The Naked Student

By: Dandy Don

My drop-dead gorgeous sister is dating the son of my father's

employer, a jerk she can't stand, but my parents won't let her break

up with him though he has totally ruined her reputation. He is

screwing her silly, sharing her with buddies, taking vulgar pictures

and spreading those around. He also has her fucking his parents and

entertaining their perverted friends. They are thrilled with Junior's

new sex toy, and that's all she is - a sex toy. They would not be at

all thrilled by anyone who tried to take Junior's sex toy away. My

father wouldn't dream of it, and my mother is a bigger brown-noser

than he is. He just wants the boss to be happy; she wants the boss and

his wife to be totally satisfied.

They both feel sorry for Adrian, but they both place an employer's

happiness or satisfaction above a daughter's foolish pride, false

modesty, unimportant high school reputation, or personal desires. Sex

won't hurt her and exposure won't kill her. She should be proud of her

sexy body, not ashamed. Junior is doing her a favor that she refuses

to appreciate. Any sixteen-year-old girl as attractive as she is

should crave all manner of sex and any kind of exposure. Mom is

constantly telling Adrian that she envies her and feels sorry for

unattractive girls who aren't getting any sex and no one wants to see

exposed.

The sex may not be hurting her, but the exposure is killing her. She

probably likes the sex. She gets more than anyone I know, and she gets

to party with swinging adults. That has got to be good. Roger Travis

(Junior) ain't a bad looking dude. I know he's hung and scores on all

the best babes. He is a popular jock, stinking rich, and a hunk. He

must be good, and she is getting a lot of that dick. She doesn't

complain much about the sex, or talk much about the sex. It's the

exposure and the nasty things he makes her do that brings on the

complaints.

I can see why, because I've seen some. I haven't seen any fucking, but

I have seen her naked in school a number of times, now. By now,

everybody has a number of times. She gets her clothes stolen, usually

after getting fucked in public. She is then left that way to fend for

herself. No one will help her. I usually see her being led naked to

the office by a teacher.

These assaults happen so often, the naked walk has become routine. I'm

sure they could put a stop to the assaults if they wanted to. They

obviously don't want to. They could make things easier on her by going

to her with something to cover her with, but they don't want to do

that, either. No, they march her right down halls bustling with bug-

eyed students between classes. It's not one or two adult shitheads

doing it, either. It's like a conspiracy, like they all got together

and agreed on a way to deal with Adrian, and they all agree that the

way to get her to stop is to shame her. That's like stopping rape by

stripping rape victims and parading them down Main Street to shame

them into stopping.

It is absurd what they are doing, but they are doing it and getting

away with it. In a small, tight, remote community, shit like this can

happen where it couldn't possibly happen in a large metropolitan

school district. Even here, nothing like this has ever happened

before. I can't explain it except to say that it is happening and no

one is doing anything to stop it.

Travis money and power has a lot to do with that, but not all, not

even half. Too many horny people are getting off on this, and if there

was one girl you'd love to see naked out of our crop of nine hundred

plus high school girls, Adrian would win by a wide margin. She is only

a sophomore, but she is the best we've got. Drop-dead gorgeous is a

common term for her type of beauty. Nothing on her could be rated

under a ten, and she is beautiful besides having the perfect body on

the small side. When you see her, you immediately think, "I'd love to

see her naked."

Well, we do, just about every day, and it ain't getting old, not even

for a big brother. Roger and I are seniors. I'd love to hate the guy,

but I envy him too much. I do love my sister. I adore her. At times, I

feel like crying for her or killing someone for her, but not Roger.

I'd give my left nut to be Roger for one day. I'll take a bad Roger

day over any of my best.

Yes, I would love to fuck my sister. Dad would love to fuck his

daughter. I dare say Mom wouldn't mind a piece of her sexy ass. Adrian

is just too damn fine and sexy for her own good. Anything that fine

should be fucking. If need be, it should be forced to fuck. That's all

Roger is doing, and doing a damn fine job. People who should never

support something like that are - parents, teachers, authorities, a

brother. Roger is getting support from all over, and he gets my silent

support when I should be beating the crap out of him on a daily basis.

I probably could, too, but I don't even give him dirty looks. All he

gets is my looks of envy.

Adrian doesn't want me getting into any fights over her, so I'm lucky

in that regard. She had me promise to stay out of this back when it

all started ten weeks ago, and by this, she meant the problems she was

having with Mom and Dad, too. I promised and I am keeping my word, but

she needs somebody to stand up for her somewhere. Mom and Dad sold her

out ten weeks ago and now treat her like a red-headed step-child, or

whore - a stingy, ungrateful whore. I know they are both getting off

on this situation. If I could order her around the way they do,

degrading her, humiliating her, embarrassing her, making her strip,

spanking her, forcing her to masturbate to adjust her attitude, I'd

like this a lot better, too. They aren't parents; they're pimps.

All I get to do is watch, but that ain't bad. Sure beats getting in

the middle of it or not watching. Mom is great. She seems to know what

makes my dick hard. I think she is under the impression that keeping

my dick hard keeps me out of it. I don't mind letting her think that.

My best chance of getting a fuck off Adrain is through Mom. We're

close to that and getting closer all the time. If Mom ordered me to

fuck her, I doubt that Adrian would hold that against me. She must

know I'm dying to, and why Dad hasn't is a mystery. If I were him, I

would. I know Mom wouldn't care if he did. He must be having a

difficult time with that, because I see the desire. He wants her bad.

I'm sure Adrian can tell. It must be the incest thing. That's all I

can figure.

With me, the incest factor is a plus. I wouldn't mind fucking my

mother, mostly because she's my mother. She's not bad, but because

she's my mother, I think the sex would be great. I don't think she has

one damn thing against incest. She may feel the same way I do - makes

it better. Something tells me she'd be very easy for me. I wish I had

the balls to find out. I'm growing the balls, because she is looking

mighty damn sexy lately, and I swear she is being flirty with me.

It may seem that way simply because this thing with Adrian has

everyone so god damn horny all the time. I may be reading her wrong,

but I swear she wants me, and wants me to make the first move. How do

you with a mom? I can't date her. I can't start with French kisses,

cop a feel, or take my dick out and try to impress her. What move can

a son make. Suppose I make it and was dead wrong. I'd fucking die, or

she'd tell Dad and he'd kill me. If he is as down on incest as he

appears to be, he'll kill me twice - real slow, both times. Still, she

looks easy for me.

[Two weeks later]

Adrian had a very rough day. They are now keeping her in school after

assaults that leave her naked, and naked is how she stays. She waits

in the busy office until someone brings clothing from home. That won't

happen until Mom gets off work, or I get out of school, go home, get

something, and come back. For two weeks it has been this way. If an

assault happens in the morning, she'll be there all day long like a

monkey in a glass enclosure with a high traffic area serving as a

viewing area. What they are now doing is cruel and unusual punishment,

especially when you take into account they are punishing the victim.

Still, as wrong as this is, if I hear they have Adrian in the box, I

am just like everybody else. I'll go out of my way to see her.

If I have to get her something to wear, she'll be there an hour after

school lets out. If she is there over lunch, they'll bring a tray to

her, but if she needs a drink or a trip to the girl's room, she goes

as she is. She should be used to being naked by now, but she isn't. We

should be used to seeing her naked, but we're not. There are two

things you can't get used to, and her nude body is one. A monkey that

fucks puppies is the other.

Today, she was assaulted between first and second period. Mom picked

her up at four when I thought I'd get to. I got to see her sitting

there in her birthday suit all day long, and all day long, I looked

forward to the ride home. That's our quality time alone. We talk. She

tells me how awful her day was. How unfair this all is. How cruel and

uncaring people are. How perverted some are. I get hard. She

understands. We'll stop somewhere. I'll buy her a burger and shake to

make her feel better. She likes that, and we get more quality time. I

hear more great shit and stay hard longer; which, of course, she

understands. If anything, that girl understands a hard dick.

Today I came home alone but found her face down on her bed, still

naked. She was sobbing into her pillow. She had light red marks from a

belt all over her gorgeous ass and legs from the knees up. Mom was at

it with the belt again. When she gets horny, she'll find a reason.

Adrian has to stay naked until the marks disappear. I surveyed the

damage and estimated three or four hours, which was a good one.

Her legs weren't together, so I saw her cute pussy peeking out as I

approached. Can't get enough of that, and now Roger was keeping it

shaved - shows more. Smart guy that Roger. Took him long enough. I sat

at her ass and rubbed her soft back. I'd get to her ass and legs, but

not right away. Too obvious. When she felt my familiar hand, she

stopped sobbing and turned to lay her head on its side so she could

see me checking out her pussy by leaning back. Busted - again.

"I'm still a girl."

"I wanted to see if she hit you there, too."

"She never hits me there and you know it. Haven't you seen it enough?"

"I'm a guy, Adrian. I'm sorry. We never see it enough."

"Tell me about it."

"Rough day?"

"You have to ask."

"Rougher than usual?"

"Yes. It finally happened."

"Did Dinker dink you?"

He's our principal, Clyde Dinker. She figured he would one day. He was

the man behind keeping her until someone picked her up, and keeping

her in the box which was actually the waiting area serving four

offices. Rarely was she ever in there alone, and was often in there

with parents. She wishes she were alone. Now that she does time in the

box, appointments have soared. Sooner or later, you'll get lucky and

do time with Adrian. If there was a most guilty party in all of this,

it had to be Dinker, tight with Travis Sr., a friend to Junior, friend

and protector. It pays to have friends in high places if you bring a

sex toy to school and want to play with it, get away with it, and keep

doing it.

Adrian said, "You guessed it, and dink is a good term for it. He has a

dink and dinks with it. I've been dinked."

At some point Dinker had to dink her. Most everyone thought he was

already, but I knew differently, which wasn't different anymore. I

said, "Is dinking good or bad?"

"Not bad, not good. He enjoyed himself."

"Who doesn't?"

"Good point."

"What did you get the belt for?"

"Being a sexy girl, the usual."

"What excuse did she give?"

"They never found the clothes, so I lost another set, like I have any

control over that. Like I said, I got it for being a sexy girl."

"Do you regret being born a girl and sexy?"

"No. I'd still rather be a girl, and if I'm going to be one, I want to

be a sexy one. There is nothing at all wrong with that, it's just that

Roger has turned me into a sexual amusement, and a lot of people are

getting off on it. One is rubbing my ass and trying to get his fingers

wet."

I rubbed her legs instead and said, "Thanks for warning me."

That made her giggle. She turned more to see me better. I could see

she had a warm smile. I smiled back. She said, "Robby, I tease you

about it, but I want you to know that I don't resent anything you do.

You are special. You are in a male category all by yourself. I

wouldn't mind..."

She paused too long. I said, "Mind what, Adrian. What wouldn't you

mind?"

"Never mind. I'd rather save it for after and say I didn't mind. Until

then, fill in the blank with whatever turns you on."

I said, "Let me see...I wouldn't mind you...peeing in my purse."

She giggled and said, "I don't have a purse."

"Oh...then, I wouldn't mind you...taking pictures of me fucking

Roger."

"He has plenty. He'll give you some."

"I wouldn't mind you...screwing my mom."

"Please do. She needs a good screwing. She'll probably up your

allowance."

"Do you think she would...you know...screw her son?"

"In a heartbeat. Don't tell me you wonder about that?"

"I think every son thinks about it if his mother is halfway decent. I

think there are a lot more mother fuckers than anyone suspects. I

don't think I am weird because I think about fucking my mother. I'd be

weird if I didn't."

"No, I mean wonder if she wants you sexually. Are you saying you

aren't sure?"

"Are you?"

"Hell yes, but you're not! Are you blind?"

"She has me wondering."

"In that case, you're just stupid." She rolled over onto her back and

got up on her elbows to look me right in the face, but my eyes were on

her tits. She said, "You dope. Don't you realize that half the shit I

go through is to make you so horny you'll jump her bones. Stop staring

at my damn tits. I'm lying here naked right now because of you, naked

with a sore ass. She only whips me to turn you on. I have to

masturbate to turn you on. I thought you weren't interested. Now I see

you are dying to fuck her and are just too stupid to do it."

"I'm not too stupid. I'm just too chicken. How do you start?"

"Next time she gives you a hardon, get behind her and press it into

her ass. Hold her by the hips and tell her how sexy she is. I

guarantee, she'll melt. Lift her dress and slip her the dick. She

doesn't wear knickers anymore, so slip into the slippery hole. If I'm

masturbating, I would appreciate that very much. Christ, I'm getting

horny just thinking about it."

She sure was. She was touching her pussy without being ordered to, and

with me staring at her finger sliding in the slit. She said, "I know

you like this. Is your dick getting hard?"

"It has been hard, but it's harder."

"Good, go tell her I'm masturbating and let her see your hardon. She's

hot today. She'll be so easy. Fuck her right here. Strip her naked and

fuck the shit out of her. Do it for me, Robby."

"She wouldn't want me doing that in front of you."

"She doesn't care what I see or think. I'm just a whore."

"She doesn't really see you that way, Adrian."

"She is playing it that way. I am until this is over. While I am, she

doesn't give a shit what I think or see."

"She is turning this into a game to help her get through something she

can't do a damn thing about. When life gives you lemons, make

lemonade. That's her way, Adrian, and this is her lemonade. That's all

it is."

"I understand that better than you do. The home situation is another

side game to her. This is lemon pie. In this game, I am a means to an

end, and the end is you. You are the pie. She'll want to do it here so

that I can inspire you. If you start something out there, she'll bring

you in here to finish it. I want to serve you two in that way. When

you two want to fuck, I'll gladly masturbate for you, and she loves

that as much as you do. I wouldn't mind doing that if you two were

fucking while staring, but to just stand there gawking at my pussy

ruins it for me. You haven't seen good masturbation, yet. Get up and

give me some room to make a beaver."

She didn't have to tell me twice. I got up quick and was rewarded with

a beaver and a half with her smiling and saying, "You like this, don't

you? Now, you're seeing my pussy. Imagine Roger's big cock in it to

the balls, and you are in the crowd with the rest of his buddies,

watching Roger fuck his whore. This is how they see it, legs this

wide, showing all. They like to see my sexy bald pussy suck a big

cock. If you see it, you'd swear you saw a pussy suck cock. You're

hard enough, now go get your mommy. I'll wait here."

I went but I didn't want to go. I still had that picture in my mind.

What a lucky bastard. What a dumb mother fucker I was. I still wasn't

sure, but Adrian was. In sexual matters, she is never wrong. I should

have taken this to her weeks ago.

I found Mom in the laundry room, bending over a clothes basket. That

was too tempting to resist. I eased close, gently laid hands on her

hips, and froze her. I then pulled my hard cock tight to her ass and

Adrian was right. She wasn't wearing knickers. My dick pushed the thin

material of her housedress right into her fleshy cunt. She felt hot -

wet, too. I thought she's stand straight, but she remained frozen in

place, so I said, "God you look sexy when you bend over like this."

"Roger, you flatter me, and I can feel that you mean it."

"Adrian did that to me."

"That figures. You went into her room, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I see she has been a bad girl."

"Not really. She just has a mommy who felt like taking a belt to her

bare ass so that you could come home to comfort a naked sister."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it. It was my pleasure."

"She's in there masturbating, you know."

"Really! How did you get her to do that?"

"By confessing a desire to do this to you and much more."

"That made her horny?"

"Very."

"I assume by much more, you mean fucking."

"Is there anything wrong with that?"

"If there was, I wouldn't still be bent over like this, waiting for

you to do much more."

"I'd like to do much more where we can watch Adrian."

"If you want to do this right, let's go in naked."

"I want to do it right."

She stood straight after I released her and we began stripping off our

clothes, which for her was as easy as whipping off a loose-fitting

housedress. I had seen her naked, but only fleeting glimpses. Except

for a big hairy cunt, heavy hips, chunky thighs, and saggy tits, she

wasn't half bad. She dropped to her knees to help me out of jeans and

BYDs. When my dick sprang free, she grabbed it and gobbled it down.

She swallowed the fucker. There I stood with my mother on her knees,

sucking on my cock. I have imagined her sucking my dick, but not on

her knees. In my imagination, she sat in a chair and sucked like a

lady, holding my dick with and finger and thumb with her pinky raised.

I never thought she suck cock like a cum-starved, cock-sucking whore -

not my mommy.

After the initial shock, I had to admit that cum-starved, cock-sucking

whore was much better. Before I could wash her tonsils in sperm, she

came off, got up, kissed me, then took my hand saying, "Let's go

surprise Adrian and give her a cheap thrill."

She led me into the room, and we surprised Adrian. Actually, Mom was

the surprised one having never seen Adrian masturbate that way. We

thought she did it with her legs together. Adrian acted shy and

busted. When she went to close her legs, Mom would have none of that.

She lunged for the knees and forced them back out, saying, "No you

don't. If this is how you do it, this is how you'll do it from now on.

I knew damn well you don't masturbate that way, you lying bitch.

Nobody masturbates with their legs together. Now, you're doing it

right. Go back to what you were doing, but you pay close attention. I

am going to show you how to fuck and be appreciative of a stiff dick.

I'll make a good whore out of you yet. You should kneel and suck Roger

Travis every time you meet him, and that goes double for his father

and his mother."

If anyone could give whore lessons, Mom could. Again, she knelt and

sucked me, giving Adrian a good profile shot of the way to suck a

Travis. Adrian and I exchanged smiles. I could tell that she loved

this. She liked my dick and even licked her lips like she wanted some.

I hear she can suck a mean dick.

Again Mom stopped just as I was about to hose her gullet. She got up

and looked to Adrian, saw how into her masturbation she was, and said,

"Would you get off on seeing your brother fuck your mother?"

"Yes!"

"We'll see."

With that, she climbed onto the bed and over Adrian, getting her big

hairy cunt right over Adrian's face. I mean right over. She got in a

wide kneeling stance so that it was right over the face. I was

shocked. She looked back to me and said, "Get up here and fuck me.

Adrian wants to see a brother fuck his mother."

Shit! I couldn't fuck right in Adrian's face. I'd have to straddle her

chest. I'd feel her tits on my ass. My balls would drag over her

mouth, and when I came...when I came...I got up there and straddled

her chest. I shoved my hard dick in my mother's cunt and I fucked her

good and hard. My balls did drag over Adrian's sweet lips, and the

sexy bitch licked them. She kept doing that, then she stuck a wet

finger up my ass and OH BOY!

We made such a mess of Adrian's pretty face, but do you know what that

little shit did as I was pulling my cock out. She licked it. She

licked the fucking dick I was pulling out of my mother. She was

licking her, too, licking dick and pussy, licking us good, too. She

was getting her tongue in alongside my dick, which thrilled the piss

out of Mom. She actually squealed when Adrian did that.

My dick got hard again, so I fucked some more. Adrian licked us all

through that much longer fuck. I looked back to see how she was doing,

and she was wailing away on that beaver. I swear, my imagination isn't

that good, and I can imagine some good shit. I never imagined anything

like this. We made another big mess. Adrian didn't seem to mind one

bit. When I finally did pull out, she ate pussy, fucked pussy. Mom

struggled up and was squatting right on Adrian's face, letting Adrian

clean her, and Adrian did, inside and out, like this was nothing new.

Turns out it wasn't anything new, typical swinger fare, but we never

knew that. Mom never expected that, but she wasn't about to turn it

down, or get down until Adrian was all done. When Mom climbed down,

she was squeaky clean, refreshed and feeling great. I was partly

responsible, but I had to give Adrian most of the credit.

Adrian was a mess and exhausted, still sprawled in her beaver pose

with tired arms resting at her side. That was a sight that Mom and I

admired together. Mom reached between Adrian's legs and played with

it. Adrian didn't care. Mom invited me to play with it. Adrian didn't

mind that, either. Mom and I played with Adrian's pussy together and

we had a ball doing it. Mom asked me if I wanted to fuck it. I did,

but couldn't, not for a while. She said maybe later. Adrian was never

consulted.

I didn't get any later because Mom wanted it. Once again, we were back

on Adrian with the same result only there was one fuck, but I think

the fuck was just an excuse to get eaten again. She had to like that

more than dick, and liked it better when the dick wasn't in the way. I

felt used. Felt good. Use me.

She did - to excess. We weren't the only ones using her to excess. She

was, after all, the Travis whore. She served us when she wasn't

serving them, and when in school, she served as a sexual amusement.

This was going into the thirteenth week, her fifth on public display

in the box with no sign of an end or even a let-up. Though things were

worse and more intense, she seemed to toughen and the worst was behind

her. Week nine was her worst, her first week in the box. Week ten was

a week of adjustment, but eleven and twelve were rather pleasant. She

could ignore the gawkers.

In the box, she could relax and not be fucked with. She enjoyed

meeting people who were fascinated by her and her opinions about sex

and teenagers were highly valued. She had advice on how to spice up a

sagging sex life, and advised parents on dealing with sex and teens.

On matters of sex, there was no greater authority in our community,

and she'd tell it to you straight.

Adrian finally got to the point where being naked in public didn't

bother her. That was at the start of week thirteen, about five days

after Mom and I began using her every chance we got. By this time, I

was fucking her while Mom got her pussy eaten. That was better for

both of us, and we never consulted Adrian. If I felt like fucking her,

I fucked her. Dad was cool with it, but Mom and I had to cool it when

he was home. She was pretty sure he wouldn't like that. I know Adrian

enjoyed our threesome better that way.

Idway through week thirteen, we were having quality time after she

spent most of the day in the box and I got to pick her up. She said

she had a good day and finally enjoyed being naked in public. I never

thought she could be, but she finally felt good about it, felt

comfortable naked, and those who stared didn't bother her. A stare was

a sincere form of flattery. She came out of the box quite a bit that

day. She was free to do that. She was not being held or detained. That

was just a waiting place. She couldn't roam the halls aimlessly, go

outdoors, or disturb classes, but she could eat lunch in the cafeteria

if she wanted to, or go to the library. She could go to the can all

she wanted, get all the water she wanted. She ran some errands for the

office, and helped take down decorations left over from a dance.

Naturally, they sent her up the ladder, but she didn't mind. She had a

great day for a change.

She told a great story about helping the four janitors. When she came

down from the ladder, they fucked her right on the empty gymnasium

floor, one after the other, then sent her up for more. Almost each

time she came down, there would be someone hard enough to fuck her,

and they were at that simple job for the better part of the afternoon.

She thought they were a great bunch of guys to work with, and she

looked forward to helping out more.

Each day seemed to get better for her, and she was growing as fond of

Dinker as he was of her. She enjoyed giving him all the sex he wanted

exactly the way he wanted it. Everyone in and around the office, as

well as all the teachers knew of the relationship. She was Dinker's

little fuck that he kept naked and hanging around the office area. He

wasn't trying to hide that fact, felt no need to hide; besides,

everyone strongly approved. She kept Dinker in a great mood. She had

an important role to play, and was not just a sexual amusement, a

curiosity, or freak. She was earning respect, was treated with

respect. The fact that she was naked meant little or nothing by then.

I had to admire her, and I was proud of her. Though she wasn't out of

it, and was in fact in much deeper, she was fine with her life. Sex

didn't hurt her, and no one would dream of hurting her. If anyone did

hurt her, an entire community would be enraged. Mom never did hurt her

and the belt stopped after I wised up. You couldn't fuck her enough to

hurt her. If you ask me, she couldn't get enough. Dinker shared her,

and she was fine with that - male, female, couples, groups, didn't

matter. She was in tight with Dinker and the Travis bunch. We have a

bunch of Travises.

She finished out the school year in pretty much the same situation she

was in during week twelve. After week twenty six, she was off for the

summer. Roger graduated and was off to college and out of her life,

but he got out of her life somewhere around week twenty. By then she

had an office job and showed up naked each day. Dinker saw that she

kept up with school work with the help of tutors. She was looking

forward to another year as the naked student, but that didn't pan out.

Over the summer, news of the naked student got out and a spotlight

focused on us with outside media nosing around. They didn't get much,

not enough to run the story, but it scared hell out of a lot of folks.

They couldn't take the risk, so Adrian returned in the fall and fell

back in with the regular student population, observing the dress code,

keeping a low profile. She still met with Dinker, but low profile, and

there were no more assaults. Dinker's orders.

Her home life gradually returned to near normal. All of the abuse went

away with Roger. She and I were still getting it on, and she and Mom

got together from time to time, but there weren't many threesomes. Dad

never did get any. He just couldn't fuck a daughter. Some men can't.

For me, the best part of all this was getting to know my amazing

sister so well. If it weren't for Roger, I never would have fully

appreciated what I had. I wouldn't have fucked her or my mother, and

to really get to know someone, you must. I'm glad I got to know my

sister, but I wish the hell I had left Mom alone. She is a fucking

whore who isn't worth pissing on, and the lousiest fuck I ever had,

but she does suck a mean dick. I will give her that.

Sis, on the other hand, will always walk on water. Her shit will never

stink. The guy who marries her is one lucky bastard. He won't be from

around here, I'm sure of that. Her sights are on California, but he'll

hear stories he flat out won't believe, but as God is my witness, they

are all true. My sister was the naked student for almost a full school

year. That was a year no one who was a part of it will ever forget.

The End