**Schoolgirl Dares with Sarah**

by [naughtyannie](http://www.lushstories.com/naughtyannie)

Two schoolgirls playing dare in a public park

It was Friday afternoon, and neither Sarah nor I had any scheduled lessons. We were supposed to spend the time doing “private study” in the library, which could range from catching up on homework, revising for exams, or pretending to read the newspapers while texting our friends under the table. But once you were in the sixth form, you were supposed to be mature enough to manage your own time (ha ha), so if you didn’t have any lessons they would usually turn a blind eye if you slipped away early – as long as you didn’t hang around the town centre smoking and flirting with the boys from the other school.  
  
I had some reading to do, but as it was so warm and sunny I decided I’d go to the park and do it. Sarah didn’t really have anything to do, but she agreed to come with me and top up her tan, as she put it.  
  
“Just as long as you don’t disturb me, Sarah” I said.  
  
“Don’t be such a bore Annie!”  
  
The school is on the edge of town, just down the road from Greensands Park, which is pretty big, with a lake, tennis courts, adventure playground for the kids, even a restaurant and tea shop.  
  
This afternoon, there are a few mothers with little kids and old guys walking their dogs, but it’s pretty quiet– most kids are still in school, except lucky us.  
  
We find ourselves a quiet spot on the grass, and make ourselves comfortable. We take off our blazers, shoes and socks, and I get out my textbook, while Sarah lies down on her back. She pulls up her school skirt (which is already pretty short) to get as much sun as possible to her long legs.  
  
Everything is quiet for a while, apart from the sound of the birds and a mother a long way off, shouting at her child…  
  
But Sarah doesn’t really do quiet.  
  
“Annie?”  
  
“Mmmm…”  
  
“It’s nice here isn’t it…”  
  
“Mmmm…”  
  
Pause.  
  
“Annie?”  
  
“Mmmm…”  
  
“Are my legs getting brown yet?”  
  
“Sarah, we’ve only been here for ten minutes. You’re hardly going to look like Coleen Rooney yet”  
  
“Sod off, Annie, at least my tan’s real! I’m going to be brown, not orange”  
  
Sarah does tan well – I tend to go a bit pink if I’m not careful, but she actually browns pretty quickly, and doesn’t need to slap on the fake stuff. Her legs look good anyway; I can see the slight tan lines on her thighs where she’s pulled her skirt up. Rather sexy…  
  
I’m actually feeling a bit warm. The straps on my white “school approved” bra were a bit tight, and I can feel then getting a bit itchy in the heat. I sit up and try to adjust them as best I can. Sarah smiles at me.  
  
“You a bit uncomfortable Annie?” she enquires.  
  
"Yes, these blasted straps, can’t seem to get them right.”  
  
“Mmmm…I dare you Annie...”  
  
Oh dear – she’s off again. Sarah has always had this thing about dares – ever since she was just a little kid. She was always daring all her friends to do stupid things, then running away when we got hurt or into trouble. I dread to think what she’s got in mind now…  
  
“I dare you Annie…to take your bra right off!”  
  
“Oh come off it Sarah”  
  
“Hey Annie, admit it – you want to! So go on – do it!”  
  
I have to admit – it’s tempting. I do like to go bra-less when I get the chance. My breasts aren’t that big – 32b – and very firm, so they don’t need all that much support. But my nipples and areola are quite dark, so I wouldn’t do it under a white blouse… well, not usually.  
  
“Oh I don’t know, Sarah.”  
  
I’m actually hoping she’ll try to persuade me … it’s as if I don’t want it to be my decision … so I can blame her if it goes wrong.  
  
“Come on Annie – I’ve dared you! You have to!”  
  
Those are Sarah’s rules – but I wouldn’t if I didn’t want to.  
  
“Oh, heavens, Sarah, ok – I’ll do it”  
  
It’s not as easy as it sounds, underneath my blouse. I try to unclasp the back from outside my blouse, but can’t get a grip. Sarah isn’t much help, giggling like a little kid.  
  
“Let me help, Annie” she says, and lifts my blouse up slightly at the back, pushing her hands up inside.  
  
“Ah, careful, Sarah” I complain, trying to hold the front of my blouse down while she fiddles around at the back. It would help if she wasn’t laughing so much. Eventually she does it, and the cups are loose. Then I have to slide one strap down over my arm (which is really tricky, I have to bend my arm right in) then pull the whole bra out of my other sleeve. Heaven knows what I must look like, wriggling around like this.  
  
But at last it’s done. I shove my bra quickly into my schoolbag and adjust my blouse, making sure it’s buttoned up properly. The swell of my little breasts and my dark red nipples are clearly visible underneath…I’m a bit nervous.  
  
“Oh hell, Sarah, look at me…it’s a bit obvious”  
  
“Mmm Annie you look well sexy!”  
  
“I dare say I do – to some old pervert who gets off on schoolgirls!”  
  
“Ah Annie, don’t say that! I’m not a pervert.”  
  
“Hmph! That’s a matter of opinion! Anyway, it’s my turn now!”  
  
Sarah’s a bit surprised – I don’t usually join in like this, but the warm sun and feeling my breasts bare under my shirt have got me a bit horny…  
  
“Ok Annie.”  
  
“I dare you…to take your panties off!”  
  
“Annie!”  
  
It’s nice to have shocked her for a change.  
  
“Come on Sarah, it’s easy! You don’t have to fuss about with them like I did with my bra! They come straight down!”  
  
“I don’t know Annie.”  
  
“Come on!” And I actually lunge over and put my hand up her skirt, trying to grab hold of them. Her thighs feel smooth and warm under my fingers…  
  
“Gerroff Annie! I’ll do it, ok?”  
  
And she does, raising up her bum, first one cheek then the other, as she eases her panties out from under them. She slowly pulls them down to the edge of her skirt, then has a quick look round to make sure she’s not being watched before slipping them quickly down her legs and into her bag.  
  
“Happy Annie?” she says with a smile.  
  
She sits up, legs up and knees together, letting her skirt slip up round her waist.  
  
“Can you see anything?” she asks.  
  
I can see the curve of her bum cheeks up her skirt, but that’s about it.  
  
“Not really Sarah.”  
  
“How about this?”  
  
And she parts her knees slightly, just giving me a glimpse up between her thighs. Oh wow, I can see the pink of her bare slit. It even looks a bit moist. She shuts her legs again quickly.  
  
“My turn again, Annie.”  
  
O lord, I really shouldn’t have given her the chance to get me back.  
  
“Erm…I don’t know Sarah.”  
  
“Come on – I dare you … to undo the top buttons on your blouse.”  
  
I thought she was going to have my panties off; buttons doesn’t seem so bad.  
  
So I undo the top button. Looking down, I can see the swell of the top of my breasts just visible down my blouse.  
  
“Buttons Annie – you’ve got to do two.”  
  
Another button…gosh, you can see quite a lot now. The tips of my nipples are clearly visible to anyone looking down…  
  
“Mmm Annie, that’s so naughty!”  
  
I don’t think Sarah knows just how much is showing from my angle…but I’m getting into this now.  
  
“How about you Sarah – I think your bra needs to come off now”  
  
“You’ve got to say “I dare you…” Annie.”  
  
“Ok, I dare you to take your bra off Sarah.”  
  
“I thought you’d never ask Annie.”  
  
And she has hers off quick as a flash. Not sure how she made that look so easy. Perhaps she does it a lot. And her breasts look so good! They’re bigger than mine, and they’re really straining at her blouse, squishing her nipples flat. Bet that feels good.  
  
I’ve still got my panties on. I’m ready for Sarah’s next dare, expecting them to go next. Good job they’re nice ones, but she has another idea.  
  
“I dare you, Annie, to go and get ice-creams from that van over there!”  
  
“Eh? What’s the dare in that?”  
  
“But you gotta undo another button first!”  
  
Oh bumholes. I get it now. There are only four buttons in the first place. I’ll be almost fully exposed.  
  
“Erm … ok Sarah”  
  
I undo the button. Oh, that’s so revealing. You can see almost everything, but I’ve got to go through with it, it’s a dare.  
  
So I get my purse and go over to the ice-cream van. There’s a young guy behind the counter.  
  
“A 99 and a black-currant ice-lolly please," I say, as calmly as I can.  
  
His eyes are on stalks. “Ok love,” he says. I think he’s too amazed to even pretend not to look. My shirt is gaping open so much that from where he is, looking down from the van, he must be able to see right inside my blouse, the whole curve of my breast and my red nipple, which is pretty hard.  
  
He leans over to hand me the ices, having a good look.  
  
“I’ve given you an extra flake on the house, love!” he says.  
  
“Mm thanks, sweetie!” I reply. As I stretch up to hand him the money, my blouse gapes even more, leaving absolutely nothing covered. Oh god, I feel so horny, the air circulating round my bare titties. I turn round and hare off back to Sarah, before the poor guy can say anything else. I flop down on the grass, my blouse flapping open.  
  
Sarah is agog. “Wow, Annie, did he get to see all of that!”  
  
“He certainly did - must have made his day! He gave me an extra flake!”  
  
“Mmm no more than you deserve honey.”  
  
Sarah licks her black-currant lolly in its cardboard tube, tonguing and sucking it as if she were giving a blow-job. This gives me an idea so naughty that I hardly dare say it.  
  
“Ok Sarah – my turn again. I dare you to…push that ice-lolly into your pussy”  
  
I thought Sarah would act more shocked, but perhaps she was thinking something similar. This is so rude though.  
  
“Mmm Annie, are you sure?”  
  
“It’s a dare Sarah!”  
  
She’s going to do it too. Sarah raises her knees, then parts her legs, wider this time so I can see right up her skirt to her pink slit. It’s definitely wet, her labia puffy and aroused…I think she may have been playing with herself when I was away.  
  
She takes the lolly and pushes a good length out of its cardboard tube. Holding it in one hand, she guides it up between her open thighs, towards her pussy. As it touches her labia, she gasps.  
  
“Oh god, that’s fucking freezing Annie!”  
  
“It’s an ice lolly, Sarah. What did you expect?”  
  
“Fuck, Annie, you can’t expect me to put this actually inside me! I’ll get frostbite!”  
  
For a second I wonder how we’d explain that to the hospital. Sarah’s skirt has bunched right up around her waist now, so if anyone came past they’d see exactly what is going on. She quickly raises her bum and moves her skirt out of the way so she’s sitting on the grass.  
  
Where the cold lolly has touched her hot pussy, I can see little rivulets of melted black currant juice on her labia and dribbling down onto the grass. She gets a grip on the tube, and slowly pushes the lolly against her slit, gasping at the cold.  
  
“Ahhhh Annie…”  
  
As I watch, her outer labia part around the lolly and it slips up inside.  
  
“Oh fuck fuck fuck…Annie…that feels…amazing…oh…I can feel it all the way up…”  
  
And she even starts to frig herself with the lolly, pushing it in and out. Her warm vagina is melting it quite a lot, and great squirts of purple goo are oozing out of her slit. She’s moaning and gasping.  
  
Oh bugger so totally hot. I’m so wet myself; I put my hand inside my blouse and squeeze my breast, tweaking my nipple.  
  
“Ah Annie…  
  
…I dare you…  
  
…I dare you…  
  
…to lick it out of me.”  
  
I don’t even need to reply this time. I lie down on the grass in front of Sarah, and put my head between her legs. She pulls her hand away, taking the lolly’s cardboard tube with it, so it’s just sticking out of her pussy, sticky wet and purple, like a bizarre cock. Her cunt muscles are obviously clutching it, as it’s pulsating slightly in and out of her pussy even without her hand on it.  
  
I put my mouth round the end that’s sticking out, and suck it into my mouth. By alternately sucking and blowing with my mouth, I can thrust the rapidly melting lolly in and out of Sarah’s cunt. I can taste her own sticky juices on it, running into my mouth.  
  
Sarah is moaning even more; she’s so aroused. She starts thrashing about, so much so that the ice lolly slips out of her onto the grass. But I’m not interested in it anymore – I just want to taste her pussy. My tongue is lashing over her labia, then I shove it into her as far as I can. I rub my face against her pubic mound, stimulating her clitoris at the same time. I rub my own clit at the same time, pushing my wet panties aside as my fingers enter my own cunt. Sarah’s got one hand inside her shirt, mashing her boobs, while trying to steady herself on the grass with the other. She’s grunting fast now, so close to orgasm. I can taste a mixture of black currant and pussy juice in my mouth; I lap it up, so delicious. Sarah is humping her pussy into my face…Oh god…  
  
“”I’m cummming Annie!” Sarah actually screams.  
  
And then she cums, a huge squirt of juice splashing out all over my face, running down my chin, dripping onto the grass.  
  
“Ahhh…Annieeeeee….”  
  
I cum myself, my fingers thrusting in and out of my pussy, swallowing as much of Sarah’s cum as I can, as she squirts again and again, trembling all over.  
  
Oh god…I pull out from between Sarah’s thighs, I feel her cum dripping off my chin, running down my neck between my breasts. She came so much!  
  
I’m breathing hard too, trying to get under control again.  
  
“Oh Annie, that was amazing! I’ve never cum like that before!”  
  
She’s gasping, clenching her thighs together, still coming down from her orgasm.  
  
“Kiss me Annie.”  
  
But suddenly I’m worried, I can see a lady with a dog talking to someone in uniform. Oh god please not a policeman, he's pointing in our direction.  
  
“Oh fuck, Sarah, I think we’d better go…quick…grab your stuff.”  
  
We’ve neither of us ever moved so fast, me with my blouse still unbuttoned, Sarah pantie-less and with her cum juices dribbling down her thighs. We grab our bags and sprint for the park gates, both of us barefoot clutching our shoes, me trying to do up my blouse to stop my tits flopping out completely. I see the policeman walking in our direction, but at least he’s not running.  
  
Luckily, there’s a bus just coming, so we jump on. We travel a couple of stops, then hop off and escape into the shopping centre, breathless and a little bit scared in case anyone comes after us. But I think we’re safe, just as long as no-one in the park realised what school we’re from. Sarah is giggling again, her bare breasts heaving under her blouse, her nipples still hard (mine too).  
  
“Oh wow Annie”  
  
“Sarah, remind me never to play dares with you again”  
  
“Oh come on Annie, it was incredible…that lolly…your tongue…oh wow…I want to cum like that again!”  
  
I kiss her.  
  
“If we don’t get arrested for indecent exposure, I’ll see what I can do,” I promise.

**Schoolgirl Dares with Sarah - Part II**

Sarah and Annie's dares get them into more trouble...

After our adventures in the park, Sarah and I go into McDonald’s for a milk shake. It also gives us the chance to use their toilets to clean up. Sarah’s sticky pussy juices are starting to dry on her thighs, so I help her wipe them clean. I also wash her juices off my face and hands, making sure I don’t smell of girl cum too much. We both put our panties back on, and I put my blazer on over my blouse, to hide the fact that I’ve still left my bra off. I can’t be bothered to put it on again!  
  
“While we’re here” says Sarah, “Can we go to New Look or Next? I need to get a couple of things”.  
  
We end up going to both of them, spending about an hour while Sarah tries on a selection of tops and skirts. She then decides she wants to go to the big department store at the far end of the shopping centre. The female fashions are on the top floor, and it’s quite quiet. There is usually someone from security keeping an eye on the changing rooms, but not today for some reason. Sarah finds a couple of rather low-cut tops and tries them on in front of me, making sure she leaves an extra button undone so her little tits are pretty well exposed.  
  
Watching her like this is getting me a bit horny. I’m ready for a bit more fun.  
  
“Hey Sarah” I say when she is naked from the waist up, “I dare you to leave your blouse off when you put those clothes back!”  
  
“What – I can’t go out all bare!” she giggles.  
  
“No, silly, you can keep your blazer on – just leave your blouse off!”  
  
“Ok – sounds like fun!”  
  
So she puts on her blazer over her bare breasts. She does up a couple of buttons, but even so it is pretty obvious that she has nothing on underneath. I peep out of the changing rooms. There are a couple of women browsing the racks, but it is still quiet. Sarah walks confidently out, and saunters back to the racks with the tops, putting them back one at a time. As she walks back, she looks at me, then undoes first one blazer button, then the other. She has a big grin on her face as she gets back to the changing rooms, the front of her blazer hanging open, her firm little breasts pushing their way out, her erect pink nipples just visible.  
  
“How about that, sweetie!” she giggles.  
  
“You’re so naughty Sarah!”  
  
But I have a feeling it’s going to be my turn next – and I’m right!  
  
“Ok Sarah – now I dare you to do that, but you’ve got to go and pay for this top! I’ve decided I want it now.”  
  
“What – go to the cash desk in just my blazer?”  
  
“Yes – why not?” sniggers Sarah. “I’ll give you the money!”  
  
I slip my blouse off and put my blazer on, smoothing it over my bare tits. I make sure it is done up, although I can’t help the obvious cleavage at the front. It does look pretty obvious that I’ve got nothing underneath, but I’m perfectly decent. I take Sarah’s top, and walk across the shop floor to the nearest cash desk. There is a queue of two in front of me, so I have to stand there in line, hoping that I’m not blushing too much and hoping no-one tries to talk to me. What if I see someone I know?  
  
I try to stay cool as it comes to my turn to pay. I calmly walk up to the counter and hand over Sarah’s top with a little smile. I can feel my blazer lifting up at the back - I hope there’s not too much bare flesh on show! The woman behind the counter doesn’t seem to notice anything unusual.  
  
“Do you want a bag love?” she asks in a bored voice, for what is probably the hundredth time that day.  
  
“Yes please” I say, my voice coming out all high and squeaky.  
  
So she stuffs it into a bag and hands it to me. As she does so, she gives me a funny look, and seems about to say something, but I grab my bag and walk back as quickly as I dare to where Sarah is waiting.  
  
“Here!” I say, handing her the bag, “It’s all yours!”  
  
“I’ll think of you every time I wear it” says Sarah.  
  
“I thought she was going to ask me if I wanted to put it on now!” I say. “But actually that was a bit easy – now I want you to go out without your skirt on!”  
  
“What!!!”  
  
I thought that would shock her.  
  
“You can keep your blazer on – and you only have to go as far as the escalator and back!”  
  
“Can I put my shirt back on first?”  
  
“No – it’s got to be just blazer and panties!”  
  
She thinks for a moment, then slips off her skirt. She checks in the mirror to see that her blazer comes down far enough to cover her bum. It does – just! – although from the front you can see she is just wearing white panties.  
  
“Right” she says. “Here goes”…  
  
And she’s off, legs bent to keep low, heading for the escalator, trying to keep down and hiding behind the racks of clothes, looking for all the world like some kind of crazy wind-up duck. From behind, I can see her white panties as the tail of her blazer flips up. She sees someone, and tries to pretend she’s looking at a display of bras, then she’s away again. She makes it to the escalator, touches the rail to make sure I don’t accuse her of not going all the way, then scuttles back.  
  
“Made it!” she gasps, pulling the curtain closed behind her. “Did you see that woman though? I thought she’s spotted me!”  
  
“I think we’d better go now” I suggest.  
  
“Oh no you don’t” says Sarah. “You’ve only done one dare – so there’s one more to go!”  
  
I knew I wouldn’t get away that easily.  
  
“Ok Sarah. What do I have to do?”  
  
“Right – you’ve got to go to the escalator too – but with no panties either!!!”  
  
“Oh no, Sarah, that’s just not on!” I gasp. “I can’t do that!”  
  
“Oh come on, Annie, you saw me – the blazer covers you…just about”  
  
“It doesn’t Sarah – I’m not doing that!”  
  
“Ok – let’s just see what you look like. If your pussy’s really showing, I’ll let you off.”  
  
So I slip off my skirt and then my panties. I look at myself in the mirror, pulling the blazer down as far as I can. It does cover my bum, and because my pussy is shaved I almost look less obvious from the front than Sarah did with her clean white panties. My trim little pubic area just seems to merge with my thighs. I think this may just be possible…except I’m feeling a bit aroused, and I can see a glistening of my juices just below my little clitoral nest. If I’m going to do this, it’s going to have to be now.  
  
“Ok Sarah…I’m ready”  
  
“Go for it Annie!”  
  
I slip through the curtains, and follow Sarah’s route, sneaking behind the racks of underwear, trying to keep low. There is one open area just before the escalator, and I dash across, seeming to feel the air blowing around my bare pussy. I clutch my blazer, trying to pull it down over my pubic mound. Touch the rail - then back. I’m feeling a mixture of relief and extreme arousal as I realise that I’m going to make it.  
  
I pull open the curtains and slip inside.  
  
Relief!  
  
Sarah is there.  
  
But so is someone else.  
  
Oh fuck.  
  
It’s a security guard.  
  
I think I let out a little squeal.  
  
“Well, hello” says the guard. “Here’s the other half of your naughty gang”.  
  
I realise she is female. I suppose that is better than a man…maybe.  
  
“I…I…I…I’m sorry…” I stutter. I’m not sure what else I can say.  
  
A long pause follows. The guard looks at us both.  
  
“Ok you two” she says. “Get your things together and come with me.”  
  
I pick up my panties and start to put them on.  
  
“Don’t bother about that” says the guard. “You can both come as you are.”  
  
She opens the curtains and ushers us out. Both of us are clutching our clothes and bags. At least Sarah has her panties on under her blazer!  
  
“Over there” she says, indicating the way to the security office, holding each of us firmly by the arm. I wonder momentarily whether it is worth trying to wriggle free and make a run for it, but the thought of dashing for the doors in just my blazer doesn’t really appeal. Besides, I can’t leave Sarah – even if this is mostly her fault!  
  
The woman at the cash desk is looking at us. I bet it was her! She must have got suspicious and called security - the cow! But thinking about it, I suppose we were a bit obvious, sneaking in and out of the changing rooms like that; not such a good idea after all.  
  
Luckily, the security office is on this floor. The guard opens the door and ushers us in, shutting it behind us.  
  
“Ok, girls, just put your things on the table and let’s have a look at you” she says.  
  
We do as we are told. There’s not much else we can do in the circumstances.  
  
The guard sits down at the desk and slowly and deliberately gets a pad of forms out of the drawer. She looks at us, and fiddles about in a box in front of her, eventually selecting a pen. She clicks the end, and writes something on the form.  
  
I look at Sarah. She looks terrified, as if she’s about to cry. I think I am too. Why won’t the guard say something? I just want to get this over with.  
  
The security guard looks at us coldly. I notice that she has her name sewn onto her shirt – WALKER, in capital letters.  
  
“Ok, names first” she says.  
  
I wonder if I should give a false name, but quickly decide against it. She’ll soon find out if we lie, and then we’ll be in worse trouble. I think our best bet is to be honest.  
  
“Annie Harrison” I say in a tearful voice.  
  
The guard looks at Sarah.  
  
“Sarah M-Morris” she stammers.  
  
She writes our names on the form, very slowly. I think she’s enjoying this.  
  
Then she puts the pen down and looks at us. I may be imagining it, but there is almost the shadow of a smile on her face.  
  
“Well, you two girls certainly seem to have been having fun” she says. “But I’m sure you appreciate we can’t have this sort of carrying-on in our store! If you want to play your little games in your own homes, then that’s up to you.”  
  
“Sorry Mrs Walker!” I say, as if I was being told off at school.  
  
“I’m sorry too” says Sarah.  
  
“Well”, says Mrs Walker, picking up the form and looking at it. “There are two options open to me. I can call the police, and have you charged with indecent exposure…”  
  
“Oh please no!” Sarah says, sounding terrified, as well she might. I don’t like the sound of that either.  
  
“Or” she goes on “I can call your parents and have them take you home”.  
  
That would be almost as bad! I’d be grounded for ever!  
  
“Oh don’t call my parents!” I plead. “If you just let us go, we promise we won’t do anything like it again!”  
  
I must look so woeful and scared that she almost smiles, and shakes her head ruefully.  
  
“Oh, girls, girls, girls” she says. “Fifteen years ago I’d probably have been doing the same sort of thing myself! But I wouldn’t be doing my job if I let you get away with it scot-free, now would I? What would my boss say?”  
  
She comes round to the front of the table, and sits on the edge of it. She puts a hand on each of our shoulders and looks at us in turn.  
  
“You’re a couple of pretty girls, and I know you were just having fun. I guess you were just daring each other, and got a bit carried away. Am I right?”  
  
We both nod sheepishly.  
  
“Well, I know how I’d be feeling in your place” she says. “And I guess I’d hate to see you getting into too much trouble.”  
  
She squeezes my shoulder, kneading it through my blazer.  
  
“You really are very pretty” she says to me. “Both of you in your little school blazers. So, do you like to play this sort of game together?”  
  
Sarah nods. “We do, kind of…”  
  
“Well, Sarah” says Mrs Walker, “If you two agree to play a little game for me, then I think I can let you be on your way. How does that sound?”  
  
We both nod. What can she mean?  
  
“Ok, let’s start” she says, leaning back on the desk. “Sarah, why don’t you unbutton Annie’s blazer?”  
  
Sarah looks at me.  
  
I’m not sure about this; but there’s not much else we can do.  
  
“Go on Sarah” I say.  
  
Sarah undoes the two buttons. My blazer hangs open at the front, just revealing my little bare titties, the nipples just peeping out.  
  
“Now you, Annie” says Mrs Walker.  
  
I look at her. Sitting on the desk, she is stroking her long legs with her hands.  
  
I undo Sarah’s blazer. I can just see her boobs now.  
  
“Now kiss girls…on the lips”  
  
I lean over and kiss Sarah quickly on the lips. She smiles at me. I actually think she’s starting to enjoy this!  
  
“A proper kiss, girls…”  
  
We know what she means. I put my arms around Sarah and kiss her on the lips, much longer this time. She opens her mouth to let my tongue in. She has her arms around me, and our bare breasts are pressed against each other. Sarah raises her leg and rubs it against the smooth skin of my thigh.  
  
“Take your blazers off girls”  
  
I slip Sarah’s off her shoulders, letting it drop on to the floor. She does the same to me. I’m naked now; Sarah is just in her panties. I look at Mrs Walker. She has undone some buttons on her shirt, and has a hand inside, squeezing her breast.  
  
“Annie – kiss Sarah’s tits – suck her nipples”  
  
I don’t need to be told twice. I cup one of Sarah’s boobs in my hand and lick at it, raising little goose-bumps on her areola, tickling her nipple with my tongue. Sarah holds my head in her hands, and starts to moan.  
  
“Oh yes Annie” she whispers, “That’s so good…”  
  
I reckon the better the show we can put on, the sooner we’ll be out of here. I’m not sure if this is right, but I’m feeling wet between my legs already.  
  
“Sit in the chair Annie”.  
  
That’s a good idea. It’s a swivel chair with arms. I sit down in it, and open my legs wide, hooking one leg over each arm. Good job I’m supple – my legs are really wide apart now, stretching my pussy open. I lean back, arms behind my neck, and stick out my chest.  
  
Mrs Walker has unbuttoned her shirt completely, and has pushed her bra up off her big firm tits. One hand is squeezing them, while the other is down the front of her skirt. She’s really rather hot!  
  
“Lick Annie’s pussy, Sarah” she instructs. “But take your panties off first”.  
  
Sarah quickly slips her panties down, and drops them on the floor. She gets down on her knees, grabs hold of my legs to stop the chair wheeling away, and starts to lap at my soaking wet pussy. She flicks her tongue over my clit, which makes me start moaning. I tweak at my left nipple, pinching it hard. Sarah sucks at my little labia, and then inserts her tongue into my vagina. She laps around inside me, making me squirm and gasp.  
  
“Oh Sarah, baby, that’s amazing!” I manage to say between deep breaths.  
  
I hear a rustle from across the room. Mrs Walker has slipped her skirt off, and has her fingers inside a pair of sexy red panties. I can tell that she has her fingers right up inside her cunt, and her panties have a big wet patch all up the front. She is frigging herself hard.  
  
“Make Annie cum, Sarah!” gasps Mrs Walker.  
  
Sarah knows how to do this. She gets two fingers and shoves them up inside my open slit. She friggs me hard with one hand, while with her other she is frantically rubbing her own clit. I’m squirming about in the chair.  
  
“Ah Sarah, I’m going to cum!” I gasp. “Fuck me harder!”  
  
As Sarah slips a third finger inside, stretching me more, I hear a groan from Mrs Walker. She has her head back, her fingers clenched inside her panties, and I can see more juices soaking through her panties as she reaches her orgasm. The sight of this is enough to push me over the edge, and I let myself go.  
  
“Ahhhhhhhh!” I cry, and I cum; juices squirting out over Sarah’s hand; I cum again, arching my back in the chair, grinding my pussy against her hand. Sarah shuts her eyes; holds her breath; and lets out a sigh. I think she has cum too.  
  
I hug Sarah’s head against my chest. That was good! My breasts are flushed and wet with perspiration, my little nipples hard and pink.  
  
I’d almost forgotten about Mrs Walker. She has pulled her skirt back on and is re-buttoning her shirt. She is very flushed and hot-looking!  
  
“Thanks girls” she says. “That was so hot! I wish I was your age again – I’d have joined in! I think you’d better get dressed again now, though”  
  
Sarah and I gather our clothes together and get dressed quickly, before Mrs Walker changes her mind. There is an amazing smell of sex in the room, and the seat of the chair is soaking wet with my juices. There is another little wet spot on the floor by the table, where Mrs Walker’s juices have dripped. Sarah seems to have squirted too, judging by the stain on the floor and the juices running down her legs. Where does she get it all from?  
  
“Thanks Mrs Walker” says Sarah cheekily. “I think we may come back and play here again!”  
  
“Don’t you dare!” warns Mrs Walker. “I don’t want to have to arrest you again! I’d have to think up a different punishment. And don’t say you’d enjoy it, because I expect you would!”  
  
She slaps me on the bum as we leave. “Take care girls” she says “And have fun – just somewhere else next time, ok?”