**The Festival**

by[**RobertLStevenson**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1255288&page=submissions)©

Set in the near future, this is the first of a projected 3-4 part series recording preparations for an annual celebration known as the Festival, or Initiation, in which young girls who have come of age are debuted into the community as sexual beings. This is my journal of events as I prepared my first daughter, Jenny, for her Festival.  
  
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**The Festival Ch. 01**

George Ramer had already had three daughters take top placement in three previous Festivals, and had built a successful business coaching other fathers in the finer points of preparing their own daughters for their big night. His services included exercise and nutrition programming, movement coaching and choreography, grooming advice, and psychological coaching for both the father and the daughter in order to develop the winning attitude about this momentous event. He lived in Yarrow, a town about twenty miles from ours, and so, since he didn't compete in Stonewall, I had signed up with four other fathers for a special service he was providing this year.  
  
Ramer's fourth daughter, Lilly, had turned 18 a week ago, and she was in the final stages of preparation for the Yarrow Festival next month. Ramer had used this as an opportunity to present a lecture series which gave fathers from other towns an opportunity to observe Lilly's development and training as the Festival grew nearer. Once every three months we gathered at the Ramer house and soaked in all the information we could from George over snacks and drinks, and engaged in question-and-answer sessions with him and Lilly.  
  
Each month had a different focus--previous sessions had covered Evaluating the Strengths and Weaknesses of Your Daughter (a frank and honest assessment of every inch of her body, which laid the foundation for a successful winning strategy), Basic Exercise and Diet Guidelines, Choosing the Talent Portion of Your Daughter's Routine, and Designing the Photo Portfolio. It had been fascinating to watch Lilly grow up before our eyes and become a formidably beautiful young woman who was sure to take top marks next month. Needless to say, we were all glad none of us were competing against the Ramers.  
  
Tonight was the last lecture of the series, and would cover final preparations for the Festival, as well as things to expect and things to avoid in the last weeks and days before the big event. The Ramer's den was well lit, with comfortable leather chairs, a large pool table, and a small bar across from the entertainment center, and the assembled fathers talked excitedly in low tones as George joined us from upstairs and motioned for silence.  
  
"Thank you all for coming out tonight, gentlemen, for our last lecture in our special series on preparing your daughter for her Festival. I hope the last year was useful to all of you, and that my Lilly was a helpful learning aid. Sometimes things make more sense when you can see them and touch them then when they are just abstract concepts." We all nodded enthusiastically and voiced our appreciation with applause. Ramer held up his hand.  
  
"I'm glad to have been of service. Good luck to you all this year. Now let's get down to business. Tonight we are going to cover some last considerations as the Festival gets close. Lilly, why don't you come in here now?"  
  
Instantly the door to the spare room off the den opened, and Lilly walked up to join her father. She was a breathtaking blonde, about five-foot-six, with curvaceous hips and a well-formed, but not over-large, bust. She was wearing cobalt-blue strappy heels and a matching silk bathrobe that ended just below her mid-thigh.  
  
"As always, gentlemen, feel free to ask questions as we go. This is your time, and I want to make sure we cover things that will be useful to you--but let's get started here. You'll notice that Lilly has very natural makeup on. This tends to play well with the judges; I can get you a couple recommendations for artists if you need to hire someone to do this. Just remember, don't go overboard with the blush or the eye shadow."  
  
Lilly stood tall and motionless beside her father as he spoke, smiling at each of us individually, her hands clasped gently in front of her, hinting at only the slightest bit of shyness.  
  
"We're also going to keep her hair fairly natural, focusing on lots of volume and liveliness," George continued, moving behind his daughter and loosening the bow that had held her rich blond curls back in a ponytail and letting them fall about her shoulders.  
  
"Now, Lilly's been keeping up with her exercise regimen and diet, and she's looking fantastic. Obviously different girls are going to have different body types, but to place in the top three, you're almost certainly going to want good arm tone, curvy-but-not-chubby legs, and a little stomach definition. Let's take a look at Lilly, here." With that, Ramer reached around to the front of Lilly's bathrobe, untied the sash, and then eased the robe off her shoulders. Lilly blushed, but we were impressed to see her retain control of her instincts and allow her father to undress her in front of us. He had obviously trained her extremely well.  
  
Beneath the robe Lilly was wearing a panty and bra set of the same dark blue. Both garments were constructed primarily of lace, with a tiny bit of solid blue fabric conveniently appearing in front of the very bottom of her vagina, just concealing the exact spot all our eyes had immediately sought. Her breasts were not so lucky, however, and we could clearly see her aureoles and her nipples, which pressed insistently against the intricate and insubstantial fabric.  
  
Her body was a dream, and Ramer was going on about the finer details of her abs, her shoulders, and her hips; it sounded like he was underwater, though, as we devoured her with our eyes. I snapped back to reality as he began discussing the choice of lingerie, gesturing toward his daughter's breasts.  
  
"...ensure you get her bra fitted properly. You need sufficient support, and you don't want any overflow. Lilly is just a B cup, so she does fine in a lighter, less heavily constructed bra like this." As he spoke, Ramer slipped his index fingers into the tops of the lacy cups of his daughter's bra to demonstrate that the sheer fabric hid nothing. "Slightly smaller breasts are actually an advantage at times, because you can highlight them more effectively in nearly transparent numbers like she's wearing. Believe me, the judges won't complain about getting a preview of her nipples. A girl with a larger bust would be forced to wear much more substantial pieces; while certain judges might prefer bigger breasts on a girl in general, that girl won't have the option of this 'x-ray' view, so to speak. Remember, it's all about working with what you've got."  
  
We were taking notes furiously while trying not to take our eyes off the luscious bit of girl-flesh in front of us. Ramer then took his daughter by the shoulders and turned her around to show us her rear view. The panties turned out to be a thong, and Lilly's amazing backside was greeted by soft hoots and whistles.  
  
"Speaking of which," Ramer smiled, "this is our secret weapon right here. Lilly's butt is obviously spectacular, and we are able to use a thong to emphasize the firmness and curvature of her glutes." Keeping one hand on her shoulder, he ran the other down to the small of her back and applied a light pressure.  
  
"Let's pop that a little more, sweetie," he commanded, and she instantly complied by arching her back and raising her butt slightly into the air. "Good girl," Ramer said, patting her lightly on the butt, then running a finger under the thong where it emerged from between her cheeks and tugging lightly on it.  
  
"If your girl isn't as blessed as Lilly, then regular panties or even boy shorts may be the best bet. We talked about some of your girls last time, and I think we came up with some good strategies. Make sure if you go with the thong, that it isn't too skimpy from the front--remember, the initial judging is looking for a more chaste style. Then, when you turn her around during the promenade, this type of rear side will cause a real stir."  
  
Releasing the thong, he turned his daughter back around to face us, and indicated her breasts once more.  
  
"Now let's talk about your daughters' breasts. When the bra comes off, you need to be sure that her nipples are erect and clearly visible, unless she has 'puffies.' Regardless, it has been clearly established that well-defined areolas score better."  
  
As he talked, Ramer unclasped Lilly's bra and began easing the straps down her arms, loosening the cups from her breasts and finally removing the lacy bit of fabric altogether. Lilly flushed even more, and her arms wandered toward her magnificent breasts in an attempt to cover herself, even though she knew she shouldn't. Without missing a beat, Ramer took her wrists and guided her hands down to her sides, holding them there firmly until he felt his daughter stop resisting. Lilly demonstrated she was prepared to control herself by standing up a little straighter and pushing her chest out toward her appreciative audience, smiling sweetly and allowing us to enjoy the sight of her perfectly sculpted bosom. Releasing her wrists, Ramer resumed his discussion of the finer points of breast presentation.  
  
"As I was saying, clearly defined areolas tend to score better. Lilly is of a naturally pale complexion, and her areolas are normally relatively faint. The color you see here is some very light rouge. You must ensure you have a color that will compliment your daughters' skin tone, and the effect must be subtle. When done correctly, as you can see here, it looks natural and draws the eye to the your young girl's nipples very effectively. I use a small bit of cloth and apply several light layers until the desired effect is achieved."  
  
A hand was raised in the audience.  
  
'Yes, Ted?'  
  
"What if you accidentally color outside the lines, so-to-speak?"  
  
"Good question. Make sure you have a makeup remover on hand, of course. But honestly you'll get the best results by not making a mistake in the first place. Steady Tawnya's breast from underneath by grasping it like this, and apply the rouge in small, circular strokes starting at the nipple and working your way out. You shouldn't have any problems. Any other questions? Yes, Graham?"  
  
"Yeah, what about nipples? When I did the evaluation you taught us several months ago on my Rachael, I realized her nipples are not really prominent, even when they're erect--what do you recommend? I mean, Lilly's are magnificent. I'm really concerned now; if any of the girls my Rachael's going up against look like that, we may have problems."  
  
"Good question, Graham," Ramer said, moving to Lilly's side and cupping her left breast in his hand. "My second-oldest, Sarah, had the same problem. I tried everything on that girl to get her nipples to pop, and nothing really worked--I mean ice, pressure, suction. Nothing got her high-beams turned on, if you know what I mean. It's just the way her breasts are. So I used a little lip gloss on the night of the Festival. Just a touch along the top surface of her nipples, right along here. The gloss caught the stage lights, and you could see her little nips all the way from the back of the theater! We took second that year. So try that, and let me know how it goes."  
  
When all the questions had been answered, Ramer knelt down beside his daughter.  
  
"Now, one of the tougher choices you're going to have to make is how you groom your girl's pubic area. A lot rides on this, and the decision needs to take into account the amount and color of her hair, your choice of panties, and how her genitals are shaped. Using Lilly's vagina as an example, let's take some time to study what I'm talking about. Pull your chairs up closer if you need to; I want to make sure you can see clearly."  
  
As he spoke, he grasped the waistband of Lilly's thong, and eased it down to her ankles. With a hand on her father's shoulder, she stepped daintily out of her underwear, keeping her legs together in a ladylike fashion. The preceding events had made her realize she was going to be expected to be naked for our benefit, and she had evidently resigned herself to her fate. Fighting the urge to cover herself, she stood with her hands at her side, her pussy on full display as the crowning exhibit of her completely exposed body. She had a perfectly shaved landing strip about an inch wide running from the top of her slit. Ramer remained crouched beside his daughter and proceeded to instruct us on his methodology.  
  
"Lilly has well-sculpted genitals, with the entire length of her clitoral hood clearly evident. I find it useful to classify vaginas into three main types: the first and simplest is the biform, often called the 'clamshell,' or 'peach slit.' In this type, the outer labia completely conceal the girl's clitoris, and the viewer sees only a smooth surface from the mons down to the bottom of the vagina. Sometimes this will feature a rather long slit that traverses a considerable length of the mound; other girls will in fact be nearly featureless from the front and have only a slight hint of bifurcation at the very bottom.  
  
"The second type, which Lilly is displaying for us here, is the triform. She doesn't have "fat" lips; rather she is relatively narrow, with her outer labia distinct from her inner thighs, and forming a well-proportioned and well-defined trio with her clitoris--from side to side, you can clearly see labia, clit, labia.  
  
"The third type is the poly-form, or compound vagina; this category covers the wide variety of vaginas which feature prominent labia minora, and large or highly visible clitorises.  
  
"Every girl's vagina is going to be unique, but you want to be sure that you choose a grooming strategy that will be most flattering for your daughter's particular style of pussy. Some of your daughters will have little peach- or clamshell pussies, just a little slit between two smooth outer labia. That style is considered very girlish, innocent even, and is usually best presented with a complete absence of hair. It's going to make your 18-year-old look several years younger, but that's fine. You can compliment that with your choice in wardrobe and makeup.  
  
"For your girls with more dramatic inner labia which are visible from her standing position, you have two main options: you can trim most of her hair and leave it in the natural wide v-shape covering her entire mound; or you can go hairless, and try tucking her inner lips inside her outer set before she puts on her panties. She'll basically look like she has the "innocent" pussy type while she's on her feet, and then later you'll have the opportunity to do a dramatic reveal of her long labia by spreading her and allowing them to unfurl for the judges like a flower in bloom. I've seen this work with tremendous success several times, in particular Allison Tyroll two years ago.  
  
"Now, with Lilly's vagina, I could have gone with a complete shave, Brazilian style, as you often see with triform vaginas in porn; but since her clitoris is so visible and attractive, I chose to accent that little strip of flesh nestled between her lips with this little strip of hair." Ramer extended his index and middle finger and, after aligning them vertically and positioning them over his daughter's landing strip, then gently and easily slid them between her legs, nestling them against the length of Lilly's labia, the base of his fingers resting against her clitoris as he continued:  
  
"Notice her landing strip is precisely the width of the gap formed between Lilly's legs when she is standing up straight and ladylike. It draws attention to her clitoris and creates a visual rhythm which effectively frames the cleanly delineated lines of my daughter's external genitalia." Lilly had gasped slightly as her father's fingers made contact with her vagina, and as he talked her eyes closed, she bit her bottom lip, and we were almost certain that she began to rock ever-so-imperceptibly against his hand, taking advantage of his hands-on educational technique to quietly masturbate herself. Ramer took no notice and abruptly withdrew his fingers, causing Lilly to pout momentarily. A few knowing chuckles went round the room.  
  
A hand went up.  
  
"What about vaginal jewelry, or highlighting her clitoris?"  
  
"Good question, Mark," Ramer nodded, "I don't usually recommend jewelry, first off. It's more distraction than accent, in my opinion. It can cause problems with your daughter's sensitivity down there as well. All the same, some judges have certainly seemed to favor it on some girls. At the very least, for goodness' sake don't try to pierce her clitoris or labia yourself. Hire a qualified professional to make sure it's done properly, safely, and with minimal trauma to your daughter's girl bits. It's going to hurt her like hell no matter what, though.  
  
"I have, though, seen highlighting work very well. What that means, for you gentlemen who aren't familiar, is just using some gloss, similar to what we were talking about with Graham's daughter's nipples, and applying it to your girl's clit. It adds a little shine that certainly catches the eye. If you think that your daughter's clit should get more attention from the judges, that might be a good idea. My daughters all have fairly prominent clitorises naturally, however, so I've not really experimented with that technique. Yes, Dave?"  
  
"Yes, um, I'm not really sure how to classify my Shawna's vagina when it comes to grooming. It seems it could look good with several options of styling. Do you do house calls?"  
  
A laugh greeted this query, but Ramer smiled and nodded. "I do, Dave. I'll be in Stonewall next Tuesday; how about you and I drop by Shawna's school, and I'll be happy to take a look at what she's got between her legs and give you my considered opinion."  
  
When it was evident there were no other questions on the topic, Ramer returned his attention to Lilly's vulva. Gripping her mound with his fingers and thumb on either side of her landing strip, he firmly pulled it up, exposing more of her vagina. Lilly's eyes grew wide and she let out a tiny whimper of pain and shock, spreading her legs slightly and thrusting her hips forward to allow her father to display more of her private parts to us.  
  
"Regardless of your final grooming choice, I recommend that you wax her down here," he said, running his index finger along both sides of her clitoris and outer labia to demonstrate the smoothness of her skin. "You don't want any stray hairs to disrupt this silky texture, and the judges will definitely show their appreciation." He released her pussy and patted it lightly as if to say, "Good girl," and stood up.  
  
"Alright, gentlemen, the last topic tonight is How to Prepare Your Daughter for Initiation. We all know that this can be a somewhat traumatic experience for a girl if she's not ready for it, and yet if you give her too much information, you can end up traumatizing her yourself. I've been fortunate with my daughters, and I'll give you my opinion on how best to get your girl excited about Initiation, and more importantly to think of it as just part of life. In fact, Lilly, why don't you tell the men what we've talked about?"  
  
Lilly blushed again, her pale skin growing rosy all over her lovely naked body as she twisted her hands and crossed her legs shyly. "Well, you said that on Initiation night, I would be very special, and everyone would treat me really nice, and some of your friends would make me feel really good and make me be a grown-up woman." She frowned momentarily, pouting with her bottom lip. "Also that I would have to be naked in front of people. But I'm naked now," her face brightened, "and it's actually kind of fun! Do you men like to see me naked?"  
  
She was answered by loud cries to the affirmative, and thus encouraged, she twirled around, stopped to face us, and coyly covered her pussy with her hand and giggling.

Ramer raised a hand to settle us down, and continued. "Good job, sweetheart. That's all correct. Now what I want to do is help you understand how daddy's friends are going to make you feel good, okay? It will help you get some practice at feeling good in this way, and it will help daddy's friends here tonight to see what you look like when you feel good."  
  
As he said this, he drew his daughter by the hand to the pool table and helped her up onto it. Pointing to the middle of the felt, he had her lay down on her back with her arms at her sides and her legs outstretched, and motioned to us to gather round. We needed no second invitation, of course, and arranged ourselves around the table, Ramer at the end nearest Lilly's head. The pool-hall lamp above the table was bright but soft, perfectly illuminating every curve of the exquisite girl-body beneath it. Lilly seemed a little apprehensive, and raised her head as if to get up, but Ramer pressed her shoulders down to the felt and talked to her in calm tones for a moment, ordering her to relax and lie down.  
  
"Your daughters should all be fairly comfortable being naked in front of you after the past year or so, if you've been doing my program. Now, it's time to introduce them to touching in a more sexual manner, and let them see how enjoyable it can be. Until now, when I've touched Lilly while she's been naked, or touched her breasts, buttocks, or genitals, it has been in a brusque, impersonal fashion--to teach, train, guide, or discipline. When she's clothed I hug her and treat her like the daughter she's always been; but she's learned that when she's naked, I will treat her like a body, not a daughter. A body, that is, that needs to be developed and trained. You may have noticed that she began rubbing her vagina on my hand when I was discussing grooming; while a natural enough impulse--and certainly a very strong one-- I would normally have to discipline her for doing that while I was lecturing. Tonight, however, we have come to a new point in our training, and I'll let it go.  
  
"A young girl that is naked in front of men naturally becomes sexually aroused; it is instinctively impossible for her to avoid an acute awareness of the sexual nature of her position: stripped of any clothing covering and protecting her body, and especially her genitals, she takes on the role of nothing more than an inherently desirable sex object; her body will respond by preparing itself for copulation with any male that's ready for the job, even if she is not consciously knowledgeable of the mechanics of sex. Preventing those impulses from reaching culmination for the past year, while repeatedly putting her in such situations in front of you gentlemen, has wound Lilly up sexually to a very high pitch. She is starved for sexual contact, while having developed a strong taboo around gratifying herself. My goal this evening is to allow Lilly to experience her first orgasm at someone else's hand, and in so doing, build even more anticipation in her for her Initiation."  
  
As he talked, Ramer began massaging his daughter's shoulders, neck, and arms. Lilly was obviously slipping into a deeply relaxed state, and her eyes were closed and she hummed softly to herself.  
  
"I'm going to focus on her whole body, trying to cause her to become very aware of every inch of her skin, and allow that to build into orgasm," he continued, taking her firm breasts in both hands and squeezing them up until he reached her nipples, which he began flicking and rolling them between his thumb and forefinger. He took his time, waiting until her long nipples were fully erect, then pinched them tightly, and slowly increased the pressure. Lilly's breathing had been deep and slow; now it began to grow shallow and ragged as the pain built up in her nipples. She lay quite still, her body tensing and her back beginning to arch as she whimpered; finally her eyes flew open and she looked imploringly at her father, who smiled and immediately released his hold on her little nubs, and resumed tenderly massaging her full round breasts. A collective sigh went up around the pool table; we had all been holding our own breath as we watched the creamy-skinned young girl's body experience sexual pain for the first time.  
  
Ramer moved to the side of the table now, and ran his hands down the length of his daughter's torso, thumbs together on her centerline. He crossed her navel with long, slow, sweeping strokes, and his hands parted at her mons and continued their separate ways over the tops of her thighs. Each time he reached her landing strip, his thumbs barely brushed her clitoris and labia, then pressed harder into her legs until he reached her knees. She had started on the table with her feet together and her legs as tightly closed as she could manage; now, under her father's experienced touch, she began to relax. With every pass he made down her body his hands almost imperceptibly moved her legs a little farther apart until, whether because she hadn't noticed or no longer cared, Lilly's feet were nearly at the side bumpers of the table. As it became evident what his intent was, the six of us had naturally congregated toward the end of the table, and each sweeping stroke of Ramer's hands rewarded us with a clearer view of Lilly's exquisite vulva, which glistened with female lubrication under the warm light of the overhead lamp. We elbowed each other and pointed out her obvious arousal in excited whispers.  
  
Ramer's left hand now resumed wandering over her tummy and breasts, while his right began exploring her pussy. His touch was firm but gentle, and he ran his fingers over the surface of her clitoral hood and then slid his hand between her legs and cupped her vagina. Lilly let out a sigh.  
  
"Oh, that feels nice, daddy," she whispered.  
  
"You're doing a terrific job, sweetheart," Ramer replied softly. "I'm going to keep touching you like this for a little while, okay? You can help me by opening your legs a little more."  
  
Lilly lay still for a moment, her eyes still closed, as if considering this. "I want you to keep touching me, daddy," she said, her voice a little foggy and far away-sounding. "It feels so good. I've never felt like this before--but--but won't the men see my private parts? Like, even more than just the front? I thought that only you--"  
  
Ramer interrupted her reassuringly. "That's the way it was when you were a girl, honey. But now you're very close to being a grown-up woman, and things are a little different for grown-up women. There will be more changes later, but for tonight, I want you to know that grown-up women do exactly what you're doing right now--they take off their clothes in front of men, or let the men undress them, and they let the men look at their whole body, and sometimes let the men touch them all over, too. You've been very brave helping me up until now tonight, and now there's a last little bit of you that these men need to see. Can you be an almost-grown-up girl for me, and show us your vagina, and I'll keep touching you like this?"  
  
Lilly lay very still for another moment, then, as her father continued to gently rub her pussy, she squinched her eyes tight, turned her head to the side, took a deep breath, and slowly spread her legs, drawing her knees up and making little fists with her hands on the felt of the pool table. "Like this?" she asked.  
  
Amid a hushed chorus of enthusiastic fathers congratulating her and expressing appreciation for his daughter's beauty, Ramer nodded his head and smiled. "Good job," he said, "now see how good it feels when I touch you here and here?" As he said this, he ran his hands along Lilly's inner thighs, pressing them open at the knees and spreading her pussy wide with firm pressure on either side of her vagina.  
  
Lilly's genitals were stunning. A delicate pair of inner lips ran up to meet a perfectly formed clitoris that was protruding somewhat obscenely from under it's hood; along with the trickle of clear moisture running from the bottom of her slit, there was little doubt that the young girl was unbelievably aroused. Her breathing had become ragged again, and Ramer used his finger to carry some of her juices to her clitoris and begin gently rubbing it. Lilly's hips immediately responded by moving in rhythm with her father's light touch, and she reached over her head with both hands to grab the edge of the pool table and hang on. There was not a soft cock in the room as we watched our host's young daughter stretched out before us, her skin flushed and her breasts heaving as her father brought her closer and closer to her first orgasm.  
  
Ramer continued lecturing through the entire process--a tribute to the voluminous experience he'd had with the subject. For George Ramer, this was a purely professional activity, and he was able to bring tremendous focus and a skilled eye to the task of masturbating his daughter in front of six men who'd paid for his expertise on the topic. His demeanor was exactly like that of a horse trainer evaluating a young filly's gait.  
  
Every few moments, he would remove his hand completely from Lilly's pussy, giving us an unobstructed view of his progress and allowing him to discuss the finer points of his technique. We were fascinated to observe her clitoris growing more prominent and erect each time, and her labia, even without much direct stimulation from her father, were opening of their own accord to give us a breathtaking view into the soaking depths of her vagina. The amount of cream the girl was producing was remarkable.  
  
"Lilly's vagina is highly engorged now, gentlemen, and the fact that she's opening up like a flower is proof that she's extremely aroused. You may have noticed that her color has deepened considerably in her labia and all around her genital area. Remember, all I'm doing is using two fingertips to lightly stimulate her clitoris, alternating between the hood and the little head you can clearly see poking out from underneath. You don't need much pressure at all; you just want her to get used to the idea of being touched there in a sexual manner. Don't forget to keep her clit well lubricated with her own juices, too. As you can see, there's plenty to go around, so don't worry about wasting it. Go ahead and cover her whole vagina with it."  
  
After each short comment session, which he explained also gave Lilly a chance to cool down so that her eventual orgasm would be much stronger, Ramer resumed rubbing, flicking, and squeezing his daughter's pussy, moving gradually closer to her opening at the base of her slit. Her increasing arousal began to become disruptive, as every time he'd stop for another cool-down and lecture, her frustration seemed to mount. She would thrust her hips up in an attempt to keep his hand on her hungry vagina, growl and whimper every time he withdrew, and even began trying to close her legs to trap his hand between them. Her eyes were no longer closed, but shone fiercely as she stared at each of us and spread her legs as wide as she could, presenting her receptive genitals to every male in the vicinity like any other female primate in heat--a very different girl than the one that, mere minutes ago, had severe misgivings about even letting us see her naked body. Finally Ramer had to do something.  
  
"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but Lilly's arousal is now making it difficult for me to show you the final stages of the process. I'm going to need your help so we can finish this--Dave and Mark, will you please hold her wrists and arms down at that end of the table for us? Just firmly enough so she stays put, please. Ted and Graham, I need you to hold her legs. One hand on the knee or ankle, and up here near her pelvis, please, so that you can keep her hips securely on the table. Thank you." The men rushed to their posts, and Ramer continued his work between his daughter's legs, demonstrating how the inner labia were very sensitive to being tugged and rubbed between the thumb and forefinger, and how when they were stretched as far as they could go, Lilly's moans and attempts to thrash about grew even more intense.  
  
"Now, Robert," Ramer said, addressing himself to me, "you are preparing your first daughter for her Festival, correct?" I answered in the affirmative. "Good; that's why I had the others hold Lilly down for us, since they are all on their second or third. I want you to learn something here. Lilly, sweetheart?" he called, trying to get the attention of his daughter, who had grown increasingly incoherent. She raised her head, her hair in glorious disarray, and struggled to maintain eye contact with her father.  
  
'Please, daddy...please...I don't even know what...you guys like looking at my pussy...more, please...touch me..."  
  
"I will, honey. You're doing so good. Listen to me now--are you listening? Remember when I said how the judges at the Festival are going to check to see that you've been a good girl? Daddy's friend here is going to help us practice that, alright? I want you to keep your legs nice and open, don't fight daddy's friends, they're helping us, okay? Keep your legs nice and open, and push your little cookie down here so Mr. Stevenson can help you practice for the judges. Mr. Stevenson is going to check that you've been a good girl, okay?"  
  
Lilly writhed and moaned, her voice deep in her throat, "I have been a good girl...I am a good girl...I'm good..."  
  
"You have been a good girl, sweetie," Ramer said, "so now we're going to just make sure. Mr. Stevenson is going pretend he's a judge and put his finger in your little pussy, okay? He'll be very gentle, but you need to lie very still and quiet."  
  
Ramer looked at me and spoke softly, "Now we're going to bring her to orgasm. I want you to enter her with your middle finger very carefully; don't damage her hymen, just penetrate her as if to check that it's there, like the judges will. I want you to understand what it feels like, so you can do this with your Jenny later. Keep your finger inside her--Ted and Graham, hold her very still, please--and I will continue to stimulate her clitoris until she climaxes."  
  
My heart was in my throat and my cock was rock hard as I moved closer and contemplated my mission. I had never dared dream that I was going to be able to touch Lilly, let alone do what I was about to do. Ramer gave the nod to the other four men, who tightened their grip on the naked, panting young girl, and then he spread his daughter's vagina wide and indicated that I should go ahead.  
  
My finger slipped inside the confines of Lilly's vagina easily. She was tremendously tight, but her copious juices made entry extremely easy, and I pressed further until I encountered resistance about one knuckle deep. Though I wasn't very far inside her, I could distinctly feel her pulse through her vaginal walls, indicating her extreme level of arousal. I nodded to Ramer to indicate that I was at her hymen. I was in heaven; her opening was slick and aromatic, and her engorged clitoris begged to be touched. Ramer complied, laying his entire hand over her mound and squeezing gently. Lilly gasped. Ramer spoke to her again.  
  
"Alright, honey. Remember, the judges are going to check that you've been a good girl by putting their fingers inside you just like Mr. Stevens is doing. They also want to make sure that men are going to enjoy putting things inside you. It feels really good for a man when a girl's private parts are tight, so they are going to ask you to squeeze your muscles down there. Can you squeeze Mr. Stevenson's finger really tight?"  
  
As he said this, he began slowly rubbing Lilly's clitoris again. Lilly complied, and I was practically giddy to feel her brand new vaginal muscles tighten around me. I could barely stand the thought of how good she would have felt around my cock. The act of tightening her cunt pushed her extremely delicate pre-orgasmic state over the edge, however, and she suddenly let out a scream and began thrashing about in the throes of an impressively violent climax. The four other men gritted their teeth and held on for life, while Ramer calmly continued lightly stroking her clitoris in a steady, rapid rhythm. Ted and Graham did a fine job steadying her hips, and I was able to keep my finger snugly ensconced in the warm, wet depths of Lilly Ramer's virgin pussy until she shuddered to a halt, completely spent and glistening with a fine layer of sweat over entire body.  
  
Collapsing in a breathlessly limp state, her arms and legs akimbo and her skin flushed, the young girl closed her eyes and made tiny humming sounds to herself as she savored the afterglow of her first orgasm brought on by a hand other than her own. Ramer motioned for the four other fathers to release their hold on his daughter's limbs, and I gently withdrew my finger from her soaking slit, a rush of liquid spilling from her opening and onto the green felt of the pool table as my fingertip left her. Ramer brought us back to the reality of the task at hand.  
  
"Now, that was obviously very intense for Lilly. What I want to do now is help her contextualize what she just experienced. I don't want her to simply associate Stevenson's finger in her, or my hand on her genitals, with sexual pleasure--the point of Initiation is to introduce your daughters into a generalized sexual state. I want Lilly to know that whatever happens at the Festival will feel wonderful. This will put her at ease and give her the best odds of placing well at the Judging. So now I want each of you, one at a time, to take two minutes to touch Lilly anywhere you like, but especially her vagina. Do not penetrate her; we must not unduly risk deflowering her. But show her how good it feels to be caressed and fondled by a variety of men, so she learns that sexual pleasure comes from many sources. Roger, you can start if you like."  
  
Ramer checked his watch, and one by one we took our turn with the creamy ball of sex on the pool table. Lilly was in a deeply blissful state, and she didn't struggle or protest as the five of us used our best abilities to make her feel good. When my turn came, I spread her labia as wide as I could and covered her entire vagina with my hand, rubbing firmly across the whole surface of her genitals. My other hand massaged her left breast and ensured her nipple stayed hard. When I started to pinch her nipple, she opened her eyes, smiled dreamily at me, and began grinding her pussy into my hand. Unfortunately, my two minutes seemed to end far too quickly.  
  
When we'd finished, Ramer helped Lilly off the table and slipped her blue robe over her shoulders. Lilly smiled at us and thanked us for everything, saying she was now really looking forward to Initiation. We thanked her for her help teaching us such important things, and her father kissed her on the forehead and sent her off to bed. When she'd gone upstairs, he turned to us.  
  
"Gentlemen, that concludes your course with me. I hope it was as fun for you to learn all this as it was for me to teach it. Now, I know that you are probably uncomfortably turned on after that. And I want you to know that your assistance in developing Lilly is invaluable--in all likelihood she will take first, and I will be a very happy man when I get to choose my prize. In the interests of gratitude, and in being a good host and not leaving my guests uncomfortable, as well as to celebrate the end of our little academy and your future success with your daughters using the techniques we've studied together, I'd like to give you a little surprise. Honey, would you come in now?"  
  
At that, the door to the den opened again, and we were stunned to see Ramer's second daughter, Sarah, enter the room completely naked. She looked almost exactly identical to her sister, but was two years older and slightly curvier. Her vagina was of the clamshell type, and she had only a light, even sprinkling of blond hair covering her mound. Her breasts were relatively large, curving smoothly down to lightly-colored nipples which, as Ramer had said, were less defined than Lilly's. This was by no means a problem, however. She was stately and graceful, and obviously confident in her nakedness. She strode to her father's side and turned to face us, smiling as she presented her body to us.

"Sarah placed second in her Judging two years ago. We used similar techniques to what you have seen here tonight, and we've been very happy with the result. She has progressed very well since then in becoming a healthy, sexualized young girl," As he spoke, Ramer fondled his daughter's breasts absently, "and since she's had a good bit of experience, I'd like to offer her to you gentlemen for the next two hours as a fun wrap-up of our time together. You may do anything you like with her. You may touch her anywhere you like, you may use her vagina or her mouth, and you may come wherever and however you like. Please, enjoy yourselves."  
  
We later agreed that none of us had ever had a better night.

**The Festival Ch. 02**

Dave's question had struck a chord with me, and I realized that I hadn't carefully considered the best option for styling my Jennifer's pubic area was. We'd been working really hard in preparing her in every other way, and I would have hated for a slip-up here to be the deciding factor in her not placing well. I decided to take Ramer up on his offer of a house-call, and scheduled an appointment for the following Tuesday afternoon.  
  
I had three daughters. Jennifer, 18, was the oldest, followed by the twins, Selena and Serena, who were 16. Jennifer took after her mother and was long, slender, and lean, with dark hair and light skin, and dark brown eyes. She had an exquisite hourglass figure in spite of not having very wide hips, and her breasts were small B's that had just enough fullness to project from her chest with a soft roundness on their undersides, but didn't hang or sag. Her nipples were surprisingly dark and large, and seemed to be in a constant state of semi-erection. The twins inherited my Norwegian stock, and were blue-eyed, sandy-blond, and surprisingly curvaceous for their age, with narrow waists, smooth shoulders, and impressive bosoms in spite of their athletic figures.  
  
This was my first Festival, and I wanted it to be a very special for Jennifer. I had read a lot of books, and we had done our best in raising our daughter to be ready for this important night, but I was still nervous about many of the details. I was glad for the opportunity to learn from George Ramer, and looked forward to whatever wisdom he'd have for us today in our private consultation.  
  
After I arrived home from work on Tuesday, I poured myself a glass of scotch and sat in the living room waiting for Ramer and reflecting on the history of the Festival and what it meant for our family.  
  
Fifty years ago, the golden age of the internet had launched a sea change in sexual mores, and the mid-2000's were a defining moment in an already rapidly progressing culture. Porn had become a mainstream phenomenon, and suddenly thousands of normal young women were shooting videos and photo spreads as a means of sexual exploration and a tidy income.  
  
Many would simply set up their own simple website and livecast themselves in their bedrooms naked, masturbating, or having sex with friends from their high school while charging a modest fee for viewers to enjoy the show or even participate. Others would audition for 'modeling' agencies and sign with established porn studios, and Eastern Europe was full of massive estates which maintained stables of hand-picked young women who were essentially maintained in luxurious captivity for the sole purpose of shooting high-quality pornography and, of course, servicing the owners of the compounds and their friends. For their part, living in a paradise of good food, glamorous clothing, the best physical care, and a considerable paycheck was considered a fair enough trade for many girls to be the sexual playthings of what had become a legitimate business of sex, and the porn produced by these houses doubled as an advertisement for new bodies, a need which an increasing number of American girls were happy to fulfill.  
  
Concern began to arise, however, as the scale of participation became evident. Unprecedented numbers of 'girls-next-door' were selling themselves on the free market, and two major issues finally came to a head as American men realized that their neighbors, their daughter's classmates, and sometimes their own daughters were suddenly appearing in the porn they were enjoying which was being produced in other states and countries. First, safety was an obvious issue. It was great that young women were feeling more free than ever to express themselves sexually, but certainly many were being forced to do so with unsavory individuals, and the danger was simply not acceptable.  
  
Second, there grew a realization that these young women were extraordinarily valuable, and it was ridiculous that because of antiquated moral scruples the most beautiful and desirable of them should have to go to such lengths in order to satisfy their natural urge for sexual explorations while ultimately only profiting (both financially and sexually) men who had no connection with or care for them or the community they were raised in. There was no denying that young girls wanted to express themselves sexually; it was obvious that either they would do so for the benefit of unscrupulous and possibly dangerous individuals who cared primarily about how many dollars they could wring from these nubile young bodies, or else American fathers would step up to preserve the precious resource of their daughters' sexuality and keep it in the families, towns, and the country that had invested so much in making American girls the amazing examples of healthy sexuality they were. It was time to harness that sexuality and guide it carefully and safely, and ensure that it benefited those who had done the most to create it.  
  
Starting with op-eds and features in news magazines, continuing to grassroots 'town hall' meetings and petitions, initiated in small communities and spreading to the larger cities as a movement, and finally through legislation at the federal and state level, the next fifty years saw sweeping changes in the United States that were felt to result in the most honest and natural form of sexual practice in the history of the country.  
  
Girls were now taken in hand by their fathers from an early age and groomed to be excellent expressions of female potential. They were raised to be perfect ladies, polite, generous, gentle, and elegant. Starting in the home, and gradually expanding to friends, strangers, and the public, they were conditioned to be proud of their bodies and the pleasure they brought to others. Girls were to never feel shame about any part of their bodies, and became keen observers of what parts of themselves brought the most enjoyment to different people.  
  
Their virginity, however, was inviolate. They were carefully chaperoned at all times, and while they were likely to spend significant amounts of time in the nude in front of other people as they grew up, they were never touched by anyone while naked, except for their father or a professional specialist who might be engaged for the purpose of advancing their rigorous training. They were strictly prohibited from pleasuring themselves, and disciplined summarily if they were caught violating these rules.  
  
As they grew, it was the father's responsibility to ensure that they would have the benefit of the best nutrition and exercise he could provide, so that as they reached maturity they were healthy, firm, toned, flexible, and confident adult women ready to debut at their Festival.  
  
The Festival was an annual community event in which that year's crop of new young women were celebrated as sexually mature females and released to the public. This was generally in the year of their 18th birthdays, and our state followed this rule, though there were regional variations on the custom. In Alabama and Texas, for instance, girls celebrated their Festival at the age of 16, Louisiana and Arizona the age was 13. In each case an elaborate pageant was staged in a concert hall or similar venue and carried live by local television and radio stations, in which the girls were put through their paces by their fathers, verified to be virgins, and evaluated on numerous criteria.  
  
After the final judging, the girls were ranked based on their aggregate scores for desirability. First place was a tremendous honor to the family, and the father who had raised that year's most sexually desirable new female (and, by extension, advanced furthest the ideal of the female sex) was awarded the privilege of deflowering his choice of the other contestants there on the stage. After he had 'broken the seal' he formally pronounced his pleasure to the assembled crowd, acknowledged the girl's father for a job well done, and then offered her to the rest of the community as an exquisite asset to be cared for and enjoyed. Each father, in order of his daughter's placing, then took his choice of the remaining young women and repeated the ritual until they were all released to womanhood, with the public standing witness to their transformation.  
  
Following her festival, a young woman began to prepare for marriage. Strong, happy marriages are important to family and community stability, and obviously a more sexually skilled woman is more desirable. It was felt that this was something that should not be left to chance or the peccadilloes of an inexperienced girl's emotions. There was no way for a debutante to know what she would like or be good at sexually before she tried it, and a lingering mistaken sense of modesty or shyness, left to itself, might result in a valuable young woman missing out completely on certain subtleties of sexuality that could have a huge positive impact on her marriage. Legally, then, debutantes did not have the ability to give refusal to anything that could be justified as furthering their sexual education. They were, at this point, simply in a more advanced stage of their training, and since the community stood to benefit from her excellence as a married woman, the community assumed the responsibility for her education. Practices were implemented to ensure that by the time a girl found a life-long mate, she would have as broad an experience and education in sexual matters as possible, the better to please her husband no matter what sort of tastes he happened to have.  
  
At the same time, some structure was seen as necessary to prevent exhausting or damaging a young female, or wasting her prime sexual years on individuals who had done nothing to progress female sexuality in general. Thus, a clear code of right was established:  
  
1. A young, unmarried man may only have sex with unmarried females in a dating or courtship situation, and only with the female's consent, or with unmarried females over the age of 40 at his discretion.  
  
Young men had little experience of their own, and certainly had not earned the right to enjoy the most desirable females, so they were required to treat a girl with respect, take her out like a gentleman, and attempt to actually woo her in order to have sex. The odds were definitely against him, though, unless a girl truly liked him and was interested in marrying him. They were expected to gain sexual experience by availing themselves of older, unmarried women whose primary role was being available for such exploration and experimentation.  
  
2. Married men WITHOUT daughters may have sex with any unmarried females over the age of 30, at his discretion.  
  
Once a man had married, he was considered to be in training for his future as an educator of young women. He was expected to start working on conceiving his own daughters with his wife immediately, and in the meantime to learn as much as he could about good sex by practicing on any woman he cared to who, for whatever reason, remained unmarried over 30 years of age.  
  
Most girls were married fairly young, and if a woman still had not found a husband by the end of her twenties, she was expected to assume a teaching role of her own by helping young husbands learn everything they could about sex. Although most women found it a pleasure to serve in this important capacity, it was a legal requirement, not an option, and the youthful enthusiasm most young husbands showed for mastering the intricacies of their upcoming responsibilities meant that many unmarried women spent the first couple years of their thirties with little time for anything but their copulatory duties.  
  
3. Married men WITH daughters who are in the year of their Festival, or have already celebrated it, may have sex with any unmarried females who have celebrated their Festival, at his discretion.  
  
Once her virginity had been taken at the Festival, a girl was essentially continually available for intercourse to any man who had an adult daughter of his own. These men had first of all done their part to advance the cause of improving female sexuality, and so had earned the right as connoisseurs to enjoy the finest quality female bodies available; secondly, since they had daughters of their own, it was felt that they could be trusted to treat such priceless assets with respect and focus most of their energy on making the experience educationally valuable for whatever young woman they might have at hand. 'Educational value' was a broadly applicable term; ultimately nearly anything that could be considered sexual obviously offered the possibility of a fresh and valuable perspective for a young girl, and since time was at a premium (the intent being to create a perfect intersection of fresh, young physical attractiveness with a comprehensive catalog of sexual skills and tastes), the fathers of a community treated the education of their young women with a sense of urgency. Once she had celebrated her Festival, a girl was in a constant state of training and subject to vigorous lessons, at nearly any time, whenever it might occur to a father that he had something of value to teach her.  
  
There were exceptions to a girl's availability, of course; if she was in a class or at her job, she was not to be removed from the situation for sex. If she was at home or with her father or another man, her chaperone had right of refusal and consent concerning anyone who might wish to enjoy her. And it was generally considered unreasonable to expect a girl to have sex with more than three men in a span of twenty-four hours. Other than these examples, however, a girl's sexual education was brisk, adventurous, and frequent until she was married.  
  
Society rapidly became focused largely on improving the sexual desirability of young women in a systematic way, which meant that a young man had a vested interest in marrying the most attractive woman he could in order to father the highest-quality girls possible, so that he had better chances of them placing well in their Festival, so that he could in turn enjoy sex with the most attractive debutantes.  
  
As an 18-year old young man, I had certainly learned my share from several older, more experienced women, and as soon as I got married at 20, I went to work with pretty much every 30-year-old woman I could find. I had learned much, and gained a lot of experience that would prove to be valuable, but I was excited for this next phase in the journey. My wife had been the only very young woman I had ever slept with, but now, with Jennifer on the cusp of her Festival, I was preparing for a glorious next few years of enjoying nearly any girl I wanted, when I wanted. I would take my job as sexual mentor for these new adult females very seriously, and knew that it would be a lot of work, but I was prepared to do my part in helping each of them become their best.  
  
So now, as I waited for Ramer, with much hanging in the balance of this first Festival, I hoped that his expertise would help us place well, and I looked forward to a future of working closely with many young girls as I took my place among the fathers of adult daughters.

**The Festival Ch. 03**

When Ramer arrived, I poured him a glass of scotch, grabbed a notebook and pen, and led him up the stairs to Jennifer's bedroom, where she was doing her homework. I knocked on the door and opened it.  
  
Despite Jennifer's age, pink was still the main color of her personal space. Her white princess bed frame and pink bedspread dominated the center of the room; though she was normally quite tidy, she had just washed a load of her panties, which were arranged in a colorful, lacy profusion along the metal rail of her footboard to dry. Her desk was in front of the window, and she sat in an office chair with her back to us as we entered, working at her computer. Her long, dark ponytail bobbed in surprise as she turned and saw that I had brought a guest with me.  
  
Like most families, we had raised her to be comfortable in and out of clothing; from childhood we treated her body as something to be proud of. The general rule was that young girls should wear the least amount of clothing appropriate in any given circumstance; they needed to be accustomed from a very young age to being visually enjoyed by others at all times, and it was a sign of poor upbringing if a girl was excessively covered. Though she was perfectly happy being nude in front of other people, we taught her that being naked was still something special she should share with special people for special reasons. For instance, when family or friends visited, we would often have her undress so that a full appreciation could be made of how much she'd grown and changed since last time they'd seen her. More often than not, as her own preference, she would simply stay naked for the rest of the visit, which was usual in private situations. When out and about in public, normal clothing was customary, but it was always designed to showcase her maturing figure, not cover it. When at home, we expected her to wear light, simple clothing for the sole purpose of covering her modesty.  
  
Turning around in her chair and standing up to greet us, she wore a white, loose-fitting tank top that was nearly sheer. The clinging fabric outlined her pert bosom, and the faintly visible darkness of her areolas drew our eyes to the tips of her breasts. Her only other article of clothing was a pair of light cotton panties--her usual lounging-around-the-house outfit. I introduced her to our guest, and Ramer extended his hand.  
  
'Honey, this is Mr. Ramer. He's been helping me get you ready for the Festival, and I wanted him to come give me some advice about a couple details. Can you help us out?'  
  
She giggled and nodded, 'Of course, daddy! What do you need?'  
  
Ramer chuckled as he shook her hand. 'Good to meet you, Jennifer. Goodness, she's not shy at all, is she? You are a treat, young lady.' Raising her hand above her head, he gently twirled her around to get a good look at her backside. Jennifer giggled again and spun back around in mock embarrassment, clasping her hands in front of her crotch.  
  
I smiled at her coy behavior, but couldn't let her instinct for modesty go unchecked--certainly not in front of one of the best coaches in female handling in the state. I gestured with my hands and gently reminded her that a lady doesn't cover herself when she is being appreciated. She pouted for an instant, sorry that she had disappointed me, and quickly brought her hands back to her sides, standing up a little straighter and pushing her chest out a little further than was necessary, just to show that she was really trying to be a good girl. Her nipples pushed against the loose fabric, and the edge her right aureole just peeked out from the side of the skimpy tank top.  
  
'I'm sorry, Mr. Ramer, I didn't mean to cover myself,' she apologized, smiling and looking him in the eye like a mature, polite woman and carefully speaking the phrases she'd learned in her etiquette classes. 'I'm glad you like my body--please feel free to enjoy looking at it.'  
  
'Honey, Mr. Ramer is here to help us decide how to style your hair in your bikini area for your big night. It's an important part of your look, and since this is my first time doing this, I'm not sure what would be the best choice. He's an expert, and he's helped a lot of girls place very well in the Festival, so I wanted him to take a look at you and give me his opinion.'  
  
As I spoke, Jennifer's eyes moved from me to her panties to Ramer, and they grew a little bigger. She had been naked in front of other people many times over the years, but with the exception of the thorough evaluation I had needed to do on her when I had started Ramer's Festival Preparation Course, it had always been an informal, casual nudity--never with an actual focus of attention on her genitals, and certainly not by a stranger. She knew that as she grew up, however, that that would start to change, and she apparently decided that this must be part of that change. She nodded her head understandingly, and then smiled in assent.  
  
'Of course, daddy! I was not sure of that either--I had some ideas, but I'm glad you found someone to help. Thank you, Mr. Ramer, for being willing to do this. I was kind of worried; I know that it's really important to get good scores on that whole area. I read a magazine that said I can't change the way my vagina is shaped, but that the way I style it is important to the overall score the judges give it.'  
  
Ramer nodded kindly and smiled.  
  
'Certainly, Jennifer. It's my job, and I wouldn't want you to feel anything but confident when you are up on stage for your big night. We'll make sure you feel and look great. My daughters have all been styled differently for their Festivals, and they all got top marks in that area, and I help several other girls each year with lots of different aspects of preparation. So I think I have a pretty good chance of helping you do well, too.'  
  
He sat down on the edge of her bed and motioned for her to stand in front of him. She complied, her light purple panties at his eye level. I pulled her desk chair around next to them and opened my notebook.  
  
'Now, why don't you help me holding your tank top just up above your belly button for me like this, and I'll take a look here,' he said in a cheerful, business-like fashion, and as she did so, showing great care to do exactly as he'd asked, he looked at her panties for a long moment, then began talking me through his method.  
  
'First thing is to see the shape of her mons, and how her hips join with it, and the overall proportions and shape of this whole area,' he said, spanning his hands from hip-bone to hip-bone and then using his fingers to lightly trace the edges of her panties down to where they plunged between her legs. Jennifer shivered as she felt him touch her there.  
  
'She doesn't have really wide hips, and she's fairly lean, so first of all we'll want something more tightly trimmed and sculpted,' he explained. 'She has a nice flat stomach, and her mound is not terribly prominent, but it's obvious she has some well-defined outer labia here--you can see them quite distinctly through her panties. It's usually a good idea to accentuate them, if they're nicely shaped. Let's see what we're working with, here.' As he said this, he grasped the waistband of the panties and eased them down Jennifer's thighs, leaving them just above her knees. My daughter's left hand moved to cover her mouth, and she pouted slightly as the cool air from the open window made contact with her pussy, but she maintained her composure and held tightly to her tank top with her right hand, holding it just above her navel as she had been directed, knowing how important it was that our view of her private area remain unobstructed.  
  
Her pussy was beautiful. It was a clean, perfectly symmetrical slit in the middle of a surprisingly plump mound of soft flesh, and just visible in the depths of the fissure was an irresistible glimpse of her clitoral hood enfolded in the delicate, finely detailed edges of her inner labia. She kept her dark, thick pubic hair trimmed quite short, but it was otherwise a full, natural bush--we had neither shaved nor waxed, since we wanted to have the most to work with when we made our decision for the Festival. Ramer nodded his head knowingly.  
  
'This is excellent,' he said, 'absolutely lovely pussy, Jennifer.' He leaned in to make a closer study. Jennifer, unused to such an intimate examination, shifted slightly away. Ramer, whose years of experience handling young girls was now second nature, smoothly and firmly grasped her hip with his left hand, simultaneously preventing her from avoiding his exploration while also calming her, and gently ran the fingers of his right hand over her mound and through her pubic hair as he explained his analysis to me.  
  
'She has really nicely prominent outer labia, and you see how they almost close at the bottom of her slit here, but there is still a clear view of her clit from the base on to about half its length--you just can't quite see her clitoral head, because it's nestled in between her outer and inner lips here. This is such a classic vulva, just outstanding.  
  
'Okay, the best way to present this little dish is going to be a clean wax job all the way around, with a little hair shaped kind of like a flame or a deer's tail starting right about here, at the base of her clit. And then make sure that everything below that, all along her outer labia, is super-smooth. Or--and this is really fun with a pussy like this--you can switch to a very short trim below the landing strip line, so she has two lengths of hair. The contrast can be very hot on the right girl. It'll perfectly highlight the sculpted quality of her pussy, but add a little more excitement than a full brazilian.' As he spoke, Ramer used his hands to illustrate his ideas, framing Jennifer's vulva like a director framing a shot to demonstrate the various shapes and boundaries of our options.  
  
I nodded, and wrote some notes and scribbled some sketches. I was doing my best to emulate the cool professionalism of Ramer, but I had to admit that it felt strange to watch my daughter being handled so familiarly and dispassionately by a relative stranger, and also to be participating in such a cool appraisal of her sexual desirability. The evaluation I had done on her as part of Ramer's course, using his itemized sheet as a guide, had been a little uncomfortable for both Jennifer and I; although I had seen her naked many times, I was increasingly being confronted by the reality of having to think of her as a sexual object, and I realized that success in the Festival meant I would need to overcome my sense of prudishness about my little girl and wade in with both hands, so-to-speak.  
  
I was still not clear on how that worked. Normally, seeing a naked girl was quickly followed by the desire to have sex with her, and the actions necessary to make that a reality. The problem was, I didn't want to have sex with my daughter, and so I didn't think of her sexually. I was realizing that this would become a problem soon, since my job as her father was to craft her into an extremely desirable sexual partner. As Jennifer had grown, I had struggled to find the mindset that would allow me to view her as other men would view her, because I was too afraid that it would lead to me wanting to consummate the desires other men would have for her.  
  
I consciously focused on mentally and emotionally distancing myself; this was not my daughter standing here, it was just a young, soft, female body and I needed to imagine--in detail--what it would be like to have sex with it. What would be the best parts? What would be a little disappointing? What could we improve, so that having sex with this girl would be a top-shelf experience? She was clay to be sculpted into an incredible sexual creature, and like any artist, I needed to immerse myself fully in the creation of ultimate desirability. I needed to master this, since I would have to do the same thing with the twins soon. It seemed to help, a little. I decided to just follow Ramer's lead and learn what I could from him.  
  
Jennifer was a little flushed and breathing deeply, and we could feel her body heat as she stood there. As comfortable as she was with her body, this was a new level of being handled for her, and I could see a million thoughts and feelings in her face. Wanting to involve her in the process, I asked her if she had any questions or concerns, and she nodded shyly.  
  
'Um, Mr. Ramer, do you think it would it be a good idea for me to get some jewelry...down there?'  
  
'Well, what do you have in mind, Jennifer?'  
  
'I don't really know. I mean, I was over at Stefanie Lowell's house the other day, and daddy, you know her sister Tasha who graduated last year, she was there too, and the three of us were watching a movie, and then one of their dad's friends, Mr. Garner, came by and asked Mr. Lowell if he could have sex with Tasha, and Mr. Lowell said yes, and when he undressed her and made her bend over the couch I saw that she had a little ring. And Mr. Garner seemed to really like it, and Tasha let me look at it afterward and she said that it felt good to her when men touched it. So, would that be something I should do?'  
  
Ramer listened thoughtfully, looking Jennifer in the eye as she talked. His left hand still steadied her by the hip, and the fingers of his right absently traced the lines and contours of her vulva.  
  
'Sometimes a little sparkle is a great idea, Jennifer,' he answered. 'Where exactly was her ring?'  
  
Jennifer thought for a moment. She seemed to be weighing the fact that she was warming to Ramer against the growing realization that she would ultimately be abandoning all sense of privacy or modesty if this conversation continued in this vein. Through the entire consultation so far she had stood with her legs together, her thighs clasped as close to each other as she could keep them, obediently allowing us a full view of the delta between her legs, but not particularly interested in revealing more than was necessary for Ramer's professional purposes.  
  
It was one thing to submit to a specialist's cursory evaluation of her pubic area in order to help us prepare for the big event--and the fact that she currently possessed such a full bush made it easier to feel at least semi-covered--but it was quite another to engage with this man in a detailed conversation concerning her anatomy knowing that it would almost certainly require a far more comprehensive exploration of her female parts. I was so proud of my girl; she was obviously not comfortable sharing so much of her young self with the stranger, but she knew that placing well in the Festival was essential, and she saw that some sacrifices to her sense of propriety might need to be made in order to achieve her full potential. A brief struggle played over her expression, and then she made her decision.  
  
'It was in her...um...in her clit...I think,' she said, her cheeks turning a lovely shade of rose.  
  
Ramer smiled.  
  
'Well,' he said kindly, 'there are a couple factors to that decision. The first is whether your vagina can even be improved with a piercing, and I actually think that you've been so blessed in that area, I'm prone to say don't touch it at all--it's nearly perfect, and you are going to make a lot of men very happy with it just as it is. The other question, though, is what parts of your vagina are best suited to that sort of thing--see, every girl is different, and what works for one doesn't necessarily work for another. I know Tasha Lowell--I've enjoyed her several times myself--and she happens to have a fairly prominent, well-defined clitoris. It's easier to pierce a larger clit without damaging it, and jewelry doesn't end up overwhelming it visually. Now, from what I can see here, you look like you have a smaller, more subtle clit.'  
  
Jennifer's face fell a little as Ramer spoke, but she said she understood. Ramer quickly continued.  
  
'However, there's always a way if it's what you really wanted--we'd just have to figure out what would work best for you. Is it something you might actually want to do?'  
  
Jennifer immediately brightened up, and nodded in assent.  
  
'Good,' Ramer chuckled, 'then we'll need to get a little better view of the whole landscape, so to speak. So tell you what, let's have you put your foot up on the bed beside me, so I can show you some different options that you and your dad can discuss later.'  
  
Jennifer glanced at me as if searching for permission--perhaps to refuse--but I nodded and smiled and reminded her that Ramer was taking extra time out of his day now to help us, and she should appreciate that and also make his job as easy as possible. With a bite to her bottom lip, she allowed Ramer to help her step out of her panties and then slowly raised her foot and placed it on her bed next to him. He pressed her leg to the side with a firm movement, then slid his hand along the back of her thigh, taking hold of her bottom and pulling her hips closer to him while tipping her pelvis up slightly so that her her vulva was elevated to our view and fully exposed. What we saw was spectacular.  
  
With her legs open her outer labia, which closed so perfectly together when she stood, parted beautifully, revealing a strikingly pink set of inner lips which ran precisely the length of her slit. Although her legs were spread, her inner labia remained closed, doing their job of keeping her soft, sensitive entrance protected from our view. They were perfectly formed, separated at the bottom around a tiny opening into her young body, running forward along the length of her slit, and joining at the top in a little nub of flesh which seemed almost to spring to life as she presented herself to us.  
  
Ramer tore his gaze away from my daughter's treasure long enough glance at me and raise his eyebrows in appreciation--even with his years of experience, he was impressed, and that made me proud. He quickly mastered his candid enthusiasm, however, and returned to the job he had to do. He looked at Jennifer.  
  
'Well, first of all, your clitoris is just adorable--as I thought, it is quite small, but on the other hand it's also pretty well-defined.' He turned to me.  
  
'The thing is, when they're stimulated, some girl's clits get larger, while others retract further under their hood--it's usually better for those girls to get a hood piercing, and she definitely has enough to work with for that. A vertical barbell here,' he said, taking her clitoral hood between his thumb and forefinger and tugging on it gently to demonstrate how the loose, soft skin could be pulled away from the delicate little nub beneath, offering enough room for a needle to penetrate it, 'would look great; even when her legs are closed, it will be visible. On the other hand, with what I'm seeing here, this little button might tend to get more erect and visible when she's aroused, and that would make her a great candidate for an actual clitoral piercing. Have you done any stimulation training with her? Do you know how her vagina changes when she's aroused?'  
  
I shook my head. 'Not really. Mostly we've focused on minimizing any contact or touching, especially on her own. I thought that was what we were supposed to do.'  
  
'Well, that is one school of thought,' Ramer said. 'And I do agree that she should be prevented as far as possible from touching herself. But I think it's important to know how a girl's body is going to respond to different stimuli; it can be very useful during the pageant as a strategic tool, and it is certainly some important information you'll want to be able to pass on to other fathers when they come to take a turn teaching her so that they have a good starting point to work from. I typically begin introducing my girls to light touching fairly early on, continue to experiment as we got closer to their Festival, and take careful notes about how different types of contact affect them. For instance, with Kelly, I found that, even as a child, whenever she had been disobedient and needed a spanking she'd get extremely wet. I was able to develop that response, so that just before I went on stage with her, I simply lightly rubbed the paddle we use at home across her backside a few times. She became an instant, total mess, and took top marks that year for lubrication. None of the other girls were even close. May I try something?'

'Please,' I said, 'You're the expert. Whatever you need to do. I think it grows a little, but it looks like she's pretty aroused right now.'  
  
Jennifer's eyes grew a little wider, and her hand reached for mine as she prepared for a spanking.  
  
Ramer didn't have anything that violent in mind, however. Moistening his thumb with his tongue, he reached between her legs and began to gently rub Jennifer's clit in tiny circles. Jennifer's hips tightened and her breathing grew a little ragged, but she held perfectly still as Ramer focused on barely contacting the head of her clit, which nudged its way out from under its hood until it poked completely free--a tiny, triangular nub of flesh that glistened under the coating of his saliva and seemed to strain toward Ramer's thumb even as he pulled away to inspect the results of his work.  
  
'Well, there you go,' he said, sounding pleasantly surprised. 'She's got a nice little clit there that honestly could be perfect for piercing.' He looked up at Jennifer, who smiled happily even as she blushed deeply.  
  
Ramer went on to caution Jennifer that even though a clitoral piercing was an option for her, he didn't recommend that she get it done this close to her Festival. It was a very painful procedure, he said, and she wouldn't want to still be healing when her big night came. Jennifer seemed oddly interested in this, and asked exactly how painful it would be.  
  
Ramer explained that the usual practice these days was to secure a girl to a worktable with padded straps so that the piercer had a stable, motionless target to work with. Obviously girl bits were very small and very sensitive, so having the ability to work carefully and methodically helped, and you wouldn't want a girl to suddenly struggle and accidentally injure herself.  
  
Jennifer shuddered again, completely absorbed by Ramer's description, mindless now of her exposed body as she followed with rapt attention. She seemed to be breathing shallowly, her eyes shone, and when I glanced between her legs I was surprised to see that her clitoris appeared to have grown even more insistently erect while she listened to Ramer describe her being bound and rendered helpless in preparation for her genitals to be violently modified. I'd had no idea that my Jennifer was turned on by the idea of bondage, but I was obviously learning important things about my young daughter, thanks to the experience and skill of Ramer. As I leaned closer and saw that her clit had indeed become more engorged, I watched enthralled as a thin trickle of clear fluid escaped from the tight confines of her vaginal entrance and began inching toward the floor down the inside of her leg. Though Ramer had to be aware of everything I was noticing, he simply continued with his lesson.  
  
'Then the piercer will rub your clitoris like I just did to make it poke out, and when it does, he'll pull the hood back and fasten the head of your clit in a little steel clamp, which he'll use to stretch it out, kind of like this, and then drive the needle through the middle of it,' he said, taking her clitoris firmly between his fingertips and testing how far he could coax the glistening button of flesh out from under its hood. Jennifer moaned suddenly, her legs began to shake, and her grip on my hand tightened urgently. As Ramer continued to manipulate her clitoris, her inner labia slowly--almost imperceptibly--opened on their own, signaling that her young body was ready for copulation, and she suddenly screamed 'daddy!' as a copious amount of fluid was released from her opening--a large glistening bead of perfectly clear liquid suspended at the end of a crystalline strand of female cum which swung pendulously with her spasms. The freshly exposed flesh of her entrance was slick and richly pink, and the room quickly filed with the warm, pungent scent of a young girl's orgasm as her entire body tensed and then relaxed with a series of deep trembles.  
  
As she shuddered to a stop, breathing heavily and supporting herself with her hands on our shoulders, Ramer let go of her clitoris and we sat quietly for a moment, letting her cool down while we enjoyed the timeless sight of a beautiful young girl in heat. Her arms and chest were damp with sweat, her ponytail had begun to come undone, and her tank top was soaked through, clinging to her skin and slipping completely off her left breast, which hung free in the cool air of the bedroom. Her dark nipple was rock hard, and the skin of her areola was deeply textured and wrinkled. Her vagina gaped open, allowing us a view into her body as it offered itself for penetration. Periodically it would contract gently, then open again, each time releasing more clear, viscous fluid, which would collect at the bottom of her open slit until it spilled over and hung in yet another long strand.  
  
Ramer chuckled. 'Well, does all that sound like something you'd want to go through?' he asked wryly.  
  
Jennifer nodded, her chest heaving, a somewhat confused look on her face. She tried to gather herself, foggily clutching her tank top as she remembered that she was supposed to be keeping herself exposed for us. 'Yes...I mean...I don't know why that happened...I don't know WHAT happened...'  
  
'It's perfectly normal, Jennifer,' Ramer said, soothingly. 'And I think we can say that you're a very healthy girl, who just likes the idea of being tied up. Have you been reading books about that kind of thing?'  
  
Jennifer nodded breathlessly, and Ramer smiled. 'After your Festival, I'm sure that you'll find that many men will be happy to help you explore that interest. My goodness,' he murmured, looking her up and down, 'you are quite delicious, aren't you? That tank top is going to make you catch a cold. Let's go ahead and take that off, shall we?' Jennifer nodded, and as she unsteadily complied, pulling the damp piece of cloth over her head, Ramer took the opportunity to dip his index finger into her entrance, scoop up some of her cum, and taste it. He smiled and licked his lips.  
  
'Oh, now that is good,' he said. 'Robert, there is nothing like the taste of a new girl. You need to try this.'  
  
In spite of myself, I wanted nothing more than to do just that. I had achieved the mental state I had been striving for--it no longer mattered that it was my daughter standing naked in front of me. After the last half hour, she was now just a fresh, naked, dripping young girl whose body was crying out to be bred, and my cock was fully prepared to do the job.  
  
It was a fascinating, liberating state. My body wanted hers with undifferentiated biological urgency--I wanted to eat her alive, to throw her down on her bed and drive her into the mattress, to split her open with my cock and fill her with load after load of semen. But incredibly, I also knew with calm certainty that I would never actually do that, and that I didn't actually WANT to do that to my daughter. I was like an observer of myself, and I was able to note my body's response to her separately from my actual purposes and desires for my daughter. Of course I would never actually breed her, but there was nothing wrong with tasting her sex. It was just one more important piece of information I should know about her as I released her to her sexual career with other men. She was now a teaching tool, and I was simply learning everything that a father should learn about his daughter's body, not because I wanted to take her, but because knowing these things and being able to discuss them with other men was what a father did, and was important to her future.  
  
I reached between her legs and caught a large drop just as it began to fall from her vagina and brought it to my mouth, the strand following my fingers and stretching from her entrance to my lips as I swallowed her clear girl-cum. She was a little salty, a little musky, with a sweet aftertaste that went down smooth. Ramer and I both went back for seconds and then thirds, discussing the intricacies of her flavor profile, as Jennifer stood obediently still and continued producing her sweet nectar for us, each dip of our fingers into her opening being met by yet another little rush of syrupy fluid and accompanied by an insistent moan from from the back of my daughter's throat. Ramer ran his hands over her body, constricting her throat, grabbing her hair, squeezing her breasts and flicking her nipples, keenly observing her responses and noting what kinds of touches seemed most effective at eliciting more vaginal fluid. He held her open with one hand and slowly applied a strong, steady pressure to her nipple with the other while I swirled my finger around the base of her entrance, and suddenly she came again with a scream and a shudder, and nearly collapsed. Ramer grabbed her and helped her lay down on the bed. She lay there, exhausted, her legs akimbo, her eyes half-closed, her pussy leaking into the bedspread.  
  
Ramer adjusted his cock in his slacks and looked at me.  
  
'Well, was that helpful for you?' He asked  
  
'More than you know,' I answered. 'Thank you so much for your time. I learned a lot, and I'm excited to use a lot of this information with her younger sisters when it's time for them, too. What do I owe you, sir?'  
  
Ramer dismissed the question with a wave of his hand, then turned a hungry gaze back to Jennifer's body.  
  
'Don't worry about it,' he said, 'I'll be back through town after the Festival, and I'll stop by here to spend some one-on-one time with this little filly here. I think that sounds like a fair price.'  
  
'Absolutely,' I laughed, 'She'll be ready for you. And I think she'll make it more than worth your while.'  
  
'Excellent,' Ramer smiled. 'Jennifer, it was lovely to meet you, and I'll be seeing you again in a few weeks. Robert, I'll be going now; one of my friends texted me earlier that he's coaching a curvy little 20-year-old blonde just down the road in perfecting her bowjob technique, and that she could use some more practice as soon as he's done. He's really taken an interest in helping her improve; I'm sure you'd be welcome to join us and assist. Practice makes perfect, you know, and he'd appreciate any feedback you could give her.'  
  
I thanked him for his tempting offer, but since we had a lot to work on this close to the Festival, I decided I should stay here and start styling Jennifer's pubic hair.  
  
'And also,' I said severely, glancing down and seeing Jennifer's hand had crept between her legs and she was stealthily rubbing herself, 'it looks like before we do that, we may need to spend some time learning a little discipline.' Jennifer's hands flew back to her sides in a failed attempt to feign innocence, Ramer dismissed himself with a knowing smile, and I unbuckled my belt and pulled it from my pants…

**The Festival Ch. 04**

**I.**  
  
The Festival was only a week away, and as we moved to the final phase of our preparations we knew it was still important to focus on the fundamentals.  
  
One of these was keeping Jennifer in peak physical condition, and we prioritized her exercise and nutrition. Three days a week she trained with a personal trainer at a gym downtown, and her discipline and commitment had paid off in a big way.  
  
Today was her last session, and so I loaded her and Selena and Serena, her younger twin sisters, into the car.  
  
Steve Montgomery had built a reputation for results in training young girls for their Festival, and he ran a series of small-group classes out of his well-equipped facility. There were four girls in Jennifer's group, and they had been training together for six months.  
  
The other fathers and I would typically stay for the sessions, sitting on benches along the wall of the gym and talking amongst ourselves while our daughters worked out.  
  
The other girls were filtering in as we arrived and Steve greeted each one with a big smile and a high-five. Once they'd stowed their jackets and gym bags in the lockers by the door, giggling and talking as they pulled their hair back into ponytails and filled their water bottles, he clapped his hands to get their attention.  
  
'Alright, ladies,' he said, 'let's get started! This is your last session, and I'm so proud of everything you've accomplished. Before we begin, let's weigh and measure so we can see the final results of all the hard work you've put in. Go ahead and undress, and line up right here in front of me, please.'  
  
The giggling started again as the girls complied, and we were treated to the always-lovely sight of four lithe young women peeling out of their sports bras, yoga pants, and panties, which they folded neatly and stowed next to their lockers.  
  
Selena and Serena watched with rapt attention; they were fascinated by each part of the preparation their older sister had undergone for her Festival, and they drank in every detail of the process unfolding before them. They knew that soon it would be their turn to be on that floor, training with Steve or some other fitness coach.  
  
The newly naked girls then lined up in order of height in front of Steve, their hands at their sides. Jennifer was second from shortest, and on her right, slightly taller, was Liya Milano.  
  
Liya's mother was French and Indian, and her father was Sicilian. She was dark-skinned and dark-eyed, with spectacular breasts that hung with a tangible weight but which were perfectly suspended from her lean torso, and were capped by a pair of large, dark nipples the color of milk chocolate which seemed to be the size of my thumbs and which, despite the impressive size of her breasts, pointed at a distinct upward angle.  
  
Her stomach was flat and defined, plunging toward a rich, dark vulva whose full lips were on full display due to the brazilian waxing that left the soft skin of her genitals smooth and exposed. The rest of her body, however, seemed to be covered in a fine, nearly invisible peach fuzz of light hair which caused her dark skin to shimmer with light. I thought she was perhaps the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and I told her father, Tavio, so.  
  
On Jennifer's left, and the shortest of the group, was Kelly Edwards, a curvy, compact firecracker of black and Puerto Rican descent. Her brown eyes sparkled constantly with mischief, and her hair was a jet-black mane of curls that bounced with all the energy and vitality of her personality.  
  
She moved like a dancer with a sensuous swing of her hips, and her butt was spectacularly round and full. Six months of exercise had only accentuated its curvature and firmness, and it was possibly her best feature-I had an irresistible urge to bite it.  
  
Her breasts were nothing to sniff at however, and were tidy, round B-cups with unusually small nipples which were nonetheless insistently erect in the cool air of the gym, as if refusing to let some of their larger counterparts in the room get all the attention.  
  
Her pussy was largely hidden by a dense, close-trimmed thicket of curly hair which had been sculpted into a triangle fitting perfectly between the junction of her legs. One could only imagine the rich pinkness to be discovered should one undertake an exploration between her folds, and her flirtatious demeanor and evident pride in her body promised a richly pleasurable reward if one was successful.  
  
The tallest of the group as Corinna Denkel, a tall, leggy blond with statuesque germanic features, delicate lips, and a spectacular set of breasts which jutted forward with impressive prominence and were so full that they joined together in her cleavage forming an unusual and highly arousing sort of single mammary mass.  
  
Her areolas were faint, only slightly darker than her white skin, and her nipples were inverted, with a little pucker in each one, as if they were shy and needed some friendly, gentle stimulation to help them pop out.  
  
Her vagina was an exquisite, long, clean cleft between two perfectly symmetrical lips, which were adorned with a light scattering of blond hair trimmed into a small landing strip which did nothing to conceal the slight separation between them and the delicate, frilled edges of her inner labia hanging within.  
  
And finally, of course, there was my Jennifer-sleek and fine-featured, with her pert young breasts, long brunette hair, and her tight little bottom. She'd always been relatively thin, and I was pleased with the amount of toned muscle she'd developed in the course of her training. She was still very lean, however, and her butt cheeks were exactly the perfect size for a large man to cup in his hands.  
  
We'd groomed her pubic hair as Ramer had suggested, and the results were gratifying-her sculpted pussy sported a dark landing strip which started at the top of her slit, and transitioned to a shorter, closely-trimmed peach fuzz all along her outer labia.  
  
The effect was of a two-tone highlight that perfectly framed her shapely clitoral hood, which even now seemed to be partially drawn back to expose the head of her little button to our view. The other fathers were impressed and intrigued with how it had turned out. Carl, Kelly's father, turned to the twins with a twinkle in his eye and chuckled good-naturedly.  
  
'So, do all the Stevenson girls do their hair like that?'  
  
Generally the shyer of the two, Selena blushed, bit her lip, and looked coyly away; Serena, however, simply took the question at face value and grinned at Carl.  
  
'Aaaaactually,' she explained with an endearing frankness, undoing the fly of her jeans and tugging the front of her panties down to show him, 'I do mine more like a...'  
  
I shot a dirty look at Carl, who was a habitual pranskter. 'Whoa, whoa, whoa!' I exclaimed, 'let's put those back on, little lady! Mr. Edwards is joking. He doesn't want to see your girl parts-I mean, he doesn't NEED to see them. We'll save that for later, okay?'  
  
Carl chuckled again as Serena complied. 'That's alright, Serena,' he laughed, 'thank you for wanting to show me. When's your Festival?'  
  
'In two years,' Serena answered, a little hurt at my admonition.  
  
'Well,' Carl said sincerely, 'that little peek you just gave me has me very excited for that day. I can't wait to get a good look at how you style yourself down there.'  
  
'Me too!' Serena perked up, 'Maybe I can show you first of all!'  
  
'I'd like that, Serena,' Carl said. 'Your dad and I will talk about it.'  
  
Confident that my daughter's lady bits were safely back in her pants, I turned back to the action in the gym.  
  
Steve surveyed the variety of exposed femininity before him, and smiled with pride. He had certainly good reason-all our daughters looked outstanding, and it was largely due to his particular genius for exercise and nutrition.  
  
Motioning Corinna to step forward, he had her step on a scale, then used a calipered instrument to measure her bodyfat percentage by lightly pinching the skin above her hip, on the side of her right breast three inches from the edge of her areola, her inner thigh two inches below the bottom of her vagina, and her right buttock. Then he used a tape to measure her waist, hips, thigh, and arms.  
  
Carefully he measured her bust (taking care to center the tape across her nipples), the distance between her nipples, and the width of the gap between her thighs. Working his way down the line, he repeated the process with each of the girls.  
  
Steve worked with a cool professionalism, and the girls obligingly accommodated him as he maneuvered around their bare bodies.  
  
Liya seemed a little shy of the process, but knew better than to resist; Kelly, however, giggled incessantly as if the calipers and tape tickled. When Steve knelt in front of her and asked her to stand with a slightly wider stance so that he could pinch her inner thigh, she instead lifted her leg high and set her foot on his knee, thrusting her hips toward his face in a show of eagerness to help which had the added effect of offering her pussy to him.  
  
The fathers chuckled-we all knew that Kelly's dad was going to have his hands full with that girl after the Festival, and had probably had his hands full with her until now, anyway.  
  
When he'd finished all the measurements, he had the girls stand against the wall while took a photo of them from the front, the side, and the back. He had done this during the first session six months ago, and when he pulled up the original pictures and showed them to us, they were greeted with cheers and applause. Each girl had transformed dramatically-their stomachs were more defined, their waists narrower, their bottoms tighter and rounder, and their arms more toned. Steve and his program had been worth every penny.  
  
As they had finished their measurements the girls had begun warming up for their workout, and once Steve had managed to complete taking Kelly's numbers without allowing her to take advantage of him, he began the day's training.  
  
The girl's workouts generally consisted of several circuits of several exercises they rotated through for short periods of time, and Steve's focus was on maintaining a lot of intensity and working the whole body for leanness and tone, while working certain muscles in isolation to help each girl sculpt her body the way she wanted.  
  
They worked out in the nude, since the primary objective of all of this was to perfect their naked bodies for the Festival, and in order for Steve to fine-tune their regimen he had to be able to observe their bodies in motion, in every detail.  
  
Today they did a series of exercises for arms and shoulders, as well as climbing on a stairmill for several minutes, and using a machine designed to help tone and sculpt their glutes. This consisted of a bench on which the girl would lie on her back, extend her legs straight toward the ceiling and insert her feet into straps attached to weighted cables, then smoothly and slowly open and close her legs as wide as she could. Steve coached with a lot of energy and enthusiasm, and remained for the most part near the cable apparatus, helping the girls get their feet in the straps and ensuring they were activating the muscles of their bottom properly.  
  
The other fathers and I always enjoyed watching our daughters train; they pushed themselves hard, and Steve had a gift for getting the most out of them.  
  
Only a few minutes into the workout they were breathing hard, their smooth skin glistening with sweat, their muscles tensing and stretching with each repetition of their exercises.  
  
Each time Steve had them rotate to a new station, we'd watch as the next girl mounted the stairmill and began climbing, her hips swaying hypnotically and her legs and glutes tensing as beads of sweat formed on the undersides their breasts and ran down her stomach, drenching her pubic hair and rolling down her inner thighs.  
  
Jennifer and Liya were never that excited about working out, though they did their best. Corinna, however, was a star volleyball player at her high school and was an enthusiastic athlete; Kelly was simply highly competitive and refused to back down to a challenge, thus most workouts turned into a spirited contest between the two seemingly mismatched young girls to see who could lift the most, move the fastest, and push harder. Steve was always happy to spur on the rivalry, and today the glute apparatus became the focal point.  
  
Good-natured trash-talk flew back and forth between gasps for air, and as soon as one of them had finished her sprint on the stairmill she would practically dive onto her back on the bench, throw her legs in the air, and chide Steve if he didn't get her feet in the straps quickly enough.  
  
As soon as she was secured, Steve would kneel between her legs at the foot of the bench and lightly cradle her bottom in his hands, his thumbs on either side of her vagina, in order to help her properly flex her butt as she worked. Then she'd open her legs wide until Steve counted a complete rep (he was a stickler for good form, and ensured the girls didn't cheat by only doing half-reps), bring her feet back together, and repeat as many times as she could before it was time to rotate to the next station.  
  
Corinna was very strong, and it was exhilarating see her powerful thighs in action as she breathed deeply through her nose and emitted gentle grunts from the back of her throat with each repetition. Her long legs moved in great sweeping arcs through the air as she worked.  
  
Not to be outdone, however, Kelly had Steve add more weight on her last set. It was a little more than she could actually handle, and she struggled for her last reps, moaning and shaking on the bench.  
  
Just when she thought she was done, Steve suddenly told her to do three more, and she screamed with effort as she tried to spread her legs one last time. Steve placed his hands on the insides of her thighs and gently pressed them open, keeping her hips down on the bench with a steady pressure as she pushed herself to the limit, her head thrown back and her mouth wide. Steve smiled and rallied her with his coach's voice.  
  
'You got this, girl!' he said, 'Don't quit! Look at me-LOOK AT ME and give me ONE MORE-spread 'em for me, Kelly! Atta girl!'  
  
The exhausted girl complied, raising her head and locking eyes with her trainer as they worked together to open her legs and sculpt her amazing butt. As her legs reached the fully spread position her pussy opened itself up, and I was delighted to see that I had been right about the deep, rich pink coloration of her interior. The inner surfaces of her vagina were slick, and while it was impossible to tell if it was her natural lubricant or simply some of the copious sweat that coated her entire body, the obviously engorged state of her labia hinted strongly at the former.  
  
Steve let her legs go and the young girl lay on the bench panting. Her eyes were closed; her legs, still suspended in the cables by her ankles, waved weakly in the air akimbo, and her little nipples, looking painfully hard, rode up and down on her heaving bosom.  
  
'That was AWESOME,' Steve laughed, playfully smacking her on the butt in congratulation before undoing the straps that attached her to the machine. 'You guys all did awesome today!'  
  
The other girls were in similar happy states of fatigue, and were scattered about the gym sitting on benches and sprawled on the floor. Steve helped them up, gave them each a high-five and a smack on the bottom, made some final recommendations for their nutrition in the final days of their preparation, and then the girls showered, dressed, and we were ready to leave.

**II.**  
  
As we left the gym, we invited Carl, Kelly, Tavio, and Liya to join us for our traditional post-workout smoothie trip. They were happy to oblige, and we walked down the block to a little cafe that served frozen yogurt and healthy smoothies, the girls chatting and laughing as we went.  
  
As we settled into one of the large booths, two cute young girls walked in, ordered frozen yogurts, and sat across the room at another booth.  
  
They were well-dressed and attractive, in very tight short shorts, heels, and thin camisole tops which did nothing to hide the fact that they were braless.  
  
The blond was curly-haired and fine-featured, with small breasts that seemed to point straight out from her chest, while her brunette friend was a little curvier, with wavy hair pulled into a loose ponytail and a fairly abundant bosom that stretched the fabric covering it. We watched them out of the corner of our eyes as our daughters talked away together.  
  
Tavio and Carl both had older daughters who had celebrated their Festival, and I could see that they were considering exercising their educational responsibilities on the two young ladies. I had to admit I was filled with an impatient envy; I couldn't wait to be able to simply walk up to any girl I wanted and have sex with her, like they could.  
  
Before they could act, however, another gentleman walked over to them from his seat at the window. He was around fifty years old, and had a kind face, steel-gray hair, and wore a nice suit. I guessed he was an attorney.  
  
He pulled a chair up to the booth the girls were sitting in, and started a conversation with them. We caught bits and pieces from our seats, and watched as he introduced himself to them and asked to see their ID's.  
  
The girls smiled and retrieved them from their purses; both cards were light green in color, which meant that the holders had celebrated their Festivals and were available for training at the discretion of any father of a Festival graduate. The older man smiled back, and asked if they had ever had sex with a man while another girl licked their pussy; both of them shook their heads shyly, and the man smiled again.  
  
'This is a great thing for you to be familiar with,' he said. 'It allows the man to enjoy the experience of your body while the other girl's job is to stimulate you to orgasm. Every time she licks your clit, your pussy will tighten, giving the man even more pleasure, while he simply focuses on pleasing himself with his cock inside you. It makes a better experience for everyone involved. I'd like to show you now, please, what it's like. Please stand up and remove your clothes, both of you.'  
  
The girls complied; it was obvious it wasn't their favorite idea, but they knew that they were legally required to learn as much about sex as they could, from any qualified male who offered to teach them. Standing up by their booth, they stripped off their tops and their shorts and stood in front of their new teacher, naked except for their heels and their jewelry.  
  
They were both fantastic specimens; long-legged with toned arms. The blonde's nipples were surprisingly large and already were crinkled in the cool air of the shop.  
  
Her pussy was a clean little peach-slit with a thin scattering of light hair across her mound. Her dark-haired friend was beautifully curvy, with a lovely set of breasts that hung a little low, but were firm-looking and well shaped, and her thick, dark pubic hair was trimmed to a tight triangle that ended just at the base of her clitoris.  
  
Both girls' expressions combined a little embarrassment with a little boredom; their Festival had evidently been fairly recent, but they were already becoming used to the rigorous demands of this new phase of their life.  
  
The man took a moment to survey the young bodies in front of him, evidently contemplating his best plan of attack.  
  
Stepping forward, he lightly squeezed the blonde's nipples between his thumb and forefinger, then gently explored her pussy, carefully noting her reactions. With a firm grip on shoulder he turned her 180 degrees and asked her to widen her stance and arch her back, then with his other hand he carefully inspected her buttocks-tracing the smooth surface of her young skin and her taut, toned musculature-and slid between them, pressing his thumb gently against her anus and rubbing his finger in tiny circles around her little star as he observed her reflexes clench and relax her sphincter, and spreading her labia to access her moist insides.

He then moved to the brunette and repeated his evaluation. Unlike the blonde, who stood stock-still as the man explored her private areas, we were impressed to see the darker-haired girl part her knees and squat slightly to accommodate his hand, apparently in an effort to penetrate herself with his finger-not just her vulva, but also as he probed her anus. Her enthusiastic attitude was mirrored by the impressive amount of fluid which instantly coated the man's fingers when he separated her labia. The little brunette's body was clearly hot to trot, and hungry for copulation.Satisfied that the girls were worth spending some time and effort training, the man stepped back, undid his belt, freed his semi-erect penis, and invited the girls to begin their lesson by practicing their blowjob technique. They both began immediately, nuzzling, licking, and sucking as they urged his cock into a state capable of teaching them what he had in mind.Tavio whispered to Carl, and they both rose and walked over to the man and introduced themselves. The man, who was named Eric, shook their hands and introduced them to the girls, blond Hannah and brunette Angie, who simply greeted Carl and Tavio by politely making eye contact, offering their hands for a shake, and mumbling softly. They were well-trained enough to know that good manners forbade them from removing their mouths from a cock until instructed, even if they were meeting new people.Tavio explained why they had come over.'We were just admiring these two ourselves, and overheard what you're getting ready to teach them, and we wondered if you'd mind if we helped teach them some stuff too,' he said.'Not at all,' Eric replied, his hands on both the girls' heads as they continued to service him. 'What did you have in mind?'Tavio knelt down next to the naked girls, who looked at him without missing a lick on Eric's now fully-erect penis.'Have either of you girls ever had three men in a row? It's called having a train run on you.'They both shook their heads, their eyes widening slightly.Carl crouched down alongside Tavio, and asked, 'And have you ever drunk semen, other than swallowing it from a blowjob?'They girls shook their heads again.Eric laughed and said he liked how the other two men thought, and, as he was ready now, he motioned for Hanna and Angie to stand up.As they rose they took the opportunity to protest that they weren't supposed to be required to have sex more than twice in a day. Tavio explained that while that was normally the case, the three men were preparing to teach the girls about sex acts that by definition involved multiple men, so in reality what they were about to do only really counted as one time. Carl and Eric nodded in agreement, and the girls reluctantly admitted that they were probably right.Eric then had Angie stand facing her table with her elbows on it and spread her legs, presenting her backside to him. He instructed Hanna to kneel underneath her friend and begin licking her pussy, and as she spread a combination of her saliva and Angie's vaginal lubrication all around her opening with her tongue, he grasped Angie's hips and slowly inserted his cock to its full depth.Angie gasped and struggled slightly, but quick-thinking Tavio jumped into the booth and held her arms down firmly to the cool surface of the table as Eric began thrusting deeply into the young girl's vagina. Finding his rhythm, he instructed Hanna to continue licking Angie's pussy, focusing on her clit.'Match my tempo,' he coached her, 'and start by matching my direction-when I thrust in, you lick upwards on her clit; that's really good...now I want you to go the opposite way-lick upwards as I pull my cock out...oh, that is such a good job. She's tightening on me as I withdraw. Oh my god that is sexy...'Carl meanwhile had returned from the yogurt counter with a small plastic bowl. He stood patiently by as Eric continued to work Angie's pussy with long, deliberate strokes.Angie, meanwhile, was shaking and trembling as she came closer to orgasm; her legs went out from under her occasionally, but Eric simply held her up in position by her hips, rutting her in mid-air as her feet scrambled weakly to regain their footing like Bambi on ice.Suddenly she screamed and bucked, and Eric calmly pulled his soaking cock from her hole, pushed her forward so she was lying across the table on her stomach, took the little bowl from Carl and aimed stream after stream of thick cum into it.The girls at our table and myself watched with rapt attention as Eric zipped up his slacks and commended the girls for doing a good job. Then he took his place standing next to the panting Angie as she lay on her stomach on the table, firmly holding her down with his hands on the small of her back so that Tavio could take his turn with her pussy.Tavio's large cock slid easily into the girl's slick entrance, and he wasted no time working long strokes into her as he explained how important it was for her to learn to service multiple men. Being skilled at letting three, or five-or ten-men take their turns with her, and expressing a willingness to do so, made a girl very popular; and in the end, she'd have a wider choice of life-mate.'Yes, sir, I understand,' Angie managed to gasp as Tavio trained her, and as he quickened his pace she came again, this time accompanied by a gush of fluid from her vagina that poured out onto the table on onto the floor as she screamed. Tavio withdrew his cock with a look of intense concentration as he kept himself from coming, and Angie's vagina gaped open and closed with a gentle rhythm as more clear fluid continued to stream from her entrance.Tavio took the little bowl and with a fierce grunt unleashed an extraordinary volume of semen into it to join Eric's.Carl had corralled Hanna into the booth and was having her suck his cock as he waited his turn with Angie. As Tavio finished, he traded places with Carl and instructed Hanna to carefully clean his penis with her tongue. She complied with enthusiasm, and he absently fondled her nipples as she carefully lapped the last drops of his semen from the tip of his cock, which started to rise to attention again as she licked Angie's cum from the full length of his shaft.Carl, meanwhile, had rolled the nearly senseless Angie onto her back on the table, her legs in the air, and slid into her with a smooth powerful thrust.'This is 'running of the train' on you,' he said softly to her, as he began to ram her pussy with more and more force. 'Two men is just a three-some, but when you take three or more, you're a fuck-toy. Ideally,' he said, looking around, 'we'd have a couple more guys to jump in here. She needs to be properly fucked.''I do, I do,' Angie whispered, her eyes rolled back as she took the full length of Tavio's seven-inch shaft. 'Please, sir, I want to be fucked by all the men...please, bring more men to fuck me...as many as you think I need, sir...'Angie's breasts bounced and heaved, and her nipples were extremely erect. Carl squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples roughly as he fucked her. The pain seemed to bring her back to consciousness, and she began to struggle on the table as she moaned with each of his thrusts. Tavio and Eric quickly held her down by her shoulders as Carl continued to teach the young girl about taking three men in a row.I was extremely hard; it was all I could do to keep my hands to myself as I sat in our booth with five gorgeous girls who were obviously all getting turned on as well. But I had to contain myself. These girls were still off-limits. Fortunately Carl came to the rescue.'Robert!' he called across to me, 'I think we should have some more cum in this cup for these girls. I know you can't fuck them, but you might as well just come over here and add yours if you like.'I was delighted to comply. I undid my pants as I walked across the room, and began stroking my cock as I watched Angie get fucked senseless by Carl. She had cum again while Carl had her on her back, and the spray of her climax had splashed over her entire body, which was slick and glistening with her own juices. She had relaxed, completely spent, and moaned quietly as Carl worked his cock in different angles in her well-used vagina. Her inner labia were large and nicely shaped, and it was beautiful to see them cling stickily to Carl's cock as he thrust over and over into her body.Her struggles had ceased; she lay there, completely open and present to the experience of being serially fucked, letting Carl do whatever he wanted to her.Eric reached between her legs and gently rolled her clitoris in his thumb and finger, and she began to shudder and buck again as she came for the fourth time. Continuing to play with her clit, Eric used his other hand to hold her down on the table by her throat as she fought and thrashed.Carl continued with his powerful thrusts, and as another gush of girl-cum rushed from her vagina he withdrew his cock, grabbed the bowl, and with a couple strokes of his hand added a tremendous load of semen to it. His was thick and ropy, and shot out with such force that it threatened to splash the previous contents out.Hanna had done such a great job with Tavio's cock that he was ready for more, and as soon as Carl stepped out of the way he practically dived into Angie's vagina, hammering her roughly for a few moments until he was ready to come again, and added his second contribution to the bowl.Seeing Angie's body getting used so fully pushed me over the edge, and I just managed to get to the bowl before launching one of the biggest loads of semen I had ever produced into it. I held myself up on the table with one hand as pulse after pulse of my cock drained my balls of cum.Eric had also recovered from his first foray, and had been absently fucking the compliant Hanna from behind, his hands on her spectacular little butt. He looked over at the motionless, soaking Angie, her chest heaving and her legs splayed unceremoniously open where Tavio had left her, her vagina pink and swollen from getting fucked five times in a row, with her labia parted and her entrance leaking onto the table, and he spoke up as I finished my orgasm.'You know, fellas, it looks like Angie has been pretty well trained for today. I suggest that we have little Hanna here drink the contents of that bowl. I also suggest that we make it more interesting and educationally valuable by having her take cum into her body from both ends simultaneously-as she drinks our semen, I will come inside her. She'll benefit from the unique experience of becoming simply a vessel for sperm, receiving it from multiple sources into multiple openings.'We all agreed that seemed a reasonable conclusion to the lesson, and Tavio picked up the bowl. It was full to the brim-nearly half a cup's worth-and was a milky white, stringy mass of liquid. One could only imagine the countless millions of little swimmers that would soon be swishing around the tongue and teeth of the adorable little naked blonde girl.Eric slowed his pace and withdrew most of his cock from Hanna's body, leaving just the head of his penis just inside her. We could see he was very hard, and he was obviously controlling himself in order to time his climax with her drinking of the protein-rich concoction we had all helped to make for her.Hanna had been slow to warm to the whole idea of this training session-she had obviously just wanted to get a smoothie with her friend-but as was so often the case with these young girls, once she was naked and in action, her body and her instincts had taken over. Having several cocks inside her over the past twenty minutes had revved her little motor, and the few drops of Tavio's semen she had lapped up during her cleaning duties had whet her appetite for male cum.Now she pouted as Eric pulled most of his cock's length from her pussy, and she looked hungrily at the bowl Tavio handed her. Tavio kept one hand on the bowl and took hold of Hana's ponytail to prevent her from drinking until Eric gave the signal.Carl was gently massaging the exhausted Angie's breasts and pussy. His cock was no longer hard, yet it was still swollen and quite large, and as Angie lay on her back on the table he opened her mouth and inserted it between her thirsty lips. Her eyes were closed, and she latched on instantly like a kitten, moaning quietly and humming softly to herself as she suckled on the largest cock she had ever had, which had fucked her so roughly just a few minutes before.Carl sweetly stroked her dark hair and caressed her cheek in a fatherly way while rhythmically circling her sensitive clitoris with his fingertips, and in a low voice urged her to milk every last drop of thick, pungent semen from his body.Eric resumed fucking the young blond, who had begun to grind against him and fight Tavio for the bowl of semen.I was hard again and was about to ask if it was too late to add another load when suddenly Eric nodded to Tavio, who kept his hold on Hanna's hair but released the bowl. Hanna began draining the contents, careful to spill none of the viscous liquid, and Tavio froze, holding perfectly still as his cock pumped visibly in the young girl's vagina, filling her with semen from behind while she filled her own belly with long mouthfuls of cum down her throat.I was suddenly over the edge, my cock erupting in a second orgasm of such force and volume of semen that you'd think I hadn't cum in a week. I tried to aim for the bowl so Hanna could drink it with the rest, but most of my first several blasts hit her in the face, running into her eyes and shooting up her nose. as she had tipped her chin up to finish her bowl of cum.She tried to avoid the worst of it, but Tavio and Eric held her still and ensured that she took every shot I had left, and her struggles only added stimulation to Eric's orgasm as he continued coating her slick vaginal walls with his cum.As everyone disentangled, Hanna and Angie each a gooey mess at both ends and the men well satisfied, we dressed and commended the young ladies on their commitment and willingness to learn. It was obvious they both had a bright future ahead of them, and we were sure that what they had learned today would only enhance their skill at pleasure.Our daughters welcomed us back, wide-eyed and excited-and obviously aroused-at what they had just witnessed, and we gathered our things and left, answering the many questions our young girls had.They were intensely interested in the 'why's' and 'how's', and to the best of our ability we explained what was so important about what we had taught Hanna and Angie.There was some concern from a couple of the girls-Liyah was a little upset about the prospect of drinking semen, and Jennifer was surprised and taken aback by the size of Carl's cock and was uncertain if she could even handle something like that if a man Carl's size wanted to train her-but we assured them that they'd be great in any circumstance they found themselves in since we loved them and would make sure that any training they received would be within the capabilities of their bodies.We said goodbye to the others in the parking lot, and headed home for dinner. I had a huge appetite after the afternoon's adventure.

**The Festival Ch. 05**

It was a pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I was spending it watching football with my friend James Baker on the big screen in my den. The Festival was only a week away, and life had been so busy and I had been feeling so much pressure in the preparations, it felt great to relax and just enjoy some quiet guy time for a little bit.  
  
The game had reached a critical moment, and we watched with bated breath, ready to cheer or jeer, when we were interrupted by a crash from upstairs and the sound two angry female voices raised well above respectable levels.  
  
'I said, don't touch my stuff!'  
  
'I didn't touch it-you shouldn't leave it laying around in the hallway!'  
  
'If you'd just watch where you're going-'  
  
'Girls!' I bellowed, 'come here!'  
  
After a beat of guilty silence, the twins stomped resignedly down the stairs. They were an odd couple today-Selena had evidently just finished a shower, and her freshly-scrubbed little body stood before us behind a towel that was scarcely wide enough to cover her most important upstairs and downstairs bits at the same time, her damp blond hair falling over her shoulders. Her sister Serena wore the usual around-the-house outfit of a light, loose-fitting tank top and her cotton panties, but she carried a lacrosse stick. Both girls had a fiery look in their eyes, and they proceeded to have a meltdown in front of James and me.  
  
Apparently Serena was getting ready to go to lacrosse practice and had staged her gear in the hall outside their bedroom, and Selena had tripped on it and scattered it about when she emerged from the bathroom. The strident nature of the argument that ensued seemed completely out of proportion to the magnitude of the event, but as we tried to sort it out, Selena simply walked away and went back upstairs, the full curves of her butt cheeks, which the towel could never hope to cover, disappearing around the corner of the landing.  
  
Serena responded by bursting into angry tears, and I took her into my arms and tried to comfort her, giving a bewildered look at James as I did so. How could something so seemingly minor create such a dramatic, overwhelming emotional response?  
  
Tears finally dried, Serena pulled herself together and headed off to practice like the champ she was, and I shook my head at James.  
  
'How on earth are you supposed to deal with that?' I asked. 'It's been getting worse, too. They seem at each other's throats half the time, and Serena seems to overreact to everything. I just don't know what to do. She's always been the fiery one, but lately is getting hard to live with.'  
  
James nodded. 'I totally get it. Kerry was the same way last year. It's just part of that age I think. But have you had her do any sessions with a feminine relaxation therapist? That really helped Kerry.'  
  
'No-I have heard about it, but not enough to know that it would work for her.'  
  
'It was great for Kerry. Her mood improved, her grades got better, and she did better in soccer, too. Girls that age just have a lot of stuff going on inside, and a good therapist can give them the outlet they need to release that tension so they can focus on other stuff in their life. Here, take this number and call Dr. Andrew Freeman. He's the best.  
  
'Starting high school was really stressful for Kerry. She had a hard time making friends at first, and she felt overwhelmed by her studies. We started taking her to him once or twice a week when she was a freshman, and those appointments became her favorite part of her week. He really helped her a lot. She had her Festival last year, of course, and she's kept very busy with her training schedule-it's really been amazing how many men are lined up to help teach her-but she still speaks fondly of Dr. Andrew and how much she misses him.'  
  
'Once or twice a week? Wasn't that expensive?'  
  
'Less than you'd think-there are different packages to choose from. But it was absolutely worth every penny. Living with teen girls is hard enough as it is these days; why not take advantage of every modern option to make it easier?'  
  
I was grateful for James' recommendation, and later that afternoon I called Dr. Andrew's office and managed to schedule an appointment for Serena for Monday afternoon. I looked forward to finding out how effective the treatment would be for my daughter.  
  
The following day I was finishing some work in the yard when the girls came home from school. As usual, they were in a hurry to get upstairs and change. Their school uniforms were not the most comfortable outfits, but comfort wasn't their main design principle. In keeping with the usual customs that girls should wear the minimum amount of clothing necessary for any given situation, and that whatever they wear should serve to showcase the assets of their young bodies, the Academy they attended had clear guidelines of dress meant to help in the acculturation of young women in preparation for the Festival.  
  
Short, dark-blue skirts were the rule; hemlines were prohibited from extending more than four inches below the bottom of a student's crotch when viewed from the front, and the girls were regularly subject to unscheduled uniform checks by school officials. Senior school staff carried small rectangular wooden blocks approximately four inches long and two inches wide for this purpose; if a girl was suspected of wearing non-regulation skirt, she could be stopped anywhere on school grounds. The staff member would raise the girl's skirt and instruct her to hold the wooden block between her legs, ensuring that it sat flush against her vulva. If none of the block was visible below the hem of her skirt once it had been returned to its usual position, disciplinary action could follow-usually entailing the confiscation of the offending skirt, and the student completing her school day in her panties.  
  
Panties were also subject to school regulation; according to the handbook we received with the twins' enrollment they were to be "constructed only from white, unpatterned fabric of a sheerness sufficient that most details of the student's vulva (including, but not limited to, inner or outer labia, clitoral hood and clitoris, and pubic hair) can be easily ascertained by a casual observer", and had to be either bikini briefs or boy-shorts. A skirt check offered a convenient opportunity to also verify that a student's panties conformed to the requirements, and if they did not, similar punishment could follow.  
  
Additionally, they wore white button-down blouses made from a very light fabric, and these could only be buttoned to the midpoint of the girl's chest in order to fully display her cleavage. The rules also stipulated half-cup shelf bras, which provided some support while ensuring the student's nipples were in direct contact with her blouse; the combination of the constant stimulation of the light cloth and the freely-circulating air was designed to keep their nipples erect and visible through their blouse for most of the day.  
  
Erect nipples were considered important enough, however, that they were not to be left to chance; the regulations handbook explained that "if climate and clothing conditions prove to be insufficient to generate the desired effect, the student is expected to take the initiative and do whatever is necessary to keep her nipples in a firm and alert state". Uniform checks applied here as well; if a student's nipples were lacking, the inspecting staff member had authority to render discipline. Most girls did a good job keeping their nipples up to standard, however, and so rather than punish the occasional offender, the inspecting staff member would often instead resort to his responsibility as educator and counselor to his young charge, taking a moment to personally aid the struggling student and help return her nipples to the required state with a firm, experienced pedagogical hand.  
  
Sexual contact was considered inappropriate in a school setting, given the fact that some students, including my daughters, had not yet celebrated their Festivals, but the main purpose of this was to introduce them to the concept of public access to their sex, and normalize it. The first step was getting them accustomed to having their genitals available for the enjoyment of others, even though at this stage nobody would take advantage of the opportunity beyond the pleasure of occasionally catching a glimpse of their nether parts. The girls were discouraged from attempting to avoid momentary, incidental exposures that might be caused by a gust of wind or the act of bending over to retrieve something from the ground. These became simply part of life and not a cause of alarm or shame-though they also doubtless added value to the everyday school experience of the male faculty and students.  
  
Of course, a student undergoing punishment for violating part or all of the uniform regulations was offering more than just a glimpse of her fun bits-and regardless of how many pieces of clothing she may have had confiscated, she was expected to conduct herself normally for the rest of the day. It wasn't unusual for me to pick the girls up from school in the afternoon and see three or four of their classmates emerge from the building topless, bottomless, or completely nude.  
  
This severe discipline provided the opportunity to also properly socialize the male students. Ridicule and school-boy giggling might be expected, but were in fact completely absent. Young men were raised to respect their female classmates in preparation for how they would be expected to treat young girls for the rest of their lives. The female body was something to appreciate and enjoy, not a source of humor, and boys were taught from a young age how to behave like gentlemen when in the presence of a naked girl. Touching was expressly forbidden, but they were expected to interact with her exactly the same as if she were clothed. They were also encouraged to discuss soberly among themselves the desirability of whichever body parts she has been forced to offer for their viewing pleasure, comparing notes with observations they had made about other girls' versions, and to compliment her on any specific anatomical details they found exceptionally attractive.  
  
The twins looked great in their school clothes, but were always eager to change them out for their panties and tank tops when they got home. I stopped Serena at the door, however, and told her to come with me for an adventure. A fun-loving smile on her lips, she jumped in the passenger seat of the car.  
  
Dr. Andrew's office was downtown in a pleasant complex with a fountain in the courtyard. We went in and were greeted by the receptionist, a beautiful young brunette with sparkling eyes and what could only be described as a glow about her, who introduced herself as Kate. She wore her hair in a sweeping updo, and her purple sweater was cut extremely low across her considerable bosom-her nipples pressed enthusiastically against the soft cashmere, and I absently pondered that she must have very small areolas, since somehow they managed to stay concealed while her nipples were so close to the edge of her neckline. She handed Serena a standard intake form with a smile, and asked if she'd been in to see the doctor before. Serena replied shyly in the negative, and the receptionist laughed cheerily.  
  
'Oh you are in for a treat. Dr. Andrew is the BEST. He's really why I work here-I get free treatments,' she said with a wink.  
  
Serena glanced at me with a quizzical look, but I motioned for her to sit down and fill out her form. While she did so, I picked up a card from the desk listing the services offered by the clinic:  
  
Our Standard Manual Relaxation Treatment, Including Min. One Guaranteed Climax: 45 minutes, $80 (additional time, $20/10minutes)  
  
Optional Enhancements:  
  
Electro-Stimulation: $30  
  
Paddling (Buttocks): $30  
  
Nipple Clamping: $20  
  
Penile Contact (Manual): $30  
  
Penile Contact (Oral): $40  
  
Penile Contact (Vaginal): $50  
  
Penile Contact (Anal): $60  
  
Seminal Fluid (Topical Application, price per ejaculation): $70  
  
Seminal Fluid (Internal Application, Vaginal or Anal, price per ejaculation): $80  
  
Seminal Fluid (Ingested, price per ejaculation): $90  
  
\*please note a maximum of three ejaculations for Seminal Treatments, unless previously arranged.  
  
Just then the door opened and a tall, red-bearded man who appeared to be in his late forties and in excellent shape walked in and extended his hand to us, introducing himself as Dr. Andrew. His voice was deep, and he smiled broadly at Serena as he looked her up and down.  
  
'Welcome to our clinic, Serena,' he said, 'I'm glad you're here. Won't you follow me to our treatment room in the back, and you can finish filling that out there?'  
  
We walked down a short, tastefully-lit corridor, the walls lined with art and the carpet soft under our feet. Dr. Andrew ushered us into a comfortable, windowless room, and when he closed the heavy door behind him I realized it was completely sound-proof. In the middle of the room was a long massage table which appeared to be upholstered in rich brown leather, and had soft leather straps arranged around the sides. On one wall were dark wood cabinets, and above several low bookshelves along the other wall were various anatomical charts alternating with vintage nude photographs from fifty or more years ago-classic images of beauties from my grandfather's day, some with the model's name in the corner of the picture: Caprice. Alison Angel. Connie. Katya Clover. Ariel. Next to the table stood a large basket of carefully folded towels. Soft music played, and the overall atmosphere was an odd combination of a doctor's office and a spa.  
  
I glanced at the books on the shelf next to me and read the curious, scholarly titles: "Fundamentals of Generating Neurological Cascade Phenomena Via Pudendal Stimulation-the Cox Approach". "Comparative Effectiveness of Clitoral Vibration Versus Clitoral Suction on the Secretion of Vaginal Lubrication-A Case Study". "The Grantchester Method: A New Approach to Using Seminal Plasma in Female Climax Treatments, Vol. 2 (Girls Aged 18-22)".  
  
The doctor indicated a chair in the corner for me, and gestured for Serena to hop up and take a seat on the edge of the table. She complied, and a pleasantly startled sound came from her throat.  
  
'Oh! The table is so warm!'  
  
The doctor chuckled.  
  
'Yes, we want our patients to be very comfortable, and the heated leather table seems to be a big hit,' he laughed, and took the clipboard with the intake form from her.  
  
Serena used the opportunity to rub her hands sensuously along the leather surface of the table. Glancing from the sheet to my daughter, Dr. Andrew began by making light conversation and getting to know her. He had a comfortable air about him, and I could see her rapidly grow at ease sharing her thoughts and feelings with him. Dr. Andrew went through the intake form and began to explain what he did and why Serena was there.  
  
'Your father tells me that you're feeling stressed often-would you agree, Serena?'  
  
She nodded solemnly, and explained that she felt so much pressure from school and her athletics, and that sometimes she just lost her temper and she didn't know why. Even as she talked, she bit her lip and scowled, as if fighting back frustrated tears. My heart went out to her, and I hoped with everything that Dr. Andrew's skills would help her.  
  
Dr. Andrew nodded understandingly, taking notes on the intake sheet.  
  
'I understand, Serena. And I want you to know I have helped many girls like you. You're going to feel much better after our session today, and I'm glad you came here. You've never had relaxation therapy, correct?'  
  
Serena shook her head.  
  
'That's okay,' Dr. Andrew assured her, 'let me tell you a little about what we're going to do.  
  
'Your body is changing in many ways as you grow, and it's all good changes-even just looking at you from here, I can see that you are a very healthy girl, and your development into a woman appears to be progressing very well.  
  
'But the cause of all the changes on the outside, like your breasts growing and your pubic hair coming in, is a whole complex set of chemicals inside your body that are preparing you for your duties as a woman. And that can be a messy process sometimes, and it's helpful to be able to 'reset' your chemistry, so to speak, by guiding your nervous system through a series of cycles. When we do this correctly, you may feel clear-headed, more satisfied in general, and better able to deal with people and situations. Does that make sense?'  
  
Serena nodded uncertainly.  
  
'How does that work? Like, with electricity? Will it hurt?'  
  
Dr. Andrew put his hand on her thigh and shook his head.  
  
'Absolutely not. We use trigger point techniques, similar to a massage. Certain areas of your body are rich in nerves, and by carefully, gently touching them in different combinations, we can create these cycles. The entire process is designed to feel very enjoyable.  
  
'Feminine relaxation therapy was actually a common and respected area of medical practice until about a hundred and fifty years ago, when certain ideas about the female physiology got mixed up with poor science and social theories, and the result was many decades of frustration and even suffering by girls like you. Fortunately the techniques have been rediscovered, and now you have the chance to experience a whole different level of health than even your mother and her mother, let alone further back.'  
  
Serena looked around the room, and glanced at me. I nodded.  
  
'This is supposed to be really helpful, honey,' I said. 'I think you'll like it.'  
  
Indicating the books on the shelves around us, Serena turned back to Dr. Andrew.  
  
'So these books tell you where all the right places are on me?' she asked.  
  
'That's a good question, Serena. The books give me a good idea of where to start; but every young girl's body is different, so this is really a team effort. I'll use my expertise as a starting point, but you'll be communicating with me as we go to let me know how you feel at various points, and along with some tools that I have, we'll discover the exact areas of your body that will get us the result we're looking for.'  
  
Serena nodded and smiled, placing her hand on his in a sign of trust.  
  
'Okay, that makes sense,' she said, 'thanks for explaining that. I've just never done this before, and I was kind of scared for a minute. Have you done this for other girls?'  
  
'Oh goodness yes,' Dr. Andrew assured her, 'I've been practicing feminine relaxation therapy for fifteen years. These days nearly all my patients are your age. I usually help about six girls each day. And remember, everything we do is designed to make you feel better. Shall we get started?'  
  
Serena nodded, and began to lie back on the table, but Dr. Andrew raised a hand to stop her.  
  
'Actually, Serena, before you lie down, I'm going to have you hop off the table here and undress first.'  
  
Serena froze, and looked at me. I agreed with Dr. Andrew.  
  
'It's okay, honey. He's a doctor. Remember when you were younger and Dr. Morris first got you started on your birth control?'  
  
Even though it was illegal to have sex with a girl before her Festival, sexual culture had grown so open in our society that mistakes could sometimes understandably happen-and unplanned pregnancies were simply not acceptable. A young girl's body was too valuable to be compromised in that way. Thus, the law required that all girls begin contraception upon the first sign of puberty, and for that purpose they underwent an annual physical examination with a physician.  
  
Dr. Morris was our family practitioner, and each year we brought the twins to him. He'd give them a careful inspection, and clear them for another year. A few years ago he had made his pronouncement.  
  
The girls had undressed and stood in front of him, and he clapped his hands and chuckled in congratulation.

'Ah, my young girls, you are now indeed young women! Robert, come closer and see,' he gestured to bring me to his side, and extended one hand to the chest of each girl.'See, their areolas are widening, and firm little lumps are growing under their nipples. It appears to me as if they are both preparing to develop some impressive young breasts,' he smiled, his hands moving down the front of my daughters' bodies, over their bellies and down between their legs, 'and you can see here, on both of them, some lovely, fine, silky pubic hair is coming in over along their outer labia.'The twins had giggled embarrassedly, and shifted slightly as they felt Dr. Morris' fingers trace their newly-fuzzy private areas.Dr. Morris took them gently by the arm and turned them to face away from him.'I need to verify that their pubic hair growth extends throughout their pelvic region in order to certify that they are ready to receive contraception-young ladies, bend over please, keeping your legs straight.'As the twins did so, Dr. Morris spent a few moments examining each of them, Serena first and the Selena, checking closely to see that the fine fuzz continued along their vulva and up the crack of their buttocks. He carefully spread the girls' cheeks and ran his finger across their anus and over their slit. Finally he gently pried their vulva open and examined each girl's interior, commenting favorably on the healthy, slick pinkness of their insides.Serena, at her young age, was already quite comfortable with her body around other people. The girls had grown up wearing little clothing around the house, and when out-of-town guests visited they were often treated to a 'live' update on how the girls had grown and developed since the last visit.But the girls' nudity was confined to the house for the most part, and they were never touched. This afternoon was a logical extension to how Serena had been raised, but it was a couple steps further down that road than she'd ever been.Dr. Andrew stepped in and patiently explained that her trigger areas could be in many places on her body, and direct skin contact was necessary for best results. Clothing would hinder the exploration process-and we wanted her to get the most relief.'I understand this is a new experience for you, Serena. Keep in mind that I am a professional trained in doing this, and doing it well. I would encourage you to remove any inhibitions from your mind, and simply pay close attention to how your body feels over the course of the treatment. This is going to be a learning experience for both of us, and I need you to help me so I can help you. This is for your health, and sometimes we need to be a little bit flexible in our comfort level when it comes to taking care of our bodies. Can you do that?'Serena nodded slowly, and Dr. Andrew took her by the shoulders and looked her in the eyes with a smile.'Excellent. I promise it will be worth it. Now go ahead and take off your clothes, and then you can lay on the table here, face up.' He stepped back to stand by my chair, and Serena, after giving me a rueful look, began unbuttoning her blouse while we watched her nervous fingers part the fabric and expose her smooth belly.The room was not brightly-lit, and I realized that a single light was positioned above the table and now shone down like a spotlight on Serena, highlighting her form and the gold in her hair as she stood by herself in the middle of the room, removing her clothing piece by piece while the good doctor and I watched, enraptured by her her young body as it was revealed.Her last button undone, she opened the blouse wide and eased it off her shoulders. Her breasts were large for a girl her age, and they were framed beautifully by her black shelf bra. Her nipples were small but prominent, with almost no visible areola, and they perched above the edge of her bra, pressing inquisitively into the room like kittens escaping their box to explore their surroundings. When Serena removed the bra, her breasts dropped almost imperceptibly-it was truly remarkable how well they held their form, given their size. Dr. Andrew gave a soft, appreciative grunt, and explained quietly to me that everything he was seeing helped him formulate a plan for his treatment.Keeping my eyes locked on the beautiful sight in front of me, I quietly asked the doctor a question."While we were in the waiting room, I was looking over the different treatment options you offer, Doc. Should we consider any of the additional services for Serena?""Actually, since this is Serena's first time, I think that our basic treatment will be best. That way I can focus on getting to know her body, and that knowledge will be a great foundation for success in future treatments she may opt for. In addition, most of our enhancements are not appropriate for a girl who hasn't celebrated her Festival yet-it's not time for Serena to be handling penises, I'm sure you're aware, and as she is a virgin, vaginal penetration is out of the question anyway."However, so you can keep it in mind for the future, we do offer a great set of enhancements that I'm sure she'll enjoy after her Festival. Our goal here is to help our clients reach a high level of arousal, and many girls are extremely stimulated by the presence of an erect male member-by touching it, sucking on it, or having it inside them. And research has demonstrated that semen can be particularly effective in eliciting the type of neurological activity we're attempting to achieve in some young females, so we offer treatments that include applying fresh semen to various parts of their bodies, depositing it inside them, or allowing them to drink it-in short, whatever it takes for our clients to achieve a powerful climax and the deep, beneficial relaxation and stress relief that accompanies it."I nodded, but was still unclear on the details. "So do you have sex with them?"Dr. Andrew chuckled reassuringly. "My goodness no. That would violate my responsibilities as a practitioner, and we are consummate professionals here. We are practicing medicine."We have five doctors working in this clinic, so when a client requests those enhancements, one or a few of us will assist her practitioner. For example, if after her Festival Serena were to purchase one of our more popular packages, the Double-Double, Dr. James and Dr. Noah would join us here and provide the two penises for Serena's treatment. She would have the opportunity to fellate Dr. James' penis-to suck, nibble, or simply look at and touch-whatever gave her the most pleasure-while Dr. Noah would use his penis to penetrate her vaginally. As chief practitioner in Serena's case, I would oversee the treatment process, guiding her arousal to its peak, and as she climaxed she would receive two ejaculations, one orally, the other deep in her vagina-thus the name, Double-Double: two penises, two seminal loads. Our packages like this are popular because they include a significant price discount, as well."Serena, her eyes downcast, unzipped her skirt and wriggled out of it, her backside to us, and stepped gingerly out of it. The glow from above gleamed on her smooth buttocks as she folded her skirt and blouse and set them aside, then bent over again to unbuckle the strap on her wedge heels.The twins were both athletes, and Serena had a compact, solid figure with sculpted arms and shoulders and proportionately large thighs and butt. Despite her fitness, she had a soft curviness to her that was very pleasant to look at. Her musculature was impressive, and the tone and definition in her hamstrings and back as she stood and pulled her thick blonde hair into a ponytail was mesmerizing. Sighing deeply, she turned to face us.Dr. Andrew, despite being a consummate professional, couldn't suppress a grin of delight as he took in my daughter's body with his eyes. Her stomach was flat and subtly muscled, and formed a brief transition between her impressive pair of breasts and the treasure between her legs.Serena's vulva was unique, and I'd always known this. Her broad hips, combined with her athletic build and her bit of girlish puppy fat, caused her mons to form a broad delta that drew the eye instantly. She had a perfect clamshell, but what was remarkable was the juicy thickness of her outer labia. I had never seen a thicker, fatter pussy, and I doubted Dr. Andrew had, either-two meaty lips that sealed together perfectly along their inner edges. It made you want to grab it, to bite it-thinking of prying those lips apart like two halves of a peach to taste the sweetness inside was tantalizing enough, let alone imagining the soft tightness of the grip that awaited any hard cock that pressed itself past them once she had celebrated her Festival.She kept her pubic hair trimmed neatly, but didn't shave any of it-her entire pubic area was covered in a fine, blond fuzz which, far from obscuring her genitals, actually seemed to catch the light and gave a fine golden sheen to her most personal parts.'Excellent, Serena,' Dr. Andrew smiled, gesturing at the table, 'why don't you hop up there on the table and stretch out on your back.'Serena complied, with her arms at her sides and her legs pressed together, and as she lay back Dr. Andrew let her get comfortable for a moment, then moved to her side.'The nature of what we are going to do involves your nervous system, Serena. You know how when you were a child the doctor would tap your knee with a little hammer and your leg would kick all by itself? That is a reflex, and very much the same kind of thing can happen when we do relaxation treatments, but sometimes with more of your body. It's essential that we are able to isolate the stimuli that creates the response we're looking for in your body, and then continue it until we achieve the nervous system cycle that will give you the satisfaction and relief you're seeking.'It's simply not possible to do that effectively if you're experiencing reflexive movements the whole time-your body must be still so I can focus my skills on the right areas, for the right amount of time-so we are going to use these soft leather straps to help stabilize you.'Serena looked a little surprised, but said she understood, and remained still as the doctor buckled straps around each ankle and above each knee, then drew her arms above her head and asked her to grasp her elbows while he strapped her wrists and her upper arms to the table. Moving to the middle of the table, he laid a wider strap across her lower belly and over her hip bones. It fell between her navel and the top edge of her pubic hair, and he cinched it down firmly. Finally, through a pair of narrow slits in the table on either side of her neck, Dr. Andrew fed a light strap lined with soft fur and secured her throat-more loosely than the other straps so she could breathe freely, but tight enough that she could not fully raise her head.'Are you comfortable, Serena?' He asked.Serena's eyes were closed, and she seemed to be getting more comfortable with the whole situation. She nodded.'Yes, the table is really nice and warm. I feel great.'Dr. Andrew stepped to the tall cabinet next to my chair, released the clasp, and opened the doors. Inside sat a bank of electronic equipment full of switches and buttons, and a large flat-screen monitor which he powered on. Returning to the table, he opened a drawer from under my naked daughter, and I caught a glimpse of a wide assortment of exotic looking implements. He withdrew what appeared to be a digital wristwatch, walked to the head of the table, installed it on Serena's wrist, and with the beep of a button turned it on.'This is simply a heart-rate monitor connected wirelessly to that computer over there,' he explained, pointing to the display in the cabinet which had come to life with her real-time data. 'It will help us find her optimal state for relaxation cycles.''Now we'll get started. Serena, I'd like you to spend the rest of our time together focusing on two things: being as relaxed as possible at all times, and telling me what parts of the process feel very good to you. Can you do that?'Serena nodded again, and took several deep, slow breaths to show she was cooperating.Dr. Andrew stepped to the side of the table, briefly surveyed the young body secured to it before him bathed in soft light, and gently, firmly placed both hands on her, one just below her breasts, the other just below her belly button. He left them there, feeling her breath, feeling her pulse, connecting with her nervous, naked form as he prepared to guide her through the treatment.After a few moments he felt her breathe deeply again and relax a little, becoming accustomed to his touch. Without moving his hand on her lower body, he used the other to slowly, ever-so-gently trace the contours of her upper body with just one or two of his fingertips. Barely making contact with her skin, he glided over her shoulders, her arms, her jawline and throat, and down across her clavicle and between her breasts and along her ribcage, which rose and fell with a shudder as he drew his fingers up her side, along the outside curve of her breast, and over her exposed underarm. Despite the warmth of the room and the table, a multitude of goosebumps leapt to life on her breast, and her nipple crinkled and hardened even though he hadn't actually touched it. Dr. Andrew took all this in with a clinical precision, noting the degree of sensitivity of each area of her body and the response touching it evoked from her. Her heart rate increased by about ten beats per minute. He repeated the entire course of discovery along the other side of her body, and watched with deep attention as her other nipple followed the lead of its counterpart and deepened in color as it hardened and pressed outward from her breast.Returning his hand to its place on her chest, he began a similar process with his other hand on her lower body. Down her outer thighs, calves, feet, then up her inner thighs, barely brushing through the soft hair between their juncture-Serena's hips tightened as his fingers crested the hill of her mons and pressed almost imperceptibly against her slit, and Dr. Andrew froze, leaving his fingers there, threatening to invade her most private area, holding her firmly against the table with his other hand, until she took another deep breath and loosened her body again. Satisfied that she was becoming accustomed to his touch and learning to accept his explorations, he returned both hands to their starting position and held her there for several more deep breaths.Gently bringing his hands together on her chest, he softly separated them and began caressing her breasts. His fingers slowly rode down the slope of her bosom as it dropped from her clavicle and descended toward her nipples, but just before reaching those sensitive little buttons he rolled down the sides of her full breasts, following their full curves and coming to rest at their soft underbellies, which he cupped firmly. Taking her in two generous handfuls, he squeezed gently and watched as her back arched and her nipples darkened. He began to slowly, rhythmically knead her breasts, Serena's heart rate ticked up another eight beats, and Dr. Andrew observed quietly to me that she was holding her breath. Releasing his hold, he brought his fingers to her nipples. Taking them between his thumb and forefinger, he tugged ever-so-lightly, then released them. Repeating this several times, he smiled as he watched as her nipples crinkled and hardened, countless goosebumps returning to her breasts and spreading down her lithe sides. A gasp released the pent-up air from Serena's lungs, and she laughed unexpectedly.'Oh my god, that feels really good!'Dr. Andrew chuckled approvingly and continued to play with her nipples for several more minutes, noting that she was loosening up already and was doing very well for her first time. Experimenting with different types of stimuli, he asked her what felt best. Her favorite was when he pinched quite hard for a couple seconds, then released, letting the blood flow back to her bright-pink little nubs.I noticed that Dr. Andrew maintained contact at all times with her body-both hands never left her skin at the same time, so there was a continuity of touch. Resting one hand casually on her right breast now, he reached below the table and pressed a button. Serena squeaked as she felt herself move, and I was fascinated to see that the lower half of the table was separated beneath her legs, and articulated as well. With a low hum from a motor her legs were slowly drawn up and spread apart, and her hips tilted a couple degrees forward, granting access to her entire pelvic area.Serena struggled momentarily, fighting to keep her legs together, but Dr. Andrew had secured her well, and she quickly realized her attempts to preserve some sense of modesty were futile. A pout formed on her lips as she resigned herself to Dr. Andrew's intentions for her treatment.For his part, Dr. Andrew maintained the calm air of a researcher. He paid no attention to the embarrassment that Serena was obviously experiencing, and focused a clinical attention instead on the tender female parts that had just been exposed to his view between her legs. He had a job to do, and a naive young girl's sense of privacy was irrelevant to his task. From a physiological standpoint, careful stimulation of her clitoris and other areas would produce the result he was looking for, regardless of her feelings on the matter. That's why patients were restrained, after all.Serena's vulva was beautiful. Two thick, puffy lips sealed perfectly and formed a long seam running from front to back, ending just above her anus. Her outer lips were so full that they remained completely shut, offering no hint of her inner labia or clitoris. In spite of her legs being spread by the mechanical table, only a tiny separation at the base of her slit had opened, its edges flecked with a delicate white cream that had leaked from her opening when her legs were still squeezed tightly together.Dr. Andrew muttered an appreciative 'my goodness,' under his breath, adjusted his cock in his slacks with one hand, and began to slowly, gently massage Serena's mons with the other. He stayed high on her mound, away from her slit, running his fingers softly through her short-trimmed pubic hair, then brought his thumb and fingers down both sides of her pussy and gave it a gentle squeeze.Serena moaned and protested, attempting to buck her hips to avoid his explorations. She had never been touched like this before, and the newness of the experience was obvious. Certainly she was in no pain, but simply unfamiliar with the sensation of a man's hand making itself comfortable with her genitals-and while it was doubtless pleasurable on one level, it was also invasive, authoritative, and deeply intimate, and her young mind was reeling as she began to understand that her bonds, the doctor's touch, the rush of sensation in her belly were all part of her training for her next station in life. Ultimately she would learn to offer her body like this without having to be immobilized-she would be expected to be available at nearly all times, and to respond, unconsciously, with full physiological arousal for the benefit of whichever man had selected her for an educational session.Dr. Andrew continued to pay her struggles no mind, and with one eye on the computer monitor and the other on his work, he began delicately stroking his fingertips up and down Serena's slit. I could see he was barely touching her skin-just slowly brushing along the entire length of her fat outer labia-and as her heart rate rose another ten beats to a solid 100, Serena's breathing deepened and her hips started rocking subtly in unison with his touch.

The thick white cream that had leaked from her entrance was now replaced by a viscous, crystal-clear fluid that had begun to creep from the base of her slit, and a large bead had formed and sat precariously at the edge of her opening. Dr. Andrew drew my attention to it, and continued his caresses of Serena's slit while carefully avoiding disturbing the growing drop of vaginal lubrication. Every couple strokes, however, we would notice a gentle convulsion of her vulva and anus, as if her body was trying to draw something inside it, and when the contraction passed, the shimmering drop would grow larger as more fluid was released from the young girl's hungry vagina.Finally a critical mass was reached as the droplet broke the bonds of surface tension, and a thick bead of fluid rushed over the crest of her opening and down the short slope to her anus, where it sat in a shimmering pool formed by her rosebud.Dr. Andrew had evidently been waiting for this as a signal to proceed to the next phase, and his fingers now dipped lightly into her wetness and began gently massaging her anus. A tiny yelp escaped Serena's mouth, but quickly turned into a surprised moan of pleasure as she felt the new sensation of a man's finger exploring her butthole in tiny, circular motions. Every couple seconds her anus would pucker tighter, and the skill of Dr. Andrew became more evident as a veritable river of clear vaginal fluid now seemed to flow from the young girl's entrance.Carefully, Dr. Andrew worked her natural lubrication into every furrow of her star, gently pressing the slick fluid into the center of her anus each time she relaxed slightly.Finally, with a patience I marveled at, Dr. Andrew placed his fingers along either side of my daughter's slit and carefully spread her labia apart. The sight was mesmerizing: her outer lips opened to reveal a slick, soaking interior, and her lubrication was so thick that strands stretched across her lovely opening like clear syrup.Dr. Andrew took a moment to appreciate this development, and then located Serena's clitoris, buried deep in her labia at the top of her slit. It glistened, covered in her sweet juice, and he rubbed it gently a few times and muttered approvingly as she moaned loudly and raised her hips to meet his touch.Leaving his hand on her vulva, he opened the drawer below the table again. Inside were two sets of instruments set in custom-formed foam. Along the top were five shiny black balls arranged in order of size; below were five thin, shiny black shafts about five inches long, arranged in order of thickness.Dr. Andrew selected a ball about an inch in diameter, and pressed a tiny button on it.'In addition to the heart rate monitor, in order to verify climaxes we use a couple other wireless sensors which will give us valuable information on the screen there as Serena reaches critical levels of treatment.'This is a highly sensitive pressure sensor; one of the benchmarks of the female climax is a rhythmic convulsion of the vaginal muscles. Serena is still a virgin, but her hymen is set back a little ways in her vagina, so I am going to slip this small device into her opening, and it will give us a visual readout on the monitor of her vaginal pressure.'As he spoke, he slid the ball up and down Serena's vulva, coating the device with her lubrication. When it was sufficiently slick, he pressed it gently inside her opening, where it sat held snugly by the tight young muscles of her entrance.Returning to the drawer, he withdrew one of the shafts. It was about the thickness of a Sharpie marker, and widened at one end in a flange.'Body temperature is another benchmark we use for our treatment. This wireless thermometer will give us the final piece of data we want to verify a successful treatment-along with her heart rate, vaginal contractions, and the visual and auditory cues we observe directly as she reaches her climax, we'll have a full picture of her central nervous system's mode of arousal and cascade effect.'As with the pressure sensor, he carefully coated the thermometer in Serena's juices, then gently, slowly pressed it against her anus.Serena was not expecting this, and she began to protest. But Dr. Andrew calmed her with a soothing word, and encouraged her to take a deep breath and exhale fully. As she breathed out, he pressed the device an inch into her rectum and reassured her she was doing a wonderful job before asking her to take another deep breath. Over five breaths he patiently, slowly, and with absolute precision guided the thermometer deeper into the young girl's bottom, until the entire shaft was buried to the flange at the end.Despite her initial reservations, Serena's vulva was practically pouring lubrication from around the tightly-fitting ball as the doctor filled her anus with the thermometer. The computer monitor came alive with new data readouts of her temperature and vaginal pressure, and Dr. Andrew smiled as he returned to softly rubbing my daughter's clitoris, nodding approvingly as the colored graph from the pressure sensor buried in her vagina jumped each time he touched her.'Well, I'm happy to be able to tell you that your daughter has unusually strong vaginal muscles, Robert,' he chuckled. 'She'll truly be a pleasure to be inside in a few months.'For the next ten minutes Dr. Andrew subjected Serena to a painstakingly detailed protocol as he massaged, stroked, caressed, pinched, probed, and flicked practically every inch of her body. He even experimented with firm slaps across her entire vulva, his hand making a wet smacking noise as it contacted the soaking, swollen flesh of my daughter's genitals. Serena winced in pain and whimpered for him to stop this particular stimulus, which he did immediately-but not without noting that despite her protests, her vital indications on the monitor had all spiked again, and the table beneath her bottom was now gooey with her juices that had rushed from her opening as he'd slapped it.Dr. Andrew's sure hands had deftly elevated every vital marker on the monitor. Her temperature was elevated, and when her heart rate had reached 105bpm, he subtly altered his technique, pausing at short intervals and even occasionally removing his hands entirely from Serena's body at times when her vagina clenched tightly. She writhed and struggled against the straps, trying to keep her pussy against his hand, but he simply kept his eye on the read-out and waited for her to relax her vaginal muscles again before resuming his work.He found she was particularly receptive to having her clitoris tugged gently and rhythmically between his thumb and forefinger, as if he were milking the little nub, while he maintained a firm squeeze on her breast. Each time he returned to this technique we would watch the vaginal pressure monitor climb steadily, then, with what amounted to a sixth sense, Dr. Andrew would remove both his hands from her body just before she reached a critical level. What was truly fascinating was how he managed to keep her heart rate plateaued at 105 for over five minutes of this torture.Serena's breathing had become ragged; her body alternated between a total spasm that seemed to freeze her in place, and a state of wild thrashing and moaning each time her clitoris lost Dr Andrew's masterful touch.Finally, after what seemed like countless cycles of this, as we watched her lie glistening on the table, her mouth panting, eyes closed, heart rate seemingly stuck too high to recover, but just below the what she needed to achieve the climax she desperately needed, Dr Andrew nodded to me and indicated it was time. Releasing my daughter's breast, he dipped his middle finger into the pool of musky juices that spilled from her entrance, then brought his finger to her mouth.Instinctively she opened her lips wider, her throat straining against the strap that secured her to the table. Her eyes stayed closed, and Dr Andrew gently traced the edges of her lips, leaving a gleaming trail of her own juices as if applying a lip gloss. The tip of Serena's tongue shot out, hungrily retrieving the slick fluid from her lips and reaching for Dr. Andrew's finger; after teasing her briefly, he relented, dipping his finger into her mouth, massaging her tongue, exploring the back of her throat, and letting her suck urgently on it. At the same time, he used his other hand to resume tugging slowly on her clitoris in long, firm pulls that stretched it to its limit before letting it slide stickily back beneath its protective hood.Serena froze, every muscle straining against the straps that held her in place, and then suddenly, violently, she began shaking as a long, high wail emerged from her mouth. Dr. Andrew glanced at the monitor, which showed every vital sign spiking together, and nodded to draw my attention to the vaginal pressure readout, which showed powerful, rhythmic contractions about half a second apart. His hand was drenched in her juices as her vulva released a burst orgasmic fluid, and he continued his work with an admirable professionalism, using his skill and the information from the sensors embedded in her body to prolong my daughter's climax.Finally, she shuddered to a stop, her chest heaving, her eyes closed. Dr. Andrew helped her calm down by gently rubbing her belly and breasts, and letting her suck on his finger for a few more moments. After a while he gently pried the pressure sensor from her vagina, and slowly drew the long, black wireless thermometer from her rectum. Then he began unbuckling the restraints, and helped her sit up on the edge of the table.Serena's breasts were glistening in sweat and seemed to have grown-her nipples were certainly deeply flushed and prominent. She trembled gently as she stood up, a giant grin on her face, and she nearly collapsed into me, giggling as I took her naked body in my arms and hugged her close.As she shakily dressed, Dr. Andrew discussed basic after-care: ensure she got plenty of fluids this afternoon, maybe let her take a nap, and because the stimulation could sometimes be intense the first few times for young girls, he instructed me to check if she was sore or chafed at all before bed tonight, and he gave me a soothing ointment with instructions to rub it gently onto her vulva and anus if she needed it.The transformation in Serena's attitude and school performance over the next few days was nothing short of miraculous, and it made a believe in the power of Feminine Relaxation Therapy out of me. Regular visits to Dr. Andrew's became part of our schedule with the girls, and I looked forward to when they could experience some of his more 'advanced' treatments.

**The Festival Ch. 06**

With the ring of a bell, twenty high school students had begun filing into the classroom and taking their desks, and as he watched them from in front of the blackboard, smiling and nodding and greeting them as they passed, Ryan Desilva concealed his nervousness as he consulted his notes and curriculum again.  
  
In his early thirties, tall and lean, with a thick shock of dark hair and kind eyes behind a well-chosen pair of glasses, he could be described as Clark Kent-ish. He and his wife and two girls had moved from Texas a few months ago, where he had been a middle school science teacher, and he'd quickly gotten a job at the high school as a substitute while he searched for more permanent employment.  
  
The transition had been great for the whole family, though substitute teaching had its downsides-Ryan usually only had a short notice to get a feel for what he would be teaching on any given day, and he was highly detail-oriented and committed to doing quality work in serving his students and the school administration. But he was adept at thinking on his feet, and he enjoyed working with the students, so altogether it was a positive situation.  
  
He'd gotten the call last night to step in and teach today's social studies class for John Marshall, who had become suddenly ill and was in bed. And Ryan had to admit he was looking forward to the class.  
  
As the last students found their seats, Ryan stepped forward and with a smile introduced himself as Mr. Desilva and explained the situation.  
  
'Now as I understand things, this semester has been about social institutions. In the first part of the semester you studied the legislative process, and I believe you concluded that portion with a mock legislature to learn and practice parliamentary procedure, correct?'  
  
The students nodded and agreed, and a clean-cut young man raised his hand and eagerly reminded everyone that he had played the role of speaker of the house, which received a combination of cheers and boos, presumably in proportion to the students who had formed either side of the aisle when parliament was in session.  
  
Ryan chuckled, 'Then you spent a couple weeks studying the justice process, right? And then you did a mock trial?'  
  
Again the students nodded.  
  
'Excellent,' Ryan continued, 'so for the last two weeks you have been studying the Festival, and how it impacts various parts of society, yes? So today it looks like we will be doing a mock Festival Pageant!'  
  
This time there was a chorus of cheers and groans. The boys were understandably excited about this idea, while most of the girls were slightly less enthusiastic. Ryan paid little attention, however; whether it was math, english, social studies, or any other subject, students naturally found some subjects more or less interesting or fun-but in the end his job was to simply teach them all.  
  
He raised his hand to quiet the class, and, consulting his class packet, began to organize the project.  
  
'We're going to have three boys take the roles of the judges-do I have any volunteers?'  
  
Immediately ten hands went up as every boy offered his services to the learning opportunity. Ryan chuckled to himself and chose three at random, and beckoned them to the front of the room, where he handed them Festival scoring sheets which were clearly marked 'Replica-For Training Purposes Only'.  
  
After learning that their names were Andrew, Samuel, and Max, Ryan turned to the class and asked if anyone remembered how the judges were selected for the Festival.  
  
'They are the three oldest men in a district still able to have sex with a girl,' a young lady in the front row answered.  
  
Ryan nodded. 'Correct. It is a position that is earned each year in the selection process, and it's a position of honor and respect. They have had the most experience with the female body, and are considered best able make determinations concerning the desirability of any given girl.'  
  
Another young woman raised her hand. 'Mr. Desilva, how are they actually selected?'  
  
'Great question,' Ryan replied, 'I'm actually new in town, and I know customs can vary, but back where I'm from in Texas they held an application event where anyone who wanted to be a judge could try out at the courthouse. Three girls who were serving light jail time would be brought in, and in exchange for assisting in the selection process they could have their sentences reversed.  
  
'Then each applicant had fifteen minutes to demonstrate that he could successfully have sex with his choice of the three girls. The three oldest qualifying applicants became the judges each year.'  
  
This explanation was met by several exclamations of 'ew!' and 'gross!', which Ryan played off by recommending that none of the girls in class do anything that might make them go to jail.  
  
He continued, reading from his syllabus, 'So the goal of today is to complete this model Festival exactly as it is written here, and that is meant to accomplish two things: 1) help the young men in the class begin to develop a better understanding of how the young female body is evaluated in the Festival, and how they can use these same concepts to increase their appreciation of the female body in their own practical applications, and 2) help the young women in the class understand more clearly how they will be evaluated in their own Festival, and how they can apply that understanding in their own personal experience.  
  
'So next we need three girls to volunteer as the Festival participants-anyone?'  
  
This time only one hand went up, toward the back of the room. Ryan smiled at the owner, a tiny little thing with dark hair and full lips and an obvious energy one might call 'attitude', and asked her name as he beckoned her up.  
  
'My name is Amia, Mr. Desilva' she answered, bouncing to the front of the room with a giant grin and sparkling eyes.  
  
'Well thank you for volunteering, Miss Amia,' Ryan said, shaking her hand and leading her to stand in front of his desk. She was obviously not shy, and stood with her hands on her hips, gently wagging her backside as she waited for further instructions.  
  
Ryan turned back to the class.  
  
'Let me ask this-has anyone here already celebrated their Festival? I know most of you are a couple years too young to have, I believe.'  
  
Two hands were raised this time, and Ryan smiled and told the owner of the first to put it back down.  
  
'Shannon is my daughter, class. In Texas, girls celebrate their Festival when they are 16, so she has already been through this process-and she came in fifth! Thank you sweetheart, but I think you can stay in your seat today.  
  
Ryan then turned to the beautiful brunette with green eyes who had slowly raised her hand, and asked her name and why she was in this class.  
  
As she stood up to answer, Ryan saw she was wearing neither a bra beneath her sheer white school blouse, which was still only buttoned to just below her substantial breasts, nor was she wearing a skirt-she stood beside her desk wearing only her sheer white regulation panties, and her heels.  
  
'My name is Jordanna,' she said softly, 'and I have had to repeat two years of school. I had my Festival last year, but I have a hard time with school stuff sometimes. Especially math.'  
  
Ryan heard some embarrassment in her voice, but was pretty sure it had more to do with her academic insecurities than the fact that she was practically naked. He probed a little deeper.  
  
'Miss Jordanna, based on your state of dress am I right in guessing that you have discipline problems as well?'  
  
Jordanna nodded, frustration welling in her voice. 'Yes, Mr. Desilva. But it's not my fault-I just forgot to do my laundry yesterday, and I only had a black bra, and a black skirt! Mr. Dennison stopped me in the hallway on the way here, and he said since it's my second time this week not complying with the uniform code, he needed to confiscate them. I really try, Mr. Desilva-I really really do!'  
  
Ryan felt badly for her, and decided not to risk making her feel more uncomfortable in front of the class. He smiled kindly.  
  
'Miss Jordanna, I'm sorry to hear all of that. You may be seated, but please stay after class so we can discuss some ideas I have for you.'  
  
Jordanna sighed in relief, and took her seat, and Ryan returned to his task of finding two more participants.  
  
Scanning the classroom, his eye was caught by what appeared to be a pair of identical twins sitting next to each other and giggling-two delicious blondes, with strong, curvy frames, impressive breasts, and broad, nordic features. Approaching them, he learned their names were Serena and Selena.  
  
'What are you laughing about, young ladies?' he asked  
  
Serena, who appeared to be the more mischievous of the two, fought off her sister's attempts to prevent her from answering.  
  
'Selena just said...she thinks you're...kind of cute, Mr. Desilva,' she laughed, much to Selena's horror and embarrassment. Selena flushed bright pink, and covered her face in her hands.  
  
In spite of being both amused and flattered, Ryan frowned in his most teacher-ish way, and reminded the girls that not only was talking in class not allowed, but the subject matter was certainly not appropriate either.  
  
'Miss Selena, I think that since you are having a difficult time sitting still and behaving yourself here, you should come with me and help the class in learning this important subject,' he said, taking her hand and leading her to the front of the classroom to stand by Amia. Selena was definitely the shyer of the twins, and her mortification at being selected for such a role caused her to flush an even deeper shade of pink. Nevertheless, she was cooperative and strove to be a good student, so she didn't protest as she took her place.  
  
Finally Ryan looked out over the room again, and chose an adorable redhead with a soft smile and big glasses named Elizabeth, and motioned for her to join the other two girls with him at the front.  
  
'Alright, class,' he said, consulting his notes once again, 'now I'm going to draw a scoring chart on the blackboard, and while I do that, young ladies you can please remove your blouses and skirts. Since this is just for educational purposes, and none of you have celebrated your Festival yet, you may leave on your bra and panties.'  
  
He began drawing a simple graph with boxes for each of the girls' names above several empty boxes he would fill in with various scores. The girls looked at each other with a little dread, and began undressing. Amia was the exception, however-it was evident she enjoyed showing off her body, and she gleefully stripped to her undies and struck a little pose when she was finished.  
  
It was a beautiful sight, and Ryan took a moment to enjoy it along with the young men in the class-three lovely females in the most minimal of coverings, lined up at the front of the class as three of the most interesting teaching tools ever devised.  
  
Allowing them to retain their underthings sounded more generous than it was in practice, as the school uniform regulations, while carefully considered, were not written for the sake of modesty.  
  
All three of the girls wore the prescribed white open-cup shelf bras, which provided some support while ensuring that their nipples remained in direct contact with their blouse during the school day. Normally the constant gentle rubbing of the fabric, along with the air flow, kept them erect and visible through the light cotton; now, however, their nipples were simply exposed completely, perched above the edge of the bra along with their entire areola.  
  
It was difficult to tear one's eyes away from the six delightful little buttons of flesh that were so elegantly and frankly offered, but down below the view was nearly as good-sheer white panties were the rule, and the requirement was that 'some detail' of what lay beneath should be visible. In this department, too, all three girls were compliant, and the eyes of the class flicked enthusiastically from one barely obscured cunny to the next.  
  
Ryan returned to the class packet and retrieved three numbered armbands, which he handed to each of the girls.  
  
'These are just like the armbands worn by the contestants in a real Festival, class-Amia, you'll be number one, Selena, you're two, and Elizabeth, you can be three, ok?'  
  
Elizabeth pushed her glasses up her nose and smiled shyly at Ryan as she took her armband. She was studious and smart, and she wanted to be a physicist one day. Being practically naked in front of her classmates wasn't the way she had wanted to spend the morning, but she knew that certain laws governed the entire universe, and she took comfort in the fact that she could learn to follow those laws to get what she wanted. Right now, those laws said she would volunteer to help her classmates-and herself-better learn to navigate the complex system of social mores that they had been born into. She was ready to perform that duty to the best of her ability.  
  
'Class, you'll see on the chalkboard I've also listed 1, 2, and 3, with boxes we'll use for scoring, and the gentlemen playing the judges should also have sections for each contestant on their scoring sheets.'  
  
Ryan walked to the chalkboard and indicated the chart he'd created.  
  
'Samuel, will you please read each of the categories on your sheet there?'  
  
Samuel stepped forward, and in a clear voice began reading:  
  
Face:  
  
Symmetry  
  
Eyes  
  
Nose  
  
Teeth  
  
Lips  
  
Cheekbones/Jawline  
  
Hair  
  
Body:  
  
Symmetry  
  
Proportion  
  
Body Fat/Composition  
  
Belly  
  
Shoulders  
  
Arms  
  
Legs  
  
Feet  
  
Breasts:  
  
Symmetry  
  
Proportion  
  
Firmness  
  
Shape  
  
Areolas  
  
Nipples  
  
Buttocks:  
  
Firmness  
  
Shape  
  
Proportion  
  
Genitals:  
  
Front View (legs closed, general score)  
  
Rear View (legs parted, general score)  
  
Direct View (legs spread)  
  
Symmetry  
  
Proportion  
  
Inner Labia Shape  
  
Clitoris  
  
Hymen (must be intact)  
  
Lubrication  
  
Taste  
  
Ryan was startled as Samuel read the last section, and went to take a look at the boys' scoring sheets. The syllabus had indicated that because this was a younger class which had not yet celebrated its Festival, the girls playing the contestants would remain in their underthings and the evaluations would be simplified-but sure enough, the scoring sheets provided in the course packet were exact replicas of official scoring sheets, and included detailed genital scoring.  
  
He shook his head and pursed his lips. This was extremely annoying-nothing was worse than inconsistency, and it was frustrating that somehow the course writers had missed this contradiction. All Ryan wanted to do was make sure he taught his students well, and it made things so much more difficult when the course was giving conflicting directions. He had to make a decision.  
  
'Alright class, so like I said earlier, the purpose of this exercise is to give you the best understanding of how the real Festival works and for you to discover what you can all learn from that-so I think in the interests of thoroughness, girls, I'm going to ask you to take off your bras and panties as well please. I know you have not celebrated your Festival yet, but this is purely an academic exercise being performed for the benefit of a group of peers, so everything we do will fall under the 'Acceptable' category in the Treatment and Handling of Pre-Festival Females regulations.'  
  
The reactions of the three girls were amusing in their variety.  
  
Elizabeth pushed her glasses resolutely up her nose, gave a nod, and with a dutiful 'yes, sir', calmly removed her remaining clothing in a business-like fashion. She placed her panties on her other clothing, and returned to standing stock-still, hands at her sides, like a mannequin. She knew that as a future scientist her mission was to always contribute to furthering the cause of knowledge, and she was being called upon to submit her body for the purposes of science and education. She was proud to offer it in whatever way would be most beneficial to advancing that cause.  
  
Selena blushed again; the thought of exposing herself completely to the substitute teacher whom she had been betrayed for thinking attractive was simply horrifying-but she had no recourse, and she slowly, reluctantly undressed. She turned away from the class (and Ryan) as she pulled her panties down her impressive butt, obviously uncomfortable with letting everyone see her, and as she returned to her place, Ryan had to reprimand her gently to remove her hands from in front of her cunny and from covering her breasts. With pleading in her eyes, she complied, slowly bringing her hands to her sides as she knew was expected, and letting Ryan appreciate everything she had to offer.  
  
His cock leapt to life as she did; she was a spectacular young woman with a full, athletic figure. Her vulva was thick and juicy looking, with a fine sprinkle of blond hair that shimmered in the sunlight coming through the classroom window. A deep, dark crevasse in the middle of her mound hinted at untold richness inside.  
  
Amia had no such qualms about sharing her body, for her part. She locked her sparkling eyes with Andrew, a well-built, athletic boy with a nice smile, and pulled her panties down first-then stood there, bottomless, with her legs apart, so he and the rest of the class could enjoy viewing her pussy while she slowly removed her bra. When she finished, she returned with a naughty smile to her hands-on-hips pose, making sure everyone could see everything.  
  
Ryan tore his eyes from Selena for a moment and returned to instructing the class.  
  
'Ok we are going to move this along a little-we have a lot to cover still! Let's talk about how the evaluation process works.  
  
'Gentlemen, you will evaluate each girl on her own merits, and score her accordingly on a scale of one to ten in each of the categories that Samuel read for us. That means that you aren't ranking the girls-just focus on one girl at a time, and in each category indicate the level of desirability of each element, on its own. You will use your own sense of pleasure, beauty, and desirability to do this-pay close attention to your impulses and physical and emotional responses as you do each evaluation. That intuition will be your main guide.  
  
'All girls are desirable-they are created literally FOR pleasure. The objective of an exercise like this, and the Festival itself, isn't to point out things you don't find attractive-rather, we want to develop a thoughtful, fine-tuned appreciation for all the various aspects of every girl.  
  
'Part of being a well-developed man is being able to derive pleasure from many varieties of the infinite possible iterations of the female body. Just take a look at your three classmates here-each of them is completely unique, each one a delightful and lovely interpretation of what a young girl can look like, from their faces, to their bodies, to their girl parts. And in this exercise we're going to take a deeper look at what makes each one especially alluring to each of you.  
  
'At the end of the evaluation process your scores will be averaged both within the categories, then as an aggregate, which will determine the overall most desirable girl and the ranking from there down.  
  
'Let's go ahead and begin with girl number three, Elizabeth-can you step forward please?'  
  
Ryan took her firmly by the arm and led her a couple steps in front of the desk so all the students had a clear field of view.  
  
'Gentlemen, much of the evaluation is visual in nature, and you can begin to fill those boxes in now. She has a very cute face and quite a nice little button nose, would you guys agree?'  
  
He gave Elizabeth a little twirl, so the judges and the rest of the class could get an appreciation of her backside.  
  
'Judges, do you have any comments about her butt?'  
  
The three boys were obviously highly turned-on by the wealth of femininity displayed in front of them, and they seemed a little tongue-tied. Ryan saw some instruction was needed.

'Gentlemen,I know when you're younger and new at this it all seems so amazing that it can be hard to articulate your thoughts-and they might all be great thoughts, and we are here to learn and grow, so I encourage you to try to separate yourselves a little from the experience.'He indicated his own aroused state, which was visible beneath his pants.'I'm as aware as you are of how delicious Elizabeth and Amia and Selena are, and how great it would be to just dive in and enjoy any and all of them-but as you can see I am maintaining my composure, and am able to calmly discuss important things and do my job as a teacher in spite of those desires. So let's practice using our words as the gentlemen we are, and work together on the evaluation process. Here, come a little closer.'The boys moved around Elizabeth and began, tentatively at first, then with more confidence and enthusiasm, to discuss their thoughts on how she should be scored.'I really like her butt,' Andrew said, marking a '10' on his sheet. 'And her face, and her breasts...actually, I really like ALL of her, Mr. Desilva-is it ok to put ten for everything?Ryan chuckled.'It is, Andrew, but remember to consider each section carefully, and only mark that ten if you can honestly say that you feel that body part could not in any way be better-that it's essentially perfect.'Don't just put tens to be nice or to not hurt Elizabeth's feelings; she'll score well regardless, and it's only fair that she know the areas she can work on to improve as well. But again, if you truly feel that every part of her that is indicated on the sheet is a ten, well, put that down.''Mr. Desilva,' Samuel spoke up, 'I put an eight for her legs and belly. But a ten for her facial symmetry and her jawline. That's ok, right?''Absolutely, Samuel,' Ryan answered. 'It's totally normal for a girl to have some parts that are more attractive than other parts. That doesn't mean she's not attractive or that anything is wrong with her, it's simply a recognition of her strengths and weaknesses.'Ok gentlemen, let's discuss her breasts. You should have already filled out the boxes for proportion, symmetry, and shape, yes? Elizabeth has some very nice breasts, full and well-rounded, but not very large-did any of you adjust for their size in the 'proportion' section?'Samuel and Max raised their hands, and Samuel said that he thought they could be a little bigger to fit her body better-but they were still very nice.Ryan smiled and congratulated them on a good job carefully considering how Elizabeth's breasts integrated with the rest of her body, and then he invited them to begin the manual evaluation for the remaining sections of the scorecard-but he was alarmed to hear a yelp from Elizabeth as all three of the boys rushed in and began squeezing her breasts, knocking her off balance and causing some pain.'Gentlemen, gentlemen, stop stop STOP,' he barked, stepping between the boys and the unsuspecting Elizabeth, and catching her from falling backward with a well-timed hand on her behind.'I see that some instruction on how to appreciate a girl's breasts may be invaluable for the whole class. Elizabeth, please stand here where you were, and Samuel and Max, I'd like each of you to stand on either side of her-Andrew, you'll go next.'Selena, I'm going to use you for a moment,' he continued, taking Selena by the arm and leading her forward so the rest of the class had a good view. She was truly magnificent, and his cock swelled again as he looked her up and down.Selena was in a constant state of blushing at this point, and her fair skin was a lovely shade of pink all across her extraordinary bust. Ryan gathered himself and addressed the class.'Judges, please follow along with me and do as I do. Whenever you touch a girl, start out VERY slowly and gently. A girl's body is very sensitive, and remember that we want everything we do TO them to feel good FOR them.'Give them a little time to get used to your touch and begin responding to it-you'll learn later that once they get sufficiently positively stimulated they can actually take-and even enjoy-considerable force, but today we are going to confine ourselves to gentle touching with the goal of eliciting a calming, relaxing response from these three girls.'Begin by gently cupping her breast from underneath and feeling the weight of it-don't squeeze it! Just hold it for a few moments, and you can slowly heft it slightly a couple times. Then, maintaining contact with her, slowly slide your whole hand up and across her entire breast, brushing the nipple as you go. Use this as an opportunity to GENTLY squeeze, so you can make an appropriate score in the box marked 'Firmness'.Ryan demonstrated all of this on Selena's right breast as he stood beside and slightly behind her. His left hand steadied her with firm contact on her left buttcheek, and the combination of these two incredible handfuls made it difficult even for him to focus on his teaching duties. She kept her eyes down, and he felt her tremble slightly as he squeezed her breast.He continued, knowing she would relax soon. He could feel her heart racing through her breast, but she wasn't fighting him-in fact she was very subtly grinding her smooth round buttock into his hand-and he was fairly sure that she was becoming aroused by his careful, experienced touch. He looked forward to confirming his suspicion when he facilitated her genital evaluation with the boys.'Good job, gentlemen. Notice how Elizabeth is already more compliant, and she even appears to be pressing her chest into your hands a little. That's a good sign you're doing this right.'Now, carefully take her nipple between your thumb and forefinger, and squeeze it gently and rhythmically several times to see if it will grow more erect and prominent. Generally speaking, larger, better-defined, and more responsive nipples are scored higher.'Samuel looked up from his work and remarked that Elizabeth's nipples seemed to not change as he tried his best to follow Ryan's instructions. Ryan looked over and could see that Elizabeth's nipples were indeed naturally understated, and nothing the boys were doing would change that.'That's perfectly fine, Samuel,' he assured the young man, 'Those are completely normal-some girls' nipples are less sensitive, and that's ok. You may certainly reflect that in your score, but regardless, Elizabeth's breasts are really quite nice. Now go ahead and finish up, and let Andrew complete his evaluation.'He released his hold on Selena, who gave a gratifying whimper of disappointment, and returned to Elizabeth.'Now let's fill out the final section of the scorecard. First, let's examine Elizabeth's vulva as she stands here, and please score her as you like.'The boys knelt down to get a closer look, and Elizabeth, pushing her glasses up her nose again, stood dutifully still, her legs slightly apart, doing her very best to ensure that they got the maximal educational benefit from viewing her private parts. Ryan noticed her efforts, and realizing how seriously she was taking this responsibility, thanked her for being such a good helper.'Oh my gosh, thanks Mr. Desilva! I really want to do my best always!' she laughed, breaking into a giant smile for the first time.'I can see that, Miss Elizabeth,' Ryan assured her, 'and I can always use an enthusiastic assistant like you. We may be able to work together on a number of projects this semester, if you're willing to give it your all like you are today.'Elizabeth smiled again, and was about to reply, but Ryan knew that it was important to keep the teacher-student relationship from getting too familiar and comfortable, so he held up his hand and cut her off somewhat curtly.'The boys-er, judges-have finished evaluating your vulva from the front, Miss Elizabeth. Please turn around, bend at the waist with straight legs, and place your elbows on my desk so they can score you from behind.'Elizabeth complied immediately, thrusting her backside out toward the class with a fresh energy. The boys' eyes grew wide as they watched her full, round butt cheeks spread under the tension of her stance and reveal a set of soft, fleshy vaginal lips below a tight, cleanly defined anus.Ryan was impressed; this mousy little redhead with the giant glasses was obviously highly motivated by positive feedback, and she was doubtless going to excel in her studies of her female duties after her Festival.Andrew raised his hand. 'Mr. Desilva, I don't think I really like bigger lips like that.'Ryan was quick to reprimand him.'Andrew, remember that this is not about what you DON'T like, it's about noting your honest response on your scorecard, but then exploring HOW to appreciate many variants of the female body.'More prominent labia are actually delightful-they feel amazing between one's fingers when they are well-lubricated, and they are fun to suck and nibble on when performing cunnilingus.'Alright, Elizabeth, lastly I'm going to have you lay back on the desk here and open your legs for the final section of your evaluation. And actually, given how we started the breast portion, I'm going to have Selena hop up here beside you as well so I can demonstrate how to evaluate and score a girl's vulva.'Selena gave a look like she was about to die, but Ryan took her firmly by the arm again and guided her onto the desk next to Elizabeth. Both girls lay back, and he adjusted their feet and legs so the whole class had a clear view of their private parts.The view was spectacular, and the oohs and ahhs from the class confirmed it. As they spread their legs, both girls' vulvas opened, exposing their slick interiors. Elizabeth's dark, textured labia contrasted starkly with the delicate wishbone that Selena's lips formed above her opening, crowned by a perfectly sculpted clitoris that pressed insistently out from beneath its protective hood.A trickle of clear, viscous fluid ran from her opening, over her perineum, and down to her anus; as her lips opened, they were criss-crossed by a spider web of the same fluid. Ryan had been right-in spite of her embarrassment, Selena was highly aroused by the mock Festival.Ryan took his place at Selena's side, and casually rested his hand on her mound. As he spoke, he slowly combed his fingers through her short, golden pubic hair.'As with a girl's breasts-or any body part, for that matter-when you touch her genitals make sure to start lightly, slowly, and gently in order to allow her to acclimate to your touch. If she's well trained, she shouldn't pull away or protest even if you're accidentally a bit rough, but once again, our goal is that what we do TO her feels good FOR her.'Go ahead one at a time, and first note your score for Elizabeth's visual appeal. Then, after wetting your thumb and fingers with your tongue, carefully press into both sides of her opening so that her labia spread wider and you can get a better view inside her, like this.'Selena's mouth opened wide, then she bit her lower lip as Ryan slid his hands down between her legs and coaxed her open.'You may be able to see her hymen; if not do not worry about that-in the actual Festival the judges will manually check, but I'm not going to risk having you boys inserting your fingers in these girls-Max, I said DO NOT try to put your finger in Elizabeth!'However, you should also be able to make your score for lubrication at this stage. As you can see, girls respond differently, and while it looks like Elizabeth is a little wet, Selena is becoming quite the mess here.'This brings us to the final two sections on your scorecards. Go ahead and gather up some of Elizabeth's juices like this, by lightly swirling your fingers in her opening, then rub them gently into her clitoris to assess how responsive it is.'It may pop out and become enlarged and stiff, like Selena's is, and usually clitorises like this get higher marks.'As he demonstrated the technique, Selena's breathing became ragged and her body suddenly froze in place, every muscle tensed as Ryan held her pussy firmly with one hand so he could irresistibly coax her tiny, swollen clitoris into view with the other.'And finally, gentlemen, take those same fingers, swirl them once more around her entrance, brush her clitoris on the way back up, and then bring them to your mouth so you can taste the girl and appreciate her various notes of health, vitality, and pleasure.'As he did this, Selena suddenly let out a scream that she muffled with her hand, and her body shuddered and bucked on the desk so violently that she was in danger of tumbling to the floor. Ryan was prepared, however, and before she had even started he had brought a firm hand to her throat to keep her in place, and augmented his hold with a solid but gentle grip of the other hand on her spasming vulva.The class was silent, mouths agape, as they watched Selena climax. Every boy in the room had been painfully hard for what had seemed an eternity already, and doubtless her loss of control had caused several of them to do the same in their pants, much to their commingled relief and chagrin.As she shuddered to a halt, Ryan soothed her with soft caresses of her breasts and belly.'Well, class,' he smiled, 'it appears this session is even more educational than originally planned. That, for those of you who have never had the privilege of seeing one in real life, was a girl's orgasm. An eternal pleasure to watch, a matter of pride to be able to elicit, and extraordinarily gratifying to experience while fully inserted inside her.'Gentlemen, we must continue if we are to finish by the bell; I'm sure you've filled in your sheets for Elizabeth, so let's move on now to Selena. Since she is already in position, we'll start at the bottom of your scorecards and begin with her vulva. Go ahead and make your notes on its appearance-don't neglect to credit her for her extreme levels of lubrication, which you can see is all over my hand and spilling onto my desk-and then come up one at a time and dip your fingers in here and taste her.'Selena whimpered and flinched each time one of the boys scooped his finger into her entrance; she was incredibly sensitive now, and every touch caused her vagina to pulse and contract powerfully. The boys were unanimous in their praise of both the shape and the taste of her girl parts, and they commented favorably on the cleanness of the lines of her labia and the delicious fullness of her mound, as well as the deep contractions she demonstrated as they touched her, which they surmised would feel extremely pleasant on their cocks.Ryan, who had been holding her open for them with one hand while fondling her breasts with the other, agreed and commended them on their judicious evaluation.'I concur, gentlemen. Girl Number Two has truly what we might call a Grade-A, elite-level competition pussy,' he said, smiling encouragingly at her and giving her tender vulva a few brisk, business-like pats as one might a good filly. Selena gasped and arched as he made contact, his hand making a wet, slapping sound against her soaked, swollen lips.Ryan had little time for more playing, however, and brusquely took her by the arm and urged her to her feet so the boys could continue their evaluation. The poor girl was wobbly and unstable, but Ryan took her by the back of the neck and helped her stand, while the boys assessed her vulva from the front and carefully inspected her gorgeous breasts. There was much discussion concerning how large, firm, and well-shaped they were, as well as how dark and prominent her nipples were against her soft, pale skin, and the relatively small size of her richly colored areolas.Selena did her best to stand still so her classmates could do their duties, but every touch sent shivers down her bare backside and her knees went weak as they twisted and pulled at her nipples. Ryan found it most effective to support the half limp girl by her neck with one hand, and to simply hold her up by her pubic bone with his other hand between her legs, so the boys could take the proper care in examining her breasts. It was challenging work, what with her shuddering and flinching, and the endless slickness of her nether parts made it even harder to maintain a solid grip, so it was with a sense of relief that he finally turned her around and lay her across the desk on her belly, her legs akimbo.The boys crowded close, and Ryan gently spread Selena's cheeks so they could get a good view of her pussy and her anus. She whimpered again as he used his index finger to trace around and around the outline of her little star while commenting on how attractive it was, and describing several different pleasant things it made a man want to do to it; while down below, from between her flushed, pink lips, a long, clear drool of girl cum began stretching toward the floor.Ryan had been uncomfortably hard pretty much the entire class, and as he played with Selena's anus and watched her shiver on the table with girl cum streaming from her vagina, he nearly lost control of himself. Fighting to regain his composure, he verified that the boys had completed their scores, then somewhat more roughly than needed he stood Selena up, turned her to face the class, and marched her to stand next to Elizabeth. They had to finish with Amia, and then Ryan knew that he'd have to obtain some relief if he was to remain functional for the rest of the day.Amia bounced forward with a grin, eyes flashing, proud of her body, and presented herself for the boys. She was extremely petite, with dark hair and a fine nose and jawline that perfectly complemented her giant brown eyes. She was part Dominican, and her skin was a rich honey brown.She was still officially a virgin, but Ryan could tell that she wasn't afraid of sex and was champing at the bit for her Festival and the education that would follow. He wouldn't have been surprised to learn that she had already sucked half a dozen of the boys' cocks at the school, mostly upperclassmen, and she loved the taste of cum.The poor girl had been suffering interminably over the last forty five minutes as Elizabeth and Selena were fondled, ogled, and handled, and as she offered herself for inspection Ryan noted that her inner thighs glistened from her own lubrication, and the dark nipples of her tidy, B-cup breasts were already hard and pert, straining away from their rich, half-dollar sized areolas as they desperately awaited the boys' touch.Ryan watched with approval as the boys put into practice everything they'd learned with the first two girls, officiously inspecting each part of the willing Amia, discussing soberly amongst themselves their opinions of her small, delicious body. Andrew had taken the part of the de facto head judge, and took responsibility for politely yet firmly directing Amia into each of her positions.For her part, Amia clearly revelled in her role. She maintained eye contact with each boy, smiling, giggling, putting extra effort into ensuring that each one had the best chance to view, feel, smell, and taste all the parts of her that the scorecard listed, and displaying little shivers, whimpers, and moans of pleasure to show that she welcomed and enjoyed the attention. Ryan spoke up.'Class, who remembers the Three Intangibles that contestants are graded on in the Festival?'Several hands shot up, and a girl answered, 'Poise, Generosity, and Grace!'Ryan nodded.'Correct. I just want to point out that even though it's beyond the scope of this particular exercise, Amia is displaying tremendous Generosity-she is making sure the boys feel welcome as they touch her, letting them do whatever they feel is needed, and most importantly, displaying enjoyment of their efforts-without seeming overly sex-focused.

'There is a delicate balance the judges will usually be looking for-girls score higher when they communicate clearly with their body language and their voice that they want to share their bodies with a man-or men-but they should avoid appearing too eager, flippant, or tawdry about it.'Even though every girl is required by law to accept training from any properly ranked man, special favor can be enjoyed by females who bring a sense of enthusiasm, creativity, and fun to their lessons. 'Generosity' is the term we use to describe that attitude, and Amia is doing a great job at it.'As he had been speaking, Amia had been waggling her naked but playfully at the class with her elbows on the desk as if to prove his point. Andrew knew that time was of the essence, and sternly requested that his classmate hold still so he and the other two boys could finish their task.One by one they took turns carefully spreading her tidy pussy lips, examining the slick pinkness inside-which earned her extra marks for how bright it was, and how dramatically it contrasted with her dark skin-and then scooping up some of her juices and tasting them. Looking at how small her hips and butt were, and how tiny her vagina was, Ryan thought she must be terrifically tight. His cock ached with the strain of nearly an hour of erection, and he could see that Amia knew exactly what she was doing.He was fairly sure that she was probably more sexually active than was allowed for a girl her age, and he wondered if there might be a need for some remedial discipline as the school year progressed. He made a mental note to check with the principle on how such issues were handled here.In Texas there were several students whom he'd had to put on standing weekly disciplinary appointments for various lengths of time, and they had been required to meet with him privately in his office to face the consequences of their actions. As committed as he was to the long-term success of his students, he was certainly willing to carry on such a program here, in spite of the additional time it took from his already busy schedule.Of course, since these students were too young to have celebrated their Festivals, disciplinary situations could never involve actual sex. With a little imagination, however, there were a multitude of methods and scenarios of varying degrees of severity that could be devised to effectively teach even young girls right from wrong when it came to their bodies, without crossing the line of intercourse. A little pain, a little unwilling exposure, and a little embarrassment were the ingredients of a potent disciplinary cocktail that had infinite possible combinations.The boys having finished filling out their scorecards, Ryan instructed the girls to stand side by side at the head of the class while the boys did the math, averaging their scores for each category. As they read off the results, Ryan recorded them on the chalkboard. As he finished, he turned to the class and with a flourish announced the winners of each category while the class applauded and cheered each winner.'Ladies and gentlemen, Best Face belongs to Selena, with an 8.6! Best Body Overall goes to Amia with a 9.12; Best Legs belong to Elizabeth with 8.9; Best Breasts go to Selena with 9.5! Not surprising there-however, interestingly, Best Nipples belong to Amia with a score of 9.8. They are very nice and long, Amia-congratulations.'Best Butt goes to Selena, who scores 9.3. And Best Vulva also goes to Selena, with 9.7, as well as Best Lubrication-you were very wet, Selena. Best Flavor goes to Elizabeth, for 8.9.'And ladies and gentlemen, the award for Best in Show, Most Desirable Girl Overall goes to...Selena, with a score of 9.8!'As he finished, the bell rang, and the students, still cheering, gathered their belongings and began filing out of the classroom. Ryan nodded at the three girls, thanking them for helping, and gave them permission to get dressed and join their classmates.He caught Jordanna's attention, however, and reminded her to meet him at his desk before she left.As the last students left the classroom, he returned to his chair and motioned Jordanna to stand in front of him, and had a little chat about her history at the school and some of the challenges she had faced academically.She was beautiful, and her full breasts barely fit in her tight white blouse, her bare nipples clearly visible against the sheer fabric. Her nether regions were similarly exposed, with a clean, dark landing strip pressed against the thin fabric of her white panties, perched above a dark slit that vanished into the gusset between her shapely legs.As he discussed his ideas for helping Jordanna in her school work with some private tutoring, Ryan couldn't resist gently caressing her vulva and tracing his fingertips up and down her slit. It was one of the most wonderful things about being a teacher, he thought-being able to be a source of hope and knowledge for his students, working closely and intimately with them, and in return for that work, to be able to simply enjoy the pleasure of the sight, touch, and smell of their young bodies as a result of the proximity and trust that came with it.Jordanna shuddered, her legs shaking gently as she pressed her mound into his hand-but she knew better than to distract from the important conversation he was having with her, and she bit her lip as she forced herself to focus and continue nodding and discussing how best she could benefit from his assistance, thanking him for his thoughtfulness.'Excellent, Miss Jordanna,' Ryan concluded, 'I think this will be a capital plan. Now for a final issue.'We have five minutes until you need to be in your next class, and I have been extremely, uncomfortably stimulated for the last hour-if I am to be functional at all for the rest of the afternoon, I need some release. Since you've celebrated your Festival, I'd like you to assist me please.'Kneel down here, if you will, and I am going to have you gently suck on just the head of my cock for four minutes. I am very close to exploding as it is, so that's it, dear girl, just very slowly and softly on the head, just like that. Oh my god that feels amazing. After four minutes of this I will cum in your mouth, and I need you to simply swallow it down as it comes-don't spill any of it, as we mustn't stain your blouse.'The compliant Jordanna nodded dutifully as she looked up at Ryan with her big dark eyes, her lips wrapped hungrily around the head of his cock as she nursed it with urgent commitment. Ryan smiled and softly caressed her cheek and played with her nipples as he felt himself approach his climax.With one minute left on the clock above the door he tipped over the edge, grasping Jordanna's head with both hands and holding it in position, just the tip of his cock in her mouth, and began releasing pulse after pulse of semen onto her tongue. He was so pent-up that the force of his orgasm felt like waves of cum were flowing from deep in his belly, and he reveled in the power of each pump as his semen sprayed into the young girl's waiting throat.Jordanna's eyes grew wider as she realized she had been unprepared for the volume of Ryan's cum, and the force with which it would be shot into her, and she almost gagged and pulled away-but Ryan maintained his hold on her head, keeping her motionless so he could finish emptying his testicles into her. To her credit, the girl kept her lips locked on the head of his cock, and not one drop escaped.As he finished, Ryan smiled kindly and helped Jordanna to her feet-just as the bell rang and the next group of students began filing in. He thanked her and told her she had done a good job, and then pointed her to the door so she wouldn't be late for her next class.