**Paige Ch. 29: Humpty Dumpty**

by[SZENSEI](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3586621&page=submissions)©

"Last day of school Punkie." Lonnie Turner stepped out of his shower as his lovely daughter Paige brushed her teeth in front of the bathroom mirror. Bouncing in step before spitting out her toothpaste Lonnie dared to imagine her foamy lips as his cum. Not uncommon these days considering the father and daughter incest. Still, now that he was dating Deborah Johnson those days realistically should be over with. Should be, however that was not certain at this point. Strangely, Deborah was fine with sharing him. No matter what, the bond he and Paige shared would never be broken. Love was eternal.

"I know isn't it great? After Saturday I'm a free woman. FINALLY!!"

"Half day today right?" He dried himself off in front of her, dick dangling and for once not saying, come to Daddy. Even as she brushed she looked him over from head to toe, eyes always visualizing the possibilities. It took him to snap his towel at her to get Paige to avert her gaze.

"Yep. Sorry, I can't help looking." She giggled, then spit a second time, this time bending over the sink to slurp up water from the faucet rather than waste a paper cup. While bending over Lonnie reached under and goosed her making her spit all over the mirror. Laughing at him she pointed threateningly, "Now I have to clean the bathroom. Meanie."

"Couldn't resist. With an ass like yours it's hard to pass up."

"Shouldn't we chill out considering you're attached?"

"I wasn't trying to turn you on. Just being goofy. You're right though, we should make more of an effort to straighten up. Once you get a taste it's hard getting off the drugs."

"So I'm an addiction now?" She laughs.

"Something like that. Get dressed I'll drop you off at school today. I told my boss I'd be a little late, it being your last day and all."

"Ok, I'll hurry." She slyly kneels in front of him and swiftly kisses his crown with a wink. He shook his head and watched his dick increase in size almost instantly. "I still have him at my mercy." With a tongue playfully extended she razes him then rushes to her bedroom. Eying his boner Lonnie grimaces. He missed the squirt. Her too.

This being the final day of school the students were allowed to disobey the dress code and wear whatever they wanted. Nothing new for Paige, she had pretty much gotten away with it anyways. Paige had already discussed the clothing style with her new homies Chelsea, Trixie, and Madison. Overnight the girl army had increased due to word of mouth. More girls were willing to get in on the plans Paige concocted after school. Funding the operation helped. After humiliating the boys yesterday without their knowledge at the time, she wanted to explore her own freedom with the girls in tow. The boys would inevitably brag today about the glory holes, let them. The girls knew what really happened. If the boys tried to be cruel, they would just show them a video copy of what truly happened. Beau Stewart having made copies just in case they tried to act tough. Humility would win their silence in the end. Paige had them right where she wanted them.

Wearing a white mini dress with the skirt well above the knee, held on to her shoulders with micro thin straps that drifted low to contain her cleavage, no bra, no panties, she finalized the outfit with matching white pumps. Today she wore her contact lens to show off her gorgeous green eyes. Snatching up a plastic bag of goodies from the foot of her bed she met her dad in the living room where he stood jingling car keys.

"What's in the bag?"

"Mischief. Don't ask."

"I just did." He forcefully lifts the bag, reading the stores name with poised brows, before peering inside. "What in the...?"

"Breakfast."

"Not even close. Why do you need that many eggs? I bet you're broke now aren't you?"

"Don't you dare try and stop me Daddy. The girls are all participating. And..."She grits her teeth to pause, "I have lunch money still."

"Since when are you MVP?"

"Since I suckered Brett and the guys yesterday."

"How so?"

"Let's just say I made a few new BFF's." She winks, "Not best friend's forever either. It stands for something only myself and my friend's know. Trade secret, we traded, our secret." She laughs opening the front door.

"If you say so. You have batteries?" Those eggs were not from any hen. These were silver bullet vibrators.

"Yes I stocked up. Take me to school my studly Chauffeur."

"Yes Mum. Let me not get that door for you." He didn't either. She opened her own car door.

As Lonnie started his car he checks for Paige to make certain her seatbelt was locked. Eying her she gazes brilliantly at him. He chose to reach over and caress her long red hair before holding her chin, "I love you."

"I love you too Daddy."

"You have five hours. Try not to get expelled." He laughs. "Eggs over easy can set off the smoke detectors."

Snorting, Paige adds, "I brought our egg timer just for laughs."

"Have your fun. Graduation tomorrow night and you're out of the woods."

"I can't wait to sleep in for the rest of my life. That and date lots of really handsome men."

"What's the Tender calculator up too now?" He pulls out of his drive and hits the street.

"It locked up. I think it only goes up to six digits. Lots to pick from still."

"Be careful."

"You know I am."

"Says the girl that fucked a strange neighbor in our back yard at 3 in the morning."

"I couldn't resist that one."

"Uh huh! You need to resist more. Let me examine the guys before you make plans from here on. I don't want you getting used."

"Like Mark is trying to do?"

"Don't sweat over Mark. I have that dealt with. "Not completely but he had a start on it. "Which reminds me, look in the glove box, I left you a surprise."

"Graduation gift?" She bulges her eyes and hops in her seat.

"Yes and no. Just look." He watches her open the glove box and finds the only thing in it was an envelope.

"Money's?"

"Nope."

She greedily tears it open and pulls out the contents. Eyes flaring wide, followed by a lowered jaw, she read the flyer. "OH MY GOD DADDY! We're going to Hawaii?"

"Yep. I could use a vacation too. Besides I wanna see you in a coconut bra and a grass skirt."

"I thought you were trying to behave?" She giggles then tries to hug him but her seatbelt got in the way.

"Last time."

"Yeah, right! You want me every day. I'm irisistable."

"Yes you are." He didn't want Paige to know that he was biding time to safeguard her from Mark Rapier and his skinhead cronies. He needed time to plan out his own strategy on how best to deal with them and not get beat up. A recorded cell video of Mark's threats would help but that would only be a slap on the hand. No real jailtime to move past his demands, Mark would come back swinging. Between protecting Paige, he also had to consider her Mother who lived with the douche bag Mark. She being a recovering alcoholic the knowledge might send her spiraling. Lonnie needed more leverage before confronting Mark Rapier and his Foreskins.

"So, I'm an ALOHA HO?" She danced in her seat. An instantaneous image of Paige dancing a hula that was slipping from her hips made him smirk. Noted for the future he thought.

"Sure are my Tiny Bubbles."

"Huh?" She winced not understanding, "Because I'm bubbly?"

"Don Ho? Forget it, he's before your time." A shrug added, "Almost before my time." That she did, instantly gone from her thoughts. Drive on Lonnie.

Pulling up out front of the High School Lonnie Turner reached over to halt his daughter before she could leap from her seat in her giddiness. She was definitely in a hurry to get this day started, and ended in a fun filled fashion.

"Hold up Punky." Hand on her leg she freezes to look over at him.

"Yes Daddy?"

Teary eyed he realized just how close she was to being a full fledged adult, free to do as she pleased. After 18 years of helping her do homework, teaching her values, battling her baggy nerd days, acne, she had grown too fast. A good thing actually, considering their bad habits the past couple months. He could not shelter her forever, as much as he might want to.

"Just wanna say I'm proud of you."

"Aww! You should save that for when I'm holding my diploma tomorrow night."

"I'll say it again don't you worry. Every day going forward."

"Don't make me cry." She pouts pointing at her cheek, "Makeup."

"Right! Can't go ruining the rouge, as if you need it. Listen, word of advice? Put the plastic bag in your book bag until you're sharing the wealth. Please be careful."

"What? You think the logo on the bag saying Bed Petters would give me away? I've gotten away with worse." She giggles, but listens unzipping her bookbag to stash the vibes. Removing a book tossing it in the backseat to make room made Lonnie chuckle. "Sex education book. Who needs it. Moving on to Karma Sutra once I get to the library. Teasing Daddy. I can get all that online."

"Course you can. Long as I'm your test run."

He shakes his head. "All I'm saying is it's safer hiding those silver bullets before any of the faculty think there's going to be any school shooting. I want my sweet little Assassin to make it the next few hours without a gunfight."

"Assassin?" She smiles reciting the word again but breaking it down, "ASS ASS IN. You just gave me a brilliant idea Daddy."

"Oh boy."

"Exactly. She laughs. "Hawaii?" She wiggles her brows.

"Hawaii?"

"Karma Slutra practice."

"Perfect. Except I'm asking Deb and Coochie to go too. My treat for Coco's graduation. That way I can have alone time with Deb and you have a buddy to run with."

"We win Lotto? I thought money was tight."

"Grampa Frank. I made a call. You're spending the weekend after we get back with him. Got an advance on your holes."

"Yay! So we're not in the wrong rabbit hole anymore." She snickers patting her bookbag. "Is it weird I like it when you pimp me out?"

"Don't remind me. Last time I'm asking Frank for any advance. I don't want him to turn on us. We have to send him pictures from Hawaii."

"Me nakie on the beach at sunset?"

"Whatever we can get away with."

"Gotta go Daddy. Love you." A swift reach over to kiss him on the cheek Paige was out of the car running. Lonnie had to toot his horn to make her return just to shut her door. It was pretty humorous. Watching her wiggle away, her skirt darted side to side, pausing to look back at Lonnie she bent over on purpose to reveal her bare ass. She didn't do it long to avoid Mom's dropping off other students. No one else spotted her mischief.

"There goes that cute as a button, emphasis on butt." After sighing he slapped his own cheek to return himself to reality. In the gutter as always, a car tooting behind him made his final thought fade. He needed to get moving anyway, not so much being late for work, his boss agreed to let him run late due to Paige's last day of school. He had one more destination to stop at before his reprieve's end. "IHop here I cum." Deb Johnson was already serving her own type of eggs over easy. He hoped that the sudden Hawaiian vacation wouldn't be premature considering it was spontaneous. She might not even be able to take a week off. It would serve him right or wrong. He would know soon enough. He expected to be called Sugar Daddy.

Bolting through the doors of the school and secretly bypassing the metal detectors Paige headed straight through the student body loitering in the halls. Everyone had the chance to defy the dress code today. Short shorts, tank tops, halters, mini skirts, it was all about skin on the final day. It was amazing the school allowed it. It was the rite of passage toward the future that they promoted. Truth be told it was just the faculty wanting a free fantasy moment. The school did have dozens of super hot girls in the senior class. Snorting she thought to herself, "Wonder if I could have gotten away with a string bikini?" That might not have been as acceptable, but for some well received. Cleavage was one thing, 90% nude not so much.

Searching for her newest friends along the way she managed to locate Chelsea Cooper and Trixie Wiggins, as ever glued to the hip, both wearing dresses not far off from what Paige was wearing, only in yellow and red. Yawning vividly after a long night of partying with dates, yes they got laid, the two beauties welcomed Paige with warm smiles. They were still amazed at what Paige had managed to pull off yesterday. She had literally made history in her bait and switch during a glory hole shelter concocted by a flock of mean spirited boys. Switching the girls out with gay young men without the other boys knowing gave everyone a chance at a good time at the true losers in the school. Namely Brett Chenowyth and his entourage of asshats. Without even knowing what had happened video was taken that would counter any blackmail attempts in the future, not wanting to face humiliation. Good times.

"Are you two lovely ladies ready for more fun?" Paige excitedly danced in step wagging her book bag in front of them. "I brought breakfast just like I said I would."

"Not hungry. Hangover." Chelsea winced at Paige's vigor.

"What's in the bag? Not donuts I hope."

"Eggs." Paige winked.

"Tell me we're not throwing eggs at anything." Trixie rolled her eyes, "I'm not into interior decorating."

"There might be some decorating if they do their jobs." She laughed at the girls, then unzips her book bag and opens the inside plastic bag to reveal it's contents. The second Trixie realized what she was looking at her jaw drooped.

"WHOA! My sister has one of those. Her boyfriend likes to get her worked up in public."

Chelsea got a good look next and bulged her eyes, "You must be the Easter Bunny. I'm soooo in. Trix fits right in, she was named after the rabbit on the cereal box." She bumps shoulders with her bestie. "Who gets the remote?"

"Choose anyone you want to as long as you know they're nearby to use it. Suggestion?" They were listening, "I say let's give the boys less fortunate the chance. Even if they're not anyone you might date. It's not fair to give any of the guys we suckered yesterday a chance to get even with us. Right?"

"Soooo, it's nerd day?" Trixie chuckled, "Why the hell not, I have two classes with Fred Koones. I know he likes me, as if, but I'll give him a thrill for the heck of it." She digs in to procure her packaged egg and hides it in her own bag.

Chelsea grabbing hers ponders her controller, "Billy Doolan. I have every class with him. Stalker." She laughs.

"Make it worth it. Have them pass the cordless remote around to others." Paige added. Shrugging the girls agreed with that. Before any of the girls could run off to install their new toys another new found friend approached them.

"Hey HOmies."

"Patrick Nichols? My adorable Assassin. I have something for your Mancave." Paige yanks him into their huddle and shows him the eggs. His eyes brightened up, "Get it? Ass Ass In? You want one? Give the remote to any boy you want."

"Not my Mancave, my Diva Den." He corrected her grinning, "I know just the one. Play along when you find out who." He swiftly grabbed two more eggs from her bag, "Two for my Boos." He meant his glory boys Timothy and Peter. Fun would be had by all.

"Go bitches. Into a stall...and install." Paige shoos Chelsea and Trixie away. The thrill was just kicking in. Noting a clock on the wall time was running out, she needed to get her own egg put in and find her girl Madison. Searching high and low she decided to call her cell, leaning on set of lockers next to a janitors closet. Once dialing it began ringing. Strangely, she heard the pig from the Geico commercial going WEEEEE WEEEEE! all three times it rang. "You've got to be kidding me. She worries about being called a pig and she uses that ringtone?" Following the ring she realizes it was coming from inside the janitor closet. Smirking Paige opens the door quickly and catches Madison on her knees holding Beau Stewart's dick. Busted they both panic until Paige rushes in closing the door. "Commence pigging out."

"You scared the hell out of us Turner." Beau whispers, "There's no inside lock to lock the door."

"Hurry up and get him off Maddy, I have something for you...and Beau."

Dropping her book bag Paige crouches down, in doing so Beau looks up her skirt to see pure pussy. His dick got harder in Madison's mouth. Whatever helped him along Paige would say if she had noticed. Tearing open her own egg she reached between her legs and pushed her egg between her pussy lips and deeper until it was a comfy fit. Standing up it felt strange but she shook it off.

"Was that a vibrating egg?" Beau chuckled.

"Yes it was. I have one for Maddy here too. You get the remote. Trixie, Chelsea, Patrick, Tim, and Peter Rabbit have one too. This is going to be Humpty Dumpty Day."

Nearly gagging on Beau's dick, Maddy pulls off turning pale, "I'm wearing what?"

"Fuck it. You can blow me after school." Beau retrieves his penis and puts it away, while Madison stands up wiping her chin. She looked terrified of the unknown. Busting open a second egg she puts it in Maddy's hand and hits the remote. Buzzing in her hand she laughed. "Drop your britches Miss Piggy. Nice ringtone by the way."

Beau assisted Maddy in unzipping and dragging her pants and thong down. Kneeling in front of Maddy Beau took the egg and pushed it up into Maddy who nearly freaked out. "What if I can't get it out?"

"I''l go in after it." He chuckled, "Relax, it will be fun." Once entered Maddy pulls her pants up and looks at them dumbfounded. Paige hit the remote and instantly Maddy jumped into a squeal, her eyes lighting up at the sensations.

"I'm going to pee with this in me if it keeps doing that."

"No pee, all cum." Beau tweaks her nose, then kisses it. Paige silently spoke "Awwww!" in her thoughts.

"Bells gonna ring in five minutes. I need help here." She again opens a third egg and hands it to Beau before bending over in front of them hiking her skirt. Bare ass in the air she looks over her shoulder and says, "Put it in me Beau Beau."

"You already...you're wearing two?"

"Hide that Easter Egg."

"Up...your asshole?" He cringes.

"Plug it in. Plug it in." She sang the air freshener commercial giggling, and shaking her booty. "Come on, you've been there before. Sorry Maddy, before your time. Hurry it up." Sighing heavily Beau Stewart lines it up with a gross look in his expression, using one finger to guide it into Paige's anal canal. Once it disappeared he pulled away in a hurry.

"So crazy." Maddy whined as Paige stood up.

"Okay, I gotta run and pass out these others, and find my remote controllers." Opening the closet door in a blond moment she bulges her eyes at who stood just outside.

"I thought I heard voices in there. What are you three doing?"

"Principal Dewey!!"

"Hi. How are you today?" Paige attempted cuteness, "I love your tie."

Grimacing at them at first, he decides to lift his tie as if inspecting it. Basically, he had forgotten what tie he had even worn today. "Ah yes. I too love this tie. You look quite lovely today as well Miss Turner, Miss Daily...Mr. Stewart. I'm not going to even ask...this being your last day. Go on, get to home room." He steps aside and allows them past. Beau and Maddy went right, Paige his left. Halfway down the hall Paige had a bright idea, crazy but, what the heck. Bending over in front of the portly Principal she made it look as if she picked something up off the floor. Turning in step she notes Dewey looking her way sweating. She concluded that he might have seen up her skirt and was embarrassed. Skipping back to him she held out a remote to one of her eggs.

"I found this on the floor. I'm not sure what it is." Passing it into his hand she turned with saucer like eyes and headed for her locker. She knew he was pushing the button, feeling her G-spot quaking under the eggs direct contact with it. Letting out a yelp she stopped to breath, looking back at Dewey they met eyes. As if instinct he pressed the button again and spotted Paige wince and point at him.

"Oh my!" Dewey was unsure what to make of it, "Surely not." Another press sent Paige sideways into a boy holding his arm and embracing the strength of the eggs vibrations. The boy Curt Vickers enjoyed her closeness and she offered him a peck on the cheek just for being there. Off she went. Dewey was going to keep a close eye on this situation.

"Dewey knows. YESSSSS! He's not looking upset over it. This could be the craziest thing I've pulled off. Who would have thought Dewey would be shady. He's actually smiling. Go me." She reaches her locker opening it mainly for effect, she really didn't have any idea why she was there. With two more eggs still in the bag she had no clue who else might take part. For now they needed to stay hidden in her book bag. Lip gloss from her locker was a good enough reason to be there.

Closing up she turns on her heel and finds an unpleasant surprise whom she literally bumps into.

"Brett. Hi." It was the annoying asshole blackmailer Brett Chenowyth.

"Hi yourself." He smirks, "Got your little gift." Brett holds up a remote showing her. "Your gay buddy told me you wanted me to have it."

Looking over his shoulder he spotted Patrick winking playfully. Just as Brett triggers the remote she witnesses Patrick dancing in step with his own egg planted up his manhole. Knowing it was effecting him Paige played it off as if it struck her instead. Grabbing Brett by his tank top straps she grits her teeth and looks at him as if she were having an orgasm. He chuckled, "I knew you liked me."

"I do. Oh my God! That was amazing." With Patrick settling down, so did she. Performances right on cue. Principal Dewey had noticed Patrick's reaction as well and narrowed his eyes. This was going to be a long day. "It's too bad you don't have more classes with me Brett." She pouts for effect.

"Yeah, I know. I'll hit you more between classes. Man I can still feel your mouth around my dick from yesterday." She blushed knowing it was really Patrick and his friends taking turns sucking him off without him ever knowing their true identities, she and her friends trading places with them through a hidden stage door in the floor. It was the ultimate bait and switch.

"Can't wait." She grips his shirt tighter and leans in closer, "DESTROY ME." Patrick was in for a rough day, thanks to Paige. As the bell rang all of the lingering students filtered toward their classes. In passing Dewey, Paige winked at him, he actually winked back. The second he watched her go by he snapped a glare at Patrick holding his ass and smiling. Brett had struck again, yet Paige had not reacted, shaking the remote Brett gave up concluding the distance wasn't good enough. Stupid man.

Reaching her homeroom Paige joined Madison already at her desk, but sitting two rows over. Without Beau nearby Maddy felt relaxed that she could get through the day. Waving at Paige as she took her seat they giggled. Trixie was also in the homeroom toward the back. Smirking shamelessly Trixie points at Fred showing off the remote. In that same instance Fred triggered Trixie's egg making her let out a shrill yelp, turning red to match her dress. Everyone looked back at Trixie curious as to what was wrong. She merely shared sparkling eyes as her hands tightly clenched the edge of her desk. People knew something was up.

While Madison wasn't looking the boy next to her waved at Paige. Showing Paige a remote while posing his index finger over his lips to keep it quiet, he then pointed at Maddy. Paige immediately realized Beau had asked a friend to catch Maddy off guard by using his remote. Paige wanted to laugh, but merely looked away shyly grinning. So awesome. As the classroom filled up their Teacher made his appearance, leaving the door open. Paige knew he always closed it, that was strange. A simple shrug she realized that she still had another remote, the one for her ass egg. Looking about slyly for someone to offer it to she just couldn't decide. Then, it dawned on her that she had, had sex with this teacher Drake Burrows a couple weeks back. He had not spoken out of turn toward her since that day. Obviously, covering his tracks and emotions over their secret classroom sex. He was still nice to her, he just hid their interaction well. She was thankful of it. With all of her other sex partners she had more than enough to keep her mind off of her teacher. Maybe today he should be reminded. Smirking Paige hopped up and shuffled up to the dashing black man as he took his seat.

"Yes, Miss Turner?"

"Hi Drakey." Her beguiling childlike tone could melt tires on a car. Looking up at her today he realized she wasn't wearing her normal glasses, in favor of contacts that brought out her beautiful green orbs. He found himself swallowing dryly in her gaze.

"Good morning. You look...alluring today."

"Would you happen to know what this is?" She shyly puts the remote on his desk then very slowly slid it toward him as if giving him time to think about it as he examined her remote. He recognized the device and froze in expression. A glance around her at the opened doorway found a familiar face lingering in the hall. Principal Dewey stood with his arms held behind his back in a rather strict looking manner. Following Mr. Burrows eyes, Paige sees Dewey and fears that she might be in trouble. At that moment Burrows attempted to pry the remote from her grasp, he found it difficult but eventually succeeded. She whimpered nasally at that moment until Burrows looked the remote over more closely.

"Oh, yes! I know what this is. It does this..." Drake Burrows pushes the button sending a jolt directly inside Paige's butt pucker that made her jump and hold her skirt tightly to the back of her bottom. A shrill hiccup like yelp made the class laugh. Even her best friend Madison turned red for Paige, trying hard not to giggle along with everyone else. Paige found herself regretting her decision. Blushing herself, at the sudden shock she shyly tilts her gaze toward the portly Principal who even with his strict appearance chose to hit his own remote to see if his intuition was correct. Sure enough Paige yelped again, this time her left hand instinctively pressed down the front of her short skirt and acted as if she had to pee.

"I'll just hang on to this. Please take your seat." As soon as he said seat fire attacked her ass with a longer jolt before relaxing. He heard her say, "Shit!" in her puppy like voice as her face expressed tension. "Pardon me?"

"Nothing. Sorry Drakey, I mean Mr. Burrows." She coyly twisted in step and began to make the journey back to her desk. Between his desk and hers she received jolts from both eggs at once. Paige Turner shrieked and grew flushed. She hadn't anticipated just how forceful two eggs at once might be. What was she thinking? Just before taking her seat Madison leaned over to check on her friend when her own egg went off, and instant almost Turrets Syndrome reaction of "FUCK ME!" made the entire room hold their breath. They hadn't expected such language out of Dolly Madison, as they cruelly called her. Looking around the class teary eyed she wondered how it was possible that her egg had gone off. Beau was not here to activate it. Was it's vibrational range strong enough to be received six classrooms away? She chose to look to Paige for advice. Paige was no help whatsoever in her own goosebumps from head to toenail.

"Are we done here Ladies?" Burrows looked about at his entire class instead of just Paige and Madison. The second he sighed, Trixie's remote sent her into a slouch that made her dizzy, even as she began to sweat and express a tensed withheld breath. Burrows took notice of three reactions now. Interesting indeed. Beneath his desk Drake poised three fingers toward Dewey in the doorway. A puckered lip at his count made the Principal smirk. It was then that he heard a deafening cry from a further classroom. It was Chelsea crying out, "SUNOVABITCH!" A scowl which bordered on a chuckle Dewey took a walk. He was suddenly on hall monitor duty. He wondered just how many eggs were out there amongst the girls. Something this rare was certainly interesting enough to let go on the rest of the day. Within his thoughts Dewey grew dark.

"Let them have their fun. As will we." Indeed. Testing his own remotes distance by casting it above his shoulder in walking away he heard Paige squeal longer than ever as he compressed the remotes button. Music to an old mans ears. "A lovely singing voice Miss Turner. You truly should have tried out for Choir." Giving her a moment as he reached the classroom that contained Chelsea Cooper, he peered through the doors window at the class in session. Chelsea was directly up front, stretching her lengthy legs outward, toes curling up even in pumps. She was running her palms along her upper thighs, almost taunting her short skirt into ruffling higher. The sight made Dewey grin. "Well now. Isn't this the perfect end to a school year? Four young beauties torturing themselves for the benefit of we males." It was then that he heard the somewhat masculine voices of both Patrick and Timothy in the opposing classroom over. Followed by laughter and awe out of their fellow students. Pinching his brow Dewey had to shake his head, "Equal opportunity I suppose."

Prior to home room, four miles away...okay IHop...

"There's my girl."

"Well if it isn't the only cock I love hearing crow at sunrise. What brings my handsome Big Daddy to IHop?"

"IHop to take you away from all this?" Lonnie Turner jests goofily as his lady friend Deborah Johnson makes coffee behind the counter. Today's on call Manager Loretta Frye scowling at Deb for her less than appropriate comment in front of customers, clears her throat quite noticeably. Deb pauses with a wink at the elder woman of size, mostly in her humongous chest mind you. They did go to Church together so that swiftly formed a unity of grins. Her main objection was the race thing, Loretta was all about community, her own. She was just not raised to respect anything else, so Deb was on her radar, rather neighborhood watch.

"Many more looks like that and you just might have me on your hands full time BIG DADDY." Deb raised her voice specifically to rile Loretta's ire. She knew Loretta would come around, just slowly. Taking the brewed pot from it's cradle Loretta made the rounds of the front counter of the diner just to give them a moment. As the burly woman waltzed away, big butt in tow Deb chuckled, "Why you so chipper this morning? Little Miss Paige off to her last day of school okay?"

"Yeah, she's really in great spirits. How about Coco?"

"Coochie wanted to play hooky. I swore she said hooker with what she's wearing to school." She smirked.

"I hear ya. Paige got away with a short mini skirt, no friggin' panties. I tell ya if she gets in trouble I'm gonna spank her 'til she can't sit for a month."

"Sweetie? We both know that girl, just like mine, would only ask for another. One more day and they'll both be graduating. Then, we can take a rest in parenting."

"Speaking of rest...I have something to ask you." He fidgets a bit just as Loretta struts back through and eyes Lonnie with a squint. He wasn't going to let her be bitter. Right before her eyes Lonnie produced an envelope and handed it to Deb to open.

"What's this? Payment for my SERVICES?" Another round of freshly raised voice makes Loretta chuckle and shake her head. "Beady eyed Wench." Deb stared at her boss of the day only to hear her recite a faint, "Mmmhmm."

"I want you to share something with me, obviously if that's possible. Loretta?" He looks at her nametag, "You really need to see this."

"If you're drawing in the flies this must be good. What are you sharing Big Daddy? Nothing with Loretta on my time."

"As if." Loretta chuckles and attempts to grin, her curiosity was now on high, "Open it, already. You got tables with tapping fingers."

"Yeah," Lonnie leans on the counter with swagger, "Open it."

With a glare at him over her eye brows Deb smiles with a worried look, using sharp nails to slice the envelope carefully at the end. Why Lonnie felt the need to glue the envelope didn't make a whole lot of sense other than not wanting to lose the contents. Once open Deb draws out the paper contents and looks it over. The big bold words HAWAII on the pamphlet made her eyes flare up brightly. Loretta's eyes were not far off.

"What is this Big Daddy? Hawaii?"

"I'm taking Paige away for a week as a Graduation gift, I'm splurging and asking you and Coochie to go along. My gift to Coco too. Well, my gift to her Momma for making my life a tad more happy."

"Wooooooooooweeee!" Loretta howled over Deb's shoulder, "Big spender. Better ride that train D-cup." Both Deb and Lonnie had a good flirty laugh at Loretta's sudden change of heart. Maybe the white guy wasn't so bad.

"You shoo, before I throw my shoe." Deb nudged Loretta back out into the restaurant. From there Deb took another look at the pamplet. "Is this for real?"

"Grass skirts, fire twirlers, not a good mix..." He shrugs, "Wanna be my date for a week in paradise?"

"You know I do." She fans her face at the shock of it all, "Are...you sure you wanna spend so long with me?"

"Longer but I'll settle for a week to get things jumpin'."

"Oh, Big Daddy, something's jumpin' and it's not my titties. It's what's behind them. If I can get this place to let me off...I'm right there in Coach with ya."

"Good! We can leave the kids in the baggage compartment and actually enjoy the flight."

"They might just fit inside our luggage." Deb nods with a pucker, at picturing both girls sizes. "When are we leaving? Should I get these pancake prudes to let me off? To hell with rent money, right? We did talk about being roomies."

"We have a week to figure it all out, when we're not drunk and doing a bit of thighland hopping."

"I caught that. Don't start using those lai puns now." She winks. "You think they have coconut bras that fit these big ole' Berthas?" She literally lifts her chest in front of everyone. Whistles were heard. Loretta merely shook her head grinning.

"If they don't I'll just use my hands to palm after squirting some coconut butter on them."

"Even butter, better. Let me run this by my chain of command..."

"GO!" Loretta belts out, "I'll deal with the schedule when you're ready. Just bring me back a handsome Roger Mosely. Loretta loves her some T.C...with a little L in between."

"Did she just make a Magnum P.I. joke?" Lonnie was taken by surprise.

"A whole pack of Magnum's later..."

"Wow! We're just full of puns aren't we? Let me know what Coochie thinks."

"Not telling her. She's just getting in that suitcase. I'm not leaving her at home after hearing about her and Ant. He's some serious bad news."

"Yeah? We can worry about that later. You know I have some bad mofos to deal with too. Part of why I'm getting Paige out of town is to give me a breather to figure things out."

"I got your back Big Daddy."

"Exactly why I love...IHop." He winks, "I better get to work. My boss only gave me half a day off to spend with Paige. She should be home by 1:00."

"C'mere Big Daddy." She walked around the counter misty eyed, arms wide to hug him. Smothering him with kisses regardless of the clientele only brought on verses of, "Get a back room." and generated smooching noises from the other waitresses. Breaking their emotional embrace Lonnie turned to the customers and yelled out, "ALOHA!" They recited it right back. Loretta found an admiration. Deb held her chest until Lonnie drove away. As soon as he pulled out Deb turned to the restaurant and did a hula dance, titties dancing until they nearly fell out of her uniform. To her shock Loretta joined in on her good fortune with a bit of booty bouncing herself. Tips were gonna be good.

Back at Thigh School...pardon another pun...ishment...

Brett Chenowyth, hearing Patrick as he accidently toyed with his button wishing he could see Paige Turner react, should she feel his seismic delight, frowned. "What the hell?" Glaring over at Patrick's outburst made him wince. Releasing the button Patrick returned to normal. Searching the faces of his classmates their eyes were all zeroing in on Brett with his remote visibly poised in his hand. The same could be said of his buddy Drew, once an ally to Paige, now just as evil as Chenowyth himself. He had ignited the egg up inside Timothy's bottom, the boy's feminine reaction conceived chuckles, especially as Tim fanned his blushing features grinning up a storm. Both gay young men knew that Brett and Drew were going to get bitter the more they supplied vibrations that had no effect on any girl. One last confirmation that Brett and Drew had been sucker punched sent a symphony of dancing in their chair moans, going so far as Patrick looking at Brett, "You cad." Not many in class knew the word cad, but they had a good idea what it meant. Some students had read Treasure Island in their Literature class so had the general gist of it. Timothy in his back arching, chair creaking response to Drew added more text with, "En Gard, Mon Ami." Yep! Three Musketeers, read that too. In Chelsea's class their equally emoting third ally Peter was garnering a bit of his own attention via Brett's friend Aaron. Once realized, his remote never spoke again. Peter was just plain pouty. Guys were getting really angry at their humiliation. Brett especially was fuming, "Turner's ass is mine."

To avoid bloodshed Principal Dewey intervened, pocketing his own remote into his jacket so as not to get mixed up with others, he interrupted the classroom to spy upon Timothy and Patrick. Pointing at both boys as their Teacher Wesley Crumb, a vividly open homosexual in his own right appeared concerned, Dewey eyed his pale expression. Wes had actually been enjoying the outbursts, finding them amusing in his own kinky sort of way. Noting Brett and Drew beet red Dewey had a good idea who the handlers were. Stepping over to Drew, Dewey without a word extended his palm upright for Drew to relinquish his remote. Doing so Dewey moved to Brett and shook his head, "You boys should know better than to behave like this. Hand it over." Brett appeared grossly disgruntled in handing off the remote. Once in Dewey's possession he glared at both Drew and Brett, "Mister Crumb will hold on to your toys until the end of the day. You may...have your fun once school is out. Feel lucky I'm not ending your school year early Gentlemen." Turning away with both remotes Dewey approached Wesley Crumb, a meek, well groomed white gentleman that could almost be Sheldon Cooper from the comedy Big Bang Theory. "I trust that you can keep these two...to yourself." A wink as he slides both remotes in front of Wesley led to a sly grin. A mere, "Absolutely." , led Dewey to snap a glare at Brett and Drew one last time. "I have my eyes on you two. Any further trouble and neither of you will be graduating." Anger would seethe the remainder of the day.

Dewey leaving the class room left Wesley with a wink toward both Patrick and Timothy. Their fun would commence much later. Perhaps...an after school celebration. They would surely invite Peter.

From class to class Dewey made his presence known. Entering Chelsea Cooper's current classroom he caught her just as her fingers crept under her skirt, for the briefest of instances Dewey caught a glimpse of rubbing fingers amid her pussy lips. Seeing him enter Chelsea retreated yet still felt the extent of her keepers remote destroying her. She fought hard to resist squirming but was not succeeding very well. The Teacher in class a one Deidre Carmichael had no clue what was going on. Being much older and less than up on her sexual prowess the woman could only assume that something was ailing poor Miss Cooper.

Watching Principal Dewey move along a path between chairs exploring the reactions in his student body, he deduced exactly who had remotes and who didn't. A pause next to Chelsea's keeper with a hand held out led to another remote claimed. Chelsea was now in the hands of Dewey, her eyes bulging at being susceptible to his own attacks, should he do so. Dewey kept her remote with Paige's in his jacket. Peter's keeper relinquished his remote and it was pocketed in Dewey's pants. Fun and games in this class was over. Before leaving Dewey stepped up to Chelsea and winked at her as she cringed. Trying to smile, the girl felt trickles of wetness escape her pussy. The earlier vibrations had done its job well. It was a shame that it was over. Leaving the classroom Dewey retrieved Chelsea's remote when alone in the hall and hit her button. A loud deafening yelp out of Chelsea led her fingers to her pussy as she sat forward to keep her thighs covered.

"Mrs. Carmichael? I need to go to the bathroom." Scowling Deidre waved her knuckles allowing Chelsea to leap to her feet and race out into the hall. The second she shut the door and turned she found Dewey wagging her remote.

"That was fast." He smirked.

"You...knew?"

"Nothing escapes my notice Ms. Cooper."

"Am I...are we...in trouble?"

"Oh, yes. One final detention after final hour. I expect you to be in attendance." He turns away, "My office at 12:00 sharp." A push to her remotes button sent Chelsea's hand racing to her thighs as lightning struck, "Oh, and do not remove that...unless you want me to call your parents."

"WHAT? Nooooo! Don't...I'll be there, still wearing." The jolts kept coming as he walked away whistling. As he turned to head back toward the classroom of Drake Burrows he snapped a glance toward Chelsea. Her back to the lockers she had her skirt held up to her belly, fingers rubbing her clit like a mad woman. Seeing Dewey watch her she dropped her skirt. A wagging finger from Dewey encouraged that skirt back up. Chelsea got off in the hallway, right in front of her Principal. She was a trembling mess, a puddle on the tile at her feet. Sudden giggles made Chelsea Cooper very happy. Dewey rather enjoyed playing God.

Within Mister Burrows class, Drake found himself enamored by Paige and Trixie. Signals sent out stimulated both young ladies into frolicking in their seats. Their friend Madison darting her gaze from one girl to the next worried that their clothing would slip and flesh would be open to all eyes. Paige herself had both of her hands in her lap lifting her already short skirt to show off. The stress made Maddy whimper. This was all too much for her brain to comprehend. Fear of her own toy activating made her whine.

Trixie outmatched by her nerd boy handler constantly pushing down his button sent her hands all over her body, up her skirt, squeezing a breast, tilting her head back with held breath to avoid being too noisy. Her moans were still evident, guys wishing that she would just let it all out. Drake Burrows was having a blast as he attempted to teach his class a last day lesson. Walking about his class sporting wood beneath his slacks without care. Today being the final day of school, he just didn't care who saw a tentpole erection. Every girl in class admired and desired. This was his day as much as the girls.

Hovering next to Paige with his erection facing her, he nailed her senses with his remote. Rubbing her pussy vigorously she looked up at him with puppy dog eyes. Just as she shook like a leaf at his determined trigger finger, a secondary attack in her ass sent her yelping. Her skirt flew up and the entire class got a good look at Paige's hips and thighs. Drake stood his ground over her, his erection growing larger right before everyone's eyes. Guys were laughing under their breath, girls were cooing. Even girls not wearing a silver bullet were reacting to so much sensuality. Touching shyly, at least five other girls located their fingers into intimate territory.

In the remaining fifteen minutes of the class Paige Turner came all across her fingers. Trixie propped one leg on the desk of the boy next to her and plunged her fingers deep. Drake not noticing Trixie in favor of Paige's influence allowed Trixie to get away with more. The boy whose desk had her foot up on it was rubbing her leg all the way past the quick of her knee. Boys were drooling up a storm. Just before the bell rang Trixie found the boy rubbing her thighs planting his hand right over hers as she cum, her sinking fingers flooded by her joyous rebellion. The boy got just as wet. He had to show it off. It was then that Teacher Drake Burrows caught a glimpse. With Trixie's deafening squeal all eyes were on her. Paige however took that moment to reach over and squeeze Drake's tented cock. The man came in his slacks at her sudden confrontation. He whirled to avoid his staining tan slacks by going back to his desk. Hiding it he huffed, "Have a good summer people."

Paige relaxing more with both toys silencing within her caught her breath and stood up. Maddy by her side with bulging eyes.

"You two are crazy."

"Three. Just you wait Piglet." Paige giggled tweaking her besties nose. Maddy wanted to cry.

Trixie surrounded by boys as she tried to join Paige got hit again hard by her handler. Smothered amongst them every boy there felt her up. She was in Heaven, even if a few of them weren't her type. It was the heat of the moment. That attack on her cunt fueled her all the way out into the hall, Paige forced to peel her from them. That of course led Paige into a similar manhandling. Guys were everywhere. Maddy was literally pushed out. That is until she felt her own bullet fire up. Shocked by it she let out a loud scream that drew attention to her. The boy that had her remote had returned it to it's owner. Beau Stewart stood over her shoulder grinning. Maddy hit him on the chest laughing. "Stop that."

"Not even." He pressed it again sending Maddy into a 360 dance looking as if she had to pee. Guys laughed, but once Beau snapped a glare they contained their mockery. Sudden respect led the boys to admire Maddy more closely, her large tits bouncing about. The new Madison Daily was much more appealing.

With Paige and Trixie surrounded and pinned to the lockers. Trixie at least continued her torture. Paige not so much without Drake or Dewey to storm her. Having her ass attacked earlier she knew Dewey was nearby. Still, even without her bullets firing she was pawed up. Just when the pawing began to move up her skirt a loud voice disturbed the fun.

"TURRRRRRRRRNNNNNERRRRRRRRR!" Brett Chenowyth aggressively pushed students around trying to get through the gauntlet, "You bitch." He located her and grabbed her by the shirt, two buttons popping off and flying away in his yank. Her breasts became more visible in the process. She cringed at his anger until boys fought back in her defense. Nerds gone wild joined forces in shoving Brett. With Brett's grip still on her shirt another button zipped away from the material. Tits were visible off and on in the fiasco. She squealed knowing that her shirt was toast.

Beau Stewart seeing Paige in trouble left Maddy to relax. Watching him dart into the gathering made Maddy really wet, her man was becoming a hero. Battling his way to Brett he slammed the asshole into the locker next to Paige. Brett's grip on Paige's shirt still strong both tits fell out in front of everyone. She dropped her jaw as Beau punched Brett square in the jaw. It was then that his grip on her shirt was released. She quickly pulled herself together and hugged toward Trixie next to her to avoid the fight. Trixie in her own plight had outsider hands up her skirt rubbing her clit and boys still taunting her. Not once did her bullet stop humming. She was a screaming mimi.

With the warzone becoming louder Dewey had to intervene. As did Drake Burrows and two other Teachers now in the hallway. Ordering students to their next class Dewey managed to lessen the wall of people. Reaching Beau and Brett, Dewey and Drake pulled them from their wrestling match. Brett was thrashing wildly trying to reach Beau who calmed himself now that they weren't engaged. With a roar Dewey yelled, "ENOUGH GENTLEMEN. ONE MORE WORD, ONE MORE PHYSICAL CONTACT AND NEITHER OF YOU GRADUATE. IS THAT CLEAR?"

Both boys wore down and just sneered at one another. Behind them Trixie had an orgasm. The shrill sound of her echoing whine distracted everyone. Dewey turning Brett over to another Teacher led both he and Beau away in two different directions to calm down. This gave Dewey the opportunity to deal with Trixie and Paige. Eying Trixie's handler holding his remote Dewey called him out until he handed over the trigger. Into Dewey's jacket it went. He now had three girls in his possession, so to speak.

Paige holding her shirt together shivered, knowing her plan was not going as well as she had envisioned. Trixie nearly got raped. She herself had nearly had her shirt ripped off by Brett. He was pissed beyond belief at how she played him earlier, giving him Patrick's remote instead of her own, rather Patrick being sneaky for her. Still, Brett had it in his head that it was her fault. In the long run it was.

"Everyone...TO CLASS, NOW!" Dewey bellowed. As Paige and Trixie attempt to escape to class as well they found palms on both of their shoulders, "A word ladies." Both girls cringed with low pitched whines. They knew they were in trouble.

Waiting until the halls cleared out to avoid eyes Dewey sighed, "As beautiful as your shows were I need you two to behave the rest of the day."

"He liked our show." Paige defied Dewey smiling at Trixie. Trixie swallowed at her friends words. Trixie, although thoroughly enjoying the madness of her orgasm in the hall, assisted by a multitude of boys, worried about Dewey's authority.

"Are you...going to prevent us from graduating?" Trixie winced shaking.

"Of course not. This has been a delight."

"You're not mad?" Trixie flared her eyes.

"This should give you a clue Trixie." Paige patted Dewey's crotch, he was fully erect, barely masked by his coat. Trixie dropped her jaw at Paige's revelation. "Hi." Paige bubbled up playfully pinching his erection as if introducing herself to it. Dewey turned pale.

"AHEM! He...says hello back."

Trixie expressed awe more vividly, "Wow!"

Releasing his palms from their shoulders he eyed Paige's shirt, held together her cleavage was still alluring. In a bold move Paige opens her shirt and she pouts, "My buttons are missing. Well, except for these two." She releases her shirt and pinches her nipples, those buttons were really pointy.

"Yes, well, I suppose I cannot allow you to attend class with no...buttons."

"You could if you acted as if you didn't know about it." Paige's kiddy like voice made him groan. Trixie was blown away.

"Two more classes in your day." Dewey stressed, "Just remember, I have the remotes." He actually wiggled his eyebrows at both girls.

Paige took it upon herself to move closer and play with his tie. Peering up at him with ever so innocent eyes she pleaded her case, "You could torture us." Trixie shook her head and made her own bold move. Stepping next to Paige she places her hand on Dewey's erection and makes her own really cute childlike murmur of, "Really, really HARD." Yes he was.

"Go before I...change my mind. I'll be...watching you two."

"Chelsea too." Paige reminded him.

"I believe at day's end the two of you should join Ms. Cooper in my office for a final detention."

Paige whispers flipping his tie under her chin, "I brought extra remote batteries...just in case."

"Oh, Dear God! Go..."

Both girls wiggled away hugging each others arms, Paige's shirt wide open until she reached her next class. She and Trixie went in together, even though it wasn't Trixie's class. Who cares, right?

Standing there sweating Principal Dewey heard Patrick and Timothy groaning loudly in the distance. His erection went down...finally. Patting his jacket pocket he smiled. Two more hours and all hell was going to break loose. Dewey was ready to retire anyways, why not go out in style?

With classes separating Beau Stewart from Brett Chenowyth the anger had subsided for now. Sitting in the back of his next class Beau was consoled by his girl Madison. This, their only class together out of three before school's final bell appeared to be a bust. With Maddy's egg having the only free remote not in the possession of faculty members he just wasn't in the mood to torment her now that he had reclaimed it. She was thankful. Brett's hostility drained Beau to no end.

"You were so brave. You saved Paige, Beau."

"I guess. Her shirt's busted open though." He frowned at Maddy, "All I did was prevent her from being pushed around. I feel like sending that douchebag the video of him and the guys. The only problem with that is I'll make things worse for Patrick and his buddies. You just know Brett will beat their asses."

"I don't think that her shirt matters to Paige. You shouldn't send the video. Save it as a last resort."

"You're right. Only two more hours and we're free." He changes the subject, reaching over to caress her cheek before class officially began. With the disturbance in the hall things were off to a slow start, hearing the whispers of fellow students talking about Paige and Trixie, while others spoke of Chelsea. Everyone wondered where the girls were and if they were in trouble. Even Beau stressed that this might end their senior year badly, possibly losing their diploma over Paige's pushy hijinks. Convinced of the worse Beau grew depressed. Not even Maddy pampering him by going so far as to sit in his lap holding him to her chest was enough. Although the boys in the class did admire her sudden boldness. Seeing him defy a smile she slapped his chest with a, "Stop it." Feeling the remote in his shirt pocket Maddy pondered the option that if she used it on herself maybe Beau would break out of his funk. Worth a shot, she took a deep breath and snatched it from his shirt and wagged it in front of his troubled gaze. That brightened his eyes at least.

Pressing the button herself, Madison jumped at the sudden pulses. Squealing within seconds of activation she stretched out over his lap, his right arm holding her waist to prevent her sliding on to the floor. Ordinarily the boys would be harsh on Maddy for her plump body size, not obese, hardly thin. Still, a newfound respect for the fact she was willing to wear a bullet like Paige and Trixie kept their attention. Beau did indeed smile.

"You're crazy." He laughed suddenly.

"Over you." She giggled.

"Give me that." He reached for the remote but she defied his claiming it with her jaw wide at both being mischievous, and of the surging vibrations tormenting her G-spot. In their wrestling the remote flew from her grasp, to be caught by another boy. Chuckling, the boy pushed the button again, her moment of relief ending as fast as it had began. Beau held her in his lap even though she was squirming and whimpering sporadically. The boy watched Maddy rise and fall, arching her back, legs parting and feet slipping on the floor, breast cleavage like melons ready to pop free of their lacey prisons. Beau could not stop laughing at her dire predicament.

"OH MY GOD! Stoooooop!" She whined just as the Teacher Danielle Cordoba entered her classroom, having spoke with Drake Burrows over the hallway fight. The remote ceased the second the Teacher presumed more fighting had occurred while away. Instead she spots Maddy in Beau's lap and frowns. Releasing Maddy's waist she slid to the floor sitting between Beau's legs, her own legs wide, panties shining for all to see, very wet panties at that.

"Miss Daily? What are you doing?"

"She dropped her pen...I mean pencil." Another boy chuckled.

"Please return to your seat Madison." Danielle scowled, pointing at the vacant seat next to Beau. As she crawled to her knees to begin her way upward, facing Beau's lap, the boy holding her remote slyly activates it again. Losing her balance Maddy fell forward face first into Beau's lap. Looking as if she were giving him a BJ the entire class burst into uncontrolled laughter. Beau shocked by this merely grinned around the room. Maddy herself lost her color, now beet red and embarrassed beyond measure. "MISS DAILY!" Cordoba fought off her own laughter, trying to maintain order. With the pulsing intensifying between her legs she found her hand sliding under her skirt, her face muffled in Beau's lap a moment longer. Finally, Beau had sympathy and attempted to help her up. It took encouragement to ease her away and allow him to stand up. The boy firing her remote stopping just long enough for her to relax with Beau standing over her, leaning forward to help guide her up. The second her feet were on the tile, while still crouched the boy destroyed her again. This time Beau in trying to lift her up fell victim to her clutches. Both toppling backwards Beau Stewart found himself laying on top of Maddy, appearing as if they were fucking missionary.

"WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON HERE?" Danielle Cordoba couldn't resist laughing along with the class. While the inopportune wrestling match frolicked without even trying, the Teacher had not realized the arrival of Trixie and Paige, excused back to her class by Dewey. Cordoba decided best to offer assistance in helping the contorted teens to their feet. With her back to Paige and Trixie the girls giggled and added gasoline to the fire. Paige whipped her button free shirt wide open and shared her tits with the entire class, shaking them to even more laughter. Trixie not to be outshined mooned everyone, literally prying her cheeks wide to offer a wet glimpse of paradise. Guys were going nuts in their seat, girls were blushing and sensing the boys arousals. Gentle coaxing by Paige pointing at girls winking, led to more girl flashing their tits to boys. It was group chaos.

Cordoba managed to help Beau to his feet when Maddy thrashed on the tile like a dog scratching its back. Soggy thong gone wild, her legs just could not stay together. Concern that Maddy might be having an epileptic fit due to her eyes rolling back in her head Cordoba knelt next to Maddy.

"Madison? Are you alright?" Danielle Cordoba tried her best to comfort Maddy, pulling Maddy's skirt down to prevent prying eyes. The remote ceased long enough for Maddy to channel reality. Eyes teary but returning to normal she slowly sat up with the aid of Danielle. "Do I need to call a Nurse?"

"N-no. I...just think my blood sugar is low."

"I might have a piece of hard candy. You just sit there I'll go get my purse." Danielle stood up and darted toward the front of the class. Paige and Trixie took their seats quickly to avoid being questioned. With Danielle's private locker just outside the door she had to leave the class. The second she was gone Paige jumped up and ran to Maddy's side. Flashing Maddy to more laughter Paige grabbed her own tits and tossed them about.

"Stop before I pee." Maddy laughed, just as another jolt sent her reeling back. Paige playfully lifted Maddy's skirt and expressed awe toward the class. Yelping at her sensations Madison Daily had an unexpected orgasm. Squirting through her thin panties out over the tile. Beau was blown the fuck away, jumping from his seat to reclaim the remote from the boy a few seats away. Enough was enough.

Danielle Cordoba returned to find Paige fawning over Maddy. Seeing the puddle on the floor the Teacher pouted, "You poor child."

"She couldn't wait to use the potty." Paige pouted with her in her kiddy voice.

"I'll go get a mop. Here Madison, I have a peppermints, you sit there until your sugar comes back up. Stay with her Miss Turner."

"I'll never leave my bestie."

Cordoba raced out of her room again, students were no longer laughing. Now it became more serious. Trixie joined Paige and Maddy on the floor as Maddy caught her breath and unwrapped a peppermint.

"That was bonkers." Trixie smiled patting Maddy on the shoulder. "Welcome to the party."

"Your shirt is toast." Maddy pinches Paige's blouse.

"Toast...eggs...toast...eggs." Paige giggled fanning her shirt back and forth to share her breasts with Maddy. Maddy in turned snorted like a pig at her goofiness until a boy added, "BACON." That made Beau agitated, the vocal young man zipping it before it grew any worse. The fat jokes were just too easy. Maddy was used to it. In response to clear the air Paige lifted her cell and called Maddy's phone, enter the Geico Pig squeals. Maddy sneered at her bestie then snorted again. Everyone laughed together.

The rest of the class went by quietly. Miss Cordoba mopping the floor and fawning over Maddy. Bell ending things she dismissed her students with a proud "Congratulations."

One class left...

Meeting with Drake Burrows between classes Principal Dewey reclaims the sole remote Drake still had and patted him on the shoulder. Fun was over for Drakey. From there Dewey watched students carefully as they moved to their final hour. Giving special attention toward Brett, and his jock flock to make certain no further hallway battles were going to rise up. With zero retaliation even as eyes met, the students found their classrooms. Even Paige and her girls other than being bubbly kept things relatively quiet. Dewey was tempted to end their calm but sighed, "It can wait."

What he hadn't realized was that all four girls and Beau Stewart were going to one class together. Chelsea and Trixie were not even in the class. At this point in time Dewey didn't even care. Let them have their fun. What was he thinking? Turning his back for all of thirty seconds Dewey stopped cold in his tracks. "WAIT! THAT CLASSROOM ISN'T IN USE." It was now. As Dewey marched toward the door he found Paige peering out at him blowing a kiss as she pulled the blinds. He winced as he was locked out, trying to turn the knob. Growling under his breath he patted his jacket pocket. "Ahhh, yes. FINALS!"

With the classroom over capacity and students standing with not enough seats to accommodate them, Paige took control. Whipping her shirt off and twirling it like a stripper over her head she laughed, "Come on girls. Let's give the boys something to remember us by." As if any boy there was going to forget Paige, Trixie, and Chelsea. Guys masturbated in their fantasies on a daily basis. Speaking of Daily, Madison jumped in her seat, fire in her hole thanks to Beau. It brought on chuckles at her expense.

Paige bounced around the class from boy to boy and let them play with her tits. Not to be left out Trixie and Chelsea took one look between each other before shrugging. Dresses came off and they danced about naked. Paige seeing them beat her to the punch quickly took her skirt off and joined in. That was when lightning from the Heaven's struck. Outside in the hallway Dewey got even, utilizing four different remotes at once. Hearing screams from within he chuckled, "Leave me left out will they? Little do they know I have a key to every classroom. Let's just...give them something to remember me by." He, like the girls would be easily remembered as the guy who took the bullshit by the horny. Long term effects on their holes left the three girls squealing and dancing about amid handsy boys. Groped from all angles by every guy there save for Beau, even Brett's friend Cody who attempted to video the craziness for his boys. Beau stopped Cody by sharing video of him being blown by a guy. Luckily Patrick's face was disguised enough to keep his identity safe. Cody swallowed dryly and took a seat. Beau had him defeated instantly. A back row discussion between them, Beau convinced Cody to chill out. He did.

Their sensations relentless the girls fought their way to the front desk and hopped up on it. Side by side they laid back and masturbated for the entire class. In the chaos of guys surrounding the desk the girls became invisible to other students being left out. Beau smirking utilized his remote on Madison, the girl nearly fell over in her chair. Beau himself decided to just run with it. Maddy pleading with him to stop, he just shook his head at her. Hopelessly Maddy joined in on the moaning. Fingers moving up her skirt to pull her thong aside. Guys were privileged to witness Maddy's own masturbation. For some reason her squeals didn't sound like any pig, they were seductive now. Beau noted guys smiling. In his mind it was time for Maddy to shine. Cody in his sulk even found it in him to grin at Beau. Who needed Brett Chenowyth. Cody had a new buddy in Beau.

The numerous other girls in class realized that they were being ignored completely banded together and decided to take the chance and strip in small doses. Some more shy than others, those less shy luring guys into their orbit. Hands were everywhere. Guys were reacting favorably by the sudden additions. Six other girls went topless, one down to her panties only. It quickly went into a mild orgy.

On the Teacher's desk the trio of egg beaters became squirting messes. Guys in front of them got wet. Still their fingers raged deep at Dewey's intimidating assault from outside. Even without seeing them first hand Principal Dewey felt like the perfect puppeteer. At this point he didn't even care if anyone saw him. He could play it off as being locked out by his students, even with his keys dangling at his side on a ring. The words, "Fuck it!" on his mind.

One more orchestrated orgasm later Dewey released the remotes allowing the batteries to relax. All three girls Paige, Chelsea, and Trixie ceased squealing and yelping. If he could see them now, they would be wiggling on the desk, cooing at their release. They were all in a heated bliss. What Dewey did not count on were the new range of moans coming from within. He knew Maddy's voice, but..."Was that Victoria Chambers moaning? Dawn Keller yelping? Dear God! How many eggs are out there?" He had no clue the drama within was just good ole' fashioned hijinks.

Time flew by and the final bell as preset in his office rang. School was officially over. All around him students abandoned their last class and jumped about in the halls free at last. Choosing to play his true role as Principal he stepped away from the door and waved goodbye to his students, cordial and respectfully. Behind him the classroom door finally unlocked and opened up. Students shyly debarked leaving only Paige, Chelsea, and Trixie in class. Beau, Cody, and a weakened Madison the final stragglers. Dewey merely scowled until Beau extended a hand, "Pleasure to have learned from you Sir." Maddy followed up with her own hand which Dewey drew upward to kiss her knuckle, the scent of pussy storming his nostrils. She blushed heavily until he released her.

Watching those students that had left prior to them Dewey saw Victoria Chambers hand her panties to a boy, Dawn Keller kissing another boy against school policy. Other girls flirty with boys. Principal Dewey had a raging erection.

Distracted by everything Dewey found a hand around his belly that gripped his tie. Forced to twirl in step Paige Turner still naked curled her finger for him to follow her. Looking over Paige he discovered Chelsea and Trixie also still naked sitting on the desk also luring him in with fingers of mischief. Hurrying in behind Paige he closed the door and locked it again. Turning back to face Paige she stood in front of him, wrists held behind her back as she swayed on one foot.

"You're in Detention Mister."

"I..." He swallowed dryly, "I suppose this classroom will do."

"You took advantage of us." Chelsea wagged a wet finger freshly from her pussy.

"I suppose I did. It was great fun." He wagged his brows at them.

"It was." Paige shyly bubbled up, "Can we do it again?"

"Oh my!" He grinned as Trixie hopped down from the desk and moved the swivel desk chair out in front of the desk. Paige then led Dewey by his tie to take a seat. Once seated Paige dared to drop to her knees and marveled over his tented erection. "He's really, really big. I can tell."

"Sweet Hazeus! That tone of voice. That...youthful..." He was sweating up a storm.

"Torture us." She softly pouted, continuing to roll her palm over his erection. Joined by Chelsea and Trixie to each side of Paige they did their best impersonation of Paige's sweet voice.

"Torture us again."

"Torture me in return." He winked. All three girls nodded at once. Paige took the initiative and unzipped his pants, digging in to drag out a curvy bastard six inches long. Big enough. Taking immediate possession of his cock Paige began jerking him off. His response a deafening sigh he revealed the remotes and pressed all four at once. The girls surged into facial expressions of pure pleasure, softly mumbling, "Oh, Mister Dewey." It was as if they had rehearsed their act. Paige especially, wearing two reacted more dramatically, holding her breath as she winced against the effects of the vibrations. Holding his cock, he felt her strength grow around it. Throbbing hard he knew there was zero chances of holding out long.

With a cringing voice Paige vocalized her emotions nasally, "Thank you Humpty Dumpty."

Dewey had to chuckle, she was just too cute. Her emotions devastated his brain, laughter quickly changing to a shrill hiss. "You have a wonderful grip Miss Turner."

"Thank you Humpty. Are you going to shoot your egg whites on our faces?"

Trixie and Chelsea giggled shyly and leaned in cheek to cheek with Paige just for the goofiness of it. Paige maintained an innocent hopeful gaze.

"Priceless. If you insist." He lets Paige work him over more aggressively until he couldn't control himself any further. Groaning loudly she broke his shell and large thick streams of cum shot out over their faces. Eyelids sealed with grimaces the three took his torrent, Paige the only one leaving her eyes wide open to let him know she wanted to see his fountain. Arching his back, his weight on the creaking chair she finished him off and let go of his cock. Fingers licked by Paige, led to the other girls wiping their faces to join her taste test. Not so bad, they giggled and licked each others faces. It was then that the remotes fired back up. All three girls yelping as one. Falling over he observed all three girls masturbating at once. Dewey was retiring in style. Relentlessly pushing the buttons, the girls climaxed within seconds of one another. Pussies squirted all over his leather shoes.

Chuckling as he allowed them peace to coo and explore their bodies, titties squeezed joyfully, nipples tugged, areolas teased, clits sending shivers over their entire structure. This was the life. Sitting back in his chair he fondled his still thriving erection. Too far back he went. Toppling over Dewey collapsed on his back, legs in the air, the fall taking the wind out of him.

The girls reacting to his accident chose to drag the chair out from under him and all three swarmed his body, hugging him tightly. He felt their respect, and their asses. It was the end of another good school year. Even if he did need a chiropractor now.

"We love you Humpty." All three joined forces then giggled.

Hopping up the girls got dressed quickly and took their leave. Dewey just laid there.

Five minutes later Dewey got himself together and went to the men's room to wash up. He noticed all three stalls were in use while Teacher Wesley Crumb stood against the wall grinning at Dewey. Within the stalls were Patrick, Timothy, and Peter.

"Threesome." Crumb smiles.

"Just had one myself." A wink shared the two men parted ways. As he left the restroom he actually heard Crumb yell out, "BAZINGA!" Dewey just shook his head.

Outside waiting on the girls were a congregation of guys. Brett Chenowyth and his thug boy posse stood wincing as the girls approached them. Out on the curb next to them pulled up Beau Stewart in his belching beater with a heater, exhaust puffing out a sputter of smoke. The girls walked directly by Brett without so much as a glance. Maddy in the front seat expected a shitstorm but found even Brett looking defeated. Cody had let them in on the situation as revealed by Beau. Not one of them wanted the world to know of their stupidity.

"Before you ask," Beau looks back at Paige sitting in the backseat, "Only showed Cody. That's all it took."

Trixie and Chelsea pout toward the boys outside, feeling sorry for them suddenly. They looked like lost souls. Even Paige teared up. Before the door was even shut she crawls over Trixie's lap and climbed out, her shirt still wide open and tits in full view. Racing over to Brett she grabs his hands and shares a pout of her own.

"I'm sorry."

A swift hug Paige moved from boy to boy and offered similar atonement. None of them refused her, yet none of them were forgiving.

"See you tomorrow at Graduation." She melted their hearts with her voice. Turning away Paige returned to the car and got in. The ride home was quiet.

Crack a few egg shells, the yolks on you.

Chicks!