She had seen the

brochure and knew the term ‘outreach’ and what it means.Yep, she had figured

me out.

When we checked in at the office, Mr. Carlson came out to remark, “Well, Tania,

are you joining the volunteers?”

She put her hand over her mouth in shock, checked herself, grabbed her bra from

me and put it on as quickly as she could.She didn’t say a word, just fled the

office and headed for the gym.She did admit later that it felt so good being

topless that she forgot about it.

We stowed the purse and pack, and got into the gym in plenty of time to try on

the uniform samples before open tryout.Each piece of the uniform has bands

and straps where they’re needed and a wide open mesh in between.A whole

uniform easily crumples into a handful.These were what I’d seen Coach Reeves

with last week.

My butt’s not that abnormal, but my legs are big.The extra large size shorts

were a little long, but with a soft snug feeling all over.After being naked,

I would take at least a week of practice in them to get used to feeling anything

on my ass.Not so lucky with the top here.They didn’t have any 40 sizes.

Even the 38A was baggy on my damned flat boobs and the band was too tight.I’d

have to see Coach Reeves about that later - when she was alone.Tania found

her fit on the first try.This time she stripped off her bra and tried on the

sample right there in the gym.

I saw Melissa sitting in the bleachers with a glum look.She was naked like a

good Program participant and holding her bra.She launched into the rant

before I could even ask ‘sup?’

“Fuckin’ Program.Fuckin’ rules,” she said with fire in her eyes.”I’m a

setter and I have a chance at varsity this year.A specialist has to get

through all the basic skill tryouts first.They’re all out there showing off,

but not me.Oh, no.Coach Reeves is making us wait for open tryouts to

start.Do you know how much attention those girls get?Jack shit, and that’s

from extra teachers they bring in to help with the rush.We can’t even stretch

or warm up until they ‘instruct’ us how to do it.The coach even told me I

can’t wear the bra until I’m actually working out.”

She had the fiery look of a real competitor frustrated by arbitrary rules.

Here was another one I could really get to like.

After the bell at the end of the last class, activity picked up in the locker

rooms and in the bleachers.Students who had PE in another hour used their

lockers.Anyone who didn’t have PE this term would only get a locker if they

made a team, so they plunked gym bags in the bleachers.As Melissa said, a few

teachers joined the coaches to help with the crowded tryouts.The gym holds

three volleyball or basketball courts with plenty of space around each one.

There’s also a small gym that has one court, a weight room and a wrestling room

with wall-to-wall mats.The coaches had two of the courts busy with the girls

who were already working.

Three more teachers checked in with Coach Reeves then took charge of us.

Melissa and I put on the bras.

“Why bother, Pam,” Melissa asked.”You’re gonna need more bra than that later,

but now you don’t need any ... and that sure doesn’t cover anything.”

“Ask the coach,” I said with a shrug, but I really understand the fine point

about the Program rule.

I was sort of shocked when I looked up from getting the bra in place.The

teacher addressing us was Ms Grisom from algebra class.She started in with a

welcome and wished the wannabes good luck.Next, she got to the dress code.

“You girls without shirts, stand up,” she instructed, then after the five of us

stood she continued, “Those two are dressed like you have to - good, supporting

T-back sports bra, and no shirt so we can see that you’re doing it right.

They’re in the Program, so they have to be bottomless.You’re allowed to wear

shorts like those three.We’re serious.Those five couldn’t start last hour.

We made them get the right clothes.Your choices now are to strip the shirt

and play in your bra, go get a good bra and come back tomorrow, or just drop out

of tryouts.”

A lot of the girls picked up and left right then.At least it wasn’t going to

be quite so crowded.The rest dropped their shirts on the bleachers.Ms

Grisom told us to spread out on the vacant court and some of the open space away

from the other courts.The other two teachers spread around to supervise us.

Ms Grisom stopped me on the way to the court.

“Umm ... Pam, is it?” she addressed me.”I screwed up in class making that

joke about you.It got the reaction I deserved.I’m sorry and I’ll apologize

in class tomorrow.”

I’m sure I blushed and I could only give a little smile and nod to her.She

took us through the prescribed stretching exercises, a light jog to get our

heart rate up and then grouped us in twos and threes.I could tell this tryout

wasn’t totally serious.We got the oldest, rattiest balls in the school’s

collection.Some of them weren’t even leather covered.We were to do forearm

passes, then a drill with alternating pass, set and a light overhand hit.

I paired with Melissa and we quickly got into a rhythm.It was obvious who

could play.Our pair and the other three who had to get bras were clearly

better and more comfortable than almost all the others.There was one other

who looked fairly good, but she was held back by her partners.They didn’t

even know which end of the ball to hit.They spent so much time chasing the

ball that the one good girl wasn’t getting a chance to show off.Ms Grisom

noticed, too.When the partners were off chasing the ball one time, she

brought the girl to Melissa and me.We were now a trio.

“Jennie.”

“Melissa.”

“Pam,” we introduced ourselves.”You bump to both of us.You need the

touches.”

Jennie proved herself quite well.The three of us were so comfortable with

these drills that we didn’t need to concentrate fully.We asked and Jennie

explained that she was a sophomore and had just moved in.

“Your Program lets you wear bras?” she marveled.”Where I was before, we had

to play naked even when we weren’t in the Program.I dropped out of sports

‘cause it hurt my boobs.”

Melissa explained the reasoning and pointed out the uniforms on the table.My

attention went to Jennie’s chest when she mentioned boobs.Yep, another one

with a rack I’d kill for.They looked like full size softballs and bounced a

little even in her bra.It looked like they were soft and pendulous - the

hanging kind that would really flap when she jumped without good support.

The six of us didn’t get any more attention from the teachers after Jennie

joined us.They spent the rest of the time watching all the others and mostly

scowling.

We got to hit a few serves over the net.We would serve from one side and

players on the other side would try to receive.My strength is deceiving.I

don’t take any step into the serve and it hardly looks like my hitting arm

moves.The ball streaks over the net, clearing by about half an inch.I’ve

learned to snap my wrist to make it spin.The ball acts like a sinkerball

pitch.At first it looks like it’s going too fast and will go out of bounds.

It drops suddenly, so it’s hard to get to and the spin usually messes up the

pass if someone does get it.I showed off.The poor wannabes couldn’t touch

my serves.Well, sometimes my serves touched them.One stood in the way,

screamed and tried to raise her arms to protect herself.The ball hit her in

the face anyway.

Jennie and Melissa have fast, low serves, too.Tania and the others are

accurate but softer.Ms Grissom decided that only the six of us would receive

each others’ serves.That turned into a good workout for us and a lesson for

the wannabes.It was a challenge trying to get Jennie’s and Melissa’s serves,

but I got them all.I also remembered how to roll on the floor instead of

sliding when I dive.One floor burn was all the reminder I needed.

Near the end of the hour, Coach Reeves came over.Ms Grisom separated the six

of us.

“These are the ones who really belong,” she said.

Coach Reeves didn’t recognize Jennie.The new girl got the third degree, a

chance to show her offensive moves and a note to get her schedule changed.The

coach promised that we’d start in the PE hour and not be stuck in this group.

As it turned out, Jennie was the only upperclass girl to get a good result from

open tryouts.

Ms. Grisom pointed out about ten of the remaining wannabes, saying they had a

chance at the freshman team.Coach Reeves separated them to one side and asked

if they were all freshmen.She sent the sophomores back to the pack.She

told the freshmen they had a chance and to stay with the tryouts.

Her speech to the rest of the pack wasn’t as encouraging, “You can try to

impress us again tomorrow if you want, but you will have to do a lot better to

have a chance at any of the teams.As it is we have 36 places on the three

teams and 55 trying out beside you.”

A long shrill blast from her whistle ended the tryout right at five o’clock.I

was ready for a locker room full of boys, but again no such luck.The only

boys in there were the cross country team, except Kelly.There were eight

girls and five boys there.Kelly alone had 45 girls to shower with.

The boys were nervous at being naked, more so because they were in the minority.

One got the nerve to ask to wash Emily.She accepted so eagerly and reacted

so well that more boys asked.Enough of us accepted that all the boys had a

girl to wash.There was mostly washing at first.Once a boy had soaped the

entire girl, he would go back to her ass and pussy.After a few minutes, Emily

got off with a high pitch squeal.She took a minute to recover, then she

returned the favor.She washed the whole boy, then went back and concentrated

on his cock.He got off soon enough.

The one washing me was pretty good with his hands.He started later than the

one doing Emily, but I got off just after she did.I washed him all over,

except his cock.

He was about to protest when I said, “You can have the hand job if you prefer,

but I’d rather fuck.”

His face lit up and he pressed up against me.I backed up to the wall and

stood with my legs apart to give him a way in and set my pussy at just the right

height.He got off so quickly that I only had one orgasm.The one when he

washed me counts, too, so it was a very good shower.When I recovered, I saw

that all the others in there were staring.

“Again, Pam?” asked Emily.

I gave the boy a slow sweet kiss, then answered, “Again ... and again when I

can.”

I used the douche bottle I had smuggled over from the girls’ room and the other

Program girls took their turns with it.The showers were shut off, towels were

thrown and a lot of giggling naked people dried each other.It got a little

sexy, but it was mostly friendly and fun.Is that what the Program is about?

Sex has its place in the rest of life along with friends and fun.Clothing not

necessary.

The boys got dressed and the other Program girls went to the box outside in

front of the school.I found out later that there were quite a few students on

hand for the dressing.They’d been preparing for the activity faire and just

happened to quit about then.

I had to see Coach Reeves about the volleyball uniform, and more if I was right

about her.I got to the girls’ locker room just as Kelly came staggering out.

His penis was down and soft.

He told about being washed by at least twenty girls, “Some must have liked to

feel me all hard.Six girls combined to get me sooo aroused.It took only a

few strokes for a good hand job from the next one.Other girls liked me soft

and relaxed.They handled and ‘washed’ me gently.I think most of them

hadn’t seen a penis before and were exploring.I didn’t mind.They were all

nice and it’s what the Program is supposed to be about.After a while, they

got me up again.That thrilled some of the girls and repelled others.There

were quite a few ‘Eww.’There were enough who wanted to see and touch a hard

one, though.A bunch of them worked me over and there was this final one.

She scoffed at all the prissy ones who went ‘Eww’ when I squirted.After that

I could hardly stand.The girls had mercy and dried me off.”

Jennie and Tania came by just then and one of them said, “Check him out, Pam.

He’s fine.”

“Those are the two who got me off those times,” Kelly revealed.”Do you know

them?”

“We met.And girls, Kelly and I checked each other out already today ... all

the way ... twice,” I boasted as I snuggled against Kelly.”Don’t worry.

We’re not exclusive.”

Tania gave us a thumbs up and Jennie said, “Way to go,” before they left in a

flurry of giggles and whispers.

The last I saw of Kelly, he was walking slowly to the front door, wondering how

I could be so perky.

I knocked on Coach Reeves’ door and stood waiting.The football team came in

then and the Program boys came to the girls’ locker room.I think every one of

them stroked his hand across my ass as he went by.I know Dan didn’t miss the

chance and we smiled at each other.

The coach broke into a smile as soon as she opened the door.

“Excuse me, coach, but I couldn’t find a uniform that fit - not even close.

Please tell me those aren’t the only sizes,” I started.

“You’re not the only one.Come in and we’ll get measurements,” the coach said

as her smile turned almost predatory.

She closed the door behind us and I think I heard it lock.I was getting more

confident about being right.

She pointed to her computer screen.There was a spreadsheet with bra sizes and

other numbers.

“We have to order for future teams, too.I’ll fill in the extreme sizes, but

only order one.I’m trying to figure the distribution nearer the median and

how many of those we should order.The point is that we’ll have a stock of

sizes, so you should find a fit even if you grow.What sizes did you try and

how did they miss fitting?” she asked.

While she was getting out her tape, I told about buying the 40A bra and trying

the 38A uniform.

“The company did warn us that the chest sizes are accurate, but the cups are a

little big so they don’t have to be stretchy.Lets measure and check you on

the chart,” she said.

She lifted my arms out of the way, then stopped and said, “Damn, those are

solid.Only a few boys in this school have arms that good.Yours don’t bulge

with that soft girl-skin over them.Your shape here is amazing, too.”

With that she had the tape around me and was stroking the V of the lats up and

down my sides.We were both starting to breath more heavily.

“Your band had better fit or it’ll hurt when all this gets pumped up.This

tiny waist makes me wonder where you put your internal organs.It looks like

it’s all six-pack.I’ve only seen a couple of guys with abs like this, but

never a girl,” she said staring at me the whole time.

I was blushing like I usually do over compliments.My nipples didn’t pop out

because they and the rest of my flat boobs were already as swollen as they could

get from the sex.

“Do I bother you talking about your body?I could talk about your cute face

with all that blushing,” she teased.”But we’d better get to your boobs.”

She measured my chest and got 40 like she should, then she measured my boobs and

said, “Hmmm.”

She flipped through the company’s book to a chart and said “Hmmm” again.

“Do you swell any - like during your period or when you have sex?” she asked.

“I’m at my biggest right now.Showering with boys didn’t stop with the

showering,” I explained.

“That explains the wild red pussy.Did you enjoy the shower?It’s one of the

high points of a day in the Program,” she led me.

“Oh, yes ma’am.Of course, I didn’t wait for the shower to go that far the

first few times and I’m hoping for more today,” I responded.

“Well, this says you almost fit one of their 40A.If you’re all the way

swollen, you’ll need the special size they call ‘flat’,” she said pointing into

the book.

Right.Flat.I rolled my eyes.Damned flat boobs.

“We did have a few of the younger girls put down that size, but they are a lot

smaller - 28 and 30 chests.They’re also not likely to make the team.’Flat’

is a standard cup for smaller sizes, but for 40 it’s a special order.I’ll put

that down and also get A through D.Mmmm.I’d really like to see a 40D

playing volleyball in one of these fishnet tops,” she said.

She came over to me and started caressing my chest.She was checking just how

much softness was in there and trying to excite my nipples at the same time.

She did both.The nipples didn’t change much, but I gasped when they started

to feel good.She smiled at that - predatory again.Absolutely salivating.

“They’re big already.With all the area they cover, you have more breast than

most B-cups.When they do a growth spurt, I don’t want to be standing in front

of you.Then there’s the muscle under there.Some of the football players

have pects this big, but only some.You did say you worked out all summer,

didn’t you?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am, I did.Swimming, karate and weight training every day.The ...

umm ... shorts?” I answered her, but didn’t finish the next thought.

“Right.Shorts,” she interrupted me and grabbed her tape again.”You know,

your butt is damn hot.Do boys tell you they like it?”

“Yes, ma’am.Since I don’t have boobs to distract them, they tell me it’s my

best part and wanted to touch it all day,” I said.

She knelt in front of me and slowly wrapped the tape around my waist savoring

every touch and trying to make me feel the same.She let the tape drop to

write down the measurement.The next measurement was around my ass.She

reached around and fumbled with the tape to be sure she stroked my cheeks and

legs.She didn’t try to make any excuse when she dug her fingers into my ass

and I think I heard a squeal of excitement from her.I got wet in the pussy

and I’m sure she smelled it.Her eyes brightened and she looked up at me with

another of those smiles after she wrote the hip measurement.

“Now your legs,” she announced and reached between them.”They’re big and

powerful even for a woman.Lots of swimming, you say?They look good for

jumping, too.”

USERNAME: Pamela

PASSWORD: \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

This could cause real trouble, but it does have something to do with the

Program.It’s a big step for me toward an important goal, too.I’m writing

it for me and maybe Mom.I hope continuity is good enough that other readers

go right over it and don’t think they missed anything.

She paid a lot of attention to my inner thighs, fumbling with the tape again.

How many times do you think she ‘accidentally’ brushed my vulva?I couldn’t

count, but I liked every one of them.I concluded that I was right about her

and this was the moment.I clamped my big legs together trapping her hand

against my pussy.She gasped and her smile grew predatory again.

“You can stop hitting on me so hard, Coach.I’m ready,” I said with a smile of

my own, and yes, it was a little predatory.

“Ready?What is it you’re ready for, Pam?” she challenged.

“Sex,” I answered plainly.”With you.I want to learn how to do it with a

woman.”

“Do you think you’re lesbian?You said you only lost your virginity today,”

she asked.

“Oh, no.I really like doing it with boys.I’m just curious about how it is

with a woman.Mom says I’d know how to please a woman instinctively once I

learned to please myself.I could probably do it with my hands, but I want to

learn about doing a woman with my mouth,” I explained.

“Do you know how many ways this is wrong?” she asked.

“I’m of age.The only problem is the coach-player, teacher-student

relationship.I’m going to make your team by playing well.This shouldn’t

matter,” I said.

She slid her hand out of my crotch very slowly.It found my clit among all the

swollen red stuff.The sensation ran all the way up me and came out as a

squeal.She gave me a look that asked if I was alright.I held her face,

moved up against her and kissed her.She let my tongue into her mouth right

away and her hands started roaming all over me.She felt softer than the boys

had, but just as strong.I could feel her boobs smashed against me and her

hips rubbing back and forth.Her hands stroked my sides, back and arms,

digging in every now and then.The kiss turned into mutual lip nibbling and

that was really fun - personal, affectionate and exciting.

She stepped away and I could tell she was into it.She was flushed, her

nipples were out hard and there might have been something running down her leg.

“Show me what you can do with your hands, Pam,” she invited.

I sat in the big easy chair she has in her office and pulled her down across my

lap.I got one hand between her legs and the other under her ass.Both hands

went to work.I started with her inner thighs and outer labia.I slowly

worked inside her.Her breathing started to come in gasps and she started

moaning.My fingers found her inner spot.I could tell because it felt like

mine and her reaction was the same as I get.I crooked my thumb so the knuckle

would work on her clitoral hood.It did better than planned by getting under

there and rubbing her clit directly.My other hand worked over her cheeks and

after a while, her asshole.That added just the stimulation to take her from

moaning to a desperate effort to stifle a scream.She buried her face in the

muscles of my shoulder and chest, opened her mouth and let the scream out.Her

whole body was tense and even shaking.I held the pressure that got her that

way until she stopped.When she got control of herself, she pulled my hands

out and sat there panting.

“How did you know to do that to my ass?” she asked.

“That’s what I do to me.Mom was right.It worked on another woman.I’m

really glad you liked it,” I said.

“Oh, I did.I haven’t had a lover in a couple of years and really missed it.

Now the mouth idea is to use lips and tongue to work over the clitoris and

labia.You usually need a finger for that spot inside and anything you do to

her ass,” the coach coached.”Here, I’ll show you.Scoot forward.”

I slid to the front edge of the chair and she knelt in front of me again.I

leaned forward to see what she was doing.She stuck her tongue out at me and

curled it.I laughed and so did she.Then she started kissing and licking my

legs.That was softer and warmer than just rubbing with my own fingers.She

did it gently and slowly, letting me build my reaction.She kissed my labia

and that felt warmly wonderful.Suddenly she licked my slit.Her tongue went

in far enough to get my inner labia.She kept going all the way up and hit my

clit.I couldn’t sit up anymore and I collapsed back in the chair.I think

she continued that stuff with her tongue and added finger action like she had

said.I don’t know because I was too busy enjoying it to pay attention.When

I came, I managed to stifle my own scream, but the convulsion sat me up.I

bent over her and kissed the middle of her back.I really felt like taking a

bite of it.

She stopped when I finished the orgasm.Her face was covered with my juices,

so she wiped herself off and me too.When she finished I was sitting up in the

chair and she sat across my lap again.

“Nice, huh?” she prompted and gave me a squeeze around the neck.

“Yes, ma’am.There were some extra nice unique sensations the way you did

that, Coach Reeves,” I answered and gave her a peck of a kiss.

“Pam, can you separate this, the sex, from the rest of our lives?” she asked.

“Yes, I think so and I understand why,” I answered.

“Well then, when we’re very private and doing this stuff, please call me Donna.

‘Coach’ and ‘ma’am’ sound too much like the forbidden relationship.We’re

starting off as equals and I really like an aggressive partner like you are

today.So is it okay?In this situation, I’m Donna?” she invited.

“Yes ma ... Donna.That goes with all the intimacy.Besides ‘making love to

Donna’ sounds so much better than ‘fucking the coach,’ doesn’t it?” I agreed.

“That ‘love’ thing is a big step, Pam.I know better.You’re not ready for

that with anyone and I haven’t known you long enough for more than lust,” she

pointed out.

“Okay ‘making lust with Donna’,” I giggled.”Now let me try what you did.

Tell me if I do something you don’t like.Knees here.”

I patted the arms of the big chair.She knelt across those arms and I held her

by reaching both arms around her legs and grabbing her ass.I had to slouch

down in the chair so I was at the right level to tilt my face up into her.I

kissed and licked her legs and outer labia until I heard her panting.By then

she really needed me to hold her up and her pussy was running wet again.I

licked her slit and got my first taste of a woman’s juices.Not too bad, at

least not repulsive enough to make me quit licking.I stayed away from her

clit on purpose.My tongue worked into her vulva and stroked along her inner

labia.She got weaker and more preoccupied by the sexy sensations.She bent

over and leaned her arms on the back of the chair.My tongue took a few tries

to fold back her hood.When it did, I had time for two licks on her clit

before she had to stifle another scream.I think she used her arm.I tried

to keep licking her to prolong the orgasm, but that was a lot of work.She was

draped over the back of the chair.Her hips were bucking, her middle was

writhing and nothing else was holding anything up.It took a lot of my

strength to keep her pussy pressed against my face.It worked, though.She

had a nice strong orgasm with a long shuddering end.

When I let go, she collapsed down on me with her boobs on either side of my

head.They felt warm and soft, but also smothering.I lifted her off gently

and sat her across me again.We stroked each other and just enjoyed it.When

she touched my boobs, though, they were a little sore.I held her there and we

cuddled until I saw the clock.

“That was a great lesson, Donna.Did I show mastery of the material?” I asked.

“You sure showed mastery of me.You’re a real natural, but I do think we’ll

have to practice a bit more before you’re perfect,” she said with a sly smile.

“Oh, you bet.This was great.The trouble is that I have to start work at

six and it’s a quarter of,” I said lifting her off me.

She looked at how I did that and muttered, “Damn you’re strong.”

I smiled at that and at the care she showed when wiping my face off.She did

her own pussy and legs, but kept her eye and smile on me the whole time.Yes,

the motion was inviting and I was going to be back for more.

“Ooh, we have to get your ass measured,” she remembered suddenly.

----- E - N - D -----

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

“But Coach, the extra large shorts fit fine.Sorry I didn’t put that down on

the chart,” I said with a sly smirk.

“You little vixen!” she exclaimed with a big, but not very surprised smile.”I

don’t think you need the Program, but it does need you.Now scram.I have to

get this order in.”

I left her office and started happily prancing to the outside gym door.The

idea is to cut across the football field then down a neighborhood street to the

pool complex.I didn’t get far before I heard a commotion coming from the

locker room.

“What do those bastards think they’re doing?I am NOT gonna shower with naked

boys,” said a girl as she stormed out of the locker room with a stream of others

behind her.

“Get your naked ass out of my way,” she said to me.

She tried to push me aside so she could have the middle of the hall.Karate

has taught me a little about balance and throwing weight around.I also have

at least 70 pounds advantage over her.I leaned into her push, used her force

against her and it was she who wound up on her ass.The screaming invective

wasn’t worth remembering let alone typing.An important point is that her

friends didn’t exactly agree with her.

“Britney, you’re being such a bitch,” said one.

“I thought those guys were cute with their hard cocks and being too tired to use

them,” said another.

Dan told me later that those were some of the cheerleaders.They use the

padded wrestling room to practice their aerials, pyramids and tumbling.Today

they were using it for tryouts.Cheerleading is a sport (if you think it’s

not, just check out those aerials, pyramids and tumbling) and their sponsor is

called the coach.That’s none other than Miss Forester, our English teacher.

The cheerleaders were in the locker room and showering when the football

practice ended.The program guys invaded their private domain and a few of the

cheerleaders took exception.Talk about some people who need the Program.

Chapter

5.Monday Evening

I checked text and voice messages on my cell phone while I walked to the pool

complex.Can’t do that stuff in school.The rule is that if they see or hear

the phone, it’s not yours anymore.There were a lot of “Happy Birthday” and

“Nice Rescue” messages from old school friends and fellow lifeguards.I sent

thanks to all of them.I’ll work on the “call me” messages when I can.One

made me laugh.It was a text from a middle school friend who has a brother at

Lincoln.

“R U TRYING 2 B THE SCHOOL SLUT?” it asked.

I called her and we talked until I got to the pool.I didn’t say it, but she

figured out that, yes, I’m trying to be the school slut.

I dropped my books and stuff in the employees’ lounge and went to the teens’

pool.The day shift supervisor stayed late and watched the lap pool inside.

The evening shift supervisor came in early and took the adult pool.Mr.

Schwartz and I had the outdoor pools.That’s it.If the supervisors didn’t

work extra, they’d have to close the place for that hour.The evening shift

has mostly people who work a day job.I really can’t begrudge them a chance

for supper with their families.I had time to check the pH and chlorine in the

three outdoor pools and put up the sign at the babies’ wading pool: “NO

LIFEGUARD ON DUTY.RESPONSIBLE ADULT MUST BE IN THE WATER WITH EACH CHILD.”

Actually Mr. Schwartz has a good view of the baby pool from his seat at the

kids’ pool.He makes sure the parents are there.When there are two guards

at those large outdoor pools, we sit at the ends.There are chairs for third

and fourth guards along the sides, but they’re only used on days when the pool

is really crowded.When I’m solo I pick the side chair that puts the sun

behind me and lets me see the other two pools, too.That also puts my back to

the fence and parking lot just a few feet away.The other guards left right on

time and I climbed up to take over.Fortunately there were very few swimmers.

Supper time is supper time even on very hot days.

Just a moment after I got up on the chair, the remote van of our local TV

station pulled around the corner and into the lot.I didn’t look away from the

pools, but heard the truck stop right behind me at the curb.We have a

policeman on duty when the complex is open to the public.All the lifeguards

made friends with the cops.Sgt. Washington was right out there before the

camera was unloaded.I could hear and it was distracting, but I kept focus on

the pool and swimmers.

The reporter was one who seems to do a good job when you see her on the air, but

has a bitchy reputation with city workers.The way this came out, she must

have had a run-in with Sgt. Washington before.

“What’s up, Ms Sanchez?” the policeman asked.

“I need to interview Pam Fionda.It has to be now, live.I know she’s

scheduled to work now, so get out of the way,” did seem a little bitchy and

scared me - a live TV interview!

“That’s just not possible.A director has to be present at every interview and

we’d have to close all the outdoor pools to make those two available.Maybe

they’ll agree to an interview after their shift,” Sgt. Washington tried to be

reasonable.

“There she is right there,” the cameraman pointed out.

“Hey, Pam!How does it feel ...” Ms Sanchez tried to get my attention.

Officer Washington interrupted, “Now you’ll have to leave.If you don’t have

the sense to keep from distracting an on-duty public safety employee, you can’t

wait around here.”

“We can’t wait.The live interview has to get on before the news ends at

6:30,” she protested.

“Your about to be charged with interfering.Now go - in your truck and off the

complex,” the officer was getting tough and Ms Sanchez could see she wasn’t

getting anywhere with him.

They left and things were on the quiet side of normal.A few minutes before my

shift ended, a family came in - mother and father with younger and older girls.

The older girl looked at me for a moment, then waved.I waved back while I

was thinking of where I’d seen her before.I finally remembered the girl who

checked out my boobs before first hour.

The mother checked me out, too.I seemed to be a subject of their

conversation.I could only hear the loud parts.

“That’s her, Mom,” said the ninth grader.

“Wow,” said the younger girl who noticed that I heard and put her hand over her

mouth.

After some more conversation, the ninth grader exclaimed, “No Way!”

“Oh, come on, Cass.She can do it,” the mother said.”And I can do it.”

The mother dropped her swimsuit and stood there naked.The younger girl peeled

off her tight one-piece suit, then pranced around teasing Cass.The teen

rolled her eyes and slowly removed her suit.She got the expected compliments

and they made her feel as comfortable as they could.She spent a lot of time

in the water.

My shift ended when two other guards showed up for the evening shift.Cass

interrupted me on the way from the pool.She introduced her mother, Dr.

Switerlitz, her father, another Dr. Switerlitz and her sister Caitlin.They

had a lot of nice things to say to me.The doctor mentioned my low body fat

and I assured her that my doctor was watching it and I had been controlling my

calorie balance quite well.I was gaining weight, just not fat.When she

found out my doctor is Sol Greenbaum, she was relieved.

“He’ll do everything I would.There isn’t a better doctor,” she assured me.

“I am doing a project researching growth hormones.I’d like to include you,

perhaps as a case study, not just in the statistics.It would mean a few

minutes for blood samples and measurements.I’d need those now for a baseline

and then maybe daily when you have a growth spurt.”

“I’d be happy to be a lab rat for you, but with swimming in the morning,

volleyball ‘til five after school and starting here at six, I’d have trouble

getting to your office during hours,” I pointed out a problem.”I could dash

to your office after five if it’s close.”

“Not close.We’re in the medical center at the far edge of town.How about

if we meet here just before six or just after seven tomorrow?” she offered and I

agreed.

As an afterthought, Mr. Dr. Switerlitz added “You were working here for the

whole hour, weren’t you?You missed it.You just have to catch the news

tonight.”

I took a pleasant leave and went away wondering what was on the news without

that live interview.Sgt. Washington and Mr. Schwartz were in the director’s

office when I went by on the way out.The policeman called me in, but only to

mention that Mr. Schwartz and I both need to catch the news at 11.

“I could hear all that stuff at the curb, Sgt. Washington.Thanks,” I said and

he gave me a little waving salute.

I had something for Mr. Schwartz, too.I told him that volleyball matches

would have me unavailable Tuesday and Friday evenings.He looked like he was

about to crap.I pointed out that I’d be here tomorrow and the matches would

only start Friday of next week.He’s still hoping to solve the whole shortage

by then, so maybe that wouldn’t hurt at all.

I was almost to the main entrance when that bitchy cheerleader and two of her

followers came in.They were each wearing a skimpy bikini.

“Ooh!The hometown hero!Make way.Make room,” Britney mocked as she

pushed her companions to the sides.

I just walked by, but should have expected something.Just after I got past

her, Britney hauled off and smacked my ass.The sound was loud and it hurt as

much as she wanted it to.She must have put all she has into that smack

because I could still count all the fingers in the red mark after I got home.

I had her arm before she could pull it back and twisted it into a half-nelson.

That really is an effective move.I spun Britney around to face the door.

She stopped with her nose about two inches from the glass.

“You really can’t go around hitting the lifeguards, Britney.Now you have to

leave for the rest of the day.You can come back tomorrow, but now leave,” I

told her after she seemed to regain her senses.

She was twisting around to see me and must have caught sight of Sgt. Washington.

“Do you see what she’s doing to me?Make her let go!” she screamed.

“Nice takedown, Pam,” the officer complimented me.

“What?She’s hurting me and I didn’t do anything,” Britney whined and I think

the other two girls rolled their eyes.

“Young lady, even if I hadn’t seen you, you left bright red evidence on Pam’s

ass,” the officer confronted her.”Now Pam is a public safety employee of the

city.Assault and battery on her is an even worse crime.She’s giving you a

lenient way out.You really should take it.”

“Unngghh!” she grunted when she struggled without getting anywhere.”Okay.

Okay, we’ll go.Heather, Nikki, come on.”

“We’re here to swim, Brit,” said one of the others.

“See you tomorrow,” said the other.

“Come on, Britney.Lets talk outside.I’ll walk with you,” I offered.

“No thanks, naked bitch.Don’t come anywhere near me,” she growled.

Just before I let go, I tangled the neck string of her bikini top in her

fingers.As far as anyone could tell, she accidentally untied her own top.

She stormed out of the pool and half way across the parking lot before she

noticed the breeze and sun on her bouncing bare boobs.She was really

flustered trying to juggle her bag of stuff, cover her boobs and re-tie the top

with only two hands.

I just walked home.I checked messages again on the way.There was another

surge of short congratulations.That may be because only friends have my cell

phone number.Mom’s one of those and she called me just then.

“Ah, I thought I’d catch you when you can talk now,” she started.”Have you

seen the evening news?”

“No, but sooo many people are telling me not to miss it tonight.WHAT’s UP?” I

demanded.

“You really have to see it for yourself.Be sure you do,” she advised.

“Umm ... Mom?I have somebody coming over ... umm ... stuff to do tonight,” I

hemmed and hawed.

“I don’t care if his dick is a foot long, Pam.Watch that news,” she demanded

then hung up to be sure she got the last word.

It’s really hard to put one over on Mom.It’s also hard to find something she

disapproves of.Mom’s cool.

The next call was from Dad a minute later.Wife was on the line, too.They

both wished me happy birthday and gushed about what was on TV.When they found

out I hadn’t seen any news today, they insisted I not miss it.All I could

think was, ‘Okay, people, WHAT’s UP!?’

“You’ll see, Pam.I bet your Mom is so proud,” said Wife.

I blushed and said meekly. “Well, I try ... to make her proud, and you, too.”

“It’s working.We can tell you just shine in that Program,” Dad said.

At home, I stuffed my towels and bra in the washing machine and started it.

The next stop was the refrigerator to see what was for supper.It turned out

to be beef stroganoff with a side of steamed broccoli. I boiled the noodles,

microwaved the vegetables and mixed the parts of the sauce.I went over my

calorie balance.All that sex more than made up for missing half of tryouts,

so I added some extra noodles.

The phone had its light on.That means there are voice mail messages.I

checked.The mailbox was full and had been rejecting more.I listened to the

ones that had pressed 2 to leave messages for me.That turned out to be all

but three of them.Most were simple congratulations.A few were sleazy

propositions thinly veiled as praise.There were offers from hair trimming and

sex toy shops for free stuff if I’d be in their publicity.The TV reporter and

one from the newspaper wanted me to call them.One was a local bible thumper

in full pulpit voice.He went on and on about sin and shame.His one message

filled the mailbox with twelve minutes of the preaching.I had to listen to

thirty seconds of it while I remembered how to dump a message before it

finished.Like with reactions of people on the street, there were a couple of

shots calling me ‘slut’ or ‘whore.’Whore?Maybe when I turn pro, but it’s

just ‘slut’ for now, thank you.

None of the messages were from people close enough to answer.Those had all

come on my cell phone.I dumped all of them and got back to the supper.

I savored the first few bites of the meal - tender meat, delicious sauce,

special sweet noodles even with my own extras mixed in, and broccoli perfect

after microwave warming.My mind got past the great food after a few minutes.

I started in on homework, reading the digital camera book for art.I’m used

to the stuff in the first chapters from using Mom’s camera.I knew what it was

talking about with autofocus and image compression.The next part went into

more complicated professional equipment and their extra features.Okay, I

remember what I read, but that doesn’t mean I understand it all.That’s what

classes with teachers are for.

I rinsed the dishes and pans and loaded them in the dishwasher, put the towels

and bra in the dryer and got on with more homework.I read through the algebra

assignment, getting through two of three chapters before ...

The doorbell rang and I opened it to find a brightly smiling, dressed Dan Allen.

I greeted him with a hug and kiss that befit the reason for his visit.With

my hands still perched on his pects, I asked if he’d like anything to drink or a

snack.

“Not now,” he answered.

Since he wasn’t going to take that one, I switched to another offer - me.He

took that one.

“You really are straight forward, Pam,” he said.

“You, too,” I replied with a tweak at the tentpole bulge in his shorts.

I started to work on his belt and shirt buttons as he went on, “I promised to

tell you why I stopped this morning.It was going just like one other time

last year.That girl was having the same sort of trouble getting me in and was

determined to do me in class.She just dropped on me and jammed it in.It

hurt so bad that she hated sex and hated me for the rest of the year and

probably still does.You were getting that same look of determination.In

private and with no time limit, you can back off when you want or not go through

with it at all if you’re not comfortable.”

By then he was stripped and looked more like the familiar Dan.I mentioned

that the bedroom is upstairs and started to pull him that way.He yanked me

back and spun me so my front crashed into him.His firm muscles cushioned the

crash and felt sooo good to be up against.He reached one hand behind me,

lifted me by the ass and grabbed a boob with the other hand.I held on with

two arms around his shoulders and put kisses all over his neck and ear.It was

a monstrous thrill.Here was a guy who could swoop me up and was doing it to

take me to bed.The thrill almost covered the little soreness in that boob.

He carried me upstairs into my bedroom and laid me gently on the bed.

“An extra long bed?Rare for a girl, but it sure fits you.”He looked around

and asked, “You really keep your room neat.Does your Mom make you pick up

every day?”

“I tossed all my little girl stuff except this one bunny last summer.Check

the closet and those drawers.They’re empty ‘cause all I own for clothes is

that one bra I had to buy today,” I answered.”Ya know, there is one advantage

of living naked I hadn’t thought of ‘til now - no bitching to pick up clothes.”

We laughed at that, looked each other’s bodies over and smiled at each other.

He cuddled beside me and gave me a long warm kiss.This guy knows how get me

started - masterful, then tender.We used our hands on each other and both got

wet.His precum and my running juices told us we were both ready.He rolled

onto his back and pulled me on top of him.

“You can work it gently, Pam.Pull off when it doesn’t feel good,” he advised.

I got my labia nibbling at him again, but he’s sooo big he just wouldn’t go in.

I got a little sore trying to get stretched, then I got an idea.

“Hold it right here,” I said with a kiss, then hopped off and dashed to Mom’s

bathroom.

I came back with Mom’s jar of lubricating jelly.I smeared it all over my

vulva, inside my vagina and all over his cock.I tried again straddled over

him, leaning forward on my arms.There was less resistance - a lot less

friction and stretching was easier.EasiER, not easy.I started to see the

problem I’d have with childbirth.He was right about taking time, though.

Patience, good feelings about each other to keep us excited and the jelly

worked.He slid farther and farther into me with each stroke after a while.

When I looked down at myself I could see the bulge of his cock moving inside me.

He really filled me up and said my tightness was working on him, too.He

didn’t hit my spot or pinch my clit when a thrust landed, he did those things

all the time.His big cock dragged along my clit on the way in and out of each

stroke.All the sensations blended together as I lay forward onto him and

wriggled wildly.I came quickly, but unfortunately so did he.We each got a

great orgasm, but only one.

I collapsed and lay there on him.It was so comfortable to have a boy bigger

than me to lay on and his muscles are so firmly soft.Combine that with the

glow from the sex and it made me really happy, contented and peaceful.

“That was great, Pam.Nobody’s been that active on me before.I didn’t hurt

you, did I?” he broke the mood by asking.

“Nothing hurt ‘cept my boobs are a little sore, but that’s not what you’re

talking about.You filled me up, and it was all good.You get to all my

places at the same time and got me off fast,” I answered.

He squirmed around like he wanted to get out from under me, then said, “I’m glad

you liked it.So can we get that drink now?”

“Nuh-uh,” I shut that idea down.”We’re going again.While you’re

recovering, lets just explore each other.I haven’t had much chance at that

ass of yours.Roll over.”

I got off him, but he hesitated - looking at me like I’m crazy.He did roll

over so I could get to his whole back.I touched and looked at everything.

His back is as great as his front - thick firm muscles rippling in all the right

places.That includes his ass.His hips are slim, but there’s a lot of

running power in his glutes and legs.I stroked him then dug my fingers in and

growled.It really made me want more of him.

I had him roll over and started with his legs.They’re as powerful in front as

in back.I imagined them driving his big cock into me hard, fast and often.

His package was right there next.He was down and soft, so I moved his penis

out of the way and checked his scrotum and testicles.

“So these hurt a lot when they’re hit or squeezed?” I asked.

“Yeah, they do.That’s a great way to thoroughly piss off a guy,” he said,

starting to look scared because I had him firmly in my grip.

I kissed each ball and his penis, then worked my way up his front.I told him

about thinking that between us, only one has a chest worth feeling - his.He

blushed then flexed just to tease me.It excited me to see him rippling like

that.I wanted him to be ready again and thought he might get ready sooner if

he was looking me over.

“Okay.Your turn.How do you want me?” I offered.

He had me lie on my back and stretched out beside me.He gave me some kisses,

stroked his way down my neck and shoulders and checked out my chest again.

“You say these are sore?” he asked touching my boobs very lightly.

“Yeah.They’re tender when they get squeezed or when they swell from sex.Do

you think they’re getting too much stimulation?” I replied.

“No such thing as too much sexy stimulation,” he joked.”My sister said hers

felt like that when she had a lot of growth last year.She’s your age and in

eighth grade.You need to come over and meet her ... and stuff.”

“If a little soreness means these damned flat things are finally growing, I’ll

take it,” I said.

“Well, there’s more here than there was this morning,” he said gently prodding

around my nipples.

He moved on exploring and touching me everywhere.His touch was light and

gentle except one thing he tried.He put his hands around my waist and tried

to squeeze so his fingers would touch.

“Damn,” he said.”I’ve been with one other girl with a waist this small, but

she was a petite little wisp of a girl.I could get my fingers all the way

around her.You’re too solid.No way can I squeeze all this in to a

handful.”

I gave my usual blushing reaction, but my nipples were already doing all they

can.He moved on lower and it made me tingle all over especially when he got

between my legs.He stayed away from my pussy, but worked over my inner thighs

a lot.He had me roll over and repeated the top to bottom touching all down my

back.It felt great on my ass and inner thighs again.He could tell I was

getting wet and ready.

“I hope you don’t mind me bringing this up again, but here it is,” he said.

I looked puzzled at what he meant until I saw his upright erection.That big

post was as ready as it had been the first time.It got the same kind of smile

it got the first time, too.He motioned for me to get on him again.

“I like the way you carried me up here and got me ready - so masterful and still

tender.That’s how I want you - masterful and on top.Here, put the jelly on

both of us and do me like you know how,” I instructed.

His hands got busy around my vulva and spread the jelly inside me.He found my

spot and lingered there until I was breathing in gasps.He put some on my clit

and lingered there until I squealed.I protested with another squeal when he

stopped, but then I realized he was getting himself ready with the jelly.

He lay on me and I spread wide to let him in.His weight on me was a thrill

all by itself.He fit perfectly so he could kiss me and thrust into me at the

same time.He moved all around on me to keep me excited, all the while

pressing deeper and deeper into me.I could really feel him in there.There

isn’t much room for what’s in there normally and I could feel him moving all

that stuff out of the way.It all made his entry that much more thrilling.

He got it all the way in then started short strokes in and out.Each move

worked on my spot, clit, all the labia and my legs where they were wrapped

around him.His kisses found my mouth, ears and neck.His hands were mostly

around my shoulders and I think he was holding himself with his elbows.I held

his head gently at first, but later I think I got a rough grip on his hair.He

didn’t complain.

His strokes got longer as my stretched vagina relaxed and the lubrication spread

around better.He started putting an extra push at the end of each thrust.

That did it.I went over into a screaming orgasm.I pushed my hips up into

him so hard I lifted him off the bed.I was bucking under him as hard as he

was thrusting into me.That just kept going - the thrusts, the bucking, the

orgasms and the screaming.I didn’t try to count how many times I came.It

might have been just once - one huge continuous orgasm.

He finally came, thrust in deep and bellowed like a moose.I guess I’m not the

only loud one in bed.He held it in me and stayed tight against me as long as

he could to keep me going.I kept going.He eventually collapsed and slipped

out of me with a little pop.

His gushing changed from semen to praise.He kissed me over and over and told

me how great I was.

“Damn, you’re wild.All that hip action really got to me.You weren’t like

that in school either time,” from him made me blush, but we couldn’t see because

I was all red from the sex.”The wildest thing is that you wanted me twice

tonight.I’ve had sex with a lot of people.They’d see my cock and be

curious how it felt.The rare ones who wanted to do it twice were all older

women - never the girls I found attractive.No, Pam.I’m not calling you an

old lady.That’s what’s so great.The most amazing girl ever can handle me

twice.”

“We still can’t do it right in five minutes,” I pointed out.”We better not go

for it in class.”

We lay there for a few minutes basking in each other then I suggested a shower.

He was gentle and sweet when he washed me all over.Yes, my boobs were sore

and swollen even more.His washing felt really good, but he didn’t dwell on

sexy parts enough to arouse me.I washed him and did try to excite his penis.

Nothing doing.He was all fucked out, at least for tonight.Two clean,

sweet smelling and very satisfied teenagers went down to get drinks in the

kitchen.It was after nine.What seemed like such a short time had lasted

over an hour.

Dan made the homework excuse and I agreed.He dressed and kissed me goodnight

so sweetly.I know it took restraint, but he kept his hands away from my

chest.Dammit, I wanted him again.

I set my alarm to ring before the news came on, then sat at my desk.Homework

went okay.I read the assignments over again and did all the questions at the

end of the chapters.I wrote out the question so I wouldn’t need the book when

reviewing.I followed that with as much answer as I needed, then several

keywords, one on each line.At review time, I go back and look up those words

and write in the definitions.That does a great job of bringing it all back to

me.I put biology off to the weekend.History, English and algebra each took

less than a half hour.That math is just too easy.I could do all the

problems in the three chapters in ten minutes.It took twice that long because

I wrote out all the questions.

The alarm went off at nearly eleven o’clock.I grabbed another drink from the

refrigerator and plopped down in front of the TV.The news came up right on

time.The opening teaser was a shot of the Lincoln Highschool auditorium with

sixteen naked Program participants lined up across the stage.I was stepping

forward and being introduced by Principal Carlson.I almost spilled the drink.

There was a TV camera running during my speech!I wondered how much they

were going to show.I sipped the drink and set it down during the opening

commercial.

“We have two important stories today.They’re about widely different subjects,

but amazingly revolve around the same person,” the announcer started.

He went into the story of my morning rescues complete with the interviews with

the boys’ mothers.I blushed and my nipples popped at what they said.They

showed my feature story from the summer in an inset all the while.

“As you know, the Naked in School Program started at our highschools today.

Our camera was at Lincoln High for their assembly opening the Program.We’ll

hear how the Program started with a bang, if you’ll pardon our slang,” the

second newsreader said.

She went on to explain a little about the Program, list a few other states that

have had the Program for a while and mentioned that all of this week’s

participants are volunteers.They then ran my speech - all of it.The camera

was zoomed in on me and just a few of the participants behind me.It caught

the “Where are your tits?” crack, Kelly’s humiliation and reawakening and my

admission that I’d just lost my virginity.The newsreader then went into an

editorial reinforcing what I’d tried to say about the Program.

“A little bird here at the station tells us two more things about Pam,” said the

guy.”She’s been in school all day then worked as a lifeguard this evening, so

this is likely her first chance to see our newscast.It’s also her birthday -

fourteenth.Happy birthday, Pam.”

I was blushing so hard I almost cried.They had spent fully half the newscast

telling about me.At least if there has to be publicity, this was all

positive.

Pam, Eagerly Naked in SchoolTuesday Morning

Chapter 6.Tuesday Morning

The alarm interrupted the most wonderful dream reliving Dan having that

incredible, intense sex with me.I zipped through my morning stuff and stayed

in the shower only long enough to wash off the juices that dream had started.

I gave each boob a stroke, too.They were sore again and felt thicker – even

more than when they were swollen the night before.

I nearly floated down the stairs to get a quick early breakfast.I was ready

for that – plenty hungry.I could just taste the milk and cereal.So why was

it I could smell waffles and sausage?That had something to do with Mom, up

early and cooking those things for me.There she was at the stove naked as

usual, but a few hours early for her.I gave her a big smile, hug and good

morning kiss.

“Sit and tell me everythin’,” she commanded.“I’ll drive you to the pool.No

excuse to leave out anythin’ or hurry through it too fast.

“First, is his dick a foot long?”

“No, but it’s this big around.No exaggeration,” I said with my hand showing

the size of Dan’s cock.

“Wow!You got that in you?How?” she marveled.

“It took a while.If you’re looking for your lube jelly, I think it’s still in

my room,” I said with a sheepish grin.

I told her everything.As I went through it, I could see a lot of building

pride and occasional wonder.She asked for details or explanations a couple of

times, but got it all.There was one exclamation about Dan: “Twice!?”

She latched right on to the modeling I had to do this morning.She dashed away

and came back with my waist pack and it was bulging.I know it’s strange, but

she’s free to go through my things just like I’m free to snatch up her lube

jelly.

“I’ll pick you up after swimmin’, bring you back here and do your hair and

makeup.Wash and condition your hair at the pool.I’ll have a towel for you

to dry it on the way back here and we’ll get you to school in plenty of time,”

she said.

In the car, she gave me a little feedback about what was important to her, “You

liked your first times.I’m so thrilled for you, Pam.”

“You’re thrilled?I’m the one who had Dan in me,” I bragged.

“Sounds like you loved every minute of it,” she went on.“It’s important to

like it and have fun your first time.It’s way overboard to do it so many

times and in extreme ways on your first day.I’m not really surprised at you,

though.You’re one extreme girl.

“There’s one other thing you told about that has me proud.Parents worry about

our little ones bein’ liked or at least respected.We’re afraid you’ll be the

ones thrown in your locker.Here you are doin’ the throwin’.”

We exchanged little kisses before I got out at the pool.Mom knows how I love

and appreciate her, but it doesn’t hurt to show it.The nakedness is really

convenient for me at the pool.I just flip off my shoes, drop my pack on top

of them, stretch a little and dive in for warm ups.

Most boys on the team get there early.They don’t want to miss my wide- spread

stretches.Those two eleven-year-olds came in the middle.They got a real

eyeful and a smile when I noticed them.They thanked me again for the rescue

and for showing myself.I said I was glad they could come back to the team.

Coach Lenke had the electronic timers and yesterday’s results ready.The mock

meet would continue with sprint finals mixed with 400 meter events.I went

through a 100 and a 200 with one stroke, had a chance to rest while the distance

swimmers went for it then did my sprints in the next stroke.It was harder

than the day before, but the results came out the same.I did my absolute best

and consistently beat the two guys who carried the team last year.My times

also stayed up there at state competition level.

“Okay, team.We got as many high level competitors as we need for this, so

it’s a go.Y’all meet Mr. Silanski from the Sportech Company.The deal is

that if we have between four and eight competitors to put into state-wide

competition, we get to test his company’s latest product.We have six.We

can compete in almost everything.We have a woman for sprint and one for

distance.We have three men for sprints and one for distance.Our relay team

will be co-ed and have to swim against men.We can do it.Stan, tell the

whole team what’s going on, then we’ll work with them.”

The young, studious-looking guy beside the coach started, “We have a new fabric

that we think will make great competition swimming suits.You’ve seen the

world-class competitors in suits with rubber patches?The textured ridges in

those patches help cut water resistance.This fabric can take on the same sort

of texture all over and still be soft stretchy cloth.It works by a chemical

treatment and pressure rather than heat.The threads are compressed or not and

don’t fuse together.We have enough of this fabric ready to make eight suits

for trials.We need a competitive team to try them out.We’ll ask you to

practice in them every day as well as wear them in meets.We’ll see how well

they stand up if you give them a lot of use.The only care we think they need

is to rinse them off – maybe shower in them after your practice.”

Oh, great.Here I am running around naked every day and now I’ll be dressing

to swim and shower?Doesn’t this seem a little backward?

Mr. Silanski continued, “We can’t give you the suits outright.It would mess

up your eligibility as amateurs.If you don’t want to buy one, we’ll lend you

a short tank suit for the trial, then you have to give it back.If you do want

to buy, the short suits is $700 and the full length body suit is $1200.That’s

what regular price will be when they’re in production.These few hand-made

suits cost much more.If you know of our company, you know that we make the

best not the cheapest.”

He showed pictures to the six of us.The short suit is a tank with shoulder

straps and cut brief at the bottom.The full length covers all the legs, goes

up to the neck and is sleeveless.Mr Silanski explained that the suits

stretch, but can’t go too far or the texture would stretch out.Each suit is

made precisely to the individual swimmer.It’s easy to measure and make the

tank suit because length isn’t critical.The full body suit has four more

measurements that have to be right.Neither suit has room grow in.For

instance, the stretch in a woman’s chest is about one cup before the texture

stretches flat.”

Oh, great.My choice is flat boobs or a flat competition suit.I broke out

laughing at that thought and everyone looked at me.

“I like the idea of being the lab rat for your suits, but am I good enough to

make use of one?How much better is the full body suit?What if we want to

try them before sinking so much of a summer’s pay into one?” I asked.

Mr. Silanski answered that the full body suit should take about half a second

off a 100 meter sprint compared to the short suit.He also said that anyone

who got a loaned short suit could buy it later.He’ll have to work on trying

the full body suit before buying.His bosses didn’t gave him enough budget for

that.He said he’d know more tomorrow when he came back to do the

measurements.He is cute in a nerdly sort of way.I won’t mind him measuring

me.

Practice was over a little early, so I easily had time to do my hair in the

shower.Mom had a towel in the car, so I had it style-ready when we got home.

Of course, I was all talk about the elite team and testing the new suits.I

said that I’d spend a big chunk of my summer’s pay on one if they worked out,

but it was tough getting to just try one without buying.

My hair is shoulder length and coal black.It’s usually in a pony tail or it

just hangs straight.Mom brushed, dried and moussed it into a sweep that

framed my face just right.She also did my eyes.She does them a little more

heavily than I would, but then they look extra glamorous.

Mom drove me to school.She’ll do that when she keeps me late or when I have

something big or delicate to take.We got there right on time.Some of the

Program kids were stripping for the day and there was quite an audience.The

freshmen and sophomores do it by the East front door, near our classroom wings,

while the juniors and seniors have their place by the West front door.

Dan was just getting out of his car – a BMW 545i, no less.He was already

naked and up hard.I pointed him out to Mom.I also moaned about not being

able to drive until I’m a junior.

She ignored me while she got the whole eyeful and said, “You weren’t

exaggeratin’, were you?The rest of him’s gorgeous, too.When’s he comin’

over again?”

I ignored the question, kissed Mom, popped out of the car and caught up with

Dan.He got a good morning kiss of his own.

Kelly and Dawn were standing around naked, taking requests.Dawn looked a

little scared as a boy touched her perky boobs.The sensation in her nipples

convinced her that there was nothing to be afraid of.Her trepidation turned

to a warm smile that had the effect of inviting others to try it with her.The

pleases and thanks helped as much as the soft caresses.

Kelly was back in yesterday’s form.He got some grabs of his ass, legs and

cock.None of the girls stroked him hard enough to get him off, so I expected

him to be ready for relief in class.

Melissa introduced Bill, her steady squeeze.Calling him Billy or Willy can be

hazardous to your health, I’m told.They both kept moving from one pose to the

next, but weren’t being touched yet.

Boys went after my ass and all the rippling muscles around my back, abs and

chest.Some of them said I had better boobs than yesterday.That didn’t take

much.Girls felt up Dan about the same way.They were awed by his cock and

it took a while before any in this bunch got courage to touch it.Dan’s likely

to be in need of relief, too.

Emily and Shawn were taking their turn stripping and responding to the chants of

the audience.Some sophomore girls were checking out Shawn and asked to touch

him.I saw him glance at Emily and take a deep breath before he agreed.I

could just imagine him thinking, “If she can ....”One girl stroked his ass

while another worked over his chest and shoulders.His cock came to full

attention, demanding its share.It didn’t get any.It would have if those

girls were freshmen.

Emily smiled coyly and shook all her beautiful stuff.She shook it all around,

but her eyes and smile were only for Shawn.Some boys asked to feel those big

boobs I’d kill for.She grabbed two boy’s hands, stood them beside each other,

leaned her back into them and wrapped the hands around her to reach her chest.

She wriggled her ass against the boys crotches and that seemed to be the reason

she chose that position.The boys probably thought she was trying to feel the

hard things in their pants.To me it seemed like she was showing off to Shawn.

She looked so happy and excited there.Her boobs took on their own happy

look with hard nipples in the middle of swollen, puffy areolas.

Kelly came over with some girls following like their hands were glued to his

tight ass and said, “Shawn called Emily and they talked for a half hour last

night.I think my dear sister got noticed on her first day in highschool.”

“Those smiles are just for him.I think the feeling is mutual,” I responded.

“Good for him.Now maybe he’ll finally be over me and we can be friends,” Dawn

said.

The bell rang all to soon for any of us.Shawn and Emily went with their arms

around each other and shared smiles back and forth.Dan and I must have looked

the same.We sure held each other tight enough.Kelly and Dawn looked at

each other, held hands and followed after us.The whole group of students

streamed into the school and tried to get to our lockers.That many at once

made quite a crowd.The crowd made for a lot of body contact and nobody was

asking requests.It was okay with us, though.Most of the touches were as

enjoyable as the requests.It was too hard to get hands between my legs on the

move like that, so I didn’t get much more excited.

I dropped my bag and all in my locker and went to check in with my homeroom

teacher, “Good morning, Mrs. Miller.I’m supposed to model for the photography

club.Can I go to the gym early to get set, please?”

“Oh, Pam!I forgot to come get you at the door.They want you down there

early for hair and makeup.It looks like we’ll both survive the faux pas.

You’re even more gorgeous than yesterday and then you were absolutely glowing.

Who did you?” she asked.

“I told my Mom about the modeling and she insisted on doing my hair and eyes.

I don’t think the photo club could do better, but should I run down there?” I

responded.

“The bell’s about to ring.Go just after that.If you go now, you’ll just

get stopped for requests.You’ll get there at the same time, but risk getting

messed up,” she suggested and wrote me a hall pass.

I did a few poses for requests until the bell rang.When it did, I waved to

Mrs. Miller and left like I was in a hurry.

The activity faire filled the gym.Each club and society had a table or more.

The photography club had one corner set up as a studio.The computer club had

some computers.The chess club had several games set up and a pair were

already playing.The society associated with every science and language class

had a table.The place looked packed, but there were wide aisles around all

the tables.

“Hi, yall.I’m Pam.I’m supposed to model,” I introduced myself to the four

at the photo club ‘studio.’

“We were getting scared you wouldn’t show.Good hair and makeup, Pam.I’m

glad you came ready.We don’t have time for those now.I’m Patrick.These

are LeVelle, Tom, and Ginger,” one of them said and the others waved when he

said their names.

The three boys had digital cameras and were obviously ready to use them.I

looked them over, then at Ginger.

She caught that and explained, “We all take pictures and work them over in

Photoshop.Today we’re specializing and I’m stuck on the computer – drew the

short straw.”

“Don’t tell her, but all the straws were long and I broke off the one that was

left when she drew.Nobody is as good with Photoshop as she is and we’re

trying to show off this morning,” said Tom.

“Ooh!” grunted Ginger as she turned to the computer behind her.She plugged a

the projector as a second monitor and got it lined up with a screen hanging high

over that corner of the gym.

Mr. Carlson then did the morning announcements.At the end of those, he

invited all the freshmen and new students in other grades to the activities

faire.Everyone else had study time.

“Let’s get started so they can see us in action.Come sit up here, Pam,”

LeVelle invited.

I perched on a stool on a raised platform.I expected them to start in aiming

at my crotch since it was at their eye level.All four of them got up on the

platform, walked around me, adjusted the floodlights and commenting on what they

saw.

“Black hair.”

“Dark skin tone – tanned.”

“Great face to look at.We’ll see how photogenic in a minute.”

“Light warm background.Peach?Beige?”

“Beige.She can’t take much red.”

They dragged out a big roll of paper, hung it on stands behind me and unrolled

it.The seamless paper made a solid colored backdrop for the pictures.Yep,

it was plain beige.They had another five rolls of different colors behind the

platform.

Usually Mom gets right in my face to take a head-and-shoulders picture, gets

back farther to get my waist and way farther for all of me.These three guys

stepped way back to the edge of the platform.Their cameras are bigger than

Mom’s and a lot like the professional grade ones I read about for art.The

guys fussed with this and that for a minute, putting the cameras to their eyes

every now and then.A little later I saw all the pictures they’d taken without

me even knowing it.

The floodlights were warm on me.They could have been hot, but the

photographers had set a fan to one side that kept a light breeze blowing around

the platform.I was just cozy and comfortable up there.

Soon Tom had me turn my body sideways and look past one shoulder.I noticed a

lot of freshmen milling around and watching.Ginger was answering questions

and talking up the club.No, they didn’t often have nude models, she was sorry

to say.The guys took some more shots, then had me turn some more.I had my

back three quarters to the cameras and was to look over my shoulder.They had

me look down coyly and raise my head proudly.I tried some smiling and some

very serious expressions, too.

“Okay, break.We don’t think you need it, Pam, but we want to upload the

pictures to the computer so Ginger can start on them.We want to keep a flow

of work going from the cameras to the projector.Cruise around the faire and

come back in say five minutes,” Patrick said.

I walked down the first aisle to the chess club.Okay, I’ll have to admit it.

I was in the chess club in seventh grade.Okay, I was president of the middle

school chess club last year.It’s not a crime.One of my neighbors

recognized me.We’d played.

“Here she is!” he announced.“Hi, Pam.This chess club is bigger than in

middle school.There might even be competition for you.Meet Taylor, the

president.”

“Pam?The infamous Pam?” Taylor asked.

He looked older like a senior and he looked studious.Read that ‘geeky.’He

looked like he didn’t value physical conditioning, but wasn’t overweight either.

“We’d really like you in the club this year.We meet Wednesdays.Tomorrow’s

meeting is to discuss proposed rules for this year’s tournament.We’re going

to be playing strip chess,” he announced.

“Cool, but I live naked.Don’t have much to lose.What kind of rules have

been proposed?” I responded.

“Well, that’s what we have to discuss.Nobody has the guts to bring up any

proposals.These guys say you’re the one most likely to think up a good set,”

his compliment got my blush-and-nipple reaction and all the chess players

stared.

“Okay, I’ll be there tomorrow.Sign me up.I’ll try to think of some rule

ideas.Strip chess ought to be fun,” I concluded.

Taylor pointed me to the signing roster and I made it official.These rosters

would go to homeroom teachers so they knew where we were to be during the

activities period.

I turned away from the chess club, my knees gave way and I almost fell straight

down.The projector was showing a picture above the photo club corner.I’d

only seen a face that beautiful once before – in the mirror just after Mom

finished the makeup.Okay, I did tell you that I’m conceited.You were

warned.

Gasps and buzz went up as more of the students around the gym noticed.I got

really puffed up over it.The picture was a full-face shot that included a

little neck, but didn’t go down even to my shoulders.My smile was big and

beaming.I had just been practicing and didn’t realize those guys were

actually taking pictures then.The photo club people still looked busy, so I

went on to the computer club.

These people were also studious.That is a good, politically correct

euphemism, isn’t it?I know a couple of them personally, but wasn’t in the

middle school computer club.They were going on about megahertz, megabytes,

megabits, networks and a lot about games.I found one I could talk to.One

of the girls I knew in middle school, Ellen, actually writes programs and taught

me.I joined her conversation about the languages they use for programming

projects.The little group in this conversation was less of the gee-whiz and

more about getting computers to do useful things.Ellen gave me a smile and

tried to get me to join.They meet Mondays.I said I’d try it, but would

have trouble with all the gamers if there wasn’t an interesting project.

I did notice how little fuss my nakedness caused around the computer club.

That may be another reason I won’t be interested.Ellen and her boyfriend may

be the only members of this club who’ve matured beyond a very juvenile level.

I really didn’t get many requests or sly brushes as I walked past during that

break anywhere.All the students must have had their minds on the clubs they

were interested in.

I pushed my way through the growing throng around the photo club corner.The

projector had a slide show of six pictures rotating at about five seconds on

each shot.The pictures were in all three poses with different face angles and

some with my shoulders showing.All those expressions I tried came through,

too.Those were really close views for how far away the guys had been.

That’s when I remembered and started to understand a little about lenses and

perspective.

“So did I pass as photogenic?” I asked LeVelle.

He and the others just stared at me with open mouths.LeVelle finally pointed

at the stool and said, “Perch.”I perched and resumed the over- the-shoulder

pose.

“This set will go a little lower, Pam.Probably down to your waist.Any

problems with that?” Tom asked.

“No problems.I expect even more exposure,” I answered.

The photographers groaned at the pun, fiddled with their lenses and buttons, put

their cameras to their eyes and apparently took more pictures.They had me

turn sideways to get a profile with my head at various angles.They also asked

for more of those expressions on my face in each pose.They got all they asked

for.Patrick called the next break and they turned to Ginger at the computer.

Mrs. Santucci, the art teacher, is also the faculty sponsor of this club.She

dropped in and we all watched over Ginger’s shoulder.

“Tell Pam what you’re doing, Ginger,” Mrs Santucci suggested.

“Umm.Well, we upload the pictures from the camera memory into this program,

Photoshop.I check for obvious culls like eyes caught closed or cut off heads,

but these guys don’t often screw up like that.They’re good at composing, too.

I don’t crop their stuff ‘cause they’re better than I am.The biggest chore

is color correction.Every camera catches colors a little differently and we

have corrections programmed for everyone in the club.The big adjustment is

for floodlights.Those 3400’s throw a lot of yellow, but they’re consistent.

It’s easy to fix by applying this macro,” Ginger explained.

She clicked her mouse in one of the menus and the colors of the picture on the

screen suddenly changed.The yellow cast she pointed out cleared up like

magic.Ginger got on to the next step – voting the picture in or out.

“You know I want all of them in,” said Patrick.

“She’s beyond serious,” Tom contributed.

“She looks like she’s ready to throw you in your locker,” LeVelle ventured.

I looked the tall black guy in the face with shock.Did yesterday’s incident

get around?Was I getting a reputation other than slut?I checked the

picture again.I wore a severely serious expression, had tilted my head down

but looked right into the camera and most of my back was showing.The broad

shoulders, rippling back muscles and direct gaze added up to a menacing image.

There was no humor or warmth in my expression.LeVelle nailed the emotion of

the photo – a threat.The club voted it out.

“You’re right, it’s probably not right for this show, but it is a good picture.

You gotta know I was acting to get that expression.I’m not really looking

for people to slam into lockers.Is there a way I could get copies of these?”

I asked.

“Sure, Pam.I’ll put them on a CD for you,” Ginger offered.

By then she had the next picture uploaded.It was almost the same pose with my

head tilted up a little and I was smiling.That one got voted in.The next

one gave me a surprise.It was a profile that went down almost to my elbow.

My shoulders, back, arms and six-pack abs showed what I expected – lean ripples.

My chest was the surprise.There was a curve.It wasn’t big, but it was

bigger and smoother than my pects.I unconsciously prodded and cupped my

breast as I looked at the photo.I could feel the curve a little thicker than

it was in the shower earlier.The boob was still tender and sore, too.

My head was tilted too far forward and looked awkward, so that shot was voted

out.I was bolt upright in the next one and had a bright expression.It

looked silly and got voted out, too.They voted in a profile shot where I was

relaxed with a warm, friendly smile.It even got ‘Ahh’ from the spectators

when it was projected.Pictures with my full chest to the camera didn’t

surprise me.That’s what I see in the mirror all the time.My boobs actually

look like boobs at that angle.The boys voted for all of those regardless of

my expression or the tilt of my head.Ginger, Mrs. Santucci and I rolled our

eyes and laughed.Ginger vetoed most of them.She must like the power of

having her finger on the mouse.I agreed that the ones she put in were the

best.

“Hey, guys?” I started with the photographers while Ginger was busy.“Mom’s

little camera has to get really close to get a face shot like those, then she

moves back to get in more.I did read the art homework and it says that the

lenses change perspective.Can I see how your lenses do that?”

Mrs. Santucci looked pleased that I’d done the homework.Tom and LeVelle

offered to show me their cameras and how their zoom lenses could change the

composition of a picture.Ginger grabbed LeVelle’s, so I tried Tom’s.It

took a few views before I figured it out.

“Take a few shots to try it, Pam,” Tom offered.“We can always delete the

experiments after you learn.”

Did I mention how cooperative my Program partners are?They help out even when

they don’t know they’re doing it.The three of them walked by while I was

trying different views.My set of pictures did have some closeups – sexy ones.

It had profile shots of the boys’ tight asses, erection angles, Dan’s muscles

and that big rack on Emily.I showed the photographers what I’d taken and they

were impressed.I really had learned about the lenses.They pointed out that

I didn’t have the subjects’ permission for those revealing pictures, so we did

delete them.

“Ready again?” Patrick asked.“Lets do a few of your whole body on the stool,

then some standing, ‘kay?”

I smiled at him and perched on the stool again.I paid more attention to the

angles and spread of my legs.The boys did a good job as directors.Together

we eliminated inane or menacing expressions and got shots that showed off my

extreme physique.Those showed all of me as expected of a naked model.The

standing shots got me from the front and back.They were all tastefully

artistic.That’s a way of saying that they didn’t dwell on my pussy or

asshole.There wasn’t a closeup in the bunch.

I left the ‘studio’ during the next break and walked around some more.The

novelty and serious curiosity about all those clubs must have worn off.Most

of the students, and especially boys, had spent quite some time watching the

photo club slide show.They were at least as interested in the naked model as

in the activities now.I got some requests as I walked, but made them quick so

I could get around the gym.Some of the requests were just an outstretched

hand and raised eyebrow.My answer was usually a nod and a small move to

expose the part he was reaching for.Most of the touching was ‘incidental’ a

hand or maybe a boy’s whole front would brush along me as I walked by.A

couple of girls even tried touching me like that.It was constant and gentle

enough to get me excited and even a little wet.

I saw Emily standing at some club’s table with boys behind her.They were

reaching around to grope her boobs and pussy, but not in the way of what she was

looking at.She couldn’t concentrate anyway.From her expression, she was

engrossed in the sensations from her body.Dan’s and Kelly’s erections got a

lot of stares and finally some strokes when they stopped at a table.I hope

they got something more than horny out of the faire.

The cheerleaders had a corner of the gym floor covered with mats and were doing

their most spectacular stuff.They were in full uniform of tight white spandex

over black pleated skirts.I got there just as they topped off the pyramid.

One guess who’s on top – Britney.She’s petite and light, well suited to that

position.She’s also well coordinated and her hard work shows in how

effortless she makes it look.The pyramid had three boys on the bottom and two

bigger girls on the second row.Britney dropped off the back where others

could catch her and the other layers did diving rolls onto the mats to break the

pyramid.

Britney must have felt pumped from doing so well because she came over to me and

started in, “Naked bitch!What are you trying to do here – show off?That’s

what we do and we’re good.We don’t need to be naked.I saw those volleyball

uniforms.You won’t catch us undressed like that.Cheerleaders are gonna

have it easy.”

“Oh, you’re squad might be dressed, but you’ll each have a lonely week being the

only one naked when you’re in the Program,” I predicted.“Enjoy those jump

splits and I hope your boobs don’t bounce too hard.”

“I know why you have to be naked,” she started again.“You look like a boy

unless you show your pussy.”

“At least I can attract boys who are worth getting,” I was finally suckered into

being catty.

Britney bellowed “Ooooh” at me and one of the others snickered.That was

either Nikki or Heather from yesterday, but I don’t know who is which.Britney

came at me with fire in her eyes and her fists clenched.

“Dumb move, Brit,” said the one still trying to stifle her snicker.“You wanna

wind up in your locker?”

That girl grabbed Britney’s arm and pulled her back.She made me feel there

was at least one civil cheerleader in the bunch.Sneers on many of the others

made me feel unwelcome.I moved on from the cheerleaders.They wouldn’t be

very entertaining while I was around.I was also puzzling over the locker

quip.It hadn’t been a whole day and I’d already got the wrong reputation from

one incident.

A group of five boys had a table with pictures of cars and a sign that said

‘Hotrod Club.’I was checking out some of the pictures, but I was the only one

around.

“Hotrod?” I asked about the anachronism.

“That’s what it was when it was formed.We might change it when the old auto

shop teacher retires,” said one of the boys.

“Or maybe leave it alone just for him,” another disagreed.

These guys looked like the stereotype denizens of auto shop – rough around the

edges, from the high-crime part of town and in mostly extra- attention tracks in

their classes.They were serious about their cars and club project, though.

Also typical of their circumstances and interests, they’ve had to grow up.

They talked to me about their project in glowing terms.I could see that they

wanted me to stay around their table naked as I was, but were also interested in

what they were describing.

“Are you da one who skipped a grade?” asked one with a Spanish accent.

“Yeah, I did ... umm ...” I paused looking at him.

“Call me Valdez,” he said.

“He’s Jesus Valdez to be exact, but he’s not good enough to be a Jee- zuz,”

teased one of the others.

“I’m plenty good.Just ask Rosa,” Valdez protested.“Dere’s stories about

you.If you as smart as dat, maybe you can help wit’ our problem.Can you do

tings wit’ computers?”

It seems they’ve been struggling with the computer that controls the

transmission in the ten year old Lincoln they’re working on.They’re trying to

get it ready for shows and parades to represent the school.

“I can do some programming, but there’s a whole club of computer experts,” I

said pointing across the gym.“They’ll do a lot better than I can.”

“Them and us?We don’t get along.They play like little kids all the time

and they’re afraid we’ll throw them in their lockers,” said another boy.

“That’s ‘cause we will if they screw up the car,” said yet another.

“You don’ have to worry.We afraid you do dat to us,” said Valdez.“Dat

stoner you slammed is one mean hombre.If you do him, you must be tough as you

look.”

I did another compliment reaction and those boys checked out my nipples.They

got stiff in their pants, too.That may be why they turned on the pressure.

I agreed to come look at what I could do on Thursday.That gang doesn’t have

many other activities so they meet every day.Thursday is just the time I

thought I‘d be free.Remember one of my goals – be nice to everyone?These

guys were being nice to me – lots of looking but no requests.It’s not like

I’m joining their club.

The strokes kept up as I walked – both the requests and the sly ones.They had

my interest, but weren’t intense enough to get me running.When I got back to

the studio corner, Patrick asked if I had any poses I wanted to do.Oh, boy

did I.I promptly turned my back to him, bent at the waist and smiled back at

him between my legs.

“We thought of asking you for that, but were afraid you’d throw us in our

lockers,” he said.

I stood up with my back to him and rolled my eyes.I also laughed to try to

put him at ease.All four of them checked the pose.Ginger just went back to

her computer.The others went into their jargon again.

“Only room for one camera to get the angle between her legs to catch her face.”

“It’s way dark in there.Bad contrast between face and legs.”

“Can’t use floods.Flash?”

“Yeah, with barn doors.Ginger can dodge the rest in the computer.”

“Set it strong.You’ll need depth.”

“Override the autofocus or only her butt will be sharp.”

I stood up to let the blood drain from my head while Patrick fiddled with an

attachment on his camera.The flash gun had little metal blades that can close

off part of the light from the top, bottom or sides of the shot.

“This should block light from your ass and legs so your face is almost as

bright.Try the pose now,” Patrick said.

I turned, bent and smiled, but I could feel something wrong.My moussed hair

wasn’t hanging right.I fluffed it out and tried again.The flash went off

as blinding as expected.Patrick checked the camera’s screen and decided it

could be a good picture, at least worth uploading for a look on the larger

screen.He gave the camera to Ginger and came back to me.

“Good move on the hair, Pam.You’re a great model.Could you work with us

more this year?” he asked.

“I want to join your club, but for more than modeling.You guys are all so

good with directing me and composing the photos.I got a good look at Tom’s

equipment, er ... camera ... and want to learn how to use it and take pictures

like you do.I may model a little, but I want to spend more time behind the

camera,” I answered.

“Eww!This is just crude!” Ginger exclaimed.

The picture on her screen showed a very clear view of my wide-spread ass and

pussy.Labia to eyes, everything was in great sharp focus.Ginger looked at

me like I was crazy, though.

I smiled at her and said, “It’s great.Just what I wanted.That’s a very

Program-like picture.Do you have any idea how many people have asked to see

that view of me?Let’s just show ‘em all at once.”

Ginger still didn’t like the idea.She left the adjustments to Patrick.He

darkened the hot spots on my legs, then brightened the whole thing.Everything

came out great.Patrick didn’t wait for a vote.He just put that shot in the

slide show.I gave him a rewarding kiss.The slide show sequence came around

to that picture after a minute.All the onlookers gasped, then cheered.

Those cheers were louder and wilder than the applause all the other pictures

were getting.It was just a different sort of shot.Ginger was right in that

it wasn’t as artistic as the rest.It was still my favorite.

Patrick had me sign the photo club roster just as the faire ended.Mr. Carlson

made an announcement 10 minutes before the period was to end asking all those

attending the faire to help move things back where they came from in order to

clear the gym.Most of the freshmen started to blow that off, but got scowls

from the teachers who were there sponsoring clubs.

“Load me up and lead the way,” I said to Patrick.

“Disassemble first, then load,” he said.

He cranked down the practice basketball goal that held up the screen.Tom and

Levelle rolled up the beige background paper.Ginger shut down her computer

and started disconnecting it.That’s one thing I could help with.I helped

get the computer, cables, mouse, keyboard, projector and the floodlights into a

box.I thought I’d carry that box, but noooo.

“So you’re a member now.Here’s your load,” said LeVelle.

He and Tom each dropped a roll of background paper into my arms.These weight

about 30 pounds and are ten feet long.I grunted and shuffled a little and

finally got them under one arm and pointed in front of me.I also had my hand

on my hip so I wasn’t holding the rolls with muscles.

“Room for two more,”I said showing my free hand.

I wasn’t gonna let them think I wouldn’t carry my share.Patrick shrugged and

slid rolls under my other arm.That worked to balance me, so it was actually

easier.The boys slung their bags of equipment over their shoulders and

grabbed more stuff.Tom and LeVelle each took one roll of backdrop paper.

Patrick took the screen and the stands for the paper and floodlights – light

aluminum stands that collapsed to five feet long.Ginger had her hands full

with that box.Mrs. Santucci opened doors for us.With our loads, none of us

could get close to a doorknob.Nobody could get close enough to me for any

grabby requests, so I started getting over the tension.When the physical work

was over, I didn’t feel like I needed relief.

The boys check me out as I marched right along with my load.I noticed them

stopping to shift hands a couple of times when they got tired.Ginger rolled

her eyes at the boys being so fussy while the girls had the big loads.She had

her belt supporting the edge of the box so all she had to do was hug it.Those

boys were trying to muscle everything.

All that stuff went into the smaller room behind Mrs. Santucci’s class.We all

went back to the gym for the table and platform.That turned out to be a

section of riser from the orchestra room.We had to re-install that before we

were finished.We did just as the warning bell rang.The good part of that

was that I wouldn’t be bothered by requests.The bad part was that I was as

far from biology class as you can get in that school.I took off running at

full speed.I zipped through the art and music wing, around the auditorium and

started past the office.

“No running, Miss Fionda!” came from the office door.

It was Mr. Carlson, of course.I came to a screeching halt then tried to keep

walking.He knew where I had to go and how long I had to get there.That was

the point.He was going to have a chat with me the same way a cop gives a long

lecture to a speeder.

“So how was the modeling?” he asked casually.

“Just great, thanks,” I said and tried to walk away.

“No, Pam.Tell me about it – in detail,” he insisted.

I felt like I was had – about to be punished and being made to anticipate it.

My schedule just doesn’t have time in it for detention and there are even

stories about Program girls getting paddled for such things.I went through it

all and sure enough the bell rang.

“Pam, really.Don’t run.Two seconds later and you could have run right over

me,” he said and started writing on his pad.

“I know.I’m sorry.Should know better from all the times I tell people at

the pool,” I said contritely.

“Exactly,” he said.“I could have given you detention or Mrs. Miller might for

being late to her class.I think you’ll learn from the object lesson here.

Here’s an excuse.It says we were talking about the Program, which we were.

Now walk.”

Okay, I got away with something again.I’m still not sure how that’s

happening.My mind went to what was coming next – biology class, female sexual

anatomy and more pictures of me.

Chapter 7.Tuesday Classes

Mr. Carlson’s punishment worked.I missed some fun in biology.When I got

there, the boys were already getting their relief.Kelly was sitting on the

edge of Mrs. Miller’s desk and one of the girls was stroking his hard cock.He

looked just about ready.The girl leaned down and whispered something to him.

He looked at her and smiled.She took advantage of his open mouth by sticking

her tongue in there.Kelly’s eyes popped wide open and the stream of semen

popped out of his penis.

At the same time Dan was perched on the stool and Emily was all over him.That

stool put his legs at just the right height.She had his cock in her hand and

was straddling one of his legs.She rubbed her pussy back and forth on that

leg.She was humping for her own relief as much as she was stroking for Dan’s.

She got off.It was really quite sexy watching her come and try to stand.

That sight excited Dan well enough.He came just then even though Emily had

stopped the stroking.His semen got all over both of them.Her juices were

liberally distributed, too.

Mrs. Miller gave them enough tissues for a good cleanup and enough time for a

good recovery.That girl who jacked off Kelly was the only one who could walk.

She helped him to his seat.I started the applause as I walked to the front

of the room.I handed the excuse to Mrs. Miller and grabbed Emily.I sat her

on the desk and went for Dan.I put him in his seat and joined Emily ready for

today’s lesson.

“Eager, are we?” Mrs. Miller teased.

“Yes, ma’am.All ready,” I said.“And it’s easier to park Emily here than

drag her to her desk and back.”

Emily managed to stick her tongue out at me and laugh.I’m glad she likes that

sort of joke.The AV service guy was just dragging in his equipment then and

it took a few minutes for him to set it up.I checked out the rest of the

class.A few still had their hands in their laps and far away looks on their

faces.The rest were flushed red.I couldn’t tell whether from embarrassment

or from just reaching their own climax.The ones who were embarrassed may not

be ready for the program themselves, but I hope they see how much fun we’re

having and it helps them get ready.

I checked Emily, too.She was engorged in her breasts and pussy and she was as

red as her hair all over.Her breathing was starting to get back to normal and

her eyes were almost ready to focus.This girl may be a virgin, but only

technically.

“I’m really ready, Pam.I want a boy in me, dammit, and I mean today,” she

said to me quietly.

“Have anyone in mind?” I asked.

“Shawn.He’s soooo fine,” she answered even more quietly.

I just smiled.I know how it goes to be ready to lose an unwanted virginity.

The AV guy finally gave a wave and Mrs. Miller started in on her class.

“Yesterday’s lesson ended with a very brief picture of the girls’ pubic areas.

We saw Pam’s to be engorged from recent sex and Emily’s was in a more normal

state.Today those conditions are reversed.Emily, please tell us how that

happened,” she asked.

Emily was showing some signs of her chronic shyness.She was looking down, had

her hands clenched and was fidgeting.If she was blushing, nobody could tell

because she was still so red from getting off.She did find the courage to

speak to the class and camera.

“Yesterday was so much fun – so sexy.Everyone was nice to me, except when

they left me on the edge,” she glared at a football player in the back of the

room.“This morning I was just asking for it at the activities faire.I made

all those with requests feel welcome, so they tried more and more.I got soooo

horny.None of them got me off, though.

“Dan, my Program partner came to the rescue.He may not have needed that

relief, but I sure did and girls can’t ask.I’m all swollen because I humped

his leg while I was helping him get off.”

“Those watching the recording really missed something.This first-hour class

may be a little ahead in the subject of excitement and responses thanks to these

four in the Program.Emily’s appearance is just what we expect after recent

sex,”Mrs. Miller said.

She went into our anatomy, covering outer and inner labia, clitoral hood,

clitoris and made the distinction between vulva and vagina.She had us spread

ourselves wide so that she and the camera could look at all the details.I

went first and she pointed out all the parts.Emily’s stuff was all more

pronounced and Mrs. Miller found something worth special mention.

“Just into her vagina, Emily has her hymen.Most girls start with this

membrane and keep it as long as they are virgin.Some have none or a small

hymen to start with, have them damaged by accident or have them opened before

having sex.

“The camera is catching this in closeup now.We will next have this class come

forward and take a close personal look at both these girls.This diagram is an

external view, so it doesn’t show a hymen.Take careful note of Emily’s.”

She handed out the diagram – a picture of my bare pussy captured from

yesterday’s tape with all the parts pointed out by little labels.

“It’s certainly a reasonable request to let the class take a close look at you,

girls.How much touching will you let them do?” she asked us.

“Oh, anything.Just don’t hurt me,” I answered.“Mrs. Miller just asked for

all of you.This doesn’t change the need to ask for any other times.”

“No fingers or anything else inside me, please,” said Emily.“That hymen is

gonna hurt and bleed when it breaks.I want that to happen in the throes of a

glorious orgasm, not by accident here.You better get a good look today,

‘cause this particular hymen won’t last long at all.”

“Right.This row first,” Mrs. Miller said pointing at Kelly at the front of

the first row.“Come by and look closely at both girls.Feel free to make

notes on the diagram.We have about a minute for each student.”

Kelly walked right past his sister and started checking me out.That got him

another shot of Emily’s tongue and the two of them exchanged one of those

twin-mode smiles.Dan started with Emily.That got him a bigger smile and

whispered thanks for the relief.

Emily and I started the sequence with our partners that became ritual.We

started with a little spread of our legs, then spread wider and then held

ourselves open with our hands.We let go of ourselves so we could be touched.

I liked the ones who were curious about my clit, especially when that’s what

they touched.It was enough one-on-one that Emily stopped her shyness reaction

and was giving all of them smiles as big as mine.She started wet from her

relief.I got wet after the first few inspections.I’d imagine each of the

guys naked, hard and entering me.

All the students got good looks at both of us.The boys left the desk with

obvious hard points in their pants and words of thanks on their lips.Even

Kelly and Dan recovered from their relief while looking us over.The girls had

a more clinical approach.Most had not looked into themselves even if they

reached in to masturbate.Several of them felt around themselves while they

looked at us.They all thanked us, too.

Mrs. Miller went to the back of the room by the camera man.She had him

continue recording during the first few inspections.When it got repetitious,

she let him stop recording and start making the copy to show in later classes.

He had one more segment to capture at the end of class.

All the students had a good look and were back in their seats when the bell

rang.Mrs. Miller hadn’t started class again because Emily and I were leading

a discussion about our parts and how they felt.One question was about my lack

of pubic hair.I explained that I had heavy, dense, coarse black hair and

hated it.I shaved when I first started living naked, then had the

electrolysis to make it permanent.

After the bell rang, Mrs. Miller called the four of us together and introduced

the cameraman, “This is Mr. Randal.He says he needs something from you and

perhaps from your parents.”

“You’re both such great models, girls, and I expect the same from you boys,” he

started with compliments that got the usual reaction from me.“We need written

permission to make video productions like this, especially when they’re so

intimate.Here’s the release form.There are places for you and your parents

to sign.”

The boys and I were fine with that, but Emily said, “Hold on.These are

standard commercial release forms.With these, you could sell the videos

outside the school.We couldn’t do anything about that and wouldn’t get paid.

I can’t be in a commercial project without involving my agency and they’d have

to get a percentage of my rate.

“I don’t think you need a release at all for the school to use the video.You

already handed over copies for two sessions.Make the release non- commercial,

for use only by the school district and I’ll be able to consider it.”

He snatched back the release forms in a huff and stammered, “It ... It’s the

standard form.The school doesn’t think we need it under your Program rules,

but my company doesn’t want to take chances.You might change your minds about

what you want the school to show.We don’t want to be caught in court.I’ll

see about a special release.”

He left quickly to start taking down his equipment..

“Wow, Emily.Thanks.Glad you know that stuff.Do you think he was trying

to rip us off?” I asked.

“Maybe.What I said was true.I can’t do any modeling without the agency

getting involved.It’s in my contract.What he said is believable, too.It

might just be the only form they use,” she answered.

The boys agreed that we were lucky to have Emily looking out for us.She and I

used our towels to clean off our pussies before we ventured into the hall.We

remembered not to enter the English class too early.We had to wait at least

for the warning bell.We all got plenty of attention in the hall.Most of

the boys from biology offered to relieve Emily of that pesky hymen.She

laughed knowing that they were picking up on her attitude, not trying to harass

her.They probably weren’t joking either.

The boys got a better share of the touching today.Lots of girls were checking

out their asses and chests as well as their cocks.Kelly’s expression was

getting intense.The girls had the sense of when to stop the stroking and were

teasing him mercilessly.He looked at me and must have seen the same sort of

frustration.

“I’m ready for relief again, how about you?” he asked me.“I’ll be sure to ask

at the start of class – no five-minute catch this time.”

“Go for it, Kelly,” I answered.“That spreading was almost like playing with

myself, but just almost.”

In due course the warning bell rang and we disengaged from all those requests.

Yes, they’d made us even hornier.We went into English and took the seats

nearest the door as the teacher had instructed yesterday.

Before the next bell stopped ringing, Kelly’s hand was up and he even spoke to

get the teacher’s attention, “Miss Forester?”

Today she had a tight white blouse over a short black pleated skirt and looked

like a cheerleader again.Her big round boobs swung and jiggled when she

wheeled around to see what Kelly wanted.I could see strap lines under her top

again and wondered why she bothered with a bra.

Kelly had her attention, so he asked, “I need to ask for relief, Miss Forester.

May I?”

“Unghhh,” she grunted and rolled her eyes.“I have to let you, don’t I?”

She glared at Kelly while he walked to the front of the room with his hard cock

leading the way.She didn’t act like it was a strange sight to her.She just

didn’t like it, at least not here.

“I’d like help from Pam, please,” Kelly asked.

I was at his side before the teacher could react.I stood beside him where I

straddled his hand.I grabbed his cock with one hand, his ass with the other

and gave him a hot tongue-loaded kiss.That hand between my legs went to work

on my pussy at the same time.

“How do you want it?” I asked.

“Like yesterday.Sit,” he said pointing to the stool in the corner.

Some of those students were in AP history with us and knew what that meant.

They started the applause while Kelly positioned the stool and I sat on it.

“Who’s helping whom? ... OH!” Miss Forester interrupted her own question when

she saw Kelly’s cock poised to enter me.

Enter me he did after a deep, sexy kiss and just a little playing to spread the

juices around.I put my legs around his ass.That gave me a great sensation

on my legs and rolled my vagina to a better angle for him.I was plenty ready

– so horny I came almost immediately and as usual, I wasn’t quiet.Emily told

me later that my screaming and gasps gave the teacher this terribly angry look

and she turned her back to us and the class.She also said that it looked like

Miss Forester’s hands were between her legs.

Kelly just had relief in the last class.Even as horny as he was, he lasted

while I came and came and came.That little grinding action of his really

works on me.My clit buzzed from beginning to end.I was feeling really good

when he finally got off inside me.Triple orgasms will do that to a girl.

Kelly’s cock popped out of me and he collapsed.I scooted back on the stool

and put my legs on the floor so he could sit on my lap.We held each other and

kissed again until the teacher interrupted the reverie and the applause from the

class.

“Alright, your exhibition is over and your time is up.Back to your seats,”

Miss Forester commanded.

“Do you have any tissues we can use to clean up?This whole area is a little

sloppy,” Kelly asked.

He was right of course, and we should have been made to clean it up, but the

teacher just pointed at our seats.We tried to help each other across the

room, and had to go slowly.The teacher’s exasperated sighs spurred us on.I

wiped off with the towel in my seat and set another one there to catch all that

would run out during class.Emily loaned her brother one to clean himself with

and smiled at me about picking up on the need for many towels.

“So you think you can spend valuable class time on this ... this ... this!?”

Miss Forester asked the class rhetorically.“We’ll see which sort of lesson

you need more.Pop Quiz.Answer all the questions at the end of chapter 2.

If you understand what you were supposed to read, you should get one question a

minute.You have 15 minutes.Copy the questions then write out the answers

in grammatically correct sentences.Begin.”

“Screw copying the questions.Get the answers down first,” Dan whispered his

strategy.

I pulled out my text and notebook like all the others.I did have the

advantage of my study habits.I added complete sentences after each of the key

words to fill in their definitions and was just ready when time was up.In my

post orgasmic state, I couldn’t have done any more.

Miss Forester called time and had us pass the papers forward.She looked

through them, scowling most of the time.Ours was the last row she collected

and we were at the back of that row.She saw our papers last.Her expression

changed.

“Who is Pam?” she asked looking around the room.

I raised my hand.Her eyes went wide and her jaw dropped.

“Dan?Kelly?Emily?” she asked and each of them raised a hand.“Well, I

see that nudity and intelligence are not mutually exclusive.Pam has competed

the quiz entirely, score 100.The other three have all the answers and most of

the questions copied, score 95.The rest of you are not prepared the way I

expect an AP class to prepare.If you complete the questions and answers by

the start of class tomorrow, I’ll raise your quiz score to 70, but note – that’s

still not a passing grade.”

She went through a lecture about the material and showed a few examples of

correct and incorrect English.She really did set the example for preparation.

Her lecture was well presented and it helped me understand some things I had

just memorized.When the bell rang to end class, she dismissed us in the

Program and kept the others for almost a minute.

When the others joined us in the hall, there was a lot of, “Don’t do that

again.”“We don’t want more quizzes.”“Keep it in your pants ... Oh.

Sorry.”

“That’s what she wants you to say.That quiz was for peer pressure and you

know it,” I said to them.

“Maybe so, but it’s clear she doesn’t want any program stuff in her class.

C’mon, we have a long walk,” Dan tore us away from the discussion to go to art,

theater and music.

Crystal, Steve and Brian don’t have as far to walk from the junior class cluster

so they were standing around talking when I got there.Crystal and Brian were

standing together holding hands.Of course, the conversation was about the

Program and how the day was going.The juniors had finally experienced

touching requests and were really ready for relief.The boys were up and hard

as expected.Crystal’s jiggly boobs were puffy with hard nipples and she just

couldn’t stand still.That twitching in her big legs made her chest jiggle all

the more and must have rubbed her labia together.

“Wanna help me get relief again?” Steve asked me.

“If nobody else volunteers.I think we should spread it around if any other

girls want some of the action.I’ll raise my hand if nobody else does.How

about you, Brian?” I responded.

“I don’t want help from anyone but Crystal.It was wishful thinking yesterday.

I want her ... you for my girlfriend,” he shifted his look to Crystal.

She smiled big time, hugged and kissed him with everything she has, then, “I’ll

be happy to help, but I wonder how I could get over this.So many hands have

me sooo close.”

“I was the same way in the last class.Kelly and I fucked our brains out.

You could try that ... if you do that stuff,” I suggested.

“We haven’t done it together – I’ve officially been his girlfriend for only 15

seconds.I’m no virgin and I’m really ready now.How about it, Brian?If

Pam can do her first time ever in front of the whole school, we can do our first

together on the teacher’s desk,” she said snuggling tight against him.

It took Brian a whole nanosecond to agree.The thought of getting even closer

to Crystal made his cock twitch and start to leak.She noticed and teased it

with the tip of her finger, but only for a second.

“Pam, your chest looks bigger or something.I didn’t think you were that big

yesterday.Can I check you out?” Steve made a reasonable request.

“I think I’m growing and they’re swollen from sex.Go ahead,” I answered, but

the bell rang just then.“Feel free to touch me anywhere if I help you with

relief, or after class.”

We took our seats at separate tables and got ready for class.Mrs. Santucci

did some keying at her computer and it started projecting on the screen behind

her.It was the slide show from the morning photo club shoot.She had made

two changes.The shot between my legs was out and the scowling threat was in.

That one got some gasps from the class when they saw it.Most of the others

got ‘wow’ or ‘ahhh’ reactions.

“We’ll get to the photography lesson in just a minute.First, thank you to Pam

for posing for the photography club this morning.You see some of the results

here.We’ll go into the principles behind all these in the next few weeks.

Second, do either of you gentlemen need relief?” she asked.

As arranged both boys asked for relief and for help.Crystal was the only girl

to offer the help, so I finally raised my hand.

“Are you reluctant, Pam?You really don’t have to, you know,” Mrs. Santucci

said.

“Oh, I really like doing this stuff,” I answered.“I just wanted to give

anyone else a chance, you know, to spread the fun around a little.”

“That’s admirable, but there don’t seem to be any takers.C’mon up here,” she

invited.

I dashed up to Steve, grabbed his cock, snuggled against him and gave him a

kiss.

“Just the handjob, Pam, please.My girlfriend is upset enough about that, but

she did extra stuff to keep me ... interested last night,” he put me in my

place.

While I started stroking Steve, he started on my boobs as he had requested.I

have enough over the wide area of my chest to fill his hand.This time I had

enough for him to squeeze.It hurt my poor, tender boobs when he grabbed and

lifted them, but I didn’t complain.I was amazed that I actually had enough

boob to grab and lift.He made me tingle along with the hurt and made my

nipples pop out.All that made me clutch and stroke his cock harder.

Brian picked Crystal up and sat her on the teacher’s desk.They carefully

cleared some stuff out of the way and Crystal put her towel down before they

started the messy stuff.She lay back and relaxed with her hips at the edge of

the desk and her legs spread wide.Brian leaned over her, gave her kisses and

stroked her boobs.His kisses and hands wandered lower on his new girlfriend

until he was kissing her nipples and putting fingers in her slit.Crystal

started moaning and wriggling under him.

Nobody could take their eyes off those two, including Steve and me.Crystal

hooked her feet around Brian’s ass and pulled him closer.Brian got it that

she was ready and moved up on her again.His cock went right in her and her

moaning became more urgent.That sight was plenty for Steve.His cock grew

and stiffened that extra bit when he shot his stream all over me.That’ll

teach me to pay attention to my own handjob, won’t it.

Crystal’s moans softened as she got more excited, then turned to soft squeals

when she reached climax.Brian kept pounding into her hard enough to shake her

whole body.He held his hands on her nipples, but didn’t grab the mass of her

boobs.Each thrust shook her boobs all around her chest so her nipples were

rubbing his hands.He kept up the kisses all over her face, neck and ears

until he went over.They both finished about the same time.She had her legs

all the way around his ass and pulled tight.He gave that final thrust and

came as deep into her as he could.

Steve and I were just standing there watching.We finally got the tissues and

started wiping.He got the shots that landed on my boobs and belly.I got

the lower ones.Crystal and Brian stayed where they were, just breathing

heavily.Crystal recovered first, sat up and kissed him like she meant it –

hands around his head and all.He lifted her off the desk.She stayed with

the kiss and wrapped her legs around him again.He wasn’t ready for that so

soon after getting off, so he leaned forward to put the clinging girl down on

the desk.

“Wonderful.Sooo wonderful,” Crystal whispered, then went back to the kissing.

I handed Brian some tissues when he came up for air and he went right to work on

Crystal.He wiped her legs and pussy and I could see Crystal shudder when he

hit sensitive spots.She got some tissues and returned the favor.By then

they were almost able to navigate and were able to check over and clean up the

desk.

Everyone in the room was all smiles and applause.That had not been just sex.

It was such a lovemaking that it made everyone feel good.It also went

overtime.Mrs. Santucci asked us to get back to our seats so she could talk

about cameras and taking pictures.All four of us made it to our seats, but

Crystal had a hard time.She ran into a table because her loving, smiling eyes

were glued to Brian.She took a pretty good thump on her hip but the smile

never left her face.

Mrs. Santucci went into perspective, magnification and the effect of lens focal

length on those.Part of the time, she used the photo club pictures as

examples, pointing out that the photographers didn’t have to crowd close to me

for the face shots.For the real point of the lesson, she asked for volunteer

models.Crystal and I both raised our hands.Hey, we can always use the

extra credit.Of course we were picked.

She had Crystal and me sit in a line at different distances from the camera.

She used a video camera connected directly to the computer so it projected in

real time.When she set the lens for a wide angle, we both looked far away and

appeared to be far apart.As she adjusted to a longer focal length, Crystal

and I not only got bigger in the image, but we appeared to be closer together.

Ginger came in while we were posing and quietly went into the small back room.

I smiled at her and she gave a little smile back.I guessed she didn’t dare

disturb the class.

Mrs. Santucci went through typical focal length numbers for various camera

types, explaining that the image size on the film or digital sensor was also

part of the equation.That filled the class time except for the assignment.

“We want to get through the dry material and into the practical work, so the

assignment is to read the book on film cameras.Tomorrow we’ll go into the

things unique to digital and film, then start on more things that are the same,”

she said.“We’ll be trying out some things starting Thursday.Does everyone

have access to a camera?Show hands ...Digital?”

All said they could get a digital camera, so Mrs. Santucci said, “We have a very

few cameras to lend during class.We have to use digital cameras to get the

results quickly.We used to have a darkroom and print photos from film.The

school’s insurance wanted to charge extra premium for that.The board realized

that liability insurance protects them, but not the students.If the real

trouble was toxic chemicals, there shouldn’t be a darkroom in the school.

Since then we’ve been using the alternative that most people prefer anyway –

digital.Bring what you have on Thursday.”

She dismissed class a little before the ball rang.I was about to give Crystal

and Brian some crap for the eyes they’d been making all hour.They had to stay

for study time and their body language looked like they were going to try to get

away with sitting together.Do you think I should have encouraged them?

Ginger interrupted that when she handed me a CD and said, “Here.I promised

you this.”

She wasn’t exactly friendly and I think I figured her out, “I’m sorry, Ginger.

You were right.That last shot didn’t fit in.I had the Program on my mind

and have so much more to learn about real photography.”

“I’m sorry, too, and embarrassed,” she replied.“We try to pretend we’re

professionals at it.When we got to your pose ideas, you became the client.

We ... I ... wasn’t very professional.I think we should do a series on

Program poses.It might loosen us ... me ... up.”

“Maybe it should be a year-long thing.All the members could contribute when

they’re in the Program.Did you volunteer?” I asked her.

“No way,” she answered.“But the running project might be a good idea.”

“The volunteers are going first, so you probably have some time to ... loosen

up,” I tried to assure her.

She’d had second lunch and had to get back for the second part of her split math

class.Kelly and Emily were waiting for me in the hall, so Ginger split.

Emily’s eyes and smile were wide open like she was anticipating something great.

I had to point out that her hands on her pussy looked like a Program violation

even though I knew she was stroking herself.Emily rolled her eyes and started

for the cafeteria at a brisk walk with her hands and pussy in plain sight.We

picked up Dan by the auditorium and met the sophomores, Dawn and Shawn, by the

food line.

Emily immediately pounced on Shawn and put him in an unbreakable liplock.It

was unbreakable because Shawn didn’t want to break it.He had an armful of the

best body in the school.I could just imagine how his cock felt being squeezed

between them.I confirmed my imagination by snuggling close to Dan and giving

him a big kiss.Yep, a hard cock between two naked bodies is really

stimulating.When I broke the clinch with Dan, Kelly and Dawn were holding

hands and smiling at each other.Kelly actually asked first, probably because

Dawn was acting so shy, then gave her a hugging kiss.She pulled her hips back

from Kelly’s hardon at first, but then eased into it.She got visibly more

relaxed as the kiss went on and was wriggling against him at the end.That end

didn’t come until the students in line behind us prodded us to move to the food.

On our way through the line, we told each other Program stories from the

morning.Dawn was all awe at how much sex was going on among the freshmen and

how it was spreading to the Juniors.She looked like she thought she was

missing something.She was.Kelly noticed her expression, too.He’s just

the surrogate Program partner to help out the poor deprived sophomore.

We sat in the towel-covered chairs again, one pair to a table.Each pair was

joined by curious, clothed students who wanted to talk about the Program, nudity

and how much activity they’d be expected to do.Dan and I explained that it

was up to each participant.That put them at ease a little.

I saw Emily and Shawn sitting very close together with their hands in each

other’s laps.Both of them were twitching and squirming.It seems Emily got

her desire across to him and he liked the idea.Dawn and Kelly were all smiles

for each other, too.At least they kept up conversation with the others at

their table.Dan and I were eating one-handed again.My other hand had a

firm grip on his cock and his was teasing my legs and labia without mercy.

Emily and Shawn didn’t wait to finish their food.They dumped their trays and

hustled outside to the courtyard.

“C’mon, Dan.We don’t want to miss Emily’s big moment,” I urged him and I

waved to get Kelly’s attention..

He looked puzzled for a moment, then got it.When we got outside, Emily was

stretching out on the grass under a tree and pulling Shawn down onto her.They

didn’t skip the preliminaries – they’d already done them at the lunch table.

Shawn settled into the vee between Emily’s strong legs and she wrapped his ass

with them.He started little thrusts to penetrate her, then stopped.He must

have found that hymen.

“Virgin?Are you sure about this, Emily?” he asked.

“Oh, yeah,” she replied and pulled on his butt with those powerful legs.

That drove him through the hymen into her.She gave a wince and a little

squeak, so he just stopped.He stayed still all the way in her until her

breathing got back to normal, then started the little strokes again.Her

expression got less pained and more passionate as he did his work.He made the

strokes longer and soon had Emily gasping, squealing and lolling her head back

and forth.

Kelly smiled at his brave sister for losing her virginity in school.The sight

must have done something for Dawn, too.She led him to a clear spot of grass

on the other side of the tree and sat down with him.Their hands were soon all

over each other and their tongues were in the other’s mouth as much as in their

own.

I checked Dan.He had four girls around him, all stroking something.He was

ready to douse them with his semen, and I think that’s what they wanted.

The bastard who felt me up and left me hanging yesterday came up to me and said,

“Sorry about yesterday.I’d like to make it up to you and I have a request.

It’s not completely reasonable.If you don’t want to do it, just say no and

don’t throw me in my locker, ‘kay?”

“Okay, so what’s the request?” I responded.

“Would ... would you like to ... fuck me?” he stammered.

“Thought nobody would ask.Sure.How do you want me?” I agreed to his

request.

“Well, you’re already naked.You sit on top and do the fucking.You’re more

likely to get off like that and won’t be pissed at me,” he answered.

He lay on his back, pushed down his shorts and pulled his erect cock out through

the fly of his boxers.He waved his dick at me and I took him up on the

invitation.I straddled him on my knees and made use of all the juices Dan had

started flowing.I wiped his dick head with my pussy to wet it, then pressed

against it.It went right in and felt pretty good.

“Are you really this easy?” he asked me.

“I’m not easy – I’m eager,” I answered.

I was doing the work this time, so I raised up and down.Each time I came to

the bottom, I rolled my hips back and wriggled side to side.That caught my

clit as well as Kelly’s grinding does.Pretty soon, I fell forward on the poor

bastard and kept my hips wriggling where my clit was against him almost all the

time.I came loud and clear.Yes, it seems that I’m a screamer.The guy

decided he could do a little work for his own satisfaction after he was sure I

got mine.He thrust into me from below.His strokes combined with my

wriggling to give me another climax.He could sense that I liked it and that

excited him to his release.He stiffened and thrust in as far as he could and

his stuff started to run out of me.I lay on him enjoying the close cuddling

and the warm glow.

After a minute to recover, he asked, “So was that good or are you pissed?”

“It was great.A double orgasm.You enjoyed it, too, I see,” I said sitting

up and looking at the stuff running out of me all over his soft cozy boxers.

“Hey, what’s your name so I can think of you as something else beside

‘bastard’?”

“I’m Eric, Pam, and yeah, the wet shorts are worth it,” he answered.

I used one of my towels on myself and what I could of him.I stood up, pulled

Eric to his feet and was ready to check the other couples again.Shawn was

still doing Emily.That former virgin was just laying there moaning and

squealing under him.Yep, this was the sort of glorious orgasm she was looking

for.I did notice the blood running out of her pussy.Another girl I

remember from the volleyball tryout was standing nearby with a tampon for her.

That gang of girls all over Dan now included one with his cock in her mouth.

Well, it went in there as far as it could.Dan was lasting as well as he did

with me last night, but then he finally warned her and went off.She must have

tried to swallow, but her mouth was stretched so wide that a lot of his semen

leaked out.

Kelly was still on Dawn, too.They had a slower start and that seems to have

worked well for Dawn.The perky sophomore was wrapping him with her legs and

bucking wildly under him.For someone with the shy start, she was putting

quite a lot into the sex.She got a lot out of it, too.They both stiffened

and came together.

Emily quietly went rigid with her head thrown back and her eyes wide open.She

shook and shuddered all over as she felt the explosive pleasure.Both boys did

a few extra strokes and Shawn seemed to catch his orgasm a little after Emily.

The four of them relaxed gasping, panting and glowing.

The girl gave Emily the tampon and she put it in just a little to plug her

bleeding vagina.Some of the guys went “Eww” and stopped looking.Some were

even more interested.Some of the girls were interested, too.They must be

virgins because they were asking how it felt to break her hymen and whether it

still hurt.

Dawn broke away from Kelly after they wiped off and she regained her perkiness.

“Is he that good with you?I think I came three times!” she started comparing

notes with me.

“Told ya he knows how to use it.He gives me triples, too,” I answered.

Everyone started into the building when the bell rang.The Program juniors

were waiting in the cafeteria line by the time Dan and I went by them.

Brooke’s remark was loud enough that I’m sure she meant for us to hear.

“Damn over-sexed freshmen.Now they’re spreading it to the sophomores,”she

complained.

“You’re the only one missing the fun, Brooke.You need to give someone

relief,” Crystal answered her and smiled at us.

Brooke looked shocked when she caught Crystal’s meaning and she whispered, “Et

tu, Crystal?”

We stopped at the restrooms to take care of business and wash off better.Lots

of girls in there had just seen us and were full of awe and questions.We

answered what we could, but had to get to class.

Mr. Siever checked the boys soft but still red dicks and skipped asking them if

they needed relief.He got right into his lecture about the first chapters on

prehistoric times.Emily spent most of the time twitching in her seat.About

a quarter of the way through class, she couldn’t stand it any more.

“Sorry I can’t wait ‘til after class, but I need to see the nurse,” she asked

after she raised her hand.

“Three points, young lady,” he started to tease her.“I have third lunch.

The faculty lounge has a great view of the courtyard and red liquid glistens

brightly in the noonday sun.I’m actually surprised to see you got to class in

the first place.Would you like someone to go with you to the nurse?”

Emily looked at her brother and answered, “It’s a female thing, Kelly.Please

take notes for us.Can Pam come with?We should be back soon.”

I nodded in agreement and he said, “The paperwork forms they make the nurse do

take longer than the rest of the class.I may see you for study time or I may

not.”

On the way to the nurse, Emily complained about how the tampon irritated her

sore vagina.She needed something to ease that little pain so she could

concentrate in class and do her best at volleyball.The nurse is a large,

overweight woman.She seemed to be strongly in favor of the program like Mrs.

Miller and Coach Reeves.Unlike them, she keeps her clothes on and I’m glad.

The nurse understood immediately.She, too, had third lunch and was in the

faculty lounge.

“Well, the Program made a big difference for you already, didn’t it Emily?” she

asked in a friendly, understanding tone.

Emily gave her a sheepish grin and then a wince when the nurse removed the

tampon.The bleeding had stopped, so there wasn’t any more need for the

irritant.The nurse cleaned Emily out then gave her as strong a dose of

non-prescription pain medication as she could.It should last through the

evening and Emily should feel better in the morning.She shouldn’t have

anything more in her vagina today to let things heal.

As Mr. Siever suggested, the paperwork was the worst part.There were forms to

fill out about the disposition of school medical supplies.Since bleeding was

involved, a form was needed to report that there was no violence and no accident

to investigate.There was another form for the Program that was also concerned

about harassment violations.None of those applied, but the forms were needed

to say so.

Also as predicted we got back to class during study time.Emily gave everyone

the thumbs up and thanked Mr. Siever for letting her go.Dan and Kelly handed

us their notes to copy.We didn’t finish by the time the bell rang.

“Can I keep these for a while, Dan?” I asked and Emily nodded to Kelly to ask

the same thing by twin-telepathy.“We need to meet anyway.There’s the

history presentation and other stuff.How about my house tonight at eight?”

“I suppose your Mom will be working again,” Dan ventured.

“We wouldn’t be allowed there without an adult,” Emily informed me.

“Tonight is Mom’s day off.She’ll be home, we’ll both be naked and she knows

everything,” I informed them.

“Everything?” Dan asked with a sheepish expression.

“EVERYthing!”I emphasized, meaning to include last night and why we’d

postponed our encounter.

“Will I be welcome?” he worried.

“She already knew about last night when she saw you get out of your car this

morning.Inviting you is her idea.She wants a closer look,” I said.

The three of us laughed at Dan’s blush then we all agreed to meet.The hallway

and algebra room were the usual labyrinth of requests.Dan and Kelly finally

got excited and erect again from all the requests to handle their flaccid dicks.

Quite a few curious girls took advantage of their state.They were

disappointed when they figured out that trying to feel a soft cock is

self-defeating.Emily took requests but carefully pointed out that she didn’t

want anything inside her.She looked worried enough that most guys just

concentrated on her luscious boobs.They had been even larger than usual all

day and drawing a lot of attention.

A big surprise was the attention that my boobs drew.One boy cupped them the

way Steve had done.He lifted them and rubbed my nipples until they were hard.

I liked that and was thrilled about what came next.

“I really like the way these are jiggling today, Pam,” he told me.

I jiggled?!?I really jiggled?I couldn’t do much more than give him a dumb

smile and simple thanks.The requests ended and I paid attention to my chest

as I sat in my seat.Sure enough, waves rippled through the softness of my

boobs when I landed.I actually have enough breast to jiggle!

Ms Grisom began her class by apologizing to me as she said she’d do.I thanked

her and blushed.She got into the homework problems immediately.How does an

algebra teacher ever do that?She called students to the board.Dan was

first and Kelly was second.They each did one problem correctly and took their

seats.The girls in the class got more out of the next few examples because

the students were clothed instead of being so distracting.Ms Grisom got

around to me and then Emily later in the hour.That wasn’t unusual.Everyone

got a chance and some were called twice.

Emily did great in front of the class.She was quiet but held her head up and

held her paper and the marker without clenching her hands.She even made eye

contact, at least with her partners.

The locker stop after algebra was quick.I loaded everything in the bag and

took off.None of us wanted to be late for tryouts.I started anticipating

the boys’ locker room again.I was just as ready as I was yesterday to see all

those jocks in their jocks and pulling up their shorts.

I turned out to be everything I expected.We freshmen got to the gym last, so

it was already full of boys changing as quickly as they could.Nobody wants to

be late for tryouts – it would count against them.The boys were tucking their

packages in their jocks and bending over to pull on their shorts.The view was

wonderful.Emily must have agreed.She was all eyes, too.

One thing interrupted the boys.They took time to touch us as we walked by.

Emily got to her locker in the first row before she got too much of that.Mine

is in the last row.I relished every grope.I raised my arms as if to take

off my backpack, but really to get them out of the way again.Most of the boys

on the main aisle and in my locker row dragged their hand along my body

somewhere.It felt great.My nipples got plenty of attention and popped

right out.None of the hands got inside my pussy, but it still got wet from

all the attention to the labia and to my legs and ass.

I glanced at the other Program girls along the way.They were all getting the

attention and looked like they were enjoying it – except maybe Brooke.She

wasn’t denying requests, but wasn’t encouraging the touching.

Dawn was already at her locker. Well, she was standing in the middle of the row

between the benches.The boys around her were stroking her all over between

efforts to change clothes and as they walked out.She was shaking, shuddering,

wobbling on weak knees and glowing red.Apparently those boys weren’t being

such bastards today and she was enjoying a quiet orgasm from all the touching.

It also could be that she was more sensitive this afternoon after her sexy

lunchtime with Kelly.Her boobs were swollen as big as they had been then and

her smile was just as big, too.

The last of the boys left and Dawn crashed onto the bench. Her breathing

returned to normal and she finally started opening her locker.I had already

grabbed my bra, thrown my bag in and was changing shoes.

“I really see why you like this stuff.It’s so easy to get oversexed and just

let it happen more and more,” she said when she finished gasping.

“Now let’s see you get your mind on volleyball,” I challenged and she glared at

me.

I wriggled into the bra and it felt strange.It was tight all over, not just

the band.I looked at it and checked in the mirror.It was full – full of my

boobs.I was filling those A cups to the point that they stretched a little

and my hard nipples poked through the mesh.The soft overall squeeze from the

bra didn’t hurt anywhere near as much as squeezes and pokes from boys hands.

Tuesday Evening

Chapter 8.Tuesday After School

I prodded Dawn and waited for her.We met Emily and Melissa at the door.

Coach Reeves was strolling around the gym naked again, watching girls stretch.

She looked at us a little annoyed.Even though we didn’t have to change

clothes, we were still the last ones on the floor.We went through stretches,

a lap around the gym and ball handling warmup.I warmed up with Melissa again.

At least we got to use a good ball this time.The coach divided us into

three groups to use the three courts.The division wasn’t arbitrary.She

picked the first group to include all the Program participants and girls who

seemed larger and older.I found out later that Emily and I were the only

freshmen and Dawn and Melissa were the only sophomores.

The exercise had two players on one side of the net serve to two on the other

side.The ones receiving would try to pass the ball toward the net where the

setter would be.If the serve didn’t get over the net or went out of bounds,

the server went to the back of the line.If the receiver missed a good serve

or the pass went wild, the receiver was out.I watched while waiting for my

turn.I was rooting for the girls I know - the Program participants.

Amy’s serve was great and she put another big girl out.The next serve came

back to her and she really looked bad.She didn’t get all the way to it and

tried to wave at it with her arm.She was out the first time she tried to

receive.Brooke and Rochelle lasted a little longer - until I got there.

I gave Rochelle an easy serve.As usual I didn’t take a step or swing my arm

very much.I sailed the ball over the net and a few feet away from her.She

made an easy, accurate pass and took the ball to serve to me.Her serve was

faster, but easily in my reach.I must have made her complacent with my first

serve.My moves for the second were about the same, but I actually hit it.

The zinger cleared the net by a half inch and would have gone out of bounds

except for the sinkerball spin.Rochelle figured that out at the last instant

and tried to dive for it.She didn’t get hurt on the floor, but she didn’t get

the ball either.She smiled and pointed at me.I smiled back and thought

“Bring it on!”

The other girl on my side of the court was out, too.I switched sides to face

Brooke.I gave her an easy serve and handled her return.My harder second

serve blew her off the court.She didn’t smile or gesture, so I didn’t know

whether she minded.

The drill progressed through more of the team until I faced Emily.She had

just put the other girl on my side out and I had put the girl in front of her

out.I tried the easy-hard sequence on her.She got my hard second serve and

sent back one just as hard.I took that challenge and made a good pass.That

went on for three more exchanges before she finally missed one.The girls on

her side of the net applauded her and she bowed.

A little later Dawn was beside me and I faced Crystal across the net.Dawn’s

serves were all soft and slow.They were tricky floaters, though.They don’t

spin, so they swoop and dive like knuckle ball pitches.Players can usually

get to them, but often shank the pass because the ball isn’t exactly where they

thought it would be.It took her three or four serves to put another player

out, but she did that to player after player.Dawn proved to be as quick as I

am at defense.She got everything the other side served at her and made a good

pass of it.She stayed in like I did.

Crystal’s serves are blazing fast like mine and she’s probably quicker than me

with her little, strong body.She certainly starts closer to the floor than I

do.We left smoke trails behind our serves and drove each other all over the

court.It was a great workout for us, but the other players were getting

bored.

Melissa came up against Dawn in the mean time.Her zinger serves challenged,

but didn’t defeat Dawn and she watched those slow floaters carefully.Neither

line was moving and the natives were getting restless.

“Crystal and Dawn switch,” Coach Reeves commanded.

Now I got my taste of Dawn’s slow serves.The first one took a sharp swerve to

my right just as I reached for it.I was quick enough to geta piece of it,

but it was just luck that the pass looked good.Dawn got everything I could

hit at her.That girl can really cover a lot of floor.Four bottomless girls

were getting a lot of work, but the line still wasn’t moving.

“Dawn and Melissa switch,” the coach tried something else.

Melissa and I had figured each other out yesterday, so we just kept the workout

going.Crystal and Dawn didn’t have trouble with each other either.I

finally got an idea when one of Crystal’s serves drew Dawn to the middle of her

court.I put my serve on the other side of her from Melissa.Sure enough,

those two ran into each other and both missed.Cheers from our side brought a

high five between Crystal and me.

“I really need to see all the players.Pam and Crystal are retired with honor.

Now scram and make room for the next two,” Coach Reeves moved things along.

When the line came around to our turns again, the coach just skipped us.That

was a little embarrassing in the complimentary way that makes me blush.It

also brought my nipples out through the mesh bra again.

The next drill was setting and spiking.The unscheduled wannabe’s were there,

so we compressed our groups onto two courts.This drill moves faster, so it

worked out.We lined up at the left edge of the court and one of the setters

stood in the middle at the net.Crystal was on my side and Melissa started

setting on the other side.We would toss the ball to the setter then spike

their set over the net.After we hit, we would try to block the next hitter.

After that, we had to retrieve a ball and get into the other line.Crystal and

Melissa both did great sets.They put the ball in the same place every time,

and that place was great for hitting around or through blockers.

Some of the hitters smashed the ball as hard as they could.A lot of those

went wild or out of bounds.Other hitters, like Dawn, tried to place their

spikes and didn’t hit them very hard.Brooke and Rochelle got blazing speed on

accurate hits.I used them as role models.Amy didn’t swing much at hers.

It was more like she was spanking than smashing the ball.

Emily started tentatively, trying to be sure her hits were in bounds.The

coach smiled at her later when she started hitting with more authority.I

noticed that smile and started hitting harder, too.I wasn’t wimpy before

that, but wasn’t hitting as hard as Rochelle.I put more power into the

hitting after that and got one of those smiles from Coach Reeves for my trouble.

Later I saw Coach Reeves give a little hand signal to Amy who made a noticeable

effort to get right in front of me in line.

When she got to the front, Amy said to me, “Middle hits.Watch and learn,

Grasshopper.”

I quickly made connections and asked, “Do you take karate from Kurita- san?”

“Yeah.Later,” she responded as she tossed the ball toward Crystal.

Her ‘grasshopper’ reference was to the old David Carradine series “Kung Fu”

where his character had been called that while a student.Our sensei, Mr.

Kurita, had recommended the early seasons of that show to inspire us about the

martial arts.My guess was that Amy had heard the same recommendation.

Crystal set the ball almost straight up and only about a ball-height above the

net.Amy ran forward right behind the ball, did a little hop close in front of

Crystal and a very short swing.She tapped the ball just as it got to the top

of its set.She tapped it downward so it landed on the floor quickly and close

to the net on the other side.

“Hit it before the bad guys know it’s been set.It’s a lot harder to block,”

she instructed and went to try to block me.

I tried her moves.I got there in time, but jumped higher.I had to reach

down to hit the ball.I didn’t use any more arm swing than Amy had, but I

still put more power into it.The ball went between Amy and the net and rolled

down her body to the floor.I’m glad it didn’t hurt her boobs on the way down.

“Again.Set it higher for Pam, please Crystal,” the coach interrupted and

tossed me another ball.

Crystal’s next set was up where I could reach it naturally.My quick, easy hit

streaked over Amy’s block to the floor right behind her.I think I heard the

big girl growl at me as she went to chase down the ball.We did the quick

middle hits again on Melissa’s side.I clued her to my higher jump, so it went

well on the first try with her.Melissa and Amy both smiled and I think I

caught Coach Reeves trying hard not to let one show.

I learn quickly and have good enough coordination to do what I’m learning.I

was keeping up so Amy could keep going with new stuff I hadn’t done in seventh

grade.We did slides where we started our approach in one direction to fool

blockers, then changed course to meet the set somewhere else.We started far

from the setter and veered in close.We started in front of the setter and

veered behind her.That required Crystal to do a back set - set the ball

behind her far enough to reach our right hand.

One other very tall girl, Marie, who’s almost as tall as Amy, was doing middle

hits, too.She was always around the seniors, so I guess that’s probably what

she is.Another setter, Alison, relieved Melissa.Melissa is tall enough to

play as a hitter and wanted to practice some of that.Alison also acted like a

senior.Her sets aren’t as consistent as Crystal’s or Melissa’s.They’re

okay, but we have to reach for them sometimes.

Amy stayed in front of me in line.She tried to block my hits, but had to jump

higher than normal to do that.She got some of them, but wouldn’t let me go

first to get back at her.On one of the back slide moves,I tried a trick.

I whispered for Crystal to set closer to herself so I could hit with my left

hand.Since Amy knew the play, she was anticipating where the hit was coming

from.The left hand thing fooled her.The ball shot right by her even though

she had jumped high enough.She looked startled and growled at me again.

Coach Reeves didn’t try to hide that smile.

Just before five o’clock Coach Reeves ended the tryouts.I heard her telling

the wannabe’s which ones could continue.The rest were through for the year.

Like yesterday, the cross country team quit after one trip around their course.

Football players get to stop between plays and gulp down a sports drink.The

runners just quit early.They were again the only boys in the locker room.

They’d been there for a while, but waited for some female company in the shower.

Some of us were quite accommodating, but not all.Brooke let some boys touch,

but didn’t like it and didn’t let them get too personal.Crystal and Melissa

stayed loyal to their boyfriends, but still got excited from the touching

requests.Emily was still letting her vagina heal, so she didn’t let anything

or anyone inside her.She still gave somebody a hand job.Some of the others

enjoyed the touching.Some went on to kissing or hand jobs.

I got laid.It was the same guy as yesterday and he did an even better job of

pleasing me.He also said that my bigger boobs pleased him.They should.

He had his mouth all over them while he was fucking me.I didn’t really mind

the nibbling and licking in the middle of sex like that.It helped cover the

tender soreness with tingling stimulation and after a while all I could feel was

the explosive orgasm in my pussy.

I had checked my boobs when I took off the bra.The threads of the mesh cups

had left red marks all over my boobs from being tight.The marks disappeared

when all of me turned red from the sex.

I went to the girls’ locker room to see Coach Reeves.She was busy with

another player, so I decided to check on Kelly.He was sitting at his locker

with several girls around him and a stupid smile on his face.Tania and Jennie

were putting his shoes on him.When they finished, they pulled him up standing

and shoved his book bag into his hands.It took both of them to guide him out

of the locker room.

“What truck hit you?” I asked and that started the girls giggling.

“Them,” he managed to grunt with a nods at Tania and Jennie.

“We tag teamed him again.She had him before the shower and I got him as soon

as he came back up.I have this talent for washing, you know,” Jennie

answered.

“No hand job this time, and gawd he does know how to use it,” Tania said.

“See you at eight, stud,” I taunted him.

He must have been recovering some strength because he straightened and smiled at

me.He wasn’t fully recovered because his dick was still down and soft as he

walked out between those two girls.

Coach Reeves was available then, so I went in.

“Mmm.Hi, Pam,” she greeted me.”Great job today.I see where you get that

confidence.”

She couldn’t see me blush at that because I was still all red.She had to

notice that part the way she was looking me over - all over.

“So what brings you in?” she asked.

“Oh.Do I really need an excuse?” I asked, but more like challenged.”If so,

it’s about the uniform.I’m doing a growth spurt.I filled my A cups today,

so I don’t need the special ‘flat’ top.”

“Oh, yeah?” she said as if she hadn’t noticed.”That’s really good, Pam.

That special order is messing up our delivery schedule.We really want the

whole team in uniform Friday afternoon.Those other special orders won’t be

needed ... until basketball season.If we can drop yours before the company

closes for the day, we have a great chance of getting them for Friday

afternoon.”

USERNAME: Pamela

PASSWORD: \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

She closed her office door, said, “Let’s see,” then cupped and stroked my chest

for a while.The combination of growth and swelling gave her so much of a

handful that she had trouble letting go.

“These are growing.How do they feel?” she asked.

“You tell me,” I sassed and thrust them out at her.”Really, with the

tenderness and all the attention they’re getting, they hurt soooo good.”

She sat at her computer and pulled up her email window.I reached under her

arms so that my forearms would lift her while my hands cupped her breasts.I

picked her up out of the chair and gotwide surprised eyes and a little squeal

from her.I sat in the chair and put her naked ass on my lap.She squirmed

and wriggled there when my hands went to work on her.I did as much to her

boobs as she had done to mine.She was ready for the attention.Her nipples

grew hard under my hands and she started to moan a little.

My strokes went all the way down her front and I dug into the folds between her

legs.She was trying to compose her message, but gave up all pretense when my

hand found her clit.She convulsed, threw her chest out, rolled her head back

and shook all over.Talk about an immediate orgasm.

When she came down from it, she asked, “Do you know what it’s like for a lesbian

coach to watch that many girls work so hard?Half my varsity contenders are

going bottomless.Imagine how much I build up.I have to watch how much I

show when I’m out there naked.You’re aggressiveness and just the right

touches were all I needed.Now c’mere so I can return the favor, as if you

need it.”

“Might have been laid already, but I can still enjoy what you do.I want to

see if my tongue remembers what it learned yesterday ... from you, Donna,” I

said.

She reacted to her name by pulling me out of the chair, wrapping me in a hug and

kissing me deeply.

“I’m glad you remember to call me that, Pam.We’re so much closer this way,”

she whispered close to me.

She had me sit in the large easy chair and got to her knees in front of me.

Her tongue and fingers went to work and soon had me going from moans to gasps

and then to screams.She stopped abruptly and put her hand to my mouth.

Oops.I took a mouthful of my arm to stifle any more noise but she didn’t go

back to the licking.

Adult privileges go with adult responsibilities, I suppose.She got back to

her email and told about it while she typed.

“Have you heard of the Sportech Company, Pam?They’re local and make some

advanced stuff.This is one of the few mundane, read that cheap, products in

their line.They call it PPF for Player and Program Friendly.Their Mr.

Silanski says they have all their standard sizes in stock, but need two days to

put numbers and logos on them,” she explained.

I told her about the competition suits that company is trying with the swim team

and finished with, “I’ll see Mr. Silanski tomorrow morning and make sure he got

your mail.”

A minute later the send button was clicked and Donna got back to more exciting

business.She got out of the chair, wrapped me in a hug and rammed her tongue

down my throat.I hugged back and swallowed the tongue.I was well into the

pleasure when she sat me in the chair again and slid down between my legs.I

kept my arm in my mouth.No more oops and plenty more orgasm.

“Hey, I’m the one who needs the practice,” I protested after a little recovery.

“Go to it,” she invited as she lay back on the floor and spread her legs.

I got on my knees between her legs and bent in to start licking.Kissing her

legs and labia worked and so did some of the licking.Getting my fingers to

her vagina or ass was another story.I needed reaching room.I picked her up

by her legs and slung them over my shoulders.That brought her pussy right to

my face and it was easy to reach under her.I sat up straight.That lifted

her lower parts off the floor. Donna gasped.She must not have expected that

at all.Her head and shoulders were still on the floor in front of me.The

touching and licking got to her and her juices got to me.The practice must be

working since I mind the mess even less now.

Donna really got with it.She was writhing around and bucking her hips.My

hands couldn’t help stimulate her.They were too busy holding on and trying to

keep her at my mouth.My tongue was up to the job and kept licking her slit

and clit until she climaxed.That convulsion brought her whole body off the

floor.I tried to balance by leaning back but went too far and fell over.

Donna wound up on her knees and sitting on my face.I was basically okay, but

had a little trouble breathing while she recovered.

“Oh! Pam!Are you alright?” she asked as she suddenly came around and tried to

get up off me.

“I’m great.How are you?”I said with a lot of choking that showed how I

really was.

She wiped us both off, tossed me a bottle of water and got one for herself.I

pulled her down onto my lap in the big easy chair.As I hoped, she was

interested in cuddling, too.Conversation waited until after a few tender

kisses.

----- E - N - D -----

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

“So is Amy a good enough teacher?” she asked.”She offered to try to fill you

in on what you missed in eighth grade.You’re good enough to play anywhere,

but we need another middle.The stuff she showed you is even more specialized

than eighth graders get.It looked like you were picking it up well enough.”

“I thought I saw you notice.I’m picking up those middle hits.The great

sets help, too.There are also encouraging smiles from the sideline,” I

responded.

“Those were deserved.Isn’t it time for you to get to work?” she observed.

“Thanks for letting me know about the uniform and showing the great-looking

growth, Pam.It makes a real difference for delivery.”

There wasn’t anything unusual on the way to the pool or on my phone.I got to

the pool with ten minutes to go and the Switerlitz family must have got there

just before me.They were inside where they could catch me as soon as I came

in.Mrs. Dr. Switerlitz was removing her bikini.Caitlin had already

stripped and was prancing around and taunting Cass again.Cass was pulling her

bikini strings very slowly.I’m sure she’d have felt better and less

self-conscious without her little sister drawing all that attention.

“Ooh, Pam!” Cass said when she saw me, mostly to distract attention from

herself.

“Let’s swim, Cass.Those two can take care of Pam,” Mr. Dr. Switerlitz said

and went outside to the pool.

I showed Mrs. Switerlitz to the employee lounge where we could do blood samples

and measurements.She brought her little black bag and Caitlin came along.

“Cassy’s too squeamish, but I’m gonna be a doctor and I’m already learning,”

Caitlin bragged while we were on the way.

In the lounge, Dr Switerlitz instructed, “Sit there and rest your arm on the

table, Pam.Do you remember how to clean her, Caitlin?”

Caitlin pranced up beside me as I sat.She took the bottle of alcohol and

cotton ball and cleaned my arm.She got the right place and rubbed hard to

make the vein stand out.

“Good job, Caitlin.You’re businesslike about it.I like that,” I

complimented.

“Do you do this kind of stuff, Pam?” the doctor asked.

“Lifeguards have a weekly training class.We’re checked out on injuries, the

defibrillator, oxygen and starting on IVs.Meds after that.I’ll have an EMT

certificate by the end of the school year,” I answered.

Caitlin smiled at my compliment, then watched intently when the doctor inserted

the needle and drew a vial of blood.

“You were expecting a baseline, right?” I asked while the doctor was pulling out

the needle.”Might be too late.I think I’m in a growth spurt already.”

I flexed my chest and bounced in the chair a little to make my boobs jiggle.

The boobs cooperated for a change and Dr. Switerlitz got a good look at what I

was talking about.Caitlin made me sit still while she stuck a bandaid on my

arm.

“Well, this is better than nothing.We’ll have to compare your hormone levels

against averages rather than your own baseline.Lets get some measurements,”

the doctor responded.

Dr. Switerlitz measured me all over with a tape while Caitlin wrote the numbers

on a chart.There’s no scale around, so I told them my weight from a few weeks

ago.

“I need to take blood and measurements every day during a spurt, remember?” she

asked and I nodded.”This won’t take as long tomorrow.We’ll just focus on

where you’re growing fastest.Is there a scale at school you can use just

before you come here?”

“Sure.There’s one in each locker room.Ooh!I just thought - Dr.

Greenbaum took lots of blood tests last year and over the summer.You might

ask him if he has what you need,” I suggested.

Dr. Switerlitz smiled at me and reached for her cell phone.She had my

doctor’s number in her phone, so she could call quickly.They spoke in medical

terms for a while and she seemed happy with the results.Dr. Greenbaum did the

tests she needs and will give them in return for copies of this week’s tests.

There was one more detail.I had to talk to Dr. Greenbaum.

“Yes, I’m volunteering to help Dr. Switerlitz.I not only agree to give her my

records, it was my idea,” I tried to smooth the process.

The trouble is that I’m only legal age for some things.Mom has to sign a

paper before the doctors can exchange my records.I had to call Mom and she

agreed to stop in at Dr. Greenbaum’s office tomorrow morning.

By then it was time for me to start work.I did chemical tests and set up

signs for the outdoor pools.When the other shift ended, I hopped up into the

lifeguard chair and took over.The crowd was about as sparse as yesterday with

only a couple of guys who figured out when I work and wanted to look.I only

paid them enough attention to be sure they weren’t in trouble in the water.

I also watched the other swimmers and that included Caitlin.She’s a fairly

good swimmer, but made one mistake.She was swimming underwater toward her Mom

and sister using a breast stroke.The pool has a pattern painted on the wall

so swimmers can tell how close they’re getting.Caitlin must have had her eyes

closed.She gave a powerful stroke and rammed her head right into the wall.

I did an entry dive from my chair and a few strokes to get to her.She was

still under the water holding her head and not doing much else.I wrapped my

arms around her and kicked off the bottom.That shot me out of the water far

enough to set Caitlin on the edge of the deck and push myself out in one motion.

Caitlin had managed to hold her breath, so she wasn’t coughing or choking.She

was bleeding and crying, though.Her Mom was there immediately and started

checking the youngster out.Caitlin had a scrape on her scalp and those can

bleed a lot.She looked much worse than she was.The crying was a good sign

that she didn’t have a concussion.

“I’ll be right back with the kit,” I said to the doctor.

I took a quick glance around my pool.The two people still in there were well

behaved and good swimmers.They were also getting out to see what the

excitement was about.

I dashed to the first aid kit that hangs on the wall just inside the building.

It’s in a closed white box about the size of a briefcase.All the city

buildings have these new kits.They’re even hanging on the wall in the

coaches’ offices at school.They have a limited supply of creams and bandages

for small injuries like this along with the defibrillator, oxygen bottle, IV

tubes and heavy duty meds that EMTs learn about.It’s general policy that a

doctor on the scene can use any of that stuff.

The box is tamper resistant in that it can’t be opened while it’s on its wall

bracket.Getting it off the bracket isn’t easy.I smacked the bottom of the

box to knock it loose.It popped off and rang a bell hidden in the bracket.

Sgt. Washington responded to that and I waved to him.He came along to see

what excitement could be there to entertain him.

Lots of people gave in to their morbid curiosity about all the blood running

from the little girl’s head.I had to push my way through the crowd.Sgt.

Washington did the whole “Please stand back” thing and it helped.I clued him

in that the doctors are doctors and gave them the kit.My pool was still open,

so I started for my chair.

“Thanks, Pam.Thanks for watching out for my sister,” Cass said to me.

“It’s what I do.You’re welcome.You really do like her, don’t you?” I

responded.

“Yeah.Love her like a sister.Think how hard I’d smack her if I didn’t,”

she joked and I laughed all the way back to my chair.

The Switerlitz family all left when Caitlin stopped bleeding.They waved to me

and Caitlin shouted her thanks.Sgt Washington took care of the ever-present

paperwork, resupplying and replacing the kit.

Chapter 9.Tuesday Evening

That short shift ended without any more excitement and I got home at the normal

time.Mom had a quiche ready for supper.I filled her in on the whole day.

She’s still amazed at how much screwing I do.I can tell that she’s also proud

of the outreach I do trying to get others to be comfortable with it all.

“How did the modeling go?Did they get your face any?” Mom asked, expecting

the morning session to be program oriented like I had.

“I had to make them pay attention to my pussy.Shouldn’t have.Check these

out and tell me which one doesn’t fit,” I said as I fished the CD out of my bag.

“I need a camera for art class Thursday and photography club Friday.Can I

borrow yours?” I asked.

“Oh ... umm ... I think so.Don’t take it yet.I want to upload what’s on it

and give you some room in the memory,” she answered, but it sounded like an

excuse.

I wondered what she could have on the camera, but passed it off when the subject

got around to tonight’s meeting.

“You wanted a close look at Dan, right?He and the O’Connells will be here at

eight.We have to figure out a presentation for history,” I said.

Her eyes lit up and she suggested, “Nachos and pop?”

That’s Mom.She didn’t care that we’re both naked.She only wanted to make

my guests feel welcome and if my descriptions are accurate she wanted them to

feel welcome to come back.She grabbed some stuff to start making the nachos

and I grabbed my homework.I finished the history notes so I could give them

back to Dan.I also got in most of the reading about film cameras.Homework

was light and that made it a good evening for the meeting.

Dan arrived and I greeted him with a big kiss.He was dressed like last night.

I started on his buttons.

“But, Pam ... your Mom,” he protested.

“She’s naked and really wants to see you again.You don’t get the history

notes until I get the clothes,” I went with extortion.

He finally got it about Mom and let me undress him.I also snuggled up to him

and did a few strokes on his dick to make sure it was up, hard and full sized.

Kelly and Emily walked up just then.They were dressed, too, but got the

message that clothes were optional.They were even in the minority as long as

they stayed dressed.Kelly started right in with the stripping and his dick

was at full attention.Emily took her time.

Mom came in with the plate of nachos.I made introductions.She asked them

all to sit and took drink orders.The sight of her nudity must have made Emily

feel more comfortable because she got right out of her clothes.The three

guests were lined up across the couch when Mom returned with a tray of drinks.

I was starting to sit in Dan’s lap and he clearly liked the idea.Mom cleared

her throat pointedly as she set the drinks on the table.I got the message,

stood and sat in another chair.

“I’m sorry, Ms Fionda,” Dan tried to apologize.

“That’s not it, Dan.You didn’t do anything wrong and she expects us to do

even more later.This time I was just blocking her view,” I put him at ease

and made Mom blush through her laugh.

Mom sat in a chair opposite Dan with her own drink and asked, “Are you three

havin’ as much fun in the program as Pam is?”

“This is the best of my three times in the Program.We get to set the

atmosphere and expectations for the whole school.Getting off a few times a

day doesn’t hurt either,” Dan answered.

“Pam agrees that you’re quite a leader and have a lot to do with the freshmen

bein’ so far ahead,” Mom responded.

“I’m catching up with Pam.Lost my virginity today and I’m getting a better

feeling about myself,” Emily said.

“You have no reason to feel any way but great about yourself.The brains,

brawn and beauty are getting you the attention you deserve.Go with it,” Mom

encouraged her.

“Pam IS a lot of the fun of the Program for me,” from Kelly brought a blush from

me.

“And you gave her a fun first time.Thanks for that,” from Mom brought a blush

from him.

“What about our history presentation?” I tried to deflect the conversation.

“What do you think we can do?” Emily threw it back at me.

“How about discovering clothes?We’ll start naked and freezing then get animal

skins,” I suggested.

“There could be some conflict over it,” Dan said

“Yeah.Lets have couples fight over skins to keep warm,” Kelly contributed.

“Conflict and fighting.Such guy things,” Mom chided.

“It’ll work.One couple gets some skins and is warm.The other couple sees

that and try to take the skins.The first couple tell them to get their own.

They do and everyone learns,” I said

“Neat.We have some bearskin rugs complete with heads,” Dan offered.”What?

Okay, so we hunt.”

“We’ll put clay on some bats for clubs,” Emily suggested, still teasing Dan with

a ‘shame on you’ look..

“Wait, no ... not ... not my bats,” Kelly started to protest, but the rest of us

just smiled at him.”Okay.My bats.Pam, can you try to write out a

script?”

“Okay, but there won’t be much dialog beyond the grunts,” I said.

“Lets meet at my place Thursday night.I’ll have the rugs cleaned and ready

for rehearsal,” Dan offered.

That went on a little farther, but the nachos got some interest once the

important step was out of the way.We soon got to the other thing on our

minds.

“Now about English class,” Kelly started.

“That bitch is a walking Program violation,” Emily was uncharacteristically

outspoken and even Mom noticed.

“We could have them make her strip,” Dan contributed from his experience.

“She could get revenge in the grading, it’s so subjective anyway,” Mom warned.

“She has to be caught so she doesn’t notice who complains,” I said.

That discussion ran out with the nachos and didn’t reach any conclusion.It

did started me scheming.I’ll just have to be ready when I get a chance.

Kelly and Emily thanked Mom for the refreshments and started to dress.Mom

smiled and invited them back any time.After they had gone she cleaned up the

plates and glasses.

“Now I know what Pam was gushing about this morning.You two have fun,” she

said gazing at Dan’s crotch.

“I scream.You might have to hold your ears,” I warned her.

“Like mother, like daughter,” she said with a sly wink.

Dan got it - Mom’s green light to fuck her daughter’s brains out.He scooped

me up and carried me to bed without another word.Of course a word from him

would have been difficult with my tongue in his mouth like that.I held on and

held the liplock all the way upstairs.The big guy carried me with one hand

and ran the other one all over my front.He dwelled on my chest a lot more

than last night.

The lube jelly jar was still there on the table.When I opened it, I found

that it wasn’t the same jar of jelly.Mom had reloaded me with my own new,

full jar of the stuff.Now just what could she have in mind?Probably the

same thing Dan and I were thinking.

He lay on the bed while I spread the jelly on him.His cock twitched and

dripped.It was really ready.He got me ready with the jelly and my own

juices.His fingers worked in and around my vagina until I was slimy, running

wet and swollen.That had me wriggling and thrusting against his hand and

wanting to do that against his big cock.

He lay back and I straddled him on my knees.I had myself nibbling at him and

pressing farther down on him with each try.I went slowly.It felt good and

I didn’t want anything to hurt.He finally slid all the way in.I put my

hand above my mound and felt the bulge of him sliding in and out.That was

almost as big a thrill as the constant stimulation.Every time I rose up or

lowered down, my spot and my clit felt everything they could.

He helped with hands to my boobs.No other boy had worked with them that way

and they really felt great.I looked at what he was doing with them.He had

two real handfuls and was squeezing and rubbing them.They hurt sooo good.

The sensations were getting to me so much that I couldn’t stay up on my knees.

I stretched out on top of him.That let my hips wriggle back and forth with

each stroke.I could also kiss him.His tongue brought more of the

sensations.He was in me at both ends and I loved it.He had to stop with my

boobs, though.He held me around my back, shoulders and neck, squeezing me and

rubbing in time with my rhythm.

I don’t know when the screams started, but I do know they didn’t stop until I

had three orgasms and he finally had his.We lay there, me on top and him in

me, until his cock got soft enough to pop out by itself.I loved that, too -

just cuddling.

“Those breasts are really getting hot, Pam.I couldn’t keep my hands off them.

How do they feel?” he asked.

“They’re starting to feel big and jiggly.They’re supposed to be that way and

I’m ready for all nature’s gonna give me.They’re tender, though.You make

them hurt sooo good.You can do anything you want with them, ‘cause I know you

want to do sexy things,” I told him.

He slid me off him so I was between his side and his arm, still cuddling.I

kissed his face, ear and neck on the way by.

“You have such a nice Mom.I like her,” he said.

“She knows nice boys when she meets them.She doesn’t bullshit.She likes

you - a lot,” from me made him smile.

“See what a hot girl with a nice Mom can do to a nice boy?” he said pointing to

his cock.

It was hard again and we were both happy about that.I told him to get on top

because I liked how he does it to me.He obliged.He used plenty of jelly

and got me really ready when he put it on.I spread wide and even brought my

knees up by my shoulders.That helped him get in more easily.It only took a

few seconds before he was thrusting hard enough to shake me all over.I

wrapped my legs around him and let his ass rub my inner thighs.

“Ooh.They shake,” he said looking at my boobs.

He lay all his weight on me and reached between us to hold my boobs.Our faces

came together again, so his tongue did more in my mouth.Those and the

continuous sensation of his big cock on my spot and clit sent me over and kept

me there.All I could do was scream and I wasn’t paying attention to that.

It went on seemingly forever, but he finally came.I couldn’t tell how deep or

hard he thrust when he climaxed because I was totally caught in my own

continuous orgasm.He kept going as long as he stayed in me and I kept going

right with him.

It finally ended and we cuddled quietly some more.Isn’t he great?He even

cuddles!As soon as I could, I snuggled tight and gave him a stream of kisses.

That must be how he knew I’d recovered.He picked me up, set me on my feet

and led me to the shower.It was just a shower this time.Neither of us

needed any more.I didn’t need to, but I gave him kisses to show my

appreciation.

We went downstairs with our arms around each other.Our lips found each other,

his hand found my boob and my hand found his ass.We just kept our grip when

Mom brought in some filled glasses.

“Here, kids.Sports drink.Just the thing after so much exercise.It’s a

little slimy, too.Just the thing for your throat after yellin’, cheerin’ ...

or screamin’,” she offered.

Dan sat on the couch opposite her and I sat beside him.There was no way I’d

spoil Mom’s view of the softer side of Dan.It’s as thrilling as his erection.

He also thrills with that hand running up my leg.

“Isn’t she the most awesome girl ever,” he said and made me blush.

“Yep, and she deserves an awesome guy like you, Dan.You’re great for her,”

made him blush.

He got kisses for that and I got my boob grabbed again.We finished our drinks

in a few minutes and he left.I went to say goodnight to Mom.She gave me a

big hug and kiss that said ‘congratulations’ more than it said ‘goodnight.’

I finished my reading for art, then doodled with some rules for strip chess.

When I had most of the things figured out, I typed them into the computer and

printed them out. Strip chess is gonna be fun.

Wednesday Morning

Chapter 10.Wednesday Morning

I bounced out of bed this morning, and I do mean bounced.I hadn’t even stood

up when I felt the waves rippling through my boobs.I bounced up and down

sitting on the edge of the bed and just stared down at my chest.Those boobs

were sticking out more than yesterday and jiggling way more.I checked them

all different ways in the mirror and felt myself up a lot in the shower.

There’s a big curve in my profile and there’s enough to hold now.When I pull

them up enough, they each fill a hand.They’re still high, round and full so

they don’t need to be held.

Mom had breakfast ready again.She was pretty well up to date, so she didn’t

pump me about what went on.I tried the strip chess rules on her and she

laughed.Hope the chess club reacts a little better.She said the rule were

fine.Her only problem was why to bother with the chess match.

I walked to the pool and got all the usual attention, good and bad.I did all

the stretches and entertained the guys on the swim team more than usual.

“Nice curves, Pam.Growing?” one of them made me blush and made my nipples get

really puffy.

I did a few warm-up laps and then 100 meters in each stroke complete with entry

and flip turn.That got me plenty warm and a little pumped up.That’s the

way I get in meets and how I want the competition suit fitted.Mr. Silansky

showed up with his measuring tape and started with a meeting.

“It seems you have a good friend.A benefactor has paid for full length

competition suits to be given to the parks department.He or she also met the

city requirement that no sponsor’s logo can be put on city property of this

sort.The parks department, in turn, agreed to let you buy the suits if you

want them when you leave this team.They’ll use the money to buy suits for

your successors,” he announced.“So, we’ll have to measure you all over today.

Who’s first?”

It was happening again.Whenever I need something or when the right use of

money would make a difference in my life, it happens.I tell Mom and she calls

Dad.This is just the sort of thing that comes next.This is what Dad does

to try to be a part of my life.Maybe someday he can really be a part of it.

You know me by now.My hand went up and I went first for the measurements.

We did the measuring in the locker room.Privacy meant more to him than to me,

but the big deal is that it’s dry in there.His charts weren’t as likely to

get splashed.

He got his tape ready, stepped toward me and started shaking.He was nervous.

His hands were up reaching for my shoulders, but had only gone as high as my

chest.I stepped up to him so that my boobs were against his hands.

“You can touch me anywhere.Measure me and do it like a professional,” I

challenged him.

“That’s not so easy.You’re so gorgeous and intimidating at the same time,” he

responded.“I’ll try to forget that you’re the best looking girl I’ve ever

seen, let alone been close to.”

I rolled my eyes.This guy could use a life or at least a lover.He did okay

at paying attention to his work except when he had to reach into my crotch.He

wouldn’t touch my pussy.I was afraid the measurement would come out wrong.

I grabbed his hand between my legs and repeated that he could touch what and

where he had to.He shook a little more when he did it, but he got everything

right.Maybe I made it better for the rest of the team by getting him over it.

“Hey, I noticed the Sportech label on the athletic uniforms we’re getting at

school – those Program friendly ones.Do you have anything to do with those?”

I asked while he was measuring.

“Oh, yeah.We’re hoping to get more business when you at Lincoln show those

off,” he answered.

“Neat.What are the chances of getting them on Friday?That’s our first

chance to do the showing,”I combined asking with a little prod.

“Chances are really good.With the mail we got last night, there aren’t any

special orders to make,” he answered Coach Reeves and my questions.

He did manage to measure me.He had length and circumference measurements for

all parts of me.I had one problem – my fast-growing chest.

“I’m growing fast.I don’t think my chest will be this size for long.Is

there a way to make room to grow even if it’s a little loose now?” I asked.

“Well, this measures a full A cup.That could have a lot to do with the

muscles in there.We can make the suit with full B’s and that will give you

room to grow to a C before the fabric stretches too much,” he offered the

solution.“B size on an A chest will be loose and slow you down, though.”

“Can you make mine last and I’ll let you know the measurement then?” I

suggested.

“Okay.I can give you until next Thursday.We’ll have to start on the last

one then,” he agreed.

I think I made him nervous again with the thankful little kiss I put on his

cheek.That’s when I noticed the bulge in his pants.I went back to swimming

right away, but he took a while before he called in the next one to measure.

The rest of swimming practice went okay.I did my stokes again and had Coach

Lenke check my form.He said he didn’t need to make any corrections.

As soon as swimming was over, I went to the school for more breakfast.There

were smiling greetings and reasonable requests from lots of people in the

cafeteria.My boobs and butt spent the whole time in line covered by boys’

hands.One or two got into my pussy, too.The requests stopped when I got

food.That’s one precedent that’s well set.Program participants get to eat

without those interruptions.All the students I sat with wanted to talk about

the program, so I couldn’t get away from it altogether.Of course, I didn’t

want to get that far away from it.

After breakfast, I joined the undressing ceremony at the front door.I was the

first participant there this morning.There weren’t many spectators yet, so

some juniors and seniors had room to gather around me.

“You know it’s less fun when you don’t strip, Pam,” one boy yelled at me.

“Tough!Live with it,” I retorted as I strutted over to him.“It’s just that

much sooner you can get your hands on me.”

He held up his hand tentatively and stammered a little, “C ... can I?Your

breasts?”

“I like the touching.Go ahead,” I answered and thrust my chest out toward

him.

He pressed, cupped and rubbed me.My reaction was all smiles and puffy

nipples.My areolas swelled behind my hard nipples and made puffy knobs on my

boobs.They were new to me and I got some extra tingly sensation when a boy

touched them.I wondered how the boys would react.This one’s pants showed

his reaction and some others around had the same.Requests came rapid fire

from others when they saw how much I encouraged the touching.Soon there were

as many guys crowded around me as could fit and they all had a hand on me

somewhere.

“Oh, crap, Pam.You’re not teaching that stuff to them, are you?” complained

Brooke as she passed on her way to the other door.

The gang of boys around me broke up and followed Brooke.They were all her

junior classmates and now she’d be expected to do more of the touching requests.

Poor baby.What did she think she was getting into when she volunteered?

More sophomore and freshman boys filled in around me and kept the touching

going.

Kelly and Emily arrived.They walk to school and were dressed for warm

weather.Kelly started right in as the girls around him chanted, shrieked and

whistled.He danced and showed off as he stripped.When his clothes were all

in the box, he came over to me.We hugged and kissed.His hard erection felt

nice pressed into my abs.The other girls around noticed and wanted their

share of him.He took a few requests right away.One girl wanted to hug him

to feel that erection between them.She was wearing a thin sundress, so there

wasn‘t much to block the feeling.

Shawn must have a learning permit.He drove to school with his father in the

car and the father drove away.He and Emily went through a repeat of

yesterday.They stripped to the chants, but kept their eyes on each other.

Emily allowed a few boob groping requests, then took a big one from Shawn.

They went onto the grass beside the doorway and Emily pulled him down on top of

her.He was ready, all up and hard.He had her ready after a little stroking

and kissing.Her legs went around him and he thrust into her.She smiled as

his entry excited her, this time without the pain of a burst hymen.

Melissa and Bill arrived and stripped each other.They would lift or lower an

article of clothing and put kisses where it had been.For the final step, she

took down Bill’s underwear but didn’t just kiss him.

“Sorry I let homework come first last night.I’ll bet you’re really ready for

this,” she said.

She licked his cock all around, then took it into her mouth and started sucking.

Her hands reached around him and stroked his ass.Her head bobbed up and

down to make his shaft go in and out of her mouth.He was plenty ready and

looked like he really enjoyed the attention from Melissa.He got off with a

grunt and deep thrust after only a few minutes.Melissa swallowed his stuff as

she stood up.

He returned the favor.He dropped to his knees in front of her and went right

to licking her pussy.Melissa tried to stand through that, but she didn’t try

to stand still.She rolled her hips around to get the full effect of what he

was doing to her.She moaned and wriggled faster as she got more and more into

it.I could tell she got herself a little excited while she was sucking him

off because her nipples were all puffed out when she was finished.Now her

breasts were well swollen and she was turning red all over.

Dan arrived naked like he did yesterday.He walked up to me, slipped his arms

around me and gave me an awesome kiss.I kissed back and our tongues dueled

back and forth between our mouths.I looked down at what had come up hard

between my legs during the clinch.

“Good morning, awesome guy,” I whispered.

He stroked my chest and raised an eyebrow when he actually got a handful.

“Awesome, yourself, Pam,” he replied.

Hugging to feel the boys’ erections quickly became a fad.Girls lined up for

turns with Dan and Kelly.Those guys didn’t disappoint any of them.

Dawn was the last arrival this morning.She checked out all the hugging, the

hands all over me, Melissa getting licked and the couple fucking on the grass.

She didn’t lack for attention from boys.There were plenty to chant for her

stripping.She put some of her perky personality into it this time.She

smiled and bounced right out of her clothes.

The naked Dawn went straight for Kelly.He drew her into a hug and gave her a

big kiss.Protests from all the students around finally got them to separate.

Some of the boys went with the hugging fad.Dawn got as much out of that

feeling as they did.

Melissa came with a shrill squeal and almost fell over.Bill caught her, but

his face came out of her crotch when he did.Their session was over except for

the cleanup after Melissa could stand again.

Emily and Shawn finished together, or very nearly.They lay in each others’

arms until the bell rang.Emily made a quick stop in the girls’ room to wash.

She looked like she had a fantastic time when she finally made it into

homeroom.

I asked Melissa about the blowjob on the way in.That’s something I want to

learn about and even expected to be doing it by now.

“Open your mouth wide, lick the underside of his shaft, keep your teeth out of

the way and suck.‘Blow’ is just an expression,” she told me.“If you don’t

want to taste or swallow it, pull off when he warns you he’s coming.Keep hold

of his balls so you can let him know how you feel if he doesn’t warn you.It

didn’t seem like Bill warned me, but I know his grunts and moves, and besides I

swallow his.So are you gonna try to get Dan’s big dick in your mouth?”

I nodded and thanked her.I think I got most of what she said.At least I

was ready to try it on Dan when I got a chance to give him relief.He was

right there beside me and heard everything.He must have liked the idea the

way his cock twitched.

I spotted Cass at her locker and stopped to ask about Caitlin.I could tell

that Cass appreciated that I care.She said the bleeding scalp and a little

headache kept the youngster mercifully quiet all evening but she was back to

normal this morning.

Mrs. Miller came bustling into homeroom a little late and tried to explain, “You

can tell from me being naked and all, that I support the program.Well, I’m

the chairperson of Lincoln’s Program committee.It keeps me hopping.Try to

bear, or bare, with me and thanks for behaving so well while I’m distracted.”

Of course we behave for her.She has all of us for biology and we will all be

in the Program.She took role then released those of us with some activity.

The students in that homeroom are mostly in all AP tracks and very active around

the school.Very few stayed in homeroom.One of those was Emily.She

didn’t have anything interesting to do on Wednesday mornings.I took my

notebook and those rules to the chess club.

The chess club sponsor is one of the upper class math teachers.He allows the

strip chess tournament under pressure from the Program- friendly administration.

By the time I got there, he’d left the room for the duration of the meeting.

The club meeting started with formal parliamentary procedure.Taylor, the

president, finally asked for motions about rules for the tournament.Nobody

else had anything to say, so I moved to put forth a set of rules for

consideration. “Strip chess imposes a forfeit for each piece lost during a match

and a final forfeit at the end.Sorry it has to be negative, but the point is

to strip as a penalty,” I said, then went on to read out thespecific rules.

1. At each loss of a pawn, the losing player has to stand in full sight of the

other player and turn to let the opponent see everything at their current state

of undress for at least five seconds.No clothes are lost with a pawn.

2. At the loss of each major piece, the losing player pays a major forfeit.If

still wearing clothes, the loser forfeits one area of clothing, then models for

the opponent to see the results.If already naked, the loser must submit to

the winner touching the loser’s body, external touching only, for five seconds.

3. Time spent touching and gawking at the losers state of undress comes off of

the winners side of the clock.

“Note the term ‘area of clothing’ instead of pieces of clothing being forfeit.

The intent is to make it useless to stack on layers,” I explained.“We also

want to attract girls to the club and encourage girls to play in the strip

tournament.Girls also have an additional area of interest.It’s worth more

for a girl to be topless than for a boy.”

4. Boys have at most four areas of clothing at the start of a match.Girls

have at most five areas.Any player may voluntarily start with less clothing

and could wind up naked sooner as a result.

“This tournament is not a sufficient excuse for Program violations.Any

Program participant who plays strip chess starts with only shoes,” I tried to

keep the club from getting in trouble with the Program.

5. Areas of clothing are removed in the order chosen by the person paying the

forfeit.

a. All shoes and socks together are one area.

b. For boys, all clothing above the waist is one area.Boys get topless in one

forfeit regardless how many shirts, sweaters etc. they are wearing.

c. For girls, all but the last layer above the waist is one area.

d. For girls, the last layer of clothes above the waist is an area, usually

meaning a bra.If a girl starts with one layer above the waist, she has

voluntarily started without this extra area.

e. For everyone, all clothing except the innermost layer below the waist is one

area.

f. The inner layer below the waist is the last area of clothing.

6. The club officers, not including the players in question, are an arbitration

panel to settle any disputes of interpretation.

I went into some details, “Some example interpretations are things like one

piece shorts with built-in lining.If a boy isn’t wearing separate underwear,

he has only one layer of clothes below the waist and has voluntarily started the

match with less than the allowed four areas.Another is knickerhose.Knickerhose

could count as socks if the player is wearing separate knickers, but could count

as knickers if they occupy the innermost layer below the waist.”

7. The players must agree to a final forfeit at the start of the match.That

forfeit is paid by the loser of the match.There is no forfeit in case of a

stalemate.The loser must pay for a checkmate or resignation.Penalties

involving sex acts may be carried out on the spot or may be delayed to a time

and place of privacy, as agreed before the match.

“An example forfeit would be that the winner gets choice of position and manner

in which the loser must bring the winner to orgasm,” I suggested.

“So in that example, you’d only be playing to see who gets to be on top?” asked

one of the members.

We all laughed at that and I agreed losing that forfeit wasn’t much of a penalty

if they’d already agreed on intercourse.This set of rules solved a lot of the

problems they’d had.The discussion was all favorable and dwelled mostly on

details and interpretations.Girls’ dresses, for instance, cover above and

below the waist and a girl in a dress is one area short of the allowed five.

“Let’s try it, Pam.I challenge you.How about your example for the final?”

Taylor said when the discussion died off.

“Okay.It’ll give everyone a better look at how it might work.Of course, I

have only shoes to lose,” I accepted.

“That’s okay.I won’t lose more than that either,” he boasted.

There was a board already set up.I drew white and started.A few moves

later, I lost a pawn.I stood up walked around the table and turned slowly in

front of Taylor.He got a good look and so did the rest of the club.That

may have had something to do with my sacrifice of the pawn working so well.I

got one of his knights on the next move.He took off his shoes and socks, then

held his feet above the table top to show the result.We all laughed at the

trivial forfeit.

I lost another pawn and did another parade.Two moves later, he had to choose

which to lose - a bishop or his queen.He saved his queen, but not his shirt.

The whole club hooted at him when he had to parade over to my chair and show

himself off.My knight paid the price for putting him on the points of a fork

and I paid the price of my shoes.I did another parade to let him see

everything.I even bounced on my heals to send jiggly waves through my boobs.

I wanted him as distracted as I could get him.

He did a very good sequence that got two of my pawns and a rook.He got to

look me over again for each of the pawns.When he took the rook, I stood by

his chair and presented myself for touching by holding my arms a little away

from my sides.He ran his hand slowly over the front of my leg and my stomach.

He blushed as if it was embarrassing for him, but didn’t seem ready to stop

when someone yelled, “Time!”

I scooted back to my seat, gave him a coy look and took advantage of the opening

he left.His queen and his pants were gone.There were even more hoots when

he stood and turned in his bikini underwear.His package showed as all the

expected bulges, including the hard point sticking out in the middle.

I knew the assault on his queen was going to cost me my other rook and a knight.

Taylor’s touching got a little more personal those two times.He got to my

boobs the first time.My nipples and areolas puffed out again and made it

obvious that I like the touching.He had me turn around so he could get to my

ass the second time.The strokes gave me a great tingly feeling.The poor

guy had to adjust that pointed bulge in his underwear every time.He liked the

touching, too.

The poor guy had to use his king to take my rook.That put it in a terrible

position – for him.I drew it out.I took a pawn I didn’t need for the game.

The club needed it to see the blushing Taylor parade around in his skimpy

underwear again.

He tried a defense that cost him another bishop.He hadn’t seen that coming

and just froze with an ‘Oh, crap!’ look on his reddening face.He got as much

chanting as the Program participants get for their stripping.He slowly stood,

grabbed his last article of clothing and pushed it down to his ankles.His

hard erection bobbed and wiggled when he stepped out of it.It bobbed and

wiggled even more when he came around to show himself to me.I made him do the

full turn so everyone could see his front and back.For a non-athletic guy, he

has quite a nice backside and his cock wouldn’t disappoint anyone.That blush

will go when he has a chance to be in the Program for a week.

After he made another try at a defense, I said, “I want you to fuck my pussy, to

do it here and now, and I want you on top doing all the work.”

He looked at me like I was crazy until he saw what I was moving and heard the

perky, gleeful, “Checkmate!”

A couple other members checked over the board, then patted him on the back in

consolation.He didn’t look happy, even with the prospect of fucking me.One

of his friends mentioned that this was the first match he’d lost in the club in

all three years.

I popped out of my chair and took him by the hand.He got up slowly, not

really knowing what was coming.He should have known that it would be the both

of us, and soon.I pushed some desks out of the way and pulled him down on top

of me on the classroom floor.

He took his forfeit gracefully and he took me really well after he got used to

the idea.He started to kiss me, but then stopped.I pulled his head down

and kissed him to show that’s what I wanted.He used his legs and hands to get

my pussy ready, then slipped his cock in and started it working.He doesn’t

have Dan’s size or Kelly’s technique, but he’s a good enough lay.I came twice

with him pounding away in the clutches of my legs.That’s how I held him in me

with my strong hips bucking so hard under him.He got off just after my second

time.He thrust in deep and all of him strained and shook.We both collapsed

and stayed still for a minute or so.The rest of the club applauded.

“Damn, that was good.Thank you, Pam,” he whispered just before he got off me.

He went to the front of the room still naked and dripping, pounded on the

teacher’s desk and called the meeting to order again.One of the members moved

to adopt the tournament rules as discussed.The motion passed without dissent.

Now the problem is to attract some more girls to play strip chess.We’re

outnumbered two to one the way the club is now.

I left early to wash in the girls’ room.Shoulda known it wouldn’t be that

easy.Guess who was just coming around the corner when I got to the bathroom

door.

“Good morning, Mr. Carlson,” I said cheerfully.

“Good morning, Pam.What’s up?” he asked, but not as casually as usual.

“Strip chess.I won.Now I need to wash off,” I answered.

“And what are you doing for a hall pass?” it was obvious I didn’t have one.

“Mr. Retton bailed on us.There isn’t a teacher in there to give a pass,” I

tried to make an excuse.

“I know.He’s been in my office.He tries to be neutral about the Program

and knows better than to fight the movement for strip chess.We’ve been

encouraging him to accept it, but I don’t know if he will,” the principal

explained.“How did it go?”

“We have a set of rules that look like they work.A naked player, one fully

dressed or anywhere in between can have a lot of fun.The final forfeit we

just did was plenty sexy,” I told him.

“Mr. Retton said there was a problem coming up with rules.There weren’t any

good candidates even yesterday.Where did they come from?” he asked.

“I made them up?” I wondered if that was a good answer.

“You go ahead in there, Pam.I’m going to check what the rest of the club

thinks.We’ll probably have to get a new sponsor if strip chess really catches

on,” he said and left for the classroom.

I was just about finished cleaning up when Britney burst into the bathroom.

“Fuckin’ Nikki!Fuckin’ backstabbing bitch!See if I’m her fuckin’ friend

after this.I do so have the right spirit – I’m a cheerleader,” she was

muttering until she saw me, then, “Get away, naked boy bitch.Get back where

freshmen belong ... and get dressed.”

She must have thought this bathroom was exclusive to the class that has their

cluster in this wing.Sorry to disillusion you, Britney.She came at me with

a swinging fist and a kicking foot.I blocked the punch and met her foot with

the sole of my shoe.It only took a little push to plant her ass firmly on the

floor.The air in that bathroom was turning blue from the loud shrill curses

she was hurling at me as I walked out.Just before the door closed, I thought

her voice cracked as if she started crying.That didn’t bother me a bit.

The class bell rang while I was walking back to the freshman wing.Emily came

out into the hall for a break after studying for the whole hour.Dan and Kelly

got there about the same time.Those three have seen it enough to know what my

pussy looks like when it’s freshly fucked.All three raised their eyebrows at

me.

“Fucking already, Pam?Tell details,” Emily challenged.

“Hey, you were the first one to get laid today,” I retorted.“Strip chess.I

won.”

“How?You’re already naked,” Dan asked.

I went through the rules and finished, “... so the match is still won and lost

the same way, not by getting naked.Hey, Emily?We need girls and you’d be a

favorite.”

“Help me brush up on my chess before next week, Kel.This sounds like fun,”

she said to her brother.

“It is fun whether you win or lose.So is biology today.It’s the boys’

turn,” I changed the subject.

“Hey, did you hear about the spirit club?” Kelly asked to change the subject

again.

“They had players in from all the sports to get ready for the pep rally Friday,”

Dan explained.“There was a football player from each grade.Amy and Alison

were there for volleyball.”

“I’d have to go naked, so guess who the cross country team picked,” Kelly said

with a roll of his eyes.“They were trying to pick section leaders to work

with students in the stands.The president didn’t pick this one bitch – said

she didn’t have the right spirit.The bitch swore a blue streak and stomped

out of there.”

“That explains it,” I said and told them what happened in the bathroom.

We all agreed Britney could use the wake-up call.

Chapter 11.Wednesday Classes

Lots of the requests were for hugging again.Boys were doing that to the girls

now.I think they liked getting Emily’s big rack up against them and she went

with it by rubbing her tits all over their chests.She even gave them kisses

if they wanted.We got as much out of it as the boys by feeling their hard

dicks.That’s the point of the rubbing.More boys than I expected wanted to

hug me.I did the rubbing and kisses, too.I think it helped that the puffy

places on my chest were showing some shape.I don’t feel as bad about my boobs

today, but they’re still too damned flat.

We finished the requests at the warning bell, got our books and stuff and went

to biology.Two happy, smiling naked girls and two apprehensive naked guys

went to our seats.Mrs. Miller came over and asked if we’d thought about how

far we would go in demonstrating sex acts.

“I’m willing for almost anything.I don’t want anything in my ass yet and I

haven’t used my mouth on a boy.I might not give a good blowjob until I

learn,” I said with enough conviction that she accepted it.

“Emily and I won’t do anything together, but otherwise I’m willing,” Kelly said.

“What he said about the incest.Otherwise, I’ve come pretty far and pretty

often since Monday morning.I’ll do all the stuff, but I might need to learn

more things than Pam.One other thing – I’m afraid of Dan’s cock,” Emily said.

“With good reason,” Dan agreed.“Girls have been hurt so badly that they

stopped liking sex.Pam and I do intercourse, but only when we have enough

time to start slowly.”

Mrs. Miller thanked us for thinking it over so seriously.She acknowledged the

pairing problem and the good reasons behind it.She’ll have to think about

what to ask of us.

Mrs. Miller offered the boys a chance for relief and they accepted.They asked

for help, of course.I kept my hand down and gave Emily a sly signal to keep

hers down, too.I wanted to see if there would be any other volunteers.Four

girls actually did offer to help.The boys got the idea, too.The Program is

meant to spread the experience around and mixing participants with the rest of

the students is important.They picked two of the girls.Dan’s choice has a

particularly wide mouth.

Dan sat on the stool and Kelly sat on the edge of Mrs. Miller’s desk.Both

girls got down in front of the boys and used their mouths.I took notes ...

well, I watched closely to check out their technique.Both girls went slowly

at first trying to stimulate the guys’ cocks all over.I think they were using

their tongues in there, but I’m not sure.After a few minutes, they started

bobbing their heads faster.Their cheeks were hollow like they were sucking

hard, too.Both boys gave ample warning that they were ready to come.The

girls just kept sucking and swallowed all the boys shot into them.

Dan and Kelly took a while to recover while the girls wiped them off.The

cleanup went quickly without all that semen to wipe up.The boys pronounced

those blowjobs fully satisfying and thanked the girls profusely.

They stayed teetering on the stool and desk while they recovered fully, the

video camera got set up and Mrs. Miller started into the subject of male sexual

anatomy.She had them stand and went over their general body type, how well

conditioned they are and the visible differences in muscle mass.Both their

asses got hoots and whistles from the girls in the class.Yes, they’re that

cute.

The teacher burned a third of the class time before she got to the important

stuff.She had them sit on the edge of her desk with their legs spread.

Sound familiar?She pointed out all the parts of their genitalia and handed

out an annotated picture of Dan’s package.She must have taken it Monday like

she did with me.

“Boys, hold your penis up with a finger so the class can see all the details and

can see what’s under it,” she instructed.“Class, file past our fine specimens

and check out all the things labeled on the diagram.No touching, please.

You Program girls will be last for a reason.”

The class trooped past Kelly and Dan.That made them nervous enough to keep

them from getting erections.At the end of the line, Mrs. Miller asked for

help from Emily and me to correct that.

“Girls, see if you can interest these boys enough that they become aroused.

When they’re ready, the class will pass by again to see the difference and

gentle touching will be allowed.Are you agreeable?” she was just being polite

with her instructions.

Emily went to Dan, put his hands on her boobs, bent to kiss him and grabbed his

dick.That strong assault got him interested immediately.He filled her

hands with his swelling cock and she gave him back a big smile and more of the

kisses.

I pounced on Kelly and made an assault of my own.I stroked one hand down his

front and the other up his leg while I kissed him.When my hands met at his

crotch, I got down on my knees, lifted his dick and put it in my mouth.Kelly

gasped, remembering and reliving the blowjob he’d just had.I licked the

underside of his shaft like Melissa suggested, and all around his little head.

When he was wet and slippery, I did a few sucking strokes.I had a gag

reaction when he got in far enough to touch the back of my mouth.That also

meant he was hard.That’s all I was supposed to do, so I could quit right

there.I’ll have to work on that gagging.

Mrs. Miller exchanged smiles with all four of us and complimented us on how well

we’re doing with our own Program goals as well as helping her.She went into

the mechanism of erection and what to notice about this changed state.She

also pointed out that the boys’ difference in length almost vanished.

She finished with, “There’s quite a difference in length when males are flaccid.

That difference is remarkably less when they become aroused.It’s also true

that, within limits, size doesn’t matter to the satisfaction a female gets from

intercourse.Kelly’s size is quite normal and he’d be comfortably exciting in

virtually any vagina.Dan, however, goes beyond the limits.Penetration with

a penis of this size would take care, lubrication and time.”

“But it’s sure worth it,” I interjected.

Dan blushed, Mrs Miller laughed and quite a few students went, “Wow.”

“Alright, class, come forward and check out our models in this state.You may

touch them, but it’s not required.Keep it gentle.We want them to last

through the rest of the class,” Mrs. Miller instructed.

The whole class filed by again.Almost all the girls touched one or both of

the boys.This was a real education for some of the virgins who hadn’t work up

the courage to ask for any requests.One of the boys touched Kelly who looked

shocked.A stern scowl deterred him from trying that with Dan.

Mrs. Miller again directed the cameraman to cut out most of the line when it got

repetitious.She was there with him when the bell rang.She let the line

finish before the boys were dismissed.Everyone else could leave.

I went to her when she was alone and added the afterthought, “There are other

pairing combinations that might not work.I’d do Emily in a heartbeat, but I

don’t know whether she’d go along, let alone return it.The boys look like

they’re strictly hetero.”

“Good observation, Pam.I was starting to consider those options,” she said.

Emily already ducked out and had been taking requests in the hall.Boys are

really into hugging her.I got there about the same time Miss Forester walked

by.

“Miss Forester?” Emily got her attention.“We don’t have to sit separately or

leave before the others in any other class.Why in yours?”

The teacher didn’t seem to lose her temper, but said emphatically, “The Program

is unacceptable.It doesn’t belong in school and it won’t be in my class.”

She stomped away and we started discussing.

“What is it?Modesty?She’s not the naked one,” from Kelly.

“Maybe it’s a sin in her religion,” from Emily.

“It’s not jealousy.She’s totally hot,” from me brought strange looks.

“That’s true, but I thought I’d be the one to say it.Really, she only talks

about it in a school context.It’s hard to figure,” said Dan.

As usual, Miss Forester didn’t call on any of us naked ones no matter how often

or how enthusiastically we raised our hands.She did assign the third chapter

for tomorrow.She also reminded the class that class time was available

Fridays for book report presentations.She wants them spread out because there

won’t be time to cram two reports from everyone in the last week of the term.

We left that class before the others as usual.When the rest came out, I

started warning them.

“Do this homework.Be ready for a quiz,” from me got scowls from the other

students, but they got the warning.

We left for our art classes and passed the other grade wings along the way.

The Program sophomores were getting hugged – a lot.Melissa and Bill looked

like they were tolerating it, but would rather be with each other.Dawn and

Shawn were eating it up.They were treating the requests the way Emily did –

with rubbing and kisses.We waved with thumbs up on our way by.

We didn’t see the seniors and we know where most of the juniors are.I got to

art class and Crystal cornered me.

“This is soo great.Brian came over last night to study.The studying is

supposed to be quiet, so my folks couldn’t tell when we started making out.

Somehow, my folks figured it out when we came downstairs.They said he

shouldn’t leave me wanting.We screwed again and it was wonderful.I came

down with him to say goodnight in the nude.That was the first time I took the

Program home.They made a few sly comments, but saved the big talk until after

Brian left,” she told me.“They’d been wondering how the Program was going and

when I‘d start the outreach.They were really supportive and encouraging.I

think it helps that they like Brian.You help, too.They saw us ... you on

the news and that helped them get ready for it.

“Now I’m wondering what to do with him for relief.”

“Hey, go for what’s satisfying,” I advised.

Steve and Brian both asked for relief again.They looked more comfortable in

front of the class this time.I hope they’ve been getting relief in other

classes, but those juniors are so slow.Both boys asked for help.Crystal

didn’t wait to be picked.She got right beside Brian, grabbed his dick,

wrapped him in a tight hug and gave the rest of the class a fierce, possessive

look.

Another girl, a junior, actually volunteered to help Steve.She gave him a

good hand job, managed to avoid getting doused with his semen and got

appreciative thanks.

Crystal spread her towel on the teacher’s desk, lay back and spread wide.She

and Brian were going about it the same way as yesterday.It didn’t come out

the same, though.They were more comfortable doing it with each other and in

school.Brian had his hands all over her.He must have found places she

likes.Crystal moaned and started to squeal softly when she reached her first

climax.Her second and third orgasms brought squeals almost to screaming

level.She had a great triple.

Crystal lay there on the desk recovering.Brian was still over her caressing

her boobs and enjoying the legs around him.

“This is my favorite class since Pam broke the ice,” she said.

“You broke it in enough junior classes, all three of you,” said the girl who

helped Steve.

Mrs. Santucci eventually got to start class.With the relief sex, a merely

naked teacher had to work to get the class’ attention.She went into film

cameras.The only real difference is the film.She said film has some

followers because of artistic preferences and two real advantages.One is that

it is more sensitive and can produce useable images in dim light.The other is

that film has finer resolution.Even with modern 30 megapixel digital cameras,

film can record more fine detail.She showed film sheets, rolls, cans and

cartridges.She loaded one camera and took a few pictures- mostly of the

spent lovers Brian and Crystal.

“Now the two reasons we prefer digital cameras for class come into play,” she

explained near the end of the hour.“First it takes time to process the film

before we see anything about the pictures.Good processing of a digital image

takes time, too, but we see whether the picture is worth it before we start.

The other point is that film processing takes chemicals the school board doesn’t

want to be responsible for exposing you to.For class purposes, you’ll be

tested on film camera stuff, but we’ll use digital for the exercises.

“You all said you have access to a digital camera.Your assignment for

tomorrow is to try the various exposure settings – aperture versus shutter speed

if your camera can do that.Check its performance in fading light if it’s a

simpler one.Bring the cameras.We’ll project the results in class

tomorrow.”

The bell rang then and the freshmen went to lunch.Emily and Kelly were

bickering as they came out of the orchestra room.

“... You did so.You called Dawn just to keep the phone away from me,” Emily

accused.

“Hey, I waited until after you talked to Shawn for nearly an hour then I only

talked for half that.Really, Em, sorry you think that,” Kelly said.

“So you both have things going now?” I asked.“I should have noticed you and

Dawn this morning.”

Both O’Connells smiled at me and took off for the cafeteria as fast as they

could walk.Dan watched them go by, then took my hand and we followed after

them.They virtually pounced on Dawn and Shawn in the cafeteria.The hugs

and kisses led to hands all over each other.

“Hey, if you don’t want lunch, go on outside.I’m hungry.See ya later,” I

prodded them.

They broke the hot clinches and we all went through the food line.As usual,

there were fresh, clean towels draped over chairs at three of the tables and we

sat where we were supposed to ... almost.All three couples sat very close

together – almost on top of each other.Dan and I played in each others’ laps

as we had.Kelly and Dawn snuggled right up to each other and didn’t break

contact.Emily and Shawn were even feeding each other.The students with us

were a little frustrated at being ignored at first.They started to enjoy the

shows after a little while.We saved the real action until we got outside.

Dawn, Kelly, Emily and Shawn went directly to the grass when they got to the

courtyard.All four of them must have been quite ready by then.I know I

was.

Emily pulled Shawn down on her again and they went at it for the second time

today.She had him wrapped in her legs and he was thrusting into her hard and

fast.She was smiling broadly, breathing in gasps and she gave a delighted

squeal with each thrust.Her fingers were digging deeply into Shawn’s back.

I saw the scratches later.

Kelly lay on his back and invited Dawn to perch on him.She did.She soon

had him inside her and started pumping up and down.He had her boobs in his

hands most of the time and stroked down her front and across her legs every now

and then.Her face looked like she was really getting into it for a while, but

then she sort of lost the feeling.

“Get on me, Kelly.You do it soo much better,” she said as she got off him and

lay back on the grass.

Kelly was like the rest of us in that he thought a girl could always do a better

job of exciting herself when she was free to move around.Kelly is the

exception and Dawn had just figured that out.Kelly rolled over onto her and

went at it like he had yesterday.

Dan was flooded with requests.He was the only Program boy the girls could get

close to.A dozen girls tried to feel him here or there.The hugging started

soon after that.The girls took turns for short hugs to feel Dan’s huge hard

cock pressing against them.None of them did any grabbing or stroking his

cock.They all wanted it the way it was.

“You take that?Damn,” some of them said to me after the hug.

Lots of boys were handling me, too.A lot of them had felt my chest and wanted

to see if it felt any different now that it looks curvier and puffy.They

mostly agree that it did.None of them said anything negative, but we all knew

I’d have more growing to do before I’ll have a rack worth feeling.My ass and

pussy got a lot of action and better reviews.The way that made my pussy run

wet, I wanted even more.

Two boys there tossed a coin.One was Eric from yesterday and he suddenly

looked very happy.

“He wants to fuck you, too, so we tossed for it,” he told me.“I won – at

least the right to ask first.”

“Okay, Eric, but give others a chance.Do you want to get on top this time?” I

asked.

“I don’t have to show anything if you’re on top, Pam.All I get are wet

shorts,” he answered.

“Ooh.You need the Program.I already said yes for now, but you’ll have to

get naked to fuck me after this,” I warned him.

He dropped his jeans, lay on his back and I straddled him.I reached into his

boxers and pulled his hard cock out.I was ready from all the groping, so he

went right in.The screwing went like yesterday.I bounced up and down and

wriggled around on him.He stroked my front and even made appreciative ‘Mmm’

noises when he held my boobs.I was leaning forward so my clit rubbed him all

the time.I got off and then did it again.The screams drew a lot of

attention.Yep, another double orgasm at lunch.He raised up under me when

he came and I had to hold on with my legs.He filled me and all his stuff came

back out onto his shorts after he got too soft to stay in.I’m glad he doesn’t

mind that.I let as much as I could run out before I got out a towel to wipe

us off.I left his softening dick outside his boxers and he was embarrassed

when he noticed a bunch of girls looking.Do you think I was naughty?

Dawn and Emily were having great times of their own.Everyone watching could

tell Emily felt better today than when she had her hymen burst.She may have

had a triple and Dawn surely did with Kelly in her.They had only a little

time for recovery and cuddling before the class bell rang.

We walked in through the cafeteria and passed the juniors again.Crystal,

Brian and Steve were standing there with their mouths open staring at Brooke.

She had three boys with their hands in very intimate places.There were clear

trails of her juices running down her legs.The boys had to hold her up, too.

She was getting passionately excited, breathing in gasps and barely able to

focus on anything.

“Why didn’t you tell me this is what I was missing?” she gasped as I walked by.

I gave her a questioning look with my smile.Crystal answered the question.

“She started with the hugs before school and really started enjoying touches

after that.It must have been the hugs that finally got to her,” she

conjectured.

Dan was ready for relief in history class.He asked for help and again there

were several volunteers.One of the girls gave him a nice, satisfying hand

job.She was wiping his cock and her hand off when he bent down and gave her a

little peck of a kiss and whispered his thanks.

Mr. Siever assigned the next chapter to conclude the unit on pre-history and

warned that the chapter after that would be assigned for Monday.That and the

English gave me plenty to study after the class hour.There was only one

chapter to read for each class, so I got the reading and the English questions

finished.That one comes first.I’ll really have to be ready.

Hugging dominated the requests between classes again before algebra.Lots of

guys would get me in a hug then reach down to my ass or keep a hand up on my

boob.That was okay, but my pussy felt neglected.I could see why Brooke

would accept the more innocent hugging and how it could escalate as she got

turned on more and more.

Emily was in more demand.Hugging kept her busy and the boys used hands on her

like they did with me.She looked almost bored.That girl has moved on from

being the shy virgin.

Ms Grisom ran algebra class true to form.She called on Kelly and Dan to do

the first problems at the board.There aren’t any slow learners in the AP

algebra class.Everyone noticed and snickers ran around the room.She didn’t

humiliate the boys or call on them more than their share.She just made sure

she got a good look at them by calling on them first.

Emily was remarkable when she got her turn.She did a fairly hard problem and

got it right.She had a self-satisfied smile when she turned around to return

to her seat.The smile dropped from her face when she saw some hands up.The

class is allowed to ask questions if they don’t get how the solution works, or

to challenge that the answer is wrong.The questions weren’t the challenges

Emily was afraid of.For each of the questions, she could bounce back to that

part of her solution and explain it.The remarkable part is that she spoke

clearly, looked at the class and didn’t clench her fists.That girl has moved

on from being the shy student, too.

Ms. Grisom keeps the accelerated algebra moving right along.She assigned the

next chapter for homework.The homework load kept the four of us from

suggesting any getting together.Emily reminded me of Coach Reeves’ reaction

when we were late to tryouts yesterday.That kept the four of us from sticking

around for requests after algebra.

Wednesday Evening

Chapter 12.Wednesday After Class

When we got to the gym, Dan quipped, “Have fun in the locker room.”

He ducked into the girls’ lockers before I could answer, “You know me.I

will.”

Emily shrugged and we went in to see what the boys were showing.They were

showing plenty.Most of them were still undressed or just pulling on their

jocks.The view was delicious and so were the strokes they gave me as I walked

to my locker in the last row.The junior and senior Program girls I saw along

the way had hands all over them, too.Emily was behind me making “Mmm” noises,

so she was getting her share.

Soon there were shouts of, “Hey, bastards” and laughing boys streamed out of the

locker room.They had most of us excited and just abandoned us.Dawn wasn’t

having that.She had a boy pinned against the lockers and was rubbing herself

off on his leg.She came with a squeal and her claws dug into his arms.He

finally got away and ran out of there.

Dan knew.He had to have known.The football team had set us up, got us

excited and just run off.It had to be a plan and Dan knew.Ooh, is he going

to get it when I see him.The trouble is that he’ll like what I’m planning.

The rest of us didn’t have a boys leg to help us.We had to relieve ourselves

with our hands.Moans and squeals came from all over the locker room.From

me, too.I finally got around to putting my bra on.That thing was tight.

The skin of my boobs bulged out of every square of the mesh.The band was

barely skimming my chest in front.It still worked for support, so I could do

the practice.

At least today all of us got to the court at the same time.After the

stretching, a lap around the gym and warming up with a ball, Coach Reeves

brought several of us together.There were Amy, Rochelle, Brooke, Crystal,

Melissa, Dawn and me.Sound familiar?We were all bottomless and only Emily

was missing.

“I’ve seen all I need to of you.You go into the small gym, set up a court and

do drills.Amy’s in charge.You’ll get tired with such a small group and I

need help next hour.Amy, Rochelle and Brooke be back here at a quarter after

four.The rest take down the net in that gym and you’re dismissed,” the coach

instructed.

“Ooh, Coach Reeves?” Crystal asked with her hand up.”Can we work out in the

weight room?”

“Oh.Okay, but not alone.You’ll need at least two,” Coach Reeves answered.

The rest of us agreed to do weight work, so that was settled.We started for

the equipment room to get stuff for the small gym.

“You have done well, grasshopper,” Amy said to me.”In case you don’t get it,

this is the starting varsity after we get a couple more hitters.”

I made a point of counting on my fingers.With seven of us and more hitters,

how could this be the starting six-player team?Amy got the unasked question.

“Crystal and Melissa are setters and Dawn is going to play libero, the defensive

specialist.They only play part of the time.At least one of the setters

will start and we should have another hitter.Melissa can play as a hitter,

but she’d get too tired,” Amy explained like she knew Coach Reeves’ mind.

Serving and hitting drills went fast with so few players.The coach was right.

We wore ourselves out in that hour.Swimming had me in great shape, so I

showed it the least.Amy and Rochelle could hardly jump.Melissa quit

setting when she wanted to work on hitting.We made one line on Crystal’s side

of the net and the drill was a little less hectic.

At the appointed time, Amy told us to start taking down the net, then she left

with Rochelle and Brooke.The rest of us dragged through the large gym

carrying the net stuff and saw those girls helping to herd the rest of the

tryouts into groups.I asked Coach Reeves for the weight room key.She

pulled it off her clipboard and told me to bring it back personally.

“Right, Coach,” I promised with what I hoped wasn’t too big a smile.

I was really ready for the weights.I had been doing some weight work every

day over the summer - working upper and lower body muscles every other day.

Not so much this week.Melissa, Dawn, Crystal and I spread out around the

weight room and did our stuff.I don’t need the support of a bra for

weightlifting and the others didn’t think they did either.They must be

getting comfortable in the nude, too.All four of us stripped off.After one

set of pull-downs sitting on a bench, I dashed to the locker room for towels.

We don’t want a sticky weight room, do we?

Melissa and Dawn looked a little pumped after a while, but they’re not that

muscular.Crystal and I really showed how much we were getting from the

weights.The volleyball drills had us tired in a cardio-vascular way.The

weightlifting got to our muscles.It was a great feeling after being away from

it for a few days.

At one point, I was spotting Melissa’s bench press and had a chance to ask her

about the gagging when I tried to get Kelly’s cock in my mouth.I can press

more than Melissa weighs, but she returned the favor of spotting me.That gave

her a chance to answer that I should focus on breathing and keeping my throat

passage open.She hoped that should help while I’m getting used to the mouth

stuff.

It was a little after five when we realized the time.We put the weights on

the racks, locked the room and went to shower with the boys.The cross country

team was there again.The five of them weren’t all matched with a Program

girl.They welcomed us into the shower ... well, more like pounced on us.

Different boys paired with us today, but the result was almost the same.Girls

who wanted it got off while boys washed them, then returned the favor with soapy

hand jobs for the boys.The ‘almost’ parts were Brooke and Emily.Brooke

wasn’t nearly as cold.She even snuggled up to the guy who washed her.Emily

went all the way.She got into the corner of the shower and invited a boy to

nail her there.She was delighted when he did just that.

The boys had already seen what I like to do.The one who washed me did a great

job with my ass and pussy.He noticed how pumped I was from the weightlifting

when he started rubbing me with the soap.He noticed my swollen boobs with

nipples popped out and areolas puffy.I noticed his erection.

His strokes got inside my pussy to my inner labia.He dragged his finger over

them slowly and I loved every moment of the feeling.He slowly pulled back my

hood and drew his whole finger slowly over my clit.I screamed, bucked and

wriggled.He kept his other hand on my ass to hold me in his grasp.After

three of those long slow strokes I finally finished the orgasm and nearly

collapsed.He held me and let me lean on him.He waited for his relief

patiently while I recovered.

“Come on.Let’s fuck,” I invited as I backed to the wall and pulled him to me.

I spread my legs enough to set myself at the right height for him and grabbed

him around the shoulders.He had me more than ready after the first hand job,

so he was in quickly.He had his hands at my boobs, playing with my puffy

nipples and pinching them now and then.He thrust into me slowly with a solid

push at the end of each stroke.That push got to my clit just right and I was

soon screaming with every thrust.The others in the shower are used to that by

now, so they just kept doing their own things.

This guy had the slow thing going.His strokes were so slow that the orgasm

lasted a long time and felt really great.This was a new technique to me -

another great way of having sex.He finally came and got soft soon after.I

didn’t mind.That orgasm had lasted and lasted.The guy got kisses and

thanks and returned them all.

I used the douche bottle and Emily gladly accepted it.We both felt fresh and

ready after that.

“So you’re with the varsity?” Emily asked when we were the last ones in the

shower.

“That’s what Amy said,” I answered.

“Damn.Do I even dare to dream?Freshmen on varsity?” she sounded wistful.

I dried off quickly because I still had the weight room key and strict

instructions to return it personally.I wondered how personal Coach Reeves was

going to get.

When I knocked on her office door, Coach Reeves said loudly through it, “Come

in.”

I opened the door, stepped in and announced, “Here’s the weight room key.”

She looked up at me with the expected smile, then it dropped from her face and

she focused behind me.

“Call 911!” came from the hall behind me.”It’s Nikki.She’s out cold and I

don’t think she’s breathing.”

It was Miss Forester, English teacher and cheerleading coach.My reflexes

kicked in again.

“On it,” I said as I smacked the bottom of the first aid kit on the coach’s

wall.

The kit popped out of its bracket and rang the bell.Both teachers were

startled.I was out the door and heading to the wrestling room where the

cheerleaders practice.

“Are you going to let a student ...” Miss Forester started.

“She has more training and experience with that kit than both of us together.

Did you know how to get it off the wall?” I heard the coach ask, then, “Neither

did I.Training is scheduled for this weekend.”

I burst into the wrestling room in a hurry.There was a crowd of students

around one lying on the mat.There was also an obstacle - Britney.

“What are you doing here, naked boy bitch?We don’t need any curious gawking

freshmen,” she yelled and stepped in front of me.

I swept her out of the way as hard as I could with a backhand swing.She

bounced off the wall.After that my back was to her and I don’t really care

what she did or what curses she yelled.My attention was on Nikki.I

recognized her from the other times I had run into her with Britney.This time

she was lying still and flat on her back.Her color was turning blue.I

looked at her chest for breathing motion.Not only was the breathing very

shallow, her chest looked hollow.

I felt for her carotid pulse, but couldn’t find any.I thought, “Oh crap!” but

didn’t say it.

“They were breaking the pyramid,” said the boy kneeling beside Nikki.”Britney

came down on the wrong side and landed hard right on her chest.”

I noticed what looked like a footprint right over Nikki’s heart.Things

started adding up and not in a good way.I opened the kit and got out the

oxygen bottle and mask.

“Pull down her top,” I told the boy.”I’ll have to put the defibrillator on

her bare chest.”

He started for the tank top of Nikki’s leotard, but then paused and said, “We go

out, but haven’t been to second base.I don’t think she’d like it.”

I looked him in the eye and told him, “This isn’t about making out.It’s about

bringing her back from being nearly dead.Now strip her.”

I put the oxygen mask on Nikki’s face and set the respirator valve for lightly

assisted breathing.This valve can be adjusted everywhere from demand - where

the user sucks from it - to full CPR where it can force the lungs full of

oxygen.Where I set it, it sensed her shallow breathing and gave her a little

pressure boost to help get enough in.Aren’t these modern devices wonderful?

Didn’t have them like this ten years ago.

Nikki’s boyfriend did get her top down by the time I unwrapped the defibrillator

wires.I peeled the protective covering from the electrodes and stuck them to

Nikki where they would put the juice right through her heart.The

defibrillator is also an EKG.The fibrillation showed up right away.I set

in what I thought was the right strength for a first shock and yelled the

common, “Clear!”That’s not enough around untrained people, so I looked around

to be sure nobody else would get any of the shock.

I mashed the button and Nikki arched up off the floor in a convulsion.She

bounced when she landed back on the mat.The EKG trace bounced, too.Her

heart took the first shock and was back in business.

Things looked stable for the next minute or so.I took one of the forms from

the kit and started writing out what I had done under all the boxes for time,

place, names and stuff.

“Hard impact over the heart - check footprint on clothes.

Blue color, breathing shallow, no pulse.Applied oxygen with boost.

Attached defib.EKG showed V.Fib.Shocked 200 W.S. one time.

Pulse returned.Breathing better, still on oxygen.”

Nikki opened her eyes slowly and looked around.She started to twitch and

wince as if she was hurting.She tried to pull off the oxygen mask, but her

boyfriend stopped her.I checked the EKG and gauge on the oxygen valve.Her

pulse and breathing were both strong.I shut off the oxygen and took the mask

off her.

“Aaah,” she cried.”It hurts when I breathe in too much.I’m better without

that.Thanks.How bad am I?”

“Your heart was fibrillating.You can only live a few minutes like that.

We’ll keep this connected and watch your pulse,” I told her.

Her eyes got wide at the thought that she so nearly died.She also looked down

at her chest - her bare chest.She understood the defibrillator and smiled at

her boyfriend.

“Thanks, Tommy.I’m glad you weren’t too shy to stay with me.Am I gonna

need chest massages?I think I know who can give them to me,” she was getting

her spirit back.

“You won’t want anybody close to your chest for a month.That little pain you

have now is nothing like it will feel tomorrow.I had one rib like that last

year.You have maybe five separations.When they offer you pain meds, take

them.I’m sorry Nikki, but you’re gonna hurt,” I said.

“That doesn’t sound like good news,” came from Coach Reeves behind me.”The

principal will meet the paramedics and bring them in.What happened?What

did you do?”

Miss Forester was there, too, and Nikki got right to the point, “It wasn’t an

accident.Britney jumped on me on purpose and kicked hard when she landed.

Where is that bitch?”

Nikki had her fists closed and fight in her eyes.I don’t think Miss Forester

had her comfort in mind and what she said didn’t work anyway.

“Oh, Britney couldn’t do such a thing.It must have been an accident,” the

teacher said.

Nikki lost a little hope then and started crying.

“She’s just your favorite,” the injured girl sobbed too softly to be heard by

the standing teachers.

I bent down as if to reach for my form, but really to whisper to Nikki, “There

will be a real investigation.Tell it like you saw it.”

I added notes to the form.

“Patient awake, lucid, aware.Removed oxygen.

Complains of chest pain when breathing deeply.

Check contusions on chest and displaced ribcage.”

I showed the form to the teachers.Coach Reeves got it and her mouth dropped

open.Someone had almost died in her PE department.Miss Forester didn’t

feel the same.I think she didn’t know what the notes meant.She was just

aggravated that her practice was interrupted and was now taken over by a Program

girl.

I took back the form and made one addition.I checked the box marked

“Investigate violence” to get the case passed to the police for that

investigation I promised.I wrapped the straps attached to the form around

Nikki’s forearm.

“This has to go with you so they’ll know how I found you and what I did.This

way they can yell at me if I did anything wrong,” I explained.

“Anybody who yells at Pam will face me ... when I feel better,” threatened Nikki

and the whole cheerleading squad took note.

“Thank you, Pam,” from Coach Reeves sounded deeply sincere and so did thanks

from Tommy.

Principal Carlson interrupted that but not until my blush had spread to my puffy

boobs again.He brought a pair of paramedics I know.They took over and the

first thing they did was read the form.

“Whew,” whistled one of them.”That was close, young lady.Be glad these

kits are around and people know how to use them.The school office called your

Mom.She’ll meet you at the hospital.Do you want the ride with siren or

without?”

Nikki tried to laugh, but couldn’t.The joke was almost a distraction from the

pain when they lifted her onto their stretcher.She winced a lot and a tear

ran down her cheek.That girl’s gonna hurt a lot, but her life’s not in danger

now.The paramedics pulled the electrodes off Nikki’s chest and put their own

on.They’ll watch her all the way to the hospital and be ready for any

trouble.

One paramedic wheeled her out and the other punched me on the arm when she said,

“Way to go, Pam.Another good save.”

I know what follows emergency calls and ambulances in this town - TV reporters.

It was after five thirty anyway.I said goodbye to the disappointed Coach

Reeves and tried to get away.The plan was to zip into the locker room, get my

stuff then dash out the gym door and across the football field.No such luck.

One of the office secretaries was bringing Ramona Sanchez and her cameraman

down the hall and it was too late.It was too late for Nikki, too.I don’t

think she got her boobs covered before they took a shot of her being wheeled by.

Mr. Carlson came up behind me and said, “They want interviews about this.It’s

permitted at school as long as I’m here.I’ll run interference for you if you

want to duck out.”

“They know where I go next to work.They could catch me.Besides, I’m

feeling kinda proud right now.May as well get it over with,” I answered.

The emergency drew a crowd of cheerleaders, football and volleyball players.

They lined the hall and spilled into the wrestling room and gym.They stuck

around for the TV production.Mr. Carlson gathered Coach Reeves and Miss

Forester and we stood together.

Ms Sanchez started by introducing herself to me, shaking hands and asking,

“We’ve been trying to talk to you since Monday morning.Do you have a little

time?”

Her manner was not like her reputation.I thought she was being particularly

nice.Maybe having such a big audience was keeping her on her best behavior.

It was like her reputation to ignore people she wasn’t interested in.This

time she was talking only to me.

“I have to be at the pool by ten to six, so we have a few minutes,” I answered.

She nodded to her cameraman and started, “Pam Fionda has been making news all

week and just did it again.Pam, the story is that you’ve done a rescue a day

this week.Is that so?”

“Well, there were those two guys Monday morning and a girl bumped her head in

deep water last night.They needed help getting out of the water, but they

were easy and they’re all fine now.Today’s scared me,” I answered.

“Tell us what happened and what you did, please,” she prompted.

Mr. Carlson turned to Coach Reeves just then, stepped away and pointed at

instructions in the first aid kit, saying, “Donna, could you please call this

number and get them to send over a fresh oxygen bottle.They replace those any

time they’re used.We don’t want any empty ones.”

I had to watch that I didn’t say any accusation, especially with the principal

distracted and only the English teacher with me.

“One of the cheerleaders got hurt when she jumped down from a pyramid.I

didn’t see it, but she took a blow right over her heart.That can mess up the

rhythm and it did for her.I gave her oxygen and a shock with a defibrillator

to get her heart started again,” I explained briefly enough to make a good sound

bite.

“Do you think you’re qualified to do those things?” she asked pointedly.

This is a little closer to her reputation as a reporter trying to make a name

for herself to get beyond our small city.I robbed her of a potential issue

when I told the truth.

“Well, I’m trained for them for lifeguarding and the city says I’m qualified.

I’m confident in that training - even more now that it worked so well,” I

answered.

“The other story is about the Naked in School Program.How’s that working for

you?” she asked.

Miss Forester stomped away.

“Like my outfit?” I asked modeling my nakedness.”It’s turned into a lot of

fun.I was naked all summer, so I’m used to being exposed.The other parts

of the Program, like reasonable requests, showers with boys and relief in class,

make it so much fun.The rest of these students will know what I mean by the

end of the year.”

The cameraman had been getting me from the waist up.When I modeled, he

scanned me up and down, front and back.From what I just saw on the news, he

had close-up perspective set on his lens.He spent the most time on my bare,

bald and recently fucked pussy.Did I mind?No.I held the pose there with

my legs apart as long as he wanted.

I checked around behind me.Dan was the only other naked student around.He

came up beside me and took my hand.He was sooo sweet.He also must have had

a good time in the shower because his penis was soft, relaxed and still good

looking.He got a little share of the camera action, but only a little as

you’d expect from a straight man.None of the other Program participants were

daring to show themselves with a TV camera around.Once on Monday was plenty

for them.

“This is Dan Allen, one of my Program partners,” I introduced.

“Mmm,” Ms Sanchez expressed more appreciation of Dan than the cameraman did.

“Pam, tell me what you think of the notion that the Program is corrupting

students.”

“It isn’t corruption,” I declared.”How could being comfortable with our

bodies, reactions and sexuality be called corrupt?The Program is working to

dispel a lot of the corruption that comes with shame and repression.Other

countries are so far ahead of us in that.With the Program working only on

highschool students, it’ll take a long time to catch up.”

That was a provocative question, too.That must be her pattern - an easy one

followed by one that searches deeper.It was nice of her to let me answer.

Let’s see if she wants that answer on the air or edited out.

Ms Sanchez thanked me, Dan and the principal then hurried her report back to the

station for the news show at six.

I gave Dan a kiss and told him, “This redeems you for not warning us about that

ambush in the locker room.You’re lucky.I had a terrible revenge planned.”

Chapter 13.Wednesday Evening

I left for the pool.On the way, I phoned Mom at home and asked her to TIVO

the news.I really wanna know how much of that gets on.

“What’s special tonight, Pam?” she was curious.

“Watch it for yourself and TIVO it,” I laughed through my revenge on her for

Monday.

At the pool, I went to the office to clue Sgt. Washington that Ms Sanchez

finally caught me.No Sgt. Washington.Where he had been working since the

pool complex opened there was now a younger, bigger and much cuter officer.

“Hi.I’m Pam.I do lifeguarding,” I introduced myself.

“I’ll bet that’s not all you do.I’m Sid Moore,” he confirmed his nametag.

I giggled at his joking and played along, “Why, Officer Moore, whatever do you

mean?”

He answered, “Sgt. Washington and the director gave me quite a briefing on the

rules, procedures and characters around this place.Your name came up ... a

lot.”

“I’m doomed.You couldn’t have heard anything good,” I kept it up.

“It was all good, but they got one thing wrong.You really do have boobs.

So, you’re fourteen?” he didn’t waste time.

“Yep.Fourteen, legal, naked and looking for cute guys ... like Sgt.

Washington,”I led him on, then teased.”Where is he?”

“They finally accepted that he’s recovered from being shot.He’s on regular

duty now.I’m the next one who needs light duty,” he explained with a roll of

his eyes.

I didn’t know Sgt. Washington was recovering, let alone from being shot.I

thought he just pulled rank to get the cushy job.I have to admit that the

pool is light duty for a cop most of the time.

“Can I ask what you’re recovering from?Shot?” I asked more seriously.

“I was undercover and it got blown.The druggies beat me pretty badly.I’m

mostly recovered, but not in shape after sitting around for months,” he told me.

“Ooh.Poor baby.What workout are you doing?You don’t look that bad,” I

asked him.

“I could do weight work for my upper body, but my legs are just getting back in

shape now.I have to do a lot of cardio work to pass the physical for normal

duty,” he explained.

I was giving him my best, friendliest come-on smile and mentally putting my

tongue into the open smile he was showing when ...

“There’s Pam already,” came from the enthusiastic voice of Caitlin.

Mrs. Dr. Switerlitz, Cass and Caitlin had arrived dressed in normal clothes, not

swimsuits.Officer Moore and I said how nice it was to meet each other and I

left his office.

“Dad was called back to the hospital.Something about a cardiac arrest at

Lincoln.Do you know anything?”Cass asked.”Hope it wasn’t Mr. Siever.

He keeps saying how the Program kids get his heart racing.”

I told them about Nikki as we walked to the lounge.Cass was relieved about

Mr. Siever, but said “Eww” about Nikki.

When the doctor started getting needles out of her bag, Cass said, “Umm ... With

Dad not here, we thought we’d skip the swimsuits and put our clothes in a

locker.I’ll just go change.See you in the pool.”

“Ooh.Here.Put mine in the locker, too,” Caitlin yelled.

She peeled off her t-shirt, shoes, shorts and underwear.She threw them at

Cass, not to her - at her.The youngster then got the alcohol and cotton to

wipe my arm.

She looked me in the eye and said, “Thank you for helping me yesterday, Pam.

After the story about today, I really feel safe with you around.”

“I feel safe with you sterilizing my arm, too, Caitlin.When are you gonna be

ready to draw blood?”I asked her.

“After I quit breaking the needle when I try it in oranges.I’m only eleven,”

she said quietly.

Dr. Switerlitz drew the blood and took measurements.

“Mmm-Hmm,” she said cryptically.”Caitlin, one thing you’ll learn when you’re

a doctor is to give patients their privacy.That’s what we’re going to need

for a while.”

Caitlin looked hurt for a moment, then brightened when her Mom said, “You go

tease Cass.”

The youngster’s face lit up and she ran out yelling, “Hey, Cass.Are you naked

yet?”

“No runni...” I was too late to tell her, knowing how easy it is to forget.

“That’s quite some growth for one day, Pam.There’s noticeable erectile tissue

in your areolas.Have they been puffy?” She asked.

“Yes.All the stuff that normally makes my nipples hard made them puff out

today,” I answered.

“The other thing is general growth in your breast tissue.It measures at the

large end of the A-cup range.That’s an amazing growth if you take that

measurement alone.If you consider the breast tissue you started the spurt

with, it’s a smaller percentage.I think we found the reasons for both your

spurts,” she started to explain.

She said a lot of technical terms I don’t know and it took some questions before

I understood.She got my older blood tests and even talked to Dr. Greenbaum

about me during the day.It seems I had a good estrogen hormone balance when I

started puberty and got my period.This last year that balance changed and the

change was dramatic in the summer.I had a high level of testosterone - male

hormone.Some of that is normal in a growing girl and it’s even necessary.I

had a lot.It’s responsible for my vertical spurt.With all the swimming,

karate and weight training this summer, it’s also responsible for all these

muscles and the thin skin over them.

Yesterday’s blood sample shows the reverse hormone balance.The estrogen’s

back and I’m getting the boobs to prove it.Dr. Switerlitz says my estrogen

levels are so high that I can expect big body changes.I’ll keep all the bone

structure, be tall and have these spectacular shoulders.The muscle bulk and

definition?Not so much.If I keep up my activities and training, I’ll be

just as strong.My muscles will be more dense and not so big.I’ll put on

some skin thickness and look softer and smoother.With less muscle and thicker

skin, I’ll probably stay about the same size but weigh less.Muscle weighs

four times as much as fat, you know.

I’ll have boobs, too.She said breast growth takes from weeks to years.

Since I’ve had my period for a couple of years, I’m probably near the end of

breast development.That means I may have had my years already and I’ll get

what I’m gonna get in weeks.She also said that I’m growing at a fast rate and

that I could get real big in those weeks ... or I could quit growing tomorrow.

That’s what she’s studying and why she wants to keep studying me.

I ended the whole conversation with, “So I’ll actually look like a girl?Only

one girl in school was mean enough to say it, but I know I look like a boy.

You’re saying that’s because I had the hormones of a boy for a while and now

I’ll get to be a girl.”

“You got it, Pam,” she confirmed.”I’m wondering if there were any other

effects of your hormone balance.Here’s where we get personal.Do you prefer

boys or girls?”

“Boys!” I stated emphatically.”All my dreams and fantasies are about boys and

I have the greatest times with them.I am experimenting, though.I know how

to please a woman and what it feels like to be with one.I may keep

experimenting for a while, but I really like it with boys.”

“Okay.There hasn’t been any indication of correlation there between hormone

levels at your age and sexual orientation, but I’m looking at everything,” she

said.”Thanks for participating.I hope you get something out of it, at

least this explanation.Right now, you have to work and I have to rescue

Cass.”

She was right.It was nearly six.I got right to the outdoor pools and waved

to Mr. Schwartz.He was doing the chemical checks.I put the sign by the

baby pool and got into my chair just in time.There was no need to hurry,

though.The pool was empty.The Switerlitz family came out a few minutes

later and were my only swimmers for the first half hour.It was a slow,

uneventful hour - just what lifeguards wish for.

I went home at seven to one of Mom’s best meals - stuffed pork chops, potatoes

au gratin and asparagus.I told her the whole day while she finished fixing

supper and we were eating.

“I think you’ll like the news report, Pam.A lot of that got on the air.You

can play it back or wait for eleven o’clock,” she said when we were finished.

“I’ll do my homework first and play the TIVO if they don’t have much of me at

eleven,” I decided.

She gave me a quick little kiss and a long, big smile.I think she likes the

kind of week I’m having.

The history reading and questions took about twenty minutes and the algebra took

another ten.I still had some pictures to take for art.I went to Mom and

asked to use her camera.

“Oh, yeah.Something came for you today.Messenger delivered it.There, in

the corner,” she pointed out a metal briefcase-size box mostly hidden behind a

big chair.

I looked at her with an unspoken “For me?” then got the box and plunked down in

the middle of the floor with it.There was a tag on the handle that told the

combination.I punched in that combination and opened the box.It held a

camera, a bunch of lenses, a flash attachment and a folded tripod.I don’t

think I moved even to close my mouth.I just stared at that stuff.

It happened again, obviously.Mom had called Dad about a camera for me.She

did that about a computer last year when I got serious.Dad had a

top-of-the-line monster delivered the next day.I’ll never live it down if any

of those gamer geeks in the computing club find out how much machine I have.

Now it’s the same with a camera.This one looks completely professional.I

looked through the case for instruction books and stuff.They were in a

compartment in the lid along with a copy of the invoice.Is Nikon a good

brand?Who in their right mind would give a highschool freshman a $18000

professional camera outfit?

I looked up at Mom who was beaming this huge smile at me.Yes, she and Dad are

in their right minds, but I still think this is one of their occasional lapses.

I got up and gave Mom thanks and a big kiss.I think that’s when I finally

closed my mouth.

I went into the instructions.This thing has 36 megapixels, uses 16 gigabyte

memory cards, can take eight full size pictures a second and does all the

expected automatic exposure and focus.I went through enough of the book to

learn how to handle it, where to put in memory cards, how to attach lenses and

how to make basic settings.I tried a fully automatic picture of Mom.Even

with no flash, it came out okay.I don’t think she liked the composition,

though.I was at lap level looking right up her pussy.I learned how to dump

unwanted pictures from the memory.

I read more and tried things.I connected the camera to the Firewire port on

my computer so I could upload the pictures and see them on a big screen.

Uploading went faster than for Ginger at the faire.I wonder if it’s the

camera or the computer.I suspect both.

I checked all the lenses and some combinations of the settings.I discovered

how to vary the lens opening and exposure times to compensate for each other.

I also found out how spotty the picture gets when I ask the camera to be too

sensitive.

I had two more things to do.First was to call Dad with more thanks.The

other was to set up a scene and take comparative pictures for the homework.I

was just reaching for the phone when it rang.I answered it instantly.

“Do you sit by the phone or are you telepathic?” Dan asked from the other end.

“I’ll leave that as a mystery,” I teased.”Really, I was just ready to make a

call.It can wait.’Sup?”

“How’s your homework coming?” he asked in a way I hoped meant his was done.

“Close to done.Yours?” I returned.

“All done.Would you like to get together?I’m starting to like evenings in

your bed,” he said.

“I really like evenings with you in me ... in my bed ... oh, you know.Come

right over.You’re just what I need to finish the homework,” I invited.

“What about your Mom?” he asked.

“Hey, Mom?Is it okay if Dan comes over?” I yelled.

Mom came close and said loud enough for Dan to hear, “That’s a great idea,

especially if I get to see him naked again.”

“I think she can be persuaded,” I reported to Dan who just laughed.

I called Dad while Dan was on his way.I was all about thanks and how he

shouldn’t have gone that far.He was all about treating me right and being as

much a part of my life as he could.He had me crying over how nice I have it,

but I don’t think he heard that in my voice.

I put the camera on the tripod and lined it up with the big chair I wanted Dan

to sit in.The homework calls for changing exposure things for one scene.I

got some more lamps and set them to the sides without shades.That was

supposed to give enough light for a good range of exposures without setting too

much sensitivity in the camera.Mom sat back on the couch and just watched me.

Dan arrived in good time.I think it was just for Mom that he showed up at the

door naked.It was after nine thirty and dark outside, so he probably didn’t

offend anyone.He certainly didn’t offend Mom or me.I may have offended Mom

by kissing him and blocking her view.Dan’s dick got hard while we kissed and

rose up between my legs.I felt it pressing up under my pussy and wedged

between my legs at the back.I wonder what view Mom got of that.

When we broke the hug, his hard dick slipped out from between my legs, swung up

and slapped him in the six pack.Mom came over and gave him a hug.Yes, this

was another of those Program hugs intended to feel his erection between them.

“Mmm,” she made appreciative noises, then said, “Welcome back, Dan.C’mon in

and sit there while Pam explains her homework thing to both of us.”

Mom pointed to the chair where I wanted him and Dan dutifully sat.I explained

the homework and said it should take only a few minutes to go through the set of

exposure variations.Dan sat without covering anything and smiled at me.No,

he didn’t just smile at the camera.He followed me around the room while I

turned on all the extra lamps.

The first picture was just what I wanted and I’ll keep it forever, but it wasn’t

quite right for the homework.These pictures were likely to be projected to

the art class and I wanted them to be artistic in the way the photography club

had made the pictures of me.Dan was just a little too provocative with that

huge erect cock sticking up.Of course, I know how to take care of that.I

went to the chair, sat in his lap and grabbed the offending member.

“This makes the pictures Program-like and raunchy.I’ll show you the one I

just took so you can see what I mean.I think a more relaxed Dan would work

better for the homework.Let’s fuck first,” I explained.

I don’t think I can shock Mom, but she did appear surprised that I was so open

and blunt in front of her.Dan’s reaction was exactly what I wanted.He

wrapped my whole body in his arms, pulled me into another kiss and stood up

carrying me.

He broke the kiss on the way past Mom to say, “Excuse us Ms Fionda.We’ll be

back after the screaming stops.”

Mom laughed.I tried to laugh, but Dan put his tongue back in my mouth.My

legs went around his waist and I started nibbling at the head of his cock with

my labia.By the time we got to my bed, I was running wet.That’s not enough

with Dan, so we stopped the passion-building to apply lube jelly.

Dan lay on his back and presented his cock for me to stretch on.That went

slowly as usual.I didn’t put on enough pressure to make anything hurt.I

worked him into me and got more and more of the constant sexy feelings he gives

me.When he was all the way in, I leaned forward and started wriggling.I

was almost to the screaming stage when I had a better idea.

“Let’s roll over.I really like you pounding it into me,” I suggested.

We stayed coupled and switched positions.He had his hands on my chest

squeezing and rubbing my boobs.I was squeezing his ass in my legs.He

thrust into me and I started the screaming.I let the screaming, wriggling and

bucking go - didn’t try to hold any of that back.One of the things about sex

with Dan is that I can’t tell if there are lots of climaxes or just one huge

orgasm.Whichever, it was great again.He kept me in that state after he

came until his softening dick popped out of me.

The wild screaming passion was replaced by the warm peaceful glow.Another

great thing about Dan is that he cuddles.We stayed together on the bed in

each others’ arms.

“These are really getting good, Pam.I just don’t want to let go,” he said

looking at his hand stroking my boob.

He squeezed and wiggled that boob making it do things it couldn’t do just two

days ago.I smiled and encouraged him to enjoy himself.I was sure enjoying

it.Between the growth and swelling, there was something there for him to

squeeze.I like the attention, feeling feminine and the sexy tingling.Hope

those boobs got the idea and will keep growing.

“C’mon.Shower, then we can get the pictures,” I prodded when the glow wore

off.

He got off me and led me to the bathroom by the hand.We were all smiles for

each other as we washed and dried.I didn’t try to make the shower sexy.I

wanted him soft and relaxed.He was still fixated on my chest, but I made him

keep his hands off.He got in a few kisses and licks, though.

When we got downstairs, we found that Mom had turned off the extra lamps and

disappeared.I glanced at the camera and wondered what more mischief she could

be up to.

Dan sat again and I turned on all the lamps.The sex had made two differences

in Dan.Of course, his penis was softly, gracefully dangling over his balls to

the seat of the chair.His smile was also relaxed and casually friendly.No

more of the come-on eagerness of an excited teenager.The model part of the

homework pictures was perfect.

I made camera adjustments and took a series of pictures with different

combinations.The same series with some of the lamps off used different lens

or shutter settings.The point of the homework is to notice what differences

those make.

Dan helped me put all those lamps back where they belong, then we got drinks

from the refrigerator.We plopped on the couch, sipped the drinks and told

compliments to each other.Yep, he made me blush and did some of the same

himself.

“Ooh!News,” I said at nearly eleven.

I switched on the set and we checked out our naked selves on TV.They left in

the whole interview.My answers to the provocative questions seemed just

right.The modeling included Dan’s gorgeous dick and my gorgeous everything.

I think they did trim the cameraman’s dwelling on my pussy.

“Thanks again for the support,” I said with a kiss after the newscast moved away

from our story.”Wanna fuck again?”

“Yes, but tomorrow,” he answered.”Remember the history presentation rehearsal

at my place.You might stay there late or it might be when I bring you back

here.That’s when I’ll definitely want another piece of this awesome girl.”

He wrapped me in another hugging kiss that lasted a long time.My arms stayed

up on his shoulders where I got good handfuls of his muscles.His hands

strayed around to my chest and made my boobs feel great again.He started

getting hard again, but broke the embrace before I could exploit him.That

turned into our goodnight kiss.

He left naked and I could tell he was hurrying to his car.I took the camera

to my room and uploaded all the pictures.I only erased the one where Dan was

hard.The rest will go to school in the camera.I tried the photo-oriented

programs that came with the computer.None had any real ability to process the

pictures.I’ll need something for that.I emailed copies of pictures with

and without hardon so Dan could see the difference.I mentioned the smiling

expression, too.I hope he gets that he did exactly what I needed for the

artistic pictures.

I curled up in bed with the camera’s instruction book.I got to sleep before I

got to anything interesting in it.

Thursday Morning

Chapter 14.Thursday Morning

I woke up with two thoughts on my mind.First that I was sure to make that

dream come true.I was really gonna enjoy a lot of sex and cap off the day

with bed time with Dan.Second I wondered why my arms felt so full.I was on

my side in bed with my arms flopped in front of me.I slowly woke to the fact

that I had an armful of boobs - my boobs.I sat up and checked them.They

were actually sticking out.There wasn’t just a curve or just waves of

jiggling in the softness.There weren’t just puffy areolas or popped out

nipples.There were actual boobs.They may have been sticking out almost an

inch.

I’ve been using the fit of my bra as a gauge.I tried it.With my chest

muscles plus that inch, the bra was full and overflowing.The band didn’t

touch my chest in front at all.My boobs cover so much chest area that they

spill out around the bra cups.No pushing or prodding would get all those

boobs in the bra.It looked terrible, but I was proud of the growth.I’d

still rather be naked, so the bra came off.

I did the shower and bathroom stuff and went to breakfast.Mom was up again

fixing me a big breakfast and asking about my plans for the day.I covered my

hopes for the hotrod club, for English class, for after volleyball practice and

for the evening at Dan’s.The hopes for all of those were the same - sex, but

with different people, and if possible, more than one at a time.

I packed my bag and the camera case and trekked to swimming.Some of the boys

were joking about new ways to stretch.They said some would help breast growth

and some would get my pussy ready for sex.All of them gave onlookers a better

view of me.The girls and I rolled our eyes at them.I actually did one of

the more showy stretches and got gasps from everyone.That may have been

because I did it standing on my hands with my pussy right in the guy’s face.

He blushed and got right in the water to hide the bulge in his Speedo.

The swimming workout was great.The elite team tried sprint races against each

other.The rest of the team worked in the other pool so we had all the lanes

and the electronic timer to ourselves.We went all out for the whole hour and

got sooo tired.Of course I still have the fastest times in sprints.I was

really glad for the big breakfast.I needed all that energy and now it was

gone.

The school was the next stop - my locker first, then the cafeteria.Even if

it’s not Mom’s, I’ll eat that food rather than mess up my calorie balance.

That’s where the reasonable requests start, too.Several guys had my schedule

figured out.They surrounded me in the food line.With all the hands all

over me and the tentpoles in their pants, I thought I’d get an early start on

the sex.No such luck.It all ended when we got to the food.Talk at the

table was light, even flip, about nakedness, the Program and how much sex it

leads to.As much as the term ‘corrupt’ came out, these guys obviously saw

last night’s news.

After breakfast, I invited all of them to the stripping place outside the front

door.The coy look, sweet words and shake of my tush promised more than

stripping.I probably had to promise that because I was already naked.A few

of those boys followed.It was early, so there were only a few other students

standing around.I gave them all an open armed come- on look.They gathered

around and started stroking everything again.My boobs puffed and my pussy got

wet.Those boys all had bulges in the right places.

“How far can we go, Pam?” one asked.

“How far do you want to go?” I threw back at him.

“I want a blowjob, but I know that’s beyond a Program request,” he answered.

“I’d like to fuck you.It’s not a reasonable request either, but you do it a

lot,” said another one.

My hopes for the day just started early.I stood with my feet wide apart and

bent at the waist to put my head at the first guy’s crotch.

“Got a good shot at my pussy?” I asked the second guy.”Go ahead, but get

everything wet first.”

I unzipped the one who wanted the blowjob and wrestled his long, stiff cock out

where my mouth could get to it.I felt the other guy fingering my pussy

getting things well ready.He hit my clit a couple of times and I was starting

to get aroused back there.Next I had to see how well I could arouse the guy

in front of me.

I licked his cock around its underside all up and down.I puckered my lips and

started kissing its tip then let my lips open as I worked down over his little

head.As soon as my tongue got to his dick, it started to work again.I ran

my lips up and down his shaft and kept my tongue going as far around as it would

reach.I didn’t take him too far into my mouth at first for fear of gagging.

All went well enough and the guy made enough moaning noises that I got

encouraged.I went lower and lower on him taking more and more of him in.

His head touched the back of my mouth and I got that gag reflex again.That

happened at the same time as the guy behind me slipped his cock into my pussy.

I pulled off the blowjob, but everyone thought it was because of the sensations

in my pussy.I turned the gag into a gasp.I had another chance to get the

mouth action right and still keep my reputation as a slut.I reached one hand

into the pants in front of me and cupped the guy’s balls.He seemed to like

the attention, but I was really doing what Melissa suggested about keeping him

in line with the warning.

One thing I learned about that back entry position for fucking is that it does

diddly squat for my clit.I put my other hand back there to make up for the

lack of boy on that sensitive place.I went to work on my own clit.I will

say that the guy had his hands doing nice things to my ass while his cock pumped

away in my pussy.

I put my mouth over the cock in front of me and started with the tongue, lips

and sucking again.My head bobbed up and down, in and out of his crotch.I

drew his cock in deeper with every stroke, but it took a while before I got it

in far enough to touch the back of my mouth again.Just before it did, I

thought, “Breathe” and paid attention to that.I worked once and then again.

I figured out a rhythm where I could breathe just as he touched the sensitive

point on my palate, then hold that breath when I bobbed lower on him and his

head went into my throat.I was finally taking all of him and went at it

faster and faster.He liked that, too.

“I’m coming,” he warned a few seconds before he shot my mouth full of semen.

I’d had a chance to pull off him, but didn’t.I wanted the experience I’d

heard about.If Melissa can swallow, so can I.Just in time for his second

shot, I held my breath and took him all the way into my throat again.I

swallowed and swallowed as fast as he shot his ejaculation.I only got to

taste that first pulse.It wasn’t delicious, but like with a woman’s juices,

it wasn’t so bad it would make me stop with the blowjobs.

I licked his cock clean and gave it an extra kiss after he finished.He put

his rapidly deflating cock back in his pants and started to back away.I

raised up to his face, put my arm around his shoulder and held him there.I

snuggled against him and gave him little kisses.He must have been interested

still because he grabbed and stroked my boobs.That worked for me.I could

use the stimulation there.The boobs had just been dangling while I was bent

over.That rear entry is not my favorite fucking position.

I was not going to be the only one of this threesome to go without an orgasm.

The climaxing blowjob had distracted me and I was getting behind in the arousal

race.My hand got busy with my clit and I was glad for what the guy was doing

to my boobs.

I barely focused on her when Brooke walked by and said, “Geez, Pam.Two at

once?What will you freshmen do next - fuck on TV?”

The guy behind me started making climactic noises, thrusting deeper and holding

the thrusts longer.He was near to coming and I wasn’t.I concentrated on my

clit like I do when I have to take matters into my own hands.That’s almost

what this was.The final thrust from the rear almost knocked me over.

There’s another reason I’m glad the guy in front of me stayed around.That

helped with my own climax.I started the screaming while my pussy was being

filled.It was a sharp, short orgasm.At least I had one.

The guy behind me pulled out when he was finished and stuck his cock back in his

pants.I wonder if he’ll leave it all sticky very long.I gave him a hug,

some kisses and thanked him for the good fuck.

“No, Pam.Thank you.There was much more of you giving than getting for both

of us that time.I’m glad you got yourself off.Next time, I’ll show you how

well I can do it face to face.That’s the way a hero deserves it,” he said.

He was right about the first part and said the right things before the flattery.

I’ll let him show the second part when we get a chance.

Bill and Melissa had arrived while the only thing I could see was a guy’s open

zipper.They were stripping each other alternately again and were both

topless.This time they were running their hands all over each other where the

clothes came off.Bill was spending a lot of time on her chest when I first

noticed them.Melissa must have had her eye on me.She was beaming a big

smile at me and mouthed “Way to go.”

Melissa was ready to move things along, so she reached around Bill and stuck her

hands down the back of his shorts.I saw her fingers moving under the cloth to

grab at him.That made him lean back a little at first, then stand his ground

and kiss Melissa.She slid her hands to the sides of his shorts and pushed

them down.A while back our state made it illegal to wear shorts so low that

underwear showed.The teens of the time just went with built-in linings and

sewed them up so they held the shorts down.That’s what Bill had on.

Melissa stripped him the rest of the way with that one push.Her hands started

in on his ass and she wriggled herself against his front.He was breathing

hard in a few seconds and not at all ready to move along.Melissa stopped her

action, stepped back and motioned for him to strip off her skirt.Like his

shorts, her skirt was riding really low and had built-in thong knickers.When

Bill hesitated, she spun around so the skirt flared up and showed everyone her

ass.Bill went for it.He lifted the skirt slowly, caressing his way up her

legs and ass.He pulled the waist band down and started with his hands.He

was rubbing in her pussy and all over her ass.He kissed and licked her boobs

and up to her mouth.He had to let her lean on him as she went through an

orgasm.The crowd of students cheered the couple as they staggered over to the

grass where she could recover.

Dawn was there and ready for her turn.She was in particularly perky spirits.

She had a small music player she started and put beside the clothes box.It

was a modern jazz number and she started to dance to it.She was wearing low

riding, tight spandex shorts and a tight cropped t- shirt.We could see how

well she moved her body under those revealing clothes.We could tell she’d had

lessons and was really good at the dancing.At the end of each step

combination, she’d do something Program-like.It was accompanied by a coy look

or a raised eyebrow and always a smile.The first time, she shook her chest to

show that she had no bra.The next time, she raised her cropped top, flashed

her perky boobs at a group of boys and quickly pulled the top down again.

At her third pause, she pushed the front of her shorts down almost enough to

show her pussy, then pulled it back up.She didn’t show her pussy, but the

shorts flipped down over her ass then covered it again.She looked over her

shoulder with a hand over her mouth, another hand on her ass and a look of mock

shock.The twinkle in her eye and perky shake of her booty let us all know

that it had gone just as she wanted.

She pulled her shirt up at the next pause and left it there.Her boobs are

small, firm and her nipples point up - the very definition of perky.They gave

tight little jiggles with her every move and she gave every one around a chance

to see that.Her next step was to strip off the shirt entirely.After that

she worked on her shorts.She rolled down her waistband a turn, then danced

around, then rolled down the shorts again.More and more of her lower torso

and her ass showed and as they did she got more and more cheering from her

audience.Just when the shorts got down to her pussy, the roll got in the way

of her dancing legs.She peeled off the shorts and did a few passes in the

nude.

Melissa pushed Bill back on the grass and straddled him.She slid his cock

into her pussy and started moving on him.He reach up for her chest and she

leaned forward so he could get a good handful.That must have put her in

contact with him just right because she started the moaning right away.

That’s when the O’Connell twins walked up - stark naked!Well, they were

wearing shoes, but you know what I mean.They had taken the step of leaving

their clothes at home and strolling naked in public.Kelly pushed his way into

the circle where Dawn was dancing.Dawn did the rest of her dance firmly

pressed against him.They kissed as she wriggled against him.She turned and

rubbed her ass against his front.She twirled all the way around keeping her

eyes and perky smile pointed right at him.In the last segment of the music,

she hopped up on him wrapping her legs around his waist and her arms around his

shoulders.She shook and wriggled to the music and lowered herself until his

hard, excited cock was at her entrance.

Dawn must have excited herself well with the coy, teasing dance and the images

she was trying to project.Kelly was ready, too.He was too nervous to get

hard when he was walking to school.He got over it as soon as he saw Dawn and

became the focus of her seductive dance.Dawn wriggled lower and lower and

Kelly went right in her.

“On the grass, Kelly.Do me again.You’re sooo good,” she said to him.

He answered by setting her gently on the ground, pounding his cock into her and

doing that special grind of his.

“Seen Shawn?” Emily asked me.

She was ready for their turn, but her partner wasn’t here yet.We both had a

lot of hands on us, but we’re getting used to it enough to carry on a

conversation.

“Dawn and Shawn came over last night.They left their clothes outside and

Kelly and I were naked.We did outreach on our parents.They were actually

wondering when we’d start.We got all snuggly in front of them.They

disappeared, wishing us a good night with enough emphasis on the ‘good’ that we

got it,” she told.”We ‘entertained’ our guests in bed.That was great.We

thought you and Dan were onto something, know we know.

“We were all gonna come in naked this morning, but Dawn’s been practicing that

dance since Tuesday.We timed it right, but Shawn’s not here and it’s our

turn.”

Shawn did get there a little later.His Dad was driving the car this time.

The naked Shawn got out looking down and sad.His dick was down and

sad-looking, too.I think that had more to do with the smashed fender on the

car than the nakedness of Shawn.

“Dad was giving me a bunch of crap about going naked.I got distracted and hit

the tree by our driveway.He blames the Program and going out naked for that.

It’ll get worse tonight,” he told us.

“Here.I’ll make you feel better, at least for the school day,” Emily invited.

She led him into the stripping area surrounded by the chanting crowd.She

pressed that luscious body against him, kissed him and wriggled.He didn’t

respond right away so she turned up the heat.She put his hands on her boobs,

arched her back and rubbed herself against his dick.She looked into his eyes

and smiled just for him.That made it as personal as she could.I don’t know

how Shawn resisted her first move, but he didn’t resist this one.His look

brightened, he smiled at Emily and from the way her wriggling changed, he got

hard.

She went back to the kissing and a hug.He took her in his arms and returned

both the hug and the kisses.His kisses went around to her ears and neck then

started down her chest.She has so much more boob than he could get in his

mouth that his face just smashed it against her chest.Boys all over the

audience started twitching in their pants over that.He kept his mouth working

her boobs while his hands went to her crotch.She got a really turned on look

on her face and her wriggles turned from aggression to reaction.He was really

getting to her.

They soon became the third couple of Program participants participating in sex

on the grass by the door.Emily lay back and let him show how well he was

getting over his problem with the car.

Melissa was getting off for maybe the second time and Bill was still going.

Dawn was enjoying Kelly’s technique for all it’s worth.She was all squeals

and moans and we all know that Kelly’s worth at least a triple.Emily had

Shawn wrapped in her legs and he had her reactions wrapped around the cock he

was thrusting into her.Somehow the term three-ring circus crossed my mind.

Dan got there walking naked from his car.The girls in the crowd took in the

eyeful, but some were a little disappointed that he wouldn’t be stripping this

morning.He came over to me and we exchanged warm, close hugs and deep,

passionate kisses.He was really feeling those.I could tell by the way his

whole body went into them.Is this gonna be a problem for me?Dan had more

emotion than just lust in those.I decided to tend to the lust anyway.

“I’ve had a little practice now.Let’s see if I can do this,” I said as my

hands and kisses slid down Dan’s body.

I dropped to my knees in front of him and regarded his big, erect cock with a

little humor.I wiggled it back and forth between my fingers then bobbed it up

and down a few times.I looked up at him with a teasing smile.

“I wanna see if you can do it, too,” he said recognizing the tease as a stall.

I pulled his cock toward me and kissed the tip of its head.It twitched.Dan

liked the idea, I could tell.I licked around the head, down and back up the

shaft then I kissed it again.I parted my lips and tried to spread them around

that head.I licked all over it with the tip of my tongue.With my mouth

open as wide at it’s ever been, I actually got the head and a couple of inches

of shaft into my mouth.I kept my tongue going on the underside of his cock,

but there wasn’t room to move it to either of the sides.I was afraid there

wasn’t room to keep my teeth out of the way.

I raised and lowered my head to slide him out and in.When his cock was mostly

out, my tongue could get around its head.When it went in, I concentrated on

breathing and pressed it as far in as it would go.It filled the back of my

mouth and never got into my throat.That tight pressure on him must have been

enough.After just a little sucking and stroking, Dan told me that he was

ready to come.I slid him all the way into me and started swallowing as soon

as I felt the extra stiffening in his shaft.

It worked.He came and I swallowed it. When he was finished, I licked him

clean and stood up.He lifted my face up to him, smiled tenderly and kissed me

again.The kiss stayed tender and his hug was cuddly.Ooh.I really like

this guy whether he’s coming on strong to get a piece or he’s tender and cuddly

afterward.

Melissa and Bill had finished and were cuddling all cozy and loving.Dawn was

in total collapse and Kelly was lying on her just as tired.It wasn’t too bad

for those two couples nor for Dan and me when the bell rang.Emily was in the

throes of her orgasm and Shawn had more work to do.He turned on the fucking

power and speed.Emily’s squeals turned to screams.I hadn’t heard Emily

that loud.They finished quickly, stood up slowly and staggered in right

behind the rest of us.

The eight of us went into the nearest bathroom, a girls’, to wash off.Some

girls were in there adding makeup, removing bras or adjusting clothes in some

way they didn’t want their mommies to know about.Those girls gazed at the

naked guys they’d just seen being so sexy.There were a lot of ‘Ooooh’ and

groping requests.It only took one grab at a sticky dick before they turned to

‘Ewww’ and gave us a chance to wash the boys off.

“Em?Those screams ... are you okay?Did I hurt you or were you just

sounding like Pam?” Shawn asked.

Emily gave me an apologetic look and answered, “Pam.It got really intense,

but maybe too much of a good thing.The sensation built up and got more

thrilling than ever, but didn’t last long enough for me to come.No complaint

at all, though.We did have to finish quickly.”

We all politely declined requests so we could get to homeroom on time.Mrs.

Miller took roll and let us go to our activities.This morning I was going to

see what I could do to help the hotrod club and what they could do to help me.

They didn’t know about that second part yet.

The auto shop is located on the lower level under the art and music wing.It

has a garage door that opens onto the driveway to the cafeteria service

entrance.Good place for it, right?Kind of far from the freshman wing,

though.I got there after all the members.

I expected those to be all guys including the ones I met on Tuesday.They were

there, plus more guys ... and a girl.Most of them were pulling on coveralls

over their school clothes.The girl’s clothes were rather baggy, so she

stripped to her knickers first.She didn’t wear a bra and the knickers were

tight little thongs.Her body was very slim, but not bony.She has a little

more on her than Amy everywhere except her boobs.They stuck out as two points

from her chest - not very full or big around.I thought it was strange that

she didn’t pay any attention to doing that in front of the boys and more that

they didn’t pay any attention to her.

They all paid plenty of attention to me.Eyes from all over the shop looked me

up and down, including the girl’s.One guy I recognized from Tuesday brought

coveralls over to me.

“Hey, you did show up.We were afraid you’d feel too important after last

night.These are pretty much a uniform here.Even bare skin would take a lot

of scrubbing if you don’t keep the grease off,” he offered.

“I appreciate the thought ...” I paused and looked at him as a way of asking his

name.

“Oh, call me Hubcap,” he sort of introduced.

“It’s Herman,” Jesus Valdez got revenge about the name from Tuesday.”But none

of us call him that.At least not ‘til he walks down an aisle.”

“Well, Hubcap, I appreciate the thought, but until there’s actual grease or

sparks or something it would be a Program violation for me to put that on.I

don’t ever wear anything anyway,” I turned down the coverall.

That got me smiles and more intense ogling from the whole hotrod club.The

girl grabbed a notebook full of papers and brought it to a table near me.

“Hi, Pam.I’m Liz ... “ the girl introduced.

“Lizzie the lez,” from Valdez answered a lot of my questions.

Liz rolled her eyes and went on, “They say you might be able to help with this

transmission program.We want to get it to shift down at lower speed under

heavy load and lock the clutch at lower speed under light load.Ya know how

they do that?”

“Umm ... No.I don’t drive yet,” I had to confess.

“Neither do some of them,” she indicated the club guys with a laugh.”And the

rest only think they do.”

“None of us totaled anything, Crash.That’s her other name,” Hubcap continued

the banter about nicknames.

Liz went into rpm, throttles, manifold vacuum and gear shifting.She had lots

of help from all the boys.They were all interested in ‘working’ with me.I

gave them all a lot of smiles, coy looks and made sure they could see all of me

they wanted to.When each one tried to show me something, I’d snuggle up to

him ... or her ... and give a friendly smile.After a while, I started a

little suggestive touching on their leg or pressed my boob into their arm while

I was looking at what they were showing.

The papers are the program listing and notes for the transmission computer.

They showed me several tables in the program that relate rpm and throttle to

what gear the car is supposed to use.Their problem is with manifold vacuum.

That’s supposed to be how the computer figures out which table to use.

“When we tried to just mess with the tables, we wound up asking the car to do

more than one thing at the same time or getting the gear sequences backwards.

If you can fix the program, we send the changes and thirty dollars to this web

site and they make us a new program chip,” Liz said pointing to the logo on the

listing pages.

“Oh, wow.That’s gonna take a few hours of headscratching.If I can take

this, I’ll try to do it this weekend, but it’s more than I can do now,” I told

them as I closed the book and set it aside.”Besides, there’s something else I

want to scratch.”

I stepped up to Hubcap, unzipped his coveralls and reached inside them around to

grab his ass.

“Who’s interested in fucking?” I invited.

“Who’d you like to fuck?” he asked.

“All of you,”I answered.

That put my hope for the morning on the line.My idols Beth Finch took on the

football team and Karen Wagner got it from a gang of college guys even though it

wasn’t her idea.That’s the experience I want - to be gang banged.This is

the group most likely to do a good job on me.

Hubcap smiled, shrugged out of the coveralls and groped my ass in return.

“No shit?””You won’t throw us in our lockers?””All of us?” and “With you?”

came from the disbelieving guys.

“That’s exactly what I mean.I thought I’ve been friendly enough to give you

ideas,” I answered.

Most of the other guys started climbing out of their clothes, too.Liz rolled

her eyes and turned away to leave.I grabbed her arm and pulled her back to

face me.

“You, too, Liz.I’m getting good at the licking.If you’re the first one on

my face, the girl-on-girl action will get these guys sooo horny,” I invited.

Liz’ smile was as big as Hubcap’s when she unzipped her coverall.While she

was pushing it down over her hips, I put my hand inside her thong and helped her

get ready.She straightened right up with a gasp when I got to her clit.

The only one who wasn’t undressing to get ready for me was Jesus.He caught my

look.

“I’m with Rosa.You da next best one I ever seen, but I’m not gonna mess it up

wit her,” he explained.

“You’re a great guy, Jesus.She’s lucky.Stay that way,” I responded to him.

I lay across the table with my pussy sticking out past one edge and my head

hanging over the other.Hubcap got between my legs and started using his hands

to get my pussy wet all over.Liz came to my head.By the time her legs were

spread wide enough to make room for my head, her pussy was at just the right

height for my mouth.Her pointy tits stuck out above me and jiggled when she

wiggled her hips in front of me.I reached for the strings of her thong and

pulled it down.Her pussy is as bald as mine.How convenient is that for a

girl who gets most of her sex orally?

The boys got good looks at both our pussies until other things got in the way.

Hubcap got close up between my legs and put his cock into my vagina.He used

gentle pressure and had put my juices around himself.He went in easily and it

felt great.He pushed all the way in slowly and it felt more than great when

he pinched my clit with his body.He pulled out and thrust in with slow

strength and put that pinch on me each time.

Liz straddled over my face so I could get to her pussy.I licked upward for

me, but that was downward for her.My tongue got to her labia, inner and

outer.My arms reached around her and stroked her ass.She moaned and

wriggled against me, so I figured that she liked what I was doing.I wasn’t

getting her clit, though.I was licking the wrong way.I ran my tongue the

other way.The bottom of my tongue raked through her slit and got under her

hood.I could feel her little nub and hear her moans get louder.I knew I

had it, so I kept the tip of my tongue working at that sensitive spot.

I was doing some wriggling of my own.Hubcap had me going and I was returning

the action.He held on and kept up his thrusting despite my bucking.My legs

around his ass may have helped him hold on.I did start screaming - right into

Liz’ pussy.Somehow that thrilled her and got her off.She got off and fell

off.When she came, her wriggles became wobbles.She caught the explosion of

her orgasm, stiffened all over, then collapsed.She literally fell off my

face.

Hubcap kept working in my pussy.The more I screamed, the harder he drove into

me.The more my hips bucked, the more he went with it to thrust faster.My

first orgasm broke over me and I sat up in a convulsive reaction.I was

sitting almost straight up, only leaning back enough to keep my weight on the

table, shaking and shuddering through the orgasm.That must have thrilled

Hubcap because he got off just then.He drove his cock hard into me and held

it all the way in.I pulled my legs tight around his ass.I could feel his

cock pulsing and my pussy got a lot wetter.

I relaxed a little more quickly than he did.My legs let go of his butt and my

arms grabbed his shoulders.I hope he didn’t mind the taste of Liz’ juices

when I kissed him.He didn’t seem to, but then he was still too wobbly to make

much of an objection.He slid out of me and I let him back away to make room

for the next one.

I turned to lie on the table the long way so my head would be supported this

time.The next guy got between my legs and slipped in with no trouble at all.

He ran his hands all over my legs, the side of my hips and up over most of my

abs.Some of the other guys got some more courage and started using their

hands on me, too.Guys on either side of me were rubbing my boobs, shoulders,

neck and one was stroking my face.I was feeling thrilled all over.

I reached around the two guys who were doing my boobs and ran my hands up and

down their asses.I could see their hard cocks react with twitches and precum.

It took a few pushes and pulls to get them where I could reach, but then I got

their cocks in my hands and tried to start stroking.I was trying to bring off

three guys at once.Didn’t work.I was feeling all the thrilling stimulation

and went right into another screaming orgasm.My legs grabbed the guy fucking

me, my hips bucked and the rest of me convulsed up off the table and screamed.

I forgot what my hands were trying to do.Hope I didn’t do anything that hurt

them.I think they enjoyed what ever happened.They kept up working on me.

They stroked, kissed, licked and nibbled at my boobs.The boobs might still be

almost flat, but the nipples and puffy areolas work, so they should have got

some feedback for their efforts.It all went to another great orgasm for me.

The guy lasted longer than I did.I was finished for the moment and relaxed on

the table.He was still going strong and doing a great job.He was doing

nice things with his hands and every thrust was getting to my clit.The guys

around me kept up the strokes and mouth action, but they didn’t think it was

necessary for me to hold their cocks.I did reach around two of them again and

dig my fingers into their asses.

My moans got stronger and rose to screams as all of that took effect again.

Yep, I was getting into another orgasm.Too bad that had the effect of putting

the guy over.He came just as I started bucking.He tried the natural

guy-thing of driving in deep, but my hips kept a lot of motion going.He

started screaming.Well, bellowing.

When he finished shooting all his load into me, he managed to stammer, “GGawd

that was good.”

I was still all excited and really ready for the next one.I gasped, whimpered

and beckoned for someone to get into my pussy.The next guy tried to oblige.

He was plenty ready, but I was too eager.I got my legs around him and pulled

tight before he got lined up with me.He was caught tight against me with his

cock sticking straight up.All the laughter brought me down just enough to

release him and see the humor.

He got into me and got to work.He wasn’t too concerned about whether I was

having a good time.It was all too obvious.He went at me hard and fast.

There were still hands all over me and I think the ones on my face were

feminine.They all felt great.None of them were letting their faces get too

close.My wild bucking and moving could be dangerous.

This guy’s fast thrusting got me back into an orgasm quickly.I screamed

through it, did another sitting convulsion and started to relax again.He

didn’t even slow down.The constant stimulation kept me from relaxing.I may

have only done two moans before they turned back to screams.Even in my state

I could tell that these screams were weaker.The fucking and hand action

brought me through another orgasm just as the guy finished.My screams got

only a little stronger and my body tried to sit up, but didn’t go far.

I collapsed back on the table, breathing in gasps.The next guy took his turn,

but all I remember is that he entered me and his first few thrusts felt good.

I think that’s the point where I learned where the term “Fuck your brains out”

came from.My brain and body went into total reflex responses.Liz said

later that my hips kept bucking and the guys thought I liked the sex, but there

weren’t any more distinct orgasms.All I did was roll my head back and forth

and moan a lot.All the boys had a turn.Hubcap and one other came back for

seconds.

They didn’t leave me alone on the table.The table is all metal and can take a

little water.They got a hose and started washing me off.Liz said she was

gentle when she squirted some of the water in to douche me out.The table and

I were both clean and nearly dry by the time I came around.There were towels

in the hands of happy, satisfied boys all over me.

All that rubbing attention would have aroused me normally.This time it did

nothing.I was finished, at least for a while.I checked myself over.

Legs, pussy, abs, boobs - everything looked normal for just finishing sex, but I

couldn’t feel much.I tried to sit up and got that far.When I tried to

stand, Liz grabbed my arm just in time.I wobbled and leaned against her.

Standing was hard.Walking was impossible.I sat on the table again.

The guys were all with exclamations and praise about the wild sex - both

quantity and quality.The ones who fucked me were still naked, but there

wasn’t a hardon among them.Jesus did have a tentpole in his pants and looked

very uncomfortable.I sat while they all got dressed.That time helped.

When they were ready, I could stand okay and walk slowly.

“It’ll take you forever to get to the freshman wing, Pam.Let’s start early.

It’s almost time for the bell,” Liz suggested.

I sometimes get a lot of stimulation just from walking when I’m all swollen

after sex.Not this time.I was still numb.Liz was right.It was slow

going.We got upstairs into the art and music wing just as the bell rang.At

least we didn’t have to worry about hall passes.I could go a little faster in

the hall after navigating the stairs.The two guys with arms around me looked

like they were getting a reasonable request.

I was a lot closer to normal when we passed the office.Mr. Carlson and Mr.

N’Dantu were in the hall as they often are.

“Pam, can we talk with you a moment?” the principal asked.

“Huh?” my mouth answered before my mind was in gear.

The entire hotrod club vanished, leaving me with the notebook of transmission

programs.That was perfectly understandable.I can imagine the school

administration is not among their favorite people.The feeling turned out to

be mutual.I managed to lean against the wall near the two men.

“You look like you had quite a time.That gang ... group doesn’t have the

greatest regard for rules.I wanted to be sure you weren’t forced to do

anything,” the principal said.

“Mmm,” I started trying to give a look of satisfaction.”It was quite a time

and all my own idea.I picked them because I thought they’d have the guts to

actually do me this much.I’m also helping them with their car.They’re

treating me with respect, so I’m being nice to them.”

“Glad to hear that.We’re on the lookout for Program problems, but we’re not

hearing of very many.That’s unusual compared to what we’ve read about other

school’s first introductions.Do you know any areas we should look into?” he

asked point blank, giving me my chance.

“Well, you know how we’re supposed to obey a teacher in class, then make any

complaints after the fact?I hope you understand that’s what I’m doing, and

only because you asked,” I set up what I’d been waiting days to tell.”Our

English class with Miss Forester?She has us sit separately and leave the room

before the rest of the class.It feels humiliating.She never calls on any

of us and class participation is part of the grade.Umm ... There’s a thing

about relief, too.You’ll have to see for yourself.Can you listen in?

“The other area is a rough relationship with the cheerleaders.They don’t seem

to be getting it.It’s like the Program is a threat to them.”

“I’ll make a point of eavesdropping on your class this morning.Don’t do

anything beyond the basic Program.Let me see what she’s all about.I’ll

have to ask her about the cheerleaders, too.She didn’t impress me last

night,” he said.”By the way, Nikki seems to be okay this morning.She had a

partially collapsed lung under those displaced ribs.That and her heart were

stable this morning after they got her bones back in place.”

“Thanks for telling me.That poor girl’s gonna hurt for a month,” I responded.

“The police called already this morning.They want to ask some questions.Do

you know why?” he asked.

I told him about Nikki’s accusation and that Coach Reeves and Miss Forester had

also heard it.I also admitted checking the box on the form to make sure it

didn’t get buried.

“Oh.Pending what I hear during your class, that could be strike three for

Miss Forester.She really should have reported that accusation.Coach

Reeves, too, and that part I don’t understand at all,” he said with a scowl of

concern.”Thanks for talking to me, Pam.Hope you feel like walking faster.

You have to get going now.Have a day as good as it started.”

I could actually walk faster after that much more rest.It wasn’t fast enough

to evade any more interruptions, though.A girl closed her locker and stepped

away just as I went by.

“Pam?” she got my attention.”I’m Heather, one of the cheerleaders?I was

wondering if you know anything about Nikki?”

I finally recognized her from the times she was with Britney.She’s the one

who’s not Nikki.I told her what I’d just heard from the principal.

“Thanks for sharing,” she said.”I know some of us cheerleaders have been

rough on you, but that’s changing.Some of us don’t like the Program and take

it out on you ‘cause you represent it so strongly.You picked up a lot of

respect last night.In fact I think the only one who doesn’t respect you is

Britney even though you smacked her down pretty good.Don’t judge the rest of

us by her.”

I just smiled at her.I was thinking of how hard the Program could be if that

cheerleading squad didn’t get with it.This wasn’t the time to give her a

lecture, so I just smiled, nodded and went on my way.The warning bell rang

when I was near the freshman wing, so there weren’t any requests to delay my

trek to biology class.The only one to even interrupt my walk was Mrs. Miller,

the biology teacher.

“I’ve been called to the office, Pam.There’s supposed to be a substitute.

Please tell him to start with what we discussed,” she said as she hurried past.

Chapter 15.Thursday Classes

I crashed into my seat in biology.It’s right in front of Emily and beside

Kelly and Dan.

“What club?” asked Emily.

“Hotrod,” was the quick answer.

“Gang bang?They’re the ones who would,” asked Dan.

“Loud and long,” another quick answer.”How about you?”

“No sex, just physics club,” he said.

“Music composition,” said Emily and Kelly together.

It was well after the bell rang and everyone in the class was quietly chatting

when a thirtysomething guy entered.

“Class,” he got out attention.”Class, I’m Mr. Bartholomew and I’ll be

substituting for Mrs. Miller for most of the day while she’s doing Program

things.She is supposed to do this class, though.Is she around?”

I raised my hand and reported, “She was called to the office already, sir.She

says you’re supposed to start right in with what you talked about.”

“Okay.The good news is that I’ve seen all the tapes and I have a good idea

what comes next.The bad news is that we want you Program participants to wait

‘til later for your relief,” he started.

“How much later?” Kelly and Emily asked in twin sync.

“Umm ... Next hour?Sorry.This topic is about arousal and we want those

effects to show rather than be relieved,” he answered.

The cameraman arrived and started setting up.We all waited.When the camera

was about ready, Mr. Bartholomew summoned all four of us to the front.Emily

and I sat on the edge of the desk and the guys stood to either side.

“Damn,” the substitute whispered, then aloud, “You’re ... all ... such wonderful

specimens.This is a better Program start than the schools expected.”

He emphasized the ‘all’ to include us, but his eyes were riveted on Emily.He

took extra effort to study some notes in Mrs. Miller’s lesson plan.

When the camera was ready, he started, “We’ll start by discussing what things

stimulate sexual arousal.I’ll ask the girls, please, what stimulates boys?”

“Attractive visual sights,” I started.”One glance at Emily will give every

guy in here a serious pocket rocket.”

Mr. Bartholomew cleared his throat, the class roared and all the boys adjusted

their erections.Emily blushed and she punched my arm.

“That is an important source, isn’t it boys?” the teacher asked.

“That’s why I have to be so careful about Emily being my sister,” Kelly

responded.

Emily looked startled, reached past me and punched him.Dan and his cock both

nodded in agreement.

“Then, boys, do you think girls have the same response to visual stimuli?” was

the next question.

“They respond when they like what they see, but it’s not the same mechanism and

doesn’t get quite the same result as with guys,” Dan answered and Kelly grunted

agreement.

Emily looked Kelly up and down with a sly smile, then rolled her eyes and shook

her head.The class roared again and Kelly blushed.

“Can any of you cast light on what that difference is?” the questions got

deeper.

Emily thought she had something, “Guys imagine what they want to do with what

they see.A sexy sight has to remind a girl of something she wants to relive

before it gets that much reaction.”

That sounded good to me and the teacher pronounced, “Very good.That’s what

many studies have shown.

“Okay, now what are some non-visual stimulations, other than touching?”

Kelly answered, “Attention.Just knowing you have the other person’s attention

can build stimulation.”

Dan was sooo sweet with his answer.The problem is that too many other girls

know about him now.

“Little things like politeness, concern, strength of character, courage, sweet

nothings in the ear, cuddling, gifts, remembering birthdays - all mean more to

girls.Guys are more of the physical,” he said.”That stuff gets girls in

the mood and that’s the most important stimulation.”

“Absolutely!” agreed every girl in the room.

“Okay, let’s get to the physical - touching.What touches turn you on, boys?”

Mrs. Miller had returned and joined right in.

“Damn!She’s naked, too,” Mr. Bartholomew whispered behind us.

Kelly was first again, “Kissing’s a biggie, and for girls, too.”

“After that, anything that lets me know she’s interested in more of the physical

- it’s in the idea more than the touch,” Dan was showing off way too much.

“Girls, what do you think are the boys’ most direct stimulations?” Mrs. Miller

asked.

Emily eyed Dan’s cock and I wrapped my fist around Kelly’s.I gave a few

strokes.The class chanted and encouraged us.He shot precum and whined when

I quit stroking.

Dan went another step again, “A light feminine touch below my naval gets a

reaction from me.”

Emily stroked his abs from the naval downward.Dan gasped and his precum

spurted, too.Emily and I exchanged a look.We’re always learning something

and this was new to the whole class from their silence.

“What about touching girls?Where do they like it, boys?” moved the discussion

along.

“Ya know, if they’re in the mood you can’t do it wrong.If not, you can’t do

it right,” Dan said.

He lightly stroked his fingertips across Emily’s back.That made her shiver

and shake her boobs.When she finished, her nipples were out and hard.

“I see I’m right.We have some serious experience in this group,” Mrs. Miller

said.

Three fourths of us were virgins on Monday.That leaves one guess where she

was looking for all that experience.

“Now guys, I want you to pick a spot on a girl that’s on the list of exciting

places, but not at the top.Touch her there, then we’ll have her rate from 1

to 10 how exciting that spot usually is for her.We’re trying to build up, not

have her scream on the first touch,” Mrs. Miller instructed and the class

laughed about the screaming.”Dan, go ahead.”

He held Emily’s head and gently kissed her neck below her ear.

“Ooh.I get it.That’s a three.Ear and neck work great early on, but

would be overpowered by stronger sensations later,” she reported.

Kelly kissed me directly on the lips, but without tongue.

“Kissing is great for getting me in the mood.A personal, passionate kiss gets

a six for that.Later on, kisses get overwhelmed by other stuff, too.Once

my mind is on, kisses are about a four,” I said then scowled at Kelly.”Either

time only gets half credit without tongue action.”

Dan bent down, put his mouth over one of Emily’s nipples and sucked as much of

her breast into his mouth as he could.Emily sat straight up, squealed and

tried to thrust the rest of her boob in there.That left her boob smashed

between her chest and Dan’s face.She held his head and wriggled as she made

sure there was as much boob available as Dan wanted.With Emily, that’s a lot

of boob.He kept up the sucking and a lot of tongue action until Mrs. Miller

tapped his shoulder.

“Oh, damn!” exclaimed Emily.”I have to be in the mood before my boobs do me

any good.If I’m ready, they’re usually sevens and eights.What he just did

almost got me off!”

Kelly leaned in close, reached around my back and grabbed a boob.I think that

was so it wouldn’t feel left out.His real touch was to run his hand gently up

my inner thighs.He spread his fingers so he got both legs at the same time.

The numbness from the gangbang chose that moment to wear off.All my nerves

re-connected and went off at the same time.It was my turn to squeal.The

puffy parts of both boobs popped out and gave Kelly’s hand more to play with.

The sensations on my legs made me thrust up to get my pussy to his hand.He

was saving that touch, so he pulled away.I snuggled against him for the

seconds it took me to get ready to speak.

“That’s a solid nine, and you know where the only things better than that are,”

I said.”The big reason I keep my legs around guys when they’re fucking me is

to keep that sensation going.”

Dan reached between Emily’s legs and got even more squealing.He stroked her

labia and put a finger inside her.He tried to take his hand away after a few

seconds.Emily was having none of that.She hugged his arm and pressed his

hand against her vulva.She shook through an orgasm with a lot of bucking,

squeals and gasps.Her recovery took as long as the climax.

“Oh, yeah,” she finally gasped.”That was great.It got me off in no

uncertain terms.A clear ten.He was all over my vulva and got that spot up

inside my vagina.You could tell I liked it the way I wouldn’t let him stop.”

Kelly put one finger at the top of my slit and pulled back my hood.He used

the next finger to tweak my clit.I exploded.I fell back onto the desk and

thrust my pussy up at him.I was moving so much that he couldn’t keep a light

teasing touch on my most sensitive place.He wound up knocking it this way and

that, pinching and stroking it.Needless to say, I wasn’t quiet.Mr.

Bartholomew became concerned about all the screaming and moved to help me.

Mrs. Miller stopped him with, “I’d worry if Pam didn’t make this much noise.”

Kelly saw to it that I had a complete orgasm, then helped me sit up.

“Eleven!” I squeaked and went back to trying to recover.

Mrs. Miller went into her lecture, “We’ve seen the result of built-up

stimulation on the girls.When they were that ready, even slight touch on very

sensitive places had dramatic effect.

“What I want to cover now are the ways we can tell about someone’s arousal.

Certainly the boys’ erections are a clear sign.Drops of precum, spurting,

heavy breathing and dry mouths are additional signs.

“We saw both girls’ nipples stiffen, they flushed red and also were breathing

heavily.They also have a good flow of lubricating juices.A less obvious

indication is when a girl presses a sensitive area into the hand or whatever is

stimulating it.That’s a direct indication that she wants more.

“These Program participants have done well with class discussions.Spend the

rest of the hour on that.I have to begin some Program duties now.Mr.

Bartholomew will be set for the rest of the day when the video is finished.

Good luck to you.Some of the questions get interesting.”

She left and we entertained questions from the class.They were mostly serious

and to the point.

“What does the screaming mean?” was supposed to be an attempt at humor.

I actually had an answer, “It means that I’ve abandoned my inhibitions.In the

throes of a great orgasm, I’ve forgotten about everything else but how I feel

and the reactions are all reflexive.As you can tell just among us, everyone

does that differently.”

“You don’t have any inhibitions,” quipped Emily to get the kind of laugh I got

at her expense.

The bell soon rang.Emily and I used our towels to clean off the teacher’s

desk.It looked we had been as excited as we were.

There was a crowd waiting for us in the hall.I got cornered at my locker.

There were requests to touch my boobs, my ass, my abs, my legs and one guy asked

to put a finger in my pussy.I was as sensitive as I could get and went into

another orgasm quickly.All those guys with their hands on me held me up and

did a pretty good job.I came down from the climax and looked around.Emily

was getting the same treatment and enjoying it as much.Some girls had Kelly

and Dan surrounded.

I heard the boys saying, “That’s enough.You can touch, but don’t make me

come.Not yet.”

I think they had to push girls’ hands away.I didn’t push anyone away.The

guys around me kept going gently.One even brought a towel.

He started wiping the flowing juices from my legs and said, “There.Maybe you

won’t need relief in English and stick us with another quiz.”

“Sorry.It’s about the Program, not the relief,” I whispered to him and he

went away pissed.

Emily got the same treatment and message.The way the boys resisted, they were

still as ready as the biology class had made them.

We waited a little while after the warning bell, then took our seats in English.

The students who did look at us scowled.There was a definite chill in that

room.The chill didn’t come only from the students.Miss Forester tried to

start the class without asking about relief again.Kelly and Dan both raised

their hands and spoke up asking for relief.

“Unnggh,” Miss Forester groaned.”They make me let you, but I would have

thought you learned last time.You’re AP students after all.If you have to,

get up here, but be ready for consequences.”

The boys went to the front of the room.Emily and I followed right behind.

Dan backed up against the wall and put one leg forward for Emily to straddle.

She grabbed his cock and started stroking.They had done that Tuesday morning

when they were looking for a way to help each other.Emily jacked him off with

her hands and rubbed her pussy up and down his leg.

Kelly sat me on the stool against the wall again.I eagerly let him slide

right into me and start his action.I surely didn’t need relief, but I’ll take

a time with Kelly even when I don’t need it.His pinching and grinding action

got me excited again and got me off quickly.He must have been right on the

edge after biology class and the requests in the hall.I came twice with all

his action, but he didn’t last through that third time.I hugged him and

brought him onto my lap again while we recovered.

Emily had collapsed on Dan.She was just hanging on him and he was holding her

gently.They both had stuff running down them like I did.Even with that

gorgeous supermodel with the luscious body in his arms, Dan was looking and

smiling at me.

Miss Forester had her back to us again.Her arms were folded in a particularly

angry gesture of body English.Emily and I used our towels on ourselves, the

boys and the classroom.We got back into our seats well within the five

minutes.

Miss Forester started on the quiz, “The chapter assigned for homework has 20

questions at the end.You have 15 minutes to copy the questions and answer

them.It will be graded as a quiz with no makeup this time.”

Most of the class simply tore filled pages from their notebooks.Miss Forester

caught on and got terribly angry about students conspiring against her.

“Is that the way it is?” she stormed.”Nevermind that assignment.Your quiz

is to write a two-page essay on which is more important - English class or the

Program.Fifteen minutes.Begin.”

At that point a noticeable click came from the PA speaker in that room.The PA

system is usually used for general announcements.It can also speak to one or

any combination of rooms.It can even be used as an intercom by reversing the

speaker to hear replies from the classroom.That listening part doesn’t need

to be announced.It’s eavesdropping, of course, and rude.I’m one who thinks

a certain teacher’s approach to the Program is worse.

I tried to write; I really did.A glorious double from Kelly on top of all the

other sex had messed up my brain again.I wrote something I thought was

coherent and the English looked good.I only got half a page written when I

ran out of things to say.I sat still for a while, then added a little more.

I hope I was coherent after all that sex.If the teacher can’t find good

grammar, clear thought and coherent argument, I’m in trouble.She sure as hell

won’t like my conclusion.

The rest of the class was a reasonable lesson about the chapter material.Of

course, Miss Forester wouldn’t dream of calling on any undressed students, so we

were shut out again.There was another click from the PA speaker just before

the bell.As usual, Miss Forester dismissed naked students a minute before the

rest of the class.

As soon as we were out of Miss Forester’s sight, I gave a liberal distribution

of high fives to my partners.Some quick whispers confirmed that they heard

the clicks, too.I mentioned my comments to the administration.My sharp

partners added all that up very quickly and returned the high fives.

I dropped my book bag in my locker and got out the camera case.That started

me behind my partners, but I couldn’t walk fast enough to catch up.

“Wait up, guys,” I whined.

The three of them came back and walked with me.

“Too much sex, Pam,” scolded Dan.”You’re cut off for the rest of the day.I

want you to have something left for tonight.”

The three of them giggled at that.I just smiled at Dan.That’s what was in

my plans, too.Kelly and Emily asked what I had in the case.I told them how

I was surprised by a present last night.They came into the art room and

looked the camera over.I showed them some of the pictures of Dan I had in it.

“This is one awesome camera, Pam.Most of the pros I’ve worked with don’t have

‘em quite this good,” Emily said.

“That’s true,” Mrs. Santucci had come up behind me.”It is a bit much for

class or even for the photo club.”

“I know.That’s just how my Dad is,” I shrugged it off.

A moment later, Kelly and Emily had gone to orchestra and Crystal and Brian came

over.Crystal was her normal bouncy self with her boobs bobbling with every

bounce.Brian was down and soft, looking like he didn’t need relief.

“You should have seen Brooke,” she started.”You know how she’s been.Well

we got relief in English.Brooke was all over Steve.They fucked right there

in class.”

“My girlfriend’s gonna be sooo pissed,” Steve said behind me.”She took care

of me Monday and Tuesday nights, but she’s in the hospital now.Brooke did all

the right stuff and I was soo horny.What are the chances Nikki will

understand?”

“Your girlfriend is Nikki!?” I exclaimed.

I punched Steve in the stomach and turned my back on him again.I don’t know

if Nikki’ll understand, but I sure don’t.I’m not in a committed relationship,

so I think I’m free to fuck every cock I see.I’d like to think that if I did

have a relationship, I’d know the bounds and not cross them.

A girl came bouncing out of the back room with the computer projector.She’s

oriental with a dark tan, no suit lines, black hair, bright black eyes and a

radiant smile that lights the room.She’s short, maybe five feet even, and

small all over.Her legs, hips, and shoulders are well proportioned for a

petite girl.Her ass is round, smooth and cute.Her boobs are flat - as flat

as mine.They ripple very nicely when she bounces and she bounces all the

time.This was all quite visible because she was thoroughly naked.

“Hi, guys.Hi, Crystal,” she greeted.

“Hi, Miss Wang,” Crystal returned.”This is Pam.”

“Ooh.The infamous Pam.I wondered if I’d ever get to meet you,” she said to

me.

Miss Wang went on her way before I could recover enough to answer.Another

person called me infamous.I eventually rolled my eyes.

“She’s a student teacher in junior English, and yes, she as much fun in class as

it looks,” Brian explained.”We just did that relief in front of her and it

didn’t bother her any.”

“I wish freshman English was fun,” I grumbled.

Mrs. Santucci arrived naked as usual, called the class to order and introduced,

“Miss Wang has been drafted to handle this class while I have some things to do

with the Program committee.I’m sure you will all give her your cooperation.”

The teacher left and the student said, “You don’t need a babysitter, do you?”

The resounding “No” was followed by a little silence while we thought over what

that had meant.We stayed well behaved.

“Excuse that I’m not asking about relief.You guys don’t need it so soon, do

you?” she got snickers from a lot of juniors.”Today’s class plan is to go

over the photos you took for homework.I’m told that Pam would be a good one

to start with.Connect here and we’ll get your shots on the projector.”

I plugged in my camera and got the pictures of Dan on the screen.The pictures

got “Ooh” from all the girls in the class.They should have known I’d have

nude pictures.I went through how I could change the lens or shutter and the

camera would balance the other to get the right exposure.I also pointed out

how the tripod kept the camera still so there wasn’t any motion blur even with a

slow shutter.The pictures included objects along one wall from near the

camera to a few feet past Dan.I showed how much of that was in focus at

different lens openings.

“Okay.I’m glad there’s someone in here who can actually teach this stuff.

It isn’t exactly English,”Miss Wang got blushes and popped nipples from me.

She called most of the rest of the class for their turns.Crystal had just

finished about a half hour into the class when Mrs. Santucci’s voice came over

the PA speaker asking her to go to the office.Crystal returned and Brian was

called about 20 minutes later.I gave them quizzical looks.Something was

going on about the Program and that scared me today.

“Just a conference.You’ll get your turn, but freshmen are last,” Crystal

clued me with a tease.

I packed the camera when the bell rang, then met Kelly, Emily and Dan in the

hall.

“I don’t want to leave this around.I’ll put it in my locker and eat late.

See you in the courtyard,” I tried to excuse myself.

The O’Connells looked up at Dan behind me and must have seen a signal.They

waved and took off for the cafeteria.Dan walked with me.I’d had another

class hour of recovery time, so I could at least walk normally.The trip to

the freshman wing and back was still gonna be long.Dan walked with me right

past the cafeteria.He put his arm around me and pulled me tight against him

as we walked.

“You know we have to eat as partners,” he reminded.”Besides, someone has to

keep you from getting laid any more today.”

That made a great excuse, but didn’t excuse the affection in that squeeze nor in

his smile and tone of voice.He made small talk asking about how the pictures

went over and I told him the gossip about Brooke and Nikki’s boyfriend.

“It was probably just relief - mutual relief like I do with Emily,” he said.

“Brooke had a slow start with her Program week.She probably has a serious

build-up of passion and is starting to get oversexed.You know how that goes.”

I do know about being oversexed, especially today.He convinced me to give

Brooke and Steve both the benefit of the doubt.We walked back to the

cafeteria squeezed together as tightly as we could get.Dan had been hard

since we met outside the auditorium.Now he was throbbing and dripping.

Right.He’s going to keep me away from sex?

The cafeteria line was gone when we got there, so we went straight through and

sat at our marked places.The others at that table were mostly freshmen from

art class.They wanted to know more about the homework.Some of them still

had their cameras, so we spent a lot of time on class stuff.That gave Dan a

chance to recover enough to eat.I had a huge lunch to make up for all the

other activity of the morning.

Most of the students in third lunch were in the courtyard watching Kelly and

Dawn or Emily and Shawn.You don’t need to guess what they were doing.They

were thoroughly enjoying it, too.Our table got outside with only a little

time left.Some girls pounced right on Dan.He lasted almost a minute.

Where he had been dripping before lunch, he was now spurting semen all over the

girl giving him a hand job.

Some of the girls from art class gathered around me to keep talking about class.

That was fine for all but one guy.The wiseguy swaggered up to me.

“Can’t get laid today?” he asked.”You need a guy with a really big dick - me.

C’mon, I’ll show you what a great fuck is.”

“Let’s see,” I answered.

He just stood there, so I challenged, “If it’s that big, whip it out and show

us.Let all of us see.”

The girls looked a little shocked.He turned white and stammered.I

concluded I was safe.I held my hand out at his crotch level.

“You put your big dick and balls right here in my hand and you can have me,” I

taunted.”If not, don’t bother us.We’ll bother you when you’re in the

Program.”

He fled.

The sexy screwing couples finished in plenty of time before the bell.Dan was

down and relaxed, but only as long as it took him to get me in his arms again.

We were arm-in-arm with Dan rising to the stimulation when we passed the juniors

in the cafeteria line.We exchanged smiles and Crystal rolled her eyes over

Brooke.That girl was handling four guys’ requests including one with his

fingers up her vagina.

We stopped in a restroom again and washed off.Well, they did because I hadn’t

done anything messy.

On our way past the office, the long arm of Mr. Carlson snatched Dawn off her

feet and dragged her in for her conference.That’s a little dramatic, isn’t

it?He politely asked her to join them and sent word to their next teacher

with Shawn.

Dan kept walking with me.Just after we turned into the freshman wing, he

pulled me into a big kiss.He wrapped one arm around me and up my back.The

other arm went around and down to my ass.It felt like I was wrapped in

clothes, but these held me sooo tight.I reached around his shoulders and held

his head while I returned the kiss.He made it feel like more than a kiss.

His big dick was hard between us, but he wasn’t using the kiss to start any sex

play.This was all emotion and he poured a lot of that into the kiss.It

made me want to return all I could.I held him and ran my tongue slowly around

his mouth.We kept going until the warning bell rang.

He left a stringy trail of precum on my belly and on his.There was also a

trail of juices running down my leg.That was some kiss.I got my bookbag

and retrieved a towel.Dan took the towel and used it to wipe me off ever so

gently.We went into history class in each others’ arms and wearing big

smiles.

History wasn’t dull.It was more about prehistory.There just wasn’t

anything Program-like about it until study time started.I was trying to write

out a script for our skit.I got interrupted by something two guys must have

rehearsed.

“Hmm,” said one.”What can we do now?”

“Not much going on.Maybe we can sit back and watch Pam’s boobs grow,” said

the other.

I perked up, thrust out my chest and displayed it around in all directions.I

took a handful, lifted and squeezed it.The whole class laughed with me about

that, which was all that saved those guys from starting their Program time

early.Mr. Siever dropped his scowl when he saw my reaction and how I was

turning it into a good time for everyone.

That’s also when Dan got called to the office.He sighed and left.Twenty

minutes later, I was ready to show the script around to my partners when Kelly

was called to the office.He was ready, of course, so he just went.Emily

and Dan got a chance to read through the script.We were to talk about it

later at Dan’s.

We don’t have to go very far from history to algebra, so that’s usually a time

for lots of requests.No different today, except that Kelly was still in the

office.Lots of students felt this and that, gave and got hugs, and inspected

every part of us.

Kelly wasn’t there and Dan declined relief at the start of algebra.Ms Grisom

didn’t take any chances of missing Dan.She didn’t know he’d already had his

conference.He got the first chance to put a problem on the board.

Emily was second.She pranced up to the board and introduced the problem in a

clear voice with lots of perky inflection.She gave an animated, lively

running discussion of her solution.Everyone, especially boys, liked how she

alternately turned her back to write on the board, then faced the class.She

was even disappointed when nobody challenged her solution and she had to sit

down.

Kelly returned from the office and immediately got his turn at the board.Ms

Grisom wasn’t going to let a naked boy get past her.Emily got her turn in the

office for the next 20 minutes, then I got mine.After all the times eager me

went first, now I had to go last.

The office secretary showed me into a large conference room with lots of people

sitting around a table - Mr. Carlson, Mrs. Miller, Coach Reeves, Coach Johnston,

Mrs. Santucci, Mr. N’Dantu, the other counselors and several other teachers I

didn’t know.Mr. N’Dantu explained that these were the school’s Program

committee.He went around the room naming them all, but too fast for me to

pick up the ones I didn’t already know.All the women teachers and counselors

were naked.I couldn’t tell whether the men were disappointed they have to

stay dressed.They were not disappointed in the women.

“Your group has been a real help in my class, Pam, and you seem to really like

it.You’ve even represented the school on TV twice,” Mrs Miller started.

“That’s the outside view.We want to know about Pam.Tell us all how the

week has been for you in general, please.”

“It’s been great fun,” I said enthusiastically.”I’ve been eating it up since

it started.I think I’ll be ready to let next week’s participants share the

fun then, but not before.You know I’ll still be naked.That’ll be okay,

won’t it?”

“It’s certainly legal for you to attend in the nude,” answered Mr. Carlson.

“The Program rules provide for students who live naked to maintain that style in

school without having to respond to requests and such.Somehow, though, I get

the feeling that doesn’t bother you,” said Mrs. Miller.

“We did see what you mean about your English class this morning,” Mr. Carlson

got to something on his mind.”That could be enough to wreck the week for

participants less ready for it than you.Miss Forester is the next one we’ll

meet with.Thank you for bringing that to our attention.It shouldn’t have

to be pulled out of you, though.”

Coach Reeves moved on to the next item, “We decided that the first group through

the Program would get rewards.All of you are getting something, but there’s a

special award.We thought we’d give it to the one who’s grown the most from

their week in the program.Frankly, Pam, all of your fellow participants say

you’ve helped them get the most out of the Program.They’re unanimous that any

special award should go to you.”

“Not for growing.I started all naked and brazen,” I protested.

“There is a way to interpret that to your benefit,” said Coach Reeves.

All their eyes were on my boobs.

“That’s not what you meant by growth!” I said absently fondling my breast.

“There really is one participant who has grown - spiritually.You remember how

mousy Emily was on Monday.Her class presentations and every part of her

presence has come out while she’s been gaining confidence all week.She really

should get your growth award.”

“This is also supposed to be your chance to ask any questions, Pamela.We

already went into next week.Is there anything else?” the counselor asked.

“Umm ... Yes.There’s been something bothering me.How have I been getting

away with it?I’ve done something every day that could have got me at least

detention ... until today, that is.” I asked with a sheepish and contrite

tone.

“Today’s not over, Pam.We have confidence in you,” I hoped Mr. Carlson was

joking.”Really, we picked leaders for our first participants.That was

easier for the other grades and it looks like we got the freshmen right, too.

We’re holding you up as examples for everyone else.How would that look if you

got detention every day?

“We also want your group to set precedent and the concept of correct behavior.

I decided to let you express that standard peer-to-peer on Monday.I think it

worked out well when word got around.As a matter of fact, at least a hundred

students turned in forms volunteering for the Program this week.”

One of the teachers whose name I didn’t catch said, “Ooh, I do have one more

thing.We’ve kept single-sex bathrooms.Do you think that’s a good or bad

idea?”

I told them of four, six and eight of us invading bathrooms en masse regardless

of sex.That only happened after we got comfortable in the Program and still

unnerved some of the girls we walked in on.I concluded that it’s a shock to

someone not in the Program or just starting their week.After that, it didn’t

matter.Maybe the bathrooms could be mixed after everyone gets a week in the

program this year.

The period was almost over when they finished asking me all they wanted to.

Mrs. Miller said I was finished and could return to class.Coach Reeves

stopped me.

“We’ll be busy with Miss Forester for a while.I’ll be late to practice,” she

told me.

I tried my best to return the scowl she had given on Tuesday.She got it and

chuckled.

“Pass along for me that the other coaches are to work with the same groups as

yesterday.Amy, Brooke and Rochelle are to continue with the third group.

The rest of you who were in the small gym can help with that.Check with Amy,”

she instructed.

Sure enough the bell rang before I got back to algebra class.I had to hurry

to retrieve my books and scurry to the gym.Dan waited for me.He had some

things to say while we walked fast.

“My place tonight, remember?I’ll come get you a little before eight.We’ll

pick up Kelly and Emily.Their parents want to meet us, especially after last

night,” he told me.

“Sounds like good timing,” I agreed.”That should be plenty of time for

supper.”

Thursday Evening

Chapter 16.Thursday After Class

I found the other coaches and passed along Coach Reeves’ message.I expected

to find Amy in the boys’ locker room and have some fun getting to her.That’s

the way it went.There was the usual view of most of the football team

changing clothes.I was a little late, so there weren’t very many still naked.

They were still interested in running their hands along me as I went by.I

gave them all encouraging smiles and little wiggles when they did something

particularly exciting.

I went into Amy’s row of lockers and got strokes from the guys there while I

filled her in on Coach Reeves’ message.There were more of the boys’ hands all

the way to the last row where my locker is.Dawn had four guys rubbing her

off.She came just about when I got there and thanked those guys profusely.

“This is a hell of a lot better than yesterday.You were really bastards

then,” she said.

“We’re trying to make up for it,” said one guy, then to me, “Sorry, Pam.

You’re a little late.Maybe we can make it up to you after practice?”

The football team all left.I was thrilled by all the touching, but not

excited to distraction.I changed shoes quickly and tried to put on the bra.

Eww.Soft parts of my boobs squished out all around the cups.There were

bulging blobs of boob under the band, out both sides of the cups and at the top

where the straps started.The cups were packed full and the whole bra rode out

away from my chest.I bounced on my heels and my whole chest bounced like one

big boob.The bra was squeezing me in but not really holding anything up.I

had to stay with it or not play.I was gonna play.

I noticed a trend I’d missed with all that time in the small gym and dressing

with the boys.A lot of girls were going bottomless.Even more were wearing

fishnet bras like mine.I heard comments about getting used to the exposure

they were going to get in the team uniforms.Jennie and a couple of others

with Program experience or very good attitudes were the obvious ring leaders.

There were boys lining the bleachers, too.Some would cheer for their

girlfriends.Some must not have been anyone’s boyfriend because they ogled

everyone equally.A small group of the boys was taunting some players

including Tania.The objects of the taunting were the girls’ shorts.One

girl shook her head.Another flipped her middle finger at the boys.Tania

dropped her shorts, threw them at her boyfriend and shook her tail as she walked

onto the court.The head shaker and finger flipper turned bright red, but they

did follow Tania’s lead and let their boyfriends hold their shorts, too.

All the program girls joined the group being put through their paces by Amy and

Rochelle.They took us through warmup and then started a ball- handling drill.

It was another competitive thing where players got in line on two sides of the

net.One hit the ball over and only the first in line on the other side could

try for it.If she got it, she went to the back of the line.If not, she was

out.It got down to Crystal and Dawn on one side against Melissa and me on the

other.We ran each other ragged, but nobody would dare miss.Amy finally

called a halt to it.

“Some of you are better than the others,” she said to all the ones trying out.

“The trouble is that you think that’s all you need.You’re only trying to make

a team.These girls just showed the work, guts and skill you have to put into

it to have a winning team.Now show that stuff yourselves.

“You four stay out and help me yell at them.”

Coach Reeves arrived then.She’d heard Amy and gave an approving smile.This

group is trying for varsity.The juniors who don’t make it will be on the JV.

The seniors who don’t make it are cut.

The coach took me aside and asked, “I want you to help Miss Forester, please.

The cheerleaders are going to need a positive outlook today.Get the Sportech

uniform catalog and fit samples and spend a few minutes encouraging them all,

including Miss Forester.I want you in the small gym pretty soon, so keep it

to about ten minutes.”

Then she reached her finger into the gap under the band of my bra, pulled it and

snapped me.

“I know it’ll be tight, but see if the 38B top works better than this,” she

advised.

The snap made me feel like doing so much more to her, but kept my response to a,

“Yes, ma’am.”

She gave me the office key from her clipboard.I got the stuff and left my bra

in there.Miss Forester was waiting by the office with strangely red eyes.I

carried the box of samples.She took the catalog and started looking through

it right away.

On our way to the wrestling room, she explained, “I’ve been informed that the

cheerleaders will need a Program-friendly uniform or they’ll have to perform

nude all the time.The school has already decided that support and protection

are needed.The result is that there won’t be any cheerleaders unless we can

come up with a good uniform.

“They have to practice naked in the meantime.That’s where Donna ... Coach

Reeves thinks you can help.Let them know they can survive it ... and me,

too.”

She found the page with all the coaches’ marks on it and asked, “Do you think

the same uniform you’re using would work for cheerleaders?”

“The shorts work for guys and I don’t think anyone will mind them being

topless,” I answered.”Our shorts and tops are fairly close to the traditional

outfits for volleyball and basketball, but they just don’t say ‘short, flippy

skirt’ to me.I think there has to be something better for the girls.”

“Yeah.I see what you mean,” she agreed.

We got into the room.There were the boys on one side and girls on the other,

facing away from each other and stripping.They all put their hands where they

would cover the most important stuff.Only the bravest looked over their

shoulders at the opposite sex.Miss Forester turned her back on everyone and

started shaking.She wasn’t gonna help anyone.Her boobs usually sway with

her every step or turn.This time she was shaking so badly that her boobs

quivered constantly.

Things were too calm even with the nervous strippers.There was something

missing - something that I expected and even dreaded about this session.

Britney.There was no Britney.I shrugged that off and didn’t really miss

her.

Heather came over to me, tried to smile and said, “I hate this!”

She had her arms crossed in front of her with one hand holding each boob.Her

pussy and the thin strip of hair above it were totally uncovered.

“How did you think cheerleaders were gonna do it?” I chided.”Haven’t you seen

all those stories about naked cheerleading at all those other schools?Haven’t

you seen all those college games on TV?”

“Yes ... and we’ve seen all their fallen boobs.Miss Forester said we wouldn’t

have to do any of that.Now look ...” she whined.

They were all stripped by then, so I took the box of uniforms to the middle of

the wrestling ring.

“Hey, y’all,” I got their attention.”While Miss Forester is trying to look up

a good uniform style for cheerleaders, we’re gonna do two things.”

Heather had been right this morning.The cheerleaders seemed to accept me,

especially after yesterday.At least I was someone as naked as they were.

They took a little courage from me then.Some of them even turned around, but

they all kept their hands in strategic places.

“First we’re going to break the ice, then we’ll start getting sizes for

uniforms.That should make it quick to get something that you’re comfortable

in.Okay, everyone get around the wrestling ring,” I instructed.”Facing

in.”

The cheerleaders slowly took places where they could see almost all of each

other.I put the box of samples down.

“Now, overhead pom-pom shake,” I said and demonstrated a position that left

nothing hidden.

The shaking had all their jiggly stuff jiggling, too.Nobody found it sexy

because they were all so nervous about themselves.

“Keep your hands up ... and keep your eyes open.Get used to how your whole

team looks and get comfortable with how you feel,” I said.

I took the uniform samples out of the box and separated them by size.I found

the 38B top and demonstrated how it goes.The band was tight, but Coach Reeves

was right about it working better than my way-too-small bra.I could even

stuff my whole boobs into the cups.The cups were flatly full after they

spread to cover my wide boobs.I showed off the wide mesh that let a whole

puffy nipple out on each side.I held up the shorts.All the cheerleaders

understood what was Program-friendly about these uniforms.They figured out

why they’d have to get use to each other and to being exposed.

I had them start trying on stuff and got a sheet of paper from Miss Forester for

them to write their sizes.I had them stay around the circle facing each

other.

Miss Forester had found some things Sportech was trying to sell for

cheerleaders.Boys’ shorts and girls tops were like our sport uniforms because

cheerleaders need as much support as we do.One girls’ skirt had vertical

strings hanging from a waistband with a bead at the bottom of each string.The

strings went down far enough to cover the pussy, but not all the ass, of a girl

standing still and straight.Another skirt was loose and was made of the kind

of wide mesh in the top and shorts.Neither skirt had anything under it.

“You okay now?” I asked, patting Miss Forester on the back and looking over her

shoulder.”Ooh.I like the stringy one.It teases a little then emphasizes

the way cheerleaders are always in motion.”

She was looking at the cheerleaders with wide eyes and was still shaking a

little.I had expected her to react to that overly-familiar touch, but she

didn’t do any more than nod.She was ready to take over there, so I went back

to volleyball wearing the 38B top.

That’s when the B hit me.I looked down at my boobs filling those cups.Of

course, so much of them was filled by muscle, but there was more evidence that

I’m growing.

I went to the small gym where they had already set up a court.Emily and a few

others had joined the group and we could play six-on-six after I got there.

Amy started us working on the formations and coverage assignments the varsity

used last year.Coach Reeves might make changes for the different players and

skills this year, but this was a good starting point.

“Watch and learn, grasshopper.You’ll have to call defensive signals when I’m

not in.Learn well and learn quickly,” Amy said to me.

She had me start in the back row where I already know most of the stuff.As

the middle blocker, she would call signals when she wanted anything other than a

standard double block with floor coverage.She got across where my coverage

responsibilities are mostly by pushing me there.She didn’t have to do that

very many times at all.She had to propel me into the right double and triple

blocks a couple of times, but I picked up the principles quickly enough.By

the end of the session, I was staying with her.

Emily was on the other side of the net getting similar lessons, but for the

outside hitter position from Rochelle.

Coach Reeves came in near the end of practice.She went to Amy and raised an

eyebrow.Amy pointed at me.

“Okay, pack in this net and hit the shower,” the coach announced to everyone.

“After your shower, Amy and Pam see me in my office.”

“You have done well again, grasshopper,” Amy complimented me.

As we dragged the net stuff through the big gym, we heard the coaches breaking

bad news to the ones being cut.There were tears and there were sighs of

relief.Everyone who made it will find out which team they made at the pep

rally tomorrow.

We showered with the cross country team again ... all five of the boys who

aren’t in the Program.Kelly has over 40 girls in the other shower with him

this time.Melissa, Crystal and now Emily are loyal to their boyfriends and

don’t let the boys get any more than a reasonable request.I was under strict

orders not to have sex, but Dan wasn’t there.Two of the boys were going

without.Brooke took sympathy on one of them and finally had good sex in the

shower.

I took care of the other one.There was no preliminary washing.He got me

against the wall and went right at it.For once, I would rather have had some

preliminaries.He hurt me a little, but then my pussy caught up with him.We

both got off well enough, but just once.I spent a minute explaining foreplay

and arousal to that guy.I recommended that he see the biology tapes as soon

as they got to his class.

We dried off.Most of the Program girls went to the front to dress.Amy and

I went to Coach Reeves’ office.Amy knew what was going on and just smiled.

I could hardly hold in the curiosity.Coach Reeves was ready for us and had us

both sit.

“Amy is our team captain this year, as if you couldn’t guess,” the coach

announced.”She was the understudy last year.She got to pick her understudy

for this year, Pam, and that’s you.”

“Cool.Thanks,” I responded.

“This way I won’t have to worry whether there’s someone around who can yell at

people,” Amy said with a smirk.”Really, you can be a student leader for years

and I can’t see anyone else who could do it.”

“Crystal?” I ventured.

“Yes, she is quite a leader on the court as a setter should be,” said Coach

Reeves.”I want our setters thinking about the tactics of each offensive play.

Someone else, as captain, should be thinking strategically.This meeting is

to fill you in on what I’m thinking about the team makeup and get some feedback

on players’ roles.”

She went into the middle blocker position first, “Amy has skills and experience

to start at middle.We’re strongest with her in front and you in the back row

on defense, probably serving.When Amy rotates to the back row and loses her

serve, Dawn will replace her.I’m expecting you to play front and back, Pam.

Dawn will be in for someone else when Amy is in the front row.You and Dawn

are the core of our defense.I expect one of you to take every serve and most

of the digs.”

She went into the seniors Alison and Marie as reserve setter and middle.They

have experience, but the starters are better players.Crystal and Melissa have

both impressed everyone as setters.They’re also great defenders.The coach

went into the complicated backup arrangement where Melissa could be used as a

hitter or defender and Alison would be the second setter.Melissa can also set

from the front row without hurting our blocking strength.She’ll get stuck in

the game if the team ever runs out of substitutions.

Brooke, Rochelle and two other seniors are the starting hitters.That brought

up Emily.

“Our last spot is going to be a reserve hitter.We’re deeper there than at

middle so we don’t really need a freshman.It’s that the best hitter after

those four is a freshman since Emily cut loose with all her power.There are

some juniors who could do the bench sitting while Emily gets experience on JV,

but Emily’s the better player and our varsity is stronger with her as a reserve.

What do you expect Emily will think of that?” the coach asked me.

“She wants the varsity but almost doesn’t dare dream.That may be one area

where her confidence hasn’t caught up with reality.How much playing will the

reserves get anyway?” I responded.

The coach told of her strategy to get the reserves used to playing with the

starters when the match looks easy.When the starters win the first game of a

match with a big margin, say 15 points out of 30, the reserves go in for the

second game.She plans to have Alison take over for Melissa, Melissa play as a

hitter, Marie give Amy a rest and Emily would go in for one of the senior

hitters.I noticed one not mentioned in that list for getting any rest - me.

“So it’s up to the starters and their strong showing in the first games to

determine how much playing time the reserves get,” she finished her explanation.

“Now Pam, don’t tell any of this around the team.Some of it could change.

Besides, I have so much fun surprising girls who don’t know how good they are.

“By the way, that top was a loan.I need it back.”

“It’s right here,” I said pulling it from my bag.”I thought I’d wash it, but

if you need it now ...”

“Wash it,” she said and rolled her eyes.

Oops.The vixen was leaving me an opportunity to come back without Amy.I

blew it.

She tried again, “The rest of them are still with the cheerleaders.Lets go

see how they’re getting along,”

The coach apparently guessed Amy’s reaction to the cheerleaders.The tall lady

left and we went to the wrestling room.The cheerleaders were standing around

trying not to show anything and Miss Forester was not there.The cheerleaders

were wearing the sample uniforms.The shorts were holding the guys’ balls up

and pointing their dicks at their navels.Everything was fully visible through

the wide mesh.I got a great view of all those guy’s packages.

Most of the girls’ tops supported and probably felt okay, but the girls didn’t

feel good about how much they were showing.The girls were also bottomless.

Coach Reeves’ eyes were riveted on them.There were more girls now with some

tryouts who didn’t have the last hour scheduled.They got the last pick of the

uniforms.The set of fit samples has one of each size.They ran out of 32B

and 34B way before fitting everyone.Some of the freshmen had overflow like my

old bra and some underfilled cups just hung there.

“Miss Forester went to put in the order for our uniforms.She thinks they’ll

be ready next week,” said Heather.”These work okay for support.Can we wear

them for practice?Pleeeaaase.”

“That’ll be up to Miss Forester and the Program committee,” Coach Reeves

answered.”I think it’s a great idea.Let’s see what you can do in them.”

The cheerleaders just stood there.

“Around the ring again,” I took over.

The cheerleaders spread around the ring facing in without being told this time.

“Pick a cheer,” I said pointing to Heather.

She picked 22 and they started trying to do that one.They were flat and had

trouble watching each other to stay together.

“Open your eyes, dammit,” I yelled over the cheer.”And bounce.You’re

supposed to be peppy.”

I started again after they finished the lackluster cheer, “If you want to wear

even this much, you’ll have to show you can.Show that you need the support

and it does some good.You have until the pep rally tomorrow to impress

everyone.You better start now with Coach Reeves.”

“Pick a cheer,” I pointed to a boy this time and he picked 16.

The girls looked at each other and swallowed hard.They sucked it up, though,

and started the cheer.It ends with all the girls doing jump splits.They

jumped up to put their pussies at eye level, spread their legs as wide as they

could and reached for their toes.The boys enjoyed every second of it.Coach

Reeves had her hand over her mouth.I think she was impressed.

The boys started getting hard.Those shorts ride low - lower than most boys’

hard cocks.Their waistbands were challenged by those erections and some

helmeted heads got pinched.

“A lot better, girls, but I didn’t see any bounce from the boys.Y’all do that

last part,” I instructed.

The girls got their turn at an eyeful when the boys spread in mid-air.The

boys had a little bounce in their work.They felt attention and embarrassment,

though, and that relieved some of the pressure on their waistbands.

“Guys?Try pointing your cocks up the crease of your leg joint.When they

get hard they can go sideways and not get pinched,” I suggested and some

adjusted themselves right in front of everyone..

“You can keep those samples on for now,” Coach Reeves said.”You need them and

you need the work.”

“Work on simple cheers for tomorrow and get as much pep and spirit in there as

you can,” I advised.

I grabbed the box of unused uniform samples and the coach and I went back to her

office.

“You weren’t very gentle on them,” she said on the way.

“Me?Gentle on cheerleaders?Perish the thought,” I answered with a smirk.

“So did you like number 16?”

USERNAME: Pamela

PASSWORD: \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

She glared at me until we got into her office and she closed the door.

“I’d like to show you number 16, but there isn’t time to do it right.You’ll

have to keep your tongue in your mouth ... or in mine,” she said.”Do you know

how much it turned me on when you took charge?”

“And you called me a vixen, Donna,” I know what to say to get her excited.

We kissed and hugged, then she cupped one of my boobs.

“I said I didn’t want to be in front of these things if they ever exploded.I

changed my mind.I wanna be right here holding them,” she told me.

That brought a blush and got all the puffy parts puffy again.She kissed my

boobs and worked her way up to my mouth.Our tongues exchanged places a few

more times and she finally let go.

----- E - N - D -----

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

“It’s late! Go to work, Pam!” she commanded even though it wasn’t late.

I slung the book bag over my shoulder and started for the pool.The walk was

nothing special and I even got there a little early.There weren’t any blood

sampling doctors or rambunctious eleven year olds there yet.

Officer Moore was in his office, though.I went in and leaned back against the

door frame.My legs were spread just enough to show him what I wanted him to

see.His eyes went right to my pussy when he tried to talk.

“Evening, Pam.You’re looking fine tonight,” he said with his eyes still low.

“Well, at least the quarter of me you’ve seen,” broke his stare and he managed

to raise his eyes to my boobs.

“All of you, really.You know how we are.It’s a guy thing to stare when you

look this good,” he did a good job of flattering.

The flattery brought the usual blushes, popped nipples and puffy areolas.He

noticed and stared even harder at my boobs.I stood away from the wall and

went closer to his desk to check out his pants.Sure enough, there was a

pronounced and not at all small tentpole in there.

“You should be able to do more than stare,” I teased.”You’ve recovered enough

to do more haven’t you?”

He stood up and stepped to me.He’s a little taller than I am and we’d fit

together well.He started to reach for me until ...

“Pam!Oops, sorry,” came Caitlin’s voice from the door.

She was gone when I turned.I excused myself from Officer Moore and followed

after Caitlin.She was standing in the entry with her back - her very naked

back - to me.

“Hi, Caitlin,” I said to her.

“Don’t tell.Don’t tell them I did it again.I’m always walking in on people

when they’re making out. Mom and Dad can’t even snuggle on the couch any more.

Cass won’t bring a boyfriend home ‘cause I’m always running into them.Now I

did it to you.Mom’s gonna be pissed,” she whined.

“That’s an open office and we weren’t making out.You didn’t do anything

wrong,” I tried to assure her.

“I know making out when I see it.They say I’ve seen it too much,” she whined

some more.

“Hey, you’re already naked.What’s up,” I asked to change the subject.

“She’s going around the house like that now.We couldn’t even get clothes on

her to come over here,” Cass had come in behind Caitlin.

“Why?I’m just going to take them off to swim.You go get caught up, or are

you gonna watch Mom draw Pam’s blood?” Caitlin’s mood was back to teasing her

sister.

Cass split for the locker room by the time her parents came in.I cornered the

Dad for a quick question.

“Can I ask how Nikki is?She really has me worried,” I asked.

“Well, she’s in guarded condition, Pam,” he gave the official answer.

“Umm... I was the first responder and I shocked her.Does that let me know a

little more?” I pried.

“Oh.Yes.I forgot that good and detailed report.You are part of the

team.Her heart’s fine and we got all her ribs back in place.She had a

partial lung collapse that took a while to get right and that’s relapsed a few

times today.She’s still in trouble and so groggy from the pain meds that she

can’t really help us,” he gave the whole answer including the bad news.”It’ll

be a few days at least before she can go home.I’m glad you’re still

interested in her.”

“C’mon.Let’s get your blood,” Caitlin pulled on my arm.

I thanked her Dad for keeping me informed and we went to the lounge.Caitlin

wiped my arm and Dr. Switerlitz took another blood sample.She measured my

boobs again.

“Mmm,” she said in that noncommittal doctor’s way.”Still growing, I see.

Getting to the bigger side of A cups.The hormone combination I suspect of

ending the growth spurt wasn’t in yesterday’s sample, so it’s not over.”

I smiled at that idea and told her about needing a B-size bra to get it to

spread around the width.

“That’s like I said about your starting size.You have as much breast material

as large B’s now, but it’s spread around instead of sticking out,” she said.

I got to work soon after that, checking pool chemistry and setting up for the

suppertime shift.The whole hour was uneventful.Cass and Caitlin swam,

splashed and played tag all over the pool.I watched because they were almost

the only ones in there.

The Switerlitz family and I left together at seven o’clock.I waved as they

drove away and started the walk home.

Chapter 17.Thursday Evening

There’s a small stream running through our town.Its banks have been made into

a park.They’re wooded and overgrown with shrubs and weeds.Where there’s

some space between the stream and a street, they have smooth lawns for picnics

and casual sports.My way home from the pool crosses this stream in a fairly

isolated place.This time, I was almost alone.The only one I could see was

sitting in a car parked more than a block away.

As soon as I got past a patch of woods, I wasn’t so alone.Four highschool

boys were sort of playing at baseball on a patch of lawn along the stream.I

recognized only one: the Asshole who used to date Crystal.You remember the

one I threw into his locker.

“Ooh.Hello, there, sweet thing,” Asshole greeted me.”How’d you like to

play with us?”

“Sorry, guys.No chance to play ball right now.It’s late and I have to get

home to eat,” I tried to say it nicely.

“Can’t play ball?How about if we ball you?You give it to anybody and

everybody at school.We want some,” another guy said as they all came closer.

“You’re really pretty ... attractive ... damned sexy ... and sooo naked,” said

another very slowly.

One who went behind me said, “Your ass is totally hot.That’s what I want to

fuck.”

“Umm ... well, a quick fuck would be okay, I guess,” I answered stepping onto

the grass.”I’m not really ready to take anything in my ass, though.I’ll

take you with my pussy, hand or mouth, but not in my ass.”

By then they were all around me.

That one behind me, Rearview, said, “Too bad you’re not gonna like it when we

fuck your ass and nothing else.”

That’s when they went all the way out of bounds.I was afraid they weren’t

after sex; they were after trouble.All four of them walked and talked slowly

like they were stoned.The one to my right was super stoned.He looked like

the least threat.I set my book bag on the ground to my right where it would

be in his way.

“Ass fucking isn’t all she won’t like.Every thrust and wiggle is gonna make

her scream ... in pain with all the broken bones,” said Asshole brandishing the

bat he was holding.

Rearview came up close behind, reached around me and tried to pin my arms.It

was almost too easy.I did a simple hip throw to launch him, then used arm and

shoulder power to throw him at Asshole.The throwing motion drove me back a

step just in time.

The end of the bat swept through the space my boobs would have occupied if they

were C cups.The bat kept going.The next two sounds were music to my ears:

the sharp snap of Superstoned’s arm being broken by the bat and the clonk when

Rearview and Asshole’s heads crashed together.

Leftover, the guy on my left, rushed in and tried to tackle me.He was too

close to dodge.I was going down, but still had some tricks.I could move a

little so he caught me off center, then I spun and twisted.I landed on top.

I hopped off and he stood before I could grab him.I grabbed one of his arms

and pulled on it while I kicked him.I gave him three sharp, short, quick

kicks up and down the side of his chest.I spun him around, grabbed the other

arm and gave the other side of his ribs three more kicks.

Neither Leftover nor his ribs made any noise.I’d had this done to me in a

full contact karate bout.That’s how I know how much and how long rib injuries

like Nikki’s will hurt.The problem is that they don’t start hurting right

away.

Leftover kept coming, trying to punch me in the face this time.I grabbed his

swinging arm and pulled to line him up.My knee lifted his feet off the ground

and held him there.His eyes crossed and teared over.The way my knee felt,

his whole weight was on his balls.He was in pain and panic.He pushed

against me trying to get off my knee.It worked, but not the way he wanted.

I felt his balls rolling along my leg under his weight.That brought a scream

from him.I gave him a final chop with the side of my hand.His collar bone

broke with a loud snap.He rolled into a fetal position, held his balls and

moaned.

Superstoned was just making his way around my book bag.The arm that stopped

Asshole’s bat was hanging limp and starting to swell.I grabbed his other arm,

pulled it to position him and balance me, then put three kicks into the side of

his ribcage.I went with the knee right after that.He was perched on at

least one of his balls with his feet a few inches off the ground.He must have

had some good stuff in him because it took a long time for him to tear up and

start moaning.I had to push him off my knee.I made his balls roll under

him like Leftover’s.I don’t think he noticed his collar bone breaking.

After I dropped him on the ground, he lay flat on his belly holding his balls

with one hand and the broken arm was at a weird angle.

Rearview got up then and reached for the bat.Big mistake.I caught his

reaching arm, pulled him up straight and started the kicking again.He got

three kicks to each side of his ribs, then the knee to the groin.His eyes

crossed and teared like Leftover’s.His panicked pushing rolled his weight

over his balls.That started the scream.He must have had less drugs in his

system because he felt the collarbone enough keep the scream going silently even

after he ran out of breath.He chose the fetal position when he got to the

ground.

Did Asshole learn anything from his buddies’ fate?No.He had the bat and

was swinging it at my leg.I ran in close so I only got hit with the handle of

the bat and his hands.He smacked the back of my thigh.There’s gonna be a

bruise and a knot in my hamstring by tomorrow.He also pissed me off a lot.

Since his crotch was right there close and ready, I started on him with the

knee.After his feet had been off the ground for a second, he threw his head

back and screamed.I pushed him off so his balls rolled like the others.He

sagged to the ground even when I was pulling up on one of his arms.That was

at least enough to open the way to his ribs.He got his share of the kicks and

the chop to his collar bone.The snapping break brought another scream.He

flopped out flat on his back with both hands on his balls.

The knee work and chops to collar bones were to persuade those guys to stop

coming at me.The rib kicks were for longer lasting punishment.I wasn’t

through with that part.All four of them were wearing those low riding shorts

with built-in lining and sneakers.As is normal after school in this heat,

they didn’t have shirts.I grabbed Asshole’s shorts and yanked them down right

out from under his hands.He screamed again.When the shorts pulled his

hands away from his balls, his reflexes put them back - a little too quickly.

The shorts snagged his shoes and pulled them off, too.

The inside-out shorts with shoes in them were just right.I went to the edge

of the woods and tossed that whole package half way down the stream bank.

Superstoned had his legs out straight, so his shorts were easy to snatch off and

his shoes came along, too.They wound up half way down the stream bank about

ten feet from Asshole’s.

The other two boys were curled up.I had to pull their legs straight.They

both moaned when their legs moved and when the shorts jostled their balls.

Leftover had the most time for it and the swelling of his balls was the most

noticeable.Their inside-out shorts with shoes wound up on the stream bank

spaced from the others by another ten feet.

The naked boys were just lying there moaning and some were rolling back and

forth in their agony.I could have called paramedics right then, but the boys

would get pain medication too soon that way.Besides, I really wanted them to

get their clothes back.

I felt good - victorious and proud of being able to take care of myself.The

exhilaration built for a few seconds as I stood over my vanquished attackers.

My arms went straight up over my head and I screamed.I was more like a bellow

than a girly scream.It was like my primal animal got loose.Damn, I felt

great and that scream told the world about it.

I picked up my book bag and started strutting toward home.I felt so good I

didn’t notice the sore hamstring at all.I wondered if anyone had seen that

little brawl.There didn’t seem to be anyone around at all.A black guy was

just getting out of that car in the next block and he dashed into the apartment

complex there.

I walked on over the bridge where the street and sidewalk cross the stream.

Trees and undergrowth come right up to the sidewalk where it meets the bank.

There was suddenly another bat swinging right at my knees from that underbrush.

I was quick enough again.I jumped and pulled up my lower legs like when

skipping rope.The bat went under me and clonked into a tree.My foot kicked

out toward the person-shaped form behind the bat.She looked up just before my

foot smashed into the face of ... Britney.

I went right for her.Whether or not she had anything to do with those boys,

she had earned her own reward.She had fallen back and now was trying to sit

up.Her nose was starting to ooze a little blood and she had a hand to it.I

sat on her legs and hips and gave her a chop to the ribs where the raised arm

gave me an opening.

“Fuckin’ boy bitch!Get off me!” she tried to demand.

I gave her ribs another chop and said, “Shut up, Britney.Just lie there and

take it.”

“Take what?What are you ... Ow!” she stopped at the third chop.

“I’m punishing you.You’re gonna hurt today and as long as Nikki does,” I said

while I lifted her other arm and gave her other side a chop.”This is supposed

to separate the growing cartilage from the hard bone of your ribs.A rib

separation hurts like hell for a couple of weeks and keeps going for a month.

“Tell me what it’s about, Britney.What do you have against me?Why do you

keep coming after me?”

“The Program!You ARE the Program.I hate it, so I hate you.I mean ...

How can cheerleaders rule the school with you naked people getting all the

attention?Quit it!” she yelled when I chopped her again.”Those guys are so

gonna hurt you.You saw them over there.They’re gonna fuck you, too.”

She apparently hadn’t seen what happened to the guys, but she had incriminated

herself by talking about them.

“They already got their punishment.I’m giving you what I gave those boys - at

least six separated ribs and more.You should get just as much.I wish you

had balls I could smash,” I told her and gave her another chop.

“You can’t punish me.You’re not bad enough,” she said almost crying.

“Think about it, Britney.I’m sitting on you, calmly chatting about it while I

break your bones one by one with my bare hands.Now tell me who isn’t bad

enough,” I said looking her right in the eye.

I punctuated that with the snap of her breaking collar bone.She punctuated it

with a scream.That break hurts right now.

Britney was wearing a small top across her boobs held on my two stretchy strings

around her back.I grabbed the cloth between her boobs and pulled hard.

Britney screamed again and the cloth tore.I pulled her spandex shorts off and

inside out.I had to grip and pull her shoes to get them to come with the

shorts.

“Watch across the creek to see where your clothes go,” I advised.

I went back across the bridge and threw her clothes down the stream bank.I

could see her watching through the trees.We both moved toward the sidewalk at

the same time.I glanced at the boys.They were standing and starting to

stagger after their clothes.

I noticed that black guy getting back into his car in the next block.I

watched him all while I was walking across the bridge.I was trying to figure

out what was familiar about him and the way he moved.Mistake.I didn’t

notice that Britney’s bat wasn’t by the tree anymore.

Britney came at me around the trees swinging the bat with her good arm and

screaming, “You’re dead!”

I dashed in close before the bat could swing around very far.Britney and I

ran into each other with a lot of speed and power.The point of contact was my

fist right into her navel.I pulled up with that arm and lifted her off the

ground.She let go of the bat and it flew off somewhere.Britney’s eyes

crossed and teared over.My fist was so far into her belly, I think I felt her

spine.I wasn’t just giving her pain.There was damage going on in there.

She flinched back, landed on the ground and rolled into a fetal position.

Serious pain will do that to ya.

It was so likely that Britney had internal injuries that I was ready to call for

help.I went to my book bag and got out the cell phone.That’s when I was

startled into standing upright by a whoop from behind me.When I turned around

I saw that car from the next block was now just on the other side of the bridge,

turned around and parked.From the city government plates and barely visible

red and blue lights, it was obviously an unmarked police car.Inside was the

unmarked Sgt. Washington beckoning me.

Principal Carlson was right.The day wasn’t over and I had plenty of

opportunity to get into trouble.

I went to Sgt. Washington’s car, peered in the passenger side window and said

sheepishly, “Hi, Sgt. Washington?Hey, can I call the paramedics?Those guys

are just aching, but she could be serious.”

“Already called, Pam.Get in and we’ll talk about it while we wait,” he

instructed.

I sat in the passenger seat of his car.He was dressed in plain, casual

clothes.That’s what I meant by unmarked.He got out a report form and

filled in some blanks.

I tried to start explaining, “Those guys started it.They had bats ...”

He interrupted me and advised, “Let me give you a hint.When you’re talking to

a police officer about an incident, just answer the questions.Don’t volunteer

anything.There might be something in there I don’t want to know.”

I shut up.

“I’m so sorry, Pam.I saw those guys go after you.By the time I got my

engine started, you had them all on the ground, so I thought you had it under

control,” he explained.”I had to get on with what I was here for.I’m

assigned to investigate Nikki’s accusations.You know the ones you marked that

form for.I was staking out Britney’s apartment building.Whenever a small

blond girl went in or out, I had to check her.One came along just as you were

finishing.When I got back to the car, you were taking on another armed

attacker.

“Ya know, it takes real guts to charge at someone who’s trying to hit you, but

that usually works best.I saw you do it twice.You’re good.I also saw

that you were just responding to being attacked and that you quit when the

threat was ended.Yes, I think you did what was necessary to end the threat -

except the clothes, that is.What’s up with that?”

About then, all four boys were coming out of the woods barefoot and naked,

carrying their clothes.They were turning the shorts right side out and

putting them on.

“We who live near it don’t call this ‘Poison Ivy Creek’ for nothing,” I said.

“Oh, Pam!You’re bad.You’re terrible,” he scolded and I snickered right

along with him.”Of course, you didn’t steal their clothes, so there’s nothing

I can charge you with about that, but ... you’re BAD!”

He didn’t understand the real purpose of the kicks to the boy’s ribs and he’d

missed what I deliberately did to Britney.I was actually going to get away

with being more bad than he knew.It’s really nice to have friends with

confidence in you on the police force, isn’t it.

Britney came staggering over the bridge.She was bent forward and grimacing

like she hurt a lot.She kept one arm across her belly with that hand holding

her other arm.She tried to dangle that arm in front of her pussy.She was

so distracted by pain that her attempts to cover her nakedness didn’t work at

all.She went down the stream bank through the poison ivy and came back with

her clothes.She sat down, turned her shorts right side out and put them on.

Her top was too far gone.The topless girl just lay down in the fetal position

holding her belly.

“I’m supposed to be finding this Britney girl,” Sgt. Washington said with his

eyes on the real thing.”Is that by any chance ...?”

“That would be her ... she? ... Britney,” I confirmed.

He filled in his report while we waited for the paramedics and a patrol car for

the less-critical overflow.I was watching my attackers just lie there, except

Superstoned was sitting up.He was holding his broken arm out.It started

drooping down at the break.The sharp, jagged end of the bone tore through his

muscle and skin.The bone and a spurt of blood came out.The stupid shit had

just turned a simple crack into a bleeding compound fracture.

“Oh, crap!” I exclaimed and started to get out of the car.

“Woah, Pam,” Sgt. Washington held me in the car by my shoulder.”I know you

want to help.We can’t let you do any more to them, even if you’re doing it

for them.Stay in the car.”

The paramedics did get there soon, stopped at the car first and asked, “Ev’nin’,

Sarge.Hi, Pam.What do you have?Who needs it first?”

These were the same paramedics on the same shift who picked up Nikki last night.

I at least got the chance to tell them, “That guy is so stoned he just made that

fracture compound.He needs restrained as much as anything.The girl might

have internal injuries - blow right on the navel.The rest are just aching and

a little bit high.

“And guys ... Use protection and isolate their clothes.Poison ivy all over

everything.”

“We’ll turn the clothes inside out and scrub everything else,” said one of the

paramedics.

“The inside of their clothes are the worst.Have fun scrubbing their

genitals,” I said with a smirk.

“Eww.That’s where they’re hurt,” said the other paramedic.

Britney and Superstoned were loaded into the ambulance right away.The other

boys got a ride in a patrol car a few minutes later.I thought it was over and

tried to get out of the car again.

“I’ve always wanted to give a pretty naked girl a ride in my police car,” Sgt.

Washington said.”The ‘pretty’ part happens every now and then, but not the

‘naked’ part.Let me give you a lift home.”

I was running so late that I agreed, of course.

Along the way he said, “Those five are under arrest until you decide whether to

press charges.Don’t decide until tomorrow.It’s best for everyone if the

news people can’t get to them until we get reports filed and our official

statement out.”

“Ooh.You make me feel so powerful deciding people’s fates.” I said.

“You know what the right answer is, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I agreed.”They’ve been punished enough.Those guys still need rehab

and you have to ask Britney about Nikki, though.”

“That’s all part of what we need time for.Call me tomorrow after school,” he

instructed.”Take some advice from my experience.You hurt some people.

You’re going to think about that.It’s normal to regret it.Be careful not

to take a big guilt trip, though.Think of what they were trying to do to

you.”

It was after seven thirty when he dropped me at home.I tossed towels and the

uniform top in the washing machine, then I tossed food in the microwave and

nuked it.When I took the food out, it had survived.I like lasagna hot

anyway.It even tasted good.I was still wired from doing battle and

expected Dan any minute.I wolfed the lasagna down right on time.I was just

putting the dishes in the washer when the door bell rang.

Dan was there naked in broad daylight.That added even more to my thrill

level.I pulled him inside and jumped on him.I was hanging from his neck

and shoulders with my legs around his waist.My tongue didn’t give him a

chance to say anything.I wriggled and dipped down so my pussy was nibbling at

the head of his cock.It twitched as much as Dan’s mouth under the onslaught.

I broke the clinch and got silly, “Hi, Dan.C’mon in.”

“You bet if you’re gonna kiss with all your lips like that,” he answered.

I excused myself to move the laundry to the dryer.When I got back to Dan, he

grabbed me into another clinch and we kissed for a while.

“Mmmm.Tempting, but we gotta go,” he finally said.”Kelly and Emily’s

parents want to meet us.”

“Will we survive?” I asked.

“Kelly says they’re acting strangely, so I don’t know,” he answered.

We drove over there in Dan’s awesome BMW.He parked on the street and we

walked up to their front door.The neighbors were all eyes.Kelly was all

naked when he answered the door.Their parents were dressed, but greeted us

like they didn’t notice our nakedness.They were warm and friendly.

“We’ve seen you on TV and heard so much about you from these two.Thanks for

dropping in so we could meet you,” their Dad said to both of us.

“Thank you so much for helping Emily.We were worried about how she’d do in

the Program even though she volunteered,” said their Mom.

“So can we go?” Emily came in and was immediately embarrassed.

“Of course, dear,” the Mom answered.

“So when do we have to be back?” asked Kelly.

“How’s the homework?” their Dad probed.

“This rehearsal is all we have left tonight,” Kelly answered.

“Then decide how much sleep you want and be home in time for that,” their Mom

concluded.

On the way to the car, Emily said, “I was just on the phone with my agent.He

knows why I volunteered for the program and was asking if it was working - if I

was ready to model risqué clothes.I told him how well it’s going.He wants

me to put a bunch of topless and nude shots in my portfolio.They’re booking

for next month’s spring fashion shows now.Pam, can you use that fancy new

camera to take some pictures of me?”

“Well, yes.I could take pictures of that body all day Saturday and half of

Sunday, but I really have a better idea.Remember the job the photo club did

on me Tuesday?They try to act professional and would be thrilled to do that

for real.They meet tomorrow morning,” I suggested and Emily nodded.

We piled into the 4-door car.Kelly and Emily brought along the ‘clubs’ they’d

made from bats.Dan faced those two in the back seat with a puzzled look.

“I thought you could only go places where there was an adult around.They

didn’t even ask about that.Actually, Dad’s afraid he’ll have to go back to

work, so we can’t guarantee it,” he said.

“They never asked us either.It would have been unheard of to ride with a teen

driving.They’ve been treating us differently since the outreach with Dawn and

Shawn,” Kelly said.

Emily finished, “It’s like we aren’t little children any more.I suppose

that’s true if we can screw right under their noses.”

We drove to the very ritzy part of town - the neighborhood where Dad lives.

Dan pressed the remote built into his car to open the gate to his driveway.He

drove around the circular drive and parked just outside the front door.The

rest of us were duly impressed.

There were two men at the front door.I recognized one of them as Mr.

Silanski.

“Sorry to bother you at home, Mr. Allen,” he was saying.

“No problem.It will inconvenience that other customer and you shouldn’t have

to take responsibility for that.Just get all that stuff to Lincoln on time

tomorrow.There will be state-wide TV coverage of that rally,”Mr. Allen

said and went back inside before we got very close.

“Hi, Mr. Silanski,” I said brightly.

“Oh ... umm ... Pam! Hello,” he remembered me.”So you go to Lincoln, too?”

“Yep.You should have been able to guess I was the 40 flat.I’m closer to B

now,” I said thrusting my chest.

“And looking great.See you,” he left.

Dan took us inside.Mr. Allen was walking across the large entry way toward

us.Dan introduced us to his father.

“Sorry if it looked like I was running off.I went to warn Karen.Should

have known she’d be ready for naked visitors.It’s great to meet you all at

last.Dan keeps raving about how good his partners are this time,” he said.

“Show them around, Dan, and y’all enjoy yourselves.”

Dan showed us around the huge house.There are large formal rooms for

entertaining and dining.There are small cozy dens and offices.Between

wings of the house is a patio with a large pool.Just off the patio is an

exercise room.We went in through the sliding glass door to find a big young

girl.

She’s built like a cross between me and Emily.Her shoulders are as wide as

her hips - half way between my proportions and Emily’s.She’s muscled all over

like we are with skin a little thicker than mine.Height must run in the

family because she’s about an inch taller than me.Her boobs are big and firm

like Emily’s and not like mine at all.Her face is way cute and her blond hair

was back in a pony tail.She was totally naked, working hard on an elliptic

trainer and drenched in sweat.Dan introduced her as Karen, the sister he had

mentioned.You remember the eighth grader who’s a few months older than me and

told Dan about how developing breasts can get sore.

“Hi, guys,” she greeted cheerfully, shaking hands and splashing sweat all over

us.

We retired to Dan’s suite, not room - suite.He has a bedroom and his own

bathroom.He nudged me and pointed out the jar of our favorite lube jelly on

his nightstand.His den has a desk, couch, chairs, computer, mini refrigerator

and 36 inch flat TV.He told us that Karen has the same, but decorated by a

girl.

“So your Dad’s with Sportech?” I asked.

“Yeah.He’s been the manager of every operation they opened for the last six

years.He’d get the factory or whatever running well, collect his bonus then

move on to the next one.That’s how I got screwed up at school with all the

moving,” Dan explained.”Now he’s president of the company.The

headquarters, a warehouse and one of four customizing operations are here in

town.Dad likes to keep local people happy with Sportech.He keeps sticking

poor Silanski with special cases and projects.I’m not sure what this one’s

about, but he did mention Lincoln.”

I told them about the cheerleader uniforms.I guessed that they’re going to

bump another customer’s delivery to get them to our school for the rally.The

thought of state-wide TV publicity didn’t bother me as much as it did the boys.

It didn’t seem to bother supermodel Emily either.

Dan dragged two dead bearskins, complete with stuffed heads, into the middle of

the room.We went through the script, blocked out where things would be,

imagined the teacher’s desk in the way and made a few changes as we went along.

The final run-through ended about a half hour after we started.That hardly

made the trip worth it.

“C’mon, naked people.Let’s go skinny dipping,” Dan invited.

We went to the pool and got right in.We splashed and yelled.All the noise

and fun tempted Karen to join us.She was still naked, but had showered.The

powerful girl had no trouble keeping up or fitting in.Their pool has low and

high diving boards.Dan and Karen started using the low board.I climbed the

high dive and looked around.There was a little different view from there and

a big difference in the angle to that window on the second floor of the

neighbor’s house.

There were two people looking out that window watching us.I jumped as high as

I could from the board, spread eagled and waved to those people with a big,

bright smile.They waved back smiling just as much.They stepped back from

the window, but I’m sure I saw them watching all through the rest of the

evening.They got a great show.

I got to snuggling with Dan in waist-deep water.He had one arm around me and

was rubbing my boob with his other hand.Everyone noticed, including the

neighbors I’m sure.

“Why do you keep torturing her like that,” Karen asked.”You know those

growing boobs hurt.”

“They hurt soo good.Don’t make him stop,” I protested.

“Okay, don’t stop, but if you take it any farther, take it inside.It’s hard

to watch when I have to go without.They don’t even have the Program in middle

school here,” she protested.

“Why should you have to go without?We have the best lay at Lincoln right

here,” Emily said pushing Kelly at Karen.

“How would you know?” Dan asked.

“You think we don’t compare notes?I hear what Pam, Dawn and all those others

say,” Emily defended herself.

Karen looked down, then raised her eyes and smiled at Kelly in one very coy

move.He rose to the occasion in every way.She made no protest at all when

he started on her breasts with his hands and on her mouth with his tongue.

They were soon up against each other, wriggling and rubbing.Kelly’s hands

were low on her ass and between her legs in front.She was gasping and wobbly.

The rest of us got out of the pool.Dan took the cushions off one of the deck

chairs and spread them on the deck.Karen lay down, spread her legs and

invited Kelly to join her.He lay on her and used his hands some more to

finish the preparation.He was just sliding into her when Dan gathered Emily

and me in his arms.

Dan had put more cushions on the deck and was determined that nobody would go

without this evening.He lay on his back and pulled us down so we were laying

to either side, half on him.He kissed us alternately.He got his hands to

our pussies and started rubbing.We were both wriggling all over him and all

three of us liked the boob action.I grabbed his cock and Emily cupped his

balls.All three of us got good hand jobs.Emily came first with her moaning

squeals.Dan got off second.It helped that I didn’t have to pay attention

to stroking him after that.I abandoned myself to the sensations around my

pussy.I hope the screaming didn’t distract Karen when he got to my clit.

When I’d recovered enough to pay attention, Karen was enjoying Kelly as much as

I do.He was giving her the pinching thrusts and grinding action that already

had her in her second orgasm.He kept going at that steady pace that lets him

keep going and going.He had a hand on one of her boobs.Her areolas and

nipples had hardened into sharp points at the ends of her big C-cup breasts.

Kelly would catch her mouth and kiss her every now and then.That took some

doing because Karen kept moaning and rolling her head back and forth.When she

reached orgasm, she would catch and hold her breath.She would go tense and

turn red all over that muscular body.She got her third orgasm just before

Kelly got off.

Kelly rolled off her a little while after they came.He was on his side beside

her and was gently stroking her boobs.

“I’m used to looking at Emily, but this is the first time I’ve been with someone

with tits this good,” he complimented and gave her a kiss.

“I’ve been screwing for a couple of years, but this is the first time somebody

got me off three times.Emily and all those people are right.You are a

great lay,” she returned the compliment and the kiss.

Some of today’s biology lesson must have worked on Kelly.He stayed by Karen

stroking, kissing and cuddling longer than I’ve seen him do that with anyone

else.Of course, there were no class bells or five-minute limits here to bring

things to an end.Karen had quit breathing hard when she finally got up.She

washed herself under the shower in the corner of the pool deck.

“C’mon, big stuff.Help me,” she said to Dan.”What do you all want to

drink?”

We gave them drink orders, then pitched in to clean up.We washed ourselves

and the cushions under the shower.We were in clean chairs around the patio

table when they came back.

“Hey, Pam?The eighth grade volleyball coach is trying to get me to play

middle.Is it worth it?What does that do to my chances of making the

highschool team next year?” Karen asked while we were sipping the pop and

recovering from the sex.

“The highschool team is pretty deep with hitters.We need middles a lot more.

Two of three varsity middles are seniors and won’t be there next year.There

aren’t many on the other teams, either.You’re built right, so I’d say go for

it,” I advised her.

“Dan says a freshman even made varsity this year,” she observed.

“We’ll know for sure at the pep rally tomorrow, but I think so,” I answered.

“Oh get real, Pam.You’re starting at middle and you know it,” Emily chided.

I blushed and my nipples popped again.It took a lot of restraint to keep the

secret about Emily.

All I said was, “That shows we’re thin at middle and it’s a good choice for

you.”

A few minutes later, Dan said, “We have so much fun together.Let’s have a

party Saturday night.Skinny dipping?Dawn and Shawn?Melissa and Bill?

How about you, Karen?”

“Dad makes Dan and me invite each other to our parties,” Karen responded.”We

usually know not to accept.You guys are so much fun.That’s not the way it

is this time.The crowd I’m getting in with are your old buddies, Pam.They

keep asking what I hear about you from Dan.I’ll get a date with somebody in

that group so he’ll fit in.”

“Our dates are sophomores,” Kelly warned her.

“That’s how old Dan is.It won’t be that strange.Older kids will get it to

an orgy that much sooner,” Karen revealed the theme she expected of the party.

We got Kelly and Emily home by ten o’clock.That made them look oh so

responsible.I hope they get even more privileges.They left the clubs in

Dan’s car.We were afraid they wouldn’t stand up to as much handling as they’d

get being carried to school.

You know what was on our minds when Dan and I got to my house.I know I’d been

thinking about it all day.I led him in and toward the stairs.Now, has Dan

ever let me walk upstairs when we’re ready for sex?No.Not this time

either.He scooped me up and carried me.

He had one hand under my ass and the other on a boob.He seems to like me that

way.I like me that way, too.He makes me feel so feminine and desired when

he handles me.I don’t even want to curse my flat boobs when he goes for them

like that.

Every time I tried to do anything but kiss him, that hand under my ass would

stick a finger in my pussy.That would get me back to the kissing with a gasp.

He held me over my bed for a while teasing me like that.I was really ready

for sex when he finally put me down - normal sex, that is.This was Dan.We

took time out to get the lube jelly spread all around the places that need it.

He lay back on my bed.I straddled him and started to get him into me.It

took a while as usual and was worth every minute as usual.I leaned forward

and wriggled around on top of him.He stroked and squeezed my boobs.I

leaned down to kiss him.He took my tongue in his mouth and sucked it in.

His big cock with its constant stimulation, the hands on my boobs and his mouth

action got me off.I collapsed on him, screamed and kept wriggling.

He came sometime in there, but I don’t know when.It was all one big orgasm

and I was in complete abandon.He eventually softened and slipped out with a

pop.I think he was laughing at how I just kept going.My body finally

realized that it was over sometime later.I lay still in his tight squeeze

while he kissed all around my face.He is sooo great with the cuddling.I

eventually checked the clock and was just in time.

“News.Let’s shower.We can do it again after,” I said between the kisses.

“News?” he asked on the way to the bathroom.”Did you make news again?”

“Oh, I really hope not.It’s likely there is a story though,” I answered.

The shower was quick and we got to the TV with drinks in hand by eleven.They

had the story and put it on first.

“Our first story smacks of gang violence.Let’s hope there’s no trend going

here,” said the newsreader.”This is the official report.There are no names

because the victim and the attackers are all juveniles.One highschool student

was set upon this evening by five others armed with bats.The incident was

observed from a distance by an experienced police officer who did respond, but

did not arrive before the violence was over.The one victim defeated the

attackers and suffered only bruises.The five are under arrest pending charges

and investigation of drug use.

“The hospital reports that five teens were admitted.One is in serious

condition with internal injuries, the others are in satisfactory condition.

Among all five, they have no less than 40 broken or separated bones.

“We asked the police how one teen could do that much damage to five who were

engaged in a coordinated attack.Here is Sgt. Washington.”

“The attackers were impaired by drug consumption.If I tell much more, that

would let you identify them and the victim.That’s illegal as long as they

choose not to come forward,” Sgt. Washington got to give a whole three-sentence

sound bite.

“Pam, that bruise on the back of your leg ...” Dan started to ask as he turned

to me.

There was a tear running down my face and that stopped him.As Sgt. Washington

expected, I was having second thoughts about doing so much damage.His advice

helped.So did telling everything to Dan.He held me and listened.He was

all wowed by the story especially how deliberate I was with the punishment.He

laughed his ass off about the poison ivy.When I got close to crying again

over all those broken bones, he even repeated what the policeman had said.

“Just what were they trying to do to you, Pam?You kept them from doing that.

When it was four on one, you had to do damage or you would have been hurt

badly.Some people might have different opinions about the punishment.I

happen to think you’re the most awesome girl ever and you did right.If that

asshole and Britney haven’t learned from running into you before, they needed

more of an education,” he was all support.

I leaned against him and he held me some more.I snuggled some and cried some.

He just kept holding me.It didn’t get sexy.My emotions were somewhere

else.He helped me get over it, at least for now.When I felt better, he

kissed me goodnight and left.

Writing out the story of the whole evening helped me, too.I got to tell about

the battle again and about the good time at Dan’s.I came to the realizations

that I fought enemies who were about to do even more to me and that I have

friends who love and support me.There’s Mom, too.I’ll tell her tomorrow.

Hope I can get some sleep first.

Friday Morning

Chapter 18.Friday Morning

I slept better than I thought I would.I got up on time and felt rested, so

the night must have been okay.Talking to Dan and the writing helped.The

one time I cried, it wasn’t over Britney or those guys.It was about how I’d

feel if someone did that to me.

When I got downstairs to breakfast, Mom wasn’t up.I felt I needed to tell

her, so I woke her.She should hear it from me.We sat there on her bed

while I told the story again.She’d heard about the news, but didn’t have any

way to relate it to me.I told her and was hoping that the telling again would

make me feel better.It did that part.Mom didn’t say anything about what

was right or wrong.

She did give me a little praise saying, “You’ve learned karate well and it

served you well, Pam.”

I had a quick breakfast.The last part of it was a pop tart that I ate on the

way to the pool.I went through the stretching show for all the boys on the

swimming team and did some warmup laps.Mr. Silanski got there about when

warmup finished.

“Don’t you ever sleep?” I asked him with a smirk.

“Not enough,” he answered with a roll of his eyes.”But I like to get out and

see pretty people like you, especially when you’re naked.”

“You’ll need to stay around Lincoln after you deliver the uniforms this

afternoon.I’m sure some people will need help - some pretty, naked people,” I

suggested and he laughed.

He brought two of the competition suits - the ones for the older guys.They

spent ten minutes getting everything straight and checking the fit.From all

the snapping I heard, those suits are really tight and the stretchy stuff is

strong.The fabric is thick, so they don’t show as much of the guys as a

Speedo does.Dammit.

We had another mock meet for half the practice.Those two guys gave me some

real competition.I didn’t exactly win every heat.I cornered Mr. Silanski

again.

“Ooh.The suits really made those guys faster.I beat them all on Tuesday.

I want mine.”I held up both hands when I went on, “I know.I’m last.I’ll

wait.”

I got a call from Dad on my way to school.I guess he does know my schedule

pretty well.

“So, you and Dan Allen?Way to go,” he started.

“We’re Program partners and that got us close to each other,” I tried to

explain.

“Yeah.The way you explained it, the Program could get you started.You and

his sister Karen are birds of a feather, if you wore feathers,” he sounded like

he knew a lot.”I see that there’s a TV special about the Program this

afternoon.It’s sponsored by Sportech.Would you know anything about that

from being close to he Allens?”

“It’s supposed to show our pep rally.Sportech is making our sports and

cheerleaders outfits.They show us off a lot.Watch.I should get to wave

a couple of times,” I told him what I knew.

I went straight to the cafeteria when I got to school.Breakfast at home

wasn’t enough to leave me any energy after the swimming.A lot of the

conversation in line was about the “gang fight” on the news.It was all rumor.

They didn’t know anything, not even which school the teens are from.A few

wiggles and smiles distracted them, the boys at least, to making requests.I

enjoyed those as much as the boys did.

I loaded the tray and sat with another bunch of boys.They stared a lot and

rarely said something.Their minds just couldn’t get to the rumors.I didn’t

mind because their attention was all on me.

I’m always early at the undressing place after breakfast.This time there were

most of the same guys from yesterday.That included the one who fucked me from

behind.

“I want to show you that I’m good.We’re both gonna like this sex,” he

promised.

He led me onto the grass and held my hand while I sat down.He joined me and

started with kissing.His lips and hands did all the right stuff and got me

going.When I got weak, he held me up to him and kept his tongue going in my

mouth.He laid me back on the grass and started to work lower on me.He

kissed his way down to my boobs then sucked on my nipples and flipped them with

his tongue.My nipples got hard and the areolas puffed out to give him more to

suck and flip.His hand was between my legs stroking my thighs and labia.I

was squirming, wriggling and breathing hard.He wasn’t just bragging.He

really was good at this part at least.

Brooke was the next participant there as usual.She looked down, paused and

smiled at me.Just two days ago, she’d have made some un-Program- like

comment.She’s definitely a changed girl.

The guy doing me went to the next step.He got into my pussy with his hand.

I could feel how wet I was getting.He had me bucking and gasping before he

climbed on.He got his hard cock at my entrance and pressed lightly.His

head went in a little and got wet from my juices.He pulled it out and went in

a little farther a few times - always slowly and gently.Every thrust made me

feel better.I got a good feel for the importance of starting with plenty of

playing and slow penetration.I had been very ready in class most of those

times.This time, I needed preparation and got just what I needed.

He was thrusting all the way in soon enough and catching my clit on every

thrust.My vagina and clit really felt him.My legs around his ass felt

good, too.Screaming came soon after.I had one clear, explosive orgasm and

he was still going.I built up through gasps to screams again and had another

climax.The guy kept going and now he had a smile on his face.He knew I

liked it.I settled back for another orgasm and got it going.He must have

associated my screams with near-orgasmic reactions.That’s what they are,

after all.They got him off this time.He came in me before I was all the

way up to my climax.He didn’t stop.He kept thrusting and rubbing himself

against me even after his dick softened and fell out.I came again then

relaxed.

He kissed me once, got up and left.Damn him.He was so good getting me

aroused, getting me off and even staying with me for that last one.When I was

feeling all warm and tingly, he split.I wanted cuddling.At least he was

right about knowing how to do good sex.

I got up on my elbows to watch Dawn.I let the rest of me just sit there and

relax.Dawn had on a long dress that went from her neck to mid-calf.The

fabric was in strips up and down the dress with little seams between the strips.

It looked thin - nearly transparent.We could see the color of her nipples

and the little patch of pubic hair.

She put her music player down and turned it on again.This dance was a little

more energetic than yesterday’s.She didn’t stop to be coy with her audience.

She just kept up the twirls, leaps, spins and steps.Pretty soon a piece of

the dress tore loose then tore off.It floated away on the breeze.That

fabric was thin alright, but it wasn’t fabric.The dress was made of tissue

paper.The dress disintegrated right in front of us while she danced.

The skirt went first where she was kicking at it the most.The “dress” then

came down over her hips but left her ass and pussy fully exposed.Dawn did

moves where she threw her shoulders back and thrust out her chest.She bent

forward and twisted to the sides.Those moves stressed the top of her dress

and those parts soon came apart.Little pieces of her dress blew all over the

front of the school.She finally snatched off the part around her neck and

over her shoulders when the music ended.

She stood there for requests and got a lot.Boys were putting their hands all

over her and telling her how much they appreciated her dances.They’d

compliment a part of her body and illustrate by stroking her there.She loved

it.Kelly and Emily arrived, so she took her crowd off to one side.

“Litterbug,” I teased her as I walked by to watch Kelly.

I stood in the audience while Kelly stripped.I snuggled among a group of guys

and had their hands all over my ass and boobs.

Kelly started Dawn’s music player on a different selection.This one was

really bumpy and grindy - very un-Kelly-like.He stripped like he was a

Chippendale dancer.He tore off his t-shirt.Just before it ripped, I saw

that the shirt collar had been cut.He had warm-up pants like basketball

players wear.They have Velcro down the legs and can be whipped off in one

motion.Kelly danced around with a lot of wriggles and pelvic thrusts.The

thrusts were very Kelly-like with a grind at the end of each one.When the

music came to a peak, he pulled off the pants.

That left him in his bikini briefs.It was a little shock even to me when he

turned around.The bikini was a thong.He thrust his pelvis and flexed his

glutes.He flexed the two sides alternately so they were shaking a lot.The

girls around whooped, cheered and whistled.The sexy feedback helped him feel

less nervous.His dick rose in its pouch.Instead of a dangling curve, his

bikini took on a rising pointed look.That brought all the more cheering from

the girls.He pushed down the front of the bikini, flashed its contents all

around and pulled it back up.He didn’t get his hard cock all the way into it.

His head and about an inch of shaft stuck out above the waistband.There

were even more hoots from girls, including this one.

He finally stripped off the bikini and finished his dance in the nude.Lots of

girls had their hands between their legs.Before the last note of music ended,

one of the girls ran in and grabbed him.She dropped her knickers along the

way.She must have just taken them off.There was a wet spot on them.

“I want you!Right now!” she screamed as she wrapped herself around him.

He checked Dawn.She was reacting to all the guys handling her.She was

shaking, wriggling, gasping and being held up by them.She threw her head back

and squealed just then.Dawn and Kelly are dating, but I think it’s just

casual.They both keep doing it with a lot of others.Here was Dawn getting

off from intense requests.Kelly went along with that girl who was wrapped

around him.He carried her to the grass and laid her there with her skirt

pulled up.We all got a good look at her pussy while he got on top of her.

He checked her vagina with his hand and must have found her as ready as she

sounded.He slipped right in and started his patented thrusting.The girl

went from heavy breathing to wild high-pitched squeals.He kept her that way

for a long time.My attention went to Emily.

That beautiful babe was even more so today.She had her full, curly hair all

around her face.With her red hair, green eyes with a little makeup and big

smile, she was showing off as only a supermodel can.She’s wearing that

sundress from Monday.She untied the shoulder strings and slowly lowered the

dress.She wasn’t wearing anything underneath.She set the dress in the box

slowly and gracefully.

She kept up the delicate, graceful, feminine manner when she started taking

posing requests.She put a strut, a toss of her head or a thrust of her chest

into each pose.The guys were all in awe.There wasn’t the raunchy cheering

this time, but she had everyone’s attention.She took some touching requests,

but turned down anything that could get messy.She was made up for a session

with the photo club and wanted to stay that way.

Shawn pulled up in his father’s car with the wrinkled fender.His Dad drove

away after he got out.Emily met him as soon as he got to the box.She gave

him a perky smile and a great view of all her beauty.She started to undress

him and he stood there letting her.He seemed to understand that Emily didn’t

want to get messy.

When she had him naked, Emily took his cock in her hand.It was plenty hard

after he took in all Emily was showing him.She stroked him all the way to an

orgasm.She used her towel to avoid being splattered when he came.They did

exchange a kiss, then separated so each of them could entertain more requests.

A short girl with voluptuous curves her jeans and blouse couldn’t hide came up

to me.

“I am Rosa Carlita Maria Jimenez and I was the girlfriend of Jesus Valdez,” she

introduced.

“Was?Oooh.He’s such a nice guy and loyal to you even when I tempted him,”

I said.

“He was my boyfriend until last night.Now he is my fiancé.You tempted him,

then encouraged him to stay faithful to me.Thank you for that.Your

spectacle inspired him.He gave me so much extra love last night and then

this,” she said showing me her new ring.

“Way to go!Congrats, Rosa,” I told her.

Hubcap and Valdez were behind Rosa by then and she noticed.She latched on to

Valdez and led the smiling, blushing boy away.She had mischief in her eye and

snuggled close to him.

“I got a call last night, Pam,” said Hubcap.”One of those stoners called me

from the hospital.”

“I can just imagine,” I said and rolled my eyes.

“He said you were the one who beat them up.I laughed.Not at that idea, but

at them being so stupid to go after you.That’s what they are, you know -

stupid.I don’t know why they think they have anything in common with us.

They’re immature, irresponsible and don’t value or respect anything.They

don’t try to make anything that works or that they can be proud of,” he sneered,

getting angry.

“Yeah, I defended myself and left them hurting.Did that one say anything

about why they were after me?” I admitted and asked.

“Britney.He said she offered two nights and a month of weed to each of them.

That one you slammed was all too ready.You hurt them a lot.They won’t

take any more for her.They’re gonna pin as much as they can on Britney,” he

reported.”You have to be bad.They’re the worst in the school at hurting

people and not thinking anything of it.Here you are doing it worse to them.”

“I still think about it and I even cried last night.I’m not that bad,” I

tried to convince myself.

“Yes you are and you’re a great lay, too,” he said and smacked my ass.

He noticed the bruise just below where he hit me, “Oh, sorry.Don’t throw me

in my locker.”

“No problem.It takes more than that to hurt me,” I laughed it off and he

left.

When I turned around, Dan was there.He was already naked and hard.I

reached around him, grabbed a handful of his ass and rubbed against his cock.

He grabbed my boob and kissed me like he wanted to do a lot more.

“The word’s getting around about last night.I want the principal to hear it

from me just like I had to tell Mom this morning.See you in homeroom,” I

excused myself and started for the office.

Principal Carlson and Mr. N’Dantu were talking together just inside the office -

about the news report.They were hoping the students involved were from

another school.

“Remember how you said there was plenty of time for me to get into trouble

yesterday?” I asked, then broke their bubble by telling the whole story.

They stared at me.I couldn’t figure out whether they felt anger or awe.

One of the secretaries held up the phone and interrupted, “It’s Sgt.

Washington.”

“Why am I not surprised?” the principal quipped.

I heard him say on the phone, “Yes, we’re just talking with her now. ...I

understand. ...Thank you.”

He wrote some names and told the secretary, “These are the ones involved in that

fight last night.We won’t see them while they’re in the hospital and

recovering - a week for them.Longer for her.I’ll work on the

superintendent.Maybe we won’t see them again at all.”

That brought a good smile to the secretary’s face.They must be well known to

the office staff.

“Sgt. Washington says he saw most of what happened and agrees with your story

completely.I think the school should drop it as far as you’re concerned, Pam.

Thanks for keeping us informed.That even impressed Sgt. Washington.You

go on and try to have some fun today,” he finished.

The bell rang while I was on my way to homeroom.It was all over outside and

I’d missed Melissa and Bill.They always do something sexy, but I don’t know

what it was today.They just waved on their way by.

One of Mr. Carlson’s morning announcements was interesting, “There will be an

extra cheerleading practice during activities period this morning.By their

own choice, the cheerleaders are wearing uniforms or going naked to get used to

it before the pep rally.They’re not in the Program.You can look, but don’t

touch.They don’t even have to do posing requests.”

We broke for our activities.I don’t know whether Emily had anything else

scheduled.She was all about the photography club.My camera was still in my

locker.I grabbed it and we started the long way to the art wing.Cass came

by just then carrying a camera of her own.

“Hi, Cass.Photography club?” I greeted her and she nodded.”Emily

O’Connell, Cass Switerlitz.So you’re a photographer?”

“I’m into all kinds of art - two classes and three clubs.I heard that we’re

gonna be stuck posing in our Program week.Is that what you’re doing,” Cass

asked.

“She did hers on Tuesday.I want to pose today as a real client.My

portfolio needs an update,” answered Emily.

“Client?Portfolio?” Cass wondered out loud.

Emily filled her in on going for the next level of model work and what the

update to her portfolio has to show.We could both see Cass getting eager and

anticipating the photo shoot.

“Freshmen didn’t have a chance at Pam Tuesday.They better let us take some of

you,” she said.

I introduced Emily to Patrick, Ginger and some of the others I’d met from the

photo club on Tuesday.She asked if they’d be interested in doing her

portfolio shots.

“You’re a model?” one of them asked.”Aren’t you a little too well- built?”

Emily explained how designers, photographers and agents used to want bony thin

models.Theystill don’t want much fat, but meat on models’ bones is very

much in fashion.She said she wants to pick shots that show her rippling and

curvy figure.That should be easy.That’s what any camera pointed at Emily

is going to get.

“No money, but name credit in an agency portfolio with world-wide exposure,” was

what she offered them.

“Sure!” responded Patrick.”Let’s see if you’re as photogenic as you are

beautiful.”

“What does that mean?” I asked and Emily smiled like she already knew the

answer.

Lots of the older club members contributed to that answer.That means they all

talked at the same time.When we see a live person our eyes concentrate on

fairly small features of a face or body, flitting from one spot to another.We

take in more at once when we look at a photograph.A live subject is also

moving and projecting personality.Personality, emotion and the like have to

be captured to make the model look photogenic in still images.

The wannabe professionals ate up the assignment.Ten young photographers

surrounded Emily.That included the guys from Tuesday, Ginger, Cass, me and

more.One was kicking himself for forgetting his camera.He got to borrow

one of Mrs. Santucci’s loaners.Emily worked hard posing with no breaks for a

half hour.She got a lot of compliments about how she looks and how well her

hair and makeup were done.The compliments sometimes made her react and kept

her smiling, but nothing made her blush in that environment.She let each of

us direct her into a few poses.After Tuesday, I’m not surprised that none of

the poses had her spreading her pussy or bending over for a rear view.

We went to the computers with enough of the hour left to do a good job.We had

to upload the pictures, pick good ones, do color corrections and show them to

Emily.She wanted to see about three from each of us and she hoped she would

like one of those enough for the portfolio.

There are four computers in Mrs. Santucci’s back room for us to share.Ginger

grabbed me and we monopolized one of them.She wasn’t the only club member who

had been eyeing my new camera and lenses.

She handed me a card with color patches on it and said, “Take a shot of this in

daylight by the window and another in the flood light we used on Emily.We’ll

get a baseline for your camera’s coloring.”

I got those test shots while Ginger processed her own pictures of Emily.She

uploaded my test shots and examined the color in each patch.The daylight shot

was too close to bother with a correction.The floodlight shots usually need

to be corrected for all that yellow.My camera did that and got it right.

Ginger was impressed.

She let me scan through my pictures and upload the ones that looked promising.

I had ten that were technically good, but they were mundane.They were

repeated at least once in every other photographer’s set.Emily came by

looking over my shoulder when the exception was on the screen.It was the one

pose I asked for.I was looking at a downward angle from her side.Her

shoulder was half way up the frame and to one side.Above the shoulder,

Emily’s beautiful face was turned and looking up at me with that bright smile.

Her green eyes were particularly bright.Her breasts thrust out below and in

front of her shoulder.That perspective combines her big powerful boobs with

that gorgeous face.Emily was impressed.

She gasped then pointed at the shot and said, “That one, Pam.No matter how

many you offer, I’m gonna pick that one.The size limit is 1024 in both

directions.Make sure they’re no bigger.”

“Right,” answered Ginger.”Have everyone send the selected ones to the shared

folder on this machine.I’ll size them and stick on the credit.”

Emily went around looking at what everyone had done.Cass had one that was

spectacular.It has Emily sitting and leaning forward with her hands on her

knees.The leaning made her boobs hang forward and her elbows squeezed them

together.Cass got all the deep cleavage Emily’s capable of and that’s a lot

of cleavage.

LeVelle got a full shot of Emily’s back that brought an “Ooh” from the model.

It showed off Emily’s shoulders, the Vee of her back, her hourglass waist, that

gorgeous ass and her long legs.Her face was turned so its profile showed over

her shoulder.

“It’s perfect and I really need one of my back like that.Thank you,” she told

LeVelle.

“So she is photogenic,” I observed to Tom.

He stuck me with his elbow and answered, “She’s not the only one.”

Tom got what I call the Supergirl shot.It was a full frontal shot at about

waist levelEmily had her feet a little apart, hands on her hips and chest

thrust out as if it needed any help.She had a small smile and squinted eyes

that said, “Bring it on.”All she needed was a big red S on her chest.Since

that pose was Tom’s suggestion, Emily selected his picture of it.Almost

everyone else had a shot of that pose, but Tom’s point of view was squarely in

front of Emily.It was clearly the best.

Ginger gave an “Ooh” of her own when she saw that selection.She’d passed on

that shot when everyone else was snapping away.She was the only one ready

when Emily reacted to the compliments.The dear model broke the pose and

started to roll her eyes.She let her weight drop onto one leg and one side of

her hips was higher than the other.That had the effect of rolling her pussy

into the inside of her leg so only the top of her slit and little patch of red

hair showed.Her hands were still on her hips and her tilted head had the most

sassy expression.The way Ginger captured it, it said, “If you want to see

that again, hire me.”

Ginger showed the sassy shot to Emily.Emily was impressed and squealed over

it.Ginger had her unique entry in the selection folder.So did everyone

else.There were enough shots of the basic poses that she could include

everyone.The only difficulty was with that loaner camera.It’s just not

quite good enough.That guy did have a close-up of Emily’s smiling face that

didn’t suffer too much.Ginger did some Photoshop stuff to smooth out the

speckles but the sharp focus suffered.

Ginger put “Photo by ...” on each shot.Some of the new club members had to

tell her their names and Cass had to spell hers.They were all correct when

Emily gave the pictures a final review.A few minutes later they were

compressed, attached and emailed to her agent.

Emily gave everyone in the photo club thanks and hugs.She tacked on little

kisses for the boys.She didn’t really need to do that.A hug with the naked

Emily is quite a reward in itself.Cass and I kept smiling and rolling our

eyes at the way she strutted back to the ninth grade wing.

Heather was at her locker when we went by.She was wearing only the fishnet

uniform top.

She looked down at herself, then up to me and said, “I still hate it, but not as

much.We can do actual cheers now, and some of those guys look pretty good.

Miss Forester worked with us the whole hour this time.She knows a lot of ways

we can show off.Now I’d like to see her bottomless like we are.”

“Stay with it, Heather.You’ll get more comfortable.Remember, the rest of

the students aren’t just staring.They’re admiring you.Strut it like a

cheerleader,” I advised her.

She gave a weak smile like she hoped that would work and went off to class.

Emily and I split from Cass and went to biology.

Chapter 19.Friday Classes

Dan and Kelly looked at us like we were totally strange.Emily and I both

scowled at their look.What could be wrong?

“No sex?Either of you?Are you okay?” Dan asked and Kelly checked his

sister’s head for a fever.

We told about the very successful photo shoot.They got that it was a

professional session.They also admitted that they didn’t get any either.

They were saving it for today’s topic in this class.That’s when Mrs. Miller

called us to her desk so she wouldn’t be overheard.She smiled like she had a

plan.

“We need to show sexual arousal and climax in as many ways as we can -

considering the constraints we talked about Wednesday.The plan depends on

you, Emily, and how you react to one of the ideas.I expect you’ll have no

trouble giving Dan a handjob, right?” she asked.

Emily nodded and looked like she was wondering what the big fuss was.

“Then we’ll want to show oral sex between women,” Mrs. Miller went on.”What

do you think of Pam performing cunnilingus on you?”

My face lit up at that idea.Emily looked shocked and almost horrified.She

clutched her arms around herself, looked down then up again.

She swallowed hard and responded, “I’ve been curious, but kind of afraid.I

didn’t want to get into anything emotional with another girl.I know Pam goes

for boys and I trust her, so okay.”

Emily gave me a coy smile and shook her naked ass like she was anticipating it.

“Then I’d like Kelly to engage Pam in vaginal intercourse.I know that’s not

new to you, but you need a position that gives the camera a good view,” the

teacher said.

We smiled at each other.Kelly’s hard cock twitched and a bead of precum

announced his readiness.

“We would then have fellatio left to show,” Mrs. Miller continued.”What are

the chances Dan could be ready again and who would want to blow him?”

I answered, “We’ll get him up again, won’t we Emily?I’ve done him by mouth,

so it’ll be my pleasure to pleasure him again.”

Emily snuggled up to Dan, caressed his shoulders and ran her boobs across his

chest.She didn’t need words for her answer and neither did Dan.His hard

cock twitched and spurted his precum.This was only a little more than we were

expecting all week.

The cameraman from the AV company came in early and set up at the front of the

room.He connected the room’s video projector to his equipment.The whole

class would be able to see the close-ups he was going to get.Mrs. Miller

called the class to order when he was ready.

“We’ve had several questions from other classes and I want to get some answers

from our participants today.The same questions are likely to come up every

time the video is seen.First, Pam, just how much have your breasts grown this

week?” she asked.

“Well ... When I started, my chest muscles pretending to be boobs were at the

small end of an A cup.Now I measure at the full end of A’s.That’s not

much, but hey, any is more than none.The way my boobs spread over my chest, I

have to wear B-size bras to stretch over them.Of course, I only wear a bra

because they make me,” I answered.

“And you’re still growing,” Mrs. Miller finished for me.

There were more questions about how this felt or that tasted.We had answers

for all of them, usually with some little humor thrown in.

Mrs. Miller then got to the point of today’s session - sexual activity to

climax.She explained a little about handling a guy’s hard cock, then turned

it over to Dan and Emily.Emily strutted up to Dan and grabbed his hard cock.

She gave it a few strokes and both said some things about how to hold and rub

it.

“This way is kind of mechanical and impersonal, though,” she said.”A little

snuggling and ... appreciation ... of his other parts helps.”

She ran her free hand over his chest and shoulders then down his back.She

moved to stand beside him with one boob in front of his arm and one behind.

She rubbed and wriggled against him and had that other hand working his ass.

Dan started breathing heavily and his cock twitched a lot.She lay her head

against his shoulder and shifted her cock strokes into high gear.This was

more than a simple hand job and Dan reacted accordingly.He caught his breath,

flexed his muscles and turned red all over.I could tell he was trying to

delay his climax to enjoy it as long as possible.It didn’t work against the

relentless Emily.He went off and shot semen into the second row.He was

pointed between the desks, so nobody got splattered.

Emily cleaned off his cock and her hand with tissues.Dan took some tissues to

clean his semen from the floor.Emily was still on stage and now I was, too.

Mrs. Miller described cunnilingus and said some interesting things about how

much better it feels with tongue than with fingers.She’s obviously a

qualified teacher for this topic.

Then we met the position challenge.I suggested that Emily lie back on the

teacher’s desk with her hips hanging off the edge.

“I wanna see, and the desk is too low to see the screen,” she protested.

“Gotcha covered.Lie back in my arms,” Dan invited as he perched on the desk.

Emily climbed up and leaned on him.She was a little shocked and a lot

thrilled when I kissed her and ran my hands all down her front.Yes, her boobs

feel as good as they look with that great combination of firm softness.Dan

took charge of those boobs and stimulated them.I’m sure he enjoyed the chore.

Mrs. Miller pointed out that the purpose and methods of arousal aren’t any

different when women do each other.

I was kneeling between Emily’s legs.I looked up to check that the camera had

a good view down into Emily’s pussy where all the action was going to be.The

cameraman dollied around, cranked up the elevation and pointed the camera right

down in there.I gave a smile and went back to working on Emily.

I kissed her legs and up around her mound.Between Dan and I, we had her

breathing heavily.I kissed her labia and she started gasping at the first

kiss.The gasps built into those squeals of hers when my tongue started up her

slit.I let my tongue go farther and farther into her pussy with each lick.

Her hips started bucking and wriggling, so I had to wrap my arms around her legs

to hold us together.My hands were under her ass where the camera couldn’t

see, but they could do their job.

Emily was really feeling good and I guess she liked what she was watching.Her

reaction was as good as any other sex I’d seen her do.I decided she was

ready.My tongue found her hood and started working its way under.Emily

bucked harder and harder.My tongue finally got where it was going and I let

my fingers stroke the crack of her ass.Emily exploded.Her squeals turned

to one of my screams and she sat up.She didn’t just sit part-way up and stay

on the desk.She sat straight up, wriggling and bucking in my arms.

The camera angle had been great to show how I got Emily off.Not so much now.

I saw later that the cameraman backed off to show our position.I was

kneeling and holding all of Emily.I held her pussy up to my face while we

finished the last shudders of her orgasm.

I wiped my face with a towel as I stood up in front of her.She grabbed me

with her arms and legs and planted one ferocious kiss on my mouth.I found out

why boys like to hug her.Those big hug-filling boobs are just a start.

There’s more to her the way she’s built and conditioned.The very definition

of the word firm came to mind when I felt what she has all over under that layer

of soft skin.

“Gawd you’re good, Pam, and strong,” she said quietly to me.

Mrs. Miller cautioned girls to be careful around their orgasms.They aren’t

likely to find a partner as strong as me and that whole climax could have

crashed to the floor.

I checked Dan.Between the armful of Emily he had and the close-up view of

girl-on-girl action, he was already hard again.There wouldn’t be any problem

giving him a blowjob.Kelly’s turn to fuck me came first.I was totally

ready.Emily’s excited climax got to me, too.

Kelly suggested trying almost the same position I had used with Emily.Poor

Dan.He got to hold another girl in his arms while she had screaming

passionate sex.He was definitely gonna be ready.

I sat at the edge of the desk and leaned back into Dan’s arms.Didn’t work.

That left my pussy too low for Kelly even with his legs spread wide.He tried

to bend his knees, but they hit the side of the desk when he thrust.I

suggested the stool again.There wasn’t room for the camera if we used the

stool against the wall like we’d done a couple of times.Kelly put the stool

where the camera could get at us and Dan held me again.

When the camera was rolling, Kelly started with the kisses and his hands got

busy between my legs.He kissed all the way down to my navel and back up

again.I stiffened and got puffy when he sucked and licked my boobs.My

juices ran all over his hands while he tweaked pussy.

I was leaning back against Dan’s chest and his arms reached under mine and up

around my shoulders.I felt his hard cock poking me in the back.

Kelly knew when I was ready.The camera was pointed down between us and caught

everything when he thrust into me.Kelly was leaning back with his pelvis

forward so the only place we touched was his cock in my pussy and my legs

wrapped lightly around his ass.The legs worked to keep him up while he was

leaning like that.He pounded into me, caught my clit and did that little

grind.The camera caught all of that with its lens zoomed in on only our point

of contact.

Here we were making a video of a guy holding a 14 year old girl while another

guy fucked her silly.Not too long ago that would have been illegal

pornography.Here it was a class assignment for naked highschool students.

I’m glad my screams didn’t overload the AV sound equipment.I kept screaming

through three orgasms while Kelly kept up his action.I was getting aroused

for the fourth time when he finally went off inside me.He pressed his cock

into me hard and held it there.He stiffened all over and shook while his

stuff pulsed into me.He pulled out when he was finished and stepped back

against a wall.His semen started running out of me right away.The camera

caught that and I caught “Eww” from one of the girls in the class.I didn’t

try to see who it was.I was still recovering in Dan’s arms.I didn’t want

to move.

Mrs. Miller pointed out how satisfying multiple orgasms can be.She said that

any of the techniques being shown for girls can give multiple orgasms, but boys

have to wait through a refractory period.

Dan had had enough of recovery and was ready for his blowjob.He pushed me up

standing and went about cleaning the stool.I stood against the wall beside

Kelly.Neither of us had the energy to get tissues let alone clean anything.

Emily handed us some and we sort of started to clean ourselves.

Dan sat on the stool and patted his lap with a “Come here” look.My return

look said “You gotta be shittin’ me.”At the very least, I wasn’t quite ready.

I staggered over there, straddled his lap and sat on it.His cock was up

hard between us and felt pretty good.Some kisses and rubbing on my boobs from

him helped to perk me up.It wasn’t long before I was interested in his cock.

I kissed him from his mouth all the way down to the tip of his dick.The

camera followed me down and was right beside my face when I started the blowjob.

I licked his cock all around the head and down the shaft on the bottom and

both sides.Between the licking and his precum, he was wet enough.I started

kissing its tip, then licking it.I opened my mouth wider and took the head

in.It was only in a little, so my tongue had room to roam around it.I had

to get that tongue out of the way when I tried to get his cock in farther.

I lowered my head over his cock to drive it in deeper.The breathing and gag

control came easier this time.I hardly had to think of it at all.After a

few bobs of my head, his cock was going all the way in and hitting the back of

my mouth.Every time I pulled up, my tongue got to do its thing.I let my

hands roam around his legs and the sides of his ass while my mouth worked and

worked on his cock.I remembered what he said about a spot just below his

navel.I reached up there and got a reaction.He caught his breath and

thrust into me extra hard.

“I’m coming,” he warned.

I did another quick bob to build some more excitement, then let his cock stay

all the way in.I could feel it pulsing as he came and squirted his semen down

my throat.I was swallowing as fast as I could.I thought it was cool that I

didn’t get the taste of any of it and nothing leaked out of my mouth.

I licked him off when he was finished.I swallowed that and wiped my mouth

before I stood up.When I did stand, Dan grabbed me into a tight hug and

kissed me deeply.This was one of those kisses with a lot more feeling than

just lust.

“I could see the screen.Do you know how gorgeous you are with a cock in your

mouth?” from him brought a blush and re-popped nipples from me.

Mrs. Miller pointed out that the physical satisfaction a guy gets from fellatio

doesn’t depend on continued contact past the start of ejaculation.The girl

doesn’t have to swallow.There is an emotional satisfaction from being

accepted and from the sign of affection when the girl stays with him through the

whole orgasm.

“You four have shown a cooperative, even eager, attitude beyond all our

expectations this week.Your contributions over the whole week have made our

video something special,” Mrs. Miller told us.”Class, lets show them how much

we appreciate their work.”

The class took their hands out from between their legs, applauded and cheered.

Emily asked, “Mrs. Miller, may I be excused early.I’d like to clean up some

more for the next class.”

Mrs. Miller excused all four of us and we went to the nearest bathroom.This

was a boys room.We had it to ourselves during the class hour.Dan, Kelly

and I washed off a little and mostly talked about how much of us the video shows

- absolutely everything.We were finished when the bell rang.Emily washed a

lot, paying attention to her pussy and pubic hair.She also ran a comb over

her head and touched up her makeup.Emily’s gorgeous and is starting to figure

that out, but she’s not vain.We looked at her curiously and she noticed.

“I have to fluff this,” she said rubbing her little red patch of pubic hair.

“See you in English.”

We went through the hall taking some requests, but mostly answering questions.

“Will my Program week be like yours?” was the most common.

Each of us answered, “It’ll be what you make of it.Expect it to be fun and it

will be.”

We went into English class when the warning bell rang and took the prescribed

seats near the door.We left the usual one behind me for Emily.She came in

a little later, dropped her bookbag by her desk, grabbed a report binder and

strutted up to Miss Forester’s desk.She strutted because she felt glamorous

with the hair, makeup and even the fluffy pubes.She had a fire in her eye

that made me think she was ready to take on a fight.

“Miss Forester, I have a book report to present today,” she announced.

“Of course, Emily.I’m glad someone’s starting early,” the teacher responded

in a neutral tone.”I have a few preliminaries to do at the start of class,

then you can make your report.”

Emily came back to her seat with her mouth open in shock.Miss Forester had

recognized a Program participant.The next part was even more strange.She

asked if Kelly or Dan needed relief.

They both managed to answer, “No thank you, ma’am.”

Miss Forester went on, “As a measure to correct my attitude about the Program,

the administration has insisted that I teach today and for the next two weeks in

the nude.Since this is the class where I transgressed, this is the class

where I have to strip.”

She peeled off her tight sweater to reveal big melon-sized breasts nestled in

the bowl-size cups of a lacy bra.The bra straps were working overtime to hold

everything up.The reason we could see her strap lines through her sweaters

all week was that the straps were digging in to her shoulders so deeply.She

tossed her sweater on the desk.Those big boobs were swinging and swaying with

every step and turn.They bounced and jiggled with every arm movement.

“This is a lot easier for me than you might expect,” she explained.”I did

cheerleading in college and that had me doing plenty of public nudity.”

She pulled open the Velcro holding the waistband of her skirt, unwrapped it and

tossed it on top of her sweater.She wasn’t wearing knickers.Her legs, butt

and abs were tight and strong.She looks like she can still do all the stuff

she should be teaching to highschool cheerleaders.She even had a freshly

trimmed square of pubic hair just above her otherwise clean shaven pussy.

“I did a lot of thinking last night about why I was reacting to the Program that

way and more thinking about how much this is gonna hurt.I’ve had some Aleve

now and I’m gonna do this,” she went on.”The reaction comes from what

happened to me in college - ligament damage.My breasts didn’t just sag; they

fell.Nobody should have a chest like this ever, let alone at 23.Now they

hurt if I let them hang or pull them up too high.

“I don’t think cheerleaders, athletes or anyone else should have to risk this

happening to them.I was attacking the Program and taking it out on these four

participants.I tried to keep the cheerleaders out of the whole movement.I

should have gone along with the athletic department and their use of good

looking supportive uniforms.Pam, thank you for helping me see that last

night.

“Okay, here goes.Viewer discretion is advised.”

She unhooked her bra, pulled it off her boobs and dropped it on her skirt.

Those big melons dropped and her skin stretched.They didn’t stop until her

nipples lined up an inch below her navel, pointing down.Even the horndogs who

stare at Emily all through class couldn’t look at the disgusting sight.I

completely understood why she wouldn’t want any of her students to risk that.

“I realize how the rules I set for the Program participants are discriminatory

and humiliating.Starting now, Program participants may sit where they please

and the whole class will be dismissed together,” she said.”I’ve also been

encouraged to read out some of your essays from yesterday.Many of you wrote

what you thought I expected.Several tried to make reasoned arguments of their

own opinions.I’ll read one of those.Pam’s is short.

“Which is more important: English class or the Program?Pamela Fionda’s point

of view.

“A year of English class is certainly more important than a week in the Program.

We’ll learn material and skills in English class.We’ll develop a love for

literature and the joy of reading.It will make us better citizens of the

world.It will change our lives.

“We’ll learn material, skills and attitudes in the Program, too.It will make

us better citizens of the world.It will change our lives.

“A year of English class is certainly more important than a week in the Program.

That’s why they only give us five minutes of class time for Program

activities.For those five minutes, the Program is just as important as

English class.”

That brought smiles and applause from most of the class.Some who were caught

trying to suck up didn’t applaud so much.

“I’m not all the way there with this attitude,” the teacher went on.”The

lecture I got yesterday and a couple of naked weeks might get me there.

“Now for a much more pleasant sight and hopefully a good book report, Emily

O’Connell.”

Emily was as taken back by the teachers confession, nudity and deformity as the

rest of us.She still strutted her stuff to the front of the classroom.She

kept her eyes on her report binder until she put it on the teacher’s desk.

Miss Forester came to our side of the room and stood near my desk to hear

Emily’s report.

“Seriously, Pam.Thanks for helping both times last night.They told me

about the second one.Thanks for covering for me when I was so shaken up,

too,” she said while Emily was getting ready.

I suddenly got an idea and asked, “May I have a hall pass to go to the office,

please, ma’am?”

“Umm, okay.Grab a slip off my desk,” she whispered because Emily was

starting.

I dashed up there, grabbed a hall pass slip and checked Miss Forester’s bra -

34D for big boobs on a slim woman.Emily glared at me for interrupting her

start.

Emily had obviously rehearsed because she didn’t stammer or pause to remember

her next point, even without note cards.She was getting into the plot and

characters of the book.Her face was bright and she was animated in front of

the class.I went to the door after Miss Forester signed the pass.Emily

glared at me again.I think that was because she had that much less moral

support in the room.I have more confidence in Emily than she does.She

doesn’t need my support and someone else really needs more support than that.

I took off for the grand distance of one classroom.Mrs. Miller’s class was

watching the video and twitching with their hands in their laps.I beckoned to

Mrs. Miller and she joined me in the hall.I showed her the view through the

window in the door to Miss Forester’s room.

“Oh!That poor woman!” Mrs. Miller exclaimed.”That’s both the pain and

humiliation we’re trying to avoid.”

Mr. Carlson came along at a fast walking pace.He had been listening again to

see that Miss Forester went through with her atonement.He’d heard the

ligament damage and pain parts and wanted to check that Miss Forester was

alright.He concluded that she wasn’t when he saw her.I told them about my

idea and they sent me to do it.

I did a fast walk to the gym and found Coach Reeves with a PE class.She

agreed that my idea was good if the problem was as bad as I painted it.She

made a suggestion of her own.I should take the 34D and 36D fit samples in

case the 34D held her too high.The coach even turned her class over to Coach

Johnston and came along when I returned to the freshman wing.

Coach Reeves looked shocked and put her hand over her mouth when she saw Miss

Forester.Emily was still giving her report, acting out scenes that

illustrated her points about character development.Mr. Carlson asked Miss

Forester to join us in the hall.

“Exposure is what we intended, Miss Forester,” said the principal.”I heard

your self-searching explanation.Your conclusion is sound.We are conscious

of the hazards of physical activity without support and you should not have

tried to exempt the cheerleaders from Program-friendly dress.Am I right that

we agree you are subject to the same provisions and eligible for the same

support?”

Mrs. Miller and Coach Reeves agreed and they looked at me.I just looked back

at first, then nodded to go along with them.

“You can try these.See which one is more comfortable for you,” I said and

gave her the uniform tops.

Miss Forester tried on the 34D then the 36D.The larger size let her boobs

hang a little lower and sway a little more.She decided on that one.It left

her boobs looking big, high and gorgeous with just enough sexy jiggly movement.

She checked on Emily through the door.She was in a question session and just

about finished.The teacher thanked all of us and even gave me a hug.She

opened the classroom door and held it for me.

“We have one more thing to mention to Pam.She’ll be right in,” Mr. Carlson

told her.

“There’s a position for a student member of the Program committee.We expected

to find candidates among the first month’s volunteers.We decided to end the

search yesterday and select you.This proves how right we were.Are you

interested, Pam,” Mrs. Miller asked.

I may have closed my mouth or I may not.I did nod to agree.

“Good.Clear activities period on Thursdays,” she instructed.

I went in and sat down while Emily was answering questions.Some students who

had read the same book were challenging some of her opinions.She kept up her

smiles and perky personal manner when she made eye contact with each of them as

she answered.She also had well thought-out reasons for her positions.She

finally finished, thanked the class and returned to her seat.The class

applauded.

“Well, Emily.You’ve set quite a high bar even for an AP class.We’ll see

how many can meet this standard,” said Miss Forester.”As you can see, the

Program committee has extended mercy to all of us.Nobody has to look at that

sight again.They don’t look that bad up here where they belong, do they?”

That brought cheers and hoots from the whole class.For once the horndogs

faced the teacher instead of our corner of the room.

There weren’t any other book reports, so the teacher went into the grammar

stuff.She brought her thought to a conclusion just after the bell rang and

dismissed us all.Two boys approached the teacher’s desk.

“No, I don’t have to do requests,” came from Miss Forester a few seconds later

followed by laughter from the rest of us still in the room.

Just to be sure we could get away with it, two boys asked Emily and me for hugs

right there in the classroom.The hugs happened.Yelling did not.

I switched bookbag for camera case and all four of us went to our art classes.

Crystal, Brian and Steve were in Photography and the boys didn’t look like they

needed relief.

“Another good English class?” I asked.

“Oh, yeah.You should have seen Steve and Brooke this time.They even made

us look repressed,” answered Crystal.

I scowled and Steve defended himself, “Brooke and I visited Nikki last night.

She’s cool with it.She was actually glad someone was giving me relief.That

took the pressure off today.We could just go with it.

“She sends thanks to you for the handjobs, too.She’s only in one of my

classes and worried about me.She’d like it if you could stop in.”

I made a note to visit the hospital and told those three about freshman English

today.It really felt great seeing Miss Forester strip.She needs the

exposure.She didn’t need the rest of that.

Mrs. Santucci complimented us on how well behaved we were with the student

teacher and how productive the class was.She then went into some more about

camera operation - things that cause blurs, how to avoid them and how to use

them when they can help the picture.She gave Brian and Steve a chance at the

extra credit for posing when she took examples.

Just a second after the bell rang, Emily came barging into the art room and

ducked into the small room in back.Very few seconds later a squealy scream

came from there.I was quick enough to get in there with her before everyone

else crowded the door.She had a chart of numbers on the computer screen and

was just staring at them with her mouth open.

“You gotta check this,” she said breathlessly.

She clicked a few times and brought up her agency portfolio.The cover shot

was the one I took over her shoulder.It got an “Ooh” from everyone who could

see it, including me.The cover!My shot is the cover.She went through

the rest of the portfolio.Nine of the ten shots she sent were there.

Supergirl was immediately followed by Ginger’s.Levelle’s backside and Cass’

cleavage shots were set opposite each other.The only shot not included was

the one from the loaner camera.I really understand why.The nine new shots

were followed by some of Emily doing runway work in designers’ shows.

“Ordinary models who get scale rates get maybe eight pictures in their

portfolio.Advanced models get three times the money and maybe twelve

pictures.Elite models get ten times scale and portfolios have 15 or 16

pictures.They took out my old cover shot and just added the new ones,” she

explained, still breathless.”Check this.These are HOURLY rates.”

At elite rates Emily gets more for her first hour than I got all summer as a

lifeguard.

“Here’s what made me squeal.I got bookings!In just a couple of hours, I

got three bookings in New York for spring shows next month.This is all for

real!” she exclaimed.

I gave her a hug as she sat there trying to take it in.I think she figured

stuff out in those few minutes.The looks she already had came out in those

pictures because her personality had come out this week.The pictures caught

the real Emily, not just that gorgeous body.

She finally managed to log out of her agency, shut off the computer and start to

lunch.Kelly and Dan were waiting in the hall.Emily told them what she

found.Well, she gushed it all out breathlessly again.

We were way late for lunch.Shawn and Dawn missed their partners and came

looking.Emily squealed again, dashed past Dawn and jumped on Shawn.He

caught her and held her in a kiss until she felt like breaking it.When we

separated at the cafeteria door, those two were talking about skipping lunch and

just doing each other in the courtyard.

Dan walked with me to my locker to put the camera away.Yes, he walked with

his arm around me.He had a few questions about Emily’s discovery that I could

answer from what I saw on the screen.I told him about Brooke getting Nikki’s

blessing to give Steve some relief.He was glad he was right about them.

As soon as I closed my locker, Dan grabbed me.He got into another of those

hugging kisses.Damn, they’re great.He poured all of himself into it and

made me feel like doing the same.I didn’t know where I was.That happens

when I come sometimes, but this wasn’t sex.He really knows how to make a girl

feel good.When he does that, I feel good about me, about him, about school

... about everything.He didn’t try to take it beyond kissing, but that was

enough.Beside the hug and kiss, we shared a slimy precum trail where his cock

was between us.I got a towel from my locker and wiped us both.

We were late to lunch again and that turned out to be a good and bad thing.As

they had said, Emily and Shawn were going at it in the courtyard and it looked

like they didn’t just start.Kelly and Dawn were still eating at a table full

of other students.All the tables went quiet when we walked in and I felt eyes

on me.Most people in the cafeteria had curious expressions.Some looked

sympathetic, including Kelly and Dawn.There were a few who looked hostile.

Almost everyone was finished eating.Dan and I had our choice of two tables

with fresh, clean towels for Program participants.Everyone else at those

tables was finished eating - just sitting there talking over empty trays.We

sat at the nearest of those two.The people at the table seemed to be just

waiting for us.The questions started before we had the first bite.

“Is it true?” was the theme of all the questions about the fight, news reports

and rumors of who was involved.

“Five of them?” “Yep.”With bats? “Yep.”Is that how you got that bruise?

“Yep.”

“Were they really stoned?””Mostly.If I tell you the worst about that,

you’ll toss your lunch.”

None of them looked like they disapproved, but I wondered and still do.That

gang left and another wave sat down, this time without trays.They just wanted

to talk and went through the same sequence.I gave the same answers.A third

wave came along and did it again.Dan held my hand under the table when I

started talking more softly.It was starting to bother me.

“Let her eat,” he ‘suggested’ to the fourth wave who tried to sit with us.

He got a kiss for that, but it was too late to keep me from getting emotional.

I ate quietly and kept holding his hand.I’ve been trying for a slutty

reputation, but now I’m wondering what it really is.Thug?

Dawn and Kelly had joined Emily and Shawn in the courtyard.Both couples were

giving another fucking lesson to third lunch and anyone else who could see out

the windows.Dan stayed with me while I ate slowly.

The bell rang and the juniors of fourth lunch rapidly filled the cafeteria.

Dan and I went to say hi to the Program participants.

“So you’re really having fun in English, Brooke?” I asked.

She punched me and answered, “You knew it wouldn’t be long before I’d be

screwing in class.Hey, I hear your English teacher stripped in class.”

That started me back into a good mood when I got to tell her about Miss

Forester.

Emily came in from the courtyard and Crystal asked her what the scream was all

about.She couldn’t get close enough to the small room to find out for

herself.Emily was a little calmer after some good sex.She only acted very

excited when she told about her bookings as fast as she could talk.

Dan and I went to the restroom where the ones who had sex were cleaning up.

The rest of us kept watching Emily.She was bubbly and bouncy.Her joy and

excitement did as much as anything else to get me back in good spirits.I

reminded her of the history skit we had to do.She paid more attention to the

cleaning.

We went to class in a little more of a hurry.There was preparation to do.

The others must have dragged the skins and clubs in while I was in the office

this morning.I helped take a bearskin from Dan’s locker to the history room.

All of that made us look so busy that we got no requests, but lots of students

watched us.

Mr. Siever greeted us with, “So are we ready for an interesting presentation?”

We all smiled at him and assured him that we had something prepared.Dan and I

placed the skins behind the teacher’s desk.Emily and Kelly drew some trees on

the board to give the impression that there was a forest.

“We won’t need relief today,” Kelly told the teacher.

Dan scowled at him, then said, “The skit will go better if we look horny.”

Mr. Siever called us to the front for our presentation soon after class started.

Dan and Emily hid behind the teacher’s desk with the skins.Kelly and I

started at the other side of the room.We stalked across the room grunting,

brandishing clubs and shivering like we were cold.Dan popped up from behind

the desk completely covered in a bearskin with the head on top.He growled and

we looked startled.We pretended to club the bear and Dan fell behind the

desk.Kelly and I bent down and looked like we were working on the “dead bear”

for a few minutes.We got up with the bearskin upside down so the head didn’t

show.We stood at the board away from the desk and wrapped ourselves in the

skin.We cuddled in there and started to make out.

Kelly and I got so deep into the making out that it looked like we were fucking.

He worked his ass inside the bearskin.His hard dick was rubbing my belly

just from the circumstances and his hands were rubbing my boobs because he

wanted to.I was getting wriggly and did some acting with my face, but no

screaming.Dan and Emily came walking along grunting to each other and

shivering.They saw the cozy, distracted lovers in the skin and wanted that

for themselves.Dan snatched away the skin.That’s not all he got.Kelly

and I both went at him with clubs.He dropped the skin, ran and hid behind

Emily.She looked pissed at us, then at him.They both shivered some more.

Kelly and I grunted at them, brandished clubs and pointed to the “forest” behind

the teacher’s desk.I gave Emily a club.She and Dan went to the desk and

took turns pounding at something with the club.They came up with their own

skin and joined us at the board.Both couples got with the cozy cuddling and

looked like we were enjoying the sex.

Kelly did have his hands all over me and didn’t want to stop.I was caught in

the spirit.I wriggled against him, kissed him and even gave his cock a few

strokes with my hands.Mr. Siever finally called an end to the presentation.

The class applauded as we took our seats.

“That presentation did combine the elements of nudity and the Program with this

weeks topic.Full credit for the presentation and extra credit for the

extras,” Mr. Siever pronounced.

I thought the skit was the bare minimum we could have done.Really glad he

liked it.He finished the section on prehistory by giving us a quiz and then

assigned the next two chapters for next week.

The short trip from history to algebra was filled with the usual assortment of

requests.This is the chance for students who don’t have any classes with us.

We stuffed bearskins and clubs in lockers, dropped our bookbags in the algebra

room then went to the hall and waited.They descended on us.These students

had seen the biology video.They gave us all sorts of compliments and praise.

They also tried to do what they’d seen in the arousal video.We all got sooo

horny on top of what we had done to each other in history.Dan hadn’t even had

relief at lunch and I was way under my sex quota for the day.We took our

hard, drippy cocks, hard nipples and runny pussies into the algebra room when

the warning bell rang.

“I’m sooo horny,” I said to Dan.”I need an Emily special.Ask for relief,

pleeease.”

“Oh no, Pam.I need an Emily special,” said Emily behind me.

“Allow me, horny one,” Kelly offered.”But after that session in the bearskin,

I might only last long enough for a double.”

I turned around to see him with his hardon pointed right up at me.I gasped

and squealed.

“It’ll likely be a triple ‘cause I’m getting off just looking at you,” I gasped.

I sat in my seat impatiently wriggling around on my towel while the teacher

called the class to order.The boys accepted Ms Grissom’s offer to get relief

and led us girls to the front of the room.Dan and Emily did their thing with

her hunching his leg while she jacked him off.Kelly sat me on the stool

against the wall again.We’re getting good at this position and we were both

very ready.He went right in and started that marvelous action of his.I

came instantly at full screaming volume.

Kelly may have been ready, but it had only been a little while since he did Dawn

at lunch.He lasted a lot longer than predicted.He pounded his cock into

me, did that grind on my clit with his hips and used one hand on my neck and

chest.This was the best time with him yet.I got three strong orgasms and

was well into my fourth when he came.He rammed into me and held it there

through his orgasm, then went back to his wonderful action.It took long

enough for him to get soft that I finished that fourth time.

I scooted back on the stool so Kelly could sit on my lap while we recovered.

He got cozy again with some kisses and hands roaming around me.I caught sight

of Ms Grisom.She was awe-struck, standing there with her mouth open.She

let us recover even though it was pushing the five-minute limit.We eventually

got the strength to stand and start wiping.

“Four!” I said to the class with four fingers up in front of me.”I said he

really knows how to use it, didn’t I?”

For once Ms Grisom didn’t call on the Program boys first.She gave them time

to recover so they could actually think about the problem they were trying to

do.Emily and I got our turns, too.She was feeling especially perky by then

and did another great job in front of the class.I went next and didn’t want

to be outdone.I was definitely up and perky after recovering from a quad

orgasm.I did my best to imitate Emily by smiling, facing the class when I

spoke and showing my ass when I wrote on the board.I also had that problem

cold and nobody challenged me.

When I had finished, Ms Grisom said, “Most of you noticed that I expect good

‘performances’ at the board even from naked students.These four have set the

example you all could follow even when clothed.Some of them, Emily in

particular, took a while to get used to it all, but look at them now.That’s

quite a precedent for the whole class.Thanks to you four.”

She led some applause, but it was restrained.The class was thinking how they

were going to feel up there in front and stark naked.

Mr. Carlson made an announcement with a few minutes left in the period.The

sports teams and the cheerleaders were to go to PE on time to prepare for the

pep rally.That was to include those who made teams, but needed their

schedules changed.They were excused from their last-hour class and were to

pick up new schedules before school on Monday.All last-hour classes were cut

in half.The pep rally was to be during the last half hour and run half an

hour after school.

When the bell rang, we dumped everything in our lockers and went to the gym.

We wondered along the way what the awards for Program participants would be.

Friday Evening

Chapter 20.Friday After School

Emily and I got to the boys’ locker room last as usual.We were greeted by the

sight of the football team entirely naked and up hard.They hadn’t even

started pulling on their jocks or shorts.They faced us and smiled as they ran

their hands along our bodies.Emily had gone first this time so I got to see

her reaction.A boy’s hand would pull one of her boobs a little.She kept

walking slowly, smiling and even strutting.When she passed, that hand would

slip off and rub her nipple.Emily would give a little squeal and a bigger

smile while the boob jiggled back into place.

I got some of the same, but my boobs don’t give the boys quite the same

feedback.The touches on me were distributed over my ass, legs and abs as well

as my boobs.Of course, I encouraged the guys just as much as Emily did.

Coach Johnston was looking out for his team.He gave them plenty of time to

get all the touching they wanted.He waited until I got to my locker at the

far end of the room before he interrupted.

He came in clapping his hands and said, “Program girls!Girls!Your

attention please.”

Eight naked girls peeked around the ends of our locker rows.Some touching

kept going.I could see when Brooke squealed and jumped.She playfully

swatted away the hand that went between her legs from the back.That hand had

to move down before it could pull out and its fingers were wet.

“Today we’re having the pep rally, not PE class,” the coach announced.”This

is a team event and you are all to dress with your team.You’re finished with

the temporary lockers now, so clean them out and set the combination to all

zeroes.Coach Reeves wants to meet with you and the Program boys on the gym

floor on your way.

“Thanks for a great week.Of course, we had to come in late every day to make

up for all the time it took the boys to recover from all the playing around in

here.

“You guys line up to get your pads and uniforms.You’ll have to start lacing

them to fit now if you expect to show off when we introduce you.... And put

on your jocks.I’m not interested in you like they are.”

I grabbed the shoes, waist pack and loaned uniform top out of my temporary

locker.It was easy to carry those few things.Some others had more.

Rochelle and Melissa had to juggle bookbags, gym bags and a bunch of other

stuff.Two football players actually helped them carry that stuff out to the

gym where Coach Reeves was.The girls gave them thankful kisses that made

their hard cocks twitch.That’s when they realized they were still naked.We

couldn’t help giggling a little at their embarrassment.They really had no

reason to be embarrassed about how they look nor about being so polite.

Dan came from the girl’s locker room talking to Bill, Shawn and Kelly.I

caught the words “tomorrow” and “my house” from him and figured he was setting

up the party he’d talked about.As all the boys approached, Emily went for

Shawn and Crystal went for Brian.Coach Reeves started the meeting before any

of them could get too snuggly.

“You’re going to be called out twice today,” she started.”We’ll introduce you

as the Program participants and hand out awards for the extremely fine job

you’ve done introducing the Program to our school.You’ll come out as a group

and line up behind Mrs. Miller.You’ll have to appear naked for that.You

are to wear team uniforms when you appear with the teams.I expect the

volleyball and cross country teams will need your support.It’s their first

time in such revealing clothes.You’ll have time to dress while the

cheerleaders are introduced.

“Kelly, the cross country team will follow right after the cheerleaders.

Please take these uniforms to them.Volleyball will be right after that.

Football players try to get as much done on your uniforms before the first

introduction.That team will be last, but it’s still not much time.Any

questions?”

She handed some fishnet mesh shorts to Kelly and went on, “Volleyball girls,

your uniforms are in boxes in front of my office.Don’t worry about being the

last to get to them.They’re reserved by sizes and that nice Mr. Silanski is

there to help you if you need it.”

There were cartons with the Sportech logo where the coach said they’d be and

there was a stunned, smiling Mr. Silanski standing over them.Several

volleyball players were still in line to get their uniforms.They had all

stripped naked and Mr. Silanski had much to stare at.They would bend over to

pick out shorts from one box, bend over again to pick out a top from another

box, then try the uniforms on right there in front of him.

Sometimes it was for real and always for teasing when they would ask him for

help.They didn’t need much help and could have asked each other just as

easily.Jennie had her shorts stretched too far down her legs.She asked him

to adjust them and press them snuggly into her crotch.She’s had Program

experience, so she knew exactly what she was doing.Tania was having trouble

lining up her top.She got him to help place the mesh so her nipples were

free.Damn, he has such a hard life ... well that pole in his pants was sure

hard.

“So, enjoying yourself?” I asked him.

He looked at me without changing expression and said, “You were right, Pam.

This is what makes my job worthwhile.”

I got extra large shorts and the 40A and 40B tops.Mr. Silanski gave me a

questioning look.

“Like with the swimming suits, I don’t really know what size I need,” I

explained.

The shorts fit as I had expected.They stretched comfortably around my ass and

legs.I wore the waistband low on my hips and pulled the leg bands up so there

wasn’t any stretching up and down.The stringy mesh put a gentle pressure on

my pussy, a little more pressure around my butt and my mound and it was kind of

tight around my legs, but not uncomfortable.I’ll just have to get used to it.

The 40A top felt okay.The band felt right on my chest.The straps and cups

held my boobs and supported them.After some tugging, I got all of my boobs

into the cups.The straps bowed out around my wide boobs and pulled them into

the cups.That made me fill the cups snugly, but not bulge out between the

threads of the mesh.The holes were just big enough for my nipples and puffy

areolas to get out when they wanted attention.

The uniform felt great, so I checked how it looked in the mirror.The black

shorts added a little color, especially around the bands and really looked like

uniforms.The white tops lightened my tanned skin and really showed on the

black girls.The tops had a black stovepipe hat logo on one side and the

player’s number on the other.They were above and to the outside of the bra

cups and straps, almost up to the shoulder.There was larger number in the

middle of the back.The numbers were black with white borders so they stood

out against any skin tone.

The t-back bra style keeps the straps high on my shoulders so it’s easy to raise

my arms.Volleyball and basketball have me doing that a lot.The way my

shoulder muscles are built up, that isn’t enough.I tried reaching up with

both arms like for a block.My shoulders pulled the straps and the stress went

all the way to the cups.They didn’t bow out any more and blobs of boob were

coming out.

I tried the 40B.Those cups stretched around my boobs better and even stayed

when I reached up.The problem was that my boobs don’t fill those cups and

they don’t support me.Some of the mesh was just hanging there.I went with

the A cups.They looked better for showing off at the pep rally at least.

I had to stash the uniform in my locker for the Program presentation and was

just doing that when Coach Reeves asked, “Pam, please tell the cheerleaders

their uniforms arrived.They can use the mirrors in here.”

I found the cheerleaders in the wrestling room as expected, but not doing what I

expected.They were practicing cheer number 16 and Miss Forester was doing the

demonstrating.She did the last line of the cheer and ended with a jump split.

She was leaning back more than the students had done yesterday and really

showed her pussy.

“Jump straight and bring you legs up higher.When you reach for your toes,

don’t bend at the waist.It doesn’t matter if you don’t actually touch your

toes.Nobody’s watching your hands anyway,” she instructed.

Heather called a beat and the whole squad tried the jump split.Heather and

some others got it.Their pussies were clearly visible the whole time they

were in the air.Heather and Miss Forester corrected some of the others and

they tried it again with some improvement.

“We only have one officer now and we really miss Nikki,” Miss Forester said to

the group.”We’ll have new lieutenants next week and Nikki will have her job

when she gets back.Today, though, Heather will be out there by herself as

captain.Line up on her for the introductions and first few cheers.When

you’re spread around the gym, you’ll have to keep an eye on her from all over

the floor to get the next cheer and the start.”

She patted Heathers ass and added, “Good Luck.”

That’s when I interrupted about the uniforms.

“I could get to like this.People keep telling us how good we look and it

feels really free,” Heather said to me on the way to the locker room.”And did

you check out the bottomless Miss Forester?She’s even better at cheering and

teaching it without her clothes.”

Coach Reeves and Mr. Silanski had cleared the volleyball uniforms and the

cheerleaders’ stuff was ready for them.Their white tops didn’t have logos

yet, so they were to go back for a couple of days.

Black shorts are all the boys are going to wear.I graciously helped them find

the ones that fit and helped the first one find the right place to line up his

dick.The volleyball players are used to dressing and showering with Kelly.

Hard, bare cock became a rare commodity with only one of him and so many girls.

Here were six more-muscular studs whose sport is to throw girls in the air and

catch them.I didn’t need to help any of those boys find out how the uniform

shorts handle long, stiff hardons.They had at least four ‘helpers’ each.

Miss Forester had ordered the skirts with strings in black.They have Velcro

waistbands and wrap around the girls.They only need to come in two sizes that

way.

“Wear them just low enough that the beads are in line with your crotch,” Mr.

Silanski instructed.”Then keep the waistband level.Check the mirror to see

how cute they are in back when you do them right.”

I was curious about the skirts.I wondered what made them so Program-

friendly.Heather was the first one to get hers.I followed her to the

washstand.She was curious about the skirt, too, and put it on first.It

covered her pussy when she stood still and let the cups of her ass show a

little.They were damned cute the way her ass is so firm.Each time she

turned, the skirt strings swayed up and her pussy peeked out - also very cute.

When she stopped moving, the weight of the beads at the bottoms of the strings

brought them back down into place.

Heather changed from the fit sample to her new top.She was tugging and

pulling to get it lined up with her nipples.On one tug, the skirt strings

swung out in front of her.They fell back into place with a little extra

momentum.Heather gave a short shriek and flinched, trying to roll her hips

back.That made the skirt do it again.Heather looked down at the skirt and

started turning red.Her nipples came right out through the top and lined it

up all by themselves.

Heather carefully thrust her hips forward and made the strings swing the beads

into her again.She and I figured out the Program-friendliness at the same

time.Those beads smacked her in the pussy with every movement and often got

right on her clitoral hood.Heather was masturbating by just standing there

wiggling her hips.She got off and almost collapsed to the floor.I caught

her.

“I think I like this,” she gasped to me.

The next girl was getting into the feeling of the skirts by then, too.She

would rotate her hips so the whole row of beads would rapidly strum her pussy.

“Who picked these skirts?” she asked.

“Pam,” answered Heather.”I heard her recommend them to Miss Forester last

night.

“Might know who would pick something so sexy,” the other girl said smiling at

me.

Most of the cheerleaders got the message from the skirts.Some were too

reserved and tried to hold still to keep the naughty beads under control.Some

weren’t in the right mood then.They complained that the beads were

irritating.I walked through the locker room thinking about taking bets on how

long that would last.

Mr. Silanski was taking all this in.I don’t think even he knew what those

skirts would do to the girls.Now most of the cheerleaders were getting off

just by wearing the clothes he sells.He suddenly caught his breath, stiffened

and a wet spot appeared around the point of that hard pole.The poor guy had

creamed his pants.He quietly turned and left.His work here was finished.

Mr. Carlson announced that the pep rally was about to start and soon the gym was

filling with the whole student body.Emily and I got just outside the locker

room door, watched the crowd and waited for the Program participants to be

called.

“I thought there was supposed to be TV coverage,” said Emily looking around the

gym.

I looked too and finally spotted the camera, “See that platform hanging from the

ceiling against the wall right in front of Mr. Carlson?There’s another one

over the backboard of the far court and one right up there.”

I ended pointing straight up over our heads.Emily slowly sidled her way out

from under what looked like a makeshift platform.At times the lights weren’t

in our eyes and we could see the cameras on the platforms.

Mr. Carlson said some stuff to start the rally and turned it over to Mrs.

Miller.She called the Program participants out onto the floor.The boys

came from their side and we came from ours.We all lined up by class and by

partners.Mrs. Miller gave the microphone to Amy.The assignment was to

introduce ourselves and tell how we liked our week in the Program.

Amy started by stepping forward and spinning around to show her naked self to

everyone on both sides of the gym.She spoke out clearly and had a lot of good

things to say about the Program and the sexy time she had in it.She spent

part of her time talking to each side of the gym and had her eyes up to the

audience the whole time.

One of the senior boys was next.He didn’t do the graceful spin, but he did

face both sides during his talk.We all had a lot of the same general

experience getting used to the Program, then getting downright sexy later in the

week.All the participants said that stuff, but tried not to be so repetitious

by telling little anecdotes.Crystal told about her ex being thrown into his

locker, Emily told about being a model for the photo club and I told about strip

chess.

Mrs. Miller had her helpers hand out the awards while she pointed out that they

were only for this first group of participants.They turned out to be $500

checks.So cool.Next I wondered what the special award was.Mrs. Miller

must have taken the telepathic clue.

“We also have a special award to give for the participant who has grown the most

in the Program this week,” she said.

The stands erupted with cheers of “Pam!” and”Pam’s tits!”My nipples

erupted all hard from the puffy areolas as I blushed over that.

“Pam, c’mere,” Mrs. Miller said, followed by a big cheer.”We’re announcing

now that Pam is the student member of our Program committee.She will present

this award.”

Everyone got quiet.Mrs. Miller handed me an envelope with Emily’s name on it

and the microphone.

“Do you remember the big breasted, gorgeous girl in that line Monday morning?

The one who wished she could cover herself?The one who couldn’t stand to be

up in front of the assembly even if she were clothed?” I started.

You know how smart Emily is by now.This is where she caught on.I was

facing that way and saw her put her hand over her wide-open mouth and blush a

lot.A few seconds later, she was the perfect example of what I said next -

standing straight with her chest thrust out proudly - despite the blushing.

“That young lady had the farthest to go.You all just saw her tell about her

week.You should have seen her in English, history and algebra the past few

days, too,” I told them.”Are you aware that we have a professional supermodel

in our midst?That’s what motivated her to volunteer for the Program.She

really needed to get out of that shell.Well, she did and we’ll soon see her

pictures everywhere.The award for the most growth in the Program deservedly

goes to Emily O’Connell.C’mere, Emily.”

I dangled the envelope at her and she came out of the line.Her bright crimson

blush was precious.She managed a “Thank you, Pam, and all the Program

committee.”

Everyone in the gym applauded and I started to go back into the line.Emily

grabbed my arm and almost put me on my bare butt when she pulled me back to her.

Mrs. Miller had handed her another envelope and the microphone.I’m smart,

too.I did the hand on mouth, blushing, nipple popping thing myself.

“Looks like the sponsors have sprung for two awards.This one is for the

participant who best embodies the goals and spirit of the Program,” Emily

announced.”They asked me to give this to my dear friend as a surprise.Now

it’s to get even.There is only one person who set the bar - who let us all

know what it can be like.She’s represented the school and the Program on TV

three times now and we all can be proud of how she did those.”

The students could count two TV appearances and started to wonder.Emily

pointed up at the camera platforms and everyone gasped.That included the

Program participants, except the freshmen who just smiled knowingly.

“Pam, to just about all of us, you ARE the Program.You deserve this,” Emily

said and gave me the envelope.

I squeaked out a “Thank you” then recovered and said, “All you students had a

lot to do with making our Program week so much fun.I said on Monday that we’d

do unto you as you did unto us.After this week, we’ll do our best to make

your Program weeks just as much fun.”

Emily and I squealed at the same time when we look at the special awards - $2000

checks!We were dismissed and Mrs. Miller handed the microphone over to Miss

Forester.The cute young teacher with the huge rack and bare bottom got a lot

of applause from everyone in the stands.

“Huddle.Over there,” I said to the Program participants and pointed to the

wall near the boys’ locker room.

I had a chance to think through the details while we walked over there, “I want

to take us all to dinner with this award - extra fancy - Top of the Tower.”

That’s where Mom works and it could easily take the whole award check to have a

big party there.They all knew what that meant and just listened.

“You can bring dates in or out of the Program.They do special stuff there, so

email me by noon tomorrow and tell who you’re bringing and where the limo can

pick you up,” I said quickly.

“I’ll bring a date in the Program,” Dan said and squeezed me.

The rest of them imitated fish with their mouths opening and closing.Some of

them obviously had plans.

“We’ll do it early, say 6 to 8, so you can get to the parties or whatever,” I

said and they all started nodding.

“I’ll be naked.It’s fancy if you dress.Make your own choices,” I finished

and they started some snickers.

We girls had to walk the length of the gym to our lockers.We saw the

cheerleaders prance onto the gym floor and kneel in a diamond formation.Some

faced each side of the gym.Most of the girls I could see were red all over

and breathing hard.All they had done was walk onto the floor ... in those

skirts.Miss Forester was telling about the missing officers, then got to

introducing the squad.She started with Heather who was at the point of the

diamond facing our way.As soon as Miss Forester said her name, Heather stood

up and went right into cheer number 16.

The students had seen enough flashing pussies and asses under those skirts to

know there was no underwear involved.They also know cheer 16.Everyone’s

eyes were on Heather.She did it perfectly, but her voice seemed to be gasping

at times.Those were the times the naughty beads were hitting her just right.

When she did the jump split, the skirt flew way up and her pussy stayed visible

through the whole jump.She must have been practicing or maybe just enjoying

the skirt because her pussy was swollen and her clit was sticking out.Just

when she landed on her feet, the beads landed on her clit.Heather didn’t

kneel down after her cheer.She collapsed in a screaming orgasm.

Miss Forester gave sly smiles to both Heather and me, then called the next

cheerleader’s name.She was the second girl who’d had a good time in the

locker room.She was at the far point of the diamond and did cheer 16 facing

the other side of the stands.She got the same sexy result from the naughty

beads.

The pace picked up after those two set the tone.Seniors did the last two

lines of the cheer; juniors did the last line and the others just did a jump

split.After every cock and pussy on the squad had taken an introductory solo

bow, they went through a bunch of other cheers.They were quite good for the

most part, but they would get a little ragged when one of the girls got aroused

by the beads and had an orgasm in the middle of a cheer.

Our eyes were glued to the cheerleaders and so were Coach Reeves’ until the

cheerleaders split to their bleacher sections.The spirit club had sections

leaders out in front of each section and they were joined by a pair of

cheerleaders.The boy-girl pairs and some of the girl-girl pairs did shoulder

stands.That gave many on the floor or lower levels an upward view of the

uniform skirts and good close views of the boys.

We thought it was time to dress for the volleyball presentation and one of the

players had a question for Coach Reeves.

“Not now.I gotta see this,” she dismissed the player with her eyes still

glued to what the skirts were showing.

We got into our uniforms and Amy answered the player’s question.We came back

to the doorway and Coach Reeves was still there.She was still salivating over

all those cheerleaders and they way they were undressed.

“C’mon.Time to get dressed.If Pam can, you can,” Amy said with a sly smile

that made me blush again.

“At least put on that bow tie you mentioned,” I insisted.

Coach Reeves tore herself away from the sight of all those excited and exciting

cheerleaders.She got her uniform without any number from the boxes and went

into her office, pulling me behind her.Amy went in there, too, dammit.

The coach slipped on her uniform shorts and top.Amy got behind her and

adjusted the shorts to get the waistband level and the leg bands high enough for

no vertical stretch.I got her top lined up so her nipples had a clear path to

the outside world.

USERNAME: Pamela

PASSWORD: \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

My fingers also had a clear path to those nipples.I pinched them and Donna

yelped.

“That is so what I wanted to do to you when you snapped my bra,” I taunted.

“Don’t stop with one pinch.Donna has to look her perky best out there,” Amy

said to me.

My mouth fell open and I thought, “Oops!”Coach Reeves rolled her eyes.

“What?” asked Amy.”Oh.Pam didn’t know?

“Pam, you’re where I was a couple years ago ... all the way to the tip of your

tongue.Donna asked me to pick the next captain.I knew the right answer

from the first day when I saw her ogling you.The clincher came Tuesday night.

There was this one screech I heard through the door ...”

I had worked Donna’s boobs into quite a state.They were bulging out through

the mesh all over, not just at the nipples.I got a chill at the thought of

getting caught and getting Donna into trouble that night.Donna grabbed Amy,

hugged her and rammed her tongue into the senior’s mouth.She did the same to

the freshman.None of us were in trouble.

“So you’re gay?” I asked Amy after Donna let go.”I thought you were making it

with guys all week.”

“Like you, I was experimenting, but not with as many things.She made me like

it enough to keep licking Donna for more than a year, but not lately,” Amy said

snuggling Donna in her arms.

“Ahem,” Donna interrupted.”It’s neither of you today.The athletic

department is going out to dinner to celebrate surviving another tryout week.

I’m ready and it’s back to Coach Reeves now.”

----- E - N - D -----

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

“Here’s this,” Amy said grabbing a black pre-tied bow tie from Coach Reeves’

desk.

She wrapped the tie’s band around the coach’s neck from behind and fastened it.

We got to the gym floor as Coach Harrier was calling the cross country team

roster.They were lined up behind him and had to step forward and wave.The

coach started with freshmen so Kelly could set the standard.He did a big

smiling wave and wasn’t self-conscious at all about how much those shorts

showed.The others were more apprehensive, but not terribly ashamed.I think

we Program girls worked on them enough in four showers to let them know they

don’t need to be ashamed of anything they have in those shorts.

Coach Reeves went to the microphone when Coach Harrier finished.As she left

us, she nudged Amy and pointed at the spot along the wall she wanted us to

gather.The cheerleaders did a long cheer about the running team, so we had

some time.Amy had me help and we herded the volleyball players.We all

stood in a bunch where we could hear our names.

“First is our senior middle blocker and team captain ...” she introduced Amy.

The tall girl ran out onto the court and waved to both sides of the gym.She

got a lot of applause.She and Coach Reeves were the first to show what those

shorts did for pussies and women’s asses.The coach called out the seniors and

juniors.Each player ran out, slapped hands with the ones already out there

and waved to both sides.The cheerleaders did a cheer that spelled the

player’s name and the students applauded all of them.

“We have the privilege of introducing some younger players to the joys of

varsity competition this year.Here’s sophomore defensive specialist ...” she

introduced Dawn and then Melissa.

“Our freshman middle blocker will also be helping captain Amy.Pam Fionda,”

she said.

I did the ritual of the hand slaps and waves.I looked back at the bunch and

saw Emily.She knew there are twelve on each team and could only count eleven.

Freshmen were being introduced last and there was only one other freshman

contender for the varsity.Emily has to be the brightest babe I ever called a

supermodel.Her hand was already over her mouth again.

Emily’s hand was down and she was standing tall when Coach Reeves announced,

“and finally a surprise.Freshman hitter Emily O’Connell.”

Emily streaked out onto the floor screaming and shrieking.She came through

the team line making as much noise as the cheerleaders.She shrieked right in

my face, then did her waves.When she looked back at me, I had this huge

shit-eating grin on my face.

“You knew!She made you a captain yesterday and you knew last night.Bitch!”

she cried and threw herself on me and gave me a big hug.

Emily was having one great day and had earned all of it.I think that was

getting to her because she was in tears when she broke that hug.Coach Reeves

was looking at Emily’s reaction with a sly expression that said, “Gotcha.”

Heather called a cheer, stomped a starting beat and the cheerleaders did a cheer

for our team.Heather really worked her skirt and wound up on the floor again.

So did a few of the other girls.Even the ones who had been uptight or not

in the mood were getting their share of arousal.

Coach Reeves named the JV and freshman teams.Those players got short cheers

instead of their names.The coach made all the hopeful statements about how

the teams would do this year.She didn’t commit us to anything spectacular ...

only the state championship.She thought it was a joke.We didn’t.

Heather started another cheer as we ran off to make room for the football team.

She didn’t last through the cheer.After a few lines, she was flushed red,

breathing hard, bent over and grasping at her pussy with her hand.We had to

run in front of her.

She saw me and gasped, “I love this!”

We stood in our bunch and watched the football players appear in full uniforms

with pads.Damn, they all looked like such hunks.Coach Johnston introduced

the varsity.Amy and Rochelle squealed for their Program partners, the

quarterback and a running back who was introduced as captain.Bill, Steve,

Brian and Shawn also made the varsity.Dan is the only freshman on varsity.

He’s also the only player Coach Johnston introduced as a starter.

The JV football team went through their thing after that.The cheerleaders

were supposed to do another series of cheers after the football players left.

They did the final cheer for the JV, then Heather gave a hand signal over her

head.The cheerleaders collapsed with grateful smiles on their faces.They

were exhausted and Heather had just cancelled the last series.Of course,

Heather herself was the most tired.She’d had the most orgasms.The boy

cheerleaders picked up their partners and carried them off the floor.Girls

were leaning on each other and staggering as they tried to dodge the departing

students.

The whole cheerleading squad went straight to the shower in our locker room.

How much fun do you think those guys had in there?

We stripped off the uniforms and most of the Program girls went to the clothes

box by the front door.Emily, Dawn, Kelly, Melissa and I waited outside the

boys’ locker room for Dan, Shawn and Bill.Those boys got big hugs and kisses

for greetings.Dawn gave some to Kelly, too.Bill and Melissa conferred for

a moment, then confirmed the dinner and Dan’s party.They wanted some alone

time, so they left.The rest of us hauled skit props out of the lockers to

Dan’s car.Emily, Kelly and Dawn were getting a ride with Dan to the

O’Connell’s.I kissed him and went back in for my books and camera case.

Chapter 21.Friday Evening

I walked to the pool complex with the book bag over my shoulder, the camera case

dangling from one hand and my phone in the other.I first called Sgt.

Washington and confirmed that I’d let the matter of last night’s fight drop.

Then I called the limo service and reserved two stretchies for tomorrow evening

5:30 to 8:30 - exact itinerary to be emailed tomorrow.I’m glad Mom trusts me

with her credit card.

I thought of calling Mom about restaurant reservations, but then had a second

thought.According to her, that restaurant had not yet had any naked customers

and she said that the manager had a hang-up about it.If I reserve anything in

my name, she’ll know naked people are coming.I sort of wanted to surprise

her, but not blind-side her.I called and asked to speak to her as my Mom.

That’s not unusual, so the reservation clerk put me right through.

I bragged to Mom about making varsity and being a captain.I also bragged on

Emily for her bookings, making the varsity and her Program award.

“You really like Emily, don’t you?” she asked.

“Enough to lick her pussy in the biology video.You’ll have to see her fall

off the desk when she comes,” I answered.

She must have heard the excitement in my voice because she laughed.Then I

told her about my award and what I wanted to do with it.Mom was thrilled that

I was sharing.It was like I was sharing with her a little by picking her

restaurant.

She said I was damned lucky there’s a banquet room available early tomorrow

evening.There were none available after nine.I promised to be out around 8

because we all had parties.Her long pause was enough to ask what party I had.

I told her about gathering Program freshmen and sophomores, Dan’s sister and

maybe a middle school friend at Dan’s.I also told her exactly where Dan’s

house is.She was seriously impressed, and she’s not easy to impress.

“There was a call from Kurita-san on my line, Pam.There’s a note.He wants

to see you in his studio tomorrow by 8.Didn’t say what it’s about.You know

how he always commands his students?This time he was much more of the

askin’,” she said.”Oh, your supper tonight?It’s pizza ... for two.

Enjoy.”

The last call was to Dan, “Hey guy!I’ll trade you a ride home from the pool

for a huge gourmet restaurant pizza and naked entertainment.How about it?”

“Don’t know if I can wait ‘til seven.I’ll be so ready, I’m likely to start

eating you right there,” he answered.

This was another day when I had plenty of time to get into trouble, and that’s

just what I did.I locked my bookbag, award checks and camera in a locker,

then went looking for one Officer Sid Moore.He was conveniently in his

office.I went in there without any pretense, showed him enough to get a

priest hard and started talking about his recovery.

“My knees were hurt a lot.They work now, but they’re still sore.The worst

problem is my legs are scrawny and weak,” he told me.

I sympathized then asked him how things were going on the rest of his shift.

He told some stories and gossip that had me laughing.We were more comfortable

after that, especially when he adjusted that hard cock in his pants.

“That time the guy got hurt, I did crowd control and some paperwork.I wanted

to help more but didn’t know how - even with the clean up.Sgt. Washington

said replenishing the first aid kit was something we can help with.Do you

have time to fill me in on some of that,” he asked.

Bingo!That couldn’t have worked out better, or worse.

“Oh, yeah.All that stuff’s in the supply closet.C’mon, I’ll show you.

Bring the keys,” I answered.

I closed the supply closet door behind us.It’s always locked.I showed Sid

all the boxes of stuff for the kit and more paperwork forms than he’d ever want

to see.

I got close to him, smiled and said, “There’s one more thing I want to show

you.”

I think he saw it coming with the tone of voice in his, “What would that be?”

“A good time,” I said as I started on his shirt buttons.

He protested, but only a little.Something about being on duty.I took off

his uniform shirt and t-shirt.He’s a hunk above the waist.He has great

arms, shoulders, lats, back, pects and a solid washboard down his front.

“Rrrrr” I growled when I stroked all that hard man stuff.

I undid his equipment belt and then his pants.His under shorts went down with

the last of his uniform.He was getting with the idea.He had already kicked

off his shoes.He’s a hunk above the waist, but only one part of him below the

waist is hunky.That part was sticking up into my face while I pulled his

pants off.I kissed and licked it a few times.The rest of his ass and legs

have suffered from lack of use.He’s right, they’re scrawny.

I let him lie down on the closet floor and perched on him.He reached down to

my pussy and worked on me like he knows what it’s about.I leaned forward so I

could kiss him.His mouth did me some good and his hands worked wonders.I

was soon wriggling all over him and breathing hard.He had me wet and ready.

I slid over his cock and let it start into me.I rocked back and forth so it

would go in a little more and get more wet each time.It went all the way in,

so I could work myself against him while I slid up and down.My vagina and

clit were getting all they needed.He moved his hands to my boobs and gave

them what they needed, too.

My gasps were getting loud.I lay down on him and put my open mouth around his

collar bone.He thought I was going to bite him, but I didn’t.I just

screamed into his shoulder and all those bulging muscles muffled my voice.I

kept wriggling and thrusting on him, going faster and faster.I got off twice

with a warm, quiet time between them.When he came, he thrust up into me with

his abs, but didn’t use his legs.That was fine.Those abs are wonderful.

We lay there cuddling for a few minutes until we mostly recovered.He cuddles

and kisses like he knows what they’re about, too.Another thing the supply

closet has plenty of is paper towels for the restrooms.We got cleaned up and

he got dressed.

“That’s where all the first aid supplies are except oxygen.We have to call

downtown for a new bottle if we use it at all,” I said as we left the closet.

That should have been enough of a cover for Mr. Schwartz.He came the other

way in the hall just then.Sid and I went back to his office smiling at each

other a lot.I thought that was pretty good for my first semi-pro time.I

say ‘semi’ because this lay wasn’t for cash, but it was for future favors.I’d

learned the value of having friends on the police force.

Any more carrying on was interrupted by the Switerlitz family.The eagerly

naked Caitlin was dragging the reluctantly naked Cass out of the locker room.

“Come on, Cass.You know it’s that time of the month,” Caitlin teased with

double meaning.

“Hi, Cass.Did you hear about Emily and what those pictures got her?” I asked

as I checked out her pussy for tampon strings or runny red stuff.

She caught the look and responded, “Not my period.Mom’s taking my blood every

month to catch the start of any growth spurt I might do.The little vampire

can’t wait to watch.

“What about Emily?”

Cass was duly impressed about having a picture in the portfolio that got Emily

the high-priced bookings.Dr. Switerlitz was waiting where we usually do our

stuff in the lounge.It was total torture for Cass.Not so much the blood

sample, but the constant teasing from Caitlin.I decided to be lenient on Cass

if she wanted to dunk her little sister.

The doctor took my blood and reported that nothing had changed.I should still

be in a powerful growth spurt.Her measurements confirmed that.I’d put on

about as much breast mass as in each of the last few days.It hadn’t made as

much difference as when I was totally flat, though.I was still at the large

end of A size, getting into the difficult area between sizes.As if I didn’t

already have that clue.

“Thanks for being so consistent, Pam.The way you have sex within an hour

before our sessions makes the measurements track better,” the doctor said and we

smiled at each other.

Cass blushed a little at a sex reference from her mother.Caitlin showed how

young she is.She turned bright red, put her hand over her mouth and ran out

of there.I didn’t bother telling her not to run.She was long gone.Cass

went after her with mischief in her eye.

I did the chemical check, moved signs and got in the chair for my shift.The

place was more nearly empty than usual.Even the regulars must have been

getting ready for their Friday evenings.Cass had her revenge.She teased

Caitlin about sex and walking in on people.She must have been pretty graphic.

Every time she did that, the little girl would go “Eww,” run away and jump in

the water.Their Mom had a smile that made me think she was glad Cass had a

chance to turn the tables on Caitlin.

That family and another left and the pools were empty.Mr. Schwartz beckoned

me down and inside.He told Sid that the outdoor pools were closed until

seven.He wanted to meet with me about the schedule change I needed next week.

It was a little strange that Mr. Schwartz told me to sit and closed the door

when we got in his office.

“I want to establish the facts first and see if you have any defense.Did you

and Officer Moore have sex in the supply closet?” he asked bluntly.

Uh-oh.He was acting like this was worse than an oops.

“Yes, sir,” I squeaked an answer.”It was all my doing.I jumped his bones.

If it was wrong, don’t do anything to him.It’s all my fault.”

“Just what I thought, and just what I expect from you, Pam.Most teens would

try to turn the blame anywhere they could.You’re honesty and responsibility

are going to get you some leniency here.

“I can understand your confusion about this.They strip your clothes off and

push you at each other in school.They tell you to express your sexual selves

and even make class time for it.Nudity extends to the rest of your life, so

why shouldn’t the sex?We’ll have to work that into our training.This is

the first job for a lot of young people.It’s something we need to cover.

“Sex in the workplace is distracting.If it were allowed, that’s all people

would do all day.It’s not allowed and the city says someone can be fired for

the first offense.It’s also a problem to distract a public safety officer.

That ploy was used in your favor on Monday.You should have known about that

one.

“The schedule adjustment is that you are suspended ... for three months ...

until the year-end holidays.We really want to keep you with us.If the

suspension is official, you can’t do training.If you agree, I’ll make it

unofficial.You’ll be on the list to call for substitutes, but you are to turn

down anyone who calls.The swim team and training on Saturdays aren’t affected

at all.Understand?”

“Yes, sir, and I agree to the suspension,” I answered quietly.

“Good.Now don’t mention the suspension or what it’s for to anyone or I’ll

have to make it official,” he admonished.

“Now about training,” he sort of changed the subject.”The paramedics have two

sessions tomorrow and they’re stretched thin.It’s their busiest time.

People drink a lot of beer in this weather then try to do weekend chores they’re

not used to.All the accidents keep the paramedics and hospitals hopping.

The point is that they need help.One of the sessions is an introduction to

the new first aid kits and all the goodies in them at Lincoln.They’ll have

PE, shop, lab and office people from all the schools and we have only one EMT to

teach them.They asked for you - the paramedics and the school.Yes, I think

that means teaching your teachers.”

I guess he had noticed my open mouth when he said that last part.

“See ya, Pam,” he dismissed me with some disappointment in his voice.

I got my stuff from the locker and walked out slowly.I had mixed emotions,

mostly down.Even my conceited confidence was shaken.Mr. Schwartz was right

that I was confused.I didn’t expect that sex to be illegal.After some

thinking, I realized that it wasn’t illegal, just against the rules for that

place and time.The punishment was supposed to drive that home to me.It

already started working.Another feeling I got was that I didn’t get away with

it this time.I was not really invincible.At least Mr. Schwartz covered the

flattering part last and didn’t leave me sad enough to cry.

There was suddenly a car right there at the curb.Dan was looking out of it at

me.He obviously had no shirt on, but that’s not unusual in this heat.When

I got to the car, I saw that he didn’t have anything else on either.The sight

of the naked Dan helped me feel better.He seized me as soon as I sat down.

One hand pulled me into the hug and the other worked over my boob.His tongue

spent some time in my mouth, then he started nibbling on my lips.I melted.

I just held on and let him do whatever.With Dan I know that whatever he does,

it will be wonderful.

He could tell that I liked what he was doing and kept it up.He could also

tell I wasn’t in the mood for more, so that’s all he did.He finally got his

fill of trying to eat me right there.

He took my hand and asked, “What’s wrong, Pam, and don’t say ‘nothing’?”

Telling him about other things had really helped.I told about both the

suspension and the training.I was right.It helped to get it all out.I

could sort out my thoughts better when I tried to express them.His sympathy

was just right, too.

“Don’t mention it to anybody, please.I’m still getting away with a lot while

it’s unofficial,” I begged him.

“That’ll cost you a bribe.Besides, you need pizza and loving,” he joked.

He drove us home.I got out the pizza.It was extra large with ingredients

between three layers of cheese and sauce so mild it actually tasted like

tomatoes.It was cooked just enough to hold it together.I heated it and set

the timer for just how much more cooking it needed.

Dan and I retired to the living room where he proceeded to heat me.He sat on

the couch and I sat on his lap.His mouth was all over mine and sometimes down

to my boobs.His tongue was more than welcome in my mouth and all over my

nipples.He started by grabbing my boob the way I’ve come to really like.

His hands spent lots of time at my boobs and lower, rubbing my legs and vulva.

I let myself be carried away.I got so into the feeling for him that I didn’t

pay attention to the individual strokes.Screaming happened, but I don’t know

when.I do know that it was over when the timer beeped for the pizza.

Dan carried me into the kitchen and let me sit while he got the pizza out to

cool.I needed to cool down, too.He had only given me a hand job, but he

was to attentive and tender when I needed it so much.I felt like it was a

really hot time.I got up after a minute, cut the pizza into slices and got us

some drinks.I put the whole thing in front of Dan at the table.

I sat on his lap again and started to feed him.He ate some pizza from my hand

and returned the favor.We went along with me on his lap, feeding each other.

My feelings kept getting warmer and closer to Dan.My spirits rose with each

piece I fed him or he fed me.I didn’t forget about anything from the day, but

felt better about the bad parts.Two hungry growing teens did finish that

pizza, but it took a while because we were so interested in each other.

Cleanup was quick.When the kitchen was presentable, I took Dan’s hand and

started pulling him toward the bedroom.He’d helped me and deserved as much

intimacy with me as he wanted.

“Hey, Pam?I want to do you like crazy.You were sitting against my poor

cock all through dinner.We can do that and cover a little something I want to

do to Karen at the same time.She’s having her date for tomorrow’s party over

tonight to break the ice.I want to return the crap she gave me when I had a

girl over last year.How about if we do it around my pool?” he asked.

Now, I like pranks and mischief, but this was going to delay our screwing.He

was convincing.He picked me up, kept one hand on my boob the way he likes and

carried me out the front door.

“Okay, okay.Let me get my pack and keys,” I gave in.

I also left Mom a note in case I was still out when she came home.That’s when

I saw the note about Kurita-san, the karate instructor.If I had to get up

early on Saturday, I’d have to be home and sleeping - without Dan - by about

then.I mentioned that to Dan and he promised to have me fucked, home and

tucked in for a good night’s sleep before the witching hour.

We found Karen and her date at the Allen’s pool.Amazingly they were both

dressed - sort of.The guy had normal swimming shorts, but Karen’s bikini was

minimal.The strips over her nipples and pussy were each less than an inch

wide - way not enough on a big body like hers.The strips were single

thickness and stretched flat over what they tried to cover.I think she

bothered with the suit only to be able to say she wasn’t naked.The effect on

him was the same.

“Hey, Dave.Looking good,” I greeted my friend from middle school.

“Hi, Pam.Lookin’ ... naked!” he responded, looking me up and down.”We all

saw the pep rally.Is that Program as good as you make it sound?”

“Sure is.You’ll find out more tomorrow if we don’t scare you away from

Karen,” I answered.

“Dave, this is my brother Dan,” Karen introduced.”They’re just passing by.”

Dave is really tall.He tries to play wide receiver at football, but is better

as a defender.He really shines at basketball.I like Dave.He’s sharp and

quick-witted.He fit in with our group last year and should fit in with the

Program people.He goes well with Karen, too.She needs a tall guy.

Dave smiled and reached to shake Dan’s hand.Dan stepped out from behind me

and Dave caught a look at that big cock.He stared until Dan took his hand and

shook him out of it.Their suits were dry, so they were just getting started.

Dan and I jumped into the pool and challenged those two to a game.Karen

glared at us.She wasn’t getting anywhere at this rate and wanted her privacy.

Dave jumped in and we all waited for Karen.She jumped in as we started the

game.It involves throwing each other around a lot, so the body contact did

serve to break some ice.Trips out of the pool to the diving boards gave us

good looks at each other.Dan’s neighbors were watching again, too.I jumped

spread-eagle from the board and waved to them again.They smiled and waved

back again.I think their smiles were bigger this time.

Karen’s suit must have been doing what she wanted because she didn’t adjust it.

All three strips were now transparent.She couldn’t say she wasn’t naked

anymore.She had Dave’s attention and wanted privacy even more.I think she

was afraid to be so forward as to ask him to her room, at least not yet.

Dave got with it.He took in everything Karen and I were showing and was

getting ready for more.He got hold of Karen in waist-deep water.He have

her a kiss.She reacted like she was getting some tongue from him for the

first time - a little surprised at how fast things were moving now.By the

time he broke the kiss, he had all the strings of her bikini untied.He threw

the little strips of cloth onto the deck and offered her his shorts.She took

care of them in quick order.She untied the drawstring then ducked under the

water to pull them off him.She must have been pleased at what she saw because

she came up smiling.

“Crap!” whispered Dan.”I wanted to cause trouble, but we seem to have

helped.”

Karen must have heard that because she was scowling when she said, “You two need

more than privacy to get any screwing done.Get out of here before I ‘help’

you.”

She was right, of course.We needed jelly and time in a relaxing place.

Dan’s bedroom was perfect.He has a king size bed as long as mine and a lot

wider.He also had that new, full jar of lube jelly.Dan got right to that

part and spread jelly all over the parts that need it.He knows how to mix

that with stimulating me.His fingers worked down there while his tongue and

lips worked on my mouth.I was getting lost in it again when he lay back on

the bed, ready for me to start.

I’d been ready for the thrill since the last slice of pizza.I straddled him

and started the slow process of stretching to get him in me.Dan always takes

the initial nibbles of my pussy and the repeated gentle pressure without going

off.He’s amazing.It was several minutes before I could thrust him all the

way in and out of me.By then, my vagina and clit were in full-time contact

with him and feeling every move.My gasps were getting heavy and almost to the

next stage.

“Did you warn them?Karen and your Dad?About the screaming?” I asked.

“They heard last night, and I don’t think they’ll be bothered.The house is

pretty well built,” he said.

He thrust up into me a little.It was just enough to send me over.I heard

my first few screams, then even that was lost in all the sensations of sex with

Dan.He told me later that my wriggling and thrusting were even more wild than

usual.All I know is that it felt like one enormous orgasm.It kept going

and going as long as I did.The only thing that interrupted it was the pop

when his softening dick came out of my pussy.

We lay there together doing more of that wonderful cuddling.I was warm,

radiant andglowing.He was breathing hard, tired and relaxing.After a

couple of minutes, I started kissing his face all over.He let my tongue into

his mouth and moaned his appreciation, but didn’t return the action.I was

getting all perky and he was flaking out.I thought that state would be

suggestive to the two at the pool.

“Lets go show off at the pool.Maybe it’ll cause trouble, but I bet it’ll help

more,” I suggested.

The thought of interrupting his little sister’s date again must have appealed to

Dan.I’m not the one to call Karen ‘little’, am I?She’s older and taller

than me, and so is Dave.Anyway, Dan started to sit up and swing off the bed.

I hopped up and pulled on his arm.We stopped in his shower to clean off a

little, then went out to the pool.

We found them frolicking and teasing each other in the water.Karen was making

him chase her and work for his kisses.He’d grope for her boobs, ass or pussy

when he caught her.She’d let him have his kiss and feel, then get away.

He’d jump clear of the water to pounce on her when he got close.That gave us

all a good view of his long hard cock.Karen kept making it easier and easier

for him and lingered longer and longer before she scampered away.

“What’s taking them so long?She should have been nailed by now,” I whispered

to Dan.

“I think he’s a virgin.He’s doing okay at the playful stuff, but he might be

afraid of not doing her well enough.She’s good with virgins.She’ll catch

him after he chases her a little longer,” he whispered back.

“I’m glad he’s ‘breaking the ice’ tonight.Tomorrow would be just too much for

a virgin,” I concluded.”For now, let’s bomb them.”

We did cannonballs off both diving boards at the same time and thoroughly

splashed the playful couple.We screamed when we jumped.They both looked up

and got good views.Karen concluded that we’d had a good time and that we’d be

around until Dan was ready again.She glared some more.We came up to the

surface and splashed them mercilessly.

“Dan, you bastard!Leave us alone.I was never like this with your dates,”

Karen whined.”Oh.Yes I was ... but you don’t have to pay me back like

this.”

“What?Pay back?We’re just setting the example,” Dan teased.

“Program outreach,” I added and snuggled with Dan.

“We don’t need outreach.We need privacy,” Karen said to us with an

exasperated tone.

“That little grab-ass isn’t something you need privacy for,” Dan teased and

illustrated his point by grabbing my boob.

The boob action felt sooo good with my excited nipples on top of the sore

breasts that hurt so nicely.I did what that made me feel like doing.I

wrapped my arms around Dan’s shoulders and kissed him deeply.

“Try that ...” Dan started to say after the kiss, but before he looked at his

sister.

Dave had wrapped Karen into a kiss that was every bit as hot as ours.She was

giving back all she got.Their mouths were working each other over and so were

their hands.His fingers were digging into her boob and ass.Her hands were

cradling his head and stroking his shoulders.

“Umm ... Maybe we’re the ones who could find someplace where we won’t drown when

we do what’s next,” Karen said leading Dave out of the pool.

“Oh, crap.We helped again,” Dan whispered with a big grin.

That’s when I finally figured him out.He could only get away with helping if

it seemed to Karen like payback or teasing.He got another passionate kiss

from me and I wasn’t playacting that time.Dan had all the rest he needed.

He picked me up with one arm, stroked a boob with the other hand and carried me

out of the pool and into the house.

Dave and Karen had stopped for another kiss in the hall.They stopped the

kissing when they saw Dan carrying me with his hard cock coming up between my

legs.I waved to them with a smile that told of what I was anticipating.

Dan didn’t disappoint me.He laid me on the bed and went right to it.He can

be so masterful and aggressive without getting rough.There was gap of only a

moment when he got the jelly.I was soon gasping and squealing while his

fingers put the jelly in all the right places.He put all his weight on me.

He kissed all around my face and worked over both boobs with his hands.Damn

it felt great that he was getting handfuls that he could sink his fingers into.

He was sinking his hard cock into me, too.He did it a little at a time with

gentle pressure until he was in all the way and everything was sliding just

right.He started pounding me then.I lost it again, overwhelmed by the

sensations.I remember the first few screams, then everything blurs together.

I know better than to try to count orgasms with Dan.I just enjoy them

however many there are.For one more time, I couldn’t tell when he came.The

next thing I knew for sure was when he was lying still on me and wasn’t in me

any more.My legs were still around his ass and I was still wriggling a

little.

“Damn, Pam,” he whispered.”If you get any stronger, you’re likely to throw me

right off you.Do you know how far you lift off the bed?And you’re not

using your legs at all.I just want more and more of you.”

I didn’t answer that because I really didn’t know that I was doing it, let alone

how.I was just basking in the glow from the really deep sex.I did know

that I want more and more of Dan.We kissed, cuddled and talked.We decided

to have the limo pick us up for dinner at our own houses tomorrow night and we’d

both go naked.

Dan thought we were well enough recovered after a few minutes and started to get

up.I pulled him right back down and went after him.I kissed him all up and

down his front and kept my hands busy too.

“I want more and more of you, too,” I explained.

He looked at me with wide eyes and gasped, “Nobody ever ...”

He had trouble finishing that with my tongue getting in the way.The thought

of a third time must have got to him.He was hard right away and got to work

on me.He was kissing and licking my boobs while his hands put another layer

of jelly around all the right places on both of us.I heard the jar fall on

the floor and neither of us cared.We were both breathing hard and only wanted

each other.

He was caring and gentle getting into me again.I was already so stretched

that it was really quick.He slid that big cock over my clit and my spot, then

pressed against me.He only had to get that pinch once to get the screaming

started.He said later that it wasn’t as loud as usual.I must have been

getting the same effect as in the gangbang.Sex with Dan may be even more

tiring the way he makes it so intense all the time.

Our sweaty bodies became like one.That’s how we were when I could pay

attention again.He was on me and we were holding each other for all we’re

worth.We were both well spent then.He was so good with the cuddling and

kissing again.Yep.I want more and more of that guy.

We took a rather slow shower together, admiring and appreciating each other’s

bodies.We were both really satisfied, so it didn’t go beyond showering.We

checked the pool, but nobody was there.He pointed out the time.It was just

the right time to get me home and to bed.

Dave’s dad was in the driveway picking him up.Karen was naked and Dave was

just carrying his shorts.The dad looked over Dan and me, too.Both guys had

peaceful looks and soft dicks.Both girls had engorged red pussies.The guy

had everything figured out.He didn’t look shocked or angry.I thought he

looked proud of his son.Dave started to hug Karen for a kiss, but stopped.

Karen got this disappointed, even hurt, look.

“No, you’re not supposed to kiss on the first date with a girl, but you’re not

supposed to go naked or screw either.Now kiss her and let her know what a

good time you had,” his dad instructed.

Dave pounced on Karen and wrapped her in a hug.The big girl poured herself

into it.She demanded and got tongue.She put one of his hands on her boob.

I think she caught that look of pride from Dave’s father and wanted to feed

that feeling.

“It was a really good time for me, too,” Karen said when the kiss broke.

Dave’s dad was smiling from ear to ear when they got in the car.I wondered

how that man would see the Program in terms of ‘first dates’ and hoped he’ll be

as flexible when Dave spends a week naked next year.

Dan had me at home before I really knew it.My mind was on us - him and me -

and how good we are together.He gave me such a sweet goodnight kiss on the

porch.I poured myself inside, closed the door, collapsed against it and

sighed.It was sooo dreamy.This journal is the last chore for the evening.

Next is bed and I know what I’ll be thinking about.

Weekend

Chapter 22.Saturday

I got up, showered and made it to breakfast only thinking about the good parts

of last night.Those thoughts really came when my hands started getting a

little naughty in the shower.It was strange that I didn’t feel like I needed

to get off.The light touching only made me remember how great I felt about

Dan and all he did last night.

Mom wasn’t up, but she left a note with the one about Kurita-san.She expected

to see me for the 10 o’clock karate class, a workout at the health club and

lunch.

It looked like a long morning with no food breaks.I cooked a big breakfast.

Sausage and eggs sizzled while I did the ritual of lumpless batter for waffles.

All that stirring sent waves and ripples through my boobs.That made them

feel like real breasts, all soft and jiggly.I remembered and relived how Dan

likes to grab my chest and how my boobs feel when he does.That made me and

the boobs feel all sexy.My areolas puffed and my nipples popped, just from

stirring waffle batter.I ate the eggs and sausage while the waffles cooked,

then gobbled down a stack of them.

Kurita-san’s karate studio is in one of the buildings around the outside edge of

the mall parking lot.He calls it and each of the classrooms in it ‘dojo’ but

uses ‘studio’ when advertising to us who don’t know Japanese.

It’s an easy walk and I got there a little before eight.Kurita-san and his

assistant were greeting new students and their parents.He was apparently

about to start a beginners class for grade school ages.I showed up the way

he’s used to seeing me - naked except for shoes and my little waist pack.

He bowed to me.He always waits for the student to bow first.He bowed

deeply.He only bows that deeply to other sensei, teachers of karate, and then

only to ones he respects.I’ve seen him bow that way to sensei at tournaments,

but just as often he bows only a little.

He led me to his office and said, “Not many in this city who would be set upon

by school boys and could give broken bones to five at once.You do honor to

your ancestors and your teacher.You show true spirit of samurai warrior.At

one time, samurai could put final end to enemies.Not so now.Pity.”

I wasn’t surprised he could figure that out.He’s seen me in full contact

fights.

“National Association saw way you fought in tournament.Not just that you won

weight class, but courage and dedication you showed trying for championship.

They know you had injury to rib.You honor teacher again.They give you

black belt of second degree,” he picked up a box from his desk and bowed to

present it to me.

I bowed in return as deeply as I can.I took the box and opened it.It

contained a gleaming shiny strip of black cloth with a single white thread down

the center.It’s thin, more fine and delicate than the heavily stitched canvas

belts most karate students wear.

“You wear no jacket, so here is belt for your waist.Korean silk.Wear

today, especially if you accept offer,” he explained.”It is duty to teach.

I want you to teach in this dojo, not be competition.You help with eight and

nine o’clock classes.You and honorable mother get scholarship for ten

o’clock.”

I bowed deeply again in gratitude.The belt was long for my tiny waist.I

wrapped it around twice and tied it where the ends fell in front of one leg.

It felt great and damn, I was proud of it.

“I am honored too much, Kurita-san.I will of course help you in any way I

can,” I accepted with another bow.

Kurita-san’s assistant, more like a secretary and bookkeeper, was still greeting

new students and showing them into the largest room.Many had traditional

pants and jackets already.The little wannabe samurai with eager, beaming

faces looked up to Kurita-san when he started class.He had them spread around

floor and sit.He stood center and front.I stood off to the side.He told

of belts and their colors, using grades of school as an analogy.He also told

of the clothes and what they’re for.

“Can we dress like her?” came from a student.

My notice finally fell on that one student - a familiar looking little samurai

who beamed her best smile at me - Caitlin Switerlitz.

“When speaking to teacher, raise hand.When called, stand so, hands so and bow

so,” he demonstrated a very deep bow.”State name to help me learn, then ask

question.Do.”

Caitlin stood, held her hands properly and did a deep, graceful bow.She

didn’t hold it very long, but she did better than we expect of new students.

“I am Caitlin, Sensei.I ask whether we can dress like Pam,” Caitlin went

straight to the head of the class.

“Students may wear less than prescribed uniform.Must earn belt,” he answered

her.”You do well with bow and Japanese word.Sensei means teacher and is

proper title.Also know of suffix -san.Means honorable elder.Refer to me

as Kurita-san.She is Fionda-san.”

I almost crapped my pants, if I’d been wearing any.I took that compliment

seriously and decided to take the teaching seriously, too.I was totally

blushing with plenty of nipple action, but nobody seemed to notice.Kurita-san

brought the class back to the subject.He described karate as a sport now.

Like all martial arts, it came from the need to fight in battle.The finely

developed style takes concentration, dedication and all the finer values.

My mind kept going to, “All for the purpose of breaking other people’s bones.”

Kurita-san mixes the traditions and teachings of the sport with the doing in

every lesson.Hedemonstrated a basic kana - a string of moves almost like

dancing, intended to build flexibility, balance, strength, and pattern nerves to

make the moves as reflexes.He did the simple series of kicks, turns and

punches twice, then asked me to repeat them.Students were spread enough not

to hit each other, but there wasn’t enough room for teachers to walk between

them without getting punched or kicked.

“You from here to the wall, go with Fionda-san to next dojo room.Work on

kana.Go,” he instructed and turned them over to me with a bow.

I watched all of them leave that room, then went after them.By the time I got

through the doors, there was a little pile of clothes along the wall.Caitlin,

two other girls and a boy had stripped.I got them all to spread around the

room in rows.The naked ones were as eager about learning as they were about

being bare.They took the spots right in front of me.

“Okay, lets do each move of the kana.First, start in this position.Keep

your weight on your back foot,” I instructed.

The little samurai followed along and did all the moves, but didn’t quite get

all the fine points.

“How many of you have taken ballet?”I asked and some raised their hands.

“Gymnastics? ... Lots of you are pointing your fingers and toes.That’s good -

all graceful and artistic - in those activities, but not so cool in a fight.

Here, we’re getting ready to hit things.You don’t want to do that with

fingers or toes.Watch.”

I showed them how to hold their hands and deliver sharp punches.They almost

all got that part.I showed them side and forward kicks with toes up so the

heel did the work.There were still too many pointed toes.I put one of the

cut boards lying near it into the bracket in the corner of the room.I took a

step back, did a side kick and put my heel through the board.All the little

samurai got the point about not pointing toes.

“You also need a target.Strike and kick to the same place every time.Rows

turn and face each other.Now stay far apart like you are and aim for each

other’s chest right here,” I said pointing between my boobs.

“Eww?” came from Caitlin who was looking her partner, the naked boy, right in

the crotch.

“Yeah?You have cooties too, but that won’t stop me,” said the boy defiantly.

“When you’re getting used to being naked, you have to realize that half the

people in our world are male.Get used to that, too,” I said quietly to her.

The group got the feel for quick, sharp striking and how to hold their feet and

hands.They’ll get more of the balance, smoothness and consistency with

practice.That’s what we kept doing until ...

The students’ eyes went to the door.I turned to see who was there.I bowed

to Kurita-san and deferred to him.

“All do kana for me one time, then class end,” he instructed.

The students all did their best and Kurita-san looked pleased.You have to be

around him a while before you know his tells.There’s a little line at the

corner of his mouth that wrinkles a little more when he’s trying to suppress a

smile and maintain his air of inscrutability.

“At end of class stand so, hands so, clap two times so, bow so.Means thank

you.Do,” he taught them.

Lots of polite little samurai also said, “Thank you, Fionda-san” out loud to me.

I blushed again.I wonder if they’re old enough to pick up on the nipple

reaction.Some had questions or comments and crowded around me.

They asked things like “Do you really hit people in tournaments?” and “Are you

always naked?”

Caitlin went by and I had to interrupt her.

“Caitlin, when your Mom comes to get you, I need to see her,” made Caitlin look

scared.

“No, kid, you did fine today, even with that boy.It’s about my blood samples

and finding another time to do them,” I explained.

She stuck around for a few minutes.She was looking me over and even staring

at my pussy.

She brought it up when we were walking out of the room, “Your stuff is all

smaller and not red.What’s different?”

“I just haven’t had sex yet today.There haven’t been any boys in there,” I

answered.

She emitted an “eww” and fled.Mrs. Switerlitz turned out to be waiting for

Caitlin.The naked little girl brought her mom over.

“... and Pam, I mean Fionda-san, is teaching here,” Caitlin said as they

approached.

I explained that I wouldn’t be doing a shift at the pool any more.I told her

about the sports schedule and it proved hard for her to work around.She could

believe that’s why I dropped lifeguarding.We talked about doing it at school,

but there are rules and restrictions.We talked about her office in the

medical center, but I couldn’t get there during hours.

“I’ll try for the pool in the morning.There will still be time to drop Cass

and Lady Godiva here off at their schools.You could ride with us,” she

concluded and Caitlin rolled her eyes at the reference to her nakedness.”Now,

young lady, who said you could take your clothes off here?”

“Kurita-san said it’s okay,” Caitlin defended herself.”Besides, Pam teaches

here and she does it naked ...”

They went away in mid-debate.Her Mom will never convince Caitlin to stay

dressed with me around.

“So you do take karate here,” came from behind me.

There were Amy and Rochelle dressed in uniforms with brown belts.The next

hour is an intermediate class.Students are mostly black belt wannabes and

some black belts preparing for tournaments.You have to pass this class before

you can represent the studio in tournaments and have Kurita-san there as your

coach.I was in it all last school year and used what I learned ... in

tournaments, too.The small class would have plenty of space in any of the

rooms.

Kurita-san started the class, went through the rituals and introduced,

“Fionda-san help with class.Took last year.Did tournaments.Champion in

weight class.Not win grand champion against big man.Bigger now.Outgrew

all clothes.No excuse.Win all this year.Help you learn.

“First lesson recovery.Not let honorable opponent get second attack.I

throw.Fionda-san recover.”

I was still standing near Amy.I couldn’t resist.

I whispered “Watch and learn, grasshopper.”

I went to Kurita-san blushing over all he had said about me.This class is old

enough to notice my nipples.I caught some boys squirming and trying not to

show their arousal.They were embarrassed at having to adjust themselves.

The girls were snickering more at the embarrassment than at the bulges in their

pants.Kurita-san gave them all a lecture about mental discipline, then got

back to the lesson.

I bowed to Kurita-san, stood straight and sailed across the room.He had

thrown me ass over elbows and high enough to make it easy.I twisted around in

mid-air so I landed on my feet facing him and in a balanced ready position.

Some students applauded.I start to bow for the applause, but I know

Kurita-san.The ‘fight’ is still on and I stayed ready.He attacked and

threw me again.This time he threw me low so I’d roll along the floor.I

tucked so my feet rolled under me, stood and put a foot forward to kick anyone

trying to do a low follow-up.

Kurita-san had me show all the moves for twisting and flipping around and the

kinds of ready positions to try for.I had them do the moves one by one.

They had a chance to jump up and try twists.I suggested diving boards and

trampolines as places to try combinations.

I knew that Amy and Rochelle could do the roll.They did that every day on the

volleyball court.I had others make room and let anyone who wanted try the

roll.Those two got it.

Kurita-san had a gleam in his eye and his lips curled with mischief when he told

Amy, “You have done well ... grass hop per.”

Rochelle laughed.Amy glared at me, then she broke up laughing.Kurita- san

ended the class.He had the students bow to him, then to me.

After class, Amy asked, “Did you get my email?”

“Been here all morning.I’ll get it at noon,”I answered.

“You did say it’s okay to bring dates outside the program, right?” Rochelle

asked.

“Yep.I know about all the couples in the program in lower grades, but not

about you seniors.I don’t really care.The restaurant needs to know how

many and they try to personalize things,” I explained.

“Good.My guy is off to college this year, so I’m bringing someone you know

who really wants to be in the Program,” Amy said.”Her guy goes to McKinley.”

The ten o’clock class is a small elite group for black belts only, and first

degrees need special circumstances.Mom got me into it all summer.Now I’m

here in my own right.Mom arrived a few minutes after Amy and Rochelle left.

Her eyes went straight to my new belt.She’d be curious about anything that

smacks of clothing on me.She figured it out, I gave a sheepish grin and she

gave me a hug.

“Didn’t know this was comin’, but could sorta expect it.Think of who you beat

in those tournaments,” she said.

Mom and I waited in the small room Kurita-san uses for these classes.We were

joined by two guys in their mid-twenties that I hadn’t met before.They were

wearing uniforms with second and third degree black belts.We women were

naked.The guys started getting friendly right away.They were the very

models of the mental discipline that karate builds.They looked at our faces

and at our hands when we gestured.They didn’t stare at our bodies.

The one paying more attention to me asked, “So where do you work?”

“Lincoln Highschool,” I answered.

“Teacher?”

“Freshman.”

He got strangely quiet for a moment then tried to score points with Mom, “So

you’re not sisters?”

Kurita-San came in then and started the class.He spent time with each of us,

checking certain moves and giving pointers on our form.

The guys had my attention while Kurita-san worked with Mom.They didn’t change

much after they started hitting on us.They taunted me about the silky,

delicate belt.They disparaged my championship because it was in a weight

class of mostly women and children.Kurita-san picked up on it.He could

have been offended when they put down his gift.

“Sparring fight,” he commanded.”Women against men.Gentle contact.Go.”

Mental discipline worked for Mom and me.We were ready to fight them, but not

so pissed that we would lose control.We were also naked.Mom’s 40Ds can be

a little distracting even to someone with good mental discipline.

We tossed each other all around the room and tried to strike, chop or kick

gently.It was a good workout and a little tiring.At the end, I was thrown

against a wall and fell in a heap.Kurita-san called an end to the session.

The guy who threw me that last time strutted around like he’d won, until ...

Kurita-san gave his assessment, “You think you won?Let’s see.Tonight when

they get dark, count bruises.You got six.You got five.Caroline got one.

Nobody hit Pam.Those bruises ... broken bones in full contact.Very hard

to throw large girl when arms broken.Who win?”

He ended the class and we all bowed to each other.The guys were at least

respectful as we broke up.

Mom and I went to the health club in another of the buildings around the mall.

We were everyday regulars over the summer and Mom still is.The manager

greeted me cheerfully.

“Such beautiful women in such good shape and who show it off like you do ...

this place couldn’t have better publicity,” he poured it on.”I was afraid you

were going somewhere else.”

“I am - Lincoln High,” I informed him.

“Guess I’ll have to put up with that.Enjoy your workout,” he concluded.

We were warm from the karate, so we went right for the weights.We enjoyed the

workout and all the attention from the men.One workout during the week wasn’t

enough.My pumped, tired muscles really felt this one.Hope they don’t feel

sore tomorrow.

Mom offered, “Lunch - home or the food court?”

I told her about having to check my email and make arrangements for the evening.

We walked home.This is one time I don’t get all the attention from people

passing in their cars.Mom’s 40Ds draw all the attention.Maybe someday.I

told Mom about training the teachers this afternoon.She was proud.It

didn’t last very long.

I told her about the pool, sex with Officer Moore, getting caught and being

suspended.

“Oh, Pam!” she exclaimed.”Don’t fuck a cop - not professionally, not unless

he’s your boyfriend - and never on duty.It’s a better influence to be

friendly and helpful.You were that way with Sgt. Washington and it did you

some good.Showin’ this one the closet would have been just right.Now if he

gets in trouble, or even hears any criticism, he’ll blame you and it will all

backfire.”

That was a little beyond the lesson the suspension was trying to teach.Mom

did have her own point of view.I fed back to her enough that she knew I got

the message.She also got a thankful kiss.

I checked my email.All the Program participants had responded.The seniors

had other boyfriends and girlfriends.The juniors, sophomores and freshmen

were all dating each other.Brooke’s response went to the trouble of pointing

out that she and Steve have Nikki’s approval.Most of the replies were from

couples.I got all the names, sent them to the restaurant and asked that

couples be seated together.I also sent addresses for pickups to the limo

company.The two cars will criss-cross all over town to get the junior and

seniors in one and us in the other.They’ll have everyone at the restaurant at

six.

I kissed Mom goodbye in case she left for work before I got back.My screw-up

and the lecture were all behind us.

The walk to school went quickly as usual.It was a pleasant, if hot, Saturday

afternoon.I passed more people than usual out in their yards and in the

parks.The ones who noticed me and responded all gave smiles and waves.Some

mentioned seeing me on TV and even gave compliments.They were rewarded with

the usual nipple show.The worst comment was from someone wishing me ‘luck.’

What would I need that for?

I found a medium size gathering in the Lincoln gym.They were standing around

clustered by school.Very few were naked.The only one I saw right away was

Coach Reeves.Miss Forester was bottomless with her melons in the fishnet top,

so she qualifies as naked, too.Those two, Coach Johnston, some other teachers

who are coaches or have science labs and some from the office were standing with

Mr. Carlson.The clothed ones were dressed casually in shorts and t-shirts.

“Didn’t expect naked teachers today,” I said to Coach Reeves.

“Didn’t want you to feel alone,” she answered.

Miss Forester said, “It’s a school activity and I’m in the Program.Besides,

I’m getting back into the nakedness I actually liked in college.”

“Glad you could make it, Pam.This came up after school.We thought you’d

make a great one to show off for Lincoln and the fire department thought you’d

make a great one to show off for the city.We were afraid they wouldn’t be

able to catch you at the pool,” Mr. Carlson got another nipple reaction from me.

“Is a paramedic here?They usually bring an ambulance and a bunch of teaching

aids.Am I supposed to be doing all the teaching or am I the victim dummy?” I

was starting to wonder.

“A lot of things added up yesterday.One of the ambulances broke down and

Saturday always keeps them busy,” Mr. Carlson said.

Paul, a paramedic I know came up just then.I hadn’t noticed him because he

wasn’t in uniform.He was working a little overtime just for this session.

He had a cart with the training kits.One was a bracket mounted to a floor

stand.We set that up while we worked out our lessons.

“You show them the kit, simple dressings and oxygen.Stress the call for

replacement.I’ll show the defibrillator.Your chest is already ready.

After that I’ll talk about the heavy meds.”

A large, overweight woman was standing nearby.It took me a moment to remember

the school nurse without her uniform.I was glad to see someone else who could

help with the hands-on part of the training.I introduced her to Paul.

“That stuff about the meds bothers me.There are too many unqualified people

around.Let me say a few things about who’s allowed to do what,” the nurse

said.

Mr. Carlson clapped his hands and directed everyone into the stands.He

introduced the subject.He pointed out that several people are around who

wouldn’t be because of complete kits like these.One of those lucky people and

someone with training and experience are from right here at Lincoln.He

introduced me and gave due credit to the lifeguard training.Paul and the

nurse were introduced next.

I started with a closed kit and showed how it went into the wall bracket.

“See how it’s tamper resistant?The side that opens is at the back.Those

tabs and slots only let the kit go in one way.It’s hard to get out, too.I

takes a pretty good smack on the bottom to pop it out.You have to really want

it.If you don’t get a chance with this one, try one in your own area.It

makes noise, too.There should be a plan to respond.Someone using the kit

could need help, or it could be a mischief maker.Watch,” I said loud enough

to be heard.

Even with their attention on the kit, the bell startled most of them.I went

through antibiotic ointments and bandages of different sizes.I told some

funny stories about what parts of bodies need bandages of what size around a

public pool.One thing the stories did was make me believable.They got it

that I have some experience.

I got out the oxygen bottle and pointed out that it was for short term use -

only until the paramedics got there.After any use at all, it was to be

replaced.That’s easy.All they have to do is call downtown.I told what

oxygen is for in emergency treatment and showed how to put the mask on someone.

I went into the variable assist valve and how it can help.These would be

part of the hands-on experience.

Paul covered the defibrillator and told how I saved Nikki with it just this

week.I blushed and showed my nipples again.He pointed out that those are

not targets for the electrodes.He stuck those on me in the right places.

They don’t go directly on boobs, but any bras have to be moved out of the way.

Paul went into the heavy meds for pain relief, heart stimulation, emotional

trauma and drug overdoses.The nurse pointed out that trained paramedics and

medical doctors were the only ones permitted to use the heavy stuff and then

some of them needed a doctors approval by phone or radio.She also said that

any time a treatment happened in a school, there were forms to fill out.She

said she would do the forms at Lincoln, but she could only do that if teachers

kept her informed.

We had all the studentsspread out on the gym floor in six rows of pairs.We

made sure every man had a woman partner - for a reason.Paul got out six

oxygen bottles and masks.The three instructors walked between rows watching

two at a time as students put masks on each other.They got to try valve

settings on themselves to see what they did.

Paul showed everyone that the practice defibrillators have the shock chargers

removed.They still work as EKGs and go ‘beep’ when the shock button is

pressed.Here’s why we paired the men with women.Paul told the guys they’d

have to learn to move the women’s clothing and put the electrodes in the right

place without her help.Yes, he was talking about bras.

“Remember, gentlemen,” I admonished.”They’ll be doing it to you next and we

can put the shockers back in.”

Mr. Carlson and Miss Forester were a pair.They both scowled at me.I think

they had different reasons.He pulled her top up off her breasts.Mr.

Carlson whispered, “Sorry” when Miss Forester winced.She was lying on her

back and tried to use her arms to corral the melons.

Each student got a set of electrodes so they could see how the protective covers

had to be peeled off and how they would stick on someone’s body.Everyone got

to see their own EKG, too.Some of the women were reserved and embarrassed.

The men were all adult and business-like about it, so everyone learned what we

expected.

The crowd dwindled away by four o’clock.Lots of people thanked me for

helping.My blush and nipple action didn’t stop for a long time after all the

compliments.

I walked home and hit the shower right away.Now my hair is curled into a mane

around my face, I have a little eye makeup and my good strappy sandals and shiny

clutch purse are ready.I even have a tiny gold choker chain around my neck.

That’s pretty much the way I was on Labor Day.Yep, I look spectacular again,

and this time I actually have boobs.

I’m finishing this journal entry because I’m hoping I won’t be back until

tomorrow.

Chapter 23.Saturday Night

The limo picked me up first.The driver seemed to be prepared for naked

passengers.He was courteous and efficient without acting distracted at all.

Dan was next.The limo parked at the curb outside the Allen’s gate.I got

out to ring the bell.The gate opened and Dan came walking out.He’d been

watching for me.He was down and soft when I first saw him.He smiled,

looked me up and down and started getting hard.Some of that may have been

from the smile I returned or from the way I shook my tail.

The kiss we gave each other was no little peck.We wrapped each other tightly

and gave each other a lot of tongue.He even grabbed one of my boobs right

there on the street.His cock came up hard between my legs and pressed against

my pussy.

I was feeling the hug, kisses, sore boob and a lot of wonderful Dan when the

neighbors’ gate opened.That couple from the window pulled out in a bright red

Jaguar sports car with the top down.They waved to us.Dan let go of my

breast and waved back a little.I gave them a big friendly wave.Dan

wondered about that.

While we were getting into the car, Dan asked, “No sex?You don’t look like

you’ve been laid today at all.”

“You got it.None all day and I didn’t miss it.That great time last night

must have been satisfying,” I said.

That limo has room for ten people.We sat so close that we took enough space

for one.We kept snuggling and kissing all the way to the O’Connell’s.I’m

glad I didn’t wear lipstick.It would have been on Dan and not me by then.

Dawn and Shawn were supposed to be at the O’Connell’s.All four came out

naked.It looked like Dawn and Emily had done each other’s hair and makeup,

and done a good job.The boys were soft, but the girls didn’t look like they’d

been aroused recently.Were the boys nervous or had they taken care of

themselves?

Bill and Melissa were at Bill’s.They obviously just fucked.They way they

pranced to the limo, they weren’t embarrassed about that at all.All the boys

were naked except for dress shoes and black socks.The girls had well done

hair, just a little makeup, jewelry and shoes and purses for the evening.The

conversation was about the day’s exploits.I surprised everyone that my

exploits at the karate studio and school training didn’t involve sex at all.

There were some giggles about Miss Forester and Mr. Carlson.

So far it was going just like I planned.Our limo met the other one in front

of the tallest downtown building just before six.The seniors and juniors had

a bigger limo.Twelve of them were in a car with room for 16.The drivers

opened the doors and we all got out.

Now it was going better than planned.Everyone came naked!The participants

introduced us all to each other.Amy’s date was just who she said - Taylor,

president of the chess club.Yep, he’s ready for his week.I didn’t know

Rochelle’s guy, Randel with accent on the ‘el,’ from McKinley.He’s sure cute

and they obviously like each other.The running back, Ed, brought Sharon, a

senior at Lincoln.She gave me a warm smile and acted only a little nervous

there in public.The quarterback, Charlie, brought a girl who looked very

nervous.He introduced her as Virginia, a student at Bleeding Heart.

The restaurant is on the top floor.We all got in the elevator together and it

was quite cozy.I think that was Dan’s cock in the crack of my ass.I

wiggled and teased, so it thrilled whoever.Mom was at her station in her

evening gown.It’s one of very few with a high neckline.It stretched skin

tight around her, over each boob and down to her waist.One side is split from

there to the floor so she can show off most of one hip and all of one leg.She

greeted the naked elevator load with a huge smile and a little mischief.

“Ah, the Fionda party.Nice to see so much of you all,”she greeted and some

of us blushed.

She turned to a busman there and instructed, “Towels in all the chairs of room

three, please.”

She turned to a guy in a tux with a big key ring around his neck, “None of this

party is old enough.Don’t even offer it.”

The sommelier nodded and some of us looked disappointed.I was a little

disappointed, but didn’t really expect to get wine right under Mom’s nose.

Things were going well enough without it.

“The banquet room is almost ready.This way please,” she said and started to

lead us through the restaurant.

The manager, Jose, noticed and hurried to step in front of her.I smiled at

him.

“You know we can’t have naked people in here,” he said.”Require them to leave

at once.”

I was crestfallen.I’ve known Jose for years and he has had a stick up his

ass, but I didn’t think it was that straight.Jose walked away and went toward

a small table by one wall.He was talking to the couple there like he was

being apologetic.The guy at the table gave Mom a “Wait a minute” hand signal.

Jose started looking worried, then contrite.

USERNAME: Pamela

PASSWORD: \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

So here’s where Dad and the Program come together in a way I can’t gloss over.

That’s who was at that table - Dad and his wife, Laura.”Exactly where Dan

lives” is so impressive to Mom because its next door to Dad.The couple waving

from their window and from the sports car?Dad and Laura.

He was a highschool senior and sowing his wild oats with the best looking

professional in the state - Mom.Mom may have had fourteen years on him, but

didn’t look it.I’ve seen pictures of her.She’s always looked young and

beautiful.Her figure is just what a highschool guy would be attracted to.

By the time Mom had to stop working because her pregnancy showed, he was off to

a summer job then college.

I was four when the suit against the pharmaceutical company came to trial.

They tried to spread the blame by attaching paternity suits.They went after

Dad.The court didn’t let them, but he did find out about me and the chance

that I was his daughter.

By then, he had found and married Laura.Her family had quite a reputation

around the state.They run the largest chain of banks.Some say that the

capital to start the first one was withdrawn from other banks at gunpoint.

That family had to live down the reputation of that wild generation.There was

a lot of pressure and a few disownings in the two generations before Laura’s.

They don’t put up with peccadilloes at all.

Dad could get away with it now that he’s independent in his businesses.Back

then, he was getting started on money from her family’s banks.Even now, it

would be disloyal to her and them for him to claim me.Dad and Laura both saw

this bright, even precocious, cute little girl in court and in private later.

I was outspoken and a little worldly.I knew about drugs, professional women

and to duck when I saw a gun.Mom made enough money when she could work, but

that was only when she could find someone she trusted to take care of me.Dad

and Laura got the idea to support us, but wouldn’t have it tied to that trial.

Dad’s been great and Laura has been totally amazing.I owe them more than the

support.There’s no way I’m gonna blow it with her family.

Dad’s businesses have grown and prospered.He owns the limo company, the air

service, the messenger service, this and several other buildings and the TV

station.He must have been the little bird who told them about my birthday.

I never did wonder why Lincoln was chosen for the TV exposure.

His most important business at the moment was the restaurant.I really think

Mom clued him about our reservation and set up poor Jose.He ‘invited’ Jose to

sit with them and did all the talking.It was quite a chewing out from the

look on Jose’s face.That’s when Mom showed us through the main restaurant

into the banquet room.

I’ve told about Dad and Laura’s reactions - their pride - this week.One more

thing happened at the restaurant that I want to tell in the protected section.

My cell phone rang while we were waiting for our food.I was embarrassed that

I hadn’t turned it off.I hate when those ring at times like that, but this

time it worked out.It was Dad.

“Hi, Pam,” he started.”Do you think it’s a good time to introduce us to young

Mr. Allen - properly that is?”

I squealed with excitement at that thought.Dad invited the two of us to sit

with them for a few minutes.

“Dan, come with please.There’s someone I want you to meet, at least in a

different way,” I invited.

The low hum of conversation and clinking of utensils on plates stopped when we

walked through the restaurant.Only some of the people broke their stares.

We got smiles from them.I got a scowl from Dan when he saw where we were

going.He didn’t get it yet.

Dad had two extra chairs and wine glasses at their table.He poured us a

little wine and looked at me.Laura and Dan were expecting me to do something,

too.I took the cue.

I quietly said, “Dan, you know them as your neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Weston.Mr.

Weston is my father.That’s confidential.Can you keep it to yourself?”

Dan nodded his agreement and shook hands with Dad and Laura.We sipped the

wine while Dad told us how much he thought of Dan and the idea of our being

together.We all blushed at the deep pile of compliments building up around

that table.

“You’d better get back to your guests, Pam, but I have one more thing.I’m

picking up the tab here and for the limo, including tips.Don’t worry.I can

afford it for my kid,” he surprised me again.

Two blushing red naked teens, one with nipples as puffy as they can get, caused

another stir around the restaurant when we went back to the banquet room.

----- E - N - D -----

• P - R - O - T - E - C - T - E - D—

--- S - E - C - T - I - O - N ---

“It’ll be fine, everyone.This way please,” Mom announced.

She led us through the main dining room of the restaurant to one of the banquet

rooms.Twenty naked teens got lots of stares and some smiles, but no

complaints.

Someone at one table we passed near whispered, “You remember her.That’s the

group that’s been on TV so much this week.”

The banquet room table was arranged in a square with space for six on a side,

but only twenty places were set.There were cards at each place with one of

our names on them.Amy and Rochelle did get it about the personalization.

Some checked the menu and almost stopped breathing.

“Pam!Have you seen ...?” Emily whispered holding up a menu.

“Order what you want.It’s covered by that award check.Don’t worry.We’re

not having drinks or wine.Those can make it really expensive here,” I

answered to everyone.

The head waiter for that room took our orders.Steaks were the most popular -

medium size filet mignon for most girls and huge t-bones for the guys.With no

food since lunch, I went for a t-bone.Shrimp cocktail appetizer, then soup

and whatever drinks we ordered arrived promptly.

Talk started off about program events.There was less contact between grades

farther apart.Freshmen wanted to know about the senior’s week.

“We heard about your exploits all week.At least we were discrete,” Amy

teased.

“Don’t let the name or the school fool ya.The program won’t happen at the

Catholic school.That doesn’t mean that everyone there is gonna stay dressed

or chaste.I wanna know about the seniors’ weeks, too,” Virginia said with a

hard look at Charlie.

Ed and Charlie told relief stories.Ed told of oral relief while Sharon

blushed.He didn’t have to tell us who gave him the blowjob.Virginia

prodded Charlie until he mentioned a few hand jobs.Rochelle confessed to one

of those with a look meant to reassure Virginia that it was just relief.

Taylor told about strip chess, the final forfeit and thanked me for plugging the

club in the pep rally.Amy didn’t react much.They may be only casually

dating.

Sharon got a little more serious when she asked whether couples could be

partners.She said she would have made a great partner for Ed.I thought

they tried with mixed success.They got a direct hit with Melissa and Bill.

They were working on old news with Dawn and Shawn.I told them that couples

should be chosen together if both of them volunteer and ask for each other.

Stories and talk of the Program lasted through dinner.There was a salad with

a cart load of dressings.The steaks were great and came with tasty vegetables

and potatoes, all so lightly seasoned that they taste like what they are instead

of the spices.The dessert cart had pies, cakes, ice cream ready to dish out

and loads of toppings.We finally got a dish of mints for each couple.Some

held their stomachs, rolled their eyes and said they couldn’t take even a little

mint.Dan and I shared one.No, we didn’t break it in half.I put it

between his lips, then kissed him.The mint melted on both of our tongues at

once.

We were finished, even overstuffed, and out of the banquet room before eight

o’clock.The juniors and seniors went by limo to whatever they had planned.

We of the younger set went to Dan’s.He opened the gate and the limo went

around the circular drive to let us out at the door.

Karen and Dave were there and swimming already.None of us were ready for that

much activity.We decided on card games around the table by the pool.We

pulled up all the lounge chairs because they had room for two of us to snuggle

on.There weren’t enough of the big chairs, so Dawn volunteered to sit on

Kelly’s lap.

Melissa gave Bill a nudge and he sat the long way on a lounge.The back was

part way up.What came next went like they’d done it before.Melissa

straddled him and sat on his lap with her back to him.He leaned back and she

leaned forward with one elbow on the table.Her other hand guided Bill’s cock

into her vagina.They stayed coupled and stayed in the conversation and card

game - except for the occasional gasp when Melissa got just the right

stimulation.

A little later, we thought Melissa got a really good hand.That wasn’t the

case.She came.They stayed coupled together after her first orgasm.Bill

got off with her second.

We were all impressed.Karen must have thought things were moving along well.

Dave was completely shocked.We were all stimulated, too, including Dave and

Karen.The rest of us started feeling frisky.We paired off and spread

around the deck and went at it.Dave was shaken.He stared at everyone and

got very hard.Karen knows how to take care of that.She led him to one

corner and invited him to do what he was inspired to do.

Dan actually got the lube jelly from his room and started on me by the pool.I

perch on top and start the stretching.His kisses and strokes went with the

nibbling my pussy did on his cock to get us both aroused.The others’ squeals,

shrieks and moans didn’t distract us.They even helped get us more into it.

Most of them finished doubles while we were still getting him in me.

My screaming started about when Dawn finished her triple.I was squirming and

wriggling all over Dan.His hands were roaming around my boobs, back and ass.

I only felt them for a little while because I got that explosive, continuous

orgasm I often get from Dan.It lasted a long time and they told me I was

loud.Dan got off sometime in there and my orgasm finally ended.All the

others were staring at us.

“Told ya.It’s a slow start and it’s worth every minute,” I told them when I

could talk.

We took turns in the poolside shower, then jumped in.We played tag and games

with balls.No, not the boys’ balls.You know what I mean.We girls had it

easy.We were feeling perky after the sex while the boys were dragging.Dave

and Karen led the next round of sex after about an hour in the pool.

She gave him the challenge, “If you can catch me, you can have me.”

She made it easy and got what she wanted.The rest followed their lead to the

mats on the deck.Dan got on top of me this time.He still took a while to

get in.We were in full orgasm when the others finished again and we were the

center of attention when we recovered enough to notice.By then we were

cuddling in each others’ arms and kissing deeply.

“That’s not just sex, is it?” observed Emily when we were going back to the

table.

I gave her a sheepish grin and shook my head.

The way things go in that neighborhood, any noise is acceptable until midnight

on weekends.We had made our share in the water and out.Midnight happened

and we started to be quiet.Dan and Karen got some drinks and snacks.We all

had some drinks.Dave and Karen had all the snacks.

Dave’s father came for him about one o’clock and the others decided it was time

to leave.Dan got his Dad’s seven-passenger SUV to take the rest home.He

was right that I didn’t want a ride.Karen and I sat around talking until he

came back.

“That wasn’t much of an orgy.All your relationships are growing so close,

there wasn’t any partner switching,” she observed.

I agreed with her and used Dan and myself as an example.That started her.

She leaned forward, put her elbows on the table and looked me in the eye.

“So I’ve noticed.Do you think you’re woman enough for my brother?” she

challenged.

I mimicked her pose, met her glare and answered, “More than enough!”

“I think so, too,” she said with a smile.”He complains about women not

wanting to do it twice with him.Here you did it twice in front of us all.

That alone makes you way enough for him.”

The talk went to other pleasant subjects like volleyball while we waited for Dan

to get back.When he did get back, Karen gave both of us little goodnight

kisses and left us alone.Dan picked me up and carried me to his bed.He

gave an exasperated sigh and left.He came back with the lube jelly that we’d

left by the pool.

Dan applied the jelly and got me soo excited.I was wriggling, groaning and

moaning when he got on me.It was a while since our last fuck, so it took a

while for him to get in.I let him go slowly even though my body was ready to

start the screaming.That happened soon enough.Afterward, Dan said that the

screams and bucking were getting a little weaker.I’m thinking three times

with him are like a whole gangbang.The difference was how I felt about it

with him.I wasn’t giving myself or taking him.We were sharing something

that made us closer together.

Dan talked after our recovery, “Emily picked up on it, didn’t she.We’re

feeling more for each other than sex and lust.I know I am.Pam, I’m in love

with you.”

He went on about our developing relationship and how it could interfere with my

dedication to the Program.I was only sort of listening.This guy was

declaring his love for me.I really want him for a boyfriend and he’s

returning that.The problem is with this love stuff.Coach Reeves pointed

out that I’m not old enough to be ready for that with anyone.

Dan was going on about both of us being free to do things for relief in class,

making PE showers fun for the participants of both sexes and all the outreach.

He was setting the bounds of our relationship that were almost not bounds at

all.Every hard cock I saw in school would still be fair game.He wants my

evenings and my emotional attachment.I didn’t answer him.I just pulled him

up on top of me again and started stroking and kissing him.

He got hard and broke the clinch only long enough to spread lube jelly where we

need it.That fourth time came so soon after the third that he could get in

easily and quickly.I got the same wonderful continuous orgasm again.I felt

a little warmer and closer to him that time, at least for the time I was aware

of feeling anything except the orgasm.

Dan fell asleep after that time.I lay there thinking about what he’d said.

We may not be very old or ready for anything long-lasting, but I don’t want to

miss it completely - don’t want to miss him.Dan is just too special,

physically and as a person.I don’t want to blow my dream and my plans either.

I have a hard choice coming - Dan or a professional sex career.I just lay

there thinking and crying a little.

Sometime during the night, he got hard again.I was awake when he started

kissing me, so I kissed back enthusiastically.My eager response spread to my

boobs and pussy, too.Soon there was lube jelly in all the right places and

Dan was inside me again.

“Gawd, Pam.Five times?” he whispered just before I started screaming.

I felt tired when the bucking started.Even I could tell the screams were

weak.I was nearly totaled.The orgasm was still great.I felt that

explosion last as long as Dan did.It was his fifth time.He lasted.He

told me I had my legs around him, but not tightly.I was wriggling more than

bucking and I moaned with my head rolling back and forth instead of screaming.

Dan got off and popped out of me, then he managed to roll off me and wrap me in

his arms before we both fell asleep.There wasn’t any talking to get me

thinking again.There was only that warm glowing feeling from the lovemaking

and the strength of his arms around me.Yes, I meant to write that

‘lovemaking.’

Chapter 24.Sunday

I woke up in Dan’s arms.I saw his face and shoulders and only wanted to kiss

him.During the kiss, I felt his arousal.He was still asleep, but his cock

was as hard as it ever gets - about like that extra stiffness he gets just as he

comes.I wanted him and right then.I made myself use the lube jelly.My

own fingers got me wet and excited, but that didn’t take much.I climbed on

him, lined up and started my lips nibbling.My mouth nibbled at his lips and

my pussy nibbled at his cock.I press against his cock, gently spreading

myself while he slept.Yes, he was that worn out.

I got him all the way in, started serious thrusting and my gasps were about to

become screams.Dan grabbed at me, then started twitching and moaning.The

moans came out “Paaaammm.”

He suddenly woke up with a start and gasped, “Oh, gawd.It’s not just a

dream.”

He caught my head and kissed me with all he has.It was like he wanted to

devour my face.

He got the name right even with his eyes closed.It was me in his dream.The

name, the kiss and the sexy sensation of his cock in my pussy sent me over.My

wriggles got really wild and the screaming started.I was all over him again

and the feeling of him inside was all over me.

He lasted and lasted even as hard and ready as he was.He must have been

really tired out.I climaxed twice clearly.After that it got intense with

continuous pressure on my vagina and clit.It was one continuous orgasm again,

and I wasn’t watching any clock.Sometime in there, he came, softened and fell

out of me.My orgasm came to a shuddering end and everything turned from

explosion to glow.We held each other with me on him and just kissed.

I really felt it.I hope his ears had recovered from the screaming.

“Yes, Dan.I do love you.More and more every time we’re together,” I

whispered.

We showered and washed each other.I didn’t try to keep from digging my

fingers into his chest, shoulders and ass.He spent sooo much time on both my

boobs.

“I’ve been fascinated all week with how these are growing.Can’t believe

they’re going so fast.No complaints.They can grow as much as they want,”

he told me.

I’m sure glad he likes them.They were swollen as big as they get, so he was

getting the full benefit of all that sex.

Dan took me to the kitchen and we got out all the stuff to make a big breakfast.

He started on sausage and bacon.I started on pancakes.Karen and Mr.

Allen soon followed their noses into the kitchen.Everybody was naked.I

could easily see where Dan gets that physique - all of it.I must have been

admiring Mr. Allen, read that ‘staring’, too much because Karen threw me an

elbow when she went by to get juice.

Karen asked over breakfast,”You say you’re naked all the time.Even in

church?We only did that once when we were both in the Program last year.

All the teens figured out that it was Program outreach and were great with it.

The minister, people and all accepted it, but there were enough comments to let

us know it was a special one-time event.”

I explained that Mom and I don’t go at all.She tried to put religion in my

life at least twice, but it didn’t work.She tells about one church where the

preacher and people said nice welcoming things at first.Those proved to be

empty words.They all turned their backs over the next few weeks.

The next time, when I was about six, Mom didn’t try to reach so high up the

social ladder.That preacher didn’t let anyone think for themselves.He

stood up there shrieking about evil and damnation.He didn’t just condemn

Mom’s lifestyle or the way I was conceived.I knew what the word ‘bastard’

means and that I am one.He was calling me evil.Mom carried me out of there

in the middle of the service.

I realized my fists were tight, so I went quiet and tried to relax.Dan said

he’d meet the rest of them at church and drove me home after we finished eating.

His kiss at the door was everything I could want - warm, tender, affectionate

and, yes, loving.I closed the door behind me, leaned on it and sighed again.

I hope the church thing doesn’t blow up on us.

I went to work writing up the excitement of Saturday night and this morning in

the journal.That sure got my spirits up and my pussy running all over the

towel.Homework happened, too.I went through the four chapters of biology

I’ve been putting off, the two chapters assigned for history, a chapter of

English just to get ahead and two chapters of algebra.That math is so easy

that it’s fun.

Mom was up by then.She peeked in and asked to see my journal.It was as up

to date as she expected.I did a few clicks at the computer.Our computers

are networked together.

“There.It’s in the shared directory.There’s hidden stuff.The password

is \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* with a capital \*,” I told her.

I started puzzling over the hotrod club transmission program and got into it so

deeply I wasn’t watching the time.I had the details of my changes written out

when I heard Mom in the kitchen.She was sizzling hamburgers and I was sure

ready to eat one.

“So now you know what it’s like wakin’ up in a guy’s arms,” she started.”You

got that thing all the way in while he was sleepin’?”

“Well he was a little worn out by the five times we fucked before that,” I

answered.

“Keep braggin’ and see what happens to your hamburger when my imagination runs

away,” she cautioned.

“Mom, did you notice?We said it - the L word,” I said.”He said it the

other night.I remembered it well enough to quote him in the journal, but it

didn’t hit me.He gave me that big speech when we were lying there.He left

no doubt that he loves me.I thought it over and even cried a little.I feel

it.I feel the same.I told him this morning.

“Mom?How can a girl approach this sex stuff in a professional way with a

wonderful guy like Dan throwing in all these emotions?”

She took time to chew and swallow, but mostly to think.She knows me and what

I’ve been after all summer and all this week.

“Pam, you’ve been thinkin’ about a life where you have lots of wonderful sex and

get paid for it.The sex you’ve had so far has been good, hasn’t it?” she

asked and I nodded.”How many guys crammed it right into you without getting’

you wet?You like cuddlin’ with Dan.How many guys got right up afterward

with maybe just a kiss?That’s how it is a lot of the time and why workin’

girls call it work.

“The way you’re goin’, you have all the choices and me behind you for any of

‘em.You’re strong enough to work with your hands.You’re growing a great

body and you’re cute enough to work with your pussy.You’re smart enough to

work with your mind.I’ve done all three.You can have a good life workin’

with your hands, but not great.You can make more workin’ with your pussy, but

not all that much more and it’s not always that much fun.Workin’ with your

mind pays more and puts you in charge after a while.

“Lemme tellya.Jose decided it’s time for him to retire last night.I’m the

restaurant manager startin’ tomorrow.I’ll have to work a little longer every

day, ‘specially if I still want to be out front showin’ off.That’s my choice

‘cause I’m the boss now.

“You’re gonna be so proud when you earn a scholarship.You should feel secure,

too.Your Dad and I both have college covered for you.You’ll be able to do

anything you want and you’ll be good at it.”

I gave her a congratulatory hug and gushed over her promotion.I also fed back

some stuff about working with my mind.The way I like learning and figuring

things out, that could work.

“Besides, that way you save your pussy for your lover and his giant cock,” she

concluded.

She got more hugs.I felt so much happier about her and my choice.Yes, I’d

made up my mind during this little Talk.

With my getting lost in the programming and her late-shift schedule, we’d had a

late lunch.It was nearly three.I checked out with her and gave her another

kiss ‘cause she’d be at work when I got back.I walked a couple of blocks,

caught a bus and rode to the medical center.The lady at the information desk

pointed me at Nikki’s room.

Nikki was lying there with her bed cranked up so she was almost sitting.She

had wires for an EKG and respiration monitors stuck to her bare chest.She was

paying attention to how low her covers were sliding.She had pushed them half

way down her thighs and the rest of her was bare, too.The obvious point was

to give Tommy a great view.Yes, he was there visiting.She was talking

about her chest, so that’s where he was looking.He kept his mind on the

conversation and said a lot of encouraging things to Nikki.

They both greeted me.Tommy said goodbye to Nikki and kissed her.The way

their mouths moved, they were both getting some great tongue action in there.

“Huh?Tommy?Steve?” I asked after Tommy was clearly gone.

“Pam, don’t try to keep Steve and Brooke apart, please,” she started to answer.

“I know you were looking out for me, but Steve will feel better if I don’t have

to dump him.He was way too needy and clinging.The Program just gave him

another excuse.I really like Tommy better.We have more in common.He’s a

little slower getting to the physical stuff.I think that’s sweet and way more

mature.He’s actually better with my body - more comfortable with it from

handling me in cheers.He’ll be ready to do it when my chest is better.Did

you see the hardon bulge he just had?He stayed polite and interested in more

than my naked body.He’s the one I really want now.”

“Gotcha, Nikki.I might even encourage Brooke, but I won’t mention Tommy,” I

promised.”I’m really here to see how you’re doing.”

“Oh, I’m just wonderful.They let me dial in my own painkiller drip.They

set the concentration so I can have this wide open.I do that to sleep.I

want to be alert around visitors, so I put up with a little hurting and don’t

move any.The problem is my lung.It’s still under some pressure and keeps

collapsing like yesterday after supper.I’ve learned what it feels like and

can put on my own oxygen mask and start inflating.Dr. Switerlitz is thinking

of surgery to fix the loose ribs,” she told me.”You gotta know how much good

that first shot of oxygen and the boost did.I can’t thank you enough.”

She showed me the oxygen mask beside her pillow with the valve set for a little

boost.

“Heather and Tommy told me about the cheerleading uniforms, how cute they look

and what they do to girls.They also said how you helped the squad get ready

for them.That’s what I’m doing like this,” she said.

“Oh?I thought it was to seduce Tommy,” I joked.

“Well, it’s working on him as much as it is getting me ready,” she replied.”I

hear they have Britney getting used to it, too, but she doesn’t know it.You

might wanna look.They’re in a ward a few doors down the hall.They had to

operate on her for internal bleeding.Now she’s lying there unconscious and

naked in front of the boys.They’re naked and the nurses all laugh at how the

sight of Britney gets them hard.The arousal irritates their rashes, so they

go right back down again.They’re up and down all day without getting off.I

hear that the drugs in their system restrict the choice of painkillers they can

have.They one they’re getting doesn’t do anything for itching.”

I told Nikki she’d have plenty of time to get ready for the uniforms.It only

took Heather a half hour to love it.Nikki’s Mom came in, met me and gushed

thanks all over me.That got her the blushing nipple pops.I mumbled some

awkward excuse, gave Nikki a peck on the cheek and left.

I walked down the hall to the ward.I stayed outside and just looked in.The

stoner boys’ beds were lined up along one wall facing the TV.They were naked

and had red rashes all the way up their legs, on their hands and forearms and

most importantly, all over their genitals.They were all strapped down.They

had leather straps around their ankles, wrists and hips.They couldn’t scratch

themselves or even wriggle against the bed that much.They had IVs going.

Those must have been the painkillers.They were also shaking and shivering.

That could have been from withdrawal or from the itch.

Britney was lying on her back in a bed right under the TV.She was naked and

strapped down, too.She had just as much of a rash as the boys.The TV was

playing a ten-year-old G-rated movie about a teenage girl trying to get started

as an ice skater.Which do you think the boys were looking at?Asshole’s

cock was up hard and all red with poison ivy rash.He strained at his straps,

but couldn’t get anywhere.

“Hey, guys.How hot is Britney?” I was so bad.”Her perky boobs are so firm

they stand straight up.Check out that mound, too.Wouldn’t you like to be

slamming your cock into that?”

Asshole’s cock was going down by then, but the others went straight up.They

all moaned and strained at their straps.

“Have fun,” I finished and waved to them.

The bus let me off a couple of block from home and I started walking.Dan

drove by coming from my house, did a U-turn and stopped.

“Hey, gorgeous.Just looking for you.Tried to call, too,” he said from the

car.

I checked my phone.Yep, still off from the hospital visit.I told Dan about

that while I was getting into the car.I also noticed that he was naked and

soft.

Dan asked, “How about some supper and some more outreach - not as fancy as last

night, though.”

“Great and I am getting hungry,” I answered.”Do you think you could arrange

for my pussy to look freshly fucked ... you know ... for the outreach?”

“Don’t know,” he equivocated.”You have me so worn out from last night.I

even took a nap this afternoon.”

That attitude and the softness didn’t last any longer than it took me to get my

mouth on his and his hand on my boob.He drove me the rest of the way home and

we fucked twice.You know how those went by now, don’t you?The overwhelming

explosive sensation did all the usual stuff to me both of those times.

We showered and he drove us to a popular restaurant.He was soft again and

looking tired.I leaned over to him, cupped his package and kissed him.When

we got out of the car, we both looked ready for sex.

He spent most of the suppertime going into the boundary stuff again and

talking about how he didn’t want to tie me down.My response to the Program

and how I helped make it great for others is a big part of what attracts him.

He did still want all of me outside school.

“... but I don’t know, Pam,” he said with a grin that let’s me know it’s a joke.

“You’re awfully high maintenance, at least you were last night and this

evening.”

“If I do relief in school or do a guy in the PE shower, you can depend on two

things.First, it’s only about the Program.Second, I’ll only do that stuff

when there aren’t any other volunteers.Okay?Outside school, you already

have all of me.” I responded.

I guess he liked that answer.He paid as quickly as he could, drove us home

and carried me to bed.Tired as he was, that was another great lay.When the

fucking and some cuddling were over, he mumbled something about biology

homework.I didn’t distract him too much in the shower and he left by eight.

I hated to let him go, especially since my homework’s done.That left me with

only this journal and a little web research later.

This ends my Program week.I’m supposed to look back at those goals from last

Sunday and see how I did.