**Tina and Her Volleyball Team**

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It was at the first game that he first thought that he might be in trouble. The fact that he knew nothing about volleyball wasn't the issue. The girls had proven they could coach themselves well enough. It was at the precise point in time where the girls all shed their track pants and tops and started jumping about the court in those tiny, tight shorts and skin tight tops. He simply didn't know where to look.

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Greg had only been at the school a couple of weeks and as a young male teacher at an all girls school, knew that some of the students were watching him a little more closely than they did some of the crustier members of the staff.

He'd been lucky to even get the job. During his interviews, the principal quizzed him about his ability at 26 years of age to separate his private life from his professional one and in particular about how he'd go about ensuring that his relationship with the students didn't cross any moral or legal boundaries. He'd briefly considered declaring himself gay, but decided that would only end in trouble. Instead, he'd reassured the principal that he'd survived his years of student teaching when he was much closer in age to the students and had never had a problem during his first couple of stints as a professional teacher. It had been enough, along with references to get him the job.

Part of that job, it turned out, was to volunteer as a coach, mentor or chaperone for one of the girls' extra-curricular activities. He wanted the soccer program, as he played the game himself and knew what he was about, but that program was very successful at the school and well staffed. He'd been working his way down through the lists of activities but was struggling to find something that interested him when he was finally approached by a couple of girls seeking help with the volleyball team. They pleaded with him saying that they would have to disband the team if they couldn't find a teacher to help. He didn't want to admit that their looks had influenced his decision to agree and was very conscious of his raging libido and keeping it at arms length from the students. Greg didn't know much if anything about volleyball but thought he could learn soon enough and was pleased that some of the other staff had come to him thanked him for helping out so that the girls could continue to play.

Tina looked across to where their 'coach' sat watching them warm up and smiled at him. He grinned back and she waved him over. She laughed to herself at his initial hesitancy.

"Girls," Tina said as he approached, "I think you'll find that Fiona and I have excelled in securing us a coach for the season, so for those of you who haven't met him, our new coach is Mr Danes."

"Hi girls," Greg said, blushing as the 10 or so girls all clapped and thanked him for saving their team.

"Right, I want to be honest with you up front. I know nothing about volleyball, but Tina and Fiona assured me that they would be happy to take on the actual coaching. I'm just here to make sure that you could all play. I'll learn what I can as we go along."

The girls laughed and cheered and then Tina got them back to finish warming up. Greg sat back down to watch. The sight of 10 athletic girls jumping around wasn't exactly a chore to endure so he took his time checking them over. One of the benefits of teaching at an all girl school was that there was plenty of beauty to appreciate. It seemed also now that the volleyball team had more than its fair share of lovely girls. Most of the team were headed toward 6 foot in height, meaning that even standing, Greg felt somewhat intimidated, being only around 5 - 8 himself, and they were all very slim. One of the setters, Heather (he picked the term up through that training) must have been the only girl on the entire team to have a bra bigger than a B cup. He mused on this at one point as he watched her land, her chest taking a moment after the rest of her stopped to come to rest. The other setter, Susan, though taller than Heather by a couple of inches was shorter than the rest, but fit the slender, small breasted mold better than Heather did. Greg thought she was perhaps the most attractive girl in the team, with the advantage he reasoned of being at least the same height as he was. He caught himself perving on and mentally comparing the girls and wondered inwardly how quickly his professional defences seemed to be crumbling.

"God Tina, he's hot, how come we haven't seen him before?" Heather asked as the girls grouped in a huddle to 'talk tactics'.

"He's only been here a week," Tina answered, "and he teaches in the middle school. I don't think he teaches any senior classes at all. It was just lucky, I was in talking to the Head about whether we could still play without a teacher and he was listing off all the teachers and what they were doing. Mr Danes' resume was on the desk and on my way out I heard Crusty pick up the phone and tell him he had the job. I've been waiting ever since for him to start so I might get to him first. I couldn't believe it when he showed up and was hot too!"

"God I'd do him," Susan said with a smile, causing the rest of the team to laugh and turn to inspect him.

"We're lucky we get to play, so let's not do anything to fuck it up hey?" Tina prompted the team and they agreed with varying degrees of reluctance and went back to training.

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Greg tried to focus on what was happening as the girls played their way through their first game, thinking at least he might be able to start to help with the coaching. He'd been reading up on the rules and tactics, but it was something else to see it in action. It wasn't made any easier when the girls all started bouncing up and down high fiving and hugging each other in their skimpy outfits. He found it difficult to concentrate as he was repeatedly presented with close up views of incredibly hot bums in their skin tight lycra shorts as the girls went into ready positions to receive the opponent's serve.

The girls had narrowly lost the game and the best that he could offer was to tell them that he'd been impressed and that they'd been unlucky not to win. He was treated to some tight but disappointed smiles; clearly they'd expected to win.

"Tina, I know you want to get going but have you got a moment or two to try and explain some things to me?" he asked as she sat on the floor pulling her track pants on. He tried very hard not to look at the crotch of her shorts, but he couldn't help himself.

"Sure Mr Danes, I don't have to be anywhere," Tina agreed, not sure but thinking she'd caught him looking at her crotch.

The other girls departed, throwing a few sly comments her way and Greg even blushed when Heather called out that she'd be happy to join in if they needed help with special group moves. Tina spent the best part of an hour telling her new coach about what had transpired; the rules, the team's weaknesses and strengths. Greg was amazed at just how mature her approach to the game was. Tina confided that she hoped to play professionally and then one day coach when she was finished playing. Volleyball was her life.

"Wow!" he said, clearly impressed, "Well thanks for the update, that's a lot more than I expected," Greg laughed, "are you right to get home? It's later than I realized."

"Yeah, thanks Mr Danes, my car is outside."

"Oh, I keep forgetting that you're all over 18, I'm too used to middle school," Greg laughed. Tina said goodbye and left Greg to lock up the gym before he headed home.

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"Mr Danes can you help me with this stretch please?" Tina asked after their next training session. She eye off their coach as he came over in response to her request.

"What do you want me to do?" Greg asked, standing over the tall girl as she sat upon the hard wooden floor of the gym.

"My hamstring is really tight, can you stretch it out for me?"

With that, Tina lay flat on her back and lifted her right leg, leaving the left flat on the floor. Greg swallowed as he placed a hand against her elevated heel and began pushing her leg forward. His line of sight travelled straight down the smooth curve of her long thin leg, all the way to the point just before her crotch where it disappeared into her tight little shorts. The further he pushed her leg back, the tighter her pants pressed against her pussy. Greg tried desperately to think of something other than how remarkably flexible she was as he dragged his gaze away.

Tina closed her eyes and groaned as she felt her leg stretched and urged Greg to push it further. He was now standing beside her waist as her leg travelled back toward her chest. Tina opened her eyes slightly and glanced at his crotch, her insides tingling and nipples tightening as she thought about reaching her hand up the leg of his shorts.

"Can you stretch the other one too please?" Tina asked, her face a picture of innocence.

Greg had no choice but to continue stretching her, his eyes flicking swiftly about the gym and over her body in rapid succession, too nervous to look anywhere for long. Everywhere he glanced his team of athletic girls were stretching out, their tight volleyball outfits clinging to their curves. Heather was stretching just beyond them and as he glanced her way, she was on her knees in a yoga pose, hands reaching way out in front on the floor, resulting in her butt being presented to him, the shiny shorts clinging to her anatomy in a way that left nothing to his imagination. He gulped as he glanced back down, to see Tina smiling up at him.

"Good now?" he asked.

"Yep, thanks," Tina responded, lowering her leg, her hands sliding along her muscles as if testing them out.

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"Ok Tina, there's something that I need to tell you and I'm not all that sure that you're going to be happy about it," Greg said to the team captain at the end of a training session a couple of weeks later.

"You're not quitting are you?" Tina demanded, her face starting to distort with impending anger.

Greg held his hands up in front of him, "God no! No, I just, well I entered you in a tournament is all," he replied quickly, trying to forestall the young girl's wrath.

"Oh thank God! Wait, which tournament?" she asked.

"The Hastenbury one," he replied.

"Oh shit, but like that's where all the top teams compete," Tina said catching herself as she heard her voice starting to whine.

"I know, I know. I think that it's important that you have something to aim for to help the rest of the team come together and really work toward something."

"Well, if you've entered us, I guess that's where we're going," she said, smiling.

"Excellent!" he said greatly relieved, "I'll let you break the news to the team."

"Huh, thanks very much," she said. "And I guess thanks for having confidence in us too."

"Look, it's a stretch, but I don't think you'll embarrass yourselves," Greg told her before sending her on her way, automatically lowering his eyes to watch her tight arse in her volleyball shorts. Tina turned to look back at him as she left and he blushed at being caught perving.

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"Ok girls the trip is two weeks away." Greg reminded them a couple of days later. "I've secured a bus and I'm right to drive it, have any of you managed to come up with a chaperone to come with us on the trip?"

"My Mum has said that she'll come," Alice admitted almost grudgingly, "but hey, that's like only if none of you guys have a better option!" The girls laughed, each of them knowing how much they'd hate for it to be their mother on the trip with them.

"Mine has too," sighed Jessica.

"Excellent, then all there is left to do is train those tight little butts off!" Greg announced clapping his hands, sending the girls off to warm up as he prowled around, pretending not to enjoy the wall to wall display of lycra clad bums.

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"Mr Danes, I'd like you to meet my mother Anna," Jessica said as Anna reached out to offer her hand to Greg.

"Nice to meet you Anna," Greg said smiling warmly and taking her hand, careful not to let his eyes roam up and down the tall woman in front of him.

"Very nice to meet you Greg," Anna replied coolly.

"And this is my Mum Barbara," Jessica told him. Barbara smiled and didn't hesitate with letting her eyes take in the sight of the young, athletic teacher.

"No wonder the girls talk about you so much," Barbara said causing Greg to blush.

"Er, thanks, nice to meet you," he replied, firmly on the back foot. "So, thanks very much for chaperoning, as you know the school doesn't allow this sort of trip to happen otherwise. I really think the girls are going to surprise themselves with how they've been playing lately."

"Well we'd like to thank you for seeing that the team actually managed to stay together and has a chance to play," Anna said, smiling a full lipped, happy smile that revealed gleaming straight white teeth.

"Right girls, see if you can stuff this monstrous amount of luggage in the trailer and we'll be off!" Greg announced. Girls went everywhere and more luggage than he could imagine was squeezed into the little moving trailer.

"Three hours, so make yourselves comfortable. You get one stop on the way, so when we do, make sure you pee!" Greg declared laughing as they got underway. The girls all cried with outrage, promising him that when it came to stopping, there was no way he'd be able to hold out against them all.

Anna and Barbara kept Greg company at the front of the bus, whilst the girls were left to their own devices in the back. Greg remembered to glance in the mirror occasionally, but in the main, it was just a bunch of girls chatting and laughing and paying each other out. Once he glanced up and thought that he saw Heather and Tina end a kiss. He kept stealing glances back, wondering if he'd really seen it, but there was no repeat and they eventually arrived at the hotel with Greg surmising that he'd obviously been seeing things that weren't there.

"Right, let's get checked in then get yourselves settled in your rooms. Please take some time to familarise yourselves with the hotel rules and we'll meet for dinner in an hour and have our team meeting whilst we eat," Greg directed as the girls man-handled their luggage into the hotel foyer. Once it was cleared he parked the bus and then returned to join them all at the registration desk, helping Anna and Barbara to sort out the bookings and room allocations. Once the last of the girls were checked in Greg and the two chaperones did likewise.

"Would you ladies like some help with your luggage?" Greg offered as he picked up his own small case and glanced across at the larger bags the mums had brought with them.

"Why that would be fabulous," Anna said, allowing Greg to take her bag. He dropped his on top as he extracted the handle and then grabbed Barbara's as well, letting them lead the way to where they were staying.

"So, I've got it set out so that you're at this end, I'm at the other end and all the girls' rooms are between us," Greg advised. "Hopefully that way, if they start carrying on too much, one of us will hear it and be able to deal with it."

"I'm sure we'll keep them under control," Barbara laughed, "though if I can make a suggestion, try not to be too much of a dictator. Let them have some fun, let them think they're getting away with a bit and they'll knuckle down when it comes to the important stuff."

"Sounds like good advice to me," Greg smiled.

"Yes, just a pity that your room is so far away," Barbara winked as Anna started dragging their bags into their shared room.

"Look, if you two want separate rooms, the budget will allow it," Greg said as he realised that they only had a single room between them.

"Oh don't be silly," Anna said, "It'll be just like one of our old school trips ... only we don't have to worry about a chaperone stopping our pillow fights!" She slapped Barbara on the butt as she finished, winking at Greg, who shook his head and laughed.

"Ok then, just make sure that I don't have to come down here and be that chaperone! I think that lot will keep me busy enough," he added.

"Are you sure you can cope with being in that big lonely room all alone?" Barbara asked. "I'm sure we could bunk one more in here with us if you're scared of the dark."

"Oh you're bad!" Anna said to her, but Greg jokingly reassured her he'd brought a night light to keep the monsters away before heading off to settle in to his own room.

He dropped his gear into the room and decided to shower after the long trip. He dropped his clothes on the floor and enjoyed the warm flow of water.

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"So who's got that room?" Heather asked Tina, pointing to the door that connected the room next door.

"Dunno, why don't we find out?" Tina suggested.

Heather was going to go out of the room and knock on the door, but Tina just walked over to the door that could be opened to turn the room into a suite of adjoining rooms and turned the handle. The door opened only to reveal another door. "Damn," she said as she saw it, but tried the handle to the next door and found it open. "Whoops," she grinned at Heather who moved to join her. "I don't think that's supposed to happen."

The two girls opened the door and peeked inside. They could hear the shower running and a quick glance about the room told them that it wasn't any of their friends. There was a distinct lack of luggage! Tina was about to close the door and wait to find out later, but Heather quietly pushed past her and snuck into the room, tip-toeing her way across the carpet toward the bathroom, where the door had been left open. When she was in a position where she could see, she covered her mouth with shock and urgently signaled to Tina that she should come and look too. Tina nervously joined her, to see what Heather was so excited about. She looked into the bathroom and saw for herself the silhouette of a man in the shower. The frosted glass kept them from getting a full eyeful, but they both found it exciting to be perving on some guy in the shower. Tina had to drag Heather away before they were noticed.

Heather reluctantly allowed herself to be hauled back into their own room where they shut, but didn't lock the door on the guy's side of the join. They locked their own.

"Was that Mr Danes?" Heather gasped excitedly as she collapsed on her bed.

"Could have been," Tina replied. "Looked about the right size, but that glass didn't show well enough to be sure."

"Fuck, I wish it had, then I could have seen his cock!" Heather groaned, a hand drifting between her legs to rub her track pants against her crotch.

"You are so bad! I told you, no distractions and no getting the coach fired! We're here to win a tournament."

"God, you and winning!" Heather lamented. "Just because you're able to go forever with out sex doesn't mean I can. If you won't let me try and pick up boys or fuck my teacher, you're going to have to satisfy me yourself instead."

"Oh really and just how do you think I'm going to do that?" Tina demanded with a twinkle in her eye.

"By getting over here and putting that snarky tongue of yours in my hot little pussy!" Heather responded, rubbing her crotch with her hand. Tina advanced across the room until she stood right in front of Heather, looking down on her, seeing Heather's large breasts thrust out against her tight t-shirt.

"Seems like you're a little short for me," Tina teased.

"Then maybe I should get you down to my size!"

Heather grabbed her friend and whirled her round so that she fell onto the bed. "Seems like its true what my brother says ... girls are all the same height when they're lying down!" The two girls descended into a fit of giggles that was only stifled when Heather held Tina down on the bed and kissed her hard, thrusting her tongue into her friend's mouth. Tina's protests subsided into moans and soon Heather was wiggling her way out of the leggings that she'd been wearing, dragging her thong with them so that she could straddle Tina's face, lowering her bald pussy right onto her mouth.

Tina happily obliged, spearing her tongue into her friend's pussy, Heather's juices flowed over her tongue, delighting her taste buds. She ground her pussy against Tina's face, loving the feeling and needing to get off. Tina knew that Heather was getting close to cumming from the way that she was moving her hips and panting as her pussy and clit were licked and sucked, but she was determined not to let Heather cum so close to a big tournament. She reached up to her friend's large tits, grabbing and playing with them before quickly flipping her to one side so that she fell onto the bed.

"No orgasms until after the tournament!" Tina announced.

"Oh you bitch!" Heather said panting. "Maybe I should just get you all worked up for nothing."

"Huh, like you haven't already!" Tina responded, drawing a grin from Heather. Tina pulled her friend into a kiss and they lay tangled on the bed until Tina remembered that they were supposed to be getting ready for dinner and the team meeting. She left Heather on the bed and decided to have a shower.

Heather lay on the bed, watching Tina strip off for the shower, loving the fact that she didn't run off to the bathroom to do it. Her fingers dabbled between her wet pussy lips and when Tina was naked, she blew her a kiss, receiving one in return. She loved the long lithe body of her friend and wished she was a little taller. Not 6 foot like Tina, but maybe another inch or two than her 5'6". She was happy with her D cup breasts though and that they were the envy of the mostly small breasted volleyball team. Even though Tina was small breasted, Heather still loved playing with her A cup tits, especially when she sucked and nibbled on her hard little nipples. Thinking of them had her fingers in her pussy before she realised that was nothing stopping her from joining Tina in the shower. She jumped off the bed and pulled her top and bra off.

"Mind if I join you?" she said, surprising Tina as she opened the door to the shower alcove. Tina smiled and welcomed her under the warm spray of water, pulling her into a hug that crushed Heather's big tits below her own small ones.

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Greg silently appraised the girls as they arrived for dinner. They were certainly a hot bunch of girls he thought as they smiled and greeted him, taking seats but leaving the chairs near him vacant for the chaperones. Greg just enjoyed the sight of them as they came to the table, almost all wearing black leggings or tight track pants that hugged their curves.

"Are we having entrée, or are you simply enjoying the visual appetizers?" he heard Barbara say to him as she moved in from behind to sit to his left. Greg blushed furiously, resulting in giggles from Barbara and Anna, who moved to sit on his other side. "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone. Shit, if I were a bloke I think I'd be trying to do more than just look," she added.

"Oh leave the poor kid alone Barbara," Anna said, rolling her eyes, "You know he'd lose his job if he was as bad as you."

"Only if he got caught," Barbara said with a wink. Greg tried to just laugh it all off, but was at a loss for words. The conversation topic was getting way too close to the bone and he didn't need any further encouragement. He managed to break it up by jumping into 'official team business' briefing the girls once again on expectations whilst they were away from school and the code of conduct for the weekend.

Soon the girls were ordering dinner and the table was filled with the noise of their chatter, leaving Greg all but alone with the two ladies, the girls only occasionally being diverted enough from their own conversations to pay much attention to the 'adult end'.

"How does this tournament work anyway?" Barbara asked Greg as the dinner continued.

"We have 3 games on day 1 and 3 games on day 2 to determine if we make finals. If we do, they're on the final day. If we do make the finals we'll stay the extra night and travel back on Tuesday."

"Well here's for making finals and getting to party then," Barbara smiled.

"You having a drink Greg?" Anna asked as the waitress took orders and she ordered herself a mojito.

"I don't think so, not on the first night, I should really be setting the example," Greg replied.

"Too bad," Barbara said wistfully, "I think you'd be a lot more fun with a bit of drink in you." Greg blushed again as she ordered a bottle of chardonnay.

"Well we'll just have to see how the weekend goes, won't we, I'm sure if we win a couple there'll be some celebrating to be done," Greg replied.

"I certainly hope so, because I love to celebrate!" Barbara laughed, her hand sneaking beneath the table to give Greg's thigh a quick squeeze. She laughed at the resulting jump and strangled yelp.

"Besides, once the girls are in bed, you can always join us at the bar for a quiet night cap," Anna said.

"Now that could be a good option," Greg replied, not quite sure where to take things. Despite the fact that they were older than him both of the women were in great shape and with the way that Barbara kept flirting with him, maybe something crazy could happen on this trip after all. He was left pondering the thought as the dinner broke up and the girls all headed off to their rooms.

"Don't forget to look for us later, you know where we'll be," Barbara urged him when he left the table to do some planning for the following days' games.

He was in his room doing just that when there was a knock on the door.

"Hi Tina," he said, when he discovered who was standing there. "Something I can do for you?"

"I was hoping that I could run a few tactics and suggestions for tomorrow past you before I go to bed," Tina said to him.

"Funny you should say that, I was just going through some ideas of my own," he said.

"Cool," Tina said moving as if to enter his room.

"Uh, no Tina I don't think it's a good idea for you to be in my room, school policy and all that," Greg said.

"Oh yeah," Tina said "And you can't come into our room either, can you?"

"No chance, not even with both of you in there. It wouldn't be right, but we can go down to the common area and talk there."

"Ok, sure, let me grab my play book," Tina said.

The two of them went to the common area of the hotel, which abutted the bar and began to go through their tactics. Greg noticed that Barbara and Anna were sitting at the bar enjoying themselves. They waved when they noticed him and Tina.

When Greg had finished with Tina, he watched her walk away, her long legs exquisite in her tight leggings, the t-shirt she was wearing short enough to give him the perfect view of her peach shaped butt as she wandered off. Just as she was about to disappear from view she turned back to wave and he was busted staring at her arse again. Greg blushed, hoping that it wasn't noticeable from that distance. Tina just smiled back at him then left.

With a sigh, he stood up to leave, only to have Anna and Barbara call him over to have a drink with them. He decided that perhaps a beer would help keep his mind off things and sat down next to them and ordered one.

"I don't envy your position," Barbara said to him after a few minutes of small talk.

"Oh, why's that?" he asked.

"It must be agonizing to be surrounded by all those hot 18 year old girls in their tiny shorts and not be allowed to do anything with them."

"Well its part of the job, so you just accept it I guess," he replied guardedly, again not sure where this conversation was going.

"Oh sure, you just accept it," Barbara teased, "I bet you go back to that room and pound your cock silly thinking about those girls." Anna laughed as Greg snorted into his beer and sputtered a denial. He began to blush over the fact that he'd planned to do exactly that the moment he got back to his room.

"You do realise your daughter is one of those girls, don't you?" he said, seeking some way to fend off further embarrassing questions.

"Of course, I do. What, you think Alice is an angel?" Barbara laughed. "I know for a fact that she's not innocent and now that she's 18 there's not much I can do about it except hope that she makes good choices when she decides she wants to blow some kid."

"Well that's certainly a different attitude than what I might have expected," Greg replied, thoroughly surprised.

"She's right though," Anna added. "Just last month I walked in to find Jessica on her knees with some bloke's cock in her mouth. I'm not quite sure who was the most embarrassed!"

"Hah, you weren't embarrassed, you were jealous, you just wanted that nice young cock for yourself," Barbara teased.

"No, unlike you, I wouldn't have pushed my daughter aside and taken over, I was embarrassed!" Anna stated emphatically.

"Probably true," Barbara laughed with a shrug. "Anyway, my point is, your job must be very hard," and as she said it, her hand landed high up on Greg's thigh, causing him to jump again. She almost put her hand on his crotch where his cock had been hardening as he listened with growing surprise to these women talking so openly about their daughters' sexual exploits.

"And if its as hard as I imagine, you probably need to relieve the tension now and then," she continued with a wink. Greg grabbed his beer to stop his hands shaking and took a deep draught. He was unsure how willing he was to allow this to go where it appeared to be heading.

"It certainly looks like it's getting to be a hard job, but maybe that's just the added difficulty of dealing with the chaperone," Anna said, staring directly now at his crotch.

"You know," Barbara said with mock thoughtfulness, "I think I can help make your job a bit easier. Maybe the temptation to put your job on the line and get involved with one of those hot young girls would be much easier to resist if someone sucked all the nice warm cum from your cock."

"Barbara!" Anna cried, clearly as stunned as Greg was at what had been said.

"Ahh I, I don't think that's quite right," Greg managed to splutter, even as an image of what it would be like to have this older woman kneeling before him with his cock in her mouth flashed through his mind.

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"Well Anna, just because you're still married is no reason to judge a single, horny and smokin' hot woman like me." Barbara laughed. Anna laughed too, waving her friend off.

"You know, you're crazier since the divorce than you were in high school and that's saying something!" Anna retorted.

"So," Barbara continued leaning in closer to Greg, "do you want me to make your job easier? I could do things for you that I doubt those little school girls have even heard of."

"She's probably right there!" Anna snorted.

"Um, look, I can't say I'm not flattered," Greg stammered.

"Flattered? Tempted I think you mean," Anna laughed as Barbara's hand rubbed directly over his cock. Greg dropped his hand onto hers and gently moved it away.

"Flattered," Greg continued. "But I really do think I need to set a good example and it wouldn't be good for my career if I were spotted with the chaperone, especially on the first night. "

"OK, well, if you change your mind, here's where to find me." Barbara said lightly, handing him a coaster after scribbling her room number on it with an eyebrow pencil she found in her bag.

Greg left the two women at the bar; reminding them that they would need to check on all the girls and make sure they were all accounted for before the game the following day.

"Oh shit, we really should do that, shouldn't we?" Anna said to Barbara who reluctantly agreed.

Barbara and Anna split the rooms between them and began confirming that the girls were where they were supposed to be and headed off to sleep.

Barbara knocked on her last door and waited for it to open. It was very quiet and so she stuck her ear against it to see what she could hear. Not much, so she knocked again, louder. This time there was a scrambling sound from inside and finally the door was cracked open and a flush-faced Heather answered. Barbara peered through the crack, noting that Heather was wearing a tank top, but unable to see more.

"Time for sleep girls, big day tomorrow and all that."

"OK, thanks," Mrs Wellings, "Heather said, looking to shut the door as quickly as possible.

"Not so fast Heather," Barbara smiled sweetly, pushing at the door, "I need to check that Tina's in here as well." Heather glanced back quickly into the room, somewhat furtively and so Barbara pushed her way in a little more forcefully. Heather stepped aside and as Barbara glanced down she saw that she was wearing nothing on her lower half. Heather's hands moved quickly to cover her exposed pussy.

"Hi Mrs Wellings," Tina said from her bed, the covers pulled up over her chest, almost to her neck. Her face was as flushed as Heather's and Barbara became suspicious. She stepped into the room letting the door close behind her and then sat on the end of Tina's bed. Heather quickly grabbed a pair of panties from her bag and slipped them on behind Barbara's back.

"OK what's going on? Something you girls want to tell me?" she prompted.

"Er, nothing...no." Tina said. She looked guilty. That fact and her flushed face started Barbara's pulse racing. She wondered if these girls were having the sort of fun that she and Anna had enjoyed back in their school days.

"Oh really? It seems to me that you two are looking entirely too guilty. I'm sure that you don't want me to bring Mr Danes in here and have him asking the questions. What are you up to? Smuggled some alcohol in here? Drugs?"

The girls vehemently denied it, Tina in particular insisting that she would never do anything that would threaten their chances for success. Barbara knew they were telling the truth, but kept pushing, wondering if she could draw an admission. She stood up and paced the room, seeming to look for anything suspicious.

"You know I can search your bags if I have reason to believe that there's something that shouldn't be in there, don't you?" she said, hovering over Heather's bag. Heather looked very worried as they both acknowledged that she did indeed have that right.

Barbara squatted and moved some of Heather's things around, feeling to see if there was in fact anything that shouldn't be there. She was surprised when she found something hidden in a long pair of socks. She pulled them out and showed Heather, who looked mortified.

"Look, please, don't, its nothing I'm not allowed to have," Heather began even as Tina turned to look at her with shock on her face.

Barbara reached into the sock and withdrew what was hidden inside, laughing out loud when it turned out to be a long, thick plastic dildo. Tina uttered a sound that was a mixture of relief and amusement. "Fuck I was starting to worry you had smuggled alcohol in," she said to her friend.

Heather just rolled her eyes at Tina before begging Barbara not to tell anyone.

"So Heather, you didn't think you'd last for the weekend?" Barbara teased, moving closer to where the two girls were now perched in their beds.

"Oh God, this is so embarrassing," Heather said, face flushed red and buried in her hands.

"Look, given the state of your faces and clothing when you let me in, I've a fair idea what's been going on in here..."

"Nothing!" Tina gasped. Barbara grabbed the covers and pulled them quickly down before Tina could react, revealing Tina's naked breasts before she quickly pulled the covers up again.

"Nothing eh? Like what you're wearing?" she said, drawing a further blush from Tina. "Well, let me tell you something ...I don't mind at all."

"Really?" Heather said, looking up with a mixture of surprise and relief.

"Really. Hell I was young once, I've been there ... shit maybe I still even go there," she said with a wink. "Being with another another girl is a bunch of fun and certainly not something the school needs to know about, so don't worry on my account. It's our secret." She nearly laughed at the speechless shock and relief on their faces as she stood up and tossed the vibrator back to Heather.

"By the way, who's in the next room?" she said as she reached the door.

"Mr Danes," Tina replied.

"Hmm, seems like you should be in my room then."

"No way!" Heather said just a little too eagerly.

"Oh really?" Barbara smiled, coming back to the bed. "I wonder if there's some arrangement we can come to that might get me into this room? I'd really like to be a little closer to Mr Danes, you know, so that I have easy access when we need to discuss the logistics of the trip?"

"Yes, but I need to be close to him for when we need urgent talks about tactics," Tina suggested.

"But you don't really want everyone to know that I found you in here with your tongues buried in each other's pussies, do you?" Barbara said with a wicked little smile, turning up the heat.

"But you didn't!" Heather exclaimed.

"Of course not, but no one else will know how true or not it is will they?"

"Oh like blackmail you mean?" Tina said, her voice rising in anger.

"Well that's such an ugly word. Perhaps there's some way you can make up for me missing out on this prime piece of real estate instead?"

"What did you have in mind?" Heather asked warily.

"Hmm," Barbara mused, reaching for the vibrator that she'd tossed to Heather earlier and playing her trump card. "It's been too long since I last had a really good orgasm with another woman, perhaps if I had one now, I wouldn't feel the need to chase your teacher so much."

"You want one of us to fuck you? Are you serious?" Tina exclaimed wide eyed, scarcely believing what she had heard.

"Sounds lovely, nice of you to offer, and yes I am quite serious" Barbara grinned. "But I don't think it would be fair if just one of you did it, after all, you both get the benefits of being this close to you know who and I won't be."

They both looked at her their minds whirling.

"Can you give us a minute to think about it?" Tina asked.

"Sure, I'll just freshen up in the bathroom," Barbara replied. She got up and walked over to the ensuite and closed the door, pleased with where this was going and could end up.

Heather and Tina had a hurried and animated discussion about the merits of what was being proposed.

"She's pretty hot," Heather said thoughtfully, "I don't actually have a problem with fucking her, I just don't like the way that she's gone about it."

"I agree, but given what we managed to see earlier in Mr. Danes' shower, I don't really want to give up the room, even if it's just to prove a point."

"Ok, so it's easy then, let's both fuck Alice's mum!"

"God it sounds so dirty when you say it like that!" Tina said smiling now.

"I know, I think it's kind of hot," Heather grinned feeling a sudden flush through her body. Tina grabbed a t-shirt and slipped a pair of panties on.

"Umm hello? Mrs Wellings?" Tina knocked softly on the bathroom door.

"Please, call me Barbara," she said sweetly as she emerged from the smaller room. She looked expectantly from one girl's face to the other, as a huge butterfly took flight within her stomach.

"Well Barbara ..." Tina said, trying the sound of the name on her tongue. "I think that you're way over dressed for the completion of this little deal."

Barbara suddenly grinned and let out the breath she had been holding. Tina had put a t-shirt and panties on whilst she was in the bathroom and was now standing beside the bed. Barbara stepped closer to her, noting that the younger girl was taller than she was. Heather was climbing out of her bed in her tank top and panties. Tina took the final step to close the distance to her friend's mum and experimented by reaching out a hand to cup her breast through her clothes. Barbara made no move to stop her and Tina squeezed her tit more firmly, feeling the size and weight of it within her bra. They weren't as big as Heather's tits but they were bigger than her own and she brought her other hand up to continue her exploration.

Barbara put her head back and sighed as her daughter's teammate massaged her tits. Heather moved behind her and reached around in front to undo the button and zipper on her jeans before peeling the denim down her long legs. Barbara' panties were already wet and she reached out to rest her hands on Tina's hips, holding onto them tighter as she felt Heather slide her panties down as well. Tina grabbed the bottom of Barbara's t-shirt and pulled it up over her head as Barbara lifter her arms to assist. Before it was even off completely Heather released the clasp of her bra and then reached around in front to grab her tits, cuddling in close and crushing her own against Barbara's back.

Heather's hands roamed all over her tits and pulled at her nipples and then said from behind her, "Go on, suck them Tina, suck her nipples." Barbara looked down and watched as Heather's hands offered Tina her tits and Tina lowered her mouth to suck on a nipple.

Barbara moaned as Tina took first her left and then her right nipple into her mouth, sucking gently at first, but then harder, her lips and teeth teasing the rising nub as it hardened, testing how hard Barbara would let her play. One of Heather's hands dropped down from her breasts to feel her crotch, her fingers finding Barbara's mound devoid of hair.

"I think you need to lie down," Heather said. Tina agreed, leading Barbara to the queen size bed and getting her to recline before moving in to resume ravishing her breasts. Heather moved in between Barbara's legs, spreading them as she kissed her way up along the smooth skin of first her calves and then her thighs. Heather's fingers started gently probing at her pussy before her mouth got there and Barbara moaned softly.

Heather ran her fingers up and down Barbara's wet slit, enjoying how well lubricated she had become. She slid first one and then another finger inside her opening, exploring and poking even as she lowered her tongue to lick gently at Barbara's swollen little clit. Barbara's hips bucked in response to the touch of her tongue on her clit and Heather quickly started to lick harder, then softer, teasing. She swirled her tongue around and over it, sucked at it with her lips and plunged her tongue into the wet interior of Barbara's pussy before deciding it was time to really get her off. Then, with two fingers buried in her pussy, she focused her tongue on Barbara's clit until she was bucking and moaning and her pussy was clenching around the fingers that were stuffed inside.

Heather looked up at Tina who was smiling at her. Tina noted the light glistening off Heather's mouth and quickly moved to kiss her, tasting Barbara's juices on her friend's lips.

"Time to swap places," Tina said, grinning back at Barbara.

"I think I need a moment or two to recover," Barbara said.

"Too bad you didn't think of that before, because we have an important game tomorrow, so I need to finish this quickly now," Tina said, flicking a finger across Barbara's clit. This made Barbara squeak and her body bucked quickly away. Heather moved up and started sucking on Barbara's tits, one then the other and back again, sucking then biting. Tina took that as her cue and started to gently explore Barbara's pussy with her tongue, giving her a moment or two to enjoy things. She didn't give her too long though and quickly shifted her tongue to Barbara's clit, forcibly holding her legs apart with her hands as Barbara's legs attempted to clamp her head as she increased the intensity on her spot.

Heather helped Tina to hold Barbara down while Tina sucked and played with her clit until Barbara grabbed a pillow and stuffed her face into it to muffle her screams as a second orgasm ripped through her body. When the two younger girls finished with her, she simply lay on the bed recovering until Tina tossed her clothes at her.

"There you go, I guess this room is definitely ours now, so please let us get some sleep ahead of the game."

"God, so mercenary," Barbara said as she started to pull herself together.

"Well maybe next time you should try something other than blackmail," Tina said folding her arms.

"True, I am sorry about that, I just well, let's just say it was a spur of the moment thing and that I apologise for my approach, but I'm sure as hell not sorry for having you two eat me like that. Maybe if you can forgive me I'll repay the favour?"

"Well, I could use a good orgasm," Heather started but was interrupted by Tina telling her that she had to go to bed.

"Of course, maybe another time, hopefully we won't need so much sleep," Tina then said breaking into a grin.

"Now that's better!" Heather said, dropping the gloomy look from her face.

"Ok, deal then but I really am sorry about the er blackmail thing" Barbara said smiling. She finished dressing and offered a conciliatory hug to the girls. They both returned the hug and closed the door behind her as she left.

"Damn that was weird but fun," Heather said when they were alone again.

"I have to confess, I did enjoy it," Tina replied as Heather closed on her. "But don't get any ideas, I was serious about sleep!"

"Fuck! But we were interrupted and you didn't finish me off!" Heather complained. "I guess I still have this," she picked up the vibrator and wiggled it at Tina, "and you can't stop me using it!"

"Just make sure you can still play your best tomorrow!" Tina grumbled before turning to get into her own bed, conscious of her own wet pussy.

"We could share one of these two beds you know," Heather said.

"I don't think I can tonight, I can't afford to be that close to you when we're all wound up like this, you'll have me fucking you all night. You're lucky I'm even letting you get yourself off. You shouldn't cum the night before a game, but I know you'll be insufferable if you don't!"

"You make it sound like a crime!" Heather laughed, jumping on Tina's bed and pinning her under the covers as she quickly kissed her. "But I know what you mean, so I'll let you off ... this time."

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The following morning, Tina was up early, already planning things out for their first game. Heather woke a little later and took her time enjoying watching Tina wander back and forth and around their room in her tight volleyball shorts and sports bra. She laughed at the way Tina mumbled to herself as she covered off her preparations. When Tina noticed, she just picked up a pillow and threw it at her friend, sticking her tongue out as well.

"Shhh" Heather hissed. Both girls went quiet and Heather grinned as they heard the sound of running water coming from their coach's room.

"Should we?" Heather whispered to Tina. Tina knew that if she said no she'd never hear the end of it, mindful that she didn't give Heather an orgasm the night before. She nodded and Heather quickly jumped out of bed, wearing only the panties and tank top that she'd slept in. She quietly opened the door between the two rooms just a crack, glad that their coach still hadn't discovered that it wasn't locked. Tina got up and closely followed her until they could peep into the bathroom where for the second time they saw the outline of their coach's body in the shower.

Heather dropped her fingers to her panties, slipping them inside and massaging her pussy as she watched. Tina too, began touching herself as she peered over Heather's shoulder. As they watched Tina caught her breath when it became clear that Mr Danes was masturbating. He was standing side on to them, one hand against the wall of the shower, the other clearly stroking his erect cock. Given the length of his stroking, Tina knew that she needed to get to see more than just the fuzzy movement through the frosted and steamed up glass. After watching for a few moments longer though, she dragged Heather reluctantly back to their room.

"Oh fuck, that was hot," Heather exclaimed when the door was safely closed again.

"I know," Tina sighed heavily. "I wish I could do that for him."

"You and me both." Just at that moment there was a knock on the door. It was Barbara, coming to let them know that they needed to be down for breakfast in half an hour.

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The first game of the tournament saw the girls off to a nervous start and they lost the first set. They regrouped and won the next two, finally taking out the opening match.

The second game was a solid performance with them winning in two straight sets and seeing them second in their group. The pressure mounted in the third game and they fell apart, losing in straight sets to one of the favoured teams of the tournament. The mood was subdued on the way back to the bus, but by the time that they'd had a team chat and eaten dinner, they'd found enough positives in their game and a good sense of hope for the following day.

Greg went back to his room after dinner and was fumbling at the door, thinking about freshening up before heading to the bar, when he saw Heather and Tina come out of their room, with towels around their waists and wearing bikini tops. He felt like a rabbit frozen in the headlights.

"Hey we're going to the hot tub Mr D, want to come with us?" Heather asked on an impulse. Greg knew the right response would be the one that was likely to assist him to keep his job, but the sight before him had him answering differently.

"Umm sure why not? Sounds like fun," he said after a moment but also mentally slapping himself. What harm could it do? He was also thinking that apart from being harmless he would get to see these girls wet.

"Great, see you there," she said happily, bouncing down the hall with Tina following. Greg quickly went back to his room and closed himself in the bathroom, images of a wet Heather flashing through his mind as got changed. He glanced down at his swollen cock and knew that he was in trouble. He began stroking himself, increasing in tempo with a sudden need to explode. He fantasized about pulling Heather to him and kissing her, her sweet breasts crushed against him as his hands roamed over her back and down to her tight little butt. He wondered if she was a virgin, or perhaps a dirty little minx in the making as he began to shoot his load.

Pulling on swim shorts after cleaning up, he hoped the rapid release would prevent him from barring up the instant he saw the girls. He was half way to the spa when he realized that he was in trouble. The mere thought of where he was heading had him rising to the occasion.

"Is he coming?" Fiona asked Heather as the latter descended into the hot water of the tub.

"Yep!" Heather answered as enthusiastically as she'd been asked. Tina grinned at the news as well. There were five of them in the tub, Cheryl and Mandy having decided that they preferred to have a tub with the other three rather than watch movies in their rooms with the other girls.

Tina pulled the cork on the first of the bottles of champagne that she'd brought and poured it into plastic cups for them celebrating their day. They'd finished the first bottle before their coach finally appeared. He came in wearing swim shorts and t-shirt with his towel clutched nervously in front of him. All five girls watched keenly as he pulled his t-shirt off before turning to join them in the tub. Heather and Tina exchanged a smiling glance as he lowered himself to the water. The evidence clearly suggested that he was 'happy' to be joining them.

"You girls really shouldn't be drinking in here," he advised them as Tina offered him a cup of champagne.

"Oh come on Mr D, we're all 18, we're allowed to!" Fiona declared indignantly. After managing to talk the chaperones into allowing them some time on their own, the last thing they wanted was their coach to spoil the fun.

"I didn't say you weren't allowed to, I said you shouldn't," Greg laughed. "The hot tub dehydrates you and the alcohol hits you all the harder, that's what I meant."

"Yeah maybe, but it feels good all the same," Cheryl giggled from across the tub "Besides, Tina won't let us have enough to risk our chances of playing badly tomorrow!"

Greg knew he'd lost this argument and just laughed as he laid his head back against the edge of the tub, closing his eyes for a moment. As his leg drifted up in the water a little, he felt flesh rubbing against it, sliding along the outside of his calf. Startled, he sat up again, looking around quickly to spot the culprit, but the girls continued to chat about the day's game and gave nothing away. They joked and chatted amiably, continuing to drink and getting gigglier. Greg joined in where he could and stayed away from the riskier topics during the conversation.

After 20 minutes, Cheryl announced that she'd had enough and that she was heading back to her room and Mandy decided to go with her, leaving Fiona, Tina and Heather with their coach.

"It's bloody warm in here," Fiona declared, moving into the newly created space and then standing up. Greg watched the water sluice off her tall slim body. She had barely any breasts to speak of, but her stomach was a washboard of muscle and her legs impossibly long and slender. He found himself noticing how tiny her bikini bottoms were. Bright yellow and very low in the hips, he was sure that she must have had to shave the top of her pubes just to keep them from showing they were so low cut. The way they were clinging to her, he wondered if she had any pubes at all. Fiona moved to sit on the edge of the tub, her legs dangling in the water. She was sitting directly opposite Greg giving him a view up between her long toned thighs to the crotch of her bikini as she adopted a less than lady-like pose.

"Isn't that a hot bikini Mr D?" Tina asked, embarrassing Greg as he realized he'd been caught staring. He blushed furiously and stammered a response trying not to sound too enthusiastic when all the bad Mr D inside him wanted to do was to jump her and rip it off with his teeth.

Heather, not wanting to be outdone agreed that it was a hot bikini and that the tub was just as hot as Fiona had said and stood up as well. Her bikini top had slipped somewhat in the water and as Greg's eyes followed the line of her top down to the tops of her breasts noticing that her nipples were barely contained. He didn't get to stare for long as Heather turned around and draped her top half out of the tub, leaning over to pour more champagne. Greg was now presented with the sight of Heather's hot little butt with her black bikini bottoms riding half way into the crack of her arse and the material clinging wetly to her pussy.

"Oh put it away," Tina laughed and reached across to slap her friend's bottom. The sound of skin on skin was like a rifle shot making Heather jump and giving Greg a chance to surreptitiously reach under the water to adjust his rapidly hardening cock in his shorts.

"Ow!" Heather complained. "That hurt." Tina laughed it off, calling her team-mate a baby, but Heather protested, "No, not the slap, but it feels as if I've pulled my butt muscle or something, right here." Her finger pointed to a spot on her butt, drawing three sets of eyes to watch.

"Where? Here?" Tina asked, moving across and placing two fingers on the spot. "Let me rub it, maybe that will help, we need you fit for tomorrow's game you know."

Greg finally gave in and allowed his eyes to become fixed on the point where Tina's fingers met Heather's buttock, kneading it slowly, the light playing off her wet black bikini bottoms as her friend's fingers indented them. His cock grew in solid twitches as he relaxed into watching Tina's elegant fingers and hearing Heather's soft appreciative moans.

"God that's it, just there," Heather moaned. Greg flexed his cock in his shorts, glad that the water obscured the full extent of his arousal from the teenage girls. Tina glanced back at her coach and smiled when she saw him staring, the beginnings of lust smoldering in his eyes. She deliberately moved her hand so that it cupped her friend's butt as she massaged the sore point, debating whether she would be brave enough to rub Heather's pussy while Greg watched. She wanted to make him horny, so horny that he would do anything, especially something that he wasn't supposed to. She fantasised about him pounding his hard cock into her while she screamed his name. Just thinking about set off an ache between her legs. She clamped them together as her desire flared deep inside.

"We should play Truth or Dare," Fiona suggested moments later when Tina had finished massaging her friend's bum.

"Hell yeah," Heather giggled, looking across to where Greg sat.

"Um, I think that might be my cue to bugger off," Greg laughed as the tipsy girls all turned to look at him.

"Oh come on Mr D, be a sport and play with us," Tina said grinning at him.

"Yeah, we'll play nicely with you," Heather added in a tone that suggested the opposite. Greg hesitated again. He realized that this was another one of those career-defining (or ending) moments. His head knew exactly what to do, but his aching cock was determined to undermine the decision. Blood won the battle. "Ah fuck it," he thought, 'let see where this ends up."

"What the hell, but if you cross the line, I'm out," Greg warned, settling back in his seat.

"Me first!" Heather declared and instantly rounded on their coach. "Truth or Dare?"

"Truth," Greg declared.

"OK, do you have a girlfriend?" she asked him.

"Not at the moment, no." he noticed that all three of the girls seemed happier than was necessary with that answer. He glanced around at the young flesh that was surrounding him and wondered again where this could end up.

"Truth or Dare?" Tina said to Fiona, seizing the initiative.

"Truth," Fiona said, to a quick "Chicken!" from Heather.

"Ok then ... have you ever tongue kissed another girl?" Greg was surprised by the question particularly this early in the game. He also noticed Tina watching him intently as Fiona affirmed that she had in fact done so, colour quickly rising to her face.

"Truth or Dare?" Fiona quickly shot back at Heather.

"Dare," Heather said looking her in the eye whilst taking up her glass and draining the champagne from it.

"Ooooo," Fiona said, pretending to think long and hard about what it was that she might ask of her friend.

"Let's see, I dare you to do a pressed ham against that window for 20 seconds!" Heather laughed at first but clambered from the pool and walked over to the window. The tub was located in a private area of the hotel, but was 20 floors up and had windows looking out toward an office block across the narrow street. Currently they were all fogged up from the heat in the room.

"Can I just pull my bikini up my butt to do it?" Heather asked.

"Nu uh, pants down baby," Fiona laughed. Heather shrugged and reached behind herself, pulling the back of her bikini down over her butt and then bending forward as she thrust her tight little butt back against the window, squealing and complaining that the glass was cold. She held her arse there as Fiona and Tina slowly counted to 20, sipping on their champagne. Greg just watched, wondering what it would be like to be in an office across the street, imaging how hot it would be to see a cute girl's butt pressed against the window.

"and ... 20!" Tina declared and Heather half stepped, half jumped back into the warmth of the tub.

"Your turn to ask me, Mr D," Tina said, turning to face her coach. Greg asked the question, wondering what the hell he would ask Tina to respond to or answer. "Truth!" she replied. Greg would love to have asked her if she had ever kissed a girl, or swallowed cum, or any manner of things, but his conscience saved him.

"Have you ever deliberately thrown a volleyball game?" he asked. Heather and Fiona rolled their eyes at each other in response to the lame question.

"No!" Tina said indignantly.

"Truth or Dare?" Heather asked, turning to him again.

"Truth," Greg replied to a chorus of groans and the shouted rule that after two truths, you had to take a dare. The girls all nodded sagely to each other to confirm that it wasn't something that had just been made up on the spot but was an ancient rule of the game.

"Ok, when did you last have sex?" Heather asked.

"Whoa, remember that line?" Greg cried holding his hands up.

"What? There's nothing wrong with that question," Fiona responded.

"Here's the other rule: if you don't answer you have to do a double dare!" Tina added.

Greg looked at each of the girls in turn, wondering whether he should answer or not. The blood thumping under his swim shorts ended up deciding matters for him.

"About three months ago," he said, blushing.

The girls responded with a series of digs and suggestions along the lines of "welcome to droughtsville!" Greg just laughed them off.

Fiona was next and chose Dare. Tina dared her to kiss Heather for 20 seconds. Greg expected a protest from Heather who didn't really have to be involved, but before he could even think about supporting the appeal, the two girls had stood up together in the middle of the tub and started to kiss each other. Fiona had to bend significantly to match her mouth to Heather's. Tina watched their coach watching them. He was staring intently as the two girls loosely held each other and their tongues danced eagerly between their mouths.

"Fuck that's hot," Tina said as they broke apart. Greg swallowed the response he'd been about to make.

"Truth or dare baby?" Fiona asked Heather.

"Truth," Heather declared.

"Ok, when did you last have an orgasm?" she asked. Heather giggled. The sight of her breasts jiggling with her body's movement entranced Greg.

"Um, this morning," Heather replied, blushing.

"Ooo, dirty dog!" Tina laughed. "Mr D?"

"Truth or dare Tina?" he asked.

"Dare."

"Hmm, let's see, " Greg said, buying time as he tried to think of something he could ask her to do that could be defended in front of a school board but knowing full well he was in too deep now. "I dare you to do 30 pushups over the tub."

"Aww that sucks," Tina complained, laughing at the same time. "But what do you mean over the tub?"

"Well, across that corner, with your feet and hands on the edge," he indicated.

Tina extracted herself form the water and got into position and started doing pushups, Heather and Fiona counting them out. Greg gazed at the slender length of her body, her small breasts caught in the triangles of her bikini and her butt looking hotter than hell as she easily completed the task.

"Mmm, my turn now Mr D and it has to be a dare," Heather stated. "So, I dare you to stand in the middle of the tub with your hands above your head and your eyes closed for 30 seconds. You're not allowed to move no matter what happens, OK?"

"Ok, just remember that line though," Greg said, fixing each of their gazes with his eyes one by one. His hand attempted to adjust his cock so that it wouldn't be too obvious then he stood up in the middle of the tub, hands raised above his head and eyes screwed shut. He heard the girls moving around in the water and was painfully conscious of just how hard his cock was.

Tina moved in front of her coach and eyed off the erection that was poking against his pants, pointing it out to her friends who both grinned. Heather indicated without speaking that it was a good size and Fiona, motioned with her hand and mouth what she'd like to do to it. Heather then stood up in the tub as well and reached out and quickly tweaked her coach's nipple, causing him to yelp in surprise. Fiona laughed and then slapped her hand on his butt, the wet material making an impressive 'thwack' as Greg cried out again, weakly now telling them to mind the line. Tina reached up with her hand and ran her index finger down Greg's chest, over his well-muscled stomach and almost to his pants before stopping.

"Time's up!" Greg declared, dropping his arms and opening his eyes. Tina sighed with disappointment, stopping her finger from tracing its way down across the erection that was creating a tent in Greg's pants. He knew that touching was past the point where he should leave, but once again, hesitated, trying to convince himself that if anyone asked, he could still say that nothing inappropriate had happened between him and the girls. Notwithstanding the fact that here he was now alone and unchaperoned in a hot tub with 3 tipsy and nearly naked teenaged girls under his supervision and he was sporting a throbbing hard on with his mouth suddenly dry from desire for their lithe, fit bodies. He was conscious that his 'line' now lay far behind him.

Tina turned to Fiona again and this time in response to her answer, dared her to leave her bikini top on the edge of the tub until it was her turn next. Fiona glanced at Greg, curious, waiting to see if he'd say something, but it appeared that all the fight had gone out of him and he was now waiting to see if she would actually do it. Heather was egging Fiona on with a cry of " Go on Fi, do it, do it, do it."

Fiona reached behind her back to where her bikini was tied and pulled at the bow. It slid undone and everyone watched as the fabric fell away, the bikini hanging loosely on her tiny AA cupped breasts. Then Fiona simply shrugged the top away and placed it beside her on the tub. At 6'2" in height, even sitting on the step, she was tall and her erect little nipples were at the water line. Three pairs of eyes stared at them.

"Oh go on, have a good look, it's not like there's anything to see," Fiona laughed in the sudden quiet that followed and she stood up to reveal her pert naked tits to her friends and coach. Fiona quickly turned to Heather.

"Truth or dare Heather?"

"Truth," Heather said. Fiona laughed.

"If I had asked you to strip naked and sit on the edge until your next turn, would you have done it?' Fiona asked.

"Yes!" Heather laughed without even hesitating.

Greg turned to Tina, eyeing her up and down, his mind flipping through what he might get her to do or ask, even as his lips framed the question.

"Truth," Tina said huskily her eyes flashing a challenge at him.

"Are you a virgin?" Greg asked, almost choking on the word as it left his mouth. Tina grinned at him, pleased that the question delved even a little deeper into the realm that the game was obviously moving towards.

"No," Tina replied.

Heather turned, grinning madly at her coach as she asked him to choose his option for the next round. With his eyes flicking between Heather and Fiona's hard little nipples, he was sorely tempted to throw it all to the wind, but a tiny part of him held on, telling him that his defence was that he hadn't touched anyone, hadn't asked them to do anything.

"Truth," he replied. Heather sighed before her eyes lit up again.

"Have you ever had sex with more than one person in the same day?"

"Nope," Greg replied letting out a held breath.

"Aww, poor you," Heather said, drawing giggles from her friends before turning to face Fiona as Tina asked her the question.

"Truth," Fiona said, reaching to pick up her bikini top and putting it back on as she waited for Tina to continue.

"Have you ever had anything other than a finger, tongue or dick in your pussy?" Tina asked. Fiona blushed furiously to a roar of delight from her friends and demands to know that if she had, what it was that she'd put in there.

"Nu uh, if you want to know, you'll have to wait until next round," Fiona laughed.

Greg suddenly pictured the long legged girl with a dildo sliding in and out of her pussy as Fiona turned to Heather.

"Well, it has to be a dare Heather, so, I dare you to strip naked and sit on the edge of the tub until your next turn."

Heather laughed. Having already said that she would, she didn't even hesitate. She stood in the middle of the tub and turning slowly in a circle, first slid her bottoms down. The water line was almost at hip height and with the water continuing to move, there was only a hint of what she had revealed. With her bottoms resting on the side, she did a slow strip tease with her top, hands conveniently hiding her large breasts until with a flourish, she revealed them right in front of their coach.

Greg stared openly at her. Heather's large D cup breasts stood perfectly before him, her areolae large and nipples almost as erect as his dick felt. He licked his lips unconsciously before dragging his eyes away. Heather looked him in the eye and he blushed, embarrassed about being caught staring so openly. Heather winked at him before moving to one side to sit on the edge of the tub, turned slightly toward him. He could almost, but not quite see down the length of her inner thigh.

"Dare, Mr D," Tina said to him, turning from where she too had been admiring her teammate's breasts, not giving him time to realise that he was supposed to ask.

"Oooh, don't worry Mr D, I've got this one for you," Fiona said. Greg didn't even get a word in as Fiona quickly turned to Tina, "I dare you to suck Heather's nipple!"

Greg knew now that he should leave, but before he could process the thought and send the signal to move from his brain to his muscles, Tina had drifted over to where her friend sat and taken her nipple deep into her mouth in a single slurp. She sucked noisily at the damp breast, first on one then the other.

"I, um I have to leave," Greg blurted out, standing suddenly, the water in the tub slopping everywhere. The girls protested, but he clambered quickly out and grabbed his towel before quickly stumbling out of the pool room.

"Damn, shit" Heather said.

"I reckon," Fiona replied. "I thought we might have actually managed to get him show us his cock."

"It looked like it would have been worth looking at," sighed Heather.

"Well cock or no cock, I need to cum," Fiona replied. Heather grinned at her and moved between her legs.

"Going to help me Tina?" Heather asked, turning to her friend who was still staring in the direction of their departed coach.

"Yep, why not" Tina said with a sigh, turning back to where the other two girls were exploring each other.

Heather had already taken up position between Fiona's legs, her tongue delving enthusiastically between her shaved pussy lips and so Tina moved to her breasts. They were even flatter than Tina's own, but Tina didn't let that spoil her enjoyment, pulling at her nipples with her lips and teeth just as she knew Fiona liked. At the same time she reached with her hand back behind Heather so that she could slip a finger between her pussy lips and play around with her. Heather only too happily received the digit, moaning her encouragement into Fiona's pussy and pushing back against Tina's finger.

"Don't you dare make her cum before I get some," Tina said to Heather as Fiona began to squirm more and more on the side of the hot tub. Heather paused long enough to grin at Tina who moved to kiss her, but she had her tongue back into Fiona before she could get there. Tina slapped Heather's butt in response to being teased and Heather just asked for more.

"You know that's not punishing her," Fiona laughed as Tina slapped her butt even harder.

"Yeah, the only way to punish her is to make her go without," Tina laughed. She grabbed Heather around the waist and pulled her back into the tub and then quickly moved in between Fiona's legs as Heather attempted to recover, splashing around and sputtering her outrage.

"Mmm, nothing like having a couple of hot girls fighting over my pussy," Fiona declared.

"Oh she can have it if she wants it that bad," Heather said. "Not that I don't like yours Fiona, but rather than fight over it, I'll just have this one!" And with that, she yanked Tina's bikini bottoms down and slipped her hand between her legs, her fingers forcing an entry to the long legged beauty's pussy.

"Sounds like the perfect solution to me," Fiona purred as Tina simply kept working her tongue around her friend's pussy, licking and sucking at her lips, sliding it back and forth over her hardened little bud. Tina groaned as she felt Heather's fingers working her pussy, but after a few moments had to adjust her position so that her butt and pussy were clear of the water that was robbing her of her juices. Heather quickly re-positioned herself so that she could tongue Tina's pussy as Tina licked Heather's but Tina was unable to suspend herself out of the water comfortably enough to continue and dropped back beneath the water. Heather sighed her frustration, but Tina didn't miss a beat as Fiona gave a final cry and shuddered on the side of the tub as her pussy exploded with her orgasm. She sank back down into the water.

Heather tried to get Tina to sit next to her, but just at that moment the door to the poolroom opened and Anna walked in, announcing that it was curfew time and that they all had to be back in their rooms.

"That's so not fair!" Heather exclaimed as they scrambled their suits back on, trying to appear nonchalant as Anna held the door and told them to hurry up. She gave up on her top and just clambered out to where her towel was, her large breasts bouncing happily as the water dripped off them. She couldn't help but note that Jessica's mother took a long and lingering look at her as she found her towel and so took her time drying off, making sure that she left her tits exposed longer than was required. Anna kept checking her out. Heather was so horny that rather than put anything on, she decided to simply go back to her room with a towel covering her tits, but didn't fasten it properly until she was right next to Anna, pulling it wide and wrapping it around, flashing her friend's mother from only inches away. Tina and Fiona followed moments later having taken the time to dry off a bit more and put their bikini tops on.

As they walked back to the room, Heather whispered to Fiona that she should try and sneak into their room because she knew that now that curfew had arrived, Tina would be all volleyball girl again and wouldn't give Heather the orgasm that she desperately wanted. Fiona promised to try.

"Make sure you get a rood rest girls," Anna said to them as she bade them good night, "We want to see you continue after your great start today!" Tina thanked her and promised that she'd ensure that there was no funny business. Heather stuck her tongue out at her friend and lingered in the doorway, watching Jessica's mother walk away, assessing her butt in the tight skirt that she was wearing.

"She was so totally checking me out," Heather said to Tina as she closed the door.

"Who?" Tina said, oblivious to what had transpired.

"Anna, Jessica's mum. When you and Fiona were taking your own sweet time getting out of the tub she was perving on my tits."

"Well everyone checks out your tits," Tina said.

"Oh really?" Heather teased, dropping the towel to stand before her friend in just her underwear. "Even you?"

"You so know that I check them out, they're freaking awesome," Tina said, advancing to where Heather stood and reaching to take her friend's tits in her hands, squeezing them playfully.

"God I love it when you touch me," Heather said huskily.

"Yes, but its bed time," Tina said apologetically.

"Together?" Heather pressed, her voice full of hope.

"If we win babe," Tina said, knowing that it wasn't what Heather wanted to hear. "If we win you can do whatever you want to me for as long as you want, but you know how much doing well at this means to me."

"You're just lucky that I like you so much," Heather sighed. Tina pulled her into a hug before the two girls rinsed off under the shower and got into bed. Heather lay there, her fingers once again dabbling between her legs. Tina went straight to sleep and Heather was left listening to her friend's deep breathing. She was about to give up and go to sleep herself when there was a quiet knock on the door. Heart beating quickly, Heather scrambled over and peeked through the peep hole wondering whether she'd have to find some clothes or not. Fiona stood there, looking nervously up and down the corridor. Heather opened the door and quickly pulled her friend inside, hushing her as she did so, Fiona breaking into a smile as she took in the sight of Heather's naked body.

Heather grabbed Fiona's hand and pulled her toward her bed. She quickly threw back the covers before turning to take Fiona in her arms and kiss her. Fiona had to bend her head to make up for the 8 inches difference in their height and Heather found herself on tip toes trying to meet her half way even as her hands began to remove her friend's clothing. The track pants she was wearing were quickly pulled to the floor to reveal a black lace thong and as Heather dragged them down, Fiona removed her t-shirt. She wore no bra and her hardening pale pink nipples were revealed. Heather stood back up and took one in her mouth, pulling at it with her lips and teeth. Fiona sighed before pushing Heather down onto the bed, causing her to sit in a hurry.

Heather made room for her and Fiona happily joined her in the bed, sitting over hips, her hands reaching down to massage Heather's plentiful chest even as Heather reached up and tweaked her nipples. This was soon followed by a lingering kiss in which their tongues attempted to tie themselves together.

"Eat me," Heather begged as the kiss broke apart, sensing rather than seeing Fiona's grin in the dim light of the hotel room. Fiona kissed Heather again and then started working her way down her friend's body, stopping to linger over her tits, sucking and pulling and squeezing. As she paused, she moved her legs, feeling Heather quickly spread hers apart to wrap them about her waist, almost pulling herself off the bed, an indication of her desire. Fiona decided not to tease her friend any longer and slithered down until her face was level with Heather's hairless pussy, her lips and tongue seeking it eagerly.

Heather's tangled her fingers in Fiona's blonde hair as she thrust her wet cunt against her mouth, desperate for a release to the tension that had built between her legs. Fiona deftly licked and sucked at Heather's labia and clit, her tongue occasionally slipping into the silky wet warmth of her vagina as her friend writhed beneath her.

Fiona slipped her hands under Heather's butt, lifting it from the bed slightly as Heather used her fingers to spread her pussy wide around Fiona's tongue. It wasn't long until the attentions on her clit drove her over the top and her entire body convulsed with the intensity of her orgasm. Heather's juices flowed plentifully from her pussy and down the crack of her bum onto the sheet below. Fiona eagerly clambered back up to kiss Heather, driving her tongue into her mouth so she could taste her own sex.

"That was so fucking hot," Heather whispered to her friend as the cuddled on the bed, Heather's fingers seeking out Fiona's sopping pussy.

"It was," Fiona agreed whispering back, "I love licking you and of course, getting to play with the biggest tits on the team!"

"Geez, sometimes I think all I am to you lot is a pair of tits," Heather laughed.

"Oh you're much more than that, you're a tongue talent too if I remember right." Heather blew a quiet raspberry at her friend.

"Well maybe you won't find out again?" Heather teased in mock protest.

After Fiona had cum, writhing and gasping against Heather's talented mouth, she slipped from the bed to put her clothes back on. As she was about to leave, Heather said quietly, "You forgot this," and held up the thong that had been left behind.

"Oops, well you just keep it, you can give it back to me later." She moved to the door and checked the hall as best she could before slipping out praying that she wasn't busted on her way back to her room.

Heather held the thong to her face, inhaling her friend's aroma before slipping it under her pillow. As she nodded off to sleep, she wondered how Mr Danes would react if he found it under his pillow.

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Heather awoke early before her alarm clock. Tina was sleeping soundly in the bed next to hers, like the dead solid sleeper that she was. Despite trying to roll over and go back to sleep, Heather was still awake 15 minutes later. She thought back over the activities of their trip so far and landed on the thought that she'd had just before going to bed. How would Mr D react if her thong was found under his pillow?

The more she thought about it more excited she got. She found her pussy was moistening with the thought also. In the end it was driving her so crazy that she hopped out of bed and rummaged around in the dark until she produced a thong from her luggage. Slipping the thong as well as a t-shirt on, she crept over to the door that connected their rooms and cautiously turned the handle. It opened and she was then able to try the second door that opened directly into his room fully expecting that by now it would be locked. After all, she was sure the maids would check these things as part of their daily routine.

She was surprised when it was still unlocked and with her heart pounding Heather cracked the door open and held her breath as she peered into the gloom. She was suddenly worried that Greg may have arisen early to start planning for the day but relieved to find that he appeared to be sound asleep in his bed. She crept closer, placing each foot carefully and slowly lowering her weight onto it before stepping forward until she could see that he was indeed fast asleep, a pillow clutched to him as he snuggled under the blankets. She hesitated, wanting to pull back the covers, tempted to take a good look at his cock, perhaps even touch it, but she decided that she was pushing things far enough as it was.

She slipped her thong down her legs after massaging the crotch into her wet pussy, and then very carefully slipped it under his pillow, watching the pink cotton disappear into its new home. Then as carefully as she came back in, she made her way out again, closing the door behind her.

She sat on her bed, looking across at Tina, then the clock. There was 10 minutes until the alarm was supposed to go off and she decided that that wouldn't be too much of an imposition. She slipped her t-shirt back off and carefully climbed into Tina's bed. Tina was facing away from her and so she snuggled in behind her, pressing her tits against her friend's back and slipping a hand around her, under her tank top and over her breast. Tina gave a sleepy, appreciative moan as she began to stir.

"How early?" she asked groggily.

"10 minutes," Heather whispered, her hand gently caressing her friend's tit.

"Mmm, perfect, just hold me though," Tina replied. Heather happily did just that until the alarm did go off 10 minutes later. It was all business then with a few attempted minor distractions as the girls got ready for the second day of the tournament.

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Greg's alarm went off around the same time as the girls next door and he stretched out in the bed for a few moments before throwing back the covers and heading to the shower. As he showered, he contemplated the strategy for the day, which somehow led him to thinking about hot butts in lycra shorts and the previous evening in the tub. He stiffened in response and spent some time soaping his cock, stroking it into full hardness. He placed one hand against the wall of the shower and continued to work himself into a state of solid arousal. He denied himself an orgasm, needing to get on with the day. Once dressed, he headed down to breakfast where the early risers were busy stoking their competitive fires with a good healthy start to the day.

"Sleep well Mr Danes?" Heather asked him sweetly as he joined her, Tina, Susan, Fiona and Alice at the table. "Any dreams you care to share?" Heather teased.

"Er, no, none at all actually," he laughed to some good-natured teasing from the girls at the table.

"You know, I dreamt that I lost my thong," Heather said to Tina who gave her a strange look. "It was really weird ..."

"Now really isn't the time Heather," Greg interrupted conscious of their public surroundings.

"Oh fine, I'll tell you girls later when Mr Straight-laces over here isn't around," Heather said, poking her tongue out at him. Greg just laughed and shook his head.

They finished their breakfast and discussed tactics for a while before Greg headed back to his room to grab what he'd need for the day. As he picked up his gear from around the room, he noticed a flash of pink under his pillow. Grunting with surprise, he flipped the pillow out of the way to reveal a hot pink cotton thong. He picked it up between two fingers and inspected it looking for some clues as to its owner though not really expecting to find a name tag on it.

His first thought was that perhaps Barbara had left it there, God knows how, but then his attention immediately focused on the conversation at breakfast and the fact that Heather had said to everyone that she'd dreamt about losing her thong. Was she a sleepwalker? If she were, how would she have gotten into his room? He looked across at the door between their rooms and the penny dropped. He hadn't checked it at all and assumed up until now that it would be locked. He walked over and tried it. The door on his side opened and he tried the handle to the next room. It turned easily and he pushed it slightly just to confirm that it would open before he closed both doors again.

He was about to lock his, but decided with a strange and wicked thought that he would leave it as was. It was that same part of him that had let him go to the hot tub against his better judgment. That same part that had allowed him to play truth dare torture. The part of him that now wanted to go into that room and fuck those two young students he knew were sharing the room or even go rummage in their luggage to check their underwear.

He tried to put it out of his mind as he grabbed the rest of what he needed for the day and headed down to the team bus. The girls came down in their haphazard groups and after Barbara and Anna joined them, he closed the door and set off to the tournament. The mood on the drive was positive and the girls really applied themselves during the warm up. That was taken into the first match and despite dropping a set, the girls carried off a well earned victory.

During the break between their first and second games, the team watched their rivals, taking notes and looking for weaknesses. Heather managed to position herself next to Greg, making sure to stand up occasionally and stretch, knowing that she was thrusting her butt closer to his face. She hadn't bothered putting track pants on as it was quite warm in the gym and anyway, she knew that her butt looked awesome in her tiny lycra shorts.

"You ok Heather?" Greg asked after one of her stretches. "You don't normally seem to stretch this much, have you hurt something?"

"Oh, I'm just a bit tight is all, nothing a bit of a massage wouldn't help," she suggested.

"Well I'm sure we can find someone around here to do that for you," Greg offered, starting to look around the hall for medical staff.

"It's not that serious, you could do it for me," Heather said, trying hard not to blush as she blurted it out.

"I guess so, where exactly is it tight?" Greg asked. Heather raised her butt cheek off the bench seat and indicated the point just above the bottom of her shorts leg, right where the tidy curve of her butt began. She noticed that Greg visibly swallowed before answering and she felt a quick flutter between her thighs.

"Er, well maybe we should find someone else then," Greg stated.

"Oh come on, it won't take long," Heather all but pleaded. Greg had a sudden flash of a pink thong in his mind and recalled the memory of seeing Heather in the spa, Tina's fingers pressing into that tight butt and then later, Heather standing up in the water naked, her hard nipples begging for attention.

"Ok," he sighed, "But we shouldn't do it here."

"Well let's find somewhere more private then," Heather grinned.

"Not too private mind you, I've got a job I don't want to lose."

"But I'd be so worth losing it for," Heather teased as she led him off the bleachers. Greg declined to comment, not wanting to reveal that he'd been thinking similar thoughts. He followed her to an area in one of the side halls where Heather was able to lay herself out on some stacked gym mats. She lay face down and Greg stood beside her, staring at the perfect little 18 year old butt, almost too scared to touch. There were some other teams in the hall practicing, but they weren't anywhere very close.

"It doesn't work if you just stare at it," Heather laughed after a few moments. Greg coughed and asked again where the pain was. Heather reached behind her and indicated and Greg nervously began to massage Heather's arse, his cock hardening instantly as he felt how firm her butt was.

"Oh that feels good," Heather breathed huskily as his fingers kneaded her butt. She was tickled that her half-baked scheme had worked, faking a minor injury to get close to him. She could feel her pussy reacting, her juices starting to seep into the thong she was wearing imagining how good it would be if his fingers were to reach upwards to the place between her thighs. She knew he wouldn't do it though and so tried another tack to see what he would do. As she lay there, she moved her left hand out from her body towards her coach and sure enough, after a short movement came up against his hard cock. Greg flinched and jumped back.

"Ok, I think that might be enough," he said surprised and embarrassed by the hand brushing against his erection. Deep down he knew that she had meant to do that. Deeper down he admitted that he didn't want to stop.

"A bit more please Mr D?" Heather begged. "It's almost perfect now."

Greg stared at the lycra clad butt in front of him. He could see where the line of her thong disappeared between her butt cheeks. He could imagine her bald pussy lips pressed into that thin strip of fabric. His hands reached out to massage her again. He tried to do so without standing too close to the mats, but it was too awkward and again he found himself moving closer, thighs pressed against the edge of the mats, his cock rising above the level of the stack.

Heather gave him a moment or two to relax before again moving her hand. This time though she wasn't subtle, she turned her hand palm outward and reached for him, closing her hand over her coach's cock. He didn't flinch away too quickly, scared that unwanted attention would be drawn to them. It gave Heather just long enough to actually stroke him through his track pants.

"Heather, no," he managed.

"But it feels so good Mr D," she said, glancing up over her shoulder at him with a smile. He desperately wanted to let her keep going, but instead, put his hand on hers and firmly but reluctantly removed it from his cock.

"You had better get back to the team Heather," he said and turned and made his way to the other exit, hoping no one would notice the massive boner that he was sporting.

Rather than return to the team, Heather went to the toilets where she sat down in a stall with her pants around her ankles and rubbed her soaked pussy furiously. She was sure that if anyone had walked in they'd have smelt her sex the minute the door opened. She'd wanted to cum but heard a muffled announcement over the PA. She couldn't make it out but was worried that the next round of the tournament was being announced. She rushed back out to find that the rest of the team was assembling to warm up on the court. She quickly joined them and tried to focus. She looked over at Mr Danes but he kept his distance from her and would not meet her gaze.

The game was hard fought and the girls triumphed in the end. The results so far put them through to the finals the following day regardless of whether they won or lost their final match. They wanted to go through with a win, but would take any entrance to the finals seeing they'd come expecting not to be in them at all. They narrowly lost their final game for the day and would have to face off against the favourites the following morning. Everyone was exhausted and feeling the tension as they made their way back to the hotel and ate a quiet dinner.

With the girls feeling the pressure of having made it to the finals, there was no difficultly in getting them off to their rooms by curfew and Heather knew that there was no point trying to get Tina to get up to anything that night.

Barbara on the other hand saw it as a perfect opportunity. She finished checking that all the girls were where they were supposed to be, before quietly knocking on the last door of the hallway...Greg's.

"Oh hi Barbara, is everything alright? Everyone where they are supposed to be?" Greg asked.

"Well almost," she said, noting the look of concern that quickly shadowed his face. "Oh don't worry all the girls are, its just you me and Anna that aren't."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the girls are all settled, it's our second to last night and you look so stressed that we thought you could use a drink. Anna and I are on our way to the bar ... which is where we belong and you should be coming too," she announced. Greg happily agreed, knowing that if he didn't he would sit in his room and worry about today's events and what was going to happen in the morning. He could easily afford a couple of drinks before he went down that path.

A couple of drinks turned out to be several more than he expected as he relaxed and enjoyed the company of the two older women. Barbara was absolutely shameless in her flirting and Anna was a perfect foil with her sharp wit. In the end the barman informed them that he needed to close the bar. Greg was going to head back to his room, but Barbara told him that she and Anna had a bottle of Vodka and invited him to join them. By this time, Greg was a bit horny and a bit drunk and a poorer than usual judge against wrong choices, so he happily agreed to have 'just one' with the two women.

As they walked back to their room, Barbara slipped her arm around his waist, holding him close as they walked behind Anna. Anna was wearing a tight black skirt and midnight blue top and the movement of her arse was mesmerising.

"Isn't it fabulous?" Barbara asked.

"What?" Greg responded, dragged from his admiration of the bottom.

"Anna's bum. Its just divine isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," Greg agreed enthusiastically though realizing he'd been busted staring yet again.

"She likes to have it spanked you know," Barbara leant over to whisper this confidentially in Greg's ear with a smile as her hand wandered down to his butt, grabbing a firm cheek.

"Really?"

"Yeah, she likes it spanked HARD," Barbara said, slapping her hand against his cheek drawing a yelp of surprise. Anna turned at the door to their room and smiled back at them.

"Whipped is good too," she said with a laugh letting them know she had heard the exchange. Greg wondered what he was getting himself in for as he entered the room.

Anna went to organize a round of drinks whilst Barbara kicked of her red pumps and dragged the bottom of her blouse out from her tight pants. Greg stood and watched, admiring the glimpses of her shape that the movement revealed. Barbara then undid the fastener and slid down the zipper.

"Hope you don't mind me getting comfortable?" she said with a smile looking over at Greg.

"Er, not at all," Greg said. With that Barbara slid her pants from her legs, briefly revealing a black satin thong before her blouse fell down and hid it from view, leaving her long legs bare underneath the hem of her blouse.

"Excellent," Barbara said as she accepted a drink from Anna. Anna passed one to Greg as well and kicked off her own black heels.

"You should get comfy too Greg," Barbara said with a sly grin. Greg removed his shoes and kicked them over by the door.

"That's your idea of comfortable?" Barbara teased.

"Close enough," Greg replied, drinking from his cup.

"Not for me," Barbara laughed, moving closer to him, lifting her blouse to show off her thong-clad pussy. "I mean what if you were to get a big fat erection; wouldn't those jeans be a little tight?"

With that she put her drink down and danced seductively before him, her hands roaming over her tits, squeezing, teasing. She turned and bent, running a hand down one long leg, presenting her still firm butt to him as he stared at the sight of the thong splitting it and barely covering her pussy. He noticed that her lips appeared devoid of hair. It was certainly enough to get his cock hardening, especially when she undid all but one button of her blouse as she turned back to face him, showing hints of the black lace bra that barely contained her tits.

There were two beds in the room and Greg had sat down on the edge of the queen sized one. Barbara knelt down and ran a hand up his thigh. "Uncomfortable yet?" she said, her hand sliding all the way up to caress his hard cock, stroking up and down, crushing it against him, feeling it harden beneath the assertive attention. Greg looked to Anna for some kind of help, but she just smiled at him as she sat on the single bed opposite him, ensuring that she could get a good view of what Barbara was up to.

"Um, yes, you're right it is a bit uncomfortable now," Greg said, looking down at Barbara, his eyes flicking from her face to her hand that had grabbed his cock knowing he was lost and that any pretense at resistance was just that.

"Well then, it must be time for them to come off then," Barbara replied. "Anna, I think we need some shots." Anna smiled and jumped back up, fetching the promised bottle of vodka from the freezer of the small bar fridge along with three shot glasses. She sat on the bed and poured, handing the first to Greg and the second to Barbara before keeping the third.

"Cheers," Barbara said, tossing hers straight down. Anna raised her glass to Greg and tossed it back and Greg joined them.

"Now stand up while you have another," Barbara said, taking his glass from him and passing it back to Anna along with her own. Greg decided that having gone this far, he may as well go all the way and got to his feet. Barbara grabbed for his belt and undid it before attacking his jeans and pulling them all the way down his legs, dragging his boxers with them. His rock hard cock was now fully revealed to them.

"Mmm quite impressive, just as I'd hoped. Isn't this a lovely cock Anna?" Barbara said, turning to ensure that Anna had a good view.

"Truly a fine specimen," Anna said with a grin as she handed a shot glass back to Greg. Barbara took Greg's cock in one hand and her shot of vodka in the other, then she tilted his cock down so that it was pointing to the floor and positioned her mouth beneath it as she trickled her shot down his cock, drinking the vodka from it. As the last of it dripped into her mouth, she lifted her head, her mouth closing over Greg's cock. This final act drew a moan from him as her lips slid up his length and then back again until the head of it popped from her mouth audibly.

"Time for your shot Anna," Barbara said, moving aside to make room for Anna.

"You know the rules," Anna said as she knelt beneath the cock that Barbara pointed at her mouth.

"Of course," Barbara replied, taking Anna's shot and pouring it down Greg's cock and into her friend's mouth. Greg watched, waiting for Anna to suck him like Barbara had, but she simply sat back on the bed after swallowing the vodka.

"Rules?" Greg asked.

"Yes, rules," Barbara said. "Anna is married so she has some particular rules of engagement for this sort of thing. She won't suck or fuck a guy or let him penetrate her with his cock, but she likes to watch."

"Um, ok," Greg said, a little bemused, "and if I don't like being watched?"

"You're a guy, trust me you'll like it," Barbara laughed. "You'll be so busy enjoying yourself, you won't even notice."

She took his cock back into her mouth, sucking him as deep as she possibly could until most of his cock was trapped in her mouth. She put her hands on his butt and pushed her head down further until she gagged on his length in her throat. She shook her head and then released him with a gasp, saliva hanging between her mouth and his cock.

"Oh fuck," Greg said.

"You'd better believe it," Barbara replied, pushing him back on the bed and climbing over him, stopping to suck his cock some more, her head pistoning up and down. She took a break and held him in her hand against his stomach and sucked a testicle into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around it before switching to the other, her tongue teasing the bit of skin between his ball sack and his anus. Happy that he was now fully erect, Barbara straddled him, her thong-clad pussy grinding down on his cock as she undid the sole remaining button of her blouse. Greg stared up at her as she threw it to one side of the room and then ran her hands over his chest, dragging her nails over his skin. She didn't draw blood, but it was hard enough that Greg gasped in shock. A sudden movement from Anna distracted Greg's gaze from Barbara's bra clad tits as she moved up to stand behind her friend.

Greg wondered what was happening and then saw Barbara's bra loosen around her tits and then fall away. Anna had released the clasp and then removed it. Greg found himself staring again as he took in Barbara's tits, admiring the long hard nipples and dark areole, wanting to take one in his mouth and suck on it. His hands moved to cup her tits, but Anna had beaten him to it. He felt his hard cock grow even harder as he saw the other woman's hands on Barbara's skin. Greg could feel Barbara moving her hips in little circles on his cock, her thong creating a delicious friction on him and he felt the sudden need to penetrate her.

Reading his mind, Barbara reached between her legs and grabbed his cock, lifting it from his stomach as she lifted herself. With a deft movement, the thong was displaced side ways and she slid his firm cock between her welcoming pussy lips, lifting and dropping in quick succession until he was buried to the hilt in her velvet warmth. She ground down on him, making small circles of her hips again causing Greg to thrust his butt up at her, driving his cock deep into her pussy.

Anna sat down on the bed to watch, enjoying seeing Greg's hard cock spearing into her friend. Barbara leaned forward and kissed him, crushing her tits against his chest as Anna moved behind them taking in the different angle. She ran her hands over Barbara's butt, squeezing her cheeks and drawing appreciative moans. She knelt down and ran her tongue over her friend's puckered little hole. Barbara whispered to Greg as she kissed him, "Anna's licking my bum, its so fucking good!"

Greg nearly lost his load at the thought. "You want to see that, don't you?" Barbara giggled. Barbara told Anna that she was going to suck her own juices from Greg's cock, enjoying his reaction as she said the words.

Barbara changed position and removed her thong completely. She spun around, taking Greg's cock in her mouth as she presented her pussy to his face. Greg growled as his cock was consumed again. He looked in admiration at the glistening smooth curve of her swollen lips and savoured the aroma of her arousal. He lifted his head and licked, tasting her musky flavour.

He became conscious of some movement and realised that Anna had climbed onto the bed above his head. He paused in his licking to look up at her, seeing that she had stripped down to her underwear, a matching sheer white set. She grinned down at him and then spread her friend's butt cheeks with her hands before lowering her face between them, her tongue snaking out and flicking and teasing Barbara's butt hole again. Greg watched in fascination as her tongue flickered back and forth and then slipped down to stab between her pussy lips. Greg wished he could slide up just a bit, knowing that then her tits would be right in his face, but contented himself with watching her tonguing Barbara's arse as he simultaneously was licking her pussy and clit.

Barbara was groaning with his cock in her mouth, deep guttural sounds that sent reverberations through his cock as she sucked him. He could feel her pushing her pussy and butt hole back against the two tongues that were pleasuring her and felt the intensity building in his balls. When Barbara grabbed his nut suck with her hand and squeezed whilst sucking him he almost lost it again. Then she moved a finger from there to his anus, tickling it lightly before pushing at his bum hole as she enveloped his cock completely in her mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!" he cried out, his balls suddenly releasing their pent up energy, cum spurting straight down Barbara's throat. Barbara swallowed greedily as the first jet of his hot seed shot down her gullet and then held him in her mouth as he continued to empty his balls. When he was finished, she clambered off of him with her mouth closed. Greg watched, wondering what was going on. To his surprise, Anna stood at the end of the bed and Barbara stood on the foot of it, towering over her. As he watched, Barbara lowered her face to meet Anna's. Anna opened her mouth as Barbara closed in and Greg gasped audibly as he saw his cum flow from Barbara's mouth into Anna's just before their lips closed together and they kissed hungrily. He'd never seen two girls do that before and couldn't believe how much it turned him on!

"Holy shit!" he said as he saw them with their cummy tongues buried in each other's mouths. When the broke apart, Barbara grinned at him and Anna explained.

"It may seem a silly line to draw, but if I can say to my husband that no cock has passed my lips, nor cum in me or on me, nor entered any hole in my body, then to me that's faithful enough. If he ever asks if I've been with another woman, well I'll have to decide whether it will excite him enough to tell the truth. Fair bet he's not going to ask if I've eaten any cum from someone else who's just sucked a guy off. "

"Well, they're your rules and your relationship," Greg said happily, "I just feel lucky I got to see that, man it was hot!"

"Well don't think we're finished with you yet!" Barbara said, moving over to take his cock into her mouth again. "Its such a pity you won't get to suck this Anna, I know you'd love to."

"Well that's my choice," Anna grinned, moving close and allowing her hands to roam over her friend's body as she worked to return Greg's cock to a more useful state.

"Have you ever been tied up Greg?" Barbara asked.

"Um no, I haven't," he said, feeling a little nervous.

"Oooh, then maybe we can expand your horizons a little more," Barbara suggested.

"Um I dunno," he replied.

"Tie me up," Anna said, her eyes twinkling with excitement.

"Well if you're going to volunteer," Barbara responded enthusiastically.

"Just remember my limits," she said, turning to Greg. "That means that you can touch me with your hands and mouth, but nothing else. Understand?"

Greg perked up at the thought that he could do a bit more than sit this one out and watch. Anna stretched languorously on the bed, stretching her arms up with her hands together and spreading her legs. Greg could see a thin landing strip of pubic hair through her sheer white panties, but it appeared that her lips themselves were bare. Barbara went to a bag in the corner of the room and retrieved some short lengths of rope. Greg's head spun somewhat at the thought that they were this well prepared. He guessed it was probably going to go that way whether he was there or not. He found the thought incredibly erotic and his cock began to harden again as he looked at her.

Anna noticed his reaction and smiled at him. "Like what you see?" she asked.

"Oh yes," he grinned as Barbara secured her second ankle after pulling her panties off. Greg experimented as Barbara stepped back to admire her handiwork by reaching out a hand to gently caress one of Anna's breasts.

"No, that's no good Greg," Barbara said to him. "When she's all tied up like this you have to take advantage of her, not do what she'd let you do anyway."

With that she reached to Anna's other breast and gripped her nipple between thumb and finger, pulling and distending it, stretching it away from her chest, drawing a gasp from Anna. Greg found his cock reacting as he saw what Barbara was doing and noted the look of pleasure that flashed over Anna's face. He copied what the other woman was doing, surprised at just how hard he had to pull to get the nipple as far away from Anna's chest as Barbara had. They were both then holding her nipples and Barbara started to roll hers between thumb and finger, telling Greg to do the same.

"You like that, don't you? You horny bitch," Barbara snarled to Anna.

"Fuck yes," Anna replied. Barbara reached out with her other hand and slapped her fingers down on her mound, right at the bottom of the landing strip, just above her pussy lips. Anna moaned her appreciation and Greg watched as the hand slapped down several more times.

"Suck on her nipple Greg," Barbara said, releasing her grip.

Greg leant over and sucked on Anna's nipple, enjoying how hard and erect it was after the savage pulling it had received. He pulled at it with his lips and then, remembering what he'd been told, experimented with using his teeth to capture and pull at the nipple, getting an urgent response from Anna. He looked down toward Anna's pussy and saw that Barbara had moved between her legs and was licking and sucking at her friend's clit. Greg moved from one nipple to the other, back and forth, using his teeth and lips, sucking and pulling as he watched Barbara devour her friend's pussy.

It wasn't long until Anna was writhing all over the bed under the oral attention that she was receiving, but just as she seemed to reach a point where she was going to cum, Barbara stopped and told Greg to do the same. He stepped back, cock stiff and erect and surveyed Anna's body. Her nipples were rock hard, her face flushed and her pussy glistening. Her chest rose and fell with the deep breaths that she was taking.

"Ahh. So cruel," she grinned up the two of them.

"No, that's not cruel, we haven't got anywhere near cruel yet," Barbara promised her. She told Greg to kneel beside Anna's head and then she moved to the other side of the bed.

"I know how much you want to suck this big fat cock," Barbara said to her, stroking Greg as his erection hovered inches above her face. "You loved his cum, didn't you and I know you want to suck it straight from the source. Pity that you have those silly rules though."

With that, she sucked Greg's cock into her mouth right over her friend's face so that she would have an uninhibited view. Noisily she slurped her way up and down his erection, pushing her mouth as far down as she could, holding him all but lodged in her throat until she gagged a little. When she pulled her mouth off him, saliva strung out from the tip of his dick, hanging between her mouth and his cock until it dripped right into Anna's mouth. Anna was licking her lips as she watched and swallowed the saliva as well. Greg couldn't believe these two women. He thought this sort of thing only ever happened in pornos.

Barbara kept sucking him again and again, gagging and slurping as Anna watched, her tongue constantly flicking out from her mouth as if really wanting his cock. Barbara slipped Greg's cock from her mouth and stroked her hand over it's wet length, feeling the smooth skin slip between her fingers before she grabbed hold of it and slapped it downward, smacking it against Anna's lips. Anna squealed as the hard cock smacked against her face and Barbara slapped her with it a couple more times before giving it another long suck.

"I think you should taste her Greg," Barbara said, "while I give her tongue something to play with. Don't let her cum though".

Greg moved down the bed and put his face between Anna's legs, his tongue dipping tentatively between her incredibly wet lips. Her juices were seeping freely from her pussy, down over her anus and he enjoyed sliding his tongue up over her hard little clit. He took a moment to watch Barbara squat over her friend's face, lowering her pussy onto Anna's mouth. He saw Anna's tongue spear into Barbara's pussy as she ground down on her.

He kept licking and Barbara encouraged him as well as instructed him on how to really tease Anna. He pulled her lips with his teeth and flicked his tongue down to the bottom of her slit, even teasing her anus a bit, slick as it was with pussy juice. He sucked her clit and the whole time Barbara was grinding on Anna's face, her fingers pulling at her nipples as well. He saw Barbara play with her clit with her fingers as she drove her pussy down on her friend's face and then Barbara shook with a powerful orgasm. When she slipped aside, Anna's face was glistening with Barbara's juices.

"Go on, make me cum Greg," Anna begged as Barbara lay beside her recovering.

"Don't you dare," Barbara said to him. "I'm going to fuck her and make her cum, this bit's not for you."

She rolled from the bed and returned to the bag. Greg raised his eyebrows when he saw her pull a strap on dildo from within its confines. She put it on with practiced ease and was in short order standing with a fake cock protruding out in front of her.

"Wow, that's a bit unexpected," Greg said.

"Well that's what makes us so much fun!" Barbara grinned at him.

She motioned him to one side to just watch while she worked her way between Anna's legs and positioned the head of the toy at the entrance to her pussy. She thrust her hips forward, pushing and Greg leant over and watched the toy disappear between Anna's lips, sliding slowly deeper and deeper as Barbara wiggled and thrust until it was buried inside. Greg stood with his cock hard at attention, enjoying seeing the two women together, liking the way that their breasts crushed together. When Barbara leaned forward to kiss her friend with the toy deep in her pussy, he wasn't quite sure what was expected.

"Get behind here," Barbara said, "and stick that cock inside me and fuck me."

That was all the prompting he needed and he quickly moved around behind so that he could slide his hard cock inside Barbara's pussy again, even as she did the same to Anna with the fake cock. They continued in this manner for a while before Barbara decided it was time to switch things around. Greg moved out of the way and Barbara extricated herself from Anna. She untied the restraints that held Anna's legs splayed open. Her hands then moved to her friend's hips and rolled her over, her wrists twisting in the ropes that held her to the head of the bed. Barbara moved her into a doggy position, letting her rest on her elbows and forearms before moving behind to slide the strap on back into her pussy before reaching to grab some lube she'd left on the bedside table when she revealed the strap-on. She squirted it out over her fingers and he watched while Barbara played her lubricated fingers over and around Anna's anus before squirting more lube over her puckered hole. Greg watched in fascination as Barbara slowly started to work the toy into Anna's arse. Anna moaned and groaned as the toy speared into her tight passage and began pushing back eagerly, encouraging deeper penetration.

"Get under there and lick her," Barbara commanded.

Greg worked out how he could achieve this for a moment before laying on his back and sliding under her stomach as if to move into a 69 position, his eyes drawn to Anna's slick lips. He could see her pleasure seeping from between them even as lube drizzled from her anus as the toy slid in and out. He was treated with a perfect view of Barbara's pussy as well where he could see it outlined between the straps of the toy. Greg started licking Anna's pussy, working his tongue over her clit as her arse was penetrated with Barbara's fake cock.

"Ok, Ok" Barbara said after a while. "No cum for her yet."

Greg slithered out from under the two girls and Anna almost yelled her disappointment at having been so close to cumming and being denied yet again. Barbara slid the toy from her bum and went to the bathroom where she washed it before returning. Anna smiled at Greg and rolled back onto her back. She started to plead with him into helping her to cum before Barbara returned. Barbara caught them and slapped her tit in admonishment before fixing the strap-on around Anna's hips.

"It's all about me again," she said to Greg as she mounted the toy, slipping it inside her pussy and bending over her friend to kiss her again. "How about you fuck my arse now lover," she suggested, handing him the lube.

Greg moved behind her and squirted lube over his cock and massaged it around her hole before gradually easing it inside, filling her second hole. Barbara let out a low howl as she was filled completely and Greg started working his cock in and out of her arse as she rode the toy strapped to Anna. Greg couldn't believe what was happening and Barbara's tight, slick arse and the feeling of the hard toy rubbing him through the wall of her cunt was enough to cause him to explode again. His cock started throbbing and pumped its second load of warm goo deep into Barbara's rectum.

He leaned forward on her back for a moment completely spent before he felt her expel his softening cock from her arse. He fell sideways and rested on the bed looking at both of these amazing women. Barbara detached herself from the toy and removed it from Anna, bending forward to lick her pussy until she was finally given the release that she'd been craving. Greg watched intently as she exploded, legs shaking with the power of her delayed orgasm.

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Heather awoke during the night in the small hours and could hear Tina snoring softly in the next bed. She thought about her thong that she'd left in Greg's room the day before and how she'd managed to grab his cock at the tournament. It had felt so naughty but so good to touch him, he felt rock hard and well sized. She really now wanted to see it properly and see if she could get him to fuck her. Her fingers drifted down between her legs, teasing herself as she imagined his well-muscled body looming over her as he thrust his hard cock between her legs, pushing it deep inside her pussy.

"He's just in the next room, sleeping soundly," she thought to herself and wondered exactly how soundly he did sleep. On an impulse, she slipped from her bed and padded over to the door between their rooms, carefully turning the handle and opening first the door on their side and then the other. She could hear him breathing deeply and steadily and she carefully worked her way across the room to stand alongside his bed. She could see in the dim light that the covers had bunched around his waist as he lay on his side. As Heather watched him, she reached a hand up to massage her ample tit through her t-shirt, the other drifting down to rub her thong against her wet slit. She stayed like that for what seemed like an eternity before making a decision.

She reached out with her hand and took hold of the cover of his bed and very carefully began to lift it and then move it down. She exposed a pair of boxer shorts, much to her disappointment and with the way he was sleeping, she couldn't even see the front of him where his cock would be. She waited a little longer and then became even more adventurous, pushing against his hip, hoping to prompt him to roll onto his back. He stirred as she pushed and she panicked, moving her hand, ready to flee but he didn't actually wake. She tried again, this time with success as Greg rolled onto his back still fast asleep. One leg had fallen out to the side with the knee bent. Heather could see the faint outline of his soft cock within the boxers and she ran a finger over it, watching his face and chest for signs of him awakening.

Heather noticed that there was an opening in the front of his boxers and she became even more brazen, manipulating his underwear until the head of his cock was poking out. She teased it with her finger, poking a little and stroking and watched as it started to swell. She brought her finger to her mouth and sucked on it, getting it wet before running it around the head of his cock. It glistened in the dim light of the hotel room and continued to grow, pushing out through the opening in his underwear.

Greg stirred slightly again but didn't wake and Heather decided to get his cock between her lips. She carefully moved onto the bed and lowered her mouth over her coach's cock, sucking it gently into her mouth, resting the head on her tongue as she carefully watched his face for signs of his waking. She could feel his cock growing inside her mouth, hardening more and more the longer she held him there. Her pussy was leaking freely now; she was so aroused by she was doing. Greg's swollen cock now filled her mouth and she swirled her tongue around at the same time that she moved it in and out, feeling the soft skin glide over her tongue. Greg groaned and she froze, undecided. She knew that she wanted him. She wanted him really bad and from how hard he'd been yesterday, she knew that she turned him on, but at the same time, he did seem pretty intent on maintaining a professional relationship and distance. Suddenly she worried that if she kept going and he woke up, she'd be off the team and or worse, kicked out of school. She let his cock slip from her mouth. She pulled the covers up and was about to leave when she had a last wicked thought. She slipped off her sopping wet thong and slipped it under his pillow. Then she went back to her own room, softly closing the doors and hopping back into bed to wait for the start of their final day in the tournament.

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Greg woke up with an ache in his cock. His hand wandered down and he found that he had managed to slip out of the opening in his boxers in his sleep. He thought back to his night with the two chaperones the night before and hardened immediately. The raunchy night had even affected his dreams as he thought he remembered dreaming that someone was giving him a head job even after all the action earlier on that evening.

Glancing at the clock, he decided that it was time to get up. He stretched out on the bed and as his arm passed beneath his pillow, he discovered another thong. This one was black and when he pulled it out for closer examination, noted that the previous owner had left tell tale signs that they'd been enjoying themselves at the time. He sniffed it tentatively and could definitely smell pussy. His cock became hard again as he glanced at the door to the adjacent room. Heather, he decided. After she'd grabbed his cock yesterday, it had to be her. She and Tina were the only two that really could have pulled it off and Tina was way too focused on winning for it to be her.

He thought back to Heather grabbing him and the feel of her butt under his hand and his cock lurched. He wrapped the thong around himself and had a couple of tugs before sighing and moving to the shower. He stashed the thong in his luggage and got ready for the tournament.

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On the bus Anna and Barbara both greeted him warmly, obliquely and playfully referring to the events of the previous evening. While trying to deflect them, he looked around to make sure that everyone else was on board. He caught Heather watching him and she gave him a smile, which he returned even as she slipped her tongue from her mouth to lick her lips ever so slightly.

"This could be a long day," Greg thought to himself as he settled in the driving seat and set off for the campus.

The girls excelled themselves throughout the day, playing far better than even Greg had hoped for and making it right through to the final which went to the wire. In the end, the fifth and final set of the tournament was the decider. It was only after nearly losing that the girls strung a couple of desperate points together to win the day.

Needless to say, they were ecstatic. Greg found himself swarmed by the group of hot young girls as they jumped up and down around him, he felt a hand grab at his arse and another seize his cock. He looked down to see Heather in front of him with a massive grin on her face, but had no chance of working out who had grabbed his butt from behind. He managed to push Heather's hand away and then extricated himself and allowed the girls to continue celebrating on their own.

On the bus on the way back, the girls sang songs, chanted, cheered and laughed and Tina stood up to announce that at last she wouldn't be demanding early nights or any sort of restraint, "Because tonight we PARTY!!!" she screamed, the massive trophy on the floor before her. Greg thought he'd go deaf in the onslaught of noise that followed.

The bus cleared out quickly when they arrived back at the hotel as the girls all rushed inside to shower and change ahead of the celebrations. Tina was the last one off and hesitated by her coach before she left.

"Um, Mr Danes, I just really want to thank you personally for the effort that you've put in. Saving our team and then actually taking the time to care and learn about the game, well it's a shit load more than I could ever have hoped for," she said, her winning grin refusing to leave her face even as her voice began to turn husky after all the yelling and screaming.

"Tina, the pleasure has been all mine," Greg assured her standing up to stretch whilst he waited for her to step down out of the bus.

"Oh well it should be!" She said, leaning forward to hug him, crushing her small tits against him, "And I'm sure it will be too." She dashed off at that, leaving him wondering at what she meant for a few moments before shaking his head and moving the bus around to the back of the hotel.

When he dragged the equipment in through the entrance and up to his room, he found the door to Tina and Heather's room open with girls all over the place.

"Hurry up Mr D, its party night and you have to join us!" Cheryl said as she left the room to head for her own. Greg glanced in and saw several girls in various states of dress moving around. The bathroom door was open and Heather was standing inside in just a bra and her volleyball shorts and she was just reaching to undo the bra clasp.

"Um, maybe you should close the door," Greg suggested to the rest of the girls in the room who looked round and saw Heather. They all giggled and shut the main door in his face.

Greg deposited his gear in the corner of his room and then headed for the shower, the noise from the next room continuing but mostly consisting of squeals and giggles. After his shower, he pulled on his best pair of jeans and a tight fitted t-shirt that he knew would cling to his chest and abs before heading down to the restaurant. The noise next door had calmed down and he assumed that the girls must have sorted themselves out by now.

"Damn Mr D, that's one hot arse you have there!" he heard someone say from behind him. He turned, blushing to see Susan following him down the hall. She was wearing a hot little asymmetrical dress, light blue in colour, single shouldered and with the high side of the skirt barely covering her hip.

"Er thanks, not that you should notice but you look pretty good too," he said, feeling lame. He struggled to keep his eyes from bugging out of his head at the setter, her curly red hair setting the colour of the dress off beautifully. He dragged his eyes from her breasts to smile at her, catching her bringing her own gaze up from below the waist. They were soon joined by Mandy and Jade and made their way to the hotel restaurant where most of the team was now waiting.

"We're going to be late you know," Tina said, her hands tangled in Heather's hair.

"Uh huh," Heather mumbled even as she sucked Tina's clit into her mouth.

"Everyone will know what we we're doing."

"Uh huh," Heather said again, pulling the hard clit with her lips.

"Oh fuck Heather, later, please? I can't concentrate when I think I need to be somewhere, you know that. There's no more volleyball, tonight we can share a bed."

"Well only because of that," Heather said, releasing her friend, "and because you made me cum first!"

Champagne flowed early at the dinner and Greg was the only one to hold back, watching as the girls enjoyed their unexpected success. Barbara and Anna joined in happily and soon Greg found himself surrounded by a table full of giggling and over excited tipsy girls.

"We need cowboys!" Mandy called out to a chorus of agreement and soon shots were being passed all around the table. One was put in front of Greg and he tried to pass it off, but the girls were insistent. Giving up, he threw it back to squeals and yells of approval and then ordered himself a beer. Soon he had a happy buzz going, but a shred of responsibility had him suggest that perhaps they'd better move the party to a less public area.

"Pool party!" Cheryl called out and in moments girls were fleeing to their rooms to change into swim suits.

"Come on, there's no way you want to miss this," Barbara said to him, taking him by the hand and leading him off in pursuit of the disappearing girls.

"I think you might be right," Greg laughed. He headed upstairs and went to his room to change. When he emerged, there were bikini clad girls going every where, moving from room to room, slapping each other's butts playfully, stealing towels and generally causing mayhem in the hall as they coordinated a chaotic move to the pool. Heather appeared before him in her black bikini and grabbed his hand.

"Come on Mr D, let's go have some fun!"

Greg couldn't help but think about the fun he'd like to have and wondered if today would be the day that his resistance crumbled as Heather's butt bounced along in front of him, the material of her bikini clinging tightly to her curves. They entered the pool room and were greeted by a cacophony of sound, girls jumping in and out of the water, screaming and squealing. Greg hadn't even had time to register everything that was going on when Heather jumped into the pool, holding his hand tight enough to get him off balance. He fell in with a gasp, still holding onto the towel that he'd brought with him. He came up spluttering to find Heather laughing and grinning and all the girls applauding loudly. He threw the soggy towel to the edge of the pool and took a mock bow.

Tina appeared bringing with her a stack of paper cups, mixers and a couple of bottles of vodka. She set up a drinks table and poured several, taking one for herself and coming over to the edge of the pool. Greg watched as she descended the steps, her long slim legs gradually disappearing until her red bikini bottoms reached the water and also disappeared. She was tall enough that when she was finally at the bottom step, her breasts were poised just above the water line. Greg stared as she lowered them beneath the water and then stood up again, the now wet red material slick against her small breasts, the nipples clearly defined. He glanced to her face and knew was busted again staring, but Tina just smiled when she saw him looking.

He tore his gaze from her when Barbara and Anna walked in to join the rest of them. Barbara was outrageously dressed in a wicked weasel bikini that left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

"Oh you're fucking kidding!" Alice said, turning all shades of red when she saw what her mother was wearing. The girls gave her a good natured ribbing, but there were also plenty of comments about hoping that they could pull off a suit like that when they were Barbara's age. Alice simply made her way to the drinks table and poured a large drink before heading to the other end of the pool.

"Awesome suit," Heather said to Barbara as she came over to chat to the older woman.

"Isn't it great, it just makes me feel so dirty to wear it, especially here," Barbara said, looking down at Heather. "I wonder what you'd look like in it."

"Huh no offence, but I don't think there's enough of it to hold my tits in place," Heather laughed. Barbara reached across to where Heather stood with her breasts submerged and after quickly glancing around to check, pulled one of the cups of her bikini to one side, exposing her breast.

"Doesn't seem like there's that much holding you now," she laughed as Heather instinctively reacted to pull the bikini back over her tit. Then she quickly reached beneath the water and grabbed Barbara's bottoms and pulled, knowing that as small as it was, she would have just given her a double wedgie.

"Mmm, I like it when you play dirty," Barbara laughed as she felt her ass and pussy split by the tiny suit.

The craziness in the pool continued and Greg found himself staying in the water, keeping his cock beneath the surface because everywhere he turned, he was presented with tight bums and pert tits. As the girls played around, it seemed inevitable that every now and then someone would have their top stolen or get pantsed on the side of the pool and he kept seeing the occasional breast or flash of bum or pussy as a result. All of which combined to ensure he developed a rock hard cock.

"Like a drink Mr D?" Fiona asked him.

"Thanks Fiona, I think I need one."

She climbed from the pool, his eyes following her as her butt lifted from the water in her tiny yellow bikini. She poured a drink for him and waited by the table, holding it out for him. Greg tried to get her to bring it over to him, but Fiona laughed and said he had to get out of the water to get it. Their discussion soon had others listening and the girls were jeering him, telling him to man up and get out of the water.

"He's probably worried we'll see how hard his cock is!" Jade teased and soon all the girls as well as Barbara and Anna were lined up to watch him get out of the pool.

"Whats' the matter, worried about us seeing your bulging cock? Why don't I give you a reason for it to be nice and hard?" Fiona teased and to everyone's delight and Greg's shock, she reached behind her back and undid her bikini top before dropping it to the ground and standing with her AA cupped breasts proudly exposed. Cheers erupted from the other girls.

"Go on Greg, you know you want to," Barbara teased, following Fiona's lead.

"Fuck Mum!" Alice complained.

"Hey, don't be such a prude," Barbara laughed.

"God at least your Mum isn't embarrassing," Alice sighed to Jessica.

"Oh come on, it's not that bad," Anna said to Alice, "It's just your mother's tits and with that, she shrugged her way out of the top half of her black one piece suit to stand with her own tits out. Greg didn't know where to look as the girls suddenly seemed to decide that he was more likely to get out of the water if they all had their tits out. In moments even Jessica and Alice had given up all resistance and the entire volleyball team and two of their mothers, all with their breasts exposed, surrounded him. If he'd been hard before, he was like titanium now and gave in. He walked from the water, his wet shorts clearly clinging to the hard pole of his cock.

The girls roared their delight and he blushed, feeling like a piece of meat as he accepted his drink from Fiona.

"Now that wasn't so hard was it?" she asked with a laugh.

"I think its harder than ever," Heather joked, standing next to her and looking at his cock.

"Um yeah, thanks," Greg laughed, guzzling it like he'd not had a drink in years.

He wasn't quite sure where to go next when someone called out from behind him, "Skinny dip!" He turned as the girls all squealed again and saw Jenn throw her floral bikini bottom aside and leap into the pool. She wasn't lonely for long as a cascade of bikinis flew about the room exposing pussies left right and centre. Greg quickly jumped into the pool before he was asked to join in. It didn't help.

"Come on Mr D, get it out!" Tina yelled, advancing on him in the water. He moved to get away but was quickly surrounded and found that despite his obvious strength advantage, when 10 girls decide to get your pants off you, there's not too many ways of resisting without hurting them and he didn't want to do that. So he was soon naked in the water which felt great other than the nagging in his brain that told him again he was way over that line he wasn't supposed to cross. The fact that a number of girls took advantage of the situation enough to grab his cock only reinforced the fact.

He turned around at one point to see Susan and Fiona tangled in a naked kiss in the shallow corner of the pool and as much as he wanted to stay, knew that he had to get out of there. He dashed from the water and grabbed a towel. He didn't even bother looking for his shorts, just wrapped himself in the towel, grabbed his room card and fled, the girls calling after him about being a party pooper!

Tina watched Greg disappear, disappointed that he'd fled, but at the same time seeing an opportunity. She found a moment when everything was quiet and slipped her bikini back on before leaving the pool, promising that she'd be back soon. She made her way back to her room. Her coach had a few minutes head start, but she doubted he'd be going straight to sleep anyway.

Closing the main door behind her, she went to the doors joining their room and quietly as she could, opened them. Greg scrambled when the door started opening, but not quickly enough to hide the fact that he'd been on the bed masturbating.

"Tina!" he said indignantly. "You can't be here."

"But I am Mr D and its high time that you were properly thanked for taking us on and coaching us," she said, moving across the room.

"Well you've thanked me, that's all I need," he said.

"Oh I think I can thank you better than that, and I can see for myself that you need more," she said, reaching behind her back to untie her bikini top. It fell to the floor, revealing her small breasts as she moved even closer to Greg.

"Tina," he said.

"Yes?" she replied, taking the final step to the bed and reaching down to pull the covers that he'd grabbed away from him. His hands covered his cock, but it was clear that it was very erect.

"We can't," he mumbled as she climbed onto the bed, long thin legs straddling him as she took advantage of the fact that his physical restraint didn't match the verbal.

"We can," she said.

Her head was now positioned over his, her pussy hovering over his hands as they continued to try and protect him. Her blonde hair fell about her face and her blue eyes nailed him to the bed as she lowered her mouth to his, tongue leading just slightly as her lips parted and were met by his mouth, willingly and hungrily, his resistance gone. Their tongues swirled and danced, exploring avidly. Greg's hands moved from covering his cock to her hips, poised on the waistband of her bikini. Tina lowered herself until her pussy ground down on his stiff cock, her hips rocking and rolling as she finally got to kiss her coach.

Greg gave up any pretext of responsibility at this point and decided that if this hot young girl wanted to fuck him so bad, he was going to enjoy the experience. His hands went to her small breasts, loving the feel of their firmness as they moved over the ribs beneath, her hard little nipples begging for attention. Tina sat up, giving him room to play with them, smiling down at her coach, her hips still moving on him, loving how hard and stiff his cock felt beneath her. She let him play for a few more moments before deciding that she needed to suck him.

Greg watched as Tina slithered down his body until her face was at his crotch. Her hand wrapped around his erection and pumped it gently, feeling it for the first time, stroking and rubbing, her finger rubbing at a drop of pre-cum that formed in the little slit at the top. Then her tongue flicked out across it before her lips descended over the head and engulfed him. Greg groaned as she enthusiastically started to suck at him. He tangled his hands in her hair as her head moved up and down, her lips sliding over his smooth skin, her saliva glistening on his shaft in the light of the room.

"Fuck me Mr D," Tina whispered to him between sucks. "I want you to fuck me with this lovely cock." Greg could only growl in response as she sucked him hard and deep into her mouth. With a grin, she stopped and moved beside him on the bed, inviting him to do as she'd asked. Greg rolled over to the dominant position and kissed at her breasts, sucking on her tight nipples as his hands pulled at her bikini. He slid down her as he dragged them over her legs, kissing and licking all the while. He kissed her mound, the insides of her thighs and threatened to lick her pussy, but teased her by not doing so. With the bikini off, he moved the other way though, back toward her pussy again and this time when he reached her, his tongue licked eagerly up along her slit. Tina parted her legs invitingly as he worked at her pussy, licking, sucking, nibbling. She pulled her nipples, telling him she wanted more, that she needed him, needed his big cock splitting her.

Greg moved again until his cock was rubbing at her pussy and he thrust. Tina pushed against him as she felt her pussy part to welcome him and she moaned as the top of his cock speared inside. Then he pulled back a little and thrust again, driving his cock all the way inside, filling her young pussy with his hard cock.

"Oh GOD!" Tina cried out as she felt him fill her. "Fuck me Mr D, fuck me hard!"

Greg began thrusting at her pussy, driving himself into her. Tina encouraged him with every stroke, demanding that he fuck her harder, faster. He could hear his balls slapping against her bum as he rammed into her over and again. He grunted and groaned, pumping and pumping, Tina with her legs spread wide to receive him until she told him she wanted it doggy style.

"Fuck me from behind, ram it into me!"

They adjusted positions quickly and Tina was on her hands and knees, Greg behind her, driving his cock back inside her pussy. He pumped her like a machine and Tina was soon crying out at the pleasure that was coursing through her body. She felt her orgasm bloom and then explode within her, collapsing on the bed as she shuddered. Greg kept pumping, needing to release the tension and seed that had built within. With a cry he did exactly that, cumming hard, filling her pussy with spray after spray of his warm cum.

"I told you we could do it," Tina laughed a little later, still on his bed, cum oozing from her pussy lips.

"I know we can, it's that we shouldn't, that's the difference," Greg sighed, "if it ever gets mentioned, I can lose more than my job.

"Well don't worry, because I won't tell a soul," Tina said, smiling and kissing him, hand going to his cock to stroke him some more. "But that means I have to leave you."

She got off the bed and pulled her bikini on, picked up the towel she'd brought from the pool room. She went back out through her own room, blowing him a kiss before running back to join the team.

"Where have you been?" Heather asked of her when she was back there. The other girls had quieted down somewhat at this point, some having left to do their own thing, others just enjoying the water. Everyone seemed to have dressed again as well.

"I needed to release some tension," Tina said to her friend.

"What? And you did it without me?" Heather demanded.

"Well you were busy and I didn't want everyone to know. I didn't want to say, 'Hey everyone I'm just off to frig myself, see you soon!'" she laughed.

"Frig yourself? Yeah right, don't think I'm that dumb, you fucked Mr D, didn't you!" Heather accused her, advancing on her in the water.

"What? No!" Tina replied.

"Yeah, you can't lie to me," Heather responded, "I can't believe you'd do it without me!"

"Oh come on, you know what he's like, as if he'd let me," Tina said adamantly "Do you think two girls hitting on him at the same time would work better?

"Don't know 'til you try," Heather pouted. Tina reached out and tweaked her friend's nipples.

"Don't worry, tonight I'll be sure to give you the orgasm you so richly deserve."

"Promise?" Heather replied happily, her hands reaching to pull her friend closer.

"Promise," Tina replied, kissing Heather.

"Yay!"

Later that night, Tina did exactly that for her friend, using her fingers, tongue, even the vibrator that Heather had brought with her to give her friend a body rocking orgasm.

She woke up in the middle of the night needing to pee and so climbed out of bed and found the bathroom. It was on the way back she again thought of Tina's absence and how well it timed with Greg's disappearance from the pool. She looked at the adjoining doors and decided it was her turn.

Moments later she was in her coach's room, the doors closed behind her as she advanced on her coach's bed. She pulled the covers carefully from him and then worked his flaccid cock from his boxers, extracting it through the fly. Then she lowered her head and started sucking. Greg's cock started to come alive even as he stirred in his sleep. By the time he was awake enough to question what was going on, it was almost fully hard and Heather was slurping enthusiastically.

"Wha ...? Who..?" Greg managed to stammer out.

"Shhh," Heather responded, barely interrupting her sucking of his cock. Greg tried to prise open his sleepy eyes enough to work out what was going on. Had Tina snuck back into his room? He didn't think so because the hair wasn't right, it was short and much too dark to be Tina's blonde head.

"Heather?" he asked hoping he'd guessed right.

"Hi Mr D," Heather smiled. She lifted her head and crawled up his body, her large tits swinging free of restraint from her chest. Greg's cock twitched as they dragged across his body, hinting at size and weight.

"What are you doing Heather?" Greg said stupidly, but failed to act physically to stop her, even as she leaned in and kissed at his neck.

"I'm going to fuck you Mr D. I know you fucked Tina, so there's no way I'm letting you go without having you too."

"She told you?" Greg asked in disbelief.

"Ha, I knew it!" Heather said, "No she denied it, but I could tell she was lying!"

She kissed her teacher, pushing his head back into his pillow with the force of her desire. Greg knew that there was no point trying to deny the fact now, or trying to put Heather off what she wanted. He could feel her bare pussy grinding down on his cock and given how bad she seemed to want him, he decided once again to just go with it. Hell if she was prepared to grab his cock at the volleyball tournament, there could well be less risk in keeping her happy rather than pissing her off!

"Your cock feels so hard down there Mr D," Heather said.

"Probably because it woke up in your mouth," he replied, reaching for her tits.

"Well even as wet as I am it wasn't likely to go in my pussy in its sleepy state," Heather laughed. She reached back and grabbed his cock in her hand as she felt him thrusting at her with his hips. She guided him to her sopping hole and slid down the length of his cock. Greg grabbed at her large breasts, moving so that he could suck hard on one of her big round nipples as she moved on his cock with her tight bald pussy.

"Oh God, I so wanted this," Heather sighed as she was pleasured. "I can't believe you held out this long."

"Well I can't believe I crumbled," Greg said, even as he thrust his cock at her pussy.

"Did you enjoy finding my thong under your pillow?" Heather asked.

"Ahh, so it was you! I had my suspicions."

"Oh really, how many other people could it have been?"

"Well, Tina, obviously. I have to confess I didn't know the door was open until after the thong appeared and I wondered how someone had gotten into my room."

"Yeah it could have been, but that's not her style," Heather replied, leaning forward and mashing her tits against his chest, "and I find it interesting that you still didn't lock the door."

"Yeah, well maybe I did enjoy finding a hot thong under my pillow and wondered just how far that person might have been prepared to go."

"Well now you know, I go all the way," Heather grinned, rolling off of her teacher and telling him it was his turn on top. Greg leaned over her and admired her firm chest, feeling her tits and leaning to suck her nipples again.

"These really are magnificent," he said to her.

"Well thanks, everyone seems to like them," she giggled.

"Has anyone ever fucked them?" Greg asked. Heather responded no.

"Seems like someone should be the first person to then," Greg said eagerly, moving to straddle her waist and pushing his cock so that it was resting between her large tits. Heather grabbed her tits and pushed them together around his hard shaft as Greg rocked back and forth, sliding his cock through her cleavage, the juice from her pussy working as a lubricant.

"Mmm that's good," Greg said, watching his cock sliding between her breasts. Heather craned her head forward and when the tip of his cock came within reached, sucked on it. Greg held there, rocking slightly as the head of his cock was suckled with the rest nestled between her impressive tits.

He continued like this for a while until Heather demanded that he put his cock back inside her. Greg went back to fucking her until he was getting close to cumming.

"Oh fuck!" he said, feeling the tension building.

"Not in my pussy!" Heather said, realizing he must be getting close. "I'm not on the pill, don't get me pregnant." Greg pulled his cock from her, on the brink of cumming.

"Where then?" he asked frantically.

"In my bum, I want it in my bum," Heather said.

"Fuck, do you know how hot it is to hear you say that?" Greg said to Heather as she rolled onto her side.

"No but I know how hot it is to feel cum spurt up my arse."

Greg was lucky not to lose it on the spot. "Right here, put it here," Heather said, realizing how much he liked her talking about it. She thrust two fingers in her pussy to get them wet and then worked one in her bum hole to show him where she wanted his cock. "Now, do it now!" she insisted and Greg moved in behind her, kneeling and pointing his cock at her. Heather grabbed him and guided him up against her butt hole where he pushed, ever so slowly spreading her tight anus as his cock disappeared a little at a time.

"Oh fuck yes!" Heather called out as he slipped further and further up her back passage. "Your cock is so big in my fucking bum Mr D! Fuck my arsehole!"

She was rocking as she adjusted to the size and quickly she started moving herself faster, feeling him thrusting deeper. Greg could just make out his cock disappearing up her arse in the dim light of the room and started to work it in and out, her enthusiasm turning him on immensely. Seeing how much she was enjoying his cock in her butt turned him on to the point that he couldn't contain himself any longer. He exploded in her arse, cum filling her passage.

"Oh YEAH!" Heather cried out, loud enough that Greg worried Tina wake up and might come to investigate. Heather flipped over on her back, his cock slipping from her anus.

"Eat my pussy Mr D, make me cum," she begged.

Greg kissed her and sucked on her tits before moving down between her legs. He sucked and licked at her lips, conscious of the smell of his cum leaking from her butt hole. He sucked at her clit before swirling his tongue around it and flicking it back and forth. Heather's hands grabbed his head and pulled him into her pussy, her hips thrusting at his face until she exploded with her own orgasm, juices running freely from her slit.

Greg lay on the bed next to her, spent. Heather didn't move, just laying there in the afterglow of her orgasm. Greg woke with a start some time later and panicked, looking next to him. There was no one there; no sign that someone had even been there other than the lingering smell of sex.

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The next day, everyone assembled and the bus was loaded up ready for the trip back to town.

"We missed you last night," Barbara said to him as they waited for the last of the girls to get on board. "I hope you weren't lonely."

"Well I had enough on my mind to keep myself happy," he said, remembering the state of the pool room when he'd left.

"As long as you were looked after, even if it was Mrs Palmer," Barbara laughed. She slipped him a note with her phone number on it. "In case you get bored when we get back to town. Sometimes I just like to have some friend's around to relieve a single mum's boredom." Greg smiled at her and hopped onto the bus.

"You never know, I could get bored too," he said with a wink. "Or maybe I'll just need to escape the school to let off steam," he considered as both Tina and Heather smiled and winked at him.