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Ad Window

by tyroflux

Summary

A teenaged genius uses his knowledge of targeted marketing to make some changes at his high school, and at home.

Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission.

Chapter 1

Ad Window - Chapter 1
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I'm a genius. No really, a tested and certified genius. My mother insisted the school test me in the fourth grade when they couldn't figure out why I wasn't doing well. I wasn't doing my homework, I didn't put any effort into the work I did turn in, and my test scores sucked. I didn't seem to be dyslexic and I didn't respond to the Special Ed program they put me in, so trying to think what else they could do, my mother pushed the school to test my IQ. It was high. Really high. Now, all those times I snuck out of class to hang out between the shelves of books in the "Media Center", when I was teaching myself about SCUBA diving (because I was interested in deep-sea research), or rocketry and astronomy (because they are cool), or ancient mythology and the philosophy of mystery religions (because I wanted to create better AD&D adventures), and human biology and psychology (because I looked up and happened to be sitting in the Biology section and was next to a collection of works by Freud, Jung, Carlson, Maslow, Skinner and others), have all become my official curricula.

Mr. Shill, my Calculus teacher, and Ms. Dermis, my Physics teacher, are my advisors. Because they are the only ones who seem to understand that I'm engaged in "real" learning, they are responsible for assessing and awarding me credit for it.

My older sister and I are both seniors this year, even though she's more than a year older. I just have to complete my Senior Project and we will both be going to Cornell. I toured the campus and it was way more interesting than Harvard or Yale, for an Ivy League. I agreed with Cecelia, it seemed less snobby and more into doing real stuff.

My Senior Project is in advertising. It's fun to watch the faces of the people who know me when they ask what I'll be studying at Cornell. They expect me to say "Mathematics" or "Theoretical Physics" or even "Computer Science", but I also love art and am very talented with design. When I tell them advertising, their faces just drop before transforming into a caricature of confusion. They don't get it.

The human mind is one of the last frontiers and a degree in Marketing and Communications covers all the above disciplines plus human psychology. Advertisers are at the forefront of mental and emotional studies. They basically control how the world thinks, and that's real power. I won't bore you with details about the millions top ad execs make. I care, only in as much as money makes getting things easier. I don't care about status, or security, or wealth for wealth's sake. I do expect to make enough to be able to indulge my interests, that's all that matters.

Back to my project. I am designing and marketing a new line of school clothes. I know, sounds lame, right? But, this project includes research into the effects school uniforms have on learning and also on the merchandising to be sold on the new school streaming television channel, which I also will be developing.

Now do I have your interest? No? Let me open your eyes.

Every year, Administration throws around the idea of uniforms for students. I hope to provide incontrovertible proof as to the effectiveness of school uniforms for promoting higher academic performance. NOW, doesn't that sound more interesting? Still kinda lame?!

Well, because I'm trying to show the benefits of something the school administration already is in favor of, I had no problem getting approved. However, I have some personal goals that I've included in my project that I haven't mentioned to my advisers. I'm challenging myself to achieve the complete abandonment of the school dress code, other than the uniform. No more measuring skirt lengths or sending kids home because they have holes in their jeans. No silly requirements for undergarments that no one should be looking at anyhow, much less inspecting for. No worries about inappropriate messages or colors or material or styles. Just a basic requirement to wear the school uniform.

This extends to the faculty and staff, because the real challenge I am seeing for myself is to sell them, especially Ms. Dermis, one of the most stacked and curvaceous and definitely the best looking teacher in the school, on the practice of teaching class in the nude. Yep, I'm going to fundamentally change a significant cultural value in my advisor, and indeed, the whole school faculty and staff.

There's another, even more private goal. This is a difficult one, but I have ready access to the full spectrum of media control, so maybe not as hard. Ready to hear it? I warned you.

I am going to adjust my mother and sister Cecilia's sense of family values to the point that my mother voluntarily decides to teach my sister and me about sex. Specifically, she's going to teach my sister how to suck my cock. I'm going to do this through all the same techniques used in advertising.

Interested NOW? Suddenly the ad industry doesn't sound so lame, right? Of course, I have to be successful before you'll believe I can do it. So let me walk you through.

Really, I know you won't believe me, but sex is not my motivation. I just want a real challenge to see if I can cause radical change in people's behaviors and values. Admittedly, I am an adolescent boy, with all the adolescent drives that go along with that. Being a genius doesn't mean I am not interested in sex or girls. I fully expect to enjoy the outcomes as much as the next guy, but that isn't why I chose this challenge. I have no particular interest in incest or even in my teacher. All three, Ms. Dermis, my sister and my mother, are gorgeous and I wouldn't kick any one of them out of bed. They are simply the easiest to reach with my planned ad campaign.

It will definitely take a full, longitudinal campaign. One doesn't change such fundamental attitudes in such a radical fashion overnight.

I have actually been working on this project for over a year. I've laid the foundation and installed much of the infrastructure. I got Internet-based television and streaming radio for our house, for example. I even managed to convince all of my teachers and the principle, Mrs. Zaftig, along with the vice principle, Ms. Fellaicceo, and their administration assistant, Miss Cunny, of the benefits of Internet streaming. I memorized all their email addresses and the IP addresses of each of their LAN routers as I installed them, or upgraded them, over the last year. Cool, huh?

This is my media access into their lives. I've been monitoring their use of media and I have a very well laid plan. Mom watches three shows. One is a cooking and life-help talk show. This is perfect because it is the model of the conservative normal. If you want to know what's wholesome and acceptable, this show will tell you what it is. My mother is an avid follower of their programming. The second show is a morning exercise and health show. Again, perfect, it is filled with unquestionable facts about health and a healthy lifestyle. It teaches its viewers about the latest trends in Healthcare and exercise. If it's on their show, you can bet it has already been embraced by a large popular audience. The last show is a Christian-based talent and evangelical show called 'God Given Talent', abbreviated to GGT. You can imagine the type of products they're marketing

to their audience. They are the standard for modern family friendly entertainment. Also, Mom listens to Christian radio. Perfect.

Sis is much more contemporary. She watches the same shows as all her friends so they can talk about who's cool and who's more popular than they deserve to be in pop culture. She and her girlfriends watch Surf Beach High, the most viewed show on TV right now. They also are all on their social media feeds with each other. Sis even has a growing friendship with a couple of online friends she's never met before. I know this because I'm both of them.

Ms. Dermis is a little harder. She is a relatively new teacher and still is immersed in the pedagogical culture. Her online activities seem to center around teacher resource sites, and she listens to public radio. Not a lot of TV watching, though I've seen where she's watched a couple of romantic comedies and more than a few action movies. The latter movies would be her boyfriend's choices, I'm guessing.

Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo both watch the weekend version of the morning show Mom watches, so that's easy, and they watch the evening news. That's a little harder, because I haven't finished my real time editing software yet. Still, I've managed to insert a few pre-made special segments and occasionally, I've managed to delay an airing, under special circumstances, so I can change a few key elements of the show. Commercials, on the other hand, are very simple to replace in real time.

So, everything was set and ready to start. I filed my plan, got approval, and went to talk with Mr. Shill about my initial outline. Mr. Shill is pretty cool with me doing my own thing. He has come to accept my self-directed discipline around learning and as such, his approval and support come with little to no effort on my part. I also think he'll really like the school uniforms I ultimately have in mind for my project. I intentionally haven't presented any particular uniform. Everyone has their own image of what that is, and my image of what our uniform will look like I pulled directly from Mr. Shill's browser history. It just so happens that he spends time on special adult sites that feature uniforms. I don't want to get Mr. Shill in trouble, so I won't say any more than that.

You probably don't have the imagination to understand how it is possible to succeed. I'll give you a brief introduction to the principles involved. There are two fundamental characteristics of human psychology I will be exploiting. The media is founded on these principles.

I read this book once called 'The Overton Window'. The Overton Window is that narrow window of acceptable social values within which people feel free to act. You can't get people to act outside the window of their social values, but you can get them to act closer and closer to the edge of that window. The more they step close to the edge of that window the more normalized that variant behavior becomes and the center of that window begins to shift towards the new normal moral value. This has the effect of gradually moving that moral window.

Hollywood and advertising use that concept all the time. By exposing people to a concept, even if it is in a negative light, the edges of their window of acceptable values shifts, ever so slightly. If people begin to associate the new aberrant idea with a growing common acceptance, they will begin to adjust their window to encompass the new value.

Next, My mom helps out at the church thrift shop. She tends the counter and processes inventory once a week and sometimes sells her baked goods, cookies, cake, home made doughnuts, that sort of thing. She has a wide variety of flavors in each. I've helped out often.

Do you know what the single most common question the customers ask when deciding on which pastry to choose from? No, it's not, "Which is the least expensive?", it's not, "Which one tastes better?", it's not, "Do I get a discount if I buy more than one?", and it is not, "What's your

favorite?" That last one is actually the second most common question and is related to the first most common question the customer will ask, "Which one is the most popular?"

Think Bord Motor Company. What is the one phrase that almost every Bord car commercial uses in their TV ads? It's, "The number one selling car, in its class."

What they are telling their customers is, they are the most popular car; not the best, not the safest, not the most fun to drive, not how their warranties are the most comprehensive, or they're the best value. Sure, they make those claims on occasion, but I've never heard a Bord car or truck commercial that didn't make the point that they were the most popular car. It works too.

Part of the success of my plan hinges on my ability to convince my audience that these ideas I'm trying to sell are not just accepted by others, but are growing in popularity. I need to convince my target audience that what I'm selling is what other people would choose, too.

* * *

Officially starting my Senior Project, I went to Mr. Shill's room and said, "Hey Mr. Shill. I just submitted my project with Mrs. Zaftig's secretary."

He replied, "Very good, Bentley. So, what's your first step? Let's see your outlined plan."

I showed him the steps.

First, define the market:
What product is being marketed?
To whom are you marketing?
What message will motivate the customer to want the product?
Collect and understand the resource mediums:
How do you reach your market?
How much time and money do you invest in marketing?
Understand your market:
Why might they want the product?
How to make the product more appealing?
Build a customer base and strengthen the demand.
What changes can be made to the product that customers will want to come back for?
It's bullshit, but it also works as a general process.

I've defined the market and decided upon the products, but it's not good marketing to tell him, "I'm going to sell Ms. Dermis on teaching class in the nude," or "I am going to get the girls to wear pornographic schoolgirl uniforms." I'm certainly not telling him about my plans for incestuous sex lessons at home. Anyhow, Mr. Shill seemed pleased with my bull.

I then left to talk to Ms. Dermis at the end of the school day. I have been refining my message.

The current dress code is absurd. Most of it has nothing to do with the learning environment and is some made up stuff designed to relieve administration of the burden of teaching good values and behaviors by imprisoning students in an environment lacking choices. By allowing students to make their own choices while providing them with a safe and supportive atmosphere of informed values, they will become better decision makers when released to their own discretion. This is the fundamental message I'm selling the change of dress code with and, indirectly, Ms. Dermis on nudity in the classroom.

So, I've adjusted the short term goal: 'Teach in the nude', to fit a more acceptable moral-base. 'The latest research in teenage emotional health coupled with a few subliminal suggestions that teachers,

as models for their students, have emotional needs, like everybody else, and an obligation to lead by example.'

I'm working on creating a culture of acceptance in overt expressions of sexuality. Openness is better for healthy development than covering up and suppressing female/male differences. Women should be proud of their femininity and be more comfortable letting their gender show.

Also, allowing students to make poor choices in a supportive environment offers opportunities to teach better choices for the future. Modeling the freedom of open expressions of personal choice builds secure, strong, and emotionally stable adults. BS, of course, but said the right way in the right context at the right time, it sounds like obvious good sense and wisdom.

For instance, I know Ms. Dermis listens to a segment of public radio in her car every morning on her way to work. I've managed to hijack her car radio and I created an alternative program for her to listen to. I ran through some old segments available online and found one about nudist camps. The show she listened to this morning was a follow up show to the nudist camp show I played for her, and other faculty that listen to the radio, last month. I also inserted a few key ideas about the statistics around the emotional health of children who grew up in naturist families.

Here's where my real genius helps out. I have created a text-to-speech program that allows me to imitate any voice and natural inflections of speech through typing special keyboard characters. I type in the script, including pauses, stress points and syllabic accents and a convincing, natural, real person's voice comes out.

For example, Ms. Dermis heard on the radio about a month ago, "Your research seems to suggest that open nudity is actually a more healthy way to grow up, Doctor Bickle?" in the voice of the regular program anchor.

Dr. Bickle answered, "Absolutely true. I have followed twenty three families who raised children as naturists and compared their emotional indexes to the norm, and in every category, they have proved as strongly secure or more so than the mean. Then I looked at other groups that might differ from the norm, such as military families, religious families, ethnic families, even hippy commune families and among those groups, the ones who have a free and open attitude around nudity and their bodies, demonstrate a consistent trend towards higher emotional health measures."

At the end of the show, I had the announcer tell the professor that she was convinced and thought she might look into finding a nudist camp to join for her family and herself.

Most of the show was just a repeat of the one they originally aired. My goal was to expose Ms. Dermis to the idea of and put acceptable thoughts of public nudity in her mind. There's no way she would jump right into, "I've got to show my tits in class." However, this has become an element of the culture in which Ms. Dermis now lives.

I also went for a print campaign. Ms. Dermis gets a few professional teacher periodicals, along with most of the other teachers in school. I have the technology, both at home and here in school, to reproduce professionally printed material.

Over the course of the first semester, I have managed to intercept and reroute the two most popular of these subscriptions, 'Pedagogue Weekly' and 'Teaching Science Today'. They come to me and I replace them with a slightly modified version the next day. I am now doing it with all the magazines the teachers get, but the others are only changed enough to keep the most popular ones from standing out for their changing styles.

Again, let me talk about my genius. Audio programming isn't the only thing I've improved upon. I

excel as an artist and the open source 3D graphics programs I've modified are amazing. My skin and hair textures are perfect. I am able to create photo realistic people perfectly. I am also a very talented graphics editor. In less than two hours, the night each issue arrives, I have edited and reprinted all thirty-six magazines and have them ready for distribution in each teacher's mailbox at school for the next day.

Frankly, the cover is the most important part. Most teachers hardly even thumb through the table of contents. If they see an article highlighted on the cover that interests them, they might sit and read it at lunch break. I don't need to kill myself coming up with a lot of new material. Any completely unique article is printed up ahead of time and simply inserted. The other area that saves time are the ads. These magazines are filled with ads and I've seen teachers, especially the female teachers, (I'm not meaning to be chauvinistic, but it's true) the female teachers all stop to read the ads with big pictures of perfume bottles, handsome couples, models in the latest fashion or good looking professors standing at a smartboard.

The faculty and staff have been reading their professional journals a day late with images, especially the cover, slightly modified, for the last three months. Last week, the cover of Teaching Science Today, had a picture of a very confidant looking female teacher in a business-skirt that came to well above mid-thigh. Her blouse was unbuttoned two buttons more than the original image. I even let the edge of her pale bikini tan-line show, to emphasize the exposed flesh and absence of under garments.

I inserted an academic article titled, 'Keeping Your Students Attention' and I put the title on the cover, located as if in reference to the cleavage the cover model teacher was showing off.

The article itself was a standard pedagogical technique article about teaching to the different learning styles. I did throw in a few key phrases like "visual stimulation" and "natural teaching", hoping to pair these ideas with the nudist radio show, in Ms. Dermis' mind.

Up until then, I was only doing one button or the equivalent more than the original picture for exposed cleavage in these magazines. I have also been changing more and more images, to show the female teachers wearing more skirts and shorter skirts. Last week was the first time every female teacher pictured in both magazines were wearing skirts. Skirts, especially short skirts, have become the norm for professional teacher fashion across all their magazines by this time.

I've been showing students in more revealing clothes too. The teachers need to start thinking that it is normal and acceptable for students to wear short skirts and show skin. The media depictions of female students have now rendered the current dress code of two inches above the knee very old fashion.

This week I have an article ready for 'Pedagogue Weekly' that shows how some schools are gravitating towards uniforms while other schools are loosening up or getting rid of their dress codes. It will be a compare and contrast format with the typical public school dress code as sort of the control group.

There will be a very sexy, busty teenager in a street walker outfit that is technically within the control group dress code, skin tight jeans and tops, leopard print, bright make up, while a girl from the example school will be in a very flattering, if a little short, sundress, but she will project pretty looks with a wholesome appeal. The uniform group will be formal and professional, even though a lot of leg will be showing. This will be paired with ad images throughout the magazine, unrelated to the article, of professional women dressed in short-skirted business attire, teaching in front of a class, or advertising academic and educational material. Students pictured will be in skirts no longer than mid-thigh.

A couple of ads, aimed at the after school night life of adults, will feature sexy and short black dresses and personal moments of fun, selling perfume, diamond rings, even feminine hygiene products for those Club Med tropical vacations. There will be lots of bare female skin and a couple of muscular shirtless men to fantasize clubbing and sunbathing with.

Remember, this isn't an overnight change. Actually, it's not a big change from their standard format anyhow. Sex sells, even in professional teacher magazines. I've been editing the magazine images subtly for a few months. These images have become the norm.

The result will be to tone down the stark contrast between the current conservative ideals and the more revealing uniform or the open dress code. The overall format will suggest broad community acceptance of bare skin, especially female skin, while associating revealing immodest displays of their bodies with personal power and feminist choice.

I was pleased with myself when I entered Ms. Dermis' room. She had on a skirt, about four inches above the knee. This is two inches past the school dress code for students. Faculty are expected to model the dress code, but there are no formal requirements. Her blouse was unbuttoned by two more buttons than she normally did. I got a nice view of her more than generous cleavage and flesh colored bra, something that I had never seen before. Ms. Dermis certainly has a fantastic body. Her breasts are large and seem quite firm. We'll know for sure when she stops wearing a bra.

Ms. Dermis' outfit was still very professional and nothing that would draw the attention of Mrs. Zaftig, at this point, but it was a clear indications that she was being influenced by my campaign. I'll have to check in at the office and see how Mrs. Zaftig is responding to the media campaign. I've been hitting her with a less subtle campaign, from more public, less targeted, directions. I'll see which has been more successful.

During the brief meeting with Ms. Dermis, I made a reference to the 'importance of developing a pedagogy for fostering more secure and comfortable self-images in students.' My phasing directly imitated the morning's radio show about nudist camps. This was the follow up show from the show I played a month ago. It was more explicit and included a glowing personal report from the reporter who announced that she actually had join a nudist camp. She and her family even practice nudism at home now. "It is so wonderful. My husband was doubtful at first but looking at our two daughters as they blossom into confident, secure young adults without the embarrassment and body insecurities that typify adolescence has changed his mind. We even keep ourselves denuded in our pubic area to help our children feel more fully an equal part of the family and not inferior because of their youth."

The research professor responded, "I can't stress the importance of developing a pedagogy for fostering more secure and comfortable self-images in our youth. It sounds like you and your husband are taking exactly the right approach."

Ms. Dermis' eyes looked up from my outline, when I used that familiar phrase. She also responded when I suggested that students were insecure about their body images and uniforms could, with faculty modeling greater comfort in their own bodies, 'be important factors in relieving their self-doubts' and 'improving their sense of personal worth.' Taken almost verbatim from the show. Ms. Dermis looked directly at me and smiled with approval while nodding her head. Excellent.

I gave her a copy of a uniform catalog I was considering for a source. "I got this one, but I have three others I'm waiting for."

"I see. Well, I'll have a look when I can. It is nice to see you really taking charge of this project. We'll have to review your progress at the end of the week." she said.

The catalog was called, 'NATURAL UNIFORM DESIGN ENSEMBLES'. The cover showed a pair of university coeds wearing rather short skirts and crisp white short-sleeved blouses, the faintest of shadows of undersized bras just barely visible in the bright afternoon light of the campus quad. They stopped for a friendly chat with a female professor who was dressed in a professional skirt suit that was even shorter. In the background were male students in formal academy jackets and slacks.

I printed three copies of the catalog as a general uniform provider, so while the two coeds and professor were the featured image, there is also an image collage of professionals in uniforms around the edges, as well.

I have, from top, clockwise around the cover, a female chef. She is only visible from the counter she is standing behind, up. Her chef's smock is double breasted and hangs casually open to give a view of her cleavage. Next is a pair of firefighters washing a fire engine. The muscular man is in khaki shorts and tight blue t-shirt, the woman in khaki booty shorts and a tight blue t-shirt, no tell tale bra straps distorting the material. The bottom of the t-shirt is about an inch shy of the top belt line of her shorts, allowing a sliver of toned torso to show. At the six o'clock position is a handsome male package delivery professional, wearing brown collared short-sleeves, stretched tight around muscular arms and comfortable looking matching shorts with calf-high socks. The lower left corner is a high school aged Girl Scout in a moderately short skirt and flattering form fitting top, a Brownie in a shortened standard uniform dress and a mature Den Mother in the shortest skirt and thin top. She is not showing any bra and the faintest hint of nipple bumps are suggested. They are laughing as they walk down a sidewalk with boxes of cookies to deliver. The older woman is very good looking without being blatantly sexual. The picture is small, so it gives the impression of the older woman being bra-less, but nothing that is obvious.

The picture to the far left is of a police woman at a pulled-over car, writing a ticket. Her skirt is quite short with her full breasts gaping her uniform blouse right at eye level with the driver. I worried that it might be a little early to go that far, but sometimes you have to push a little and I think it is time to move things along. I wanted something that said, "government sanctioned" and "authority", in the minds of the target audience. She is projecting the "power" of her gender.

The last picture is of a male nurse and a female doctor. The male nurse is obviously well muscled and his short sleeved uniform shows that fact off, without revealing any excessive skin. The doctor is professionally dressed in a white open smock framing cleavage of full generous breasts peeking out of a casually buttoned top. Her short skirt is slim and professional, and she wears modestly high heels. There is a new cover tag line, 'YOU'RE NEVER BEHIND THE TIMES IN UNIFORMS THAT FEEL NATURAL TO WEAR."

I know what you're thinking, 'You forget that they already have a uniform supplier in the athletic department.' let me assure you, I have provided both the athletic department and the band with "updated" catalogs. I'm working on how to actually supply the uniforms. While I can intercept and reprint a modified catalog, actually providing the uniforms is a different matter. I'm using an adult fantasy fetish company's product line as the models for the catalog changes. I am subtly reworking their products into the new catalog, editing them to be a little more acceptable, and the ordering information will be directed to an online gateway that comes to my computer. So, I should be able to take any orders from the reprinted catalogs and use the payment information to order from a third party supplier, without the school ever knowing they didn't order directly from a legitimate uniform manufacturer.

I said goodbye to Ms. Dermis and went to see how the principle was responding to my ad campaign.

Quite well, it turns out. Mrs. Zaftig is in her early forties and, I suspect, feeling her middle aged years. She obviously had been the beauty queen of her high school and college days. Now, still very nicely built, a little of that middle age spread was creeping up on her. She wouldn't be human if she didn't want to recapture some of that old 'queen of the prom' feeling.

I've played to that and have included in her broader scaled, less targeted campaign, a stream of mail fliers advertising Club Med vacations, health sites, spa and exercise ads, as well as hijacking her weekly copies of School Administrator Gazette. The junk mail allows me to use even more blatantly sexual images, while the professional magazine subtly models the common dress and attitudes of her peers that support it.

I have also done several radio shows for her to listen to about women feeling more empowered to express their sexuality. She watches TV at night, the 'News at Ten', which is really the 'News at Eight'. I have used my program to actually alter the dresses of the female anchors. They always wear skirts, so that's easy. I use my graphics editing skills to shorten those skirts, open blouses, lower necklines and remove any hint of bras. I can even make their breasts jiggle as they move, so there is little doubt that they have no bras on. The bra burning culture of the nineteen-sixties helped with a special, "look-back" segment of the news, early on.

The changes I've been making take me under two hours to edit in, and so I have changed the air time, with a big announcement about their new hours. I'm almost done with an algorithm that can make these standard dress changes automatic, and therefore, nearly instantaneous. Then, I can return her news show to its regular time and stop running the risk of her comparing notes with other viewers. What's nice is that most of her friends that she might talk to are also fellow teachers or administrators at our school, and they are all getting the same hijacked feeds at the same time.

Mrs. Zaftig also lives a mile and a half away from the school and usually walks to and from work. This allows me to poster her walk with ads that contain images and ideas that help normalize her comfort levels with revealing clothes and nudity.

For example, there are two empty storefronts between her house and the school. Both now have poster ads in their windows advertising the new professional autumn fashions, with models who are more generously built, than the usual stick in a skirt. This is an image that Mrs. Zaftig can certainly identify with. They are always pictured with a younger male partner, their legs and their cleavage are well displayed. There are a few smaller posters advertising local services, like message therapy and gyms, that I have put nearly nude imagery on. They are real businesses, but those businesses are unaware of the nature of these posters.

One of the larger posters for Modern Professional Wear, says, "Just because you work for a living, doesn't mean you have to stop living." and the mini skirted woman in the picture, blouse gaping, is leading the younger male model by his tie into an open conference room. It is very bold, but there is little risk. She has to see it every day and it has no relationship with school.

I have even managed to put a large banner ad on the side of the city bus that drives past her route. The transit authorities haven't noticed. It advertises a vacation by a travel service that actually has an account with the teaching administration. The ad shows a woman sunning topless by a pool, a well built young waiter bringing tropical drinks on a tray. The tray of drinks, just hiding the woman's nipples, the rest of her full breasts are exposed. It says, "Get comfortable".

But wait, there's more. There are also pop-up banner ads on her home and work computer's search engine that leads to articles about '"Natural" teaching' or 'trends on campus', 'staying ahead of your coworkers', and many more that cycle through. They generally contain images on the banners of cleavage, bare legged women and professionals in highly flattering, but revealing outfits.

One of my latest ads I really like, is of a woman giving a presentation before a large group of peers. She's up on a stage that's reminiscent of the stage in the Gym where the principal makes school wide announcements during assemblies. The woman is in a very short jumper with generous breasts displayed over a low cut neckline. Her nipples are erect, subtly poking through the light weight material. The sides of the low-cut dress are opened and the shoulder straps are not large enough to hide a bra strap. She is clearly bra-less and there is a hint of translucency to the material. No underwear is visible at all. I worked on that image to project a feeling of attention and approval from the audience. A few are gazing up at her face, no wandering eyes, while many of the others are leaning or turning towards each other with approving looks on their faces, as if to say, "I completely agree with what she's saying."

She, the only one facing the viewer, is completely relaxed, leaning lightly and casually against a podium that she has stepped out from behind. A large-screen Press-I presentation is displayed behind her with a chart that reads, "MARKET ANALYSIS (Approval ratings)". The trend line is strongly rising, curved and bumpy, like the top edge of a veiny erection (It's actually taken from a profile shot I took of my own erection. Just having fun). There's even a spike in performance where the flair of my penis head's crown was. Underneath, it says, "Project Perfect Confidence and Go ALL the WAY with Professional Exhibitioner's Conference series.", "For the professional woman who's not afraid to let her take charge attitude show.", "Sign up today."

The ad isn't big enough for a lot of detail, just enough for a quick impression on the unconscious mind. It also goes away as soon as the mouse moves or after 20 seconds. I know, because I made it to report trends to me. Last week, after the fourth time it showed up, the ad had taken longer and longer to be cleared while Mrs. Zaftig read and considered it. She let it sit the full 20 seconds on her screen, the last two times it popped up. After that, I cycled it out. She might be scrutinizing it too closely or worse, try to sign up.

Another one, my favorites for her, shows the rear view of a naked woman getting on a school bus, the sides of very large breasts visible from behind. Her waist is just thick enough not to be mistaken for a skinny, twenty-something model. A close examination of the picture would show the center of her thigh gap with just a hint of bald labial skin. Below the fog framed image is a sleeping woman who is dreaming, her blanket off her shoulder far enough to show the tops of her generous breasts just above the very deep 'V' of her negligee. The ad says, "Take control of your nightmares. Dream your best you with Zerti Therapeutic Pillows." The sleeper is smiling, obviously not distressed by the dreams of being naked at school she's having.

At first, I went a little too far and Mrs. Zaftig called me to see if there was anything I could do to block the annoying ads. I was "able to block" about 60 percent of them and only display the others while she was actually working through her browser online. That really pleased her. I admit, I made a mistake and got carried away, but now she trusts me to solve her computer problems. Am I a genius, or what?

So, I'm here to see if she will let me put up some "informational" posters about the academic and emotional benefits of uniforms in fostering community and strong self-images.

I went up to Miss Cunny. She's young, about twenty-five, and her outfits are normally very young as well. They are conservative by college student standards, but not by high school administration standards. I've been working a little on her by including her in some of the mail flyers and magazine covers and ads. She also shops at the mall. I've seen her there enough times to know what stores she likes, so she gets pretty graphic email and pop-up ads from her favorite clothing stores. I also make sure she sees any new professional magazines that go through the office. I have taken over her home TV, but other than the News at Ten, I haven't done much with her. I did discover that she listens to streaming music through her work computer, and I'll be working on

some streaming content soon. I think she also watches the same shows my sister watches, so I've been making that available to her, but there's nothing actually aimed at her or her demographic group yet.

In the mean time, very nice outfit. She will not be a problem when it comes to accepting the new student dress code slash uniform, or Ms. Dermis stripping for her classes.

Miss Cunny is wearing a light Summer dress with spaghetti straps, sans bra, and her nipples are just visible through the material. She is a vision of the beautiful junior executive. I'm a little surprised she is getting away with going bra-less.

"Hi Miss Cunny, is Principle Zaftig in?" I gave a big affirming smile and didn't make my body scan obvious as I keep eye contact with her.

"Yep. Let me see if she has time to see you," was her response as I leaned on the counter that separated us. I checked the rest of her out when she turned to buzz Mrs. Zaftig on the intercom.

That's a short dress, and nice heels. She does have nice legs. I was wondering if she was going commando. I hadn't really done much with that idea, yet, just a few subtle references was all. However, Miss Cunny was already well ahead of my other target school "customers", so one never knows.

"Yes, Miss Cunny, I think I can give a minute or two. Send him in." answered the speaker.

I let myself in to Mrs. Zaftig's office. She was sitting at her desk, a slew of paperwork in front of her, and the latest issue of 'School Administrator Gazette' open to my inserted article on "Maintaining Professionalism while Leading with YOUR Natural Style".

It's an article that leads the reader through a series of rationales and examples of leaders, not always in education, who have their own unique leadership styles. Always, these styles are controversial, but they lead to successful change that have peers and the broader community rethinking what they have believed to be the right way of doing things.

I used examples of women breaking into the sciences and, not only making great contributions, but changing how the world thinks of the limitations of women. I have an example of a teacher in France who teaches at a community school in a town that is entirely nudist. I wrote about a leader in the police force who changed the aggressive way they gave pursuit to suspects that lead to violence and damage to the people and places around them, so that they were more coordinated, less likely to have dangerous confrontations that end in collateral damage, and succeeded in apprehending more suspects. The statistics proved the traditional and accepted way of doing things were not always the best way.

The cover picture was of the male police chief, the woman scientist, in a very short skirt, and the female teacher in a light, very short summer dress. Inside the article, the teacher was pictured fully nude, although no blatant sexual parts were on display. Her groin was hidden by the back of one of the students heads as he sat in front of her, in the front row. His right hand was raised to ask an engaging question, and his hand hid one of her obviously naked breasts, while the nipple of the other breast was hidden just by the corner of the textbook she held in her right hand.

I couldn't help myself, the way the naked student's head was tilted up, to look at her, he could have been licking the teacher's pussy. His hand looked almost like it was feeling up her full breast. Clearly that wasn't the intent of the photographer nor the editor, but the suggestion was there for those who were incline to see in those terms.

I had other images of partial nudity in a couple of ads in the front and back of the magazine. They were appropriate to the context of the ad, and no sexual organs were directly exposed. The clothing ads were borderline risque, but right on the line of propriety. Just pushing that window of moral comfort a little bit more.

I was pleased to see she was reading my article and even more pleased to see that she had left her normal suit coat hanging on the coat rack in the corner of her office. Her blouse was unbuttoned four buttons and I couldn't be sure that she wasn't without a bra. It seems highly unlikely, but she was certainly feeling more comfortable showing more skin than her norm. Mrs. Zaftig had bigger breasts than I thought. It seems that what I took to be a fair amount of middle age spread was really her extraordinarily large breasts hidden by her suit coat and maybe even an industrial strength bra that I'm sure wasn't wearing today. I still couldn't tell if she had a bra on, but if she did, it wasn't the restraining heavy duty garment she normally wore. I thought I could detect the slightest bit of free movement in her chest that had certainly never been there before. She seemed to have accepted a new normalized mean in her social values.

"I brought a couple of posters I want to hang around school to begin informing students about the advantages of a uniform. My project pivots around education and information. I think an information campaign to build support among the student body is necessary to get full cooperation in changing the dress code and adopting uniforms."

Mrs. Zaftig took a breath to reply. I couldn't help it, my penis twitched when her large breasts lifted and jiggled slightly. The unbuttoned gap of her lapels opened even more. Her breasts were much nicer than I had realized.

"Change the dress code? You can't do that. Instituting a school uniform won't affect the dress code."

I was prepared for this. "No, not one bit, but how the students see the dress code is very important. You see, most kids I know feel restricted and controlled enough under the current dress code. Adding uniforms on top of that will only make them feel even more confined."

"But the uniforms are certainly staying withing the dress code, so why would they care?"

This was what I was maneuvering her towards. "We have to sell them on the uniforms and set a price. If the price is too high, they will simply say, "no". But it isn't that the price is too high, it's about what they think the price versus value is.

You've seen those store deals that give you 50% off where it says, 'buy one at the regular price, get the second one half off?" It certainly sounds better than it is. Once you buy one at full price and get the second one half off, it isn't really a 50% drop in price. It's a 25% drop in price and you sell two items instead of one. If you only sell the one, you get full price for it. If you sell two items, you are only cutting the price by 25%, but you get to plaster a big '50% off' sign on your store. It's about perception. The customer feels good and you sell more.

"We compromise on the dress code, but the uniform stays within the dress code, and students feel like they get some value." I finished.

"I don't know about that. It sounds shady." she said.

"It is a completely acceptable and ubiquitous practice. They are being told everything up front. Sales uses the psychology of the customer to stimulate sales and improve the good will of the customer, if it's done right. I can even quote you the commercially applied theories, if you want."

“That won’t be necessary. I’m sure you are well versed in the theory.” she responded.

Shifting the conversation, she moved on, “So show me the posters you want to put up.”

I opened the rolled up cylinder to show her two 2x3 posters. The first was of a university campus that had three students, one male and two females, walking towards the camera. They were in neat and tidy uniforms with colors carefully chosen to appeal to a more contemporary audience. No navy blue or stark white blouses. The slacks on the boy at the center were a khaki color, like the popular Amber Krotchvee brand. Their catalogs have been described as prep school porn and I am playing off the well known imagery, so I don’t need to be so in-your-face with the skin. It is important that the costumes depicted are just within the current school dress code. The boy’s tartan plaid collared shirt is open at the top, and the tie is loosened. The boy is on the right and facing the two pretty girls. The girl in the center has her hand on the boy’s tie. This is to give the impression that they are a couple. She is taking control of the relationship. The boy has his school jacket thrown over his shoulder and his arms are muscular below his short sleeves. He is thoroughly enjoying her attention.

The two girls are wearing their above-the-knee skirts at the regulation length, two inches above the knee. Their socks are knee high, so only their knees and two inches of thigh is visible. Very little skin is actually on display. The two girls have the top two buttons of their khaki colored blouses open, no cleavage showing, but they are generously proportioned, with no underwear indentations or shadows. The girl on the end is twirling into the group, so her skirt lifted enough to show a little more skin on one side. The effect is to normalize the view of more bare leg without calling attention to a code infraction.

The campus in the background has scattered students playing Frisbee, some studying on the lawn, there is even a kid with a guitar, and two female professors walking together. Each professor is carrying a briefcase as they walk, at a distance, on a parallel walkway to the trio in the center. They are very womanly in build, and their business skirts are very short above their high heels. They appear confident and mature. Not being a central focus of the poster, their outfits won’t get the scrutiny of the central uniforms. The professors are exposing a lot of skin. The subtle message is that women of authority and power are comfortable with showing their bodies.

The main theme of the poster is the phrase, “Don’t get hemmed in, we can take it higher. Let people know you’re serious about your education.”

Underneath the heading ‘Facts About the School Environment’ on the left side of the poster, There is a bar graph that shows the relative average performance of schools, also with college admissions from high schools with uniforms vs schools with just a dress code. Below that is a four bullet list of advantages:

Bullying is significantly reduced.
Sports programs enjoy greater school support.
Students consistently give higher satisfaction scores.
Depression and suicide is greatly reduced.
These statistics are all supportable and backed up with real research. There really are benefits to school uniforms.

I opened the first poster and stepped back to the wall across the office, hanging it by some temporary adhesive putty. The angle was off to one side so Mrs. Zaftig had to move from behind her desk to get a good look at it.

I confirmed what I suspected. The principle of our school came to work in a mini skirt that reached no lower than mid-thigh. Her heels seemed a little taller too, but honestly, I never paid attention to

her footwear before. She had on sheer hose and her legs looked amazing. That walk to and from school was really paying off for her.

I caught myself staring for just a moment longer then I should have and I realized she had noticed. Not wanting to cause a regression, I decided to give her a compliment.

“Your walking is really making a difference. You are projecting exactly the image of the strong, independent, professional woman I’m trying to capture in my uniform campaign.

“Maybe I should do a poster about self-esteem and taking control of your future, featuring you. Would that be okay with you?”

I made sure to use some of the same words and slogans she has been seeing associated with the images of strong professional women showing-off their bodies; ‘strong independent professional’, ‘self-esteem’, ‘take control of your future’, all words that have been intentionally paired with the most scantily dressed images.

It seemed to work. Mrs. Zaftig straighten up a little taller. She took a deeper breath, which pushed her very generous chest out farther. I couldn’t help letting my eyes follow, then I took her all in. “It would be perfect. I’ll see if I can find a student to model and we could do something like a mentor/protégé message. Since the students know you, I think the message would have more impact.”

Mrs. Zaftig actually blushed and I became pretty certain she didn’t have a bra on, because just a hint of her nipples began to push out behind the material of her blouse. I was suddenly aware of my penis feeling thicker in my slacks.

“I’ll have to think about that.” she said. “You really think the kids would respond well and not be put off by the principle of their own school?”

“You command respect. That’s what the students will respond to. In a way, this is a little like a political campaign. If we work to strengthen your image with the students, they will listen better to your suggestions about adopting a school uniform. Even if we don’t put you in the posters, you should be sure to continue dressing to project the image of body confidence and self-assurance.

“My research clearly shows that our confidence is demonstrated, reinforced and reflected in the choices we make around clothing and style. It will work.” I assured her.

“Maybe.”

I knew then, it was a yes. This could be a real boon to move things along. Recruiting Mrs. Zaftig to be the face of my campaign to get Ms. Dermis to teach naked would really help the faculty shift in the right direction. Could I get Mrs. Zaftig naked? Of course I could, and I decided then that I would.

“Here’s the other poster.” I said, with one last open and appreciative scan of Mrs. Zaftig’s body. She stood almost posing while my eyes went down and up her body. I did not let my eyes pause, as they wanted to, and take in her large breasts with their slightly erect nipples capping them. No sign of any under-garments. I wondered if she was also going commando. Very little in my ads, so far, would be enough to shift her into that practice, so probably not.

I hung the new poster in place of the old one.

This poster was of three male students. One dressed in worn and slightly dirty and baggy jeans. His t-shirt was partially caught in the low riding waistband. The shirt didn’t fit. His hair was a little

greasy and his expression disengaged. He looked like a number of the more slovenly students at the high school. The second was on the nerdy side, his chinos were pulled high and his sky blue button-up was buttoned all the way up. There was a pen and a pencil in his shirt pocket. His hair was overly brushed and parted in the middle. The third student was in a pair of khaki slacks that fit perfectly and were belted with an under stated leather belt. The shirt was a subtle charcoal plaid and one button undone behind a school tie that wasn't tight or restricting. He parted his hair on the left and had a confident athletic look.

The poster asked, "Which one would you like to date?"

At the bottom were three statistics about school spirit and confidence related to outward appearance. I didn't want to mention academic performance because, not only was it obvious that that was the message the school would send, but it would move kids to rebel at the push. This way, they get the message without feeling herded.

I explained my thinking to Mrs. Zaftig, who remained standing next to me. The swell of her nearest breast only inches away from my arm (I'm going to start working on normalizing casual physical contact, I think). She seemed to understand my explanation.

"I am working on some others that will cycle through in about a week. That way, we can educate with more information without losing the audience in too many words."

"It sounds good. Be sure to show me the new posters before putting them up."

"This is an interesting project you have chosen. At first, I didn't think much of it, but this is turning into a real world application of what we are trying to teach. Keep me posted. Thank you."

She returned to her desk chair and I packed my posters back up. I caught the free bounce and swing of her full busty chest out of the corner of my eye. I had to hold my package in front of my "package", so as to not embarrass myself nor Mrs. Zaftig into reconsidering her new attitude.

My mind was working all the angles around photo shoots with Mrs. Zaftig. The immediate issue of getting her to pose for nude photos was obviously going to be my being under 18. I think I will need to get Mom to endorse the project. I should be able to do that.

The last bell rang just as I was leaving Mrs. Zaftig's office. She was right behind me, heading out to oversee the loading of buses and parent pickups.

I could see, more clearly, the jiggle of her heavy breasts. There was no doubt now that she was sans bra. She had put her suit coat back on, so those not looking for the tell tale signs wouldn't likely notice. That's good. The new style hadn't become a fully centered norm yet, and I couldn't have her encounter any negative feedback.

Looking around, as I walked down the hall, I made sure to check out some of the other teachers who have been reading my magazines and catching some of the in-town media, or listening to the piped-in radio playing in the teacher's lounge. I have hijacked just over half of the teaching faculty's home media and all of the administrations, save for Miss Cunny's. I've even got some specialized radio and TV programming into the teacher's lounge.

Miss Crotchet, an older, overweight, ugly woman, with the worst 'resting bitch face' you could imagine, was one of the English teachers (like she knows a dangling participle from a preposition), and was showing some cleavage. Her breasts were maybe the largest in school, and often, her iron-cone bras made for images of fat, operatic Valkyries about to smash you dead with their giant war hammers. You did not mess with Miss Crotchet. You also didn't want to see her in mini skirts or

her big fat tits hanging out. I had to admit though, she was sporting some impressive canyon-esque cleavage. She was also in a dress. Thankfully though, not a short one.

Obviously, my public campaign was going to find footing in a broad range of audiences. We were all going to have to put up with some undesirable results. What I needed was her acceptance of the new normal, so I was glad to see her big tits for those reasons.

Then, I spotted Mademoiselle Derrieret, the French language teacher. I use to have private tutoring lessons from her. A very pleasant year and a half, before she ran out of material to teach me. She always wore dresses and dressed her slim, athletic figure in contemporary European fashions.

I think, because she was native French, Mrs. Zaftig never said anything when Mademoiselle Derrieret let her dresses get a little too short for the school standard. She always looked professional, though. The perfect model for my campaign. Maybe I could get her involved in the poster photo shoots, as well.

Today, she was wearing one of her shortest sheath dresses and high heels. She didn't have the cleavage to show off, like Ms. Dermis or Mrs. Zaftig, but there was no hiding the bumps of her prominent nipples. Her nicely rounded mammaries quivered with each jostle of a student brushing past her out the door, and her nipples made her bra-less state patently obvious. She must be in heaven, believing her French continental style was coming into vogue at our very own high school.

I could, in fact, see panty lines indenting high on her hips, but it only served to highlight the fact that she was wearing a thong. Her students must be very happy to have come to school today. I knew they would soon be getting happier.

I turned, with a final scan, to head for the pick-up circle where Mom was waiting for my sister and me. This was where some of the best progress was on display.

Mom sat in her blue Sooboo SUV at the circle. I got in the front seat with her and propped my poster roll up against the door. I checked out Mom while I buckled up. Her ample bosom was covered by a very light blouse, and she had undone four buttons down the front. The bare flesh of her full inner breasts was on display. No bra hindered the view. The crease where her heavy left breast sat against her ribs was visible to me where I was sitting to her right. Looking down, the whole length of her bare legs were exposed up to the hem of the shortest mini skirt I've seen thus far. My crotch couldn't help but tighten and swell slightly at the sight. Mom had a great body.

I have been exposing Mom to a campaign around the idea that it was the good mother who took control of the sex education of her children. I began by rewriting a Christian radio show that she likes to listen to. My first program was fairly benign and a standard format that warned the good Christian audience about the inadequacies of the secular education system, and how the many problems around unwholesome sex, teen pregnancy, misinformation about birth control, emotional issues, and more, can be attributed to the sex education programs in public schools, but mostly due to a failure with the parent in taking a leading role to educate her children about sex.

A few choice Bible quotes from the Song of Solomon and Leviticus (Leviticus is always a good source for strange concepts to promote) followed by some interpretive commentary, helped to normalize the pairing of sex, exposing our bodies, and Christian family values.

Remember, I said that I took over our streaming TV content. Well, the health program that Mom works out to got new workout leotards. The legs got higher and the necklines got lower. Showing skin started to become the norm when working out. Most of the time, when going to the non-workout segments of their show, the two women and the man change into loose track suits over their shorts and t-shirts. Now, the women wear leotards instead of shorts, usually, and eschew the

cover-ups when just hanging out talking health and family issues.

I created an episode about modeling healthy behaviors for your family that dovetailed into a segment about adolescent development. It included a heavy emphasis on sexual development. All the while, the two women were wearing only their leotards, which, by that time, had slowly become thongs with tops that hung low on spaghetti straps, their obvious nipples hidden just below the edge of the plunging neckline.

Previously, they had a show that featured new workout fashions, and the three of them raved about the freedom of movement and the improved workout that the newest minuscule athletic gear allowed. They all treated it like it was, not only very normal, but about time the industry started treating people like mature adults. I even inserted a section on children's workout clothes that mirrored both the style of the adults, but also the Christian theme I had covered about being sure to model a secure body image and maturity. Mom went shopping for the new thong leotard shortly after that show.

I had even picked out the store at the mall where she should go, because I found the perfect leotard I used as a prototype in the program. I was able to steer her to that store, and even that very outfit, because they were having a sale on some unrelated item. I had a pop-up ad tell her about the sale and I had the health program mentioned the brand name. The skimpy leotard was on a background model.

More recent episodes had the women showing camel toes, and the man has been getting more obvious in what is behind his thin workout shorts. He is even making more physical contact with his co-hosts.

I started with the casual brushing of the arm, and a good morning hug all around. The women began touching him, putting their arms casually around him while talking to the camera. They would joke about him being like a brother to them while they caressed his arm, or his waist, when they put their arms around him. He was soon returning the gestures and put his hands closer and closer to their asses and tits while spotting or guiding the audience through various poses and techniques.

I even had him playfully slap each of their asses while they were bent over, their naked butts in the air. Mom slapped my ass to prod me to do my homework that very evening.

Then, there were the ads that grew progressively more graphic, but with emphasis on the family unit. My favorite was an ad for a cold medicine. I created a typical family scene of a student, about my age, getting home from school, and the mother was doing aerobics in a thong leotard, large breasts bouncing half out of her top. He watched her for a moment with love in his eyes, then he sniffles and tells his mom about his cold. She stops her routine and hugs him to her full, half-naked and support-free boobs. Her sweat damp leotard is translucent, and her otherwise naked body is easy to discern with a minimum of imagination. Her hug envelops his head, bending him down a bit to comfort him, while telling him he came to the right person to help him get his relief. I even did a quick one frame glimpse of her erect nipple going right between her son's parted lips while the cold was forcing him to breath through his mouth. The camera switched one frame later to her rear view, her head bent in a caring posture, the top of her thong to about half-way down her toned ass, making it clear how much of her body she was comfortable showing off to her teenage son. Then, a cut to her tucking a cold-free son into bed for the night. Her negligee was almost obscene. The deep-V plunged to her navel and the flared hem stopped right at the tops of her thighs. She leaned down, heavy breasts swinging freely until they settle onto her son's stomach as she kisses him, no tongue, but fully on the lips, before bidding him a good night. The last image before all the disclaimer info was of her silhouette in his bedroom door. She looked stark naked and completely

in love with her son. “MaxRelex Cold Medicine, for mothers who want their love to show.”

I know, outrageous, but not considering the months of enculturation she has been exposed to. Mom now has new workout clothes and night clothes that I have been thoroughly enjoying. Here she was, the middle of the day, in public, making sure I got an eye full. Why? because she’s taking control of my sex education.

Then my sister opened the back door and got in.

“Whew! I’m glad school is finally over and I can get out of this bra. You know there’s a rumor that they are actually considering getting rid of the school dress code? Some of my friends were talking about it.”

“Yeah, not exactly,” I answered, reaching up and turning the rear view mirror, so I could see her while I talked to her. This allows me to watch as she began working out of her bra. This was the second week in a row where she took her bra off as soon as she got in the car. For the last nine days, she’d been stripping out of her bra and dressing down to just a tank top and cutoffs or some tiny skirt around the house. Yesterday it was a miniskirt and bikini top. Today, she actually was unbuttoning her blouse, instead of reaching up underneath. I saw her glance at me in the mirror, then look away, pretending she hadn’t notice my looking.

Mom grabbed my hand away from the mirror, “What do you think you’re doing, Mister. If you want to talk to your sister, turn around to look at her. I’m driving.” Mom straightened the mirror out and, I’m sure, saw Cecelia with her blouse hanging completely opened and working her arm out of one sleeve and the bra strap, as she did it. No comment from our mom as I turned around and watched my sister strip completely topless before putting her blouse back on without the bra. Her boobs are incredible. The nipples are large, but not that much darker than the pale flesh that they bounced around on top of.

“It’s actually part of my Senior Project. I’m compiling data that shows the benefits of school uniforms. There’s a lot of compelling and irrefutable evidence that school uniforms improve academic performance, contribute to improved satisfaction scores from students, and reduce bullying.”

“You can’t be serious!” My sister’s eyes grew wide with hyperbolic outrage. “You are pushing for school uniforms? You expect kids to go for that?”

Sissy hadn’t buttoned up her blouse yet and let go of her top to gesture angrily. Her full breasts bounced and danced lusciously between the gaping lapels of her open blouse. My cock pulsed with approval.

I know, I should be using the proper scientific term of penis, but when it starts to feel like this, it’s a cock.

“Relax. The challenge is to “sell” the student body on the idea of uniforms.”

“That’ll never happen!” she shouts with a deep breath that was completely captivating.

“That’s why I’m talking the school into dropping the dress code. It is a concession that will, in the end, mean greater flexibility with which uniforms the students get to have input into and, most importantly, how they get to wear them. You should be excited by this, not upset.” I said, more to her naked breasts than to her. She kept up the charade of not noticing me staring. She craned her neck up and rolled her eyes heavily. her naked chest thrust up and out as she did this.

“But, we’d have to wear uniforms.”

I let my eyes follow the quivering dance of Sissy’s bared nipples. I knew she was not covering them back up because she was trying to show them off to me.

“Are you saying that if all the girls wore the same outfits, you couldn’t compete? That you wouldn’t be able to “rock” a uniform better than the other girls in our school?” I struggled to hide my smile as my penis hardened while I followed the jello-like movement of my sister’s large breasts. I knew I had her. Challenge your sister’s sex appeal in school and she’ll do most anything to prove she can be as sexy as any of her classmates.

She stared a challenge back at me, finally looking directly at me, then nodded her head. Those two fat fleshy orbs jerked up and down before wobbling to a stop. “Bring it on, Nerd-face.”

You might be wondering why my older sister was willingly showing off her tits to me while Mom drove us home without a word of protest. Well, it started with ‘Surf Beach High’, that show Cecilia watches. She and a few of her closest friends have been watching my version of the show for just over four months.

She has been styling herself, unconsciously, after one of the characters for almost two years now. The girl on the show is named Chelsea, and she has a younger brother named Skip in the next grade behind her. They know all the same friends and see each other in school throughout the day. Chelsea’s situation is easy for Cecilia to identify with. Chelsea is also a strong main character. There are four, and Chelsea is perfect, because she’s not often one of the two primary story drivers. That means, in the beginning, I could manipulate the side stories before I started enhancing the main story-line. I stay fairly faithful to the main story, because there are friends in Cecilia’s clique who’s TV feed I haven’t hijacked yet.

The first episode I changed had Chelsea’s voice, in the background, talking to one of the other girls, Stephanie, while the two central stars, Beth and Kelly, were discussing Beth’s unfaithful boyfriend. He wasn’t really being unfaithful, but neither the characters in the show nor the audience was suppose to know that yet. The writers left clues that make it obvious, but you got to have conflict before resolution.

So, while the main dialog featured Kelly and Beth talking about Beth’s boyfriend, I had Chelsea tell Stephanie how her little brother had walked in on her while she was totally naked. She laughed about how funny he’d been while trying to apologize and hide his erection at the same time.

The main characters had their dialog, but in the back ground, Chelsea and Stephanie were leaning across the cafeteria table laughing.

Stephanie could be heard asking, “You managed to actually give your brother a woody? Gawd! That is so fun. Maybe I should try it.”

Chelsea answered, “Yeah, I can’t believe how fun it was.”

In the next episode, I had Stephanie telling Chelsea how she had actually flashed her brother and what a turn-on it had been to watch him get hard. These were background scenes meant to be separate from the main script and ignored. Cecilia would pick up on it, because she liked Chelsea, but it wasn’t significant enough to talk about with her friends. Except, she has two friends online who she chats with all the time, LittleDebbie123 (me) and MadJane_7 (also me). MadJane_7 also saw the two episodes and brought it up as something she was going to try too. The other friend, LittleDebbie123, sent, “LOL. I tease my brother constantly :^b I bet he’s hard the whole time he’s at home >;^)”

Wouldn't you know, I walked in on Cecilia stepping out of the shower only one night later. She must have been waiting for close to fifteen minutes dripping wet. That's when I heard the shower turn off before I opened the bathroom door the rest of the way from its half open position.

"AHH! Get out of here, you perv!" she shouted, but she didn't make a move to cover up.

I don't know if my sister shaved before she started seeing explicit commercials for VelvetBrazil wax strips or the occasional gym locker scene in Surf Beach High where I made all the girls in the school bald between their legs (its cable, so there's nudity). I even inserted a couple of references to the product in Surf Beach High and had a full episode of Mom's heath and exercise show talk about waxing. This was also complimented by commercials that suggested it was abnormal not to wax. Then, I produced a religious radio segment about keeping clean. "Cleanliness is next to godliness". I have been sprinkling phrases like, "bare yourself to the Lord", and "The women of ancient times would pull out their hair in times of lament", "one must be bare as a new born babe before the Lord". On the religious T.V. channel, I showed images of religious art that had naked angels with hairless pubic areas, contrasted with Jezebel with a full bush, along with other godless and sinful women who did not "make themselves as an innocent child for the Lord".

I know my sister is full Brazilian down below, but I have only a hint that Mom is.

Mom is, however, pretty far along. Shortly after the segment on sex education and taking control of your family's education, I also did a news segment on her morning show about the latest trend of mothers, not fathers, giving 'The Talk', and even introducing their children to nudity as a way of acclimation, normalization, and as a visual aid. The movement, based in "scientific research," is said to be growing in Europe and on the West coast of the U.S. [wink wink].

"Organizations of faith have claimed that science is finally catching on to something the Church knew all along." Claimed a spokesperson for the Sacred United Church of the King.

That evening, Mom sat my sister and me down and asked if we were comfortable with what we knew about sex. Cecilia almost freaked and Mom decided Sissy was not comfortable, and if Cecilia, as the oldest wasn't comfortable with the subject of sex, then I couldn't be, either.

Mom was clearly uncomfortable, but she persevered. "It's time WE took control of our own education around this. School can't do as good a job as the parents who take an active role in their children's education."

Cecilia whined, "What are you talking about, Mom? We're fine."

Mom, bless her heart, just ignored that. "I need to know I've done my duty as a good parent, to teach my children about sex, to not be ashamed, and to be safe, before letting you out into the World. Lord knows, I've put this off longer than I should."

Mom looked at me and said, "So you understand? There is nothing to be ashamed of. Sex is natural and should be something to celebrate as a gift from God, just as his many other gifts."

I could hear the echo of the very phrases I used in the most recent evangelical streaming radio I just had Mom listen to.

"I...I... guess I do. I really don't know anything about sex." I said. "It kinda makes me uncomfortable."

"That is why I have decided that we need to learn to relax more. I don't want my children to grow up with the same embarrassment about body issues I was taught to have." Mom swallowed and

took a deep breath. I noticed her nipples pushing out against her blouse. She had left extra buttons undone.

“So, from now on, there will be no shame in seeing each other’s bodies, or being seen by each other. You understand? It is not going to get you in trouble if you don’t cover up completely all the time. Only around the house though; this is a family exercise to learn to be comfortable with our bodies, not a chance to show yourself off, or FLASH boys” Mom said, staring at Cecilia.

“MOooOooom!” Cecilia groaned.

“I don’t want you to be alarmed, I’m just trying to better equip you in life, so I’m going to set the example and show you that there is nothing to be ashamed of. We are adults, there is no reason to deny that we have breasts and vaginas and nipples and penises. It’s actually more childish to try and hide these facts.” Mom parroted lines from several of my latest shows.

Despite all my planning and my reading and my talk, I was not prepared for Mom to actually start undoing buttons on her blouse. I actually had difficulty believing that Mom was taking off her clothes right in front of me. Soon, she had most of her buttons undone, and no bra in sight.

She didn’t undo her whole top, and I only just noticed how short her skirt was, but she stopped right there with the last button, only one button left below her navel. She spread her arms as if inviting us to look at her chest. “I want you to feel comfortable letting yourself show, if you want. Really, there is no shame in having a body. I won’t get angry if you decide to go around the house without underwear or even clothes, sometimes.” Mom was eyeing both Cecilia and me.

“I am assuming you are both old enough to know the names of all the parts of our anatomy, but if you have any questions, feel free to ask. I won’t get angry. I just want what’s best for our family. If Adam and Eve were meant to be naked in Eden, then we shouldn’t feel shame at our own nakedness.”

My cock thickened in my jeans. I wanted to test her words, but I didn’t think now was a good time to figuratively and actually ‘spring’ my growing erection on them.

“Mom! Really?!? No way am I doing that! You go ahead and have your fun.”

“Cecilia, I’m not having fun, I’m trying to teach you something. I certainly hope I wasn’t wrong, thinking that you are mature enough to appreciate what I’m trying to do for you.”

“I... I... guess I understand.” I said, trying to sound mature and not an excitable little kid. My words were meant as a challenge to my older sister; I was mature, even if she wasn’t. I leaned back and undid my Jeans button. I could read the worry on my mother’s face, but I didn’t open my pants any more than that. I didn’t let my thickening member show. She wasn’t ready for that reality, but it seemed she would be soon.

Sissy wanted to play, to do something “naughty”, if you will, not walk around conscious of her mother’s support and approval. That wasn’t going to give her the thrill of teasing her brother like Chelsea on Surf Beach High. She’ll figure it out. She’d already let me walk in on her getting out of the shower three times. She started wearing a shorter T-shirt to walk around the house in, just before bed, tiny panties just peeking out, then no panties and tank tops with lots of side boob. I’ve been flashed by her shaved pussy every night for a week, now. Her nipples are constantly slipping out of her tops at home.

In the mean time, I’ve created some commercials, ostensibly aimed at the high school audience. They show kids with the new hair color products, Klear Cell acne medicated cream, the latest

school fashions, a dating app, and coffee. All of them have a teenage girl in a classic sexy school uniform. The skirts are much shorter than the dress code allows, the tops are unbuttoned to show deep cleavage, and socks or stockings are shown above the knee, but leave generous amounts of bare thigh exposed. There is no suggestion of underwear.

The coffee commercial is of a college girl waking up hanging half out of her bunk, her cropped tank barely covered her breasts, and the panties she flashes are tiny. A quick peek of the back shows them to be g-strings. Her alarm has been droning since the beginning. “GETUP! You got a test in Bio!” A teenage boy yells in her doorway. She sits up in a shot. There’s a lot on display. “I don’t think I’m ready.” she groans. The next scene is her pouring a cup of Soldier’s Mountain Instant Coffee. She’s in a schoolgirl uniform. Behind her sheer blouse, her firm breasts thrust out behind the material, sporting no bra. Her skirt is minuscule, she is all legs. She takes a sip of coffee while her brother holds her books and says, “Wow Sis, you look amazing”. She roles her head back and moans in satisfaction as she swallow the mouthful of coffee. “Thanks, little brother. I think I’m ready to rock that test now.”

“Soldier’s Mountain Instant Coffee. Show ’em everything you got.”

We pulled into our driveway and into the garage, just as Cecilia finished buttoning her blouse up. Mom hit the remote to close the garage door, and as soon as we climbed out of the car, Mom suggested we all get out of our school clothes and start getting our homework done. She wanted to talk to us before beginning dinner.

Chapter 2

Ad Window - Chapter 2
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

In my room, I checked my computer. Mom had watched the shows and seen the commercials I created for her. Excellent. The one I was most interested in her watching was on the religious show about alternatives to sexual intercourse. The hosts also reminded their audience of the story of Sodom and Gomorrah, emphasis on Lot and his daughters having sex to give Lot an heir. They made the point that Lot was saved, not because of his refusal to participate in the sexual activities of the town's people, but because he steadfastly adhered to the honored practice of protecting his guests and had refused to give his guests over for the pleasure of his neighbors. Lot had honor; by implication, God was not opposed to sex for pleasure.

By now, the show had gotten fairly explicit and while sodomy may be a Christian no no, fellatio and cunnilingus is supported on the show as a perfectly acceptable way for two unwed people to experience intimacy. It was strongly suggested that oral sex wasn't even real sex.

I didn't have the show be so crude as to talk explicitly about blow jobs and cunt licking, but the references and inferences made it clear that the religious position wasn't simply anti-pleasure or in opposition to sexual intimacy. It was only about avoiding pregnancy out of wedlock. Oral stimulation aided in that goal very nicely.

The three stars of the health show even made a cheeky reference to oral sex and there was a moment when the guy was demonstrating a backwards quad stretch, knees apart, hips thrusting upward a he arched back into his elbows, masculine bulge standing out in bold relief, when one of the ladies knelt between his open knees. She massaged her hands over his quadriceps to explain how the muscles were working and the camera switched briefly to her back view. her thong leotard was nearly invisible, wedged deep into her ass and bald labia, and her head dropped then rose slightly as she massaged her hands along her co-host's stretched thighs, making it look like she could have been giving him head. The male groaned with the stretch, just as the woman between his legs leaned harder into her massage, again dropping her head down over his upward arching hips.

Ms. Dermis, I saw, was in her car listening to the radio show I created about the developing brain and its response to restrictive vs open social conditions. She was being exposed to the idea that restricting social requirements, like regimental osterities and prescriptive ceremonies, limits the development of creativity in the brain. These things applied to overly modest dress, restrictions in the public displays of affection and laws against victimless crimes, such as nudity and other "decency" laws.

The exposé also compared certain social and legal markers between very open and highly restricted societies where women, in particular, are required to cover themselves and must observe rigid daily ceremonial routines. The intent was to open Ms. Dermis to ideas of freer social behaviors and stimulate a little anger, consequently rebellion against overly prescriptive social requirements like, what one must wear.

I thought Mrs. Zaftig must still be on her walk home, if she'd left school at all. Nope, her office computer was still on and I got an alert that a popup ad had just opened in her browser. She and Ms. Fellaicceo were both watching the same ad in their respective offices.

The ad featured a quick clip of a woman, dressed in a very short mini skirt, walking past groups of people, interns, secretaries, office workers; all of them turn to watch her walk by. She was a real sight, large bouncing breasts, aroused nipples, flashing legs, plunging neckline, gaping collar, her short business jacket open and floating out behind her as her clicking high heels took her to the elevator. The camera dropped below, as she ascended out of the frame, giving a very brief glimpse of nothing but smooth hairless flesh under her skirt. Was she naked? Did she have on flesh colored pantihose? She certainly didn't have pubic hair.

At the end, she exited the elevator, nodded to a secretary and settled behind a large desk in front of a big picture window. The ad is for Chairman Marcs Natural Fashions. The tag line at the end is "Success looks better than good, it's down right sexy. Be Succexy with CMNF."

It looked like both Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo were watching the entire 30 second video clip.

I check and a Velvet Brazilian Waxing ad was up next, if they stayed working another 20 minutes.

I check in on all my other streams, just to be sure nothing was going wrong, then I clicked open my film editor for the next episode of Surf Beach High.

Before I could get into that, I got an alert. Cecelia was online. I click the login macro for both LittleDebbie123 and MadJane_7.

MadJane_7: "Hey Chill_C. sup?"

LittleDebbie123: "Hi Chill, hi Mad"

Chill_C: "Hi guys. hru?"

MadJane_7: "u see sbh last night? Its gr8 that Beth finally dumped her bf."

Chill_C: "Yea, right?! the cheating scum."

LittleDebbie123: "U remember the scene in the girl's bathroom where Kelly tells Beth she saw her bf with his arm around another girl, but did you hear what the two girls smoking in the last stall were talking about?"

MadJane_7: "NO!"

Chill_C: "NoooO?"

LittleDebbie123: "one of 'em said something about incest and how it's not incest if it's not actual £v<k'ng."

Chill_C: "omg! I remember now. and the other girl said, yeah I know, where do you think I learned to give head?"

I knew she'd catch that. I had the first girl call the other girl, 'Silly' at the beginning of their conversation. That was what her friends called Cecilia back in junior high.

MadJane_7: "btdt nbd"

Chill_C: "smhid! you give your brothers head?"

LittleDebbie123: "I would. I tease him constantly. last night, I walked into his room in just a towel to yell at him for using up MY shampoo and, OOPS, it fell off, but I didn't notice until I got back to my room ;^) Then I stormed back into his room naked and grabbed the towel. I had to

bend over and flash him my freshly waxed pussy to get it. He didn't even bother putting a pillow over his lap, like last time. He stood up at full attention and saluted without getting to his feet. He was really big =O"

Chill_C: "I flash my brother a lot. I took my top and my bra off in the car home from school. I removed my bra and I put my top back on, but left it open the whole way home. my brother turned around in the front seat to watch."

LittleDebbie123: "Doesn't your mom give you a ride home?"

Chill_C: "Yea, but she seems to think we should let each other see. Like it's some sort of lesson and educational."

MadJane_7: "So cool, I wish my mom was cool like that. HEY, what if she was even willing to teach you to give head?"

Chill_C: "wtf, why would you even say something like that?"

MadJane_7: "No, i mean it. i mean, i practice on my brothers, but we have to hide it. I really messed it up the 1st couple of times. i choked and threw up on my younger brother, bit my older brother, almost threw up again and got stains on one of my mother's best table clothes. if she was willing to help, none of that would probably have happened."

Chill_C: "r u serious?"

LittleDebbie123: "I'm with Mad. how awesome would it be if my mother was willing to help me learn about sex? like REAL sex."

Chill_C: "i guess, yea, but with your brother too? wouldn't that feel creepy."

MadJane_7: "NO"

LittleDebbie123: "NO"

MadJane_7: "Hey, My little brother is home. gtg. more practice ;^D"

MadJane_7 disconnected

Chill_C: "u think she's telling the truth?"

LittleDebbie123: "idk, maybe. it sounds like fun. maybe it's time to step up my teasing a little."

Chill_C: "i think it's weird. teasing my little brother is fun, but sucking his cock is a little too far."

LittleDebbie123: "i don't judge, but it is something to think about. I'd hate to try giving head to a boy i really really liked and accidentally bite his dick off because i didn't know what i was doing."

Chill_C: "rotflmfho ×^O"

LittleDebbie123: "gtg. hw >^\."

Chill_C: "ttul."

LittleDebbie123 disconnected.

Now, considering my narrative, thus far, you might expect that I would soon be getting offers from my sister to suck my cock. Keep in mind, this had taken months to get to the point where such a suggestion isn't just dismissed as too horrifying or perverted to even be a consideration. Last year, I'm sure this would have been the last conversation Cecilia would have even had with her two online friends. This was also the first direct exposure she has had to ideas of actual incestuous acts with her brother. She hasn't had the chance to become comfortable with the reality. Sissy just needs time and a few more examples of how common and acceptable the practice is by her peers and people she admires. Same with Mom.

The third show Mom watches is a lifestyle and cooking show. by this time, there is a lot of cleavage on display and all the female stars wear mini skirts. The weather anchor is one of four hosts, besides doing the weather. The last few shows, she changed into a thong micro bikini to do her weather segment to highlight the beatiful warm weather for the weekend.

The weather anchor had started wearing bathing suits when Summer started and they immediate went from a high legged French-cut one piece, to a two piece bikini. Those bikinis got smaller after a segment on the biggest trends in beach fashion. I put all four hosts in very small string bikinis for the whole show. Even the male host was in a Speedo that showed everything he had. They acted like they were having the best time.

The other day, the weather anchor did not change back out of her micro bikini and finished the last half-hour of the one hour show, only in the thong bikini. The baldness of her pubis was blatant.

There had been another segment about science that talked about genetics. It was pointed out that the old myth about inbreeding was no longer accepted and that lots of examples of successful mammal populations that relied on parents and offspring, as well as siblings, being able to mate with each other existed.

The four hosts, three women and one man, made some comments, "I wished I had known that when I was growing up. Sly smile and wink at the camera. The male host said, "I wish my mother had known that." Another one joined in, "And my father."

"How much better dating and those first awkward years would have been if our families had been more free with their sexuality around each other?" commented the main host, who was a tall middle-aged woman in the shortest skirt. She sat with knees primly together, leaning forward to emphasize her point, gaping lapels spread and large full breasts nearly spilling out. Her freely jiggling breasts capped by erect nipples and only her sheer powder blue blouse to hide them swelled out towards the viewer.

Nods and murmurs of agreement all around.

"You know," offered the male host, "On one of my first sexual experience, my date bit my penis because she had no idea what she was doing." He chuckled.

The three women gasped sympathetically, "OH! Ouch!"

The weather anchor, in her teeny tiny bikini offered, "Oh dear, that was me. I hate to admit it, but my first time ended with my boyfriend limping into his house. He couldn't even tell his mother what was wrong. I felt so bad."

"It does take practice." commented the main host. Her knees parted a fraction and she had no panties nor hair between her legs.

This represented the next step in my mother's enculturation into family sex and the freedom to

express her own sexuality. She saw eight commercials that mildly suggested that expressions of sexuality was accepted in a normal family and two that did more than suggest it.

One was for a travel language learning package aimed at families. It started with a 40-something mother, in a very revealing bikini, laying in a lounge chair, her bikini top was untied and laid loosely across her full breasts. She was reading a newspaper with the headline, 'Prices Plunge In Europe'. She was saying, "I know flights are cheap right now, but I feel I've failed you and your sister by not insisting we learn a language together. It sort of limits our vacation choices.

"Don't hog the sunscreen, sweet heart, put some on your sister too."

cut to the son in surf trunks, sitting up, rubbing sunscreen on himself. "Yeah, it would be cool to be able to speak Spanish or French or Italian, then we could go to Europe." He gets up and takes the sunscreen with him.

The younger sister is laying with sunglasses on, her bikini is just as small as her mother's and there's a clear camel toe; there's no way she could leave any hair between her legs and wear that bottom. She adds, "my school is using 'Inuendo Language Program' there's a family version, we could get."

Her brother kneels down on the bottom of the lounge chair, forcing his sister to open her legs to either side of his knees.

cut to her shoulder view, as her brother begins applying lotion to her thighs. "It's really good and the kids who graduate get great scores... Ouch, watch it bro."

A snapping sound of elastic on flesh could be heard. "Sorry sis."

the girl then arched her neck and closes her eyes for a moment, "Ohh, that's better."
cut to the mother.
She lowers the newspaper, lifts her head up slightly and looks over her shades towards her daughter. She smiles, "that's it, be gentle with your sister.

"So, how much does this program cost and where can we get it?"

cut back to the sister, the tops of her breast with the bikini straps are in the frame.

"Oh its cheap, only $9.99 a month, ahhh" moan, "You can get it online at TalkInInnuendo.com, oOhh yeah, ahhhh. Thanks bro."

The brother is heard, "I'm not finished yet." and the bikini strings go loose over his sister's breasts.
cut to the mother.
Still watching, she says, "You can do me next, then I'll look into this Innuendo, if you guys think it will work."

The camera cuts to the brother's face. He's rocking back and forth as he moves his unseen hands over his sister. "I'm up for it. You guys are getting me pretty excited. I think we should all do it together."

The camera pulls up into the sky to give a view of a tiny backyard surrounded by a privacy fence. The mother is laying out, one hand resting just across her pubis, hiding the tiny patch of cloth over her pussy. Her middle finger is crooked just slightly into the cleft between her labia, but it is too subtle to be certain she's actually stimulating herself. The son's back is hiding most of his sister. Her legs are stretched out to either side of her brother's hips. He's moving back and forth, rubbing lotion into her upper torso in a smooth steady rocking motion.

Big letters type across the screen, "BILINGUAL INTERCOURSE IS EASY. TEACH YOUR FAMILY TO DO IT TOGETHER WITH INNUENDO FAMILY EDITION."

The other commercial was a Cestual Life Insurance ad that stepped quickly through various domestic scenes as twin brother and sister got older. Cello and flute played a quick instrumental that was tender, then uplifting, then stormy, then smooth and gentle and finally dramatic and heroic.

The proud mother hold her twins in the hospital. They grow to children, one boy, one girl, who play together while the actively involved mother guides them, holds their hands while they walk a balance beam, quiz them for the spelling bee, give a cooking lesson. Then, the teenage years. The mom teaching her son to slow dance, she presses her body, clad in a little black dress, firmly against her son. She laughs when her son grabs her ass. She teaches her daughter to kiss, she helps them both practice dancing, the brothers hands firmly on his sister's ass. Mom cuts in to show her daughter how to follow. Mom guides them through more practice kissing, interrupting the two children in the middle of kissing each other on the lips, to step into her daughter's arms while turning to give advice to her son. They are all dressed for bed in pj bottoms for the boy and negligees for mother and sister. Graduation has the mom taking pictures, telling her twins where to stand, she helps her daughter pick out sexy outfits for a job interview. It ends with the daughter and son getting married in a double wedding ceremony.

The tag line is, "YOU TEACH THEM EVERYTHING ABOUT LIFE, THERE'S NO BETTER INSURANCE. Don't put that at risk. Invest In Cestual Life Insurance. It's for the whole family."

There was a knock on my door. "Yeah?"

"Did you take my phone charger? I can't find it." My sister yelled through the door.

"No. Did you check the bathroom? You were in there a long time, this morning."

Silence.

I finished running a step-thru of the code for my new software. No issues.

A light tap on my door. "You in there?"

"Yeah, come on in."

Wow! The door opened and Sissy entered wearing a cropped tank top that left the bottom half of her full breasts naked. The neathage was fantastic. The faint shadows of her areolae were visible through the thin cotton. Her nipples were erect and just barely above the crop line. Her cutoff jeans were more thong than shorts. other than a pair of 3 inch sandals, she was all bare flesh. The gusset seam of her jeans nearly disappeared between her bald labia majora, except for a few tattered white threads that followed her pussy cleft back into the depths of her wide thigh gap. Not even stubble was visible on the smooth puffy swell of her outer labial lips. I grew instantly hard.

I swallowed a little collected saliva and cleared my throat, "Ahg hem! Ahhh, wh...what do you nee...ah... need, Sis?"

She suddenly looked a little coy as I automatically stood up to move attention away from my computer. Not that she could tell a 'for' loop from a vector stack anyhow. "I... uh... found my charger. Right where you suggested I look. I... I just wanted to thank you, little bro."

Cecilia stepped closer. "So... um... " and she leaned in and kissed me right on the lips. It lingered for only an instant, but there was an instant of lingering, while I stood stunned. She reached out

and rubbed my upper arm. "That's it. Thanks." and she left, showing nearly all her ass cheeks when she turned.

I couldn't help it, I grabbed my cock through my jeans and squeezed. Awesome!

I changed into pj bottoms, after that. Jeans were suddenly too tight. I needed a soda.

Mom was in the kitchen.

WOW!, again.

Mom was in her short skirt. In the car, I couldn't tell just how short it was, but it seemed half her tight round butt was peeking out below the hem. She was all legs from her 4 inch heels up to a thigh gap that was framed by thick, but toned shapely thighs. I couldn't see panties, but the silhouette of her labia majora was just discernable between her bare legs. If she wasn't wearing panties, she definitely waxed full Brazilian. If she was wearing panties, they were as tiny and sheer as they come.

Her back was bare except for the knot of her apron and the string of a bikini top hanging down just below her long light brown hair. I could see bare side-boob in either side of her upper torso. I noticed the second set of bikini ties low across her back. Again, instant erection.

Oh... uh... hi Mom. J... just getting a drink... um... yeah."

Mom half turned to look at me.

Holy shieeee... I caught my breath to keep from ejaculating some exclamatory obscenity.

Mom's bikini top was positivity obscene, in the best possible way. The tiny yellow triangular patches hardly covered her large erect nipples; the edges of her aureolae were visible around all three sides. Those huge jutting E-cup globes thrust out in full jiggling profile. The strings were pulled tight enough to indent her fat swelling flesh about half an inch deep. The apron wasn't any longer than her skirt and an inch of bikini camel toe was visible below. The bottoms were just as miniscule as the nipple patches and smooth bald pubis surrounded the tiny scrap of thin yellow lycra. The yellow material creased right where her clitoris poked at the top of her slit.

Dare I look close enough to see dampness? Apparently. I couldn't stop myself. When I finally realized I had been staring at my mom's almost naked pussy, I looked quickly up and caught my mother smiling self-consciously.

"I'm trying to help you and your sister feel more comfortable with your sexuality and take charge of your education." Mom explained, almost apologetically. "I can't rely on the public school system to do it."

"Uhh..." was the brilliant retort, I came up with to put her more at ease. I'm such a genius.

"The latest research shows that families that are more free about their sexuality are much better adjusted and able to cope."

"Uh huh!"

I turned and saw Cecilia step around the corner into the kitchen as Mom explained. Cecilia had changed into a short skirt and full length tank. Any other time, I might have been 'gaga' at even that, since she had no bra on and the skirt was very very short; not as short as Mom's though.

Cecilia eyed Mom. She stood for a moment taking her in. Then she nodded her head once and said, "I get it, Mom. It's a great idea. I'll be right back."

She turned and trotted up the stairs.

"So, you can look, if you want. The idea is for you to learn something about the female body. I just wish there was a way to expose your sister to a good example of the male body."

I was beginning to recover about then, "Um... would it help if I was a little more relaxed about what I wore around the house?"

"Sure, but I couldn't ask you to do that."

"No, it's fine. I understand and... and I'm willing to help. I'd be happy to help."

Just then, Sissy came back down stairs, she was wearing the cropped tank and cutoffs from earlier.

Oh God! I felt like I was going to cum right there.

"You look really... nice... Sis." I said lamely.

"Take it in bro. It's probably the best YOU'RE ever going to see." Cecilia stretched in the kitchen door frame, striking an erotic pole dancer's pose against the door jam.

"Cecilia, be serious. This is suppose to be educational, not some high school game. Don't be mean to your brother when he was trying to give you a compliment."

I caught myself and took a breath, then I peeled my t-shirt off, over my head. I flexed to play along with my sister. I was actually developing pretty well. My advisors insisted that I participate in some sort of athletic activity, as well as my academic studies.
I liked weight lifting because I could do it alone and can think while knocking out a few reps. The truth was, I actually enjoyed it, although I didn't push it hard. My teenage body was really starting to respond. I had pecks now and decently separated and defined abdominal muscles, my shoulders were even getting wider.

"Ooo! My baby brother is growing up." cooed Cecilia. She even reached a finger out and ran it over my chest, catching my left nipple on its way down over my abdomin. Her finger ended right at my waist band.

"Wow, little brother, is that all you? I'm glad you're so happy to see me." She winked, then pushed past, to open the refrigerator.

Mom had watched the whole exchange. She had a worried expression on her face and was biting the corner of her full lower lip. Then, after Sissy walked to the refrigerator, Mom turned her eyes back to my crotch where my erection was tenting out the front of my pjs. I saw her eyes get wide for a second and she let her lip pull from between her teeth, mouth hanging slack. Her face seemed to get a little red.

"Ivegottogetdinnergoing" she talked very quickly and turned her attention immediately back to dinner prep.

Sissy, in the mean time, was bent into the refrigerator, looking for a drink. Her ass was completely on display and even the tattered threads of her cutoffs pulled deep in between her pussy lips to completely disappear. I hardly even noticed the way her full teenage breasts hung down and entirely visible to me, as I looked along her bent torso and up under her cropped tank top. I had to

go.

This was going amazingly well. I think I could step it up a little. Mom was doing what she believed to be the right and acceptable thing, but she still felt a little hesitant. I had to shift that window to center more on showing off her sexuality. Although, in retrospect, it seemed she was most uncomfortable at the idea of Cecilia and, particularly, me letting our sexuality free. Cecilia seemed quite eager to show herself off. Perhaps because she knows I've already seen her naked a few times and is looking for ways to make it exciting and forbidden again. Mom needs to get comfortable with full nudity and even more openly erotic behavior. Those abbreviated outfits certainly seemed erotic enough. I could work on her actual behavior, though.

I wonder if I can turn Mom and Cecilia into competitors? Who can be the sexiest? I'll think about that. For now, I think a mentor/student relationship is best.

Back in my room, I took care of my immediate needs, then I pulled up the News show I was creating for Ms. Dermis. I thought she needed the most work.

The show Ms. Dermis watches has a sexy female lead anchor, a male weatherman and both a man and woman field reporters. There is a sports anchor duo, one male, one female, but I don't usually do much more than abbreviate the woman's outfit. I have had her in a bikini, a couple of times recently, for water based sports reporting. That was cool, because I made the entire female swim team wear thong racing suits. Ms. Dermis was at the point where naked ass shots were unremarkable. I even got a glimpse of her Online order history and noted a thong monokini recently ordered. I'll bet her boyfriend likes that. You're welcome.

I am working on a special report segment about the economic struggles of college grads who have difficulty paying off their loans. I created an interview with the career counselor of a Midwestern university who was explaining how hard it was for new grads to get the jobs promised by society. I made the counselor a woman of about fifty, but fit and full figured. She wears a very sheer white blouse that left no doubt that she goes braless. Her professional coat hangs open, the lapels just covering the peaks of her large heavy breasts. Her skirt is worn high on her waist with the hem at the top of her shapely thighs. The woman field reporter is in an outfit that shows her own body off to equal advantage. They are simply wearing what professional women wear today.

The university career counselor explaines how many of the graduates, who couldn't find work in their graduating specialty, are turning to the sex trades. The young adults, especially the women, are finding jobs that allow them to both pay their loans, but also support them while they search for work in their fields.

"The biggest struggle they have is their poor body image and discomfort with public nudity." states the counselor.

"Their discomfort with themselves holds them back. Universities are building self-worth and secure sexuality into the curriculum to help graduates build the skills and attitudes that they need to succeed in these temporary career choices." The counselor assured the reporter.

"Traditionally, the sex trades have been a last resort for the desperate. It can grind people up and destroy them if they don't have the strength and positive self-image. For strong confident people, it can offer a real chance to build their lives.

"The movie industry and performing arts world has legitimized sex and the sex industry. There is even talk of including adult films in the Oscar's." The counselor concludes.

The reporter faced the camera and adds, "There is a lot of support in the communities for adding

these curricular elements. One bachelor's course in film studies, takes students into an adult club where the student must create, choreograph and perform in erotic dance. They must perform a strip-tease during a public performance."

Cut to the face of a good looking middle age woman, her name and credentials as 'professor of preforming arts' scrolls across the screen. The Professor explains, "The open nudity element of our curriculum, for many of these students, is the first time they have ever had positive reinforcement with regards to their body image. It helps to develop comfort and security in their sexuality, where they had nothing but shame and doubt before."

A clip of a young striper taking her bra off and twirling it while an audience applauds, whistles and cheers, is played.

The female reporter's voice continues and the video cuts to a classroom scene, "For the two weeks leading up to this assignment, the professor leads by example and teaches in the nude herself, before asking the students, in turn, to strip for just the class while presenting their concept for the show."

In the classroom clip, the naked female professor calls a clothed male student up to give his presentation. He blushes and hesitantly begins to unbutton his shirt. The class calls out their support and encouragement. He rallies and begins to dance and have fun with it.

The face of the reporter looking towards the audience, turns with her microphone to the professor, "I understand this concept is rapidly growing beyond the universies."

She tilts her mic to the professor as the camera pans to the professor's face. "Absolutely, the academic community has been finding this approach so effective that high schools are beginning to adapt its ideas to their own needs." said the professor of performing arts. "With current laws the high school children are not being asked to go naked, of course, but schools are securing parental support that allows faculty to provide these growing young men and women with exposure to adults who can exemplify the secure confident and sexually strong model of an emotionally healthy adult."

"In many of these early cases, parents are greatful and cooperative, embracing the tradition in their homes, as well."

The camera takes in both the professor and the reporter before pulling back to a full view of them both fully nude in front of a white board. The two professional women are well built and hair free below the neck.

The professor continues to explain, "To give you an idea of the wide scope of the endemic problems with body issues and low self-esteem, it is difficult to find fully developed, sexually confident adults, even among teachers, who don't suffer the stigma of poor body image.

"We are looking for teachers interested and willing to put themselves out there to help build this program in growing a more confident and emotionally secure generation. I am encouraged by the steady growth of this trend to teach confidence and positive body image in our developing generations."

The professor walks off with the reporter's microphone. Music is brought up, while the reporter begins to strut and dance sensuously. Her large full breasts bounce and she twerks and rolls her hips, thrusting her denuded pubis forward. The camera pulls back even more to show the reporter dancing in front of a class full of college students. They begin applauding and whistling their approval. Roll credits.

So, I've finished the segment and was monitoring the news program for the best place to insert it into Ms. Dermis' home feed. I also included it in Mrs. Zaftig's and the rest of the faculty and staff at school. I made the sudden decision to add it to Mom's programming. I can add a "Special Segment" to her normal show.

Back to Surf Beach High. I was thinking I could create an episode where the teachers embrace the nudity in the classroom, but that would be too big of a change to the main story and Cecilia would certainly talk about it with all her friends. Until I've managed to hijack all of their video streams, I'll stick to the more subtle background scripts.

I'm preparing a scene where Chelsea is sunning by her pool in the backyard. She's wearing a mesh micro sling bikini. Parents are at a luncheon, so she and her little brother are alone in the house.

When Chelsea's brother comes out to swim, she suggests, "Since Mom and Dad are gone to that lunch thing, you can feel free to skinny dip, if you want. I won't tell."

Chelsea sits up and stretches, arching her back, reaching her arms over her head, her generous teenage breasts thrust upward and her nipples are clearly visible through the tiny mesh strips of her sling bikini.

"Hey little bro. How about doing me a big and putting some lotion on my back, Please?"

She stretches sensuously again, gliding her hands down over her bare flesh and over her thrusting tits, straightening the tight strips of transparent mesh over her visible nipples and rolls over on her recliner. The suit is wedged deep between her full ass cheeks and she lifts her hips up in another stretch to wiggle her posterior in the air. Her knees are parted the width of the lounge chair and her suit doesn't re-emerge into view until it is over the top of her hairless labia.

She looks around behind her, where her brother is standing near the foot of her chair, her eyes dropping low to his crotch level and she says, "Sorry, I miss spoke. I should have said 'big brother'. Well, what do you say? Want to do me?"

He moves like the Flash and scoops up the bottle of sunscreen and steps up behind his prone sister.

The camera shows a closeup of Chelsea's face and she smiles a smug satisfied grin to herself, then she is pressed forward against her lounge pillow and her eyes roll up and close while her mouth parts in a groan of pleasure.

Just then the doorbell rings and she gets a text from Stephanie saying she's at the door.

Resume regular show.

A quick scene near the end of the episode shows Stephanie and Chelsea walking out to the busses at the end of the school day. Chelsea leans into Stephanie and quietly confides, "I've decided to stop teasing my brother. He deserves more than that."

Stephanie answers, "I know what you mean. I saw just how MUCH more he deserves at your pool the other day."

They both laugh and walk away together.

The episode was ready. Now time to work on getting Mom more comfortable with her family's own nudity policy. I pulled on a pair of jockeys in place of my PJs. I stroked my penis until it was nearly full size.

According to my research, I'm not small. I've never been interested in hanging out in the boy's locker room, so I don't know what my fellow high school students are like, but nine and a half inches seems to be in the upper range of average penile lengths in some of the porn stories I've read for research. I'm certainly no twelve inches or more, like a lot of them write about, so maybe not so big after all.

I wanted to get Mom use to the idea that I am a male with a penis who may need help from his mother learning how to use it, so first I needed to keep her aware of the fact that I have a penis.

To that end, I stroked myself until I was nice and thick and long, but not that hard. I was going for casual and carefree, but definitely male. I positioned my half swollen member across my pubic bone, the head against my right hip, not down and tucked.

Checking the mirror, the tight jockeys displayed me in bold relief. The flair of the crown of my head was easily discernable as the cotton molded over its contours. I took a deep breath and headed down stairs.

Mom was in the kitchen, dinner smelled great.

"I came to help with dinner."

Mom looked incredible, this was going to be hard. I mean I was going to be hard. I hoped I wouldn't be jeopardizing the progress I had made already.

Mom looked around from where she was steaming asparagus. "Oh, thank you Honey. Dinner is almost ready. Can you set the ta... ah the the... table?"

Her eyes were on my groin and I couldn't prevent myself from twitching noticeably. Her upper torso was twisted around and the apron bibb tugged on her micro bikini patches. Half her left aureola was exposed. I stood watching as the peaks of her amazing breasts began to swell, pushing little bumps out in the thin fabric of that teeny tiny top. The deep impressions of the tight bikini strings into her large globes only served to show how soft and yielding Mom's breast flesh was.

I waited to see how it went. I felt myself swell just a little more as I traced the generous swell of Mom's fat tits with my eyes. Mom's eyes got wider.

Two heart beats later, Mom brought her eyes back to mine. I met her gaze. "Ah hem... ah... S s sorry, you took me by surprise. I'm still getting use to this. It's my fault for waiting so long to take control of your sister's and your education."

Mom dropped her eyes back down for a fleeting moment, then up to mine, before turning back to her work. "Thank you for understanding and trying to help." she said in a quivering voice.

I went to the silverware drawer just to Mom's left. I heard Cecilia coming down the stairs.

"Um... Bentley?"

"Yeah Mom?"

"I'm not sure about the best way to broach this subject... or... even if now is the time, but... um... I couldn't help noticing you don't clean up your pubi..."

Sissy entered the kitchen. "When's dinner? Whoa, little brother. Bold move. Just jockeys."

I half turned. HOLY SHIEEEEIT! My older sister was in a negligee that was so sheer, her naked

body was completely on display underneath. I could see her tits jiggling freely, capped by her large pale pink erect nipples. The plunging neckline held up by the thinnest of shoulder straps. The smooth slim curves of her torso covered only by light transparent gauze. Her navel punctuated a tight flat stomach that veed downward between her maturing womanly hips into the delta of her beatiful, smooth, hairless mons. The cleft of her labia parted slightly at the top as the tiny pink button of her clitoris poked out from under its hood. The frill of the negligee hem floated around the tops of Cecilia's muscular teenage thighs. My eyes followed her fantastic legs all the way down to a pair of high heeled sandals. Sex had just walked into the kitchen.

I turned completely around without any memory of doing so. I didn't even register in my brain the flood of blood that brought me to full erection.

"OH MY GOD!" My sister shouted. Her hands flew to her mouth and her eyes went as wide as silver dollars. I watched her knees clench together and buckle. I thought she was going to faint. Instead, she seemed to recover with the red in her face washing down to her well displayed chest.

I blushed.

"God 'BIG' brother. You're gonna hurt someone with that thing."

I followed her eyes down to my groin and my cock was at nearly full erection, the head and throbbing shaft was entirely exposed, thrusting out of and lifting the right leg opening of my briefs. One testicle was peeking out too.

"Uhhh." was my witty retort.

Mom turned to look. She yelped a squeeky gasp, her free hand coming up to cover her mouth too. She recovered more quickly.

"This is exactly why we need to do this. It is my failure to expose my children to a complete sex education at an earlier age that makes for such awkwardness and embarrassment."

I nod, my cock was throbbing with extreme blood pressure. I looked at my mother. Her nipples seemed to stand out farther than ever. She too was blushing as she stared at my mostly naked erection.

"You might as well take it all off, big brother. Those tighty whities aren't hiding anything." Cecilia said.

I immediately looked at Mom to see what her reaction to my sister's forward comment would be.

Mom was looking down still at my erection, her head nodded absently in subtle agreement. She then looked over to her daughter who might as well have been naked. She bit her full bottom lip and worried it between her teeth for a second. "It seems both of you are so nearly naked that you aren't hiding anything by keeping your clothes on."

Sis looked down at herself, then up at Mom. Mom tried for nonchalant. She didn't make it. Sissy shrugged, her full firm teenage breasts quivered freely with the movement of her shoulders. She crossed her arms in front of herself, squeezing those luscious fleshy orbs against each other, and reached down to peel her hem up and over her head.

I watched the way my sister's beautiful tits, at first squeezed together by her crossing arms, then caught in the lifting material, rose up high to her collar bone; the bare pale underside coming into view. Then the negligee released her breasts and the fleshy pair dropped and wobbled back into their proud place high upon her naked chest. My cock spasmed and jerked upward.

"Well, your turn, big guy." she winked, then boldly dropped her gaze down to my throbbing groin.

I looked at Mom. She glanced my way. Her eyes went down to my pulsing erection again. She didn't say anything, but a subtle nod of her chin seemed to mean she was OK with it. I caught the slightest view of the tip of her nervous tongue moisten her upper lip.

I carefully tugged my underwear out and around the sensitive head of my cock. I still managed to catch the tip and it popped out as I lowered my briefs to step out of them. My turgid erection sprung up and slapped my abdomen with a heavy dull 'thwap'. Someone gasped, it could have been me, Cecilia or even Mom. I couldn't tell with my head spinning from the surreal situation.

The room was silent as I stripped. Mom and Cecilia both watched a I shucked my only garment.

When I straightened up, Mom said quietly, "That's better." Then, she turned away from the counter and mumbled, "I guess this is as good a time as any." and she reached up to tug loose the bikini string around her neck.

My cock stood out at a forty-five degree angle pointing straight at her as I watched her peel down those little yellow patches from her giant tits.

Mom's nipples are darker than her daughters. They wrinkled up around the erect nubs and her huge swollen breasts lifted and fell with each deep quivering breath.

My pulse could have been taken without anyone touching me; my erection lifted and fell in little spasms in time with my heart beat. Mom seemed mesmerized by my throbbing glan, Then she seemed to shake herself and turned back to work.

"It's OK to look, but let's get dinner on the table.

"Sissy, get the plates out and fill three glasses with water. Your brother already has the silverware and napkins. Dinner is ready now.

I stood for a couple of seconds longer as I watched my mother, her back to me, hook her thumbs into the waistband of her mini-skirt and shuck it to the floor. Her thong and her apron and her low heels were all she had on now.

Mom's ass looked even better than Sissy's. It was full and round on beautifully wide hips. Her waist was as narrow as her daughter's. I didn't think I was going to make it through dinner.

We set the table and my erection made it a little strange, especially when I stepped up to the edge of the table to reach a set of silverware across and my cock stretched out over the table, my testicles settled right onto Mom's plate. The entire length of my member tilted down onto the plate as I leaned over. Cecilia didn't miss a thing.

"You ARE going to share, right? Mom doesn't get it all to herself, does she?"

Mom snapped, "Cecilia, don't be crude. This is serious. Your brother is being very mature about helping. The least you can do is try to act the same." But Mom stared at my cock laying across her plate and blushed some more. I had frozen in place, my erection laid out like the main protein across Mom's plate, worried that my sister's crude comment would cause Mom to regress.

Finally I stood back up and a perfect impression of my cock and balls made a faint damp outline on the white porcelain. The worst part was that at the very tip was a clear bead of my pre-cum just at the edge of my mother's dinner plate. For once in my life, I didn't know what to do.

Then Cecilia leaned over, her naked breasts swinging out, and she wiped the bead of fluid up with her index finger. "Mom doesn't get it all." she whispered and stuck her finger in her mouth while staring into my eyes.

I was going to cum all over the table, I thought. My sister found a way to play again.

"I got to go to the bathroom." I announced lamely, in very poor grammar.

I jerked it off in about two seconds, once I closed the door.

Dinner was better, because I managed to stay down until near the end when my sister, sitting across from me, spilled a gob of Hollandaise sauce down her front. She stood up with a yelp and leaned back, hips thrust forward and looked down her naked body. Her bald pudenda tilted just over the table top and I could see the gob of pale yellow sauce clinging thickly to her smooth skin. It was oozing right into the cleft at the top of her clitoris hood.

Cecilia seemed to stand there on display for nearly a full minute, her hands up and pulled back, her firm breasts tilted upward with her hips thrust forward, towards me, while everyone, our mother included, froze as we watched that thick milky yellow sause roll slowly into the smooth cleft of Sissy's hairless slit.

I could make out her swollen labia minora glistening with moisture in the recess of her thigh gap. My naked organ, beneath the table, began to swell again.

"Oh sh... " Sis caught her language, "Look at me." She paused for a second, maintaining her exposed and lewd pose, her eyes cast down to look at herself, inviting Mom and me to follow her instructions and her gaze down to her pussy. We both stared. "What a mess." She reached down and swiped a finger up over her naked pussy to scoop up the thick creamy sause. The yielding flesh distorted with the pressure. Her fingertip caught the pink button of her clit as she did. "Ahhh!" she jerked her hips and quivered.

Cecilia blushed beet red and looked at Mom apologetically. "Sorry, I did not expect to be so sensitive."

"Well dear, that is your clitoris you just touched. It is very sensitive. I'm surprised you didn't know that already."

Mom, who had been watching Sissy's actions the entire time, was in full teacher mode now. Probably as a way of justifying how far she'd let things go.

"The whole areas is called the pudenda. It includes the pubis, the labia majora, the labia minora and the clitoris and hood."

I knew all this, but wanted to encourage Mom's mentoring attitude. I leaned forward to stare directly at my sister's naked pudenda. "That little pink nub is the clitoris?" I asked, pointing across the table at the top of my sister's bald slit. Cecilia cooperated perfectly. She even stepped outward slightly to widen her stance and her hips tilted a little more towards my finger. I had to be careful or I would have poked her right in that blood engorged nub.

"Yes, that's right. Be careful. It is swollen and protruding out from under its hood now because it's a little aroused. That's when it's at its most sensitive."

Dare I touch my sister's clit right there at the dinner table, in front of Mom? It's best not to push it. Things are progressing better than planned. Instead, I decided to see how involved our mother was willing to get.

"Does yours look like that?" I asked innocently. Innocence was hard to pull off because I was hard as an iron bar under the table.

Mom paused. I looked at her and she swallowed. "Basically. I'm more mature and every woman is a little different, just like men are each a little different."

This was it. It was time for Mom to put her money where her mouth was. She had been saying it was OK to look. "Can I see?" I asked, trying to ignore the throbbing in my lap and look naive.

Mom's blush grew noticeably deeper. Cecilia was reaching down with a napkin to wipe the yellow goo from her pussy. She paused and stared down into Mom's lap. I almost lost my train of thought as my sister's vaginal lips opened and moist pink skin glinted into view. The thick yellow sause made me think of seman.

I wrenched my addled brain away and pushed at Mom, "I mean, you said it was OK to look. I just thought... " I let it hang there. She had an option to say she didn't mean full nudity. I didn't want her to feel trapped, just decide on her own what level of commitment she meant.

"N n no, you're right. That is what this is all a...about."

Mom slowly stood up. She was incredibly hot in just the barest of thong micro bikini bottoms. When had she bought that? It was even smaller than the weather anchor from the morning show.

Mom smiled self-consciously at her daughter, then hooked her fingers into her bottoms, took a wondrously deep breath and dropped her tiny tangle of strings from her hips, down her lush thighs.

My cock stood at full attention now. The head was pressing hard against the underside of the dining table. Mom stood back up and her naked pussy was on full display just inches away from my elbow.
She sighed. "I want you to see, to learn about women. Your sister needs to learn too." Mom went through the list again, pudenda, labia majora, labia minora, clitoris and hood. Only this time she pointed to each part on herself. When she pointed to her own clit, it was protruding and glistening with moisture even more than Sissy's. Mom avoided making actual contact with the aroused nub.

I leaned in to look. Mom cooperated and turned her hips to face me.

"Is it always wet like that down there?" I asked.

Mom renewed her blushing and Cecilia tittered.

"Well, ahhh... n no. Not a...always. Circumstances seem to be causing it to moisten, just as with your sister." Mom tried to deflect some of the attention onto her daughter. Then she included me, "Much the same way you got er... ah... e erect before dinner."

"Oh." I had the good grace to blush myself.

Mom's labia was fuller and deeper, her slit came a little higher in front than Sissy's. I could also see much more of her labia minora. It was darker and soaking wet. A bead of viscous liquid clung to the lowest fold of her deep red pussy lips. Her clitoris stood out more than her daughter's too.

I pushed further than I should have. Pointing to her clitoris, almost touching it, "your clit looks swollen and is peeking out too. Does that mean you are aroused, like Sissy?"

Mom whispered a quiet, "Oh God." to herself and in a quivering voice, she answered honestly, "These are unusual circumstances and none of us is use to this. That adds an element of e er ... ah...

eroti ... cism."

I couldn't stop myself, "of what?"

"er... eroticism. The newness makes this kind of ... ah... eroti... excite... ah... you know... naughty, I guess we could say."

"OH, Ah!" I said to show understanding. My erection was stabbing the underside of the table and I heard a faint squeek as the table's legs shifted ever so slightly across the tile floor. Had I just lifted the table up with my cock? DAMN!

Mom took a deep breath, which I followed with my eyes on her naked E-cup chest. "This is why it's so important to have these lessens. There is nothing naughty about the human form that God created, we just haven't been use to allowing ourselves to be comfortable with our own bodies."

Mom moved from between the table and her chair. She bent to pickup her bikini bottoms.

I got a flash of wet pussy lips below Mom's incredible ass. Her inner thighs glistened with moisture also. Another hard spasm and I barely noticed another faint squeek of the table on the floor.

Mom didn't put the bikini back on.

"Well, back to the regularly scheduled program," she called, "...and everyone take care of your plates." With that, she turned and walked naked to the sink with her place setting.

Oh Man!

"Why don't you show yourself, big brother? You got to see Mom and me.

"Um" I stared at my naked sister, a yellow smear still lightly coated the front of her bald pubis, her pink clit glistened at the top of her slit. I couldn't believe how trapped I felt. I'd engineered this entire evening and I felt embarrassed. I had to just suck it up and see this through.

I was succeeding well past my expectations, and now I was the one balking. What could I do? I worked my way back in my seat, the table followed. It helped when I watched my older sister's eyes get wide and her mouth fall open. That made me chuckle to myself. Her face looked almost cartoonish.

I finally levered my erection down and managed to slip out from under the table. The throbbing rod arching up from between my legs cleared the table and my sister gasped again. "God Bentley, how have you managed to hide that thing?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well... it's hu..., I mean really, it's..."

Mom walked over, looking at my erection. Her naked breasts bouncing. She had tied her apron back on, but the bibb didn't come up high enough to cover her erect nipples.

"Your sister is trying to say you are very large for a teenage boy."

Cecilia nodded her head.

"How so? From what I've read, twelve inches is large and I'm no where near that. I'm only nine and a half inches long."

Mom made an odd noise, "Hoehe?!", she huskily yelped. It was so quiet a sound, I almost didn't hear it.

"Twelve inches? Where did you get... Oh... of course. That's mostly fantasy. Don't believe everything you read on the Internet." Mom warned. "Another reason why I am glad I am not putting off your education any longer.

"Maybe such sizes exist, but most men are lucky to be over six inches. Believe me Bentley, you are very very large."

Mom raised her voice, "Dishes to the sink. Then I think you can both go get your PJs on and we can watch GGT before going to bed. You both have your homework done?"

We nodded and turned to go up stairs. Sis was ahead of me and seemed to roll her hips more then usual. My cock didn't flag one millimeter because I had a great view between my sister's naked thighs as she walked slowly up the stairs. Her labia minora was just peeking out between the smooth puffy outer lips of her labia majora. Both pair of neather lips were coated by a heady smelling moisture that had my brain reeling. Her inner thighs glistened with the leaking fluid, as well.

Sis turned and slapped my naked ass, "See you in a minute, bro.

In my room, I put my PJ bottoms back on. It was not easy and I had to masturbate for couple of minutes before I was able to get some relief from the tension.

My computer chimed, Chill_C was online.

I sat down, stroking my cock and hit the macro for MadJane_7.

MadJane_7: hi Chill.

Chill_C: hi Mad. u won't believe what just happened.

MadJane_7: do tell.

Chill_C: Mom is on this sex ed kick so she is OK with letting everyone see each other. like she has been wearing a lot less clothes so we can get an education in anatomy or something.

Chill_C: and you know how I've been teasing my brother and she's been, like OK with it.

MadJane_7: yeah. pretty cool.

Chill_C: well I decided to just walk into the kitchen wearing my see-thru teddy and nothing else. Mom and Bent were in there.

MadJane_7: OMG!

MadJane_7: totally £v<k!n AWESOME!

MadJane_7: u get away with it?

Chill_C: not only... Bent was just in jockies. He turned around and saw me and his dick practically exploded out of them. I couldn't help but scream. It's gigantic, huge, enormous. I almost fainted.

MadJane_7: ROTFLMFHO

Chill_C: No, really. inj

MadJane_7: ur serious. How big?

Chill_C: 9.5 in.

MadJane_7: u measured it?

Chill_C: He didn't think that was big and when Mom told him he was big, he said he was only 9 and a 1/2 inches. he said, not like the 12 inches he read on the Internet.

Chill_C: think even Mom was freaked out a little.

MadJane_7: I bet.

Chill_C: But that's not all

Chill_C: I stripped and Mom was in the smallest bikini I've ever seen and she stripped too. Then Bent stripped and we had dinner naked.

MadJane_7: I'm so jealous

Chill_C: I was so turned on, I pretended to spill something in my lap so I could stand up and have everybody look at me.

MadJane_7: that's soooo HOT.

Chill_C: It was such a rush. I wiped my pussy with my finger. you know, too get the sause I spilled, and I actually touched my clit with Bent and Mom watching, I almost came in front of everyone.

Chill_C: Then, when Bent pointed at my pussy and asked Mom, is that nub was my clit? I think I actually did a little.

Chill_C: Mom even showed us what everything was, on me and on herself.

MadJane_7: I wish my Mom was that cool.

Chill_C: Do you really give your brothers head?

MadJane_7: I started teasing both my brothers, like we were talking about, maybe a month ago. My younger brother teased back and... IDK, it just happened.

MadJane_7: threw up on him and he panicked and went and got my older brother to help.

MadJane_7: ended up asking my older brother if I could try it on him. I really scraped my teeth on him and spent two days apologizing until he told me he'd let me try it again. My little brother was there so I did them both.

MadJane_7: I gagged, but i did it.

Chill_C: OMG. did you like it?

MadJane_7: i <3 it.

Chill_C: how big are your brothers?

MadJane_7: idk avg? not 9.5 in.

MadJane_7: u should try it. Maybe your mom can demonstrate ;^)

Chill_C: 2wierd

MadJane_7: idts. anyhow, i wonder if L'Deb is going to try it. She said she would.

Chill_C: maybe that's why she's not on right now, too busy gagging and throwing up. ×^€<&

MadJane_7: lol

Chill_C: gtg

MadJane_7: ttul

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Chapter 3

Ad Window - Chapter 3
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I have to publish the next issue of Pedagog Weekly. I'm hoping this will be a significant step in the advancement of my goals at school. I will be putting up my approved posters and distributing the latest copies of Pedagog Weekly in the morning.

By the way, those posters I'm hanging? There are actually four versions of the first poster. There are the two I have showed to Mrs. Zaftig, and there is the set I'll be hanging in the morning. You know about the set I showed Mrs. Zaftig; the set I'm hanging will be exactly like those, except the one with the three students front and center will have very minor alterations to it. I am shortening the skirts by the tiniest amount, about three eighths of an inch. The girl who's twirling in towards the others will have a lifted skirt that's high enough to show over halfway to her hip up her bare leg. The blouses will be only just the slightest bit translucent and the aroused peaks of the two girl's breasts will just be, ever so subtly, discernible.

The background people, the professors on the sidewalk, as well as distant female students, will be in micro skirts, the entire length of their legs will be bare. Their blouses will gape open by two more buttons and the shadow of their nipples will be just visible through their slightly translucent tops.
I didn't really describe the brick school building at the edge of the quad, but in the windows that look into classrooms, the lighting is very dim. Interior classroom space is barely visible, with whiteboards and students at desks and teachers standing before them. They can, with close scrutiny, just be made out. The two teachers will be completely nude. It will be hard to tell that they are nude because they are distant and consequently tiny, and the outdoor daylight will make the indoor lighting very dark. In a first floor window overlooking a populated lawn, there is an art studio with studepnts at easels, painting a posing figure in the center. This figure is actually a male nude model with strong musculature and a semi engorged penis, hanging long and thick within view of anyone walking past the art room windows.

There are two more versions that I will swap out through the week and each is subtly more revealing. The skirts will get just a little shorter, the blouses open a little deeper and a little more sheer and transparent, the nipples a little more prominent and the lighting in the classrooms a little brighter.
By the end of the week, there would be no way the version everyone in school, including the teachers, could think they were a normal, acceptable representation of a public school uniform. By then, however, they will be looking at what they will believe are the same "approved" posters they have been seeing for a week.

By the time they realize the posters are objectionable, I will have changed them to a whole new set of posters. The next week's set of posters will seem more conservative by comparison to the fourth version of the previous week's final posters.
What this means is that the new posters, while being more conservative to the ones I take down at the end of the week, will be significantly more immodest than the first set I put up at the beginning of the week. If Mrs. Zaftig, in her mini skirts and open necklines with no bra to restrain and hide her magnificent breasts, had approved the first set of posters, there will be no problem getting the second set of posters approved.

The magazine I'm distributing in the morning had a feature article on cross discipline intra-curricular teaching. That is about Math teachers promoting the English curriculum, History Teachers integrating the sciences into their lessons, the Science teachers supporting the sex education curriculum, to name a few examples.

The cover will have a busty female teacher dressed in a very thin, tight, and contour hugging leotard, with illustrations of the human female anatomy painted on it. It is for an article about pedagogical techniques for "hands on" teaching. The highlighted teacher is a science teacher, conducting a section in anatomy and physiology.

The teacher featured on the cover is a very well endowed woman in her thirties and in great shape. She has been innovative in creating an anatomy lesson that centers around the hand painted leotard. The leotard is flesh colored and molds to every contour of her voluptuous figure. The hips of her leotard arch high, above her full bare hips, the sides are open down to her waist, curving low across the small of her back, the neckline plunges nearly to the bottom of her sternum and her prodigious chest is covered only enough to come about two inches above her clearly defined nipples. The material is almost transparent.

The heart, lungs, upper and lower intestines, kidneys, spleen, liver, stomach, uterus, ovaries, cervix and birth canal are represented. The birth canal leads right down to a deep camel toe where the crotch of the leotard is just wide enough to represent it. The teacher's puffy and hairless labia majora bulges slightly out to either side of the gusset, between her thighs. Her nipples are fully erect and slightly visible through the tightly stretched thin material. In one photo within the article, she is standing in the middle of the rows of desks in her classroom, pointing out some part of her anatomy to the thoroughly engaged students who are reaching out to touch the spot where she's pointing. The camera can't see the actual organ she is lecturing about, because her back is to the camera, but the top of the thong back is just visible at the bottom of the photo. A student seated behind her is turned around in his seat, along with everyone else, to look at her, his arm is extended in her direction, dropping just below the frame. It looks like he could actually be grabbing the teacher's bare ass cheeks, but the viewer can't be sure.

The feature article is advertised on the cover and has an insert picture of another teacher in a science lab classroom with a human figure illustrating the heart and circulatory system on it. The female anatomical figure is a naked female torso, with the bald vulva fully represented, hanging almost full size over the whiteboard. The science teacher has written fluid dynamics on the whiteboard space to the right. Under that is Boyle's Law. The teacher is wearing a micro mini skirt, her blouse is unbuttoned four buttons down and full bra-less cleavage is well displayed. Her lab coat hangs open, framing large breasts, her nipples are slightly protruding. The attention getting ad for the featured cover article says, STRIPPING DOWN TO BARE ESSENTIALS TO TEACH ANATOMY.

The second article is advertised by the lead in, ILLUSTRATING BOYLE'S LAW WITH THE HUMAN BODY IN MOTION. This is an article about connecting physics to physical education. There are four separate references to the practice of teachers stripping to full nudity in unrelated articles and ads.

The teacher being interviewed says she plans to retire the suit in favor of body paint. She wants her students to be able to accurately paint all the organs in the right locations on her body by the end of the semester. She is working closely with the Art teacher on this cross-discipline lesson plan.

The author quotes the teacher as saying, "I get very excited when I am able to engage with my students on such an intimate, hands-on level. Their eagerness to learn can really be felt. I'm having a lot of fun with this, and so are my students!"

The other article references the waste of time schools spend enforcing rules that have little or nothing to do with education. School dress codes are one example. An interview with the school principle has a picture of her in an abbreviated and revealing "power" suit. The mini skirt is all the way at the top of her thighs. The soft bulge and narrowing of her full inner thighs, right at her thigh gap, are visible below the extremely high hemline. Her blouse is quite thin and the shadow of her nipples upon her generous breasts are visible through the diaphanous material. The neckline plunges and her bare cleavage looks more like an evening dress than a school administrator's suit. Her ensemble, her expression, and her bearing ooze high fashion wealth, but most importantly, power. She is someone who's bold confidence is highly enviable; other administrators and teachers will want to be like her.

The school administrator makes the point that public high schools have the responsibility to prepare young adults for the "real adult" world.
"We can't do a complete job until we stop treating these young men and women like children." says the principle. "We must show them how to make adult choices, then provide them with a safe place to experiment, to deal with adult issues, and to make adult mistakes. It has to be okay to try things a little unusual, as they mature and come into who they will be a adults.

"Young women need to learn to control the power of their own sexuality and young men need to learn that giving their strength to those with less shows more strength than fighting to hold it close. That's where true power lies. Respect is learned by receiving respect. It requires us expecting them to act like adults and treating them like adults.

"That's why we've abolished the school dress codes and other rules that are mostly cosmetic. My faculty and I try to model adult choices in our behaviors. We try to project, not only professionalism, but power through self-assurance, generosity and respect. Each of us tries to give of ourselves to our students every day.

"If we find a student goes overboard in their freedom to choose, we very gently guide them back to better choices through example and a sense of community. Never treat them like they are children. We have found that most students would rather fit-in than challenge their peer's choices for the sake of shock value or anti-establishment rhetoric. They are capable of understanding what it means to loose respect and the benefits that comes with earning trust."

The above statements are complimented by a number of ads and references in other media that equate adult behavior with the free expression of sexuality, gender, and comfort in exposing one's body.

I created an ad, for example, for shampoo that shows a voluptuous thirty something woman with long silky flowing hair, the same color as Ms. Dermis's hair, at a nightclub. She's dancing, suggestively against a very handsome younger man. Her tiny evening dress is so short a sliver of ass cheek is peeking out of the bottom and the top can barely stay up high enough to cover the erect nubs of her proud nipples. In the background, on raised platforms, above the crowded dance floor where the feature model is grinding against her man, are cage dancers in thong panties and pasties.

The caption says, "You're not a baby anymore, so don't use a baby shampoo. Adults use Vital Seksoon for full, sensuous hair. You're an adult, so look like one."

Several references to the practice of nudity and being adult enough to make your own decisions around wearing "adult" clothes have been sprinkled through the public radio feed. They will be getting more explicit in the near future.

I printed out the articles and bound them into the copies of the faculty magazines. I have pushed the

ads a little further with a small amount of nudity.
One I particularly like is for a Professional Development and Job Hunting service. It shows a naked woman at a podium before an audience in business attire. The heading says, "Dressed for Success", the tag line below says, "Dress up your résumé with FlashSoft PRO." At the bottom of the ad it says, "They'll see you're all grown up, when you let us show you off." The model looks a lot like Ms. Dermis. The smaller 'd' in Dressed is covering the model's slit between her legs, but nothing else. Her bald pudenda is otherwise fully visible as are her full naked breasts and nipples. The woman has a big satisfied smile on her face and a serious predatory look in her eyes.

I love it when things just seem to naturally flow together. I had decided to add an element of casual touching into my campaign, and the article about teaching anatomy was a great start. I will come up with more examples designed to normalize a practice that had been so sensitive up to then. Perhaps the hands off policies that teachers have been working under for decades could become one sided. It's okay for students to touch teachers, but not the other way around? Nah, let's not get too distracted. I had a teacher that needed to strip naked for her class.

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A tap on my door interrupted me, "Hey "BIG" brother, you coming to watch GGT?"

"Yeah. Be down in a minute," I called back.
I was expecting my sister to have picked out a movie to watch after 'God Given Talent', and guess where the recent ads for movies to watch had come from? Yep, you got it. I posted a couple of references for a good family-centric 'R' rated movie that a late teen girl might want to see. If my advertising was successful, she would choose the movie I had added a couple of explicit scenes to. It was sitting on my LAN server. I modified the banner ad to say, "Full uncut version". When she picks it off the streaming movie menu, it would upload to our TV. I hoped Mom would stay up to watch it too. There are some strong suggestions in it that nudity and even open sexuality is not uncommon within a family.

One scene I'd inserted had the brother caught by his sister, masturbating in his room. She runs and hollers to her mother who then berates her daughter for her failure to understand the nature of teenage boys and respect her brother, pointing out to the sister that she, too, indulges in masturbation, and her mother doesn't interfere.

The next scene is the mom quietly tapping on the son's door then opening it. She leans into the room and explains that she had a talk with his sister and his sister was there to apologize for her rudeness and her over-reaction. The mom steps aside to let the sister step inside her brother's room. The teenage girl apologizes.

Cut to the boy who answers, "It's OK. Thanks for the apology."

Both sister and mother back out of the room opening up the view for the camera, of the boy playing back on his bed. His naked erection is still in his hand as he slowly strokes it up and down. he'd obviously been holding his hard cock the whole time his mother and sister had been talking to him in his doorway. It's a quick glimpse before the door closes. When they close the door, he resumes vigorously stroking it again.

I don't think Mom is at the point where I can actually show the brother boldly jacking off his exposed cock, but the quick view of his shaft in his hand and the pumping motion of his arm leave no doubt that is what he's doing. Just a normal family dealing with a normal event in a "normal", "healthy" way, under the new "normal", that is.

Another scene has both children, wearing only tiny panties and tighty-whities, barging into their

mother's room. She is completely naked and calmly turns her attention to her children, who are arguing about bathroom rights.

The mother gives the sister first choice, then asks her son, which dress should she wear to go out in. The sister says the red one, before turning to get her use of the bathroom. The brother points to the much shorter black one.
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The mother selects the black one and pulls it on over her head, forgoing underwear. It just covers her ass in the back. Her son stands watching, a hard bulge in the front of his jockies. Then, the mother pulls out some high heeled pumps, flashing her bare ass cheeks towards her son when she bends, straight legged, to pick them out of the closet. She then asks her son if he would help her put them on.
He obliges, and kneels down in front of his mom while she sits on the edge of her vanity chair. She places her right foot out for balance and lifts her left foot onto the top of her son's naked thigh. The camera didn't show it, but her pussy was obviously spread wide to her son's view. She had no pubic hair in the earlier scene, so everything would be on display for her son. He helped with both shoes, his mother's legs spreading even wider with the switch to do the other foot.
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I'll see how far my family is by their reaction to that scene alone.

Oh yeah, all the costumes on GGT have received my personal attention. The show has moved back one night from its regular air time. 'Wink wink'. There's a great ballerina in her early twenties who's nearly naked while she performs a scene from the Nutcracker Suite. She starts, as the little girl, in a very revealing negligee that's actually partially see-thru, to show how typical family nightwear should look, then her costume changes, in a dream like scene, to show-off the sleek lines of her beautiful young body, so she can demonstrate her dancing skills the best. There are moments with her leaping and twirling where her flesh colored costume is almost undetectable, and she looks completely naked in front of the audience and judges. Everyone loves her.

Another brother and sister salsa dance team get rather familiar with each other while lifting and twirling about each other on stage. His costume is like a second skin, his masculine bulge boldly displayed, cock head easily discernible She is in a tiny dress that only covers the top two thirds of her round ass, with a separate and very tiny thong on underneath. The deep camel toe in front slips between her labia and the low riding wedge of fabric reveals most of her bald mons above. The brother actually puts his face up right between the sister's spread legs during a dramatic lift to a full standing ovation. Her micro thong is entirely covered by her brother's lower face. The sister's lithe body is arched in ecstasy, head thrown back, arms and legs spread wide, her mouth gaping open in rapture as he holds her by her hips over his upturned face. Just skin on skin is visible below the sister's tiny and revealing skirt.

The brother/sister team finish with a drop and a floor slide that ends with her seated on the floor between her brother's legs, her face right in his bulging crotch, head arched back, mouth wide open in passion. Her glistening painted lips just touching the swelling head of her brother's obvious maleness. Another standing ovation. Everybody absolutely loves it. Their mom and dad stand in the audience with tears of joy on their faces as they hug and kiss each other. This defines wholesome family entertainment.

There is a trained dog act with a mother, father, a daughter, and two sons. They are all in tight leotards, the two females in high cut thongs. The conga line of dancing dogs imitates a train and has a comical moment where they all are stopped suddenly by a dog dressed as an old west marshal trying to save the puppy tied to the railroad tracks. The train is derailed and the five family members crash into each other. Both sons ends up on top of their mother, one with his hips grinding down between her splayed bare legs, the other straddling her face as she lays back on the

floor. Her son on hands and knees over her. The daughter and father fall into a sixty-nine position, the daughter's naked ass, leotard disappearing into her vulva, points right at the camera over the top of the father's bald head. Again, roaring laughter and clapping. lots of positive reinforcement from the larger community.

The hostess is well proportioned, and her evening gown is all the way to the top of her thighs, while her full breasts are nearly spilling out the top. Everyone is having a great time and everything is normal and wholesome and acceptable because this is a good family oriented Christian-based show. If it's OK to show it on here, it's perfectly acceptable in our own homes.

Mom and Sissy have been watching this show all Fall, and the ads leading up to it all Summer. They have been eased into these highly sexual skits very slowly and have not made even a comment about the growing sexual undertones that are almost becoming overtones.

Mom has not been watching this show in a vacuum either. All her friends at church have been getting the same feeds, including the pastor and his wife. I have been in each of their homes to help with their conversion to Internet-based streaming TV. My tracking software reports that they are all watching. No one seems to be checking out. Their gradual exposure from slightly altered commercials and a few minor changes to the modest costumes of the regular show from one year ago, up to this point, where a young girl in a thong is unremarkable, and even the strong suggestion of inter-familial sexuality is, at least, tolerated, is an amazing achievement. Well, this is certainly the most extreme show they have seen.

In fact, I had noticed a progressive change in the clothing worn among Mom's friends. Blouses have become more revealing, skirts more risque. Even the pastor's wife has been showing off more leg and cleavage on recent Sundays. The pastor certainly hadn't seemed to object, either.

Well, it was time to see how it goes. I just wore my Pj bottoms, and I let them ride low, some pubic hair was showing.

I entered the living room. Mom was on the couch, while Cecilia sat sideways in the arm chair. Both beautiful women wore nothing more than see-thru negligees. Sissy's was the same one she had on earlier, and Mom was wearing one I hadn't seen before. Her bald pussy was fully exposed below as she sat with her legs primly together. The top was only high enough to cover the erect nubs of her nipples, the top curves of her darker aureolae exposed above. The thin shoulder straps hung loose with the right one near to falling off her shoulder.

Mom patted the couch next to where she sat, when she saw me come in. "Hi honey, come have a seat next to me. It's already started." Her shoulder strap inched a little farther off her shoulder.

I swallowed and resisted the urge to adjust my growing erection in my Pj's. I sat down and Mom scooted characteristically up against me. This time, however, her naked thigh seemed to instantly warm my leg through my Pj's. Sissy glanced over to say "hi" and I watched her eyes move purposefully down to stare for a moment at my crotch. Her side saddle seat aimed her vagina directly at me and her legs parted comfortably to open herself up to my view. She winked conspiratorially. Sissy was finding her naughty side again.

Mom rubbed a hand over the top of my nearest thigh and said, "You just missed the most wonderful trained animal act. It was a story right out of the old west, only with dogs as the marshal and the bandit and the girl tied to the railroad tracks to be rescued. It was very funny, especially when the train crashed and they fell all over each other."
My cock throbbed to full size. Mom didn't seem to give the incidental but blatant incestuous acts any attention. All perfectly normal and acceptable here. :>)

Next was a singer. She was young and in a micro mini flirt skirt that kept flipping up as she shimmied around the stage. The young teen was wearing a thong underneath. Not much material in front, either.
"She was really good, didn't you think?" asked Mom, more rubbing of the top of my thigh. My cock was almost painfully tight. The string that held up the left side of her negligee slid lightly down her arm and the triangular piece of gauze peeled away from her large breast. Mom didn't even look down, she just gave a slow casual shrug to lift the strap back over her shoulder. Her stiff nipple didn't get fully covered by the absent minded gesture. She left it exposed.

"Yeah, she could really sing, and a very pretty girl to boot. What'd you think Sissy?" I asked my sister, looking boldly between her open legs.

"Yep, great job. I liked her song choice. She had a cute outfit too." added Cecilia.

Well, there it was, a direct reference to a very revealing outfit that was completely inappropriate for such a young girl. Would Mom say something?
"Yes, she is a star, for sure. Quiet, they're introducing the next act." She turned a quick glance towards her daughter, but gave no sign that she even noticed the lewd display Cecilia was giving.

Cecilia adjusted her seat, and her diaphanous negligee rode up to her hips, leaving her completely bottomless. She opened her naked thighs even wider and rested her right hand on her bare skin just above her aroused clitoris. She was virtually pointing at her vagina, encouraging me to look.
Mom grabbed my leg to keep me quiet and watch the TV. She wasn't paying any attention to the electrical charge I was feeling at her casual contact, as she sat almost completely naked leaning right up against me. Her nipples were only a few inches away from my hands, nothing was hidden, and my fingers were itching.

The host came on, "Our next act is a brother and sister dance team that really knows how to heat up the dance floor. I had the pleasure of watching them practice and I can tell you, those two have got the moves and the chemistry to go all the way. Let's give a hand for 'Salsa of Life', and God bless."
Mom's hand moved across my thigh the whole time those two teens danced. I was tenting my jammy bottoms like the Eiffel Tower was in them. I decided I might try a little touching of my own.

I clapped at the end, when the final pose looked like the sister was about to swallow her brother's cock. Everyone in the audience cheered, and I dropped my hand casually onto Mom's naked thigh, just above her knee. I didn't move and she didn't react other than to glance down at my hand, over at my pulsing erection, which had pulled the waistband of my Pj's up to expose the root of my shaft disappearing into my pubic bush, then up to my eyes. I saw her out of my periphery, but kept my gaze on the TV. She made no further moves. Her hand continued to caress my thigh. My cold commercial played. I had just edited it so the mother dropped her hand as she hugged her son, resting it casually right over the tent of her son's cock beneath the blanket. It wasn't meant to look purposeful, just not something worth even making an effort to avoid, either. The effect was perfect, I thought.

"Wow," Cecilia said, while the commercials played. "I think I liked them the best so far." Her hand had shifted a half an inch to where the tip of her middle finger just touched the glistening pink nub of her clit as it poked up from below her hood.

Mom nodded her head, "They could go all the way if they keep dancing like that. It seemed so raw and emotional. I could feel the chemistry the host was talking about. They are obviously a close, well adjusted family."

Oh God, I almost came right there when I heard my own media rhetoric spouted back at me. 'close, well adjusted family' was a phrase I had the Christian radio and TV shows use a lot, pairing it with sex-ed and comfort in each other's sexuality.

I took a chance. "Yeah, I'll bet they practice on each other a lot. Look at how supportive their parents are. They probably take the time to teach their kids everything they know about life. There's no better reassurance." I repeated a phrase from another commercial I had made that highlighted familial sexuality. That commercial was scheduled to play near the end of the show.

Mom nodded her head emphatically and squeezed my upper thigh. Her finger was just brushing the side of my testicle. Giving a glance down, I grew nervous when I saw a growing dark spot of precum at the tip of my tent pole of a cock. I think Mom also glanced down and saw it. I braced for some kind of reaction. She just rubbed my thigh a little farther down, away from my turgid rod.

I couldn't help myself, I glanced over at Sissy. She stopped short of masturbating right there in the living room, but just. Thank goodness, because Mom looked like she was giving her oldest the eye. The edge of her window of moral acceptability had been reached. I would start pushing a little in that direction. A health show about masturbation would help.

Cecilia must have noticed Mom's expression, because she backed off her hand and just let it rest against her naked pubis. I was going to need a bathroom break before the movie started.

After another two acts and some modified commercials, the results of the night's competition were ready to be announced.

"Tonight's top pick on GGT...
"We'll be right back after this word from our sponsor..."

"Awwww!" chorused the audience.

The host jumped excitedly, a"Just kidding, just kidding.

"Tonight's number one act that will be moving on is... Salsa of Life! Congratulations, you'll be moving on to the finals next week."

I already knew who the other two acts were that would move on. I needed a bathroom break.

This was going better than expected. We'll see if Mom still would give her daughter the eye after watching a couple of references to the common and perfectly normal practice of families that are open about masturbating. The possibilities are mind boggling, and I'm already getting several ideas. They might even translate well for high school professionals looking for new, open and innovative changes to their closed culture.

A quick release in the bathroom, and my penis was a little more manageable. I returned back to the living room.

"Sweetheart, your sister has picked out a movie, come watch it with us."

Cecilia called over, "You'll like it. It's the uncut 'R' rated version."

I "guessed", "Is that the one about the two kids and their mom who get even on the crotchety old man for confiscating their motorcycle and calling the cops because they left their bike on his lawn while they went across the street to say hi to their friend who'd just got back from the hospital?"

"Something like that." my sister said as she stretched.

I'd just cum, so I was safe from further embarrassment. Nevertheless, my Eiffel Tower called and said he would be coming back soon for more sight-seeing.

I snuggled back up with Mom who's enigmatic expression, when she glanced down into my lap, felt oddly like disappointment. But it was hard to tell whether it was that, or something completely unrelated to my now soft penis.

The movie was pretty much the same as the original. There was the masturbation scene and the naked shoe fitting scene, but all I did beyond that was dress the mother and sister in slightly more revealing clothes. After all, this was the uncut version, not a remake.

One more inserted scene at the end had the mom, all prepared for bed, stepping naked up to her children just outside their bedrooms, in the hall. They were all nude as she hugged and kissed her children good night. She then directed the son, "Give your sister a hug and a kiss good night, then get your little tushies to bed."

The camera panned the group briefly to establish they were all naked, the boys penis standing out, full and semi-erect. I didn't show them below the waist after that. The mother's breasts pressed into her son's body, the implication, as she pressed herself against her son, was that his slightly engorged penis pressed completely against her. She showed no hesitation or shyness.

When the sister stepped up and hugged and kissed her brother, it was quick and their lips missed, slightly. The mom, watching, said, "Is that how you kiss? I can see my lessons didn't stick."
She stepped up to her daughter, her breasts pressing against her daughter's much smaller ones. "Like this," and she leaned tighter against her daughter. She took her daughter's arms and wrapped them around herself before wrapping her own hands around her daughter. She then proceeded to give her daughter a chaste but lingering kiss on the lips.

Backing off to talk to her daughter, hips still pressed together with her hands lowered to the top of her daughter's ass, she said, "Not so awful, right? Now you try it."

The mom broke their embrace and turned her daughter towards her son. "Give it a try, then get off to bed, you two."

The credits started as the brother and sisters lips met. They kissed longer then the mom had, credits scrolling. Mom slapped the boy's ass with a loud 'SMACK'. "Break it up. You guys need to go to bed. Tomorrow's another day."

They broke up and each went into their rooms. Another quick camera shot of their nudity and very brief flash of the boy fully erect. He and his mother and sister had been pressed together like that and everyone acted normal.

Bring the music up, more credits. Back to the regular movie closing. Just a good, popular, family oriented, 'R' rated movie everyone in the family can watch together.

We watched the entire movie 'til the end. Mom stood up, her whole body on display as she stretched. She has an incredible body. I hadn't thought about that, other than to intellectually recognize the fact, but... damn! I was getting hard again.

"On that note, it's bedtime." Mom announced.

Sissy and I both got up. I made no attempt to hide my own aroused state. Both Mom and Cecilia took notice, but neither made a comment. I watched Cecilia stretch. She took a long exaggerated stretch with a deep yawn. Her whole body arched into the stretch as she lifted up on her toes and

reached for the ceiling. Her feet were planted about shoulder width apart as she held that pose in front of me for nearly a minute. 'WOW!' seemed inadequate. I could feel the precum leaking into my Pj's.

Cecilia's nipples stood out hard and pointed up towards the sky when she arched back like that. Her hips, fully displayed below the transparent cloth of her tiny negligee, thrust forward and it was pretty clear the aroused nub of her clitoris was generously coated in her vaginal fluids.

When Sissy finally relaxed her stretched out pose, Mom said to me, "I want to talk to you about something."

"Yeah, Mom?"

"It may be a little sensitive so, do you want to go to your room first?"

I had a strong suspicion of what she wanted to talk about. While my Senior Project was underway, I didn't think subjects of a sexually sensitive nature should be hidden from the whole family. That was part of the culture I was trying to change.

"Sure Mom, but if I'm not in trouble for something, there's probably no reason to hide it from the whole family. After all, it's just the three of us, right?"

She might have blushed slightly, I couldn't be sure she hadn't been blushing the entire evening; she certainly was looking flush. Mom smiled with an appreciative look in her eyes. She leaned in, giving me a hug that sent an electric shock straight to my tight loins. The tip of my erection, tenting my Pj's, pressed firmly into the top of Mom's bald pubis. She whispered, "It's about personal hygiene."

"Ok." I answered aloud, to give her the message I was fine talking about that in front of my sister. My hands had gone up to Mom's waist and I had to force myself not to automatically back away from the erotic contact below our hips.

Mom leaned out, her pubic bone still in contact with the slightly downward pointed head of my erection. She spoke at a more normal level, "I wanted to talk about cleaning down there... ah... um... your pubic region."

I raised my eyebrows a little, "Yeah? I clean down there." I wanted her to say the whole thought. I knew what she wanted, she had started to talk about it earlier, before Cecilia came into the kitchen. I wanted her to get more use to the subject as a normal subject for families to talk about.

"Good, but you've noticed, that Cecilia and I both keep ourselves very...clean... ah, we wax off our pubic hair." she finished quickly.

"All of it?"

Mom nodded, she was worrying her lower lip with her teeth. She still held my hips and the tip of my erection was just touching her lower abdomen, right above where the swell of her denuded pubis started.
My cock pulsed hard when a mischievous thought struck me. I actually pulled back so she wouldn't feel it.

Cecilia was still there and listening. She didn't want to miss something good, of course. This made what I thought to do even more titillating.

I leaned back farther, my hands sliding from around Mom's waist to the tops of her hips. My

bulging Pj's just made contact again with Mom's well displayed mons. Then, I pulled back half a step and boldly ran my gaze down her incredible and amply exposed body. I stopped and stared hard, right at her pussy. Mom just stood there letting me look.

I bent my knees to lower the angle of my view, slid my hands down the sides of her hips, and shoved Mom's negligee right up and over their rounded curves, griping her firmly by the corners of her wide hips. Now, nothing was between my view and her naked pussy. I squatted until I was eye level with Mom's naked pussy.

Mom squeaked audibly but bit her lip and held still. I saw her hands, hanging limp at her sides, ball into tight fists with determination.

I leaned right in to look between my mother's legs. Amazing! My cock felt like it was turning to red hot iron between my legs, it throbbed with heat and hardness. I kept my hands right on the top of Mom's hips to hold her in place, negligee shimmied right up to her slim waist. Mom actually stepped her legs open and tilted her hips so I could see it all. The smell was going to make me faint.

I looked closely, gave Mom's pudenda a thorough inspection. Not a hair to be found, but there sure was lots of moisture. A bead of clear viscous fluid grew on the pink protrusion of Mom's inner labial lips. Then it stretched and dripped right onto the carpet. I saw her dusky pink pussy lips contract for a moment before puffing out more openly. The glistening little wet nub at the top of her slit was fully erect. A wave of lubricant seeped out and over her parting labia. The smell grew even more heady behind my eyes. A second drop of liquid dripped glacier slow from between Mom's parted thighs.
It's a miracle I didn't pop off when I watched that.
Finally, I stood, never taking my eyes off her naked pussy. I didn't let her negligee fall.

"Wow, yeah Mom. You're perfectly clean down there. You think I should do that too?" I finally looked up, but I didn't let Mom's negligee fall back down.

"Wa... wae... well... ahhhhum... cle cle cleanlina... ah... cleanliness is na.. ne... next to ... um... next to god... godliness.

"I think... ah... of... ah... it as... um... make... um... making m... m... myself as... a... a... a... an innocent ch... ch... child be... f... fore the La...la... Lord."

I watched her as she shivered and stammered out her explanation. Mom was really struggling, and yet, she was making herself do it. Then, I realized what the trouble was she was having.

Mom was turned on, she was aroused; she was doing what she believed a good mother would do, but she didn't feel comfortable about being so turned on by doing it. I needed to add something to my campaign that relieved her of this guilt.

Time for a new spot on the Christian radio show about guilt and our God-given sexuality.

"I got it, Mom." I looked down, my Pj's waistband was held out away from my lower abdomen by several inches; much of my erect, veiny shaft was visible, and at its root was a soft thatch of pubic hair. Both Mom and Cecilia followed my gaze.

"I can do it right now, I guess." and I peeled my Pj's down, right there in front of them. My throbbing member wobbled with its release from the cotton.
"Show us when you're done. I want to see how it looks without hair!" exclaimed my sister. The entire nine and a half inches pulsed, the head bobbing up and down.

Mom, her eyes still on my hard member, said, "Sissy, I hope you are not being crude. This is hard enough as it is."
Cecilia looked at my hard-on and shook her head. "Yes, it certainly is hard."
Before Mom could respond, Cecilia stepped in front of me, "Well, I'm going to bed, so give me a hug and a kiss good night." With that, she stepped in while lifting herself up on her toes as tall a she could and pressed herself right up against me. My cock head caught her right in the middle of her bare pubis, her negligee having ridden up with her stretch. My aching organ bent hard against her skin, then popped upward between me and my sister's stomach. It was like having my cock touch an electric fence, then I could feel it pushing hard against her bare skin, up inside her negligee. Her hips seemed to grind against me but the soft swell of her breasts caressed my chest more gently. I almost swooned when I felt the pebble-like nubs of her barely covered nipples stabbing my ribs.
I truly feared cumming on my almost naked sister right in front of our mother. I could feel the hot flush of blood cover my face. I do not think I'll ever understand why I didn't cum right then.
I put my arms around Cecilia automatically and she brought her lips against mine. A couple of moments of a closed mouth lip-to-lip kiss and my turgid erection was bobbing freely in the cool air as she pulled away. Just in-fucking-time.
"Good night, Mom. I love you." Cecilia said as she turned, face blushing, towards our mother.
"G-goo-good night, darling. I love you, too." answered Mom automatically, looking a little stunned.
Sissy headed for the stairs, peeling her own negligee up and off, over her head.
I saw Mom flush, take a deep breath trying to recover herself, and say, "No good night kiss for your Mom?"
Cecilia stopped. Her gauzy negligee held in one hand, Cecilia turned around. Her naked body quivered and her face and the tops of her firm full breasts were beet red. "Of course, Mom. Sorry, I was lost in thought."
She stepped back over to Mom and leaned in for a quick hug and peck on the lips. Mom mirrored her seventeen-year-old daughter's actions and kissed her quickly back. I watched both Mom's and Sissy's nipples touch each other with only the sheer transparent gauze of Mom's negligee to keep them apart. Goddamn, my cock is just boiling right now.
"Good night Mom. I love you."
Oh my god, I just noticed the bald smooth swell of my sister's pubic mound. It was practically painted in my precum. A streak of the sticky fluid traced upward past her exposed belly button. Did she get some on Mom? I held my breath against the possible explosion of Mom's temper, if she discovered what I had marked my sister with.
Cecilia turned and strutted away.
"Do you need some help, Bentley, or do you think you can figure out the waxing strips on your own?"
I had no sense of things right then. My mind was a mess. I could not figure out what to read in my mother's tone or her body language. I could barely make sense of her words. I thought I better give it a break for the night.
"I'm sure there are directions on the box. I'll figure it out. But thanks, Mom, I love you. Have a good night, I'll see you in the morning."
"I love you, too. See you in the morning."
Mom seemed to shake herself, then walked up the stairs. I followed soon after. I was going to have to wax my pubes. I wasn't looking forward to that.
In my room, I couldn't stop feeling myself. Why hadn't I done this before? Everything was so smooth, and the skin felt so sensitive. I had ejaculated almost as soon as my fingers touched my cock in the bathroom, but after I finished the waxing and cleaned off the sticky wax goop from myself, I had to masturbate again. My balls and pubis felt amazing with no hair on them. It got me wondering if it felt this sexy for Mom and Cecilia? If so, it's no wonder they were dripping wet.
I stayed up pretty late to get the next phase published, while also finishing my program. I was now ready to return the News, GGT, as well as Surf Beach High to their regular viewing times.

I could still insert commercials and some special content on the fly. My program is incredible. It analyzes the images, identifies the human figures, diagrams key features of proportion, position, motion, direction, etcetera. It then analyzes the clothing, skin tones, lighting, and shadows. This allows me to create parameters for editing the clothing of the actors. I can tell it to raise hems of skirts by percentage, to a specific height, or degrees of change based upon past changes. Blouses can be edited to be open as much as all the way and anywhere in between. I can even change the clothing all together. The weather woman, for instance, no matter her suit, dress or outfit, will give the weather in a micro bikini. Shadows and reflections will be altered accordingly.

I can define color, transparency, texture, undergarments, or lack of such. At some point, the show could even contain complete nudity and all I have to do is edit a parameter file for the show and time slot in question. The changes will take all of two hundred micro seconds per frame. The show can run in real time and no one will notice the delay.

I pulled up a commercial, set to run for Mom tomorrow. It included a commercial for a cake mix product that Mom buys when she's too busy to bake from scratch. I changed the tag and a little of the dialog.

It opens on a Summer scene by a backyard swimming pool. A muscular young man is doing laps, wearing naught but a speedo. With broad shoulders and strong kicks, it's apparent he's an athletic one, and no stranger to the pool.

At a nearby poolside table sits a middle aged woman in fantastic shape. Her bikini is a sling bikini and incredibly tiny. Her large breasts hold the strips that run from each brunette hair covered shoulder to the bald junction in her lap, well away from her slim torso and only slightly pouched tummy. The material is damp and much of her covered flesh is visible through the lycra. Her nipples are detectable and aroused. She has a wide brimmed sun hat on and her eyes are following the young man as he does laps. She sits back relaxed in her chair when another woman, appearing to be of the same age and build, and similarly attired, says, "My nephew is developing into quite a man. I'm sure you must feel very lucky."

The first woman reluctantly pulls her eyes off the young man, "Very. Ever since he's joined the swim team, I can't take my eyes off him."

"Cake is ready!" calls a young woman stepping out of the house carrying a chocolate cake on a cake pan. She is an older teen and in a teeny micro bikini with a little apron tied around her bare waist, the bottom of which is too short to cover the camel toe that creases what little material covers her hairless labia majora.

She walks over and sets the cake down in the center of the table the two older women are lounging at. The girl's firm breasts jiggle freely as she pulls a stack of four small plates out from under the cake tray and lays them out around the table.

"Thank you, darling." says the first woman picking up a fork and absently taking a bite while returning her eyes to watching the young man as he steps up out of the pool. Water cascades down his ripped young body, the wet speedo sucks in around a rather large organ stretched across his loins from just above where the wet, semi-transparent swimsuit clings to him. he clearly has no pubic hair and the ridge and shape of his swollen cockhead is easily identified.

Cut back to the table, all three women are watching him emerge when the two older women both take an absent minded bite of cake.

A flash of the young man arching his back as he raises a towel to dry his hair. His whole sinewy body arched back, barely clad hips tilt forward, his generous masculinity stands out boldly and pulses, swelling a little bigger. The camera switches back to the two mature women at that precise moment, their full sexy lips closed around their forks as they stare. Their eyes open wide in astonished pleasure and they both take them off of the young man drying his mostly naked body, and turn to the girl.

"You made this?" finally says the second woman.

"Yes, Aunt Jill." responds the girl with a giggle that sends her firm young breasts on a little dance.

The first woman says, "Wait a minute. My daughter can bake?"

Then, the boy walks up and takes a plate with a piece of cake on it, from the girl.

"Thanks Sis, I can't believe you made this yourself."
"No problem, bro. It was easy."
She let's her eyes wander downward from her brother's face. "Just used Ready Cocker Instant cake mix. It's even low calorie, so you don't have to worry about that, at least, slowing you down."
The mother of the two children says, "I'm so blessed to have both of you, and now there's no reason to feel guilty when I indulge myself around you."
The aunt says, "Can I borrow your family some time, Sis?"
The mother replies, "As long as you return them unbroken."
Slogan appears across the screen: "Ready Cocker Instant cake mix. You may think you should feel guilty, but now you can enjoy yourself guilt free because it's the right thing to do."
That's a wrap.
I moved on to the radio talk show. The host starts by announcing a special guest from the Church in Rome. Mom isn't Catholic, so her emotional response will be to think she can be better than them. Since the center of the rival religion is renowned for its expertise, as well as having a reputation for fostering a sense of guilt in its followers, Mom will immediately move towards an improved disposition about her own guilt, before the subject has even been brought up.
"The father is here to talk about why it is sometimes hard to know when we are doing the right thing." The host introduces the show. She then introduces the visiting priest as the author of several books on living righteously.
I have the visiting priest introduce himself in an Italian accent. He is male, so there's an authority that society assigns to that, but at the same time, Mom is a modern woman and will resist the idea that he is the only authority.
This is important, because Mom needs to start thinking that her way is as righteous as anyone's, and they don't know her or her life. You see, my mother is a fine and caring mother, and a devoted Christian. She believes in how she lives. The goal is to have her feel more secure in her choices so she isn't so conflicted by the secret pleasures she feels. She needs to know that she's not alone, and that others can and do feel pleasure, and do not feel any guilt due to it.
I won't bore you with too many details of the show, but the priest mentioned several times about learning to appreciate that God made us capable of feeling pleasure, and we shouldn't feel guilty when we take pleasure, not only in doing what we know is right, but also in these small personal rewards we reap as a consequence of God's love and wisdom. "There is reason God made things pleasurable. He wants to reward the good, not just punish the bad."
Later in the show, I had the female host bring up the subject of sex. She quoted the author's book as saying, "God made sex pleasurable for a reason. We shouldn't feel guilty that we find sex stimulating. The Catholic Church takes a stand against extramarital sex, but there are many who love God in their own way, and God loves us all and wants us to take pleasure in the world he has blessed us with. Pleasure is actually his way of moving us towards good."
The priest confirms, "In his divine wisdom, he has designed the universe to be reciprocal in its nature. We need not worry that what we feel is wrong when we do right in the World."
At the closing, the host, a woman, reminds the listener that "God loves us and wants us to feel loved. It is our responsibility to open ourselves up to the pleasure inherent in his love."
That took all of thirty minutes to put together, except in the middle of my project I got an alert that Chill_C had just logged on and sent a message to MadJane_7.
Chill_C:
"u on?"
I logged on.
MadJane_7:
"Yep"
Chill_C:
"can't sleep, U?"
MadJane_7:
"same. u ok?"

Chill_C:
"I am going to hell"
MadJane_7:
"me 2, but why u?"
Chill_C:
"I almost £u<k my brother right in front of Mom"
MadJane_7:
"O SHIT! really?"
Chill_C:
"we just watched a movie. i wore that nighty i was telling you about. the 1 that's c-thru, nothing else"
Chill_C:
"i was flashing my pussy at my brother the whole movie"
Chill_C:
"he had a giant boner the entire time sitting on the couch next to Mom. She tried to ignore it, but i could tell she knew it was there."
MadJane_7:
"and...?" I prompted when she didn't continue right away.
Chill_C:
"well, at the end of the movie the family in the movie was naked and heading to bed. I guess that's not that abnormal, when they all hugged and kissed good night. their naked bodies pressed together.
Chill_C:
"i was so turned on from teasing my brother that i stood up and stretched just so both Mom and Bentley could watch me pose naked right there in the living rm. then i heard mom talk to Bentley about waxing his pubes. she told him that she and i wax, which is true."
MadJane_7:
"i thought everybody does"
Chill_C:
"when Mom said she waxes it all off,... (breath deep) =^0 ... he actually pulled up mom's nighty and squatted down in front of her to look. OMG! i almost orgasmed right then _('0')_/ and... mom let him.
Chill_C:
i thought mom was going to cum right then too.
MadJane_7:
"So you almost fucked your brother then?"
Chill_C:
"NO, i listened to mom tell him he should wax and he said he'd do it right away. then he took his pjs off."
Chill_C:
"i don't think I'll ever get over how big he is."
Chill_C:
"that's when i felt out of control. i mean, like i actually told my brother to show it to me after he was done."
MadJane_7:
"no shit"
Chill_C:
"Mom thought that was too much and said not to be crud and that it was hard enough as it was, but i wasn't done. i said it sure was hard
MadJane_7:
OMG! =O
Chill_C:

"then, guess what i did"
MadJane_7:
" _('~')_/ "
Chill_C:
"i said i was going to bed and told my brother to give me a hug and a kiss good night. then i stood on my toes as high as i could to catch his cock with my pussy."
MadJane_7:
" =O right there? did he actually slide inside you? OMG that is fucking awesome."
Chill_C:
"No, he is too big and i couldn't get high enough, but his cock slid right up against my belly and left sticky cum all over me down there."
MadJane_7:
"he came on you? in front of Mom?"
Oops, I slipped up and hit send before I realized what I'd typed. She didn't notice, though.
Chill_C:
"idk, i think it was pre-cum, but there was a lot and he was still hard when we finally stopped kissing."
MadJane_7:
"did your mom get mad?"
Chill_C:
"No, she stood and watched. idk if she saw the cum. Then when I headed for my room she said i hadn't hugged and kissed her good night."
Chill_C:
"I was so turned on, my pussy was leaking all over the place so i gave her a fast hug and kiss so she wouldn't notice, but i think she might have been just as hot as i was."
MadJane_7:
"WOW! I'm going to masturbate to your story before falling back to sleep."
Chill_C:
"really? you don't think I'm sick?"
MadJane_7:
"HELL NO! If your mom is that cool, you should talk to her about sex more. I mean, you remember what we were talking about getting our moms to give us sex lessons. that doesn't seem so far fetched. she could show you how to suck cock on your brother's giant thing. maybe she can even show you how to deepthroat him. ;U"
Chill_C:
"what's deepthroat?"
Well, this was unexpected.

MadJane_7:
"Have you never had sex?"
Chill_C:
"I thought that's what you meant by getting our moms to teach us about sex."
MadJane_7:
"it was, but more like, it would HAVE BEEN nice if she HAD."
Chill_C:
"omg, im so embarrassed d(\\°U°\\)b"
MadJane_7:
"don't b. You are my idol. If you have the chance to get your mom to teach you about sex before you actually have sex, that's awesome."
Chill_C:
"What about 'practicing' giving head to your brothers?"
MadJane_7:

"No, that's true. I tried it with a boy from school a couple of years ago, and nearly threw up. it was awful i hated it. never tried it again until my little brother."
Chill_C:
"you said you <3 sucking cock."
MadJane_7:
"yeah, i do now. i love the way my brothers whole bodies shake and they lose control just before the end. it feels so sexy, like im in total control just for that moment."
MadJane_7:
"i even like the way a cock feels in my mouth and how it throbs and jerks. the head is so smooth, like velvet on my tongue."
Chill_C:
"what about their cum? it seems pretty gross. i tasted it. yuk."
MadJane_7:
"nah, i didn't like it at first, but it's different once i decided i liked doing it. i like the taste and the heat and the texture. it's sex in my mouth."
Chill_C:
"wow. i think I'm the one that's going to be masturbating myself to sleep tonight."
MadJane_7:
" ;^) "
Chill_C:
"Thanks Mad, you're a good friend."
MadJane_7:
"np. i<3u2"
Chill_C DISCONNECTED.
Wow, that's a lot to think about. I did not expect my sister to be a virgin.

Chapter 4

Ad Window - Chapter 4
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I stroked out some more relief and woke up in the morning, my cum dried on my naked stomach. Could I walk down to breakfast like this? At some point, probably. I really didn't want to push it. Mom was still feeling quilt and had a limit to her ability to act near the edge of her window. I really had to get more of my new programming out today.

I wore underwear, small tight underwear that fit two years ago. I'd grown a lot since then and my large organ held the material out away from my legs and stomach.

Mom was in a bath robe at the stove. I said good morning to her and gave her a light hug on the shoulders and leaned around to kiss her on the cheek.

What a great view. Her robe was short, half way down her ass, in the back, and even as I put my hands on her shoulders, Mom's robe fell open down the front. She had that sheer see-thru negligee on underneath. From over her shoulder, I was looking right down the front at her inadequately covered breasts.

I said quietly in her ear, "Good morning Mom, I love you." , even as I watched her nipples grow beneath that transparent mesh. I let my own growing erection press gently into the curve at the top of Mom's half covered ass.

Mom held still for a moment and I rubbed her upper arms, causing her robe to part even more.

She then leaned back, pressing her ass a little harder against me when she twisted her shoulders around and craned her neck to look at me. "Good morning darling." she kissed me quickly on the lips. "Breakfast will be ready in a few moments. Is your sister up yet?"

I pulled reluctantly away. My cock was really starting to react. Mom turned a little more and glanced reflexively down before going back to the stove; home fries and scrambled eggs, that was nice. I stood for a moment, right next to her, watching her virtually naked breasts dance and bounce against each other as she beat the eggs together.

"I don't know. I don't think so." I answered.

She asked, "Are you ready for school?"

whip whip whip whip, jiggle jiggle jiggle jiggle.

I could stay there watching my Mom's big tits bounce and quake with her stirring all morning.

Mom breathed out a fast question, her large, amply displayed breasts lifted high as she continued to make them dance, "Did you manage alright with the wax strips?" my beautiful mother exhaled her question like she was jumping quickly into cold water or ripping a band aid off.

Just then, Cecilia came into the kitchen. She had on a pair of see-thru panties and an undersized cropped t-shirt that didn't even come down low enough to cover the bottom third of the pink wrinkled flesh of her aureolae. There was more teenage breast swelling out underneath than

covered above by the thin cotton. It looked like only the hard erect state of her nipples was keeping the tight abbreviated top from sliding all the way up under her arms. I'm sure I'd seen that outfit featured on a porn site somewhere.

Mom turned her attention to my sister. "You may be taking this nudity education thing a little too far Cecilia."

Cecilia stopped just inside the kitchen and looked Mom's half exposed body slowly up and down. She said in a sardonic tone, "You really think so?"

Mom said, "Well, you can have your fun, I guess, but keep it limited to home."

I needed to stop this bickering or Mom would call a stop to the whole thing. I guess that answers my question about making them rivals.

"Yeah Mom, I think the waxing went well enough." I said.

Mom asked, "What?" She seemed distracted.

"You just asked me how cleaning up with the wax strips went. I think I got it all, but you should check. I'll go finish if you find any hair I missed." and with that, I shucked my underwear down my legs and stood back up to let Mom look at my denuded groin. I was semi-hard and my cock stood out away from my body by nearly nine inches in a slight downward slant.

"Oh?!" Mom exclaimed, staring down at my swollen cock as it wobbled to a stop after popping out of my tight underwear. "Um... yeah, right."

She put the bowl of whipped eggs down on the counter and turned fully towards me, her eyes hardly straying from my naked cock.

I couldn't help but react. My organ swelled a little more and lifted just above horizontal.

Mom wiped her hands on a nearby dish towel, then grabbed both my hips firmly and squatted down before me.

Oh God! Mom was actually squatting down, less than half dressed, right in front of my naked erection. I went instantly to, full, pulsing, hard-on. Mom leaned in and looked closely at my bald pubic area.

She turned my hips from left to right. She had to rock back on her heels and pull her head out of the way to avoid slapping herself with my rigid cock, as she shifted from looking from the right to left side.

She avoided touching my groin, but she also leaned down and looked very closely at my ball sack and between my legs, behind my testicles. I felt her ragged hot breath bath my sensitive and tightly engorged genitals.

Mom stared for a moment directly at my erection. I'm sure it was pulsing at over 80 beats per minute. I swear, if she had touched me, I would have cum all over her face at that moment.

"It ... it looks ga... good, Bentley."

Sissy watched our mother inspect my groin, in stunned silence.

I could feel Moms hands quivering in nervousness as she tightly gripped my hips.

Finally, she stood up.

"O... OK you two, get the table ready, ... dinner... I mean, breakfast will be ready in a minute.

Mom let go of my hips and turned very purposefully back to her cooking. I stared at her perfect ass naked below her robe. Mom's short bathrobe had ridden up as she squatted down; the belt, catching on her ribs, held her robe halfway up her hips.

We all stood frozen for a moment. I needed to give myself a second to calm down. SHIIIiiit!!!

Hisss, went the sizzle of the eggs as she poured them into the hot pan on the stove.

Again, I was setting the table with my raging hard-on standing in the way of my every move.

"Yep, looking good, BIG brother." my scantily dressed sister said. "Of course, the real test is, how does it feel?" The little tease actually reached out and ran her finger tips over my pubic mound, her wrist brushing against my naked shaft and dragged over the purple head.

"AHH!!!" I couldn't help shouting. My hips snapped backwards with the intense stab of feeling from the unexpected contact.

Mom looked around, "CECILIA! What are you doing?"

"Nothing, Mom." Sissy had yanked her hand back and blushed deep crimson.

"I'm ok, Mom. I just bumped into the chair unexpectedly."

Mom looked down at my pulsing hard-on for a couple of seconds, then back at me and finally at Cecilia. Then she turned around again. "Breakfast is ready, take a seat."

I found the whole situation of sitting naked with two incredibly beatiful women almost as naked, eating breakfast like everything was a normal ordinary morning, more than a little disconcerting. My mouth was dry and each bite was hard to swallow. The tip of my cock was leaking more fluid each minute, as my boner throbbed above my now hairless lap. I felt every stir of air under the table.

Mom took her apron and robe off before sitting down. Her entire body was on display behind the gauzy negligee while we ate.

Sissy somehow managed to spill water over the white t-shirt while filling glasses for the table. The wet material of her t-shirt plastered to her large tits like a second skin and her nipples stayed erect through the whole meal, just like my cock.

I'm pretty sure there was a slight tilt to the kitchen table that wasn't usually there. Not much happened beyond that before we had to get dressed for real and get in the car to go to school. It was Cecilia's turn to ride in the front seat, so I didn't even get much of a show on the way to school.

I did get my naked bottom slapped by Mom to send me back to my room to get dressed. Mom slapped Cecilia on the ass too. It was kind of hard and my sister jerked up onto her toes in surprise. I watched her tits leap and wobble about, her cropped-top sprung free of her pointed nipples and rode up exposing her firm breasts as they bounced around. Cecilia didn't bother to pull her dried top back down.

My sister even managed to find an opportunity to bend over to pickup a discarded pair of panties

that were, for some reason, just laying at the top of the stairs while I was following her up on my way to my room. My half erect cock was pointing right at her bald pussy, as she bent over one step above me. The panties she had on, I could see, were crotchless. Sissy looked over her shoulder and winked, while still bent over. Her pussy was visibly covered with her lubricating juice. I went full hard-on again and could have easily skewered her with my nine and a half inches and just picked her up on the shaft of my now iron-bar erection and walked her, impaled on my cock, right into my bedroom. I refrained, I wanted Mom to be the one to put her on my cock.

Mom dressed in a brand new light Summer dress. It just skimmed the tops of her thighs, her legs were bare all the way down to the three inch heels she put on to go out in. The material was a very light floral peach color and buttoned all the way down the front. Mom left the top five buttons open. Much of her amazing breasts were uncovered. When we got in the car, Mom's dress rode up baring much of her hips and her hairless vagina was exposed because the seatbelt held her dress up and against her lower abdomen. I got a glance as I slid in to the back.

Cecilia was wearing a skirt that was several inches above the regulations at school and I could see she was pushing the requirements for underwear. The collar of her top was unbuttoned, showing the edge of a half-cup bra and her own skirt was tucked up under her seatbelt. She had a new pair of silvery gray micro thong panties on. They didn't do much more that cover the hood and button of her clit. This would be very excessive, in the past and get her sent home except, I've noticed that she and her friends have been leading a subtle rebellion against the dress code for the last month. Many of the other kids at school have been following their lead.

I suspect that, beyond my media exposure to these ideas among the core group, this trend is taking on a life of its own. The general culture among high school teenagers is to push these types of restrictions anyhow, so I don't even need to reach everyone with my campaign to get them moving in this direction. It will become its own feedback loop. I just hope it doesn't go beyond the point where pornograghic schoolgirl uniforms will be a step backwards in the eyes of the masses; at least as far as my challenge to myself and my school project are concerned. I would hate to draw the attention of some outside authority and get the school closed down.

The fact that only a small few of the worst offenders have even been spoken to, can be directly attributed to my efforts among the teaching staff and administration. They, the teachers and staff, just don't see this style of dress as that egregious any more.

One other thing that I haven't mentioned. There is a school board and a strong PTA group that helps make policy decisions. I talked my mother and a couple of her friends into joining the PTA. The reverend's wife is on the board and I also have directed a little of my ad programming onto the business and personal computers of the board chair. They are all becoming enculturated into the "free choice" and "open sexuality" in school concepts. The new "popular" styles of dress have been well covered by their various digital media through my ads and modified programming.

Not being an overly diverse group, I haven't had to expand my publications or create any specific content to reach them, just gain access to their various media systems. I had not been doing anything special or targeted to them as board members or appealing to special demographic groups outside of my core audience. They were all just getting the same images and ideas through the same channels as many of my targeted audience. The purpose was to add to the sense of popularity of these trends and to avoid strong conflict. In some ways, a little resistance from a "rival" faction can help bolster the resolve of those trying to push the new ideas through. It's Mrs. Zaftig who will lead the push. She just didn't know it yet. There was, according to my market research, at least one member who will likely help establish this rival force.

If Mrs. Zaftig is faced with a little initial resistance from the right direction, her natural response

will be to harden her resolve and charge forward with more determination. I'm looking at one of the board members in particular to provide that initial ultra-conservative resistance for Mrs. Zaftig to rally herself against.

I need to be able to soften the resistance enough that her inertia carries her through to champion the sexual freedom and the no dress code initiative such that she is fighting harder for her students to have the right to wear revealing uniforms and publicly express their sexuality and for her teachers who want to teach in the nude.

I leaned forward between the seats to talk to Mom and my sister on the way to school. I made no secret of my interest in looking at Mom's bare crotch and she ignored my frequent stares into her naked lap or between the gaping lapels of her dress. In fact, she seemed almost to have let her right breast peek out a little more on purpose as I watched.

I was suddenly gripped by an insane compulsion and I reached out between the seats and caught the front of Mom's dress and pulled the nearest half aside. Her right breast wobbled slightly as her dress parted and I exposed her breast completely. Mom's hands shook on the wheel and we weaved back and forth for a second on the road. Mom's giant tits swung back and forth, the other one jiggled free of her dress too.

"Bentley, what the HELL do you...?"

"Sorry Mom, I was just trying to see better. I haven't had a chance to really get a good look at a breast yet. I... I know, this was probably not the best time. Sorry, I just thought you were... you know, okay with..."

"Well, I am driving." Mom calmed down as she explained. She also left her breasts out. Awesome. I thought about reaching over and opening Cecilia's blouse, you know, as a comparison, but I realized both Mom and Cecilia would have a problem with that after my bold push with Mom. There's a fine and blurry line between being a thoughtless and ignorant teenager and an arrogant, self-entitled asshole. Soon, though.

Mom pulled into the circle and shrugged her dress back together and covered up her exposed breasts. Cecilia and I got out and I went around back to grab my package to deliver to the teacher's mailboxes.

Looking up, I noticed Mrs. Zaftig heading our way. her skirt was a few inches above mid thigh, the shortest I'd seen her in so far. She did have nice legs. Her four inch heels showed those long legs off very well too. I could see the jiggle of her huge breasts behind her open charcoal suit coat, her fantastic cleavage nicely displayed to her sternum; just the way a successful and powerful executive dresses these days.

"Mom, Mrs. Zaftig is heading over."

Mom quickly unsnapped her seatbelt and opened her door to climb out of the car. She brushed her micromini dress down; the front was still unbuttoned to about half way between her sternum and her navel. She clearly had nothing on underneath the light Summer dress. Mom's nipples were fully erect behind the thin material.

"Good morning." called Mrs. Zaftig, as she approached. Mom dropped her hands casually to her sides. I could tell Mom was thinking about buttoning more of her dress up, but couldn't do it without making it obvious she knew how much she'd been showing off of herself to her kids. Mom still thought of all this as private.

I was behind the car with the cardboard box of magazines in my hands, the posters rolled up on top. I watched Mom step into the sunlight and her dress haloed her naked silhouette as the slanted beams of morning light shown through it. Already swollen from the ride, I was twitching in my slacks.

"Good morning." replied Mom a little hesitantly.

Mrs. Zaftig scanned my mother's body up and down as she stepped up to talk to her. "I just wanted to let you know about the school board meeting Friday night. since you are on the PTA board and Bentley will be giving a presentation, as part of his senior project, I wanted to invite you to come."

"Thank you so much. Bentley has been telling me about his project. He's very excited by it, I think. I will try to be there. I believe our board chair is planning to attend." My mother answered.

Mrs. Zaftig scanned down my mother's dress again. Her expression was unreadable. Looking back up, she said, "I hope you can make it. Bentley's project has turned out to be much more interesting than I would have thought. It may lead to some real change for our school.

"You look nice, by the way. I love the dress. Where did you find it, if you don't mind my asking." Mrs. Zaftig switched subjects.

Mom had a light blush and was standing rather stiffly. She let out a breath and seemed to relax. I virtually watched Mom's moral window center on a new normal. The same, I suspected, was true for the Principle.

"Why thank you. I discovered a little boutique near the beach. It's called, 'Minnie's Skirts for Less'. They advertise on 'Morning Life for Health', the health and lifestyle show I work out to."

"Oh yes, I catch their weekend shows. I've seen the ads. I'll have to stop in sometime. Well, see you at the meeting then."

Mrs. Zaftig looked at me over Mom's shoulder, Sissy had made for homeroom as soon as she spotted the principle headed our way, "Good morning Bentley. Don't forget, we have our own meeting at nine."

"I won't, Mrs. Zaftig."

Mom got back in the car as Mrs. Zaftig walked back to her traffic duties. It occurred to me that the principle's presence might actually cause more traffic accidents than she could prevent, wearing that suit. Cecilia was gone to class and I had to check-in to Homeroom too, then I was free to distribute the school mail, spend some time in the Library/Media Center and refine my message a little more.

"Bye Mom. I love you."

"I love you too. Have a good day at school Sweet Heart." She replied.

I had a meeting with Mr. Shill at 11:45, just before lunch, then Ms. Dermis at one. They mostly just wanted to be sure I was doing something other than vandalism or having sex in an empty room somewhere. Neither of them really understood the connection between science and marketing other than some statistical Mathematics. That worked just fine for me. I also was meeting with the cheerleader and girl's basketball coach, Coach Clidduris, to show her my ideas for new uniform suppliers and marketing a line of sports merchandise with our school colors and logo on them. The day was, otherwise, like any other.

I had Ms. Dermis for Homeroom. My sister was already there, sitting huddled with her three best friends, probably talking about the latest episode of Surf Beach High. All three have been getting the same modified feeds I'm sending to my sister. Maybe I should do a little market research and talk to one of their brothers. I may not be the only one reaping the benefits of my media campaign.

Certainly my sister's mode of dress doesn't stand out too starkly. All of their outfits are doing a good job of reflecting the abbreviated style of school clothes in my version of Surf Beach High. If we didn't have a dress code, I'm sure they would start looking exactly like the TV show. Except for the lack of a tartan pattern and pleating, the SBH outfits tend to look very schoolgirl like already. My plan was to enculturate the viewer into this style, so the uniforms wouldn't really be a big departure from clothes the students would choose to wear anyhow.

Looking around the school, a lot more of the students, especially the female students, were pushing the dress code to its limits. Guys styles hadn't changed that much. Where could they go? I sure didn't want more boxer material showing.

It seemed hard enough to walk for some of them, let alone always needing one hand to hold your pants up all the time. How're you suppose to hold the money bag with one hand on your gun and the other on your pants? Ridiculous! I'm glad my generation has smarten up, a little. There are still a few sad holdouts. But, better that than the top of some guy's butt crack.

My images and characters of males were masculine and I had been "enhancing" the evidence of that masculinity. Bulges were more obvious and their details easier to see, their glands partially swollen with excitement, but so what if they open a few buttons and show some chest. It's the lack of underwear and their evidence of sexual excitement that was the subtle message. I had no idea if that's a message the guys here were picking up on. Frankly, I only cared that the faculty and staff were comfortable with visible male and female genitalia. If they couldn't be okay with evidence of incidental male arousal, they won't dress to encourage it. High school boys were going to be fine with naked teachers and pornograghic schoolgirl uniforms. I didn't need to sell them on anything.

I checked my computer just before leaving home, Ms. Dermis had been listening to my radio show about 'The Anxiety of Fitting In', in her car this morning. The program centered around the disparity that arises when students can't afford the same high end fashions as their classmates.

One teacher's creative solution was to strip all her students down to their underwear, including herself, when she was confronted with a group of girls bullying a poorer student for wearing last year's styles. When the girls' underwear started to get too expensive for the poorer students, the teacher took it to the next level. She gave all the female students a basic white thong to wear, they each had to provide their own basic bra. The teacher announced that she would lead by example and teach the remainder of the semester in the nude and that if her students persisted in using expensive clothing as a means of elitism and bullying, she'd be having their parents send them to school in the nude too. The guest teacher had no further issues with bullying. She added the point, "Next week the Bio teacher is starting a section on human anatomy and is planning on following my example to teach in the nude. My students all are getting a head start on that curriculum. They are learning to act like the adults we want them to be."

Ms. Dermis had been keeping up on the evening news, as well. Since the day before, she'd seen thirteen advertisements that featured strong professional women acting very comfortable with partial or complete nudity. Judging by her dress today, she was not feeling shy about her own body. Her Summer dress wasn't as revealing as Mom's was this morning, but it was definitely moving in that direction. No sign of underwear. I was interested to see her move in front of the large windows that cover one wall of her classroom. Her dress looked very thin.

Homeroom is not a great time. It's a useless formality that makes record keeping a little more organized, but even that is more perception than anything else. It's another waste of everyone's time. Attendance is called, it will be called again in the first period class. Maybe a couple of general information announcements are made, but then, we all get up and file out to start our first class in some other room. A good fifteen minutes is spent for each class just moving between them every day. Why waste the time? There's no actual schooling going on for that first three quarters of an hour, or the time picking up, moving and settling in to a whole new class with a different teacher. For six periods plus HR, that's 90 minutes plus home room of 45 minutes we waste every day. I'd rather get home two and a quarter hours earlier.

I had to get these magazines distributed so, after the bell rang I headed for the office to collect all the teachers' mail to post to their school mailboxes. That's one of the jobs I volunteered to do. I do not have much formal classroom time, so I was free to do more of this type of work. This is how I managed to make the magazine switch without anyone noticing.

I watch a couple of sophomore girls walking to class. They were really pushing the dress code. They both were in pleated miniskirts that fell no lower than mid-thigh. Their blouses were thin and showing a tiny bit of cleavage. They aren't that big up top, so it was not that risqué, but their lack of bra was obvious. I would be surprised if they made it through the day without being sent home. Maybe I'd run into them after sixth period and that would tell me something worth knowing about how far along the teaching faculty was.

Oh yeah, Ms. Dermis had walked in front of the windows and the rustling of notebooks, backpacks and low murmur of talk that usually fills the space just before the bell rings to end the period, all stopped. Ms. Dermis had walked to the back of the classroom to collect a textbook from the shelves there and, as soon as she moved between the window and the desks, her dress just became an aerie transparent shroud surrounding her top heavy,curvaceous body.

Her heels clicking on the tile floor was the only noise, as everyone in the room watched her full over-sized breasts bouncing in time to her tapping steps. The jiggle and sway of those soft, round, unhindered tits captured everyone's attention. I felt every jello-ey quiver of Ms. Dermis' fat bouncing mammaries, their pointed nipples leading her way as they repeatedly danced their small circular gyrations upon those fleshy mountains, stabbing me over and over right in the head of my cock.

The darker shadows of her aureolae were unmistakable and there was no adequate article of clothing to hide the soft curves of her trim figure all the way down to a very skimpy pair of French cut panties. We could even make out the peach coloring and the tiny bow attached to the elastic that dug lightly into the flesh at the top of her smooth pubic mound.

Ms. Dermis has an ass that is round and tight and smooth, not a fat dimple anywhere. Her panties were not quite thong panties, but we could see that most of the back disappeared between her full cheeks as she walked. Time to push the anti-underwear agenda another step.

The administration assistant, Miss Cunny was looking very nice. Her own blouse was quite sheer and she left no question that she was without a bra. If asked on a test, "What is the diameter of Miss Cunny's left aureola?" I'd get it right, "Two and a half inches when semi-erect."

"Good morning, Miss Cunny. Is the mail ready?"

"Hello Bentley, the box is right over there, as usual."

I tried not to let my slightly chubby penis stand out and kept the box I was carrying, slung low. No one bothered to ask about the box of magazines I was carrying anymore. They were the magazines

from earlier in the week, I just volunteered to get them out of the office and store them at home until I distributed them on Wednesdays. Nobody gave it a second thought and just appreciated not having to trip over them in the mean time.

I raced to distribute the mail, magazines, inter-office memos, FYI announcements and, mail fliers that advertised anything from engagement rings and perfume to cars, casino nights and tropical vacations. Lots of comfortably naked flesh in those ads. Some of them were even informative heath and social information fliers that strongly suggested that nudity and open community sexuality was shown to improve all factors in all areas of concern.

There was an ad for Whirlwind Appliances that featured a washer/drier combo that had a woman out late on a date, her tiny white dress stained from a glass of wine. She arrived home at two in the morning to strip naked, the micro-dress was all she was wearing, plus her heels. Into the wash went the dress and naked into an occupied bed went she; out at the club the next night with a different and younger guy, same pure white dress. "WHIRLWIND, the machine that can keep up with the big girls."

I was looking to stress the featured model's obvious unapologetic sexual lifestyle as the quintessential definition of adulthood and self-directed feminine control.

I hadn't heard a single complaint from my target audience about the offensive ads or the moral breakdown of education or even the disturbing direction family values were going. I was trying to be careful to move slowly and respond to the market sensitivity. I think I was doing a pretty good job.

As I was passing out the mail and thinking about the way Mrs. Zaftig and others had embraced the new fashion trends in both the corporate world and in education, I compared them in my mind to how far along my mother and sister were. My family had a longer exposure to the marketing ideas, but the school administration and faculty were responding well to my campaign.

My mind flashed on a product idea. I didn't know if this would work, but if it didn't offend anyone outright, it might really open up the moral window for everyone. I'd have to think about it more, but I was thinking along the lines of those vibra-massagers they market to women. My idea was a product that the adult community could get behind, even endorse, for teenagers. The main concept here was to bring adolescent masterbation out into the open. These ads would recognize the universal practice of masterbation, encourage parents and educators alike to support healthy and safe masterbation over secretive, possibly dangerous, unsupervised experimentation. The goal was to develop the impression that these new ideas were already well established and being embraced by others.

My initial thoughts went something like, "Parents, tired of cleaning up after your teen? Worried about their health and emotional development? Buy your teenagers the Master-matic and get the free supplemental educational manual to go with it. Provide your children a healthy outlet for those hormones and teach your children how to do it the right way. Don't let your teenager suffer the way you had to growing up.

"Our clinically proven personal massage vibrator is the healthiest way for young adults to learn about their changing bodies and find release for the tensions of youth."

Ha, I was doing this. I thought this was just the type of product that would let people know that everyone was doing this and there's no shame in pulling back the covers, so to speak, on a normal biological, physiological and psychological function.

I'd introduce it with the next episode of 'Morning Life' on TV and as an insert in two of the

education magazines. I could build from there. Masterbation would be a good subject for the Christian radio spots too.

I spent some time in the Media Center working some of the new ideas, then my meeting with Mrs. Zaftig was next. I thought it was a good idea to start commenting on Mrs. Zaftig's appearance. She seemed to take well too my compliments the day before. I'd like to keep that up. Perhaps I'd eventually be able to make direct references to her body and even the more personal and sexual parts of her body. The ultimate goal would be to not just get her naked, but to be able to touch. I was getting hard just thinking about it.

I asked Miss Cunny to tell Mrs. Zaftig I was there. She called her boss on the intercom and Mrs. Zaftig's voice told her to send me in.

"Good morning Bentley."

"Good morning Mrs. Zaftig."

Mrs. Zaftig was standing in front of her desk, her jacket hanging on the hook by the door. I really appreciated the view. Her blouse was light and diaphanous, the shadows her large breasts cast beneath them on her lower ribs shown through the sheer material, allowing me to take in their full size and shape. The slightly darker circles of her aureolae, a little bit below center, were easily visible, leaving no doubt about her braless state. The plunging gap between the left and right breasts confirmed it. My body started to respond as I traced my eyes down her generous figure to where her skirt molded around her wide hips to end well above mid thigh. Another mini-skirt. Her well shaped thighs lacked hose. I assume her three miles of walking every day made always wearing pantihose difficult. I haven't seen her walking clothes lately, but Mrs. Zaftig always changed to walk to and from school.

"I understand from Mr. Shill, you are all set to launch the school cable channel. He was telling me a little about the programming, but I was hoping you could go over it with me in a little more detail." The light blush that spread over her cheeks and neck let me know she'd noticed, but she otherwise ignored my scan of her body and jumped right into the subject of our meeting.

"Sure. We are going to start with a couple of hours a day, just during the school day." I answered Mrs. Zaftig's question. "Jessica Flirty will host the opening show and is expected to open each day forward."

Mrs. Zaftig nodded with approval. Jess was a straight 'A' student and a very pretty senior. She was the star of the drama club and loved to be seen. As one of my sister's best friends, she has been exposed to all my programming for Surf Beach High and the accompanying advertisements as well as a couple of random episodes of other similar shows, music videos, Satdurday Live Improve, etc.

Jess had liked to show-off her charm and talent before. Now, she loved showing off her charms. She was wearing one of the shortest skirts in school today and I had the opportunity to notice how low her blouse was opened. Her status among the teachers certainly has allowed her to push the dress code with impunity, up until now. I had to remember to talk to her brother sometime and see if he says anything about her behavior lately. He's only a freshman, so I'm not sure Jess would even consider teasing him as worth her time.

I went on, trying not to stare at Mrs. Zaftig's well displayed breasts, her nipples poked out a little more than when I first opened the door. "Our format will be a twenty minute news style show followed by a special presentation to be produced by one subject class each day. Our first episode has been produced by Ms. Dermis' fourth period Physics class and it will be on Newton's Laws of Motion. They have a really cool mag-lev track to demonstrate near frictionless motion and the

different types of colli..."

"Yes, sounds very interesting, but keep on topic. I'll see the show, no need to get too detailed now." interrupted Mrs. Zaftig. My cock enjoyed the slight jiggle of the principal's large breasts as she gestured a cut motion with her hand.

"That program is slotted for ten minutes, followed by a reading or performance by the drama club that will fill the next ten minutes. They are planning to start the year with an original short about a robot boy who falls in love with his programmer. Jess is playing the part of the programmer, Lon Anntard will play the robot."

Mrs. Zaftig seemed more interested in the play.

"Well, that sounds interesting. As long as it stays appropriate; no foul language, no open nudity or sexual content, that sort of thing."

I laughed and let my eyes take in Mrs. Zaftig as she leaned back on the edge of her desk, feet crossed at the ankles. Her legs looked great, but her large breasts won the show. My body responded and I wasn't sure that it was a good idea to let her notice. She crossed her arms under her breasts, self-consciously. The distortion of those soft fleshy orbs only made it harder for me. The erect state of her nipples were quite obvious and the bare flesh between her gaping lapels lifted and bulged forward over her crossed forearms. There seemed to be a real danger of those lush boobs escaping her blouse.

"Of course, all the FCC regulations apply." I answered.

Actually, since it's cable access, all of that is perfectly legal.

"We are finishing up the hour with sports and event announcements, and any school related business, such as upcoming board meetings."

"Well, it certainly sounds like you've got your hands full, Bentley. Good luck."

"Yeah, I'm excited. But, the real news is that we have several local sponsors who are helping to pay for all this and I have written and produced several commercials for them. They are quick twenty to thirty second spots for The Mod60's GoGo Antiques, Pop-a-Cherry Soda Shop, Jill's Big Rack Fashion Shack and Auto-Euro-Tech-Car Services. We also have donations from the Rotors Club and the Hawks Lodge."

"You did all that?" Mrs. Zaftig asked with surprise. She uncrosses her arms, allowing her full breasts to drop and jiggle freely for a moment, and put her hands down to grip the edge of her desk on either side of her. She seemed to open herself up even further by uncrossing her ankles and standing with feet about shoulder width apart. Her hips arched subtly towards me as she leaned on the front edge of her desk.

Holy Fucking SHIT! The gap of her half unbuttoned blouse yawned wide and an amazing pair of, what seemed to my teenage brain to be, an incredibly perfect pair of tits quaked half into view. The soft full inner curves of those fleshy orbs peeked out between the sheer fabric of Mrs. Zaftig's translucent blouse. Another inch wider and her nipples would be getting direct sunlight coming in the windows on them.

I had to say something to recover from the jaw drop that exposed my saliva dripping tongue and to distract her from my instant erection. I mean, here was this gorgeous forty-something-year-old PRINCIPLE of MY FUCKING SCHOOL with a huge, perfect pair of tits, almost jiggling out into

the open, not three feet away from me, alone in her office and I am expected to act like this is normal and common for an executive woman in today's world. Ha Ha, yeah, right.

"Mrs. Zaftig, I think you're new outfit really shows the ideals of feminine power and confidence we are looking for in my uniform campaign. I hope you will consent to a few photo shoots. You're perfect for what we need. Really." I openly moved my eyes from head to toe and back along her body.

Mrs. Zaftig smiled and seemed to straighten up a little taller. I swear I could watch her nipples grow even more erect beneath her blouse, as I poured it on. There has been a strong message in my campaign of 'show it off and let them look' from the very beginning, and it seemed to be having the desired affect.

"Why, thank you, Bentley. I was a little concerned. The new styles in business wear seems to be... a little..." She was searching for the right words.

I tried to help, "Forward? I think the new 'Femine Power Movement' is intended to push women into an attitude of self-assurance. It celebrates the distinction of being a woman while asserting the strong sense of power that goes with it. At least, that's what I've gotten out of it and you are the poster child, so to speak, of self-assured female power.

"My project isn't really just about getting uniforms for the school and the academic improvement it will bring; it's about improving poor body image and self-confidence for developing young adults. Improvement in each of these areas is tied directly to improvement in each of the other areas.

"I don't want to seem presumptuous, but I think you are a lot better example for the students than a man could be in your place. The female students of this school need someone who is strong, but not afraid to show that they are a woman, too."

Mrs. Zaftig seemed very pleased with my comments. Her prodigious chest thrust forward and upward a little more as she straightened her already excellent posture. "If you really think the students will respond well, I'm willing to help, if I can. You'll have to give me a clear picture of what you have in mind. It is important to remain professional."

I said, "It is absolutely paramount, I agree. I really think this will work well."

I launched right in, allowing my eyes to boldly tour Mrs. Zaftig's body while I talked. She remained leaning on her desk, her hands gripping the edge on either side of her body, her heels even inched out a little wider. This presented her body in a very open position. I'm not sure if she knew what she was doing or if it was unconscious, but I secretly wrestled with an internal struggle to act mature when every fiber of my adolescent sex-starved self wanted to thrust out. This could be a real problem with kids that have less self-control. New undertones for Surf Beach High, I decided. I also need to prime the educators for the need to deal with a population of immature reactions to the new pedagogical philosophy. How would the best way to deal with a sex-starved teen under your care be, while still showing off your body?

"I was thinking of recruiting Mademoiselle Deriarret and a couple of students to help, as well. I have in mind to stage a number of classroom and other school related scenes. I think it's time the girls learned to compete on the same level with the boys and You and Mademoiselle Deriarret are a perfect duo to hold up as examples of what they could be."

Mrs. Zaftig practically giggled, "Thank you Bentley. I appreciate your saying that." She turned her shoulders slightly to the side and arched her back, causing the slightest sliver of darker pink aureola to edge into view. Her nipples looked ready to cut glass behind the gauzy blouse. I'm

pretty sure my cock could have drilled through concrete, at that point. I held it together with a Herculean effort of will.

"No, Mrs. Zaftig, I should thank you. I'm very excited by this. I'd like to get started right away. I already have some ideas that I want to work through."

"Ha ha, okay, I think my time is up anyhow, so you get going. I know you have a lot to do."

"Thank you, Mrs. Zaftig." I blurted out and I lunged forward and hugged her. Oh man, those tits felt good crushing against my chest. I was quick and pulled away immediately. I didn't want her to feel my hard-on poking her in the stomach. However, I did get a quick and tantalizing flash of the entirety of my principle's right nipple as I pulled away and her blouse blew outward, just for a second, when the air rushed in to fill the space I vacated.

So beautiful. I had to go to the restroom and close myself in a stall for the next five minutes.

I hung four copies of each poster; one by the office, one at the other end of the hall, one in the Media Center and one in the Cafeteria. I think I'd like another in the Gym. I can go to the Voc Center and print out another one. After seeing how well everyone is responding to my ad campaign, I think I can push up the timing by a week.

most of the female teachers and Ms. fellaicceo were also wearing the new, more revealing style. I caught a glimpse of Miss. Crotchet. Astounding. Her huge tits were nearly spilling out of a light Summer dress. She was somewhat conscious of her obesity and the dress fit her well and covered her from tits to knees, but there was no denying her enormous and freely swinging melon sized boobs.

The square cut neckline went low, straight across mid breast, leaving a deep canyon between an acre of fat breast flesh. As ugly and old and mean looking as Miss Crotchet was, I had to admit that those were a magnificent pair of amazingly large and surprisingly firm breasts. They were full and round, not flabby and flat.

For a woman who had to be almost sixty, her tits sat firm and high. The slight protrusions of her large nipples were just visible in the light material and they were high and pointing straight out in the middle of those mountainous globes. No bra was holding them up. They stood out freely bouncing around all on their own.

She had to be proud of those giant boobs, even if the rest of her body was not something she wanted to show off. I glanced away to look over the kids sitting at their desks and their eyes were definitely following along with the boob dance her huge tits were bouncing and jiggling out.

I had to catch up with Mademoiselle Deriarret sometime today. I caught a glimpse of her in the hall before classes started and her sheath dress was shorter than ever. She seemed like she was all legs. I didn't notice any tell tale indentations from underwear, thong or otherwise, so maybe?

I headed to the Media Center to do a little computer work. The librarian, Ms. Schluttie, greeted me and I was pleased to note how deep her blouse opened. She was well proportioned, with medium sized breasts. She had been going bra-free for over a week now. Her skirts have been creeping upward, as well. Sitting down, like she was, I couldn't tell where her skirt fell, but mid-thigh seemed to be her normal, lately.

Ms. Schluttie is slightly older, maybe late forties, but still in good shape and her breasts are not so large that they sag much with her age. Her nipples were just visible though the thin material of her white blouse. I know she walks regularly, because I've overheard her mention taking her walks at

the park. I think she and Mrs. Zaftig walk together sometimes. I hung three of my special advertisement posters along the exercise path around the park. They strongly support nudity as a common and normal mode of public dress.

One poster out there has a woman and a man facing off in a boxing ring. The man is strong and muscular, wearing gold shorts and boxing gloves. He's ready and waiting for that bell to ring. The woman is naked and leaning in her corner without a care in the world. She is drinking from a straw in a frozen drink that her trainer is holding for her. The ad is for a perfume. Since it's for a public location, all the lewd parts, nipples, pussy slit, are covered by something, the top rope, the lower boxing glove of her opponent, etcetera, but the woman is most certainly naked.

The ad slogan says, "YOU'VE ALREADY WON. SHOW THEM THAT A REAL CHAMPION NEED ONLY WEAR BIG-OH FRAGRANCE BY HUGO KOCH." At the bottom of the poster it says, "IF YOU WANT TO KNOCK THEM OUT, STOP HIDING YOURSELF, GO PUBLIC WITH HUGO KOCH."

I rebooted the library computer I use in the last cubicle in the back of the Media Center. It's actually the fastest and most powerful computer in the school, but I wrote a piece of governing software that limits it's Internet speed and performance so that my fellow students will always choose to use one of the other machines before this one. Ms. Schluttie got a few complaints and Ned the IT guy looked it over. It all checked out fine, it was just a naturally slower machine. Ned said they didn't have the budget to replace it. If someone needed a faster machine, use one of the others, they had plenty.

I wanted to tweak a few ideas and get started on the next phase right away. I'm going to produce a set of curriculum packages around sex education, anatomy and physiology, and cross-disciplinary social/emotional development. I will be changing the script for the public radio shows to talk about the positive emotional benefits of touching for school kids and how people, particularly adolescents, learn through tactile experience.

My curricula will be professionally packaged and sent to select teachers and administrators as a promotional trial by Student Teacher Resourse, Inc. Pro. The material will cite some of the latest research, trends and widely implemented international practices.

The idea of exposing young adults to nudity in the classroom will be shown to be more common than our teaching faculty may have previously thought. There will be testimonials and the surprisingly successful advertising practice of celebrity endorsement. My leotard wearing science teacher will be featured, along with highly credentialed research professors and more than one teacher of a naturist school; "As seen on t.v. and in industry magazines." And the ever favorite, from Surf Beach High, "I'm not a teacher, but I play one on TV."

The curriculum will outline the process of introducing the new concepts, obtaining parental permission and support, subject matter, the "Big Ideas" and the "Essential Questions". A rubric and section schedule, as well as a sample syllabus are provided.

These programs will boil down to this:

1. Introduction to emotional and social development through exposure to the natural and naked body; informing and educating the student community of the benefits to this approach.

2. Convincing teachers that the masses are embracing nudity as a healthier approach to development by encouraging herd thinking and mass movement. 'Everyone is in support of this, you will want to be, also.'

3. Easing the teacher into stripping for the class by dividing the curriculum up into progressive sections: a. Talk and lecture first, b. show pictures, c. teaching in partial nudity, exposure of breasts, then of genitalia, until d. the teacher is finally ready to strip completely in front of her class and teach in the nude.

The participating teacher would be encouraged to teach all of her lessons in the nude, even those unrelated to subjects around nudity. Encouraging a culture of student comfort and engagement with the natural naked human body is the goal.

This wasn't being launched in a vacuum, either. More media images of partial and fully nude people will be presented through media use among all teachers and staff. The messages about being proud of our bodies and feeling good showing them off will become stronger. This was to be coupled strongly with identity as women. Women embracing their power and an identity as strong, independent, liberated women. Celebrate, don't hide your femininity. Femininity is a strength to be developed and leveraged, not hidden away for a husband.

I started by emphasizing the liberated woman as working mother, who brings her own daughter up to be proud of her femininity. Magazine adds and poster ads will show strong business women, getting ready for work, showing their daughters how to dress. I was picturing a mostly naked mother shimmying into a micro-miniskirt, her blouse still hanging open, breasts fully displayed with no bra on, while her daughter watches. The girl is dressing up, in her mother's high heels and suit coat. The mother is smiling at her daughter as they stand together, holding hands while the daughter is admiring herself in the mirror. She is holding her mother's briefcase in her other hand. Both women in the picture are bare legged. Only the adults will ever be naked or pictured in sexual circumstances.

One ad, I have in mind, is for children's vitamins, "You want your children to grow up healthy, strong and secure. Give their bodies the same value you give their souls with A2Z children's vitamins. A2Z Adult vitamins, also availible. For your whole body's health. For a more youthful body; FOR THE BODY YOU WANT PEOPLE TO SEE, BECAUSE YOU WANT THEM TO SEE IT."

Another ad I was thinking of would feature an older adolescent boy getting picked up from football practice. The coach is a twenty-something woman in tight and thin nylon athletic shorts and a cropped nylon top. A coaches whistle hanging between her full braless breasts. Her outfit is slightly damp and her bald pubic mound is showing though the moist material. Her nipples are also on display and just a peak of the naked bottom of her firm breasts are exposed below the cropped top. She is slapping the boy on his ass as he turns to climb into the minivan his dad is driving to pick him up in.

"It's a new World! Help your kids tackle it with new equipment from Pro Sports Den. Show everyone how badly you want it, GO PRO."

I will work on expanding these ideas to the television streaming media and the radio media. I also want to update my presentation for the Board. I can't jump too much ahead there, because I don't have a good idea of how far along all the members of the board are. I know most of them, but there are a couple of weaker connections that I want to be careful of.

After getting a few immediate ideas down about encouraging my target audience to start going panty-free, I went to catch up with Mademoiselle Deriarret. She had third period free.

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"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Deriarret. J'ai cherché à te parler." I found her in the teacher's lounge.

Her trim shapely body was very well displayed in her small sheath dress. It was white with a wide black stripe following her hourglass curves down either side. The bodice had an oval cut out of the center exposing her sternum and the inside curves of her firm medium-sized breast. The fabric was a knit jersey and almost every bump and wrinkle surrounding her partially erect nipples could be traced over the stretched material. Scandalous.

There were three other teachers in the lounge. Two were male, and the third was a woman in her early forties who taught Home Economics. She was wearing a cute sleeveless white and red polkadot dress with a short flaired skirt. She obviously chose it to work with her shoulder length red hair.

She was leaning over the copy machine in the corner and the back of her skirt came up nearly to the tops of her shapely thighs. Her red three inch heels were the perfect accent for both her dress and her legs. The two male teachers were enjoying the view.

On the radio in the background was a news program about the economic boost some towns in France were expriencing by opening up their public spaces to natural health activities like maintaining public gardens, providing walking and jogging trails and peaceful space to relax. These spaces are deregulated and public nudity is playing a significant role in the perception of the health benefits to the communities, according to the report.

"Bonjour Bentley. En quoi puis-je vous aider?"

I switched to English because I didn't want to be rude to the three other teachers, and to let them know that I was working on getting rid of the school dress code. Once they get use to the idea of no dress code, I'll move them to uniforms that fit my design a little easier.

"Remember my telling to you about my campaign to abolish the school's dress code?"

'Ahh, oui." Mademoiselle Deriarret answered, and because she too didn't want to be rude, continued in English. "This is part of your senior project, no?"

"Yes. However, getting rid of the dress code is not the long term goal. The goal is to adopt a school uniform. The dress code issue is a concession to students to help gain their support and to provide the maximum flexibility for choices in picking out our uniform style. I am also looking into marketing school merchandise such as t-shirts, shorts, skirts, and various items with our mascot printed on them and we can't sell things that our current dress code forbids."

I noticed the Home Ec teacher turn around and listen. She wore a very nice dress that I thoroughly approved of. The front gaped open to display her smallish breasts. They swelled out enough to show her femine nature and her nipples peaked just behind the light material. The fabric was thin enough that the darker shade of her small tight nipples and aureolae were easily perceived. The compact size of her breasts meant no middle age sag was evident as they sat high upon her half exposed chest.

I continued to explain my idea to Mademoiselle Deriarret, "I want to create a series of posters to explain and educate people in the important roll the way we dress plays in improving our self-image and to help promote the benefits of a school uniform. I have been talking to Mrs. Zaftig about it and she has agree to pose for a few pictures. I was thinking, of how you dress with such sophistication, that you would be perfect to help.

"So, would you help and model for my project posters? If it works out well enough, I think even an ad in Pedagog Weekly would be cool."

"Ah, an intriguing idea. If Mrs. Zaftig is willing to be a part of your project, I would be happy to help."

"That is great. We can start tomorrow, if you like. I think Mrs. Zaftig's office, to start. Third period, Lunch or Recess? Which is better for you?"

"Recess, pour moi, mais pas pour madame Zaftig, je pense." Mademoiselle Deriarret answered in French without thinking.

"I'll check, Mrs. Zaftig could probably get someone else to stand in at Recess." I answered. "I'm sure we can work something out."

The Home Ec teacher finished her copies and sat at a table to sort her handouts. I had a view under the table and could see up between her thighs, all the way to her white panties. The sight was causing my penis to thicken in my slacks.

The gusset of her panties was narrow and disappeared in a tapering 'V' between the swell of her ass cheeks as they flattened against the chair. The smooth skin of her labia majora swelled out along the sides. No pubic hair and the divit of her clitoris hood formed a crease in the thin material. Then she crossed her legs and the show was over.

I never took Home Economics, but I'm thinking I have missed out. Both Mademoiselle Deriarret's and the Home Ec teacher's breasts jiggle freely as they moved around. 'Mrs. Cumming', I remembered her name. I'll have to do more with her, all those girls in her class to influence.

"I will help, if I can. But, you may have to do some after school work. I would be willing to stay late a couple of days a week. I know Mrs. Zaftig usually stays an hour or so after school lets out." offered my French teacher. She swiveled in her chair to face me and her thong panties were so small and light weight that they could have just been painted in water color over the smooth swell of her labia. I could see the slight wrinkles of her inner pussy lips as the gauzy material disappeared in a crease between them. Then, she brought her legs together.

I answered eagerly, tearing my eyes upward to look at her, "That would work great. Thank you." That was hard to do, I almost couldn't manage.

She had stood up, presumably to get another cup of tea that she'd finished, so I stepped in and gave her a hug. And since she is French, I kissed her on each cheek. She kissed my checks in return. I forgot about my swollen cock and pressed it right into her stomach. She made no move to hold me away nor chastise me. I didn't give her time and moved to the door.

"I'll talk to Mrs. Zaftig. I'm sure it will work. je te verrai demain."

"Bonjour Bentley."

Things were going great, and they're only getting better. Like the song says, "my future's so bright, I aught to wear shades."

Coach Clidduris was next on my list. I stopped at my locker and grabbed my catalogs.

Coach Clidduris has been getting a good dose of my advertisements and custom journalism. I helped install her home router and setup her new computer. She watches streaming TV and I also have been replacing her Cheerleader Gazette, Ladie's Basketball Monthly and Scholastic Sports Today, with my own versions.

I keep it simple and usually just stick to changing uniform and clothing to a more revealing version.

I insert and replace ads too, but I haven't modified the content much.

I did do an article recently that I couldn't help myself with. It was about a girl's high school basketball team that decided to raise money by putting on an exhibition game in lingerie. According to the article, it raised a record amount of money and the coach who lead the project, was recruited to a college level team. Everyone was happy except, I added an extremists religious group who protested the moral degradation.

I happen to know Coach Clidduris is atheist and anti-religion. "The enemy of our enemies is our friend."

I walked into the gym. The girl's basketball team was just leaving the court.

Coach Clidduris was shouting at them, "Collect the balls, put them in the equipment locker and get your little tushies to the showers, ladies."

The girl's were still wearing the old uniforms, I haven't given any new options yet. This was the day I would hand over the new uniform catalog with the custom graphics and merchandise.

I did notice a couple of the better built girls bouncing freely up top and their thin sports clothes were slightly damp from their workouts. I saw no sign of underwear. The shadow of teenage nipples and bald pubic mounds could just be made out through the adhering nylon cloth.

The girls on Surf Beach High never wore underwear anymore. Of course the small, key leaders of our own high school sports teams would follow suit. It only makes sense that the rest of the team should adopt the same trend.

The important part was that Coach Clidduris didn't call them out for their exhibitionism. I wasn't all that surprised to note that Coach Clidduris seemed to be at the vanguard of the new style. Her tanktop was cropped to her ribs with most of her tight flat stomach showing; her shorts were low waisted, high legged and tight and thin. While she wasn't as damp as the girls, the free bounce and swing of her full breasts and the obvious points of her nipples left no doubt that she was bra-free. Her thin nylon athletic shorts hugged her toned athletic body like a second skin. About a quarter of her full round ass cheeks peaked out below her shorts as they wedged into the crack between her tight muscular glutes. The gusset seam disappeared between lips of her clearly hairless pudenda. The legs of her shorts barely extended below her generous though gap. Every curve and detail could be made out between her legs. It was the style that everyone wore in all the magazines, now a days.

The dampness that seemed to be particularly heavy between her legs reminded me of another idea. I need to address the issue of embarrassment and conscience.

I think a couple of programs on how to enjoy your personal pleasures without the detrimental feelings of guilt needed to be emphasized more. I've already started with some ideas for Mom. The teachers need to be released from any sense of guilt or doubt about how much of their sexuality they feel free to express. They need to feel like they are in good company and have permission, in a sense, to be more bold in their displays of their sex and their sexuality.

I walked over to Coach Clidduris, who was standing in the opened door of the girl's locker room. I could make out the shadow of a nipple through the gold and blue striped top, our school colors. The door to the girl's locker room was blocked open and I saw three girls at their lockers, the empty showers at the back.

One girl glanced quickly away when I caught her eye. She conferred in a huddle with her locker

mates. Then grabbed a towel and a bottle of shampoo and headed out of view.

"Hi coach Clidduris. I have the new catalogs, they just came in today." I greeted her. she turned to look at me and I paused when I saw the two girls who's lockers were visible from the door begin to strip.

They were like watching twins almost, as they both peeled their t-shirts off over their heads. They had no bras on and I could just make out the jiggling side of each of their breasts as they faced each other. The girl on the left had modestly full high breasts while the girl on the right had small breasts with large pointed nipples. I could see her aureola was small and dark around the hard nub.

"Bentley, I was hoping those were in today. You said you also had a couple of new companies you found? Are those catalogs here yet?"

I was busy watching the girls behind Coach Clidduris. They both turned towards their lockers as they reached down and shucked their shorts off together. I got a great view of them bent at the waist, legs straight as they flexed down to their toes and stepped out of their shorts. I got a view of both of their bald pussies tilting out between their slim thighs. Their tight teenage assess framed the diamond shaped gap at the top of their legs.

Coach Clidduris looked back over her shoulder at what was catching my attention. She kicked the weight out from in front of the door and let the door swing shut. She made no comment about the incident, but her eyes did dart briefly down to my groin.

Since it was expected that a young teenager, like myself, would become excited by such sights, and believe me I did get excited, I made no effort to hide my growing erection inside my pants. I figured that, as long as Coach Clidduris didn't think her revealing outfit was the cause of my expanding cock, there was no harm in allowing her to know I was aroused by the sight of two naked teenage girls. After all, it was only natural that teenagers are easily aroused.

This also relieved me of the anxiety that Coach Clidduris might become embarrassed by her own choice to show more of her fantastic body. She must have been in her early thirties. She worked out and looked it. Her breasts were moderately full and very firm and high. I saw her stand in during cheerleader practice once, to demonstrate a routine, and she could do a back flip and round off with the best of them. She is also very flexible and easily brought one leg straight up and kissed her knee as she stood for the final move. I pulled wood when I saw that because I could see the white material of her underwear stretched tight over her crotch when her shorts gapped. That all seemed pretty tame, now.

I brought the three catalogs out to show her, bringing us both back to the subject at hand.

"Ah... yep, here they are. I've talked to each of them on the phone and they can all do what we need, but this one," I indicated the catalog with the most erotic outfits, "can print on anything from t-shirt to travel mugs and has free delivery. They are also slightly cheaper than the other two."

Actually, all the catalogs represent the same company. I would process the orders and place them with a company that specializes in custom erotic fetish wear. Schoolgirl and cheerleader uniforms are a standard for them. I'm interested to see which catalog attracts the most interest.

The first catalog represents the modern and updated standard school uniform catalog. It contains the most conservative uniforms, but they are all heavily adjusted. I simply took the original fashions and raised skirts to mid-thigh or higher. The tops now had deep 'V' necklines that plunged to just below the sternum or allowed for opened fronts, even a few were short cropped tops.

I included a small range of style choices, as per their old catalog that would now include an emphasis on sleaveless and backless blouses. It would be impossible to find a style that hid the straps of a standard sports bra. Skirts were availible in shorter lengths, pleated, flaired or slit up to the waist on both sides or the front of one leg.

Under garments included thongs, sheer and half-cup peekabo style strapless bras. hose was now very see-thru and sheer. pant uniforms would only be availible in men's styles and they would be tight, light weight and hip hugging.

This catalog was limited to athletic wear and band uniforms with lots of pictures of college and pro cheerleaders in action poses that display barely covered labial areas doing splits, kicks and cartwheels. The majorettes were in very sheer mesh body leotards that had high hips and G-string backs with breasts covered just above the nipple line. There were lots of bare ass cheeks and cleavage was deep and nipples were easily discerned.

I removed any old copies of the catalog from Coach Clidduris's office and replaced the old copy with one that looks much closer to the new one. I didn't want the differences to seem too stark. If she went to look back at the old styles, she'd find it looked exactly as she remembered the layout and items, but their style were more revealing than she may have remembered, only a little more modest than the new styles.

The next catalog was a uniform catalog that had very similar and revealing styles as the first, but it also featured professional uniforms beyond scholastic athletics. It includes student school uniforms with micro-skirts in pleated tartan. The white tops were semi-transparent to see-thru.

Other uniforms included scouting uniforms with skirts that show a little ass cheek below the hem, security guard and police uniforms, waitress and nursing uniforms. All of them equally revealing or more so. The covers all advertise and emphasize the new, up to date, modern styles.

The third catalog is not like the others. It advertised a broader selection beyond the Uniform industry. This is a large catalog with civilian dresses, accessories and lingerie. There is a big evening dress section, prom, wedding and special occasion dresses as well as lingerie that reveals far more than is hidden. There are micro-bikinis, mesh dresses and transparent thongs. I even put in a small section of erotic fetish wear.

All of it is intended to both desensitize the faculty and make the athletic and academic selections look conservative by comparison. I hadn't planned on making the catalogs so blatantly sexual, but everything seems to be moving forward very quickly.

Coach Clidduris took the three catalogs from me and lead me to her office. I followed, watching her amazing ass practically swallow the back of her tight athletic shorts. Half her ass checks grew bare as she walked. My penis felt full and heavy in my pants as I studied the round globes of her muscular glutes.

There were a couple of ideas swirling around in my head now. Looking around the school and really starting to notice the faculty and staff, I realize that we have a lot of good looking female teachers and administration.

I remember reading something on the public radio website when looking through old radio shows to modify and rebroadcast to my target audience. Back a couple of decades ago, there was this trend of middle age women, house wives, coworkers, club members getting together to have racy and even nude photos taken to put into a calendar to raise money. The trend spread over seas. Or did it start over seas? I think it would help tremendously to remind people of this. I need to rework the old broadcast, bring it up to date and produce a couple of TV news spots about it too. It would

put the idea of taking nude photos of oneself and publishing them in a calendar into the heads of the faculty.

If I'm going to get the opportunity to get Mrs. Zaftig and Mademoiselle Deriarret into a series of photo shoots, It would be helpful, as well as fun to sell them on the idea of the Babes of School nude calendars for a fundraiser. I can make that work.

"So, you think this catalog is the right one?" Coach Clidduris was thumbing through the third catalog.

I shrugged, "They just offered the cheapest deals and most options."

Coach Clidduris glanced up from where she now sat at her desk. I noticed her eyes pausing briefly at the bulge in my slacks. I couldn't help it, her cropped tank-top was barely decent and her nipples were still stiff and obvious. There were more revealing outfits in my catalogs, but not more revealing on the girls sports teams at school today. Like I said, the ad industry teaches the world what to think. Coach Clidduris is merely dressing as she now understands female coaches dress.

She nodded her understanding and went back to flipping through some of the pages until she got to the section on sports uniforms and the sub-section for basketball. The girls in the catalog were wearing very short booty shorts, tight, cropped tops and lots of mesh. The caption exclaimed, their 'new breathable fabrics have been successfully integrated in the most popular new styles.' I included a marketing photo of a well known women's team in the middle of a game, wearing some of the mesh uniform styles.

I recently aired a sports news show aimed at the coaches, but especially, Coach Clidduris. It was the second in a series that talked about the newest trends being embraced by high performance women athletes. There have been numerous ads, posters, computer popup windows and full 60 second tv commercials that supported the new movement. I inserted an article on the importance of 'Breathing Through the Skin' in Scolastic Sports Today magazine. It stressed how important it was, especially for developing adolescents, not to block the pores while exercising. The article highlighted the new sheer light weight fabrics and minimal coverage clothing.

Coach Clidduris had been exposed to a lot of material in support of athletes stripping down to practice their sports in as little clothing as possible. The news articles claimed it started with collegiate swimming. Female athletes were shaving or even having laser hair removal all over their bodies to help reduce drag. Bicycle racers started doing it and soon, track and field competitors were embracing the nude and hairless performance advantage.

After the trend spread to the Olympic level of competition, the ads claimed, other sports started exploring the practice. One news program even reported clinical studies that were suggesting benefits beyond a performance edge. The body, it is reported, is engineered to breath freely and to work with a natural level of sunlight while keeping core temperature low. This tied the practice into adolescent development and brought it into secondary school athletics.

One point made in a couple of sources, was the inhibiting factor of wearing under garments. the groin and underarms as well as key areas around the chest need free air to get to them. It's not the science or the logic of the practice that really directs people's behavior. It's the popular adoption of the practice. Coach Clidduris had clearly been paying attention to the ads and articles as well as the latest style trends in sports. She was embracing the culture as presented by my ad campaign. High school athletic departments across the world have been reported to be adopting these modes of thinking and dress.

I stood in front of Coach's desk waiting and put my hands together in front of me, to lessen the

obvious state I was in.
She flipped through other sections and found the erotic fetish wear. her eyebrows rose and she glanced up at me. Her eyes caught, ever so briefly, on my erection, swelling across my hip, my hands didn't cover everything. I had no underwear on, so the flair of my turgid helmet ridge was easy to make out.

I shrugged, "They seem to offer more than just athletic wear."

"So it seems." Her gaze went back to my hips before traveling up my body. "Are you still lifting weights, Bentley?"

"Yes Coach. I find it relaxes me and allows me time to think."

"It looks it. Have you considered going out for the football team?"

"No ma'am. I like my brains where they are."

She actually smiled at that. She didn't even realize she was now staring directly at my cock and I had moved my clasped hands behind my back. This forced my hips forward and I glanced surreptitiously down to note how boldly my entire length was standing out behind the thin material of my slacks. Without any pubic hair, it felt almost like I was completely exposed to her gaze.

I found myself thinking back to my sister's comments about how large I was. Mom had confirmed that my nine and a half inch erection was unusually big. I couldn't help but feel a little pride as Coach Clidduris stared.

Finally she blinked and a red tinge passed over her face. I started talking to help cover for her.

"There's a lot of merchandise we can get our school logo printed on and start selling to students, their families and alumni. I think we can raise pretty decent money as long as we keep the overhead low."

Coach Clidduris nodded her head. "Bringing money into the athletic department would be great." she mused. How are you planning to get the new line out for everyone to see? Are you designing a school Web store or something?"

"Yes, exactly." I answered. "I also have plans to develop a LookBook page and a Zekzy store. They will all be linked to our Website's online catalog. Plus, students can buy directly in the school commissary."

The Coach's eyes drifted back down to my crotch and I couldn't stop my hard-on from twitching. That brought her attention back and another blush. I acted like I hadn't noticed. "Yeah, I think, with the right marketing, we can earn enough money to pay for the new uniforms, and then some."

She ended the meeting, "I have to go check on the girls, but I'll look through what you gave me and let you know."

"Oh, by the way. I'm working on a series of educational posters and infomercials. Mrs. Zaftig and Mademoiselle Deriarret have agreed to pose for me. The goal is to promote feminine strength, improved adolescent feelings about body image and support a more secure self, particularly among the female student body. It's the foundation of my push for school uniforms. I was hoping you might agree to help.

"I think the girls respect you. Mrs. Zaftig and Mademoiselle Deriarret project power and body comfort. They obviously feel self-secure and they project it with the way they dress, the way they

carry themselves. That's what I hope to capture for my posters. You also radiate that sense of feminine power. As a coach and an athlete, you are the perfect model of body-security."

I made sure to use phrases and key words I knew she had been exposed to through my media campaign. Coach Clidduris, along with most of the other faculty and staff, have been hearing a lot about the movement in education to encourage young women to be proud of their femininity. The media has been strongly supportive of showing and leveraging femininity as a healthy and powerful expression of gender identity.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but the new styles are really stressing the concepts of woman power. There seems to be a real positive movement towards promoting and celebrating women and their feminine strengths. I think it's way overdue."

Coach Clidduris looked up from my groin again. I don't think she even realized she had been staring at my erection for half my speach. "I agree with you, Bentley. There does seem to be this positive movement around female empowerment. I would be happy to help. Just let me know what you are planning. I'll try to work it in."

She leaned forward to stand up, her eyes focused again on my crotch. I tilted my hips forward over her desk and her face passed within a foot of my cock straining against my slacks. It was just an instant but it sent my head spinning and I was going to need another bathroom trip. That, combined with the down blouse view she gave me, and it would just be a quick stop.

I left. I had work to do too.

Okay, I delivered the sports catalog much earlier than planned, but it felt right. I checked back with my computer in the Media Center and pulled up Jess Flirty's brother's class schedule. He had lunch next period and was coming from Social Studies, so I could bump into him in the hall and get in the lunch line with him. I didn't need to, but I wanted to see if I could find out anything about his sister's recent behavior. His name was Nicholas.

"Oh hey Nick."

"Ben, right?"

"Bentley, but it's OK, Ben works."

"Cool Dude. You got lunch this period? I don't think I've seen you here before, Dude."

I hate 'Dude', the way kids use it. They don't even know what it means. It's like some of the older girls use 'Bogus'. Not a clue.

"Nah, mostly I don't even do lunch. Just needed a break."

We both entered the Lunch Room together and the noise level doubled from the already crowded hallways. I spotted the two girls I'd seen this morning and they hadn't been sent home. That was very good to know.

"Hey Nick, check out the skirts those two girls are wearing. Awesome, yeah?"

"Ah Dude, they are hot. I love the new threads."

'Threads'? He's mixing his decades, I think, but then, it's not like I hang out with kids my on age much less younger.

"Pretty sweet, but nothing compared to how my sister dresses when we get home." I prompted. "But then, she's my sister, so it hardly counts."

"Fuck yeah it does, Dude. Your sister is twice as hot as those two together."

"Well... she's still my sister. Besides, Jess is just as hot. Does she dress down when she gets home too?" I asked.

"Yeah Dude, usually she heads right for the shower. It's her new thing."

We were up. I handed Nick a tray, it felt like a prison movie standing in this line.

"Ha ha ha. I walked in on my sister once when she was just getting out." I shared with Nick.

DUDE! Like, I've seen Jess naked, like nine times in the last few weeks. Dude, I'm serious. Like I walked in on her in the shower twice, Dude. Her towel fell off once when she was walking by my door and another time when I was in the kitchen and she came down to get something to drink.

"Like, I even saw her door opened and went to shut it and she was in there butt naked, talking on the phone, Dude. I'm serious Dude, she didn't even look up and notice me for like five minutes, Dude. It's like she is such a ditz lately. Dude! Then she blames me and I get yelled at." His expression was so exaggerated, I almost laughed at him.

"You get in trouble because your sister lets you see her naked?"

"Totally worth it Dude. Besides, Mom doesn't even seem to mind that much. She says it's past time we learned more about our bodies and something about schools not doing enough to teach sex education. Like, she said she should be taking her responsibilities more seriously, Dude."

"Really? My mom says the same thing. She seems to want me and my sister to have more exposure to nudity." I added.

"Yeah Dude, that. Mom even let's me see her half naked." Nick took the mystery meat option and the gob that looked a little like Mac 'n Cheese. "Dude, you're not eating?"

"Just a salad from the salad bar and some milk. I can't stomach what they do to meat here."

He shrugs, "Suit yourself, I like looking at the tits all the lunch ladies are showing off this year, so I get a hot lunch."

I hadn't really looked up until now. Whoa, there was some impressive cleavage on display. One server was wearing her bib apron and there wasn't much more covering her breasts. she had a tank top on underneath but the collar was deep and the sides were open. The soft bulge of tit-flesh swelled out on either side of her apron front. Her mammaries looked about a C-cup, though I was no expert. They stood out enough to mark her figure as clearly feminine and they jiggled and swayed with each portion of Mac 'n Cheese she scooped and plopped on a student's plate.

Looking down the row of all the female servers, they were anywhere from middle twenties to retirement age and all of them, I mean all of them, were showing off much of what they got. The oldest woman, maybe sixty-five, was showing a nice bit of full cleavage between the unbuttoned lapels of her regular food service uniform, but everyone else was wearing some style of outfit that reflected my public ad campaign to greater degrees.

I thought, 'Where are they seeing my posters and hearing my sound bytes or watching my TV?' Are these women affected this much by the teacher and faculty culture I have been building? Is a

social movement starting from a few targeted ads?

I didn't even notice the edge of the lunch lady's nipple peek out until she reached across the serving shelf to get my attention. "Hey, this is Ground Control to Major Tom, would you like some Mac 'n Cheese?"

"Ahh, yeah, OK." I answered automatically, another layer of my mind watching that nipple to see if it would make another appearance.

Nick elbowed me as soon as we turned away with our trays, "Dude, did you see that? I've seen three nip slips just this week, Dude, and one of them was a teacher. DuUuUude!!!"

"Got to love the new styles. I wouldn't go around making too much noise about it. They might think kids are too immature to let so much skin show around us. If you want it to continue, that is."

"Oh yeah I do. We all do, Dude. All my buddies are talking about it." Nick informed me.

"Well, be mature about it. Don't give them a reason to revert and I'm sure it will get even better."

I threw a salad together and sat down at a couple of empty spots with Nick. I reached for my milk to open and spied a group of girls the next table over. There was no one sitting on one whole side of the table, for some reason. They were chatting together, but they were also spending a lot of time looking up and checking out the rest of the dining room. The lunch room monitor walked near and the girl on the end leaned over and whispered to the rest of her friends.

That's when I noticed their bare legs underneath. They all shifted in their seats and I watched knees snap together and hands reach down to tug skirts over thighs as much as they could.

I smiled, because I had actually inserted a scene just like this in a recent episode of Surf Beach High. It wasn't as organized as the one playing out right in front of me, but the scene I inserted was of the typical scene of the main click of girls eating lunch together and talking about their various personal dramas. I recreated the scene from the show to move the camera back so they could be seen below the table as well as above. Every girl was wearing extremely short skirts and sat with their legs open and either a tiny see-thru thong or nothing on underneath. I even had a teacher walk by and the girls all snapped their legs together without missing a beat of their conversation. It was clear the SBH girls were flashing on purpose and daring each other to greater and greater levels of exhibitionism.

This was the result. I was somehow reaching more people with my little targeted custom version of Surf Beach High than I had thought. I would have to figure out how. In the mean time, the group across from me shooed away a couple of girls who were about to sit down on the opposite side of their table and opened their legs up again. The room monitor had moved on. Oh yeah!

They did not all have panties on either. The ones that did wore not much more than tiny wedges of thin cloth that disappeared between smooth hairless labial lips and ass cheeks. I wasn't the only one enjoying the show either. Most of the boys at my table had caught on, some on the other side even turned around to look. That could be an issue. I got bigger in my pants, facing directly the girl in the middle. I watched as she opened her legs and hooked them up over the thighs of the two girls on either side of her. Her bald and naked pussy was very exposed like that. Her vulva seemed to spread and her pink inner lips glinted with moisture. The button of her clitoris was showing under the hood of her denuded pubis. Her mini-skirt rode all the way up to her stomach. The hollow flesh at the top of her thighs framed the naked swell of her labia majora and brought my attention straight into her center.

I looked up to see what everyone else might be doing and I caught the girl's eye as she was doing the same thing. She hardly broke her conversation and winked at me with a smirking smile.

I was glad I'd just visited the bathroom a few minutes earlier.

"Hey Nick, I have to go meet with my advisor. See Ya 'round. I said to Jess's brother. "I don't get much chance to talk to kids my own age. Let me know how it goes with your sister and all. That's pretty cool, you're pretty lucky. Later."

"Later Dude."

I had Ms. Dermis to see next, then I had to work on my presentation for the Board. Considering some of what I see around me, I think I can safely step it up around a few points.

Chapter 5

Ad Window - Chapter 5
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

The end of the school week seemed to take forever to come. I've changed out my posters until the naked teachers in the classrooms were unmistakable, the background figures on the lawn were borderline indecent and the foreground schoolgirls were in pleated skirts above mid-thigh. The one twirling her skirt showed way past the top of her thigh, up her hip, the curve of her ass cheek just peeking out. If she'd had code legal underwear on, it would have just showed. Nothing but smooth skin. Their blouses were translucent and no bras, nipple shadows slightly visible with another buttons undone to show more cleavage. I'd heard a few happy comments from students, but no complaints from faculty.

Okay, time for a new series of ads. I'm adjusting my poster campaign, both the school posters and the public posters; I have wanted to expand it, put out more posters in more public places, I just haven't had the time. Now, I see it's having a greater reach than I thought. More people outside my targeted audience are being influenced by them. Just walking around the Mall gives me an idea of how styles are changing since I started peppering the local area with ads of my design. It seems some of the clothing stores have even taken to emphasizing the shorter skirts and translucent tops by dressing their window mannequins to look more like the images from my modified version of Surf Beach High and the models in my posters. I guess my fellow students are somehow influencing the local marketing. The stores that cater to professional women are also responding to what I've been promoting.

I was going to update the City Bus ad and put out a couple of others to hit more routes. I'd studied the Public T schedules and had them cross referenced with members of the School Board, all the faculty and many of the students. I need to be sure parents are on board with the latest and upcoming pedagogical trends and the anticipated uniform style.

Two of the busses have ads for a real estate Website. I think I can work with that by stressing a progressive school district practicing the latest teaching techniques. I was picturing an ad of a mini-skirted teacher standing in front of a class, 'SEX ED' written on the Whiteboard behind her. She will be showing a slide of the anatomy of a woman's breast with parts labeled and an inset of a mother nursing a baby. The real message is that she will be pointing to her own breast, mostly uncovered from her thin blouse, to use as a live visual aid. She'll be gripping her own full breast in one hand, bringing it half out into the view of her students. With the other hand, she will be pointing to her own nipple to give her students a live example to learn from.

The ad will read something like, "You want to raise your family in a community as modern as the home you're buying. Go to Zildo.com to learn which communities have the most progressive schools, the least crime and the lowest teen pregnancy statistics. Don't make a move without getting a complete education. Zildo penetrates deeper so you will feel our personal touch. Zildo goes all the way, so you can have the confidence to go all the way too."

I will pair that message with others about the importance of a "complete" education, and a complete education includes a progressive sex education program and personalized attention from teachers.

I also have an article planned for the teaching magazines. I'll do several versions to reinforce the

message across all of them. It will stress the "personal touch" and tactile learning. I'll write about the bond between teacher and student and how teachers who give more fully of themselves enjoy a stronger bond with their students. Students who feel those bonds and develop the deep personal and intimate relationships with their mentors do better in school, treat members of the opposite sex with respect, and are more likely to go on to college.

Among the examples of bond strengthening teaching techniques are dress and attitude that are both adult and comfortable yet also highly approachable, that students can identify with and admire. Other things to concentrate on are, using personal expriences as examples in lessons, getting involved in the lesson right along with the students, don't hold yourself apart, get more personal with students. Teachers should encourage their students to not be shy, experiment in a safe and nurturing environment, and teachers should not be aloof to the culture of young developing adults.

Touch is important. Touch teaches to a broader range of learning styles and to keep the education from becoming overly sanitized while strengthening the bond between student and teacher and it developes trust.

Students process information across a spectrum of learning styles and they are naturally curious; it is important to allow them the opportunity to delve into, explore and try things for themselves. The old lecture-based curriculum has proven to be highly inefficient for most and even counter productive for many.

I will hold up the teacher with the unique anatomy lesson as one example. "I encourage my students to not be shy, touch and feel the body part the lesson is about. It really helps bring the class together and reinforces the lesson for those students who are tactile learners. My best students are explorers. They are self-directed learners interested in probing deeply to discover things for themselves. I try not to stifle their natural curiosity and encourage them to push and even cross the boundries. That's partly why I've retired the leotard in favor of body paint. I can get more engaged with my students as they get more and more bold in their explorations and creativity.

"The classroom should be a safe place to explore, not a prison with only one path to learning only one thing. I am preparing young adults for the adult world and I try to see them as adults who need adult expriences. I really enjoy the feeling when my students look for openings to plunge deeper into my lessons and push into areas normally considered out of their reach. A teacher can't do that without opening herself up to them."

I will have a female coach who is using video recording as a tool to teach technique in gymnastics.

"...everyone has to take a turn spoting me as I go through the routine, just as they spot each other."

The teacher will be a compact busty woman with an amazing body that she squeezes into a sheer G-string leotard. Her breasts, barely covered in the front, will be spilling out the sides, nipples prominent and erect. I will include a picture of her demonstrating a forward hand spring with two young male students spotting her through the maneuver. Their hands firmly on her body. One boy will have a hand boldly on her naked ass cheek, the tips of his fingers pressed into the cleft where her thong back disappears. The other student will have his hand on her ribs, one or two fingers clearly pressed into the under curve of her generous breast, his thumb indenting deeply into the exposed and bare tit-flesh on the side. Her leotard will ride deeply into the cleft of her obviously bald vagina, nearly all of her exposed on either side. It's the new style and everyone will be wearing it.

A second picture will be of the coach and another male student spotting a female student doing a cartwheel. The male student, wearing only tight and brief gym shorts that covers like shrink-wrap the large bulge of his turgid cock between his legs, will be positioned In front of the upside-down

girl. He will be kneeling with his muscular legs braced wide, his male bulge just below the girl's mouth, level with her nose, while she'll be holding a hand stand before him. His hands support the female gym student by her ribs, the heels of his hands pressed into the sides of her barely contained breasts. The coach, will be standing behind the girl, supporting her by her widely split and bare thighs. The girl's groin will be completely open to the view of both spotters who are looking down directly at her pussy. The thong leotard will be nearly swallowed wholly by her hairless labial lips.

The coach will be quoted as saying, "They get the chance to not just see me go through a routine, but to feel the contours of my body as I assume a position for them. There have been a few embarrassing slips, but honestly, that's when real learning happens. You can't hold back or be shy. These kids need to be treated like adults and it needs to feel safe for them to slip up or make mistakes. I'm always thrilled when someone grabs me in the wrong spot or loses their grip and slides into places I didn't mean for their fingers to go. You don't know how many new positions and techniques we've all enjoyed discovering together. Even if all it does is get me off from my balance, we all come to learn something."

All innocent and normal, as any gym class is. It's the latest in teaching styles and everyone will be using it.

I headed to my final meeting with Ms. Dermis before my presentation to the School Board that evening. It was very informative and positive. I was just going over my presentation for the Board with her, but I learned very useful information about how my project was going.

Ms. Dermis was wearing a light weight sun dress. Her very large and extraordinarily full breasts were moving freely with a generous portion of cleavage well displayed by the low open bodice. Ms. Dermis couldn't wear a bra with a dress like that and she had to choose the outfit knowing that. Her soft round side-boob was nicely visible and the skirts came above mid-thigh. There was no indentations of panty lines, because this was the first time I'd noticed my sexy advisor coming to school with very tiny thong panties on. As she wasn't standing in front of the windows, when I entered her room, I couldn't see much detail behind the material of her dress, but the faint shadows of nipples, belly button, breasts and even the tiny cleft outlined in the thigh gap of her vulva could still be made out. I felt myself expand slightly at the sight.

"Hi Ms. Dermis, that's a pretty dress. It looks like one my mother just bought the other day."

"Well thank you, Bentley. I just bought it at this little boutique store downtown."

"Is it called Minni's Skirts for Less?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"That's where my mother shops too. She says they have the most up to date styles."

"Well yes, they do. It's not normally the type of store I'd go into, but they advertised on TV and I liked the dress. Their merchandise has been a little more... 'adult' than I usually would consider, but they have been updating their styles to be more mainstream, I think."

"Oh, I've been in a couple of times with Mom, I thought they had some nice modern looks. They are definitely getting more mainstream. Anyway, it looks good on you. The material looks comfortable, like your body can breath in it." I got her with a slogan she just heard on the radio about healthy clothes.

Ms. Dermis took a relaxing breath. I let my eyes follow her amazing chest.

"Yes, that's what attracted me to it. It is best not to cover the skin too much."

I felt like I'd pushed my limit. I was looking for an opening to feel her dress and touch her, but that will have to wait, I guess. I looked her up and down with considered concentration and nodded my head in agreement. I swear I could watch her nipples grow while I looked.

"Ah hem...well, you have your presentation with you?" Ms. Dermis had moved to the front of her desk while I moved to take the middle seat in the front row. "Yes, it's online. Let me just bring it up on your computer." I stood, trying not to let my half-erect penis frighten her out of her progress.

"By all means, Bentley. I'll just sit here, as if I was a student."

She took the desk I'd vacated. I navigated her computer to the Intelli-board application and routed the output to the classroom screen projector. I concentrated on not looking at the display she was putting on below the student's desktop. Those tiny desks hid nothing. Then I brought up my Press-I presentation file and started telling her about the information I put together regarding the benefits of school uniforms. My presentation included images of moderately sexy schoolgirl outfits that were not quite within the current dress-code standard. I put the most emphasis on how many other schools were making the transition to uniforms and how the trend was becoming more popular. I even had a graph to show a rising trend-line.

The earliest images in the presentation were of fairly modest uniform styles, but there was always a teacher or faculty member pictured with the student model who was definitely not wearing clothes that came close to satisfying the modest dress-code standard. They reflected the latest advertised trends of positive body images for women in authority and positions of power. All the professionals in the education magazines dressed like them. It was a well covered and wide spread fashion that everyone has been use to seeing, by this time.

I watched Ms. Dermis closely when an early image came up of a male and female student standing in the open door of a classroom, talking to their teacher. The female student was wearing a pleated skirt that stopped at an inch above mid-thigh with a white blouse that just allowed the skin tone underneath, to show through enough that the viewer could see her lack of a bra strap across her back. The teacher, on the other hand, was wearing a similar style skirt except it was well above mid-thigh, nearly to the very tops of her thighs, in fact. She was facing the two students and half her upper torso was visible between the boy and girl she was engaged in conversation with. The image showed her blouse, light yellow in color, was fairly translucent and the dark circle of one mature nipple capping her large breast was visible through the sheer material. The lapel was opened almost to her navel with a generous amount of exposed cleavage on display. The contrast succeeded in making a moderately sexy schoolgirl uniform look down right dowdy.

As the presentation progressed, I began to bring the student uniform features more in-line with the nearly obscene styles of the depicted adult authority figures. The final slide was of two girls walking onto a college campus, having graduated, and they still wore their schoolgirl uniforms. This final uniform was as revealing as the teacher's outfits with hemlines at the top of their thighs, blouses short of the low waistbands and material that allowed the viewer to be certain these girls didn't bother with underwear. One girl was walking almost sideways to the camera while the other twirled around to talk face-on to her companion. This brought her pleated skirt out and up to almost mid-hip on one side, lots of bare skin, no panties in sight. I was hard, by the time I'd closed the last slide of our own school faculty dressed in school uniforms.

I had talked my advisor's and the principle and vice-principle into dressing up in example school uniforms. It was an awesome photo session and it hadn't taken that much to get their cooperation. I got the budget approved for a sample wardrobe that included tartan skirts, button-up tops, kaki

slacks and tie and blazer. Mrs. Zaftig was a little reluctant when I presented her with the samples sent by the catalog company because the skirt was several inches shorter than the current dress code and the blouse was a little translucent, also not within dress code.

It wasn't that she felt exposed wearing the uniform, on the contrary, her own outfit was much more risqué, the skirt falling just past the tops of her thighs and her blouse was almost see-thru. She was reluctant simply because it didn't match the dress code.

I told her they were just samples to include in my presentation to give the Board a visualization of what a school uniform might look like. The final styles wouldn't be the same, as we haven't even made the decision to adopt them yet.

I wanted to start getting the faculty use to a more abbreviated student outfit and this was just the initial first step. I expect the final version to be practically obscene by the dress code standards. Once the dress code has been dropped, I will be more free to play with the final styles.

Ms. Dermis seemed to be fine with all of this. There were alternate slides that I could have chosen if I judged my audience to be responding too negatively to the racier styles. The fact that most of these images were supposedly taken from examples of other schools with their own dress codes and standards allowed for more leeway in the depiction of skirt heights and blouse styles.

"So, Ms. Dermis, as you can see, we are kind of behind the times in adopting a uniform for our school. Students on a college path do much better in schools with a uniform. We are being left behind by these schools that push more aggressively to pave the college path for their students. Beyond that, it instills greater school spirit, leads to less bullying and ultimately to higher endowments and a stronger more confident student body."

I struggled to keep my eyes up while I talked. Ms. Dermis sat with her knees primly together for most of the presentation, but they had drifted apart for the last couple of slides and I had a clear view between her well toned and smooth thighs all the way up to the juncture between them. The extremely light weight material of her thong was almost completely swallowed by her hairless labia. The hem of her skirt was too high to cover anything from the angle I was at.

"Very nice, Bentley. I think it will be well received at the board meeting. we just need to connect more with the students to get their support. That's what has me the most worried." my advisor told me. She brought her knees together again when she adjusted her seat.

"I'm working on that." I explained, deciding that I wouldn't hide the bulge I was feeling tighten even more inside my pants, "I've hung posters and will be featuring information ads on our new school streaming channel, all designed to appeal to students as mature adults. Never patronize your audience. They need to feel like a respected and valued customer instead a resource to exploit or be lead by a leash."

I turned so the cotton stretching across my aroused member couldn't be mistaken for excess material. I allowed my full masculine organ to stand out openly. I wanted Ms. Dermis to get use to the idea that it was okay for these gender markers to be present and become normal and acceptable to let show. The messages that I've been putting out to help relieve guilt and shame in the sexual feelings dressing to show-off your body brings, has been connected also with relieving feelings of embarrassment. I wanted to start acting upon that change, to reinforce the message that it was great to be looked at and okay to look too.

"I'm also working on an idea to help strengthen the trust and the bond between students and faculty." I continued, I'm producing a series of posters and maybe commercial spots, as you know, with the help of Mrs. Zaftig, Mademoiselle Deriarret, Miss Clidduris and yourself. I want to

update your image with the students and grow their already large amount of respect for the people that run this school."

My teacher's eyes glanced reflexively down at the obvious bulge in my pants. I kept talking, ignoring her gaze and allowed her as much time to look as she wanted. She looked up almost immediately and leaned forward to concentrate on what I was saying. This took her attention away from her posture and her knees began drifting open again.

I went on with my explanation, "Kids want to have adults lead them whom they can look up to, but they don't want adults who just preach the same old conservative refrain. How something is said, the package something is wrapped in, the clothes they are dressed in makes all the difference. We want to impress the students with your forward thinking and your willingness to challenge the status quo and to let them see you for your true self. We want to open you up to them and let them see all the way up under your façade, as it were. Not only must a teacher appear approachable, but they must be someone students want to approach. Then you can turn them on to get them to listen to the wisdom of your greater experience."

Ms. Dermis nodded, an approving smile on her face. She'd just heard and read this sentiment from several sources through the past week. Her knees drifted open even more as I talked. The soft smooth skin of her swelling outer labial lips became visible. My cock throbbed and I looked up to notice her gaze drift downward absently.

"Don't worry Bentley, there will always be the intellectual warriors to keep the traditionalists from stifling the world in their rigid dogma. A school uniform doesn't have to mean restricting creativity. It's about community, not control."

Ha! My programming coming right back at me.

I reiterated more ad slogans, "I understand. Uniforms help reduce class distinctions and allow for inclusive membership. That's why bullying is significantly reduced and school spirit is raised. The new Feminine Power trends help give girls the courage to be female when the pressure to compete with men is so high. A distinctly female uniform combined with the faculty modeling the power and confidence in their femininity will improve every aspect of the lives of adolescent girls." I practically quoted word for word from a recent radio show I knew Ms. Dermis had just listened to.

Ms. Dermis beamed, her eyes flicked up to mine but drifted back down again. She let her legs fall loosely open and paid no attention to keeping them closed while she told me, "Say that at your presentation on Friday. You'll do great.

"I really enjoy seeing you get so excited, Bentley. This project has been very revealing for me. I look forward to taking it further as the year progresses. Keep it up and I know you can go as far as you want in life." She said.

I thanked my incredibly hot advisor and tried not to trip over myself as I gathered my book bag to leave. Ms. Dermis stood and I impulsively gave her a hug. I allowed my erection to press lightly into her lower stomach too. I figured she already knew I had an erection, feeling it just made it that much more familiar to her. The final bell rang and the hall filled with kids rushing to go home.

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"I know what you're doing Bentley; it's not going to work."

Priscilla Tease, the other school genius. She's smart, not as smart as I am, although she thinks she's

much smarter. If there's any doubt, just ask her. She hadn't skipped two grades, like I had. She seemed to think that being two years older makes up for my beating her in chess back when we first started high school and were in the chess club together.

I admit that I may have had a small crush on her back then. She seemed so mature and pretty with her red hair and freckles across her nose. She wanted nothing to do with me, saying, she wasn't into "cradle robbing". She'd been a minor annoyance ever since.

"No? What is it you think I'm not going to get away with?" I asked, thinking, for a second, she was talking about my secret project, but then I realized there was no way she could know about that.

"There's a rumor the school is planning to adopt a school uniform. I know your the one who's trying to push for them as part of your senior project. Probably some immature schoolgirl uniform fetish, but it's never going to happen. Kids are going to resist. We can't be conned into dressing up as some antiquated idea of your immature adolescent fantasies."

Priscilla stood in the middle of the hall, a heavy volume of 'Leaves of Grass' hugged to her swollen chest, her backpack hanging over one shoulder. I looked her up and down. She wore red canvas shoes with 2 inch raised cork heels. Her pleated Black Watch tartan wool skirt hung to mid-thigh, the white blouse she wore had light green vertical pin stripes with a green collar and cuffs. Her long hair was braided into two pigtails with tiny bows tied in the ends that hung down to her elbows. If the blouse had been a little more transparent and and the skirt another three or four inches shorter, and she wore contacts instead of those big square pale green bug glasses that magnified her eyes by a factor of two, she would have been a dead ringer for Kelly, the lead star of 'Surf Beach High'. I couldn't tell if she was braless with the book held over her generous chest. I'd made it so Kelly always went braless by this point, all the SBH girls did and they always left their blouses unbuttoned at least halfway down. Kelly was, in fact, the most daring dresser of the four main stars.

Interesting, I hadn't really noticed before because I didn't watch the show until I started editing it, but Priscilla had always dressed like Kelly from back before I started changing the show. She wore the same skirts and button-up blouses and red canvas sneakers with her red hair braided in two long pigtails. Kelly's skirts had gone from just below the knee to almost to the tops of her thighs, by this time. Priscilla wasn't nearly as daring in dress as her apparent hero Kelly, but Priscilla was pushing the skirt height and light weight blouse material as much as my sister and her group.

Lately, I'd been modifying the style of the core four stars to look more schoolgirl-like, adding knee socks. It was one of my more emphasized changes that none of the four stars ever wore underwear. I wondered just how far Priscilla was taking her prompts from SBH.

I hadn't set Priscilla up to get my modified feed either, but she was obviously watching it somehow. I'd have to find out how she was getting it and to what extent she knew about my project. I know she and Ms. Dermis were close. Maybe my advisor talked about it, my project; I'm pretty sure Ms. Dermis didn't watch Surf Beach High.

"Actually Prissy," It always riled her when I shortened her name to 'Prissy'. "Your outfit already looks like the uniforms some of the catalogs are selling to schools. Since when did you start wearing pleated skirts?"

It's not a uniform, Bent-face, it's called style. You should try getting some sometime. Just because I'm smarter than you doesn't mean I have to hide my femininity behind some male idea of 'nerdom' like you. I'm proud to be a woman, so drool all you want. It doesn't affect me and I refuse to hide the fact that I am female just because some stupid boys can't keep it in their pants." she teased.

I took my time looking up and down her body. She actually stood still and let me. Priscilla had a pretty nice figure. Her legs were long and her hips smoothly curved up to a narrowed waist. She was very slightly on the thick side as she didn't get the exercise the girls on the Cheer Squad or sports teams got, but she wore it well, making her curves look more womanly. 'Voluptuous' and 'fleshy' were words that came to mind.

I suspect part of the reason she didn't go out for sports was her build. As a freshman, she'd loved basketball, she was tall, about as tall as I am, that made her about five-ten, six foot with her heels on. However, her baby fat had turned into breast fat the next year and she'd been growing up top ever since. She always walked with a book or two hugged to her obviously large chest.

I poked the hornet's nest, "I'll have to take your word for it, 'cause you can't tell with your giant nerdy poetry tomes to hide behind. Maybe in a nice schoolgirl uniform everyone will be able to guess your a girl because you'll be wearing the girl's uniform."

I shouldn't have pushed her like that. It would only increase her resolve to resist. I just couldn't help myself. She is annoying.

Priscilla stopped hugging her book and shook it at me angrily with one hand. It had the effect of revealing her front. Her right leg stepped closer and she arched her back, thrusting her prodigious chest out. The title of her book swung back and forth across my vision as she growled at me. "You're going to fail. Kids won't stand for it. Mrs. Zaftig is a progressive woman, she won't let you push her around and the school board can't be manipulated into stepping backwards into your chauvinistic ideas of how women should dress. You are going to have to give up on going to Cornell because your senior project is a dead end."

No bra. Little miss Prissy was free of any restraints of her very large teenage breasts. They were even bigger than my sisters; they rivaled my mom's tits for size and they stood out higher and swung and bounced and jiggle freely between her gapping lapels open to the bottom of her sternum. The smooth pale fleshy swell of cleavage was inspiring. I couldn't help it; my cock responded while I watched those rarely exposed juggs dance. I had to admit, Priscilla was sure built like a brick shit house. To say she was over-built would be under stating it, like saying the Queen Mary was a big boat.

Her nipples were awesome. They stood hard and high and bobbled around just behind the thin cotton of her white pinstriped blouse. The light pinkish halo of flesh that surrounded those stiff nubs was wide and faded gently into the freckled, sun-starved skin around them. I knew because the soft edge of those rosey disks peeked into the open between her wide lapels as she swung the book about in front of me. One more button undone and her nipples would be fully out for the school to enjoy. She may not have had the skinny hard bodied figure of a waif-like runway model, but her womanly proportions jiggled and bounced in all the right ways to send matching seismic tremors along the length of my cock.

"I'm sure you must be late for your Man Haters Women's Activist meeting. You shouldn't be wasting time telling me what I can't do. I know my plans to turn the girls of this school into sex objects is the most dire threat to women's freedom your club has to deal with. Tipping your hand to such a dangerous enemy as I am is probably not the best strategy." I flipped back at her while watching those huge tits struggle to throw her blouse open and leap into view.

"Dangerous? You? Ha! You wish." and she threw her red pigtails back over her shoulder with a practiced flip that sent those magical boobs on another shimmy jig, bouncing and bobbling just behind her light blouse before she spun on her red shod toes and sauntered away, the poetry book hugged back to her surprisingly large fat breasts. I stared, appreciating the round full jut of her

generous teenage posterior, loosely draped by her short pleated skirt. Her long curvaceous thighs flashed below the high springy hem. Her short two inch heels made her hips swing and the little skirt bounced nearly to the top of her legs threatening to reveal that lush young tush.

Back in the car on the drive home, I leaned forward between the seats to talk to Cecelia, well, to her breasts as she removed her bra again and left the front of her blouse open. She was in the front seat again and Mom didn't say a word about her daughter stripping topless in the front seat while her brother watched. Mom's own breasts bounced and swung half out of her gaping top as we navigated the streets on the way home. Her nipples flashed into the open several times.

"Hey Sis, I was talking to Jessica's brother at lunch the other day and there were a bunch of girls who seemed to think they were on the set of Surf Beach High. That sure seems to be a popular show. You watch that, don't you?"

Cecelia stopped trying to re-button the first button on her blouse, her firm teenage breasts quivering nakedly between her open lapels. She dropped her hands and her fingertips brushed down against the stiffening points of her growing nipples as if she didn't even notice. Those rubbery nubs flexed down and sprung back stiffer than before.

"Which version?"

Oh shit! "Wha... what do you mean? Which episode?" I asked with concern that my switch was discovered.

"No." my sister said sardonically, "There's the watered down broadcast version, where everything is PG, and there's the cable streaming version that has more adult themes. We get the streaming version. most of my friends do too, but a lot of kids have to borrow someone else's account to watch the good version."

"Really?" I could hardly believe what I was hearing. Kids knew the shows were different, but had concluded that the restrictions of broadcast media was to blame. There really were more people watching my streams than I thought. I'll have to check the feeds to see who was "borrowing" someone else's accounts. It's a good thing I have it streaming from the school's T1 line and not from my house. Only our house and the girl next door gets it from my computer.

"Yeah, I'm surprised you don't know they do that." she quipped smugly.

"Nope, I didn't know. So, how many kids at school do you think watch the "good" version?" I asked, letting my eyes shift from following the little bounces and gyrations of my sister's bare nipples to Mom's prodigious breasts.

"Oh, most of them by now."

I reached out between the seats and gently tugged the front of my Mom's top opened to expose her fantastic tits. She just lifted her elbow out of the way to let me uncover her full jiggling chest while she drove. I've made a lot of progress in just this last week alone.

"I see. Well that's good for them." I responded while studying Mom's naked breasts. I was thinking about the new direction I've begun pushing my campaign. Touching and masterbation are the borders of the moral window I've been pushing on.

I've also been putting together some professionally packaged lesson plans for the teaching staff that show the teachers how to integrate nudity into the curriculum. I was trying to plow the ground and sow the seeds before I reaped the grain in those fields. Touching and healthy masterbation are

ideas that were being integrated into the teaching lessons, as well.

It's my programming designed to help relieve any sense of guilt and embarrassment around the sexual pleasures a teacher or parent might feel when participating in the sexual education and development of their students and offspring, that really has had my attention. I'd noticed my mother seemed to actually be getting aroused by the exhibitionism that was the focus of my campaign ideals for teaching sex ed and comfort with our bodies, but she has been pulling back from going further. I sensed her feelings of quilt and embarrassment at the idea that she might exprience personal pleasure and a sexual turn-on from showing herself off. After that, I feared the same would be true for the staff and faculty at school, so I have been trying to build in a bigger piece that addressed that issue.

I had a program produced in the Christian radio slot that Mom listens to. It featured a female pastor who confessed to feelings of guilt whenever she laid with her husband and also when breast feeding her infant son. She went on to describe how she came to terms with the gifts God gave her and her family. She even confessed to how wonderful it has been to fully enjoy her orgasms when, in the past, she would feel so guilty that she would refuse to sleep with her husband for a week after having one.

The interviewer agreed and confided that he had been wracked with guilt just from the idea that he enjoyed looking at a woman in a tiny bikini. After realizing that God's will was that we should love each other as we would love him and that God gave him the ability to find pleasure in the beauty and presence of the opposite sex, He had been able to take God's word more places and do more good. He added that the personal rewards have been ten fold since realizing that he need not feel guilty in taking pleasure in these natural, God given feelings.

I produced a TV commercial for Sekzapedic Mattress that had a couple making love in their bed when their teenaged daughter burst in to ask if she could borrow the car. The father, rutting on top of his wife stopped with a big surprised look on his face. He stayed between the mother's legs, a blanket just covering their hips and lower back. He collected his thoughts a moment and asked, "Is this so you can go see that kid Biff?"

The daughter blushed and defended herself. "He's nice. At least WE aren't going to wear out either of our beds." She quipped with a defiant pout.

The mother craned her neck back and addressed her daughter from beneath her husband; he slowly began to move back and forth between her legs again, under the blankets.

"Don't you... try and use guilt and... oh!... shame to get your way, young... ahh...lady. We are good... um... good parents. Just because your ... fa... father and I take a few min... uh... utes to enjoy ourselves... ffff... uh... d... doesn't give you the right to act sooOO... righteous. That boy is ... yessss... trouble and your father and I ... Oh... fuh... uhhh... ah... your father... and... I... taking some time to... enjoy our woh... won... wonderful bed has nothing to do with... woa... oh... with anything to do with our par... rent...ing. W...w... We are try... Ey... ying to teach you good... values and keep you... keep you safe. YOU ARE the one who CAME... oh... yessss... ya... you are the one who came... Uh... came bursting in here. You... oh... c...can stay and learn something ... im... im... important ah... about life... O... Otherwise... this is fu... fo... for your father and me. I refu... fu... fuh... refuse to be em... barr... essed ah... about enjoying a little ple... ple... eh... sure for ourselves. Awwh... be...e... sides, ugh... there's a full... oOh... three year warranty... OH YES... three year warranty on this... mMmmm... mattress."

The daughter slammed out, yelling, "Ever since you got that new Sekzapedic Mattress, you don't care about me."

The parents pause again, no guilt or embarrassment on their faces, as they listened to the rant fade away before going back to making love.

"This mattress really is better than we deserve." claims the wife.

"Nothing is better than you deserve." the husband answers before heaving forward against her. Her head arches back and her mouth gapes open.

Cut to a mattress show room and the sales terms. 'Sekzapedic Mattresses are designed with uncompromising comfort and support with a full three year satisfaction warranty. You shouldn't have to apologize for enjoying the small pleasures in life. SEKZAPEDIC, unapologetically GREAT!'

I thought I might have gone too far with that, but my mother's only comment was, "I can't believe commercials are straying so far from the image of the perfect little family where everything is kept separate and everyone acts ignorant of real life. It just shows how common these things really are."

She was talking about the daughter walking in on her parents having sex, not the sex scene itself. There was a recent segment on the Christian radio about how to act when your children accidentally walk in on you having sex. It stressed the normalcy of sex and the importance of turning those accidents into teaching opportunities. If the healthy sexual and social development of their children was the parent's goal, they needed to appreciate that their children needed to feel included in all aspects of their parents lives. To make them feel excluded from their parent's sex life could have detrimental spiritual and emotional consequences that lead to greater feelings of embarrassment and shame around sex.

The anchor team on the morning show, who regularly made casual comments about their sex lives, had commented on how their kids had come into their bedrooms while they were having sex, as though it was just something that happens all the time in a normal family. One of the female anchors acted lucky to have had the opportunity to let her daughter see her orgasm. She admitted that it had even added an extra element of excitement that made her orgasm more intense. The other anchors acted jealous.

They even broached the subject of their kids catching them masterbating. suggesting it was 'No big deal. It's a normal bodily function and the whole anchor team does it all the time.' It did more harm to hide their masterbation or lock their family out than to educate them about the benefits and pleasures it could bring.

They proceeded to share stories about sons or daughters walking in on them to stand and watch while they brought themselves to climax, "... When I came down from my orgasm, I took the opportunity to explain how all the parts worked to stimulate the reproductive process. He was completely ignorant of the fact that women masturbated and I could see the guilt and anxiety lift from his whole body when I told him it was perfectly normal for both boys and girls to masterbate. Then I let him watch while I brought myself off again. It was wonderful sharing that intimate moment with my son. We are closer then ever after that."

Mom had already seen a couple of my commercials for the Master-matic teenage masterbation vibrator. She just sat very silent through those, taking in the information about safe masterbation and healthy sexual function and that parents should be helping their children learn to do it right. The 'Morning Life' show had already introduced the "developmental device" and it's concept to their audience a day before the first commercial aired. The segment included a promotional infomercial of a teenage boy being presented one by his parents and a closeup video of a teenager's hips with a hard denuded penis sliding into the device, the hand of an older woman with an engagement and wedding ring on her ring finger was gripping the base the erection, pulling back

the foreskin and feeding the turgid member into the Master-matic.

last evening, I'd watched Mom for her response. She just sat very still, eyes following the commercial not saying a word. I was hard as a rock sitting next to my mother, both of us naked on the couch, Cecilia laying sideways in the recliner, her legs open to my view, her hand practically spreading her outer labial lips for me and her middle finger pressing her raised clitoris. Whenever she knew I was looking and Mom wasn't, she'd push that inflamed pink little button around in a slow circle and more moisture would coat her neather lips. Mom had not even given Sissy a warning look when her daughter's hand moved to her pussy and "scratched an itch." I think Mom was paying more attention to the large teenaged erection standing straight up out of my lap than to anything her daughter was doing.

By the time we were watching the mattress commercial, most of my audience had seen the new masterbation product advertised. If I get an order for one, I'll just order the sex toy I modeled it after, a rubbery tube that vibrates and you can fit your penis in. It works for girls, as well, just not for actual penetration. There's one that looks like a pair of lips also, but it's too early to scream oral sex at everyone still. Vibrating dildos are next. Got to give the women equal time.

When we got home, Mom stripped completely once we were inside the house. Cecilia did as well. I followed suit and I tried not to look and make them self-conscious, but I'm sure both my mother and my sister watched my full on erection bouncing and waving around as I walked into the kitchen.

"Remember Bentley, the board meeting is in two hours, so dress nicely and make sure you have everything ready to go. I was thinking we could have dinner out, if you want."

"Cool Mom. I'll be ready."

I headed upstairs to gather my computer and get dressed. Cecilia was on the stairs, her legs parted enough for me to get a good view between them as I looked up. She twisted around to look back down at me. "Good going, maybe we can go to 'Pub 69' for dinner. I'm in the mood for one of their oversized barbecued 'Sausage-in-a-buns."

We reached the top of the stairs together and Sissy put her arm around me and hugged me. She said, "Even though I think uniforms are stupid, good luck with your presentation tonight." My sister pressed her whole unclothed body against me, pushing her naked tits into my chest and my hard-on bent into the bottom of her bare stomach for a moment before popping upward to get trapped between us. I could even feel the smooth swell of Cecilia's bald pubic mound against my aching testicles. I felt the slickness of pre-cum on my cockhead. I wanted to fuck my sister right there. Tremors danced my spine and tingled finally in the ends of my cock.

"Thanks Cecilia. I appreciate that." I responded to the hug and put my arms around her, bringing my hands down to rest on the top of her naked ass for a moment.

Cecilia broke the hug and her hand went down to her abdomen where she traced her fingers through the slippery clear lubricant I'd left behind. She had a mischievous half-smile on her face.

"You might want to get rid of this monster before you stand in front of all those people, though." and my evil sister reached out and grabbed me by my throbbing hard-on. The goo from her stomach coating her hand allowed it to slide along my shaft, to the root. Cecilia tightened her grip and yanked, pulling my hips forward. a large bead of pre-cum welled out of the tip when she squeezed the base of my cock hard. My sister's stroke levered my huge member downward until the head scrawled my clear slick dick ink across the smooth puffy mound of her hairless pubic mound.

"Ahhh!" I grunted and my erection spasmed in Cecilia's fist.

"Maybe Mom should buy you a Master-matic." she said, and stroked my cock against the top of her pussy to emphasize her saying "Mast...er... mat...ic". She giggled as she jerked my cock back and forth.
"Uhhh...uhh... uhh... uh..." was all I could get out in response. I couldn't have moved even if my head had been clear enough to think.

"Or...", she smiled up at me while drawing pictures with the leaking tip of my erection on her bald mons. "I could help you until you got the Mast...ter...mat...ic." and she yanked me back and forth with each syllable again.

My hands were resting on her bare hips and I suddenly gripped my naked sister hard and ejaculated.

"AHHHH... UH... UH... UH... FUUUUHHHH!"

My hips pumped against my sister's grip and my swollen cock slid up along her lower abdomen and burst with a jet of milky, viscous, looping ribbon of sperm across her belly button and up her ribs. Another discharge spat upward when my sister's hand pumped me again, painting the bottom of one naked tit with a long rope of my cum.

"AheY!" screamed my sister in surprise.

She tried pulling away, but I held her in place as I spasmed out another wave of cum up onto my naked sister's teenaged body.

"EEW GROSS!" the little tease yelled. She tried levering my spasming cock back away from her, but she pushed straight back, pulling my foreskin away from my jerking head as that sensitive gland slid down her stomach to aim right at her naked pussy. I fired another large gob of sperm.

"Ahhh!" I yelled again. I pinned her hips directly in front of me and blasted the outside of my sister's bald pussy with my semen. A last blast shot out of me just as Cecilia let go and my hard, jetting meat launched a final cum rocket up into the air like a mortar shell to land right on her left tit, just to the inside of her bare nipple.

"What is going on you two?" our mother was standing at the bottom of the stairs in nothing but a short apron, her hands on her hips, those massive, magnificent breasts jiggling to a stand still where she stopped to look up at her two naked children above her on the stairs.

Cecilia was a little freaked out. I don't know what she expected, but I was the one caught by surprise here.

"Bentley spewed his jiz all over me!" she screeched with indignation at Mom. She spread her arms out and stood with feet apart to show her naked body, covered in globs and streaks of my dripping oozing seed, to our mother.

I couldn't just let it look like I was to blame. "You grabbed my dick and yanked, I couldn't help it."

Mom fisted her hands and jammed them onto her waist. Her lips tightened and her eyes took in the sight of my cum-coated sister and then shifted to my deflating penis. My thick semen beaded on the tip of the cum covered head, and dripped slowly towards the top step of the upper landing.

Mom didn't say a word. She began her angry stomp up the stairs. I actually felt my cock tighten and lift again when my eyes followed the bouncing jiggle of her huge naked breasts hopping their

way closer and closer upon her bare chest. Another last drop of my cum squeezed out onto the floor with that aroused spasm.

Cecilia realized that it didn't look any better for her than it did for me and started to get defensive. "I... I don't know what happened, Mom. I was just wishing Bentley luck and gave him a hug..."

Mom reached us, my eyes were glued to her bouncing juggs. They quivered lushly with every heave of her ribs to catch her breath. Mom shifted her gaze from her daughter's naked, cum dripping, torso to my penis hanging hairless and glossy with semen between my naked thighs.

"I was just teasing. I didn't mean to do anything... he... he... just went off all over me."

Mom looked up at me, her eyes bore into me. I was scared as hell, standing there waiting. Everything had just fallen apart and was landing right on my head. All that work, all those Christian radio shows, and the segments I created on her daytime heath and well being show, and her morning life show, the acts on God Given Tallent, the News, the ads for everything from soaps and perfumes and medicines and cake mixes and clothes, fast food, feminine products, shampoos and traveling and school products and the Master-matic and more, all to get her to be comfortable with familial sex, played through my head as I thought. 'That's it... all that work blown with one premature ejaculation.'

Mom took a deep breath to explode at me, then she exhaled. Her full gorgeous breasts wiggled back and forth with their ragged drop. My cock twitched again at the sight.

"I suppose this is really my fault." Mom breathed out in a tone of resignation. "I took too long to teach you about your bodies.

"Cecilia, go clean up, and be careful, I know you're taking the pill, but you don't want to take chances and get any semen inside you."

Cecilia didn't hang around and nearly ran into the bathroom down the hall.

"Bentley," Mom said, "it's all right. I understand. The fault lies with me for putting social barriers up to healthy teenage masturbation. The truth is, it's embarrassing for me too. I feel guilt too. It's time I set all that aside. I can't raise my children to fear sex or be ashamed of it. Sex is a gift to be celebrated and enjoyed, not just a way to make babies and cause us guilt because it feels good too.

"I know it must be particularly hard for you. Your arousal is not as easy to hide as mine or your sisters. You're of that age and you need to be shown how to relieve the tension you have been feeling. I need to be a better mother to you and your sister. I want to be a better mother for both of you and not shy away from the responsibilities and the pleasures that helping you through your developing sexuality could bring."

Oh my God, Mom is spouting back all the marketing hype I've been sending out about healthy masterbation and adolescent sexual development and the importance of enjoying sex guilt-free. I realized, just then, that the timing was perfect. Here was direct evidence that those messages were shifting her window of acceptable behaviors and I could almost see it settling its center right onto the messages I'd been exposing her to. Masterbation and orgasms and the natural pleasures of sexual growth within the family without guilt has just become the median excepted normal.

I looked down at my flaccid cock. It was still full of blood, thick and long, but not hard. A bead of cum clung to the downward pointing tip. I reached down to grab it and pulled back before I did. "Wha... what are you saying, Mom?" I put on a show of innocence. "It's okay to masturbate?"

"Of course it is, Honey. You're of an age that almost demands it. I have failed to teach you that you don't need to be shy or feel guilty to pleasure yourself. We are SUPPOSE to find pleasure in these things. There's no reason to be embarrassed.

"From now on, I want you to feel safe and free to relieve yourself. I... I can show you how, if you need me to." Mom looked down at my hanging cock as she spoke this last offer, her right hand extended halfway towards it.

Oh my God! I could feel the blood filling my cock again, only seconds after a huge orgasm all over my naked sister. Mom's words were some of the sweetest, sexiest syllables I'd ever heard strung together. "I guess. I don't know. You know... I've mas... m... master... uh... bated before. I... um... I don't think I'm doing it wrong. How... how would I know?"

I tried an idea.

"Do you think Sa... Sissy knows how? Are... is it different for girls? She didn't even seem to know what happened."

Mom stared down at my partially recovering member as she considered my question. Her hand hung there poised to touch me. "I'll need to ask her. It's not that different for us girls. In some ways, it's even harder for us. Society puts a lot more pressure on women to feel guilt around sex. I'll need your understanding to help. Don't be angry with your sister. She's just exploring the world. It's imperative that she not be made to feel shame about that."

Mom looked up, finally pulling her hand back. "For now, you need to get dressed so we won't be late."

Mom grabbed my shoulders and turned me towards my room. My cock stood straight out by this time and the gooey head slapped against the bare skin of Mom's hip as I turned and the head dragged her light short apron aside. The tip of my hypersensitive gland left a wet streak of my semen across her lower abdomen. I jerked against her from the spike of feeling and grunted.

"Oh, I'm sorry baby. You must be very sensitive right now." Mom smiled and giggled. Then she slapped my naked ass and said, "Hurry up, we need to get moving."

I headed to my room and Mom called after Cecilia, headed, still naked except for her apron, to her daughter's room.

In the car, my computer on my lap, I was amazed to enjoy the sight of my Mother dressed to go out in public. Her skirt was very short, nearly to the tops of her thighs and her blouse was light and aerie and most definitely see-thru. She didn't wear a bra and when she buckled her seat belt, I could see she was without panties too. This had become her norm, but the see-thru top was new for public dress.

I had been masterbating every night in bed because Mom and Cecilia had both taken to going naked half the time at home and wearing barely-there see-thru negligees to bed. It was great. This was the first time Mom wore a see-thru top with no bra out in public. I worried about how that would go over with the school board. Now wasn't the time to push that far, that hard.

"Mom, your new outfit looks awesome, but did you know you can... um... see your... you know... your breasts right through it?"

"Yes Bentley. I hope you don't mind. I've realized I like having less clothes on. My body can breath, you and your sister are getting more comfortable with the female body and, truth be told, I

kind of like being looked at. It makes me feel good to know I look good." Mom confessed.

"I do like looking at you. You're beautiful and I'm glad you enjoy showing yourself off. You're amazing. I was just thinking about those conservative members of the school board; that's all." I explained. Wow, Mom really was letting go of her guilt and embarrassment.

Mom smiled and reassured me, "Don't worry Bentley, I brought a blazer to wear over the top. Besides, the last time I saw your principal, Mrs. Zaftig, she seemed to really like my new outfits. I felt more than a little relieved and vindicated by her compliments.

"I was glad to know that at lease someone who's running our schools isn't too hung up on an antiquated social tradition to let her femininity and strength show and to appreciated those qualities in others, as well."

I just enjoyed the show after that. Mom's big breasts are a vision of splendor. Despite the cum my sister forced out of me less than half an hour ago, I was in danger of becoming erect before getting to the meeting at the school.

Cecilia was wearing a skirt every bit as short as Mom's. It was a pleated flirt skirt that just covered her bald and pantiless pussy when she stood up. Her tank was cropped and fell just below the curve of her full breasts. The way those succulent orbs swung and shook made no secret of her braless state. The material was a light linen that let the shadows of her nipples show through.

I glanced into the back seat where she sat and grew instantly hard again. My sister had positioned herself on the hump in the middle of the back seat and sat with her legs spread wide open. When I turned to glance back at her, I saw her thighs open even wider. Her Brazilian waxed vagina was completely open to my view except her right hand was partially hiding it. That's because she was rubbing two fingers up and down, right between her glistening pink inner labia. I watched those rubbery pink lips part around my sister's slowly moving fingers as she worked her index and middle fingers up and down between them. When she saw me look around, she made a slow stroke between her pussy lips and brought her hand up to the top of her slit and pressed her wet fingertips right against her bright red clitoris.

Cecilia smiled slightly and rolled her eyes upward as she opened her mouth in a silent groan that virtually filled the interior of the car with the essence of her self-pleasure. Then she pushed her hand down and slipped both fingers into her womanly center. I watched, enraptured by her erotic show, as those two beautiful teenage fingers disappeared all the way inside her.

DaAMn!

Then she opened her eyes and stared straight at me as she repeated her masterbatory circuit again; up and down, up and down, up and down, between her pussy lips, slowly up to her clit, around in four circles over that bright red swollen nub, down between her pussy lips again and push to sink two fingers deep inside and three slow pumps in and out. Cecilia's eyes would half close while she pumped her fingers into her cunt, but she never stopped looking at me. Mom just drove us to the school.

"We're here. Cecilia, you want to come or just wait in the car?" Mom asked a she got out of the car.

"I'm fine here. I might come in a little bit." she said and winked at me. Her hand had stopped moving but she still had two fingers buried to the last knuckle inside herself.

Mom was too busy, getting her jacket out of the back and shrugging it on, to notice her daughter

fucking herself with her fingers.

FUUUCK MEEE!

This was all my doing. In the most recent episode of Surf Beach High, Chelsea had traded stories with Stephanie about their merciless teasing of their brothers. Stephanie was absolutely delighted with Chelsea's story of causing her brother to get a raging hard-on by walking into the kitchen where her parents were having lunch with her brother at the kitchen counter. She was at the sink in a wet, transparent bikini, her parents both sitting with their backs to her. She'd reached into an upper cupboard for a mug and caught the back of her string bikini top on the corner of the open microwave door, which she'd left open to heat up water. The knot came undone and her tiny top peeled silently off and hung unnoticed from the appliance door. She acted like she hadn't felt the wet top peel off while she went through the steps to make a cup of coffee. Her brother, sitting at the end of the counter was watching her while her parents were going over their calendar on their phones. Chelsea then caught the tiny bikini bottoms on a drawer knob. Her hips were yanked back when she stepped away from the counter and buckled her over at the waist, ripping her tiny bottoms off with a loud tear and a bang of utensils shaking in the drawer. Chelsea stumbled forward, bent over,and fell into her brother, grabbing ahold of his erection when it poked out of his loose swim trunks. She made sure to shuck it free of his nylon trunks and yanked back and forth on the hard organ several times while her parents leaped up and back from their stools. Chelsea finally pushed herself back up, her hand forgotten, curled around the shaft of her brother's erection, while she, completely naked, breathlessly apologized and explained the accident to her clueless parents.

Chelsea hadn't made her brother cum, like Cecilia had me, so Chelsea later spent a poolside session masterbating in front of her poor tortured sibling. Her parents sitting at the patio table ten feet away, were completely unaware of the evil abuse she was putting her frustrated but enthralled brother through.

Stephenie had gone and bragged to Beth and Kelly about their teasing of their brothers. Both the other girls thought Stephanie and Chelsea's exploits were fantastic and sounded fun. They all met the next day in the dugout of the school's baseball field to share their latest outlandish pranks to get and keep their brothers hard or, in Kelly's case, boldly make him cum. Each girl tried to out do the others for daring and dangerous sexual behavior around their family. Only their brothers were allowed to catch them, but they had to do something sexual where they could have been caught by their parents.

Kelly related the most daring story about falling asleep on the couch next to her older brother who was visiting from college. Her whole family was in the living room watching T.V.

I created the whole flashback scene with Kelly's brother sitting in the middle of the sofa, their mother in a thin negligee and robe, to her son's right. Kelly had on a sheer negligee that her breasts kept "accidentally" peeking out of. She had covered up with a short bathrobe but let the robe fall open just before joining her brother on the couch. She timed it during a captivating scene that her mother was watching intently. Her brother, however, noticed his scantily dressed sister since she did a quick turn directly in front of the college man.

Kelly, seated on the couch, then leaned onto he brother's shoulder and "fell asleep." Her mother was sitting on the other side of her visiting son and both women snuggled up against the lucky young man, while Kelly's father sat in his usual recliner, a gin and tonic in his hand.

Kelly faked a light snoring and shifted to drape her arm across her brother's midsection in a relaxed hug. She ended up resting her hand over her brother's pulsing cock as the head of his growing

erection pushed against the waistband of his pajama bottoms. She squeezed her brother through the light cotton material when she felt the hard shaft swell against her palm. This popped the head of her brother's cock out of his pants into view. Kelly then let go of her suffering but delighted brother to shift into a more "comfortable" position. She had shucked the front of his night clothes farther down and exposed several inches of shaft. Her mother could have looked down and seen it at any time.

Before Kelly's brother could pull his bottoms back over his exposed cockhead, she let out a louder snore and shifted her sleeping position. She curled up on her side, dropping her head into her brother's lap, using his lower stomach as a pillow. She yawned in her sleep and took the head and exposed inches of cock shaft fully into her mouth before her mother noticed the bared organ jutting out of her son's lap.

With Kelly's head laying in her brother's lap and his hard cock thrust up into her mouth, Kelly's mother only saw her two children innocently snuggled together. She commented, when she looked at her son and daughter together next to her on the couch.

"I am so glad to see the two of you getting along so well. It warms a mother's heart to know her son and daughter love each other so deeply." and Kelly's mother snuggled up tighter to her son's right arm, lifting it around her as she curled into his shoulder and rested her own right hand on the back of her "sleeping" daughter's head. She caressed Kelly's long red hair, released from her braids for the night. Kelly just sucked another inch of her brother into her mouth while her brother answered his mother.

"Ah... Yesss... I... I feel so... lucky to have a sister as loving as Kelly, Mom. I know we haven't always shown it; Kelly can be mouthy sometimes. Ouch! But... ummm... I actually love that about her. I think I will be more excited about coming... ahhh... coming...home from now on. Oh yeah... my sister is the best. I do love her, mouth and all."

Cut back to the four friends huddled in the dugout, Kelly told her audience, "I couldn't very well start bobbing my head up and down to really do a good job sucking my brother's cock with my mom's hand resting on the back of my head. I had to just stick to tickling and licking with my tongue and squeezing his shaft and balls. It took nearly the whole one hour T.V. show, but I finally got him to shoot off. I had to swallow the entire load while Mom ran her fingers through my hair. I thought we were going to get caught when my brother thrust his hips up and groaned out loud as he shot a huge load right into my throat. I struggled to hang on and not gag out loud while his jizz filled my throat. He told Mom he had a sore stomach from doing too many crunches at the last swim team practice."

Chelsea said, "Wow Kelly! You are my hero. Maybe I'll be able to try that sometime. I don't know if I dare, but... Wow, just... WOW!"

MadJane_7 got a text message shortly after that show to talk more about her blowing her brothers. Watching my sister finger fuck herself in the backseat while Mom drove me to my project presentation for the school board blew my mind. It didn't make any difference that I set the whole thing up and that I knew she had planned the backseat show with her online friend. I still was knocked flat by my sister's boldness and the sheer erotism that was Cecilia. I never realized how TOTALLY FUCKING HOT my sister was.

Mom and I walked to the AV room where I would meet the board and give my pitch on getting rid of the dress code and adopting uniforms for the school. Mrs. Zaftig was waiting outside the room along with Ms. Fellaicceo, Mr. Shill and Ms. Dermis.

I haven't described Ms. Fellaicceo yet. She's younger than Mrs. Zaftig by maybe eight years which

puts her in her mid-thirties, thirty-five, thirty-six. She has a nice figure with full womanly breasts, but not in the same league as the Principle or my mother or Ms. Dermis. I don't really know sizes. I know my mom is an E-cup with a bra measurement of 40 inches. It's printed on the tag in her bras, which have been all but retired in the last few of months. Ms. Dermis is probably about the same size as my mother. Mrs. Zaftig is bigger than either of them. Ms. Fellaicceo is probably a D-cup then. Is there such a thing as a double-C? She has black hair which she keeps up in a large bun pulled almost severely tight to the back of her head. Her Mediterranean tan reminded me of a professional tango dancer. Her makeup was a little on the heavy side. I'm not a fan of makeup, but she wears it well and her glossy bright red painted lips really stood out.

Her outfit, like Mrs. Zaftig's, was 'power suit feminine.' The entire length of her well shaped legs was on display in sheer, transparent stockings that disappeared beneath the high hem of her brief slimline skirt. The sides of her hunter green skirt were slit a few inches up showing no break in the material of her stocking covered legs. They must have been panty hose. They were very thin and no heavier band of material was visible and no pantiline indentations. The back of her tight skirt hugged the round curve of her large firm glutes. If her skirt were a couple of inches shorter, the bottom curves of Ms. Fellaicceo's full ass cheeks would be peeking out.

Her top was beige silk with a plunging neckline that droped below her sternum, her coordinated hunter green suit coat was left open to either side of her nicely endowed chest and the faint points of her nipples revealed them to be positioned high on her freely jiggling bosom. Those semi-hard nipples pointed slightly upward where Mrs. Zaftig's nipples pointed slightly downward with the weight of her less well displayed but more generous endowments.

Mrs. Zaftig was in black four inch heels that made her legs look amazing. She had on stockings that just showed their garter band peeking out below the very high hem of her own black skirt, while Ms. Fellaicceo wore red high heeled pumps to match her lipstick. Beneath Mrs. Zaftig's navy suit coat, what little of her deeply plunging white blouse could be seen, was almost as transparent as my mother's blouse.

Ms. Dermis was also in a very brief dress. She wore a seafoam green sheath dress with white accents that looked sheik and sexy molded to her slim busty body. Her bare legs were uncovered all the way to their tops. The thicker upper thighs gave way to her narrowing thigh gap before the hem of her tiny dress hid the answer to her wearing panties or not. Her very large breasts stood out full and firm, her nipples, slightly out turned and modestly erect, faintly showed through the stretched jersey material below the square bodice held up by two inch wide shoulder straps. Her arms were bare and it looked like, other than sky blue three inch heels, she had nothing else on. She seriously defined sexy and I watched my mother scan my advisor's outfit appreciatively.

Mr. Shill was wearing a light weight suit that was dove gray with bright blue pin stripes and an obvious chubby in his pants. Other than that, what is there to add about the male styles. I didn't really pay any attention. I didn't give a shit. I think he had on a red tie; or not, I really didn't notice.

We greeted each other and Mr. Shill asked, trying valiantly not to stare at all the amazing tit flesh that was bouncing, jiggling and knocking together around him, "You all set, Bentley? Ms. Dermis said your presentation was very impressive. I have confidence that you'll do great."

"Thanks Mr. Shill. I feel confident. Things are actually working out better then I expected."

We followed Mrs. Zaftig inside. She really does have a nice ass. There were eleven board members already sitting around a large folding table. Mom joined Mr. Shill and Ms. Dermis at a row of desks pushed up against the back wall while Mrs. Zaftig took a seat at the opposite end of the table from Mr. Crock, the head of the School Board and the school district superintendent. Ms.

Fellaicceo sat to Mrs. Zaftig's left.

I have been making sure Mr. Crock and his family were getting as much exposure to my special ad campaign as possible. He watches the news and gets and reads my version of School Administrator Gazette. I give him a special electronic version of it as well. There are ad windows that come up on his Boggle feed pertaining to the latest school fashions as well as pedagogical philosophies and styles. I have a few custom "professional" Web sites that I've linked some of the ad windows to and he has browsed through them all. I don't have the visual clues to tell how influenced he's been by all that. Like I said, what can you say about the male fashion trends?

Mr. Crock's teenage daughter watches my version of Surf Beach High and since she goes to our school and I know she dresses like an avid fan of the "good" version, I can only assume her father hasn't protested the style change the show promotes. His wife is also a teacher, but not at the high school. She has been getting my copies of Pedagog Weekly delivered to her home and I've noticed their home Internet feed logged into and streaming the same morning shows Mom has been watching on the weekends. I felt pretty confident Mr. Crock wasn't going to be a barrier. They have even streamed a few of my custom modified movies, including the one with the teenaged sister who had to apologize for embarrassing her brother after walking in on him masterbating. You know, the one where everyone in the family was naked and hugging each other at the end. I wasn't too worried about Mr. Crock objecting to my proposals.

No, the one I was looking to for that was Miss Neezlaucht, a middle-aged woman whom I'd met at church. She was skinny, almost gaunt. Her straight curve-less body was clad in black, as usual and buttoned up to a starched white ruffled collar. She had Nazi written all over her sunken sour looking face. Her Arian blonde hair was pulled masochistically tight into a bun glued to the back of her head. Her rigid posture was militaristic. She was there with Pastor Bacchanal and his wife. Virginia Bacchanal was looking very nice in a cleavage framing dress of a red and white floral print.

I scanned the rest of the board members, noting a few other female members who seem to have been successfully influenced by my ad campaign. The eleven board members already seated, were a mix of school administrators, the Principle of the Primary School, Miss. Knipp and Mr. Crock the Superintendent. There were business community members; Jackson Hoph owner of Pop-a-Cherry Soda Shop, and Jill Hoph, his sister and owner of Jill's Big Rack Fashion Shack, and Peter Wakker owned the Mod60's GoGo Antiques shop. Mrs. Goodleigh, the chair of the PTA sat next to Randy Daughe who was the president of the Hawk's Lodge with Angela Missionary representing the Rotors Club.

I admit, I was a little bit nervous. It helped that I'd had a chance to get to know most of them a little. When I solicited for donations to the school's new media channel, I had concentrated on the Board members. I have also done free work on their home networks over the last year. Miss Neezlaucht was the one member who wasn't interested in upgrading her Internet. She also told me that she donated to the church and had nothing left over for the school's "self-indulgent T.V. station".

I sat with Mom and my advisor's to wait for the Board to take care of the usual business. 'Bored' perfectly describes this group. They spent more time trying to show how smart they each were by picking apart the commas and the use of prepositions in their documents or whether they had been given enough advanced notice on an issue or that some memo had been put out too long ago for them to be expected to remember it. This report is too detailed, that report doesn't give enough information, or there should be better finger sandwiches from the cafeteria. I'm amazed these people get anything done or even come to the meetings.

Finally Mrs. Zaftig stood. Her suit coat was loosely opened and I'm sure every eye followed the sway and jiggle of her enormous breasts. One lapel parted for a moment and I could see her blouse was more than a little translucent. Her entire nipple was visible behind the gauzy white material. Our Principle's breasts were incredible. I'd gotten a chance to get an eyefull a couple of times during the last week. I was really starting to appreciate her mature, but well cared for figure.

straightening her coat lapels back over her protruding bust, she began to introduce me to our board. "I think most of you know Bentley here. He has been working very hard on his senior project which, I think, will lead to some lasting and positive change at the high school. One of the big pieces to his project is this presentation in support of instituting a new dress policy. He has worked hard at developing and implementing our new school T.V. channel and has been conducting an information campaign to help rally student support for the new uniform program."

I stepped up and hit the remote power button for the screen projector and introduced myself. I'd already logged my computer in and the first slide came up on screen at the head of the room.

It was a picture of Principle Zaftig, Ms. Fellaicceo, Ms. Dermis, Mademoiselle Deriarret and Coach Clidduris, and because it was in danger of looking a bit one sided, Mr. Shill standing next to Principal Zaftig who was front and center. I'd taken the photo during a photo session the day before. They were arranged in front of the main entrance to the school.

Mrs. Zaftig's professional outfit was spectacular, to say the least. Ms. Fellaicceo, on Mrs. Zaftig's right, was a near second. Their hip hugging skirts were several inches above mid-thigh. Ms. Fellaicceo wore a smooth navy slimline skirt belted in a skinny yellow/brown leather belt worn high on her narrow waist. Mrs. Zaftig wore charcoal with pinstripes in red. The skirt was quite a bit smaller than Ms. Fellaicceo's, but she wore it lower in her wide hips, so it fell only slightly higher on her legs than her vice-principle.

Mrs. Zaftig's and Ms. Fellaicceo's legs were bare of hose and the sides of Mrs. Zaftig's skirt were slit up another four inches, the bare skin on the sides of her legs to her hips were just visible from the front view. I don't know if Mrs. Zaftig had panties on, but they would need to have been small high legged panties to not show. Ms. Fellaicceo didn't have a slited skirt.

The Principal's blouse was a diaphanous cream colored halter top that hung off the peaks of her full, jutting breasts. The deeply plunging drape that made up the gauzy covering bridged the space between her mountainous peaks in a low slung curve that left her cleavage bare to the bottom of her sternum. Her jacket was held wide to either side of her giant tits because I had taken the picture after directing her to stand, legs braced apart, hands resting on the top of her hips, jacket hooked back behind her wrists, in sort of a Wonder Woman stance. This opened her legs to let the skin show to the top of her skirt slits and held her jacket open to expose her massive barely hidden tits. The shadows of her large nipples showed through, and she arched her back just enough to thrust those giant breasts forward.

Ms. Fellaicceo's sky blue blouse was a button up that only buttoned to just above her naval. The simple narrow shawl lapel gapped wide from there to the corners of her shoulders displaying a huge amount of braless cleavage. The shadows of her nicely shaped breasts were discernable through the light weight material, but not as clearly as her superior's. I'd suggested she take her suit jacket off, so she didn't have a jacket in the picture. Her pose was slightly turned with one leg forward and hands on hips, back erect, chin high, breasts arching towards the center of the picture and Mrs. Zaftig.

Mr. Shill stood slightly turned in to center on the opposite side of Mrs. Zaftig. His tan chinos pulled tight with a large bulge between his legs. His tucked-in mustard yellow shirt unbuttoned

behind the narrow, slightly loosened blue and gold tie.

Behind him stood Ms. Dermis in a light, lemon yellow and blue Summer dress with a square neckline that barely came above her nipples. The straps that held the dress up tied behind her neck like a bib front allowing the dress to drop low in the back, leaving bare side boob showing. The dress, with a modern abstract print, followed Ms. Dermis's curves to flair off her hips and float lightly around the middle of her thighs. Her shapely legs were also bare.

Behind my advisor was Mademoiselle Deriarret in a small tight figure hugging sleeveless shirt dress that tied at the waist where the v-neck plunged to below her sternum. It was thin and the pale purple silk hinted at the smooth sexy skin underneath. Her smaller breasts still had plenty of nice cleavage and her obvious nipples pushed the sheer material out. Nearly the entire length of her legs were bare below the very high hem.

On the opposite side of the group was Coach Clidduris in tight gold gym shorts That wore like a thin nylon bathing suit across her hips. They wedged into her pussy causing a camel toe and the blue piping curved high on her hips up to the waist band leaving the bare skin of her muscular thighs naked almost up to the top of her hips on the side cocked towards my camera. Her v-necked cropped tank was a matching gold and blue, and the cleavage exposed by the low neck was partially hidden by her coach's whistle. The bottom of her full breasts were covered, but just. Bare ribs and flat toned stomach were naked. Her shorts came up to about three inches short of her belly button, the waistband stretched around her, well below the flair of her hips. They were very small shorts.

This was a bold and calculated opening slide. It would establish the baseline in modesty for the rest of the show. If my audience wasn't well enculturated in the new fashion, they would be emotionally jarred, but initially exposed, then the next few slides would seem much more moderate before building back to the later set of slides where skirts were at the tops of thighs, necklines plunged, sometimes below navels and the edges of nipples could just be seen peeking out between open lapels and the sheer materials revealed the lack of under garments with full wax jobs. By that time, the memory of this first slide would have a different feeling in their minds.

There was a popular courtroom drama that several of the Board members watched. It had a female lead and it's cast was female heavy. The introductory video to the show ended with the main cast standing posed in front of the court house with the strong female star at center a man to her left and a female attorney on her right. Several other main cast members stood to either side of the man and woman in the center of the frame. I have been adjusting the costumes on this show to the point that their professional power suits were very revealing with generous cleavage and bare legs nearly to the tops of their thighs.

More than half the Board watched this show. Combined with the News they all watched, revealing business attire was very familiar to them. The important thing about this legal drama was the cast picture in the introduction had the same number of members as my photo. There was another guy, but I had arranged my school models in the same stance and as close to the same arrangement as possible to the familiar introduction to this show. In fact, even those who didn't watch the show were familiar with this image because it was also in the commercials that promoted it. The school behind my subjects reflected the court house in the background to the promotional photo. I expected the subconscious familiarity to tone down any negative reaction to the amount of flesh Mrs. Zaftig and her coworkers were showing by creating a mental familiarity with the sexy revealing dress, through this connection.

I watched my audience as I began to introduce myself and tell them about the goals for bringing uniforms into the school. If they responded too negatively at first, I had a more moderate slide

ready to switch to at the first inhale of an angry breath. Miss Neezlaucht didn't even seem to huff indignantly. I left the slide up for over a minute while I outlined the benefits they would learn about by adopting an academic uniform, and how I planned to achieve student support. I constructed my introduction very much like the opening statements an attorney would make on the show I was subtly referencing. I told them what they would see, what they would hear about, how I would support my assertions and show them my plan. It seemed to go well and I moved on to the rest of the presentation. Everyone was quiet and seemed receptive.

About a quarter of the way through, on a fairly modest slide calculated to avoid the suggestion of obscene dress, I started talking about abolishing the dress code as a bargaining trade with the students. I was just about to bring up the idea of perceived value when Miss Neezlaucht spoke up.

"Absolutely not!" She looked over at Mrs. Zaftig and glared. "How can you even entertain this idea. You know how kids are today. If you abolish the dress code, they will come to school dressed like street walkers or worse. It is your job to teach these kids appropriate behavior, not let children start running over the top of you and pushing their silly ideas onto everyone. If you allow them to wear anything they want it completely undermines the control society has over them.

"My goodness, this is not good leadership. I would expect a principal of a high school to have more sense than to let this boy think he can get rid of something like the school's dress code. I'm sure young Bentley here is a perfectly charming boy, but he's just that, a boy."

It happened a little later than expected, but just as I thought, Miss Neezlaucht's righteous tone and ad hominem attack on both me and Mrs. Zaftig put Mrs. Zaftig firmly on my side of the issue. I had gone over the concept of trading the dress code for uniforms several times with her and I had her convinced of its effectiveness, but she was unsure of the need to drop the dress code. Taking the step to actually support it was harder for her.

I glanced at my two advisors and my mother sitting in the back of the room. I saw three staunch and determined allies glaring at Miss Neezlaucht. I also saw a lot of incredible tit flesh and both Mom and Ms. Dermis were giving me a view up their very short skirts. Mom had no underwear on and everything was visible, Ms. Dermis wore the tiniest thong panties that practically disappeared between her cleanly waxed labial lips. I grew instantly hard standing at the head of the room.

Mrs. Zaftig came to our defense.

"Bentley is a very bright and very mature young man. He is trying to present a rational and well researched idea. If you can settle down and listen, I'm sure you will understand better what we are trying to do."

"Settle down? This is outrageous and I can't believe you are giving this the time of day. What on God's green Earth has gotten into you?" Then, Miss Neezlaucht turned to the rest of the board and swept her sour gaze around the table. "I hope you are not taking this child seriously."

Mrs. Bacchanal reached out and took the irate woman's hand. Mr. Crock looked down at his legal pad before looking back up at Miss Neezlaucht and answered, "Getting rid of the dress code is not on the table."

Mrs. Zaftig stood up. She was so hot looking. The hem of her tight skirt fell just above the table top. Her stocking tops fully visible as she stood. Her micro skirt had ridden up so that a sliver of naked thigh was exposed at the very tops of her shapely legs. Those giant tits wobbled behind her unbuttoned jacket. One lapel nearly fell all the way open and the edge of a barely hidden nipple was visible as she took a deep breath. "Bentley has a plan to gain student and parent support. He isn't trying to suggest students be allowed to come to school dressed as street walkers. He's trying

to give the students a sense of value for their choice to adopt a uniform. The students don't like the restrictions of a dress code, we want them to support a uniform for the school. They can feel free of the dress code, but they will be wearing the uniform.

"If you actually stopped to listen, Miss Neezlaucht, you would avoid the danger of looking like a Nazi when you insist upon holding onto control and we not let our students have a voice." Mrs. Zaftig calmly spoke. Her tone was even and sounded rational, but her words clearly raised Miss Neezlaucht's hackles.

Miss Neezlaucht spoke in clipped tones. "I will not stand by and let the moral values that define the decency of this institution be undermined. Young Bentley can certainly have his voice, but he will not have my support if he is looking to remove the rules that keep us from descending into debauchery and chaos." She sat down with a glare at Mrs. Zaftig.

Mr. Crock spoke, "Your position is noted, but I don't even think we are at the point of debating a possible vote, here. We, of course, are always going to uphold the highest standards of moral decency. For now, we are just listening to a senior student present his project and considering the issue of adopting a school uniform.

"Please continue, Bentley. You are doing a fine job. We are all interested in hearing what you have to say."

Before I could respond and resume my presentation, Mrs. Zaftig thanked Mr. Crock for me and sat back down. She did not bother straightening her jacket and one huge breast was almost fully uncovered, the aroused nipple clearly visible behind the gauzy material of her blouse. The deep bare tit-flesh of her cleavage was excessively displayed and all the men in the room watched her chest as it jiggled and finally settled to a gentle rise and fall upon her voluptuous chest.

I thanked them and went on with my presentation. I played heavily to the marketing tag lines, jingles and popularly presented ideas that they have all been seeing in the last couple of months. Nothing I showed them was new. I merely put a new interpretation on ideas they were already use to.

When I got near the end of my presentation, the outfits were much more abbreviated and the introductory photo of our own staff now seemed more normalized, even generic. Then I mentioned, as an example of progressive teaching philosophies, the growing practice of teachers going nude in their classes. I had a slide of the now famous teacher with the body paint anatomy lesson, her body covered only in paint. Her students at their desks surrounded her as she walked among the rows to give them a closer look. Everyone had heard of this practice and all of them knew of the pioneer teacher. It wasn't a new concept to them, but I was sure Miss Neezlaucht was dead set against the very idea.

"That will never happen in our school. Oh, the very idea..." she interjected. Just because it's a good idea in one school doesn't mean it should be brought to our school." Miss Neezlaucht commented with vehemence.

I adopted a look of confusion. "Ahh, I... I am not trying to suggest any such prac... practices. It was just an example of some of the popular and progressive pedagogical paradigm shifts that are transforming education today. I am equating my proposal for a uniform only dress code to similarly new and very successful ground breaking teaching techniques."

Miss Neezlaucht snapped back, "Your big words don't impress me. I'm telling you this teaching in the "all together" will never happen in my school."

That did it.

"I'm sorry, Miss Neezlaucht, I'm sure everyone here knows where you stand on the progressive advancement of education. Lucky for this community, it is MY school, not yours. The curriculum and the techniques for advancing the education of our students are at my sole discretion. whether or not I allow my teachers to teach in the nude will be decided by my teachers, the parents and ultimately me. Until then, Bentley's project has nothing to do with such a thing, as you will certainly understand once having heard his full presentation."

The peak of one huge breast was showing between her open jacket lapel. The hard aroused nub stood out proudly. As she spoke, she lifted her arms and caught at her loosely falling hair, sliding her fingers behind her neck on both sides and flipping her long wavy blond hair, normally bound up in a bun, out of her collar and fanned across her shoulders. This lifted and spread open her jacket to settle the lapels out around both sides of her prodigious breasts, leaving her partially stiff nipple covered only by her diaphanous blouse. Her cleavage was very well displayed and the reddish shadows of her aureolae were clear and obvious. The freely moving fleshy orbs were obscenely lush and full. The collar of her sheer blouse plunged nearly to her navel and revealed an expansive among of soft bare tit flesh in the middle of her chest. All eyes were on her magnificent boobs.

Even Miss Neezlaucht watched those beautiful juggs bounce and quiver to a stand still for a moment before giving a biting rejoinder, "Have you been listening to the news lately? There is a serious degradation of propriety happening in the World. Did you know Colleges are actually developing programs that help students find work in the porn industry? Is this what YOUR school is coming to?"

"There is a growing concern for high school graduates who can't find the money to work their way through college to begin with." confirmed Mrs. Zaftig. "The adult film and entertainment industry offers these college bound kids a chance. Our current curriculum is not designed to support our graduates who are finding it impossible to pay their way through college. We can prepare them for the rigors of college, but we fall short in preparing our graduates for actually living as adults in an adult world. It is an issue some of the teachers and I have been struggling with in recent months."

I watched Mrs. Zaftig make eye contact with my advisor, Ms. Dermis, as she said that last part. I also saw Ms.Fellaicceo nod her head in agreement.

I felt the tension build. Here was my counter-attacking force and true to form, Mrs. Zaftig was bolstering her energy to oppose it. There was a delicate balance. If Miss Neezlaucht was too strong or had support to her opposition, she could stop motion in the positive direction.

Her sunken eyes swiveled to the pastor's wife. "Can you believe what the Principle of our high school is saying? Is she actually considering pandering to the plague of pornograghy? Are we trying to make whores of our students?"

Father Bacchanal was looking a little uncomfortable while his wife took a captivating breath that lifted her well displayed chest higher behind her low cut bodice. She was not the voluptuous, chesty figure Mrs. Zaftig was, but in other company, she was more than adequately endowed.

She added, "Helga, we are all concerned about the moral integrity of our school. That's why my husband and I are on the Board. I have seen the news reports and we are very concerned. The need to prepare young people to handle the temptations of the real world is more apparent than ever."

"Exactly!" agreed Helga Neezlaucht, puffing up with the affirmed support.

"My husband and I" continued Mrs. Bacchanal, "are confident in Mrs. Zaftig's leadership ability and her resolve to look after the emotional, as well as the academic well being of the young men and especially the young women under her care. I hope you can see that."

"I'm afraid I am having trouble seeing any such thing. It is sounding, to me, like she doesn't exercise any control over these kids. She wants to not only let these kids feel free to wear the most outrageous of clothes, but to encourage them to become prostitutes and porn stars. I guess it's true what they say, 'if you can't do, teach.'" snapped the prudish woman with vitriol.

I was proud of Mrs. Zaftig. She did not rise to that bait. Instead, she valiantly tried to redirect the Board's attention back to the last couple of slide in my presentation. "I would like to propose we table this discussion for a later time and get back to letting one of our most impressive students finish his senior project. I feel we are not servicing very well, the students we are charged with caring for right here, right now."

Mrs. Zaftig had stood up again and her amply displayed body was impressive as she stepped aside from her chair and back from the table. Her tiny skirt rode up to the very tops of her thighs and the whole length of her stocking covered legs was on display. The garter band at the top of her self-supporting stockings bit gently into the meaty, creamy flesh at the fleshy swell that capped her shapely legs. Almost an inch of bare skin was exposed between the rucked-up hem of her micro-skirt and her stockings. She looked like the quintessential female executive as has been well established by my campaign. Everyone had seen the ads and the vision the busty principle presented went mostly unnoticed. Mostly, all five males in the room definitely noticed. Their appreciation for Mrs. Zaftig's exhibition did not include scandalous outrage, it was simply the new style everyone was wearing and appreciated.

I had reached the last slide. Our group had rehearsed this part and Mrs. Zaftig stepped back to join Ms. Dermis, Mr. Shill and Ms. Fellaicceo in filing around to the front of the room where they gathered to either side of me, Mr. Shill to my right, Ms. Dermis to my left, Ms. Fellaicceo to the right of Mr. Shill and Mrs. Zaftig on Ms. Dermis' left. I clicked the last slide and a picture of the five of us all wearing school uniforms faded in. Mr. Shill and I were in kaki chinos with light blue plaid shirts and dark blue and gold plaid school ties, our shoes were leather deck shoes, our blazers embroidered with the school coat-of-arms. The women wore very short pleated schoolgirl skirts that fell to about two inches above mid-thigh. They wore modest 2 inch heeled Maryjanes with pale gold knee socks. Their blouses were a light golden yellow with buttons done up to their bra covered sternum. A small amount of cleavage was on display, but relative to most of the slide show, the overall effect was exceptionally modest. In other context, I would have been pulling it out and whacking off to this picture of my amazingly hot advisor and the principal and vice-principal of my school. The three of them wore blue blazers similar to the guys except they were shorter and the shawl lapels hung open to either side of each of the three pairs of large breasts. While the uniforms didn't conform to the existing dress code, the presence of bras and the significant drop back down to mid-thigh of the skirts gave a very conservative feel to the sample uniforms.

We raised our hands in practiced solidarity and said loudly, "It's not about control. It's about community."

I smiled and bowed to the Board, and as I did, I glanced to either side of me. Mr. Shill, like me, was sporting a swollen member between his legs. I didn't wear underwear and knew the contours, including the flair of my cockhead could be made out by anyone in front of me. Mr. Shill was having the same issue and like me, he apparently decided to just let it stand, as it were.

I glanced at Miss Neezlaucht and her eyes hadn't missed the display I was presenting. I was rather

large, so it was hard to miss. But she had a much angrier look in her eyes than my advisor had when I was practicing my presentation with her. The tension and Miss Neezlaucht's determination to fight my changes worried me a little. I had Mrs. Zaftig all primed to fight in my corner, but could it be possible that this old bitty might stop everything? With Mrs. Zaftig charged up, being able to remove Miss Neezlaucht from the frey would be like opening the door on someone determined to bash it in. She would race forward free of resistance and it's anyone's guess how much farther than they might charge past the door. I had to open that door.

"Miss Neezlaucht, I want to thank you for voicing your concerns." I said loud enough that my mother could hear. I stepped over to her, away from my group at the front. I hoped to agitate the woman a little more. She seemed prideful and short fused. A useful combination sometimes. "I understand you weren't attacking me. Sometimes it's hard for an older person to watch their comfortable world change around them. Mrs. Zaftig and Mr. Crock's consideration of the popular pedagogical trends are not because I have pushed them. On the contrary, they are the ones asking for more information so they can make better decisions. I admire them both for their foresight."

"My point is you are just a high school student, a virtual child. It doesn't matter what they asked for, asking a student to do their jobs so they don't have to is scandalous." she replied through tightened jaw. Her eyes flicked downward and I squeezed my groin to make my aroused member pulse.

My mother had stood and walked over, by this time. except for her very short skirt, there wasn't very much feminine skin on display with her jacket closed. She interjected, "Bentley is right. The PTA, as well, has been reading up on some of these new trend. Mrs. Zaftig has been an invaluable asset.

"Might you consider getting more involved in a hands-on way, I'm sure you would make a very good teacher. After all, they say, if you can't do, teach."

Mr. Crock and Father Bacchanal had both overheard my mother's cutting comment and both chuckled at Miss Neezlaucht's words being thrown back at her.

The older woman looked scathingly back and forth between the two men. She then puffed out her flat chest and announced, "I see. This is some kind of joke on me. Well thank goodness I don't have children in this school."

I thought I heard a female voice come from the group of teachers and administrators who had gathered, "Thank goodness you don't have children." It was softly said and the accompaniment of quiet laughter blended with the background noise. For all I knew, it was just me thinking the mean thought.

"Mr. Crock," Miss Neezlaucht continued, "you can consider this my formal resignation from the School Board. I have better things to do than watch our community school descend into debauchery and evil." The irate woman stormed out and I swear, she actually goose stepped down the hall.

Just like that, the door was opened. I'm curious to see how far in to the room Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis will fly. My mother is likely to do a headlong rush through the door across the room and out the window on the other side. I can't wait.

Chapter 6

Ad Window - Chapter 6
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

"Oh Yeah, like that. Suck it deeper. Ohhh... OW! Keep your teeth back. Yeah, you got it. Ouch!"

Her soft lips stretched wide, plunging deeper.

"AuUghwK... KRRAUGK!"

Cough, cough.

"You okay Sis? I didn't mean to..."

"Agk, ugg. It... it's okay..." Cough. "I just didn't ex... Auuk... ex... expect you to thrust..." Cough, cough. "... like that. Let me try again. I can... do it."

"You don't have to. Um, it's actually getting a little sore from your teeth scraping me."

"No no, I can do it. I'll keep my teeth back, just give me one more chance."

"Okay, but you got to keep your teeth back."

Again, those soft, frosty pink painted, teenage lips descended around the inflamed head and began to suck cock.

"AWwhhh, yeah that's so much better."

"WHAT the HELL is going on HERE?"

"AHHH! ... MOM! OW! ... Damn!"

Gag. "Awgk... huc..."

"Chelsea! What are you doing with your brother?"

Chelsea gagged on the cock suddenly plunged to the back of her throat. Tears welled from her eyes and she threw-up.

Her brother yelled, "OW!"

Chelsea fell back, the contents of her stomach emptying across her brother's wilting groin where he sat, his pants down around his ankles, on the edge of the tub in their shared bathroom.

"I can't believe you two. Chelsea, are you okay?"

Chelsea was crying, hunched over spitting the last of her gurd out. "I... I... I ca... can't do... oo... it."

"Do what?" her now concerned mother asked.

"I... I... I can't su... U... uck coOock. I kee... eEep gag...ging a...an...and biting my bro...oth...

brother. I'mmm sOrrry. I ju...just don't... don't know hoOW." Chelsea struggled to get her words out through her tears.

Chelsea's mother rolled her eyes and sighed. She turned to her son, "Start the shower and wash yourself off. I can see I need to teach you two about the birds and the bees.

"Get moving. Strip and get in the shower. I can't show you and your sister how to perform fellatio when you're all covered in vomit."

I didn't actually create the full-on graphic sex scene, just the very strong suggestion of Chelsea's mother volunteering to teach her son and daughter about oral sex. Next scene was back to the regular program. Later, Chelsea was happily telling her friends about how she loved sucking cock and was really good at it. I'm pretty sure every student at school is now watching my version of Surf Beach High. Sexually explicit content has become the norm. Incest is more of a secret thrill the teen audience enjoys than a social taboo.

A couple of weeks ago, I gave my presentation to the School Board and since then, a few things have changed. Remember Miss Neezlaucht quit. Well, outside the school, in the parking lot, after my presentation to the Board that evening, Mrs. Zaftig called to my mother, who had just removed her jacket, getting ready to slide back into the driver's seat of our Subu SUV.

Mrs. Zaftig walked briskly up, her magnificent breasts bouncing violently with each step. Her blazer gaped open in the breeze created by her hastened steps. That thin halter that draped so sensually over the peaks of her huge breasts left nothing to the imagination except how incredible those giant tits would feel molding into my hand or around my dick. However, that top sure made a strong argument that her breasts would feel fantastic.

"I just wanted to say how much I have enjoyed working with your son. He really is something special and I'm sure the rest of the Board was impressed."

Mom was caught standing next to our car with her jacket just returned to its hanger and hooked on the coat hook in the back. Her see-thru blouse was all that covered her own very large breasts. Her tiny skirt didn't cover her much more than a wide belt would and I could see the indecision and worry in Mom's face as she was trapped almost completely on display by someone outside our family. She stood steadily and apparently made up her mind to go with it.

"Thank you so much for saying that. As a mother, I really am grateful for your coming to Bentley's defence in there. I also appreciate your taking him under your wing and helping him become the man I know he will be some day. No!" she glanced at me with bright eyes, "The man he IS. I couldn't ask for a better 'man of the house'." she bragged.

Mrs. Zaftig took her gaze off of my mother's outfit and body and turned it at me. "Yes, Bentley is young, but he acts more adult than three quarters of the seniors that graduate each year. I know you must be proud of him." My principal turned back to my mother. "Thank you, also, for your help with Miss Neezlaucht. It seems there is now an opening on the Board. You wouldn't happen to be interested in joining, would you?"

Mom laughed. I watched, along with Mrs. Zaftig, Mom's big breasts bounce deliciously. Mom's heavy tits jiggled about freely behind the her see-thru blouse and gapped the front all the way to her navel.

"That woman was something. I'm so glad you and the other Board members aren't so antiquated in your approach to education. I may, in fact, be interested in something like that.

"I have been trying to take charge of some of my own children's education at home." my mother explained. "A parent can't expect to leave everything in the hands of the school system. We must be more involved ourselves. If I truly care about the growth and development of my own children, I have to take responsibly for my own part in teaching them about life. I know the deficiencies around education are partly the fault of uninvolved parents who expect our schools to make up for their own failure to teach things like sex education, for example." Mom stated.

All my campaign messages sinking in and coming right back out.

Mrs. Zaftig nodded her head in approval. "It is so hard to get parents to understand that we, as professional educators, can only provide a partial education. And you are right, sex ed is one of those areas where we are expected to provide more than we are able. It is good to hear from a parent who understands that."

I was starting to get a funny feeling about where this conversation might be going. Getting Mom to join the School Board would be a big advancement to my plan, but her bringing up the sex education program, well... I wasn't sure where this was going.

"I have been remiss in taking so long to meet my responsibilities as a parent, but I have been trying to expose my children to concepts that will help them mature, especially around their sex education. I was listening to a radio show the other day that said parents who were more open about discussing sex with their children and who didn't hide their own sexuality from them, raised children who were five times more likely to have a happy, healthy, sexual relationship with a committed partner for life. It said that parents getting more involved with the sexual development of their adolescent teens reduced unwanted pregnancies and even kept them out of abusive relationships and away from drugs."

My advisor, Ms. Dermis joined us. She stepped up behind Mrs. Zaftig and smiled a congratulatory smile at me over my Principal's shoulder. Mr. Shill had to leave right away and had congratulated me in the hall, along with Ms. Fellaicceo who got caught in a conversation with Mr. Crock.

Mrs. Zaftig nodded her head in agreement. "Yes, I was just reading similar statistics in the education magazines the other day. I have noticed your openness and comfort with your gender in the way you are dressing lately. I think your dress, by the way, is very flattering."

Mrs. Zaftig went on, "All the latest research supports the benefits of modeling a strong identity with our gender and promoting self-confidence in who we are as men and women. I wonder if Bentley and Cecilia appreciate what you are doing for them. If only more of our student's parents were so concerned and involved in their children's development."

My mother took a deep breath. The tension faded from her body. I sprung to attention again, watching that display. "So, I may take you up on your suggestion of joining the School Board, but what I was wondering was, if I might find a position on the teaching staff at the high school?"

What? Mom, my mother, wanted to teach at my school? What might that mean to my plans? I'd have to think about that. She was so much further along in her enculturation into open sexuality and especially her comfort around familial sexuality, that I worried about what damage the clash could bring.

I glanced into the open window of the back seat of our car and saw Cecilia listening with wide eyes. She completely forgot herself and let her legs fall all the way open and one full teenage breast was peeking out where our principal could see, if she just bent her head down a little. I kept silent and listened.

Mom continued, "I think I've been having a strong positive impact on my kids. They are becoming noticeably more comfortable and confident in themselves and their bodies. I have been inspired by Bentley's project and have been thinking I would like to try helping to bring that culture into the school where other students might be able to benefit from what I have learned in teaching my own kids. What I heard you saying about you and your teachers proactively studying the issues around body confidence and sex education, encouraged me to consider being more involved in teaching these things myself."

Mrs. Zaftig nodded and smiled. She glanced at me, her eyes shifting downward to where I was fully erect again. I made sure to stand with confidence and without embarrassment at my condition. I tried to project a sense of maturity and comfort with my body and who I was as an adult, an adult who recognized and understood that men have a penis and sometimes they get erect. No need to apologize for that. Nature was nothing to be ashamed of.

Mrs. Zaftig leaned down slightly, her enormous breasts swung farther out from her torso, the draped halter arched away from her amazing globes of busty flesh. Only the very peaks remained in contact with the gauzy material of her blouse. The incredible down blouse made me throb. She glanced in at Cecilia who was sitting slid over from her open legged position off the center hump of the back seat. Her tiny skirt was peeled back so her bare ass cheeks sat in the upholstered seat, her legs widely splayed, leaving her bald vulva on full display. Her pink labial lips glistened in the evening light with moisture.

"Cecilia, your brother did a great job in there. I'm sorry you didn't get to see him.

"Your mother was pretty amazing too, when one of the members of the Board began trying to push back. She is an impressive woman. I hope you and your brother know how lucky you are. It is apparent that she would do anything to help her children grow into strong confident adults who can handle themselves.

"So... What do you think about your mom working as a teacher at your school. I think she'd be great."

Cecilia brought her legs together, mostly, and answered with a shrug, "I guess. If she thinks she can... um... handle a bunch of high school kids, it's a little weird, but I'm okay with it."

Mrs. Zaftig straightened back up. No comments about the lewd display Cecilia was presenting. She turned back with a smile for my mother. "I would love to talk to you about that."

Ms. Dermis stepped around the three of us standing outside the car and leaned into the car window to talk to my sister. "Oh, hi Cecilia. I didn't see you in there. How come you didn't come in? You would have been so proud of your brother and your mother. She somehow managed to goad our worst Board member into quitting after the woman attacked Bentley and Mrs. Zaftig for even suggesting we drop the dress code.

"Ha Ha. After that, I'm sure everyone was quite happy to see her quit. I'll bet nobody expected such drama this evening."

Ms. Dermis made no comments about Cecilia's lack of underwear nor the way her body was nearly on total display. This was outside of school hours and our mother was here showing almost as much skin.

What I couldn't stop staring at was Ms. Dermis's ass as she bent into the car's open window. Her dress was so short that it lifted right over the soft round curve of her buttocks leaving the backs of

her legs completely naked up to the round tight curves of her smooth toned ass cheeks. She bent at the waist and stood with her ankles together on top of her heels. The diamond shaped gap at the juncture between her thighs and her bare rear-end framed the puffy hairless lips of her outer labia. The gossamer wedge of tiny silk thong panties was swallowed fully by her vulva. Only the little wrinkle of white cloth fanning out over her hidden clitoris at the bottom of her womanly slit gave away the fact that she even had panties on.

We finally all parted ways and I was left full and hard. Cecilia's face was beet red and she didn't recover enough to tease me, but I was so hard in the front seat that I groaned to my mother and squeezed myself through my slacks. Mom glanced at my boner and gave me a sympathetic look.

"Mom?"

"Bentley!" she answered.

"I am so uncomfortable. D... do you think,... um... do you think it would be o... okay if I... um... you know... let it out?"

It was silent for a minute as we drove. I sat back and gave up pushing that idea. Another time.

"Of course, Dear. That's probably the best thing you could do for it. There's a small box of tissues in the glovebox, if you need them."

=D

I leaned back and unzipped. I fished it out, prying it with effort out of my pants. I didn't let go of it after that and just stroked myself right next to my mother while she concentrated on keeping her eyes on the road.
Cecilia leaned between the seats and watched my hand.

I was gazing between my mother's legs, just below where her seatbelt bunched her skirt up exposing her smoothly waxed pussy. Her vagina looked very moist and the bright pink button of her clit was standing out from under its hood.

I pumped my hand slowly up and down my tight shaft and felt my need begining to creep up on me. Then, Cecilia did something that completely blew my mind.

She was leaning between the seats, watching the show. My sister was barely dressed and had been masturbating almost the whole drive out from home. Cecilia said, acting like it was perfectly normal that her brother pulled out his hard cock and jacked off in the car, "So what happened in there that got someone to quit the Board?"

As she asked this question and waited for an answer, like it was a regular car ride conversation and nothing else, Cecilia reached over to Mom and tugged the front of Mom's blouse open, exposing our mother's huge tits, just like I had several times in the past week.

Mom just lifted up her elbow to give her daughter room to pull her top open, unhook the last button, and tuck the sides back behind the full swell of those very large globes of jiggling flesh.

Mom returned her hand to the wheel and answered as if her daughter hadn't just stripped her huge, full breasts out of her blouse in the car while she was driving on a public street. "You know Miss Neezlaucht from church?"

"Yeah?! She's on the School Board? She doesn't even have kids."

" 'WAS', was on the school board. She just quit." answered Mom.

I was staring all over the place, between my mother's legs, up to her large quivering fleshy breasts, Cecilia had reached across and pushed the opposite side of Mom's blouse open too. I shifted my gaze from Mom's right to her left nipple. They were tight and hard and stood out very erect and dark with engorged blood. Then there was my sister. Leaning up from the back, Cecilia's own amazing tits thrust forward between the front seats. She was arching her back, pushing her tits into the front on purpose.

I stroked myself a little faster and glanced down and back to see my sister's vagina opened and wet between her widely spread thighs. Cecilia sat forward on the very front edge of the back seat. She was trying to show her whole body off to me.

"You made Miss 'Knees Locked' quit? Wow!"

Mom laughed at my sister's joke on the sour faced spinster's name.

"She was attacking your brother, accusing him of trying to drag the school down into sin and debauchery, because he suggested dropping the school's dress code. I think we should drop the dress code now, just to spite that sour old woman." Mom said with hyperbolic conviction that sent a stimulating quake through the jello-like flesh of her huge naked breasts.

"And this new trend of teachers exposing their students to the human body by teaching in the nude isn't such a bad thing, I think. It's no different than my teaching you guys about sex and anatomy and learning to be comfortable with your bodies and my helping you with your sexual development."

Cecilia looked away from my hand stroking my cock and over to our mother. "Wait, Bentley suggested teachers should teach in the nude?"

Mom glanced over to her daughter, then down to where I was openly stroking myself, before returning her eyes to the road.

"No, not at all. That's the point. That old biddy just put words in your brother's mouth. I had to say something, especially since Bentley was trying to be so nice to her."

"What'd you say?"

"I don't even remember, really. It wasn't that mean, but a couple of other Board members heard it and laughed. That's probably what really did it."

I think Cecilia pouted, I wasn't looking at her face.

"I always miss the good stuff."

Cecilia jumped to a non-sequitur.

"Hey, do you think my breasts will get as big as yours, Mom? Can I touch them? They look really soft."

And with that, Cecilia reached out and grabbed Mom's naked right breast and gave it a hard squeeze.

We were just bouncing up into our driveway and Mom couldn't take her attention away from parking or we'd run right into the back of the garage. Cecilia rolled Mom's big tit around once and

Mom finally got her voice.

"Cecilia, that's enough. You are crossing the line." Mom snapped angrily at her daughter.

That was HOT! I mean, really hot. Mom couldn't see, but I had my head tilted down and was looking back between my sister's legs while I stroked my cock in the front seat, so I saw my sister stab two fingers into her pussy as she grabbed Mom's boob. I pictured my cock in place of her fingers.

"You said we could explore. You are letting us show ourselves so we can become familiar with our bodies. We should feel comfortable with the human body by getting to know it better. I have never felt someone else's breasts before. I thought you'ld be good with it. I did ask." Cecilia defended herself.

I was right on the edge and Cecilia hadn't let go of Mom's bare breast while she explained herself. Mom put the car in park and turned towards her daughter, who had just pulled her fingers out of herself so Mom didn't see what she was doing. Mom took a deep breath and unbuckled her seatbelt. Cecilia shifted her arm to let go of Mom's breast and caught the retracting seatbelt with her thumb, trying to shake the webbing off as it pulled across Mom's bare chest. Cecilia jerked and snapped her wrist free but somehow managed to grab Mom's hard nipple in a tight pinch, pulling it out and upward, yanked by the retracting seat belt. She extended Mom's erect nipple a good four inches away from where it normally stood out on her jiggling chest.

"OwwWA!" Mom cried and arched her chest up and forward trying to relieve the pressure.

I was stroking myself to the sight of my virtually naked sister feeling up our almost naked Mom. Watching Cecilia pinch Mom's nipple and pull it out, stretching it almost forcefully away from Mom's chest, causing Mom's body to be lean forward by her nipple captured between her daughter's fingers like that, made me suddenly erupted.

I slammed the glove box open to reach for the tishues, but it was too late.

I'd swiveled around about a quarter turn to look at my mom and sister, so my rigid organ was bent over, tilted towards Mom's lap. My first two jets of sperm arched high and cleared the center console. The thick milky globs drew two squiggly lines of whitish goo across the bare top of Mom's right thigh that culminated in a large wad that landed in the middle of my mother's bald pubis. Mom screeched in surprise, a high pitch squeek, and reached out to redirect my recoiling cum cannon.

I fired a third round that hit Mom right in the middle of her palm before she wrapped her instantly slick, sticky fingers around my shaft and twisted it back, inadvertently aiming my fleshy barrel into the back seat. I spasmed and that forth round was ejected at an impressive velocity to hit my sister dead center of her right nipple; a perfect bullseye.

I groaned loudly and arched into the fifth spasm and it ejaculated a gentle arch of sperm that traced down my sister's hip. My sperm oozed into the open juncture of her naked pussy, funneled there by the crease at the top of her bare thighs. I watched in a bit of an orgasmic fog as the viscous milky syrup rolled into her bald slit. Holy fuck, both Mom and my sister were marked with my cum.

"Auughhh!" I groaned, while my mother yelled, "Bentley, not now."

"Mom!" Cecilia cried out, "See, he just went off and got his cum all over me."

I shook my head, my hands still curled around my large shaft, my body shivering from the wash of

release letting go. "Sorry. It just happened. I didn't know it was going to do that."

Mom took a deep breath and glanced back at her daughter's vagina with my semen running into her feminine juncture. "You need to learn control Bentley. Both of you, get in the house and get cleaned up. It's time to teach you two a little more about your bodies, I guess."

"Um, could you teach me how to give... um..." Cecilia started to ask.

I tried not to look at her as I mopped up my dripping and shrinking cock with a wad of tishue. My sister was really about to ask Mom to teach her how to give head. I actually started to swell again.

"What's that, Darling?" Mom turned from opening the door to step out into the garage.

Cecilia was reaching into the tishue box. "Um... n... nothing." My sister was staring at my groin where I was still pretty thick and half hard. "I... I was hoping you'ld teach us more. That's all."

We went inside and got changed. Well, I changed, Mom stripped and headed for the shower, staying naked afterwards, and my sister came out of the shower in just a towel that wasn't long enough to cover her pussy lips or the bottom half of her ass.

Cecilia didn't say much else after that while Mom talked to us about masterbation and how it was natural and healthy and we should feel comfortable and guilt-free to do it. Mom spent a good deal of time emphasizing how we shouldn't put shame on each other, that it was perfectly okay to be open about it and that it was an essential practice for learning more about ourselves and how to understand and control our natural functions. She even compared female orgasms to male orgasms. I really didn't know that some women can ejaculate, almost like a man, when they orgasm. Huh!

Cecilia didn't get up the courage to finish asking about giving head. However, we watched the final episode of GGT and during the entire show, Cecilia sat in her regular chair with her legs spread wide. Her see-thru negligee hiked up to her hips, revealed her vagina aimed directly at me as I sat in a pair of boxers that pulled tight soon after the show started. I was next to Mom on the couch who had just as good a view of her daughter's open pussy, as I did. Mom sat completely naked right next to me. The Master-Matic played commercials three times over the course of the one hour finale.

Cecilia rested her hand casually on her bald mons and "absently" stroked her fingers along her labia in view of both of us.

I grew almost painfully hard when Cecilia's fingers stroked deeper into her pussy. I watched her finger her clit, then slide her long fingers between the lips of her thoroughly wet pussy.

Mom talked about the act that won, Salsa of Life, while glancing over to her daughter. Mom made no comment when Cecilia pushed her middle finger all the way inside herself and groaned softly. On the screen, the brother/sister dance act spun a slow pirouette, the recap playing in high def slow motion with several closeup angles.

We watched the brother, in a tight and very thin costume that became slightly transparent as it molded intimately around his generous and engorged cock. He was holding his sister upside down, her face right in his crotch, the prominent bulge of his maleness pressed boldly between her glossy red lips. The sister held her mouth opened wide in expressive passion as she arched out and swung back in, her arms held open to show her free floating, relying only on her brother holding her by her hips. When she swung back against her brother's groin there was no space at all that separated her wide open lips from her brother's swollen organ, only the thin, cock molding,

translucent lycra of his salsa costume kept her mouth from sucking her brother's whole length into it.

The sister's own loins were held right up to her brother's chin, her legs spread open in a wide, perfect split as she held her spread-eagle pose and they turned a slow 360 for the audience. The gusset of her thong leotard buried completely inside her young slit. She was totally bottomless for all practical purposes.

The young man bent forward to place his sister's feet on the ground as she bent backwards in a deep bridge, her glossy red lipped mouth completely engulfing the aroused bulge of her brother. His head turned downward to curl himself up out of the inverted pose and there was a moment when brother and sister held each other in a very blatant 69 position, his own lips pressed right between his sister's exposed labia. As he curled upright, his sister arched backwards in front of him, he stroked his right hand up the center of his sister's scantily clad body, his fingers dipping momentarily into the deep cleft between his sister's parted legs. Her face lost in the plane of her brother's hips. He held her in place with his other hand cupping the back of her arched neck pressing her firmly to him as he seemed to fuck once hard right into her face with his hips. The brother arched in the opposite direction, his sister's face held forcefully against his groin by one hand behind her head before letting her come back up to a standing pose next to him. The strained material around his obvious erection showed a mouth shaped ring of moisture encircling the flair of the swollen head making his costume almost completely transparent over that aroused organ.

They ended with a flourishing move that brought them into each other's arms, her legs spread wide around her brother's hips as he arched back, thrusting her high like a cowgirl riding a bucking bronco. The crowd went wild and Mom said nothing about her daughter fingerfucking herself in front of the two of us during it all.

I decided to just pull myself out and stroke it slowly. I glanced over at Mom who was watching me shuck my boxers up one leg and let my erection spring up. She saw me wrap my fingers around my engorged shaft before returning her gaze to the TV.

I looked over at my sister who was watching me also. She winked when Mom looked away, added a second finger to her pussy and opened her mouth in a silent groan.

Salsa of Life won the show against the young girl singer whose outfit was so small and see-thru, it was almost invisible. The female host was in a semi-transparent dress that showed her nipples barely hidden behind an extremely low bodice and her lack of underwear was boldly obvious. The smooth hairless mound of her pubis was visible through the red sequined micro dress that stretched tight to her every womanly curve. Not even an inch of material stretched below the just discernable lips of her protruding labia minora in the frame of her wide thigh gap. The bottom curves of her ass cheeks were bare above naked legs all the way down to her six-inch red heels. Both Mom and Cecilia agreed that the brother and sister were the best act and deserved to win. It was off to do homework after that. I have to add, I didn't cum in front of my family and Cecilia didn't seem to either. I didn't even shoot off in my room, although I thought about it. I had work to do on my project. The teacher's lesson plans couldn't wait.

The next two nights were a repeat with one significant exception. Mom had spent the day watching her regular shows and several Master-Matic commercials along with a new one. The Mistress-O-Matic was giving the male masterbation aid equal time for women.

'Achieve the big 'O' with the Mistress-O-Matic, the healthy and natural way to bring relief to those daily tensions that only a young woman needs release from. Our scientifically developed device

along with our clinically trialed techniques teach you how to stimulate the production of important natural lubricants and helps the woman's body respond more effectively, thereby producing more satisfaction that culminates in a deeper, more relaxing release of stress. It's the healthiest way to learn about your body while bringing yourself and your mind to your center.
Give yourself the big 'O', with the Mistress-O-Matic.'

There was a brief and graphic tutorial with its introduction on Morning Life. Again, I did a video that showed two parents presenting a present to their teenaged daughter who eagerly unwrapped the dildo vibrator and hugged her parents appreciatively. It then cut to a scene of the young woman's naked hips reclining on a mattress and an older woman's hand bringing the device to the entrance of the daughter's open vulva between spread legs. The video stressed the importance of educating your daughter in the proper use of the Mistress-O-Matic.

'Parents, teach your children how to safely masterbate the healthy and natural way. While they are learning about their changing bodies and relieving their tensions, you can also feel relief that your daughters are learning the safest and healthiest ways to get to know their own bodies instead of having to fumble with unguided experimentation that could be dangerous and impact their heath and well being for the rest of their lives. Who better to teach them about an important natural bodily function than the ones who love them the most?

'The Mistress-O-Matic will bring you closer to your daughter and help you bond in ways you never thought possible. Get the Big 'O' today, get the Mistress-O-Matic.

'Buy now and you can get the Master-matic for half off its regular price.'

These commercials and the introduction of the Mistress-O-Matic stressed the parent's role in teaching her children about safe and healthy masterbation. It included a discussion among the hosts of the Morning Life show about the bonding experience they have had with their own children in teaching them about their bodies and healthy masterbation. The media has had a few comments interspersed throughout and a short segment on the Christian radio show has brought the culture of masterbation out of the closet and into the light of mainstream family life. It's normal and everybody does it.

So, the other night, we were watching a movie, modified, of course, but that's not what I'm trying to talk about here. We were all three sitting watching our show and my sister was openly masterbating. She was specifically trying to get me to watch her and would really get into it whenever I turned to look.

What was amazing was that Mom looked up when Cecilia had just slid her middle finger up to tease her clitoris. Mom watched for a moment as her teenage daughter rubbed slow circles around her inflamed womanly bud, then she said, "Cecilia, you should try getting more fluid on your fingers first and see how it feels with two fingers. I think you'll like that better."

"Wha... what? Mom, you're serious?" Cecilia cried plaintively.

I smiled to myself and slipped my hand down into my mostly naked lap, my large cock was already hanging out of my boxers and I felt myself start to grow stiffer. "What do you mean, more fluid?" I asked while I absently slid my hand up and down around my hardening cock.

Mom said, "Her vaginal fluids. They act as a lubricant to make copulation easier. If your sister collected more of her vaginal fluids she'd have better results. Here, let me show you." Then Mom scooted down in her seat and spread her naked legs open, her left thigh pressed against my right knee. Cecilia and I watched as Mom stroked her outer labia a few gentle strokes before plunging her middle and index finger inside herself. Mom worked her fingers in short quick strokes to the

last knuckle, before bringing her glistening wet fingers out and teasing them in a circle around her bright erect clitoris. Mom's eyes fluttered closed for a moment as she stimulated herself.

I throbbed with desire as I watched that intense display right next to me on the couch. Cecilia bent up from her reclined position sideways in the easy chair and stared, her own damp fingers frozen over her clitoris. Mom let out a soft moan and pushed her fingers into herself again and groaned louder as she fucked them in and out of her pussy two times before returning to paint her clit with her juices.

She finally opened her eyes and looked at her daughter, "You see what I mean? Be gentle, get yourself wetter and you'll feel more stimulation."

I pushed the subject, perhaps further than I should have, but, you know, I was horny as hell. "Do your nipples get hard when you do that? You mentioned the signs of arousal a while ago. I was just wondering if your body always..." Then I just reached over and plucked Mom's left nipple between my thumb and index finger. It was right there, I acted on impulse and Mom gasped. Her hand returned to the juncture between her legs and her eyes closed for a moment in a slow blink.

"Huhhaaa" she grunted as I snapped the hard nub out from her chest about an inch before letting go. Before she could react more than that, I recaptured the stiff rubbery button that now protruded nearly an inch or from her large breasts and rolled it back and forth to feel its hardness.

Mom grunted again and her fingers slid automatically between the drooling lips of her vagina.

"Ohgh, YE...Esss Bentley, they get aroused too. You shouldn't do that, though." Mom moaned.

"Oh, Sorry. I just didn't know how it worked and I thought it would be okay, considering you were trying to teach us about it."

I had let go of Mom's nipple with one last quick pluck. She shook in response and her fingers buried deep between her pussy lips before she came back to herself and pulled them from her vagina again.

"Oh... ah, true. I think it is important that you learn these... huh huh... things." Mom was breathing a little hard.

I reached down and slid my fingers over the curve of the inside of Mom's partially open thighs as she sat on the couch right next to where I was sitting mostly naked with my hard cock standing up out like an iron spike. My other hand still wrapped around the tight thick shaft and moved slowly back and forth along its length. I was gripping my mother's bare inner thigh about four inches below her naked vagina and I pulled to open her legs wider.

"I didn't realize that's how it worked with the lubrication."

I looked directly down into my mother's naked lap as I opened her up. "I haven't gotten a really good look at that part of a woman yet. So, do all women produce lubrication like that? What's it feel like?" and I slid my hand right up to my mother's open pussy and ran the tips of three fingers upward through her dark pink labial lips. They parted easily around my fingers tips and a thick dollop of her cunt juices rolled up the cleft of her vagina and coated the ends of my fingers.

I felt Mom's body shiver when I slid along her open womanhood. She grabbed my wrist to stop me, but she ended up holding my fingertips rigid against the top of her slit.

"Bentley, I... I don't... um... I don't know if this is a good... uh... idea." She was breathing raggedly, her amazing chest heaved up and down, those soft melon-sized globes of fleshy tits quivered

lusciously back and forth with mini quakes.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I hope I didn't hurt you. I was just trying to learn." I put plenty of concern in my voice.

Mom immediately changed what she was saying, "Oh, no no no no, sweet heart. You didn't hurt me at all. I was just... um... well, it's actually quite the opposite. It..."

I interrupted her explanation of boundries and social limitations, which I could feel she was experiencing a real lack of conviction over.

"I get it Mom. There are some things that Cecilia and I will just have to learn on our own. You feel uncomfortable and ashamed of certain natural func..."

"That's not it..." Mom jumped in to explain. "Not... not at all. We should never feel ashamed of our bodies. I'm just not... use to this. I didn't have parents willing to teach me these things. I'm just as new at this as you and your sister are. Well, not new, like that." Mom corrected.

"Okay, this should be a rewarding and bonding experience that helps us grow and bring us closer together. This is just for your education. I know it feels good, but that's nothing to be ashamed of either. It's okay to enjoy it."

Mom seemed to be saying that last part more to herself than to us, closing her eyes and making fists in her lap as if psyching herself up. Then she took a deep breath. Cecilia and I both watched that breath with rapt attention. Mom opened her eyes and looked at Cecilia, then at me. "Cecilia, come sit over here with us, on the couch."

The problem my sister was having, as I've said before, she was trying to be the 'bad girl' and tease her brother without her mother knowing what she was doing, like her idol Chelsea. However, Chelsea had recently benefited from help from her mother, so Cecilia didn't make a fuss this time. She wanted to learn what her mother was proposing to teach her, even if it wasn't how to suck my cock. We were getting closer though and I felt it the instant my mother reached out and grabbed my hard cock shaft right out of my hand.

"Bentley, shuck these shorts off and I'll show you and your sister everything I know about masterbation."

How could I refuse an offer like that? Mom helped by levering my erection back into my boxers before she guided it through and out the top of my waistband. I stood up so she had an easier time of it. I had to turn towards my seated mother so she could reach. When I stood back up, my hips pushed forward against her small slim hand still curled around my throbbing girth and the blood engorged head came a tantalizing two inches from her beautiful face. Her hand still gripping my arousal, her eyes on my member the whole time, Mom guided me back down to sit between my sister and her.

"Now, as you can see, when a man is aroused, he gets an erection in preparation for copulation. This is so he can insert his penis into the woman's vagina and leave his seed or sperm in the woman's womb."

Mom's hand felt along the eight or so inches of my shaft, just below the head, as she spoke. I thought I was going to bust my cum right there all over Mom. Mom slid her hand down the length of my cock and over my ball sack, curling her fingers around them both, then felt each individually.

"These are the testicles, sometimes referred to as testies. I know you both know they are where sperm is produced. My cock jerked and my balls pulled up from the contact.

"Just a minute. I'll be right back." Mom said, and jumped up, letting go of my testicles and raced into the kitchen. Cecilia and I looked at each other in confusion. Before my sister, with a mischievous half grin, could reach out and grab my cock, Mom was back with a kitchen towel in her hand.

She sat down hard on my right and her giant breasts knocked and shook and bounced violently. Cecilia and I gaped at the vision as those lush jello-like globes settled down, finally slowing their bouncing and rolling into subtle tremors of full round flesh before stilling to the rhythm of Mom's breathing.

"Okay," Mom picked up, no explanation as to what that was about; she reached back over and scooped her fingers around my naked testicles again. "sperm is produced in the testicles and with enough stimulation of the penis, they pull upward and ejaculate their load." Mom rolled my balls around in her hand, feeling the egg-like shape of them.

"Go ahead Cecilia, feel them, but be gentle, they can be very sensitive, especially when Bentley is aroused like this."

Oh man! Music to my horny teenaged ears. I held my breath as I sat back on the couch between my scantily clad older sister and my naked mother to watch Cecilia reach over, following Mom's instructions.

Oh God! Cecilia reached out and touched my balls. I kept them waxed and as hair-free as my mother and sister kept their vaginas. My mother had insisted. The soft, sensitive skin being touched and caressed by my mother and my sister was almost electric. The exposure of skin on skin with no hair to interfere was incredibly intense. It was a feeling like nothing else.

Cecilia curled her fingers under my ball sack. Mom still held one testicle in her hand as she watched her daughter feel her son's balls. I was being held and rolled and explored by both my mother and my sister. My cock stood quivering with hardened desire straight up, almost ten inches above.

Mom practically passed my testicles into her daughter's hand to explore. Cecilia gave them a squeeze, then slid her hand up to my shaft and tried to circle her fingers around my turgid base.

"He's so hard." she said, giving my shaft a test squeeze. "Look at that, is he cumming? that's not like before."

I was dripping pre-cum like a leaky faucet.

"That's called pre-cum. It happens when the man is very aroused and it contributes to the lubrication during intercourse." Mom answered.

"See how slippery it is?" and Mom dabbed her finger over my leaking meatus and held the drop of my pre-cum up on the tip of her finger to show Cecilia. She rubbed her thumb and index finger together with the clear fluid pinched in between to demonstrate to my sister how slippery it was.

This prompted my sister to stroke her hand up to my head and run her fingers through my now gushing pre-cum. She leaned in to look closely at my bubbling tip and swirled her fingers over the crown of my raging, aching erection. Cecilia circled the slick fluid around the flair of my throbbing head, spreading it with her fingers.

I... just... EXPLODED!

"AWWHHH!" I pushed backwards, my head hitting the wall, and cried out.

My mother held my balls in one hand, my sister was leaned in staring down the barrel of my cock and I blasted her right between the eyes.

"HaEEE!" she screeched.

I felt my cock gripped hard and enveloped as I ejaculated more. Through slited lids, I tried to see what was happening. Mom had grabbed my cock and thrown the kitchen towel over my jetting head. Cecilia sat back, her eyes squeezed shut, my cum running in multiple drops down her nose and cheeks. She held her mouth open in stunned surprise and a large drip oozed down her philtrum and dripped off her tuberculum abii maxillaris and into her mouth.

Haha, excuse the big words, I'm just showing off. my cum dripped down that hollow groove in the center of her upper lip and off that sexy little protrusion below her cupid's bow, and into my sister's mouth.

I guess sperm stings a little if it gets in your eyes, 'cause Cecilia said, "Mommy, it stings."

My mother wiped the last of my semen up and said, "I thought something like this would happen. Bentley seems to have a pretty short fuse.

"Don't worry Bentley, control will come with experience."

Oh God, that was intense.

Cecilia wiped her eyes out and when she could open them again, she caught my eye when Mom wasn't looking and made an exaggerated sweep of her upper lip with her tongue. "Kinda salty." she breathed quietly.

Mom, not seeing the mischievous look her daughter was giving me, heard the comment and responded automatically, "Yes, don't worry, it's not going to hurt you or anything. It's really not as bad as it first seems.

"Now, let's get cleaned up and off to bed. Maybe I can teach you more another time, but I think Bentley isn't going to be up for any more lessons tonight.

Mom was wrong about that. I was up again in less than half an hour, more like fifteen minutes, and jacked-off in my room just thinking about that evening.

Mom did join the Board and went in for an interview with Mrs. Zaftig for an assistant teaching position. I tried to suggest to my advisor, Ms. Dermis, that she should mentor my mother, if Mom managed to get hired. I think it worked. Mom hadn't been hired yet, but Ms. Dermis talked to Mrs. Zaftig about it.
The most amazing thing happened shortly after that.
I was in the Media Center at my computer. It's located in the back of the shelves of books, well away from most of the rest of the Center. I had greeted Ms. Schluttie, she was looking very good in a sheer white blouse that hung open to the bottom of her sternum. The gauzy material hugged her full breasts like it was two sizes too small. Her large nipples were easily viewed through the thin material and those round womanly breasts shifted and jiggled freely behind the widely gapping lapels. Her black skirt molded to her mature hips from waist to just below the tops of her thick shapely thighs. The sides were slit nearly to her the tops of her hips. She was up on a step stool shelving books on the top shelf of the fiction section, so I stopped to hand a few books up to

her from the book cart.

I admired her bare legs, nearly the entire length of them exposed, and when she turned to shelve each book, I ducked my head just enough that I could peek up under her skirt and enjoyed the sight of bald mature pussy without panties or thong to obscure the view. Ms. Schluttie's four inch heels on the stood lifted her full round posterior to almost eye level, so I didn't have to duck far.

Ms. Schluttie wobbled slightly on the top step of the stool and I quickly took the opportunity to grab her by one leg. I put my left hand in the outside of her left knee and my right hand groped her... I mean... gripped her high on the inside of her left thigh.

"Careful Ms. Schluttie. I got you. Here, I'll just hand you the rest of the books like this." and I let go of her knee with my left hand and kept my right hand gripping her fleshy inner thigh while I pulled one of the last three books from the book cart and handed it up to her.

I had been making sure to include in my campaign, examples and messages about the importance of touch, the pleasures of touch and the widely embraced practice of touch. The idea that people touched each other in casual and relatively intimate ways, especially family members and student/teacher relationships was becoming very normal and accepted. Teachers were encouraged to accept almost any contact as good and healthy. I was trying to impart the message that it could be highly pleasurable and not to feel guilty or embarrassed by it or the respected mentor ran the risk of harming the foundation of trust and interrupting the learning process in unhealthy ways. The teachers and staff at my school should well understand, by this point, that physical contact and the encouragement of tactile curiosity was beneficial and widely embraced by the greater education community.

"Oh! Ah... thank you Bentley. I appreciate your help."

Ms. Schluttie twisted around to look at me over her shoulder and took the book. This brought her thighs tightly together and my hand became pinched in a lock between the sexy librarian's full fleshy thighs no more than three inches below the unprotected juncture of her hairless pussy. I just smiled as sincerely as I could and reached for another book with my free hand.

Ms. Schluttie turned back to shelve her book and her thighs unpinched. Dare I creep my hand higher? I had started to pull wood just thinking about touching her. I was now contemplating moving my hand up against her vagina, but I decided not to push it. The touching element in my campaign, though thoroughly integrated and established for some time now, was fairly untested in its effects and this was already extraordinarily intimate. I watched Ms. Schluttie's breasts move beneath her translucent blouse and I complimented her as I gave her soft yielding inner thigh a bold squeeze. Her thigh muscle seemed to twitch with a prolonged tick under my hand.

"That's a really pretty blouse you have on Ms. Schluttie. My mom shops at Minni's Skirts for Less. It looks like one she just bought."

I handed her the last book, my right hand still firmly gripping the fleshy skin high on her inner left thigh as I stood behind her on the floor below her. I carefully moved my index finger in a caress over the velvety skin at the top of her thigh. The tip of my finger explored the smooth hollow space just below her labia.

Ms. Schluttie turned and looked back and down on me, making eye contact. She reached for the book I was handing up to her and seemed to bring her knees tighter together while bending them slightly so it seemed like she was almost sitting against my hand.

"Why thank you Bentley. I shop there too, but this blouse came from 'Jill's Big Rack Fashion

Shack'. They've been updating their clothing line and I really like their new styles."

"Oh, that's Jill Hoph who owns that. She's on the Board and has donated to the new TV station. I just gave my project presentation in front of her and the other Board members."

I kept my hand on Ms. Schluttie's inner thigh while we talked. I felt her thighs loosen as she turned and I let my fingers inch slightly higher, right up under the hem of her short mini-skirt. My index finger eased right up against the pillow-like swell of her outer labia majora. Ms. Schluttie's skin was unbelievably soft and smooth.

Ms. Schluttie shelved the last book and just stepped backwards down to the bottom step, opening up her thighs and all but sitting directly on my hand. I found myself thinking quickly about whether I should leave my hand between her legs, pressed right up against her soft, slightly moist vagina or pull away quickly to let her know it was an accident and I wasn't touching her pussy intentionally. I opted for the safe route and after briefly brushing my fingers over her bare moist slit, I snatched my hand back quickly and apologized.

"Oh, of course Bentley. I should have warned you. Thanks for your help."

I was hard and let it show. Ms. Schluttie noticed and didn't seem to be shy about looking.

"Well, I have work to get to. Let me know if you need any help with anything." I said. I gave her amply displayed body an appreciative appraisal. Her nipples had shrunk a little in diameter and their nubs stood out farther looking only slightly down and outward. I allowed my eyes to wander over them and Ms. Schluttie stood still while I traced the curves of her mature but well cared for body.

"And I like your skirt. It shows how confident and comfortable you are with your gender. That's exactly what my project has been trying to help develop among my fellow students; confidence and the sense of strength in who they are as men and women. You're an inspiration."

Ms. Schluttie seemed to arch her full chest out even more and I could make out the further stiffening of her nipples.

"Thank you Bentley. That was very nice of you to say. I'll call you if I need anything.

I continued back to where my regular computer was. I was working a new set of school posters to spread around. They featured Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Dermis and Mademoiselle Derrieret. By this time, even the initial posters were very sexy. None of my faculty models wore undergarments anymore and their skirts regularly hovered right around the tops of their thighs as normal dress. Material was often translucent and the shadows of nipples and their body's features were faintly visible, even before I did any editing. I also invited Jessica Flirty and stood in myself as the balancing male for the pictures.

Jessica wasn't happy about the confirmation that we were campaigning for school uniforms, but she caved when I made it clear that, not only would we be dropping the dress code, but she would be central to the posters hung up all over the school.

The current poster I was working on had Ms. Dermis bent over a student desk showing me how to do some assignment. The view was slightly from behind and the side of Ms. Dermis. The hem of her skirt was at the very top of her thighs, her knees together and slightly bent. from the mostly side view, just the hint of generous breast was swelling out of the deep neckline of Ms. Dermis's blouse, a fair amount of side-boob showing. The valley between her large breasts could be seen from below as she leaned over my desk, holding herself up with one hand braced on the desktop.

Her thumb and fingers curled over the back of my left hand in a reassuring gesture that maybe looked a bit more intimate than Ms. Dermis meant it to look. Her right hand was penciling in something on the worksheet I was working on. I was looking down at the paper where Ms. Dermis was writing. My right hand was brought out, palm upward, in a gesture of query, just below my advisor's leaning over torso.

Jess was in another desk closer to the camera, leaning over from her desk to see what Ms. Dermis was talking about. Both Jessica and I were in school uniforms. Jessica's was a skirt that was just above mid-thigh and her blouse was opaque enough to not make it obvious she wore no bra. Her school jacket was draped over the back of her desk chair.

The teacher's at school haven't been very enthusiastic about enforcing the letter of the dress code in the last month or so. Jess had gotten away with coming to school without a bra for several weeks and didn't even wear one knowing she would be part of a photo shoot with Ms. Dermis and even Mrs. Zaftig. If any student can get away with pushing those limits, it's Jessica Flirty. Having her as the face of the uniform campaign almost assured the students would support the proposal.

I planned the whole picture so that Jessica's ass was tilted at the camera, one cheek lifted out of her seat. The short skirt hid the round curve of her glutes, but the under side of her thighs were visible for their entire length. The progressive iterations of the poster will have the skirt get shorter, her ass tilt up more and her blouse become transparent to the point it is certain she has no underwear on, neither bra nor panties. Her naked labia will become visible in the poster that is up on that last day of the week.

Ms. Dermis's outfit will go through a similar and more revealing transformation. By Friday, she will have vast amounts of cleavage up to an exposed nipple visible and her bald vagina will be turned more toward the camera from her bent over position, her legs straight, with almost a full pussy shot and her tiny skirt just curving over the top of her bare ass. My cock will be straining my uniform in my lap and my free hand will be resting right up against Ms. Dermis's half naked breast, cupping it. After four days of seeing the same posters subtly get more revealing, most people, especially the teacher's, stop paying them any attention. Their subconscious minds, however, notice the final versions while their conscious minds tell them what they're seeing is normal, expected, everyday and ordinary. It's the perfect combination to help move that window of acceptable behavior.

Another poster has Mrs. Zaftig, stepping out from behind her podium on the stage in the auditorium/gymnasium. Her audience are teachers and students. The teachers are Ms. Dermis, Mademoiselle Derrieret, Coach Clidduris and, I recruited Ms. Fellaicceo, as well as a very cooperative Mr. Shill, to be in the audience. For students, I have Jessica Flirty and Cecilia, whom I took multiple pictures of and edited them into the seats across the foreground. I even invited Priscilla Tease, when I ran into her in the Media Center the other day, but she refused to wear a school uniform or promote school uniforms for the picture and made some remark about how I was like the annoying little brother that she never wanted. It was funny, because her huge breasts escaped her open blouse while she was gesticulating her disapproval of me. She didn't even seem to notice those luscious fat jiggly orbs bouncing around in full view while she was condemning me for my anti-feminism.

Priscilla had taken the book of the collective works of Walt Whitman from where she was hugging it to her chest and shook the heavy volume at me again, violently jiggling her enormous breasts. Those heavy rounds globes of flesh were half spilling out of a thin top that was unbuttoned to the bottom of her sternum. As she's hissing vehemently at me for trying to force my male oriented dominating shackles of domesticity upon women, she shrugs off her backpack to put her book into it.

"I don't know why Cecilia is even helping you. You're like the obnoxious little brother, I keep trying to shoo away. If I had a brother, I'd be so embarrassed if he were like you."

She seemed to not even realize that she had caught the front of her blouse in her grip when she angrily peeled the shoulder straps off and the two remaining buttons on her blouse were pulled open. I got erect when those huge tits of hers were suddenly completely out of her blouse. I couldn't take my eyes off them as they danced and bounced against each other totally naked upon her chest.

Priscilla didn't notice her blouse part and hang wide open to either side of her lush fat juggs. Her nipples were hard and dark with tight bumps across her broad aureolae. the pale white skin made her freckles stand out and faint traces of blue vains spidered over their swollen jelloey curves. She continued on her whispered tirade about how I was like an annoying baby brother to her who thought he knew more than she did.

Priscilla had set her book bag down on the floor, bending at the waist to unzip it so she could put her book away. I stood watching her massive tits hang freely below her exposed chest, the erect nipples wobbling about, pointing at various spots on the floor.

"Well, I'm not your big sister. And I'm not going to help you try to get uniforms into this school, not that I think you will be successful, not in your wildest dreams." she tried to whisper with vitriol, not wanting to disturb the library rules of silence and attract Ms. Schluttie to the back shelves.

She looked up from stuffing her book away, still bent over, her naked hanging tits giving me wood as I couldn't help imaging those monumental melons of flesh wrapping around my cock while I fucked the soft yielding tunnel of skin between them. Her gaze caught on my erection in my pants. My full nine and a half inches straining for release. Her eyes seemed to bulge half out of her head for a second. She even smiled as she hissed, "God, just like an annoying little brother." Then she turned her back to me so she wouldn't have to see. She struggled to zip her pack back up. She was pretty riled, as it took her several aborted tries to pull the zipper closed again. This presented her ass to me and I could see everything.

Priscilla hadn't worn underwear to school, and bent over like she was, her position pulled the hem of her short pleated skirt right up to the curve of her full ass cheeks. The soft round pale skin of her posterior spread to either side of the smooth swell of her pinkish labia majora, deep in the tunnel of flesh at the top of her thick naked thighs. There was nothing hiding the slit that even seemed to glint with a little moisture in the cleft of her womanly center. I allowed my eyes to trace that arousal inciting groove down to where I could just see the bright wet reflection of a pink button of skin peeking out at the end of her pussy lips, in the depth between her legs.

Priscilla finished zipping up her bag and, still bent over, glanced around her hips at me. She caught me staring right at her naked ass. She stood up straight and spun around, sending her huge boobs on a pendulous jaunt back and forth across her chest. She still hadn't noticed her top was undone and her jiggling chest was fully naked. Her eyes zeroed in on my obvious boner.

She hissed, "God, you're such a perve. Really, I'm glad you're not my brother, how embarrassing." Her teeth were gritted together and her lips pulled back making it look like she was smiling, as she tried not to call more attention to us. She snapped her eyes up from my loins and turned to march away in a righteous huff, before I could recover from that enchanting sight.

I smiled to myself when, just before she cleared the corner around to the central lobby and Ms. Schluttie's desk, Prissy let out a quiet shriek as she looked down. She spun on her heels and, before fixing her blouse, marched straight back to me, fists clenched at her sides, those energetic tits hopping about freely on her bare chest thrust out towards me. She stopped inches in front of me,

her hard nipple almost scraping my chest. She brought her eyes up from staring angrily at my groin and she poked me hard in the center of my sternum.

"I can't believe you knew my blouse was opened and you just let me walk out of here. You..." poke, jiggle jiggle, "probably..." poke, jiggle jiggle, "would have..." poke, jiggle jiggle, "let me..." poke, jiggle jiggle, "just walk..." poke, jiggle jiggle, "right in front of..." poke, jiggle jiggle, "Ms. Schluttie..." poke, jiggle jiggle, "and the whole school." poke, jiggle jiggle.

I couldn't take my eyes off those fantastic naked boobs dancing around, bouncing into each other with each thrust of her finger into my chest. Finally she grunted in a frustrated expletive and grabbed the sides of her blouse and did up one button at the bottom, leaving an inordinate amount of massive tit flesh still on display. "You're such a male chauvinistic pig." and out she trotted. It was so odd, I stood stunned with my hard erection straining my pants for the next full minute.

Anyhow the poster, I also posed in several places in the picture and made the seating in the foreground look full of students using just the three of us. We were all in school uniforms except Mrs. Zaftig, was in a very short jumper with her generous breasts displayed over a low cut neckline. Her nipples were erect, poking through the light weight material. the sides of the low-cut dress were opened and the shoulder straps were not wide enough to hide a bra strap. She is clearly braless in the picture and there is a hint of translucency to the material. No underwear is visible at all.

I worked on that image to project a feeling of attention and approval from the audience strongly reminiscent of an earlier ad I'd created for the professional magazines. A few audience members are gazing up at Mrs. Zaftig's face, no wandering eyes, while many of the others are leaning or turning towards each other with approving looks on their faces, as if to say, “I completely agree with what she’s saying.”

Mrs. Zaftig, the only one facing the viewer, is completely relaxed, leaning lightly and casually against a podium that she has stepped out from behind. A large screen Press-I presentation is displayed behind her with a chart that reads, “PERFORMANCE ANALYSIS". The trend line is strongly rising, curved and bumpy, like the top edge of a vainy erection (It’s actually taken from a profile shot I took of my own erection. Just having fun and because that's what I'd done for the original ad). There’s even a spike in preformance where the flair of my penis head’s crown was. Underneath, it says, “Project Perfect Confidence and Go ALL the WAY with uniforms that exhibit your commitment to showing yourself off to top universities.", “For the college-bound student who’s not afraid to let her assets show."

Of course the progressive changes to the poster will be consistent with my plan to enculturate everyone into becoming comfortable with extremely revealing clothes. Mrs. Zaftig's skirt will end up so short, the inner lips of her mature labia will be peeking below the hem between her fully uncovered thighs, just extending slightly below the smooth swell of her outer labial lips. Her huge breasts will be very well displayed in a transparent jumper that doesn't come up high enough to cover but only half of her large fully erect nipples and a huge amount of side-boob will be swelling out of the low plunging sides on the dress. If the principal had been naked, her body wouldn't be much better displayed. The other teachers and schoolgirls will be in very sheer see-thru outfits.

I was working on my posters in the back of the Media Center when Prissy Tease came joggling up, her massive breasts half spilling out of her gaping top. The hem of her mini skirt skipped in time with her flashing legs very near the top of her thighs.

She practically skidded to a stop at my computer carrol and glared at me. "Okay Bent-face, ah... Bentley. I know there's a little bit of friction between us, but really," she gasped, taking deep

captivating breaths. "...your like a little brother to me. An annoying little brother, but still..."

Okay, I was intrigued, "What do you want Prissy?"

"Kat Frigg is looking for me. I need to hide."

"Why is Kat after you?" I asked, more of her cleavage than her. She seemed to ignore my staring.

"She shoved past me in the hall on her way to lunch and I said to her, 'I thought Cynics like to eat off the ground, not in cafeterias.' "

"Ah... you called her a dog, in Greek? Don't worry, I doubt she even knows what Cynic means. You can always compare her to Diogenies if she gets upset. Tell her you were saying she's a philosopher." I told the two most amazing tits I'd ever seen outside my mother's and Mrs. Zaftig's.

Priscilla rolled her eyes as she bounced nervously up and down on her toes. It was quite distracting.

Kat was the school goth and a bit of a sociopath. She had two other girls that hung out with her and most people gave her a wide berth. She was probably going to be more upset about the school uniform plan than anyone because it wasn't black;otherwise, I'd noticed her black on black plaid pleated mini-skirts had gotten as short as anyone's and her black gossamer blouses tended to be a little translucent. She didn't have a bad body, but she wasn't built like a top-heavy cheerleader either. Nice legs, small tight ass and maybe a 'B'-cup in the bras that she didn't wear anymore.

We both heard a throat clearing and I looked up for a moment. Someone was coming through the shelves towards the back. Before I could tell Prissy-pants to go 'suck it', she practically dove underneath my computer carrol. Kat and her gang were about to discover Priscilla in the back of the Media Center.

A quiet and rythmic squealing that grew louder turned out to be the book cart. Ms. Schluttie came around the corner pushing her restocking cart ahead of her. The way her arms reached forward so she could grip the handle on the narrow book cart caused her upper arms to squeeze the sides of her full breasts together between the open front of her blouse and deepen the cleft of her cleavage. The edge of her left nipple just peeked out.

"Oh, hi Bentley." she looked around, up and down the back corridor. "I thought I saw Priscilla come back here. I was hoping she could do some reshelving for me."

'Ahh... yeah, Priscilla. She... um... did pass through."

I could feel Priscilla pressed against my knees under the carrol. I couldn't well lean back and point under there to say to Ms. Schluttie, 'She's right here.' That wouldn't look good for either of us. I neither wanted to cause trouble for me nor for Priscilla. I found her obnoxious, kind of like an older sister, like she was talking about, but I didn't hate her.

Under the desk, I felt Priscilla grab at my leg to caution me. I was still pulled back away from the desk that had allowed Priscilla room to dive under, so I scooted forward to block Ms. Schluttie from stepping two feet to her left and being able to see under the desk. I had to part my knees to either side of Priscilla to roll my chair in. I felt Priscilla grab my knees on either side and push them out to make more room for herself.

Ms. Schluttie let go of the cart she was pushing and straightened up, "It's not important. I just thought I could get these books shelved and get some cataloging done at the same time."

I watched as the pretty Librarian straightened and crossed her arms casually beneath her generous breasts. They came up and squished back together, settling on the shelf of her forearms. Ms. Schluttie's opened blouse spread enough that her large nipples edged into view. I twitched in my pants.

"I've got something I'm trying to fix on my next series of information posters, but then I'd be glad to help, if you still need it." I said.

"Thank you Bentley. No need to rush. It's not an emergency. These books can wait.

"So show me what you're working on. I've been enjoying your posters all year. Very informative." she said.

What the FUCK?!!!

Ms. Schluttie stepped over to look at my computer screen and I fumbled to bring up the tamer first version as I notice her begin to move. I also had to scoot in all the way so she couldn't see under my desk. I almost missed the alt-tab keys to switch images because just then, I felt Priscilla slide her hand over the swelling shaft of my cock in between my spread legs. That was what I was screaming, 'What the FUCK?!!!', for in my addled head.

"Ah... uh... yeah... it's... it's my latest poster about body confidence." I stammered.

Ms. Schluttie was standing right next to me and bent over to get a better look at my screen. She adjusted her glasses to see better. Her blouse gaped wide as her full mature breasts swung out against the inside of her undersized blouse. The nubs of her nipples seemed to just catch on the button holes to prevent her soft freely swinging breasts from tumbling out completely. I thought I'd better just keep her eyes on the screen, so I started to tell her about setting up and taking the photos of Mrs. Zaftig and the other teachers as well as Jessica Flirty, my sister and myself.

"...aND I Ju...just BRING them up in PictureDrop to edit them... them... them together into w...w...one picture. See?"

I felt my fly being unzipped and the metal zipper sound felt like the whole Media Center could hear it.

WHAT THA FFFUUUCK was Prissy doing?

Ms. Schluttie leaned closer and watched as I opened my original image files of Mrs. Zaftig standing casually next to the podium where she gave regular morning announcements.

"Then you can take the selection TOOL and... and just... just draw an out... line of Mrs. Zaftig, ffff...for example, to GRAB... just her."

That fucking shit under my desk actually reached her bare hand into my open fly and grabbed the naked shaft of my hardened cock and worked me out of my pants. She got it stuck and my hips squirmed in my chair as she got a solid grip around the middle of my throbbing, aching girth and nearly broke my turgid shaft in half prying me out through my open fly.

THUMP! My cock finally sprung free and slapped the underside of the desktop. The jagged outline of the sample image of Mrs. Zaftig looked like an overly busty amoeba.

I clenched my teeth and said, "BAM! you got a fully captured erec...IMAGE, image to toy with as you want. Ouch! sorry Ms. Schluttie, I over did it lifting weights this morning in the gym. I... I... I think I... um... PULLED a musCLE. It's really tight and hard right n...n... now."

Priscilla was stroking my cock under the table. Both of her hands explored my nine and a half inches of length. She experimented with tugging on my foreskin, pulling it up over the turgid head and peeling it all the way back, causing little shocks of pleasure when the extra sensitive head rubbed the underside of the desk.

"I see Bentley. You should be more careful, but you're young, you'll recover.

"I hope you'll be able to come and get help on your project this afternoon. I pulled a number of resources I thought you'ld want. This project has so many aspects to it. No wonder you spend so much time back here. That actually looks like interesting work. It also looks very hard."

"Ugh." The little jerk gave me a hard, almost painful squeeze when Ms. Schluttie said 'hard'.

"So, how's it coming? Do you think the posters are helping a lot? Are you getting good feedback from the kids. What I want to know is, are the kids stimulated to learn by a few posters? Do they respond, are they aroused to action?"

FUUUCK.

Priscilla was getting into a rhythm with her stroking. She seemed to be done exploring and was just jacking me under the table. She needed to be careful. I was inches away from our librarian's barely contains tits. I could lean over mere inches, stick my tongue out and catch one of her almost escaped nipples in between my lips, the way she was leaning over next to me.

"MmHum!" I nod affirmative, my eyes were watering and my spine shivered when I felt Priscilla's fingers peel my foreskin back and the tips of three fingers on her other hand dance around the throbbing head of my cock. The slick sumptuous glide of pre-cum greased fingers over the tight head of my cock made me spasm.

"You sure you don't need to see the school nurse? She can probably take care of that muscle for you."

Priscilla pulled on my hard "muscle" again.

"Oh... ah... I don't think she'll need TO. I'm sure it... it will let go any m...moment."

Then, I felt a different sensation. My erection was being levered down. It was so full and hard it hurt with what felt like both Priscilla's hands grabbing the shaft and wedging it downward. Then the softest, strangest sensation swiped slowly across the head.

It started at the side of my pulsing, leaking, purple gland and slipped down under the cleft towards my frenulum where the sensation wriggled smoothly up to the tip.

OH GOD!

I shivered and gripped the mouse in my hand. The cursor shook on the screen distorting the captured image of Mrs. Zaftig, giving her even bigger breasts than she already had.

"AUghh ahh... s... sor... sorry Ms. Schluttie. I... I just had... ah... a spasm. I'll be fff... fine."

Ms. Schluttie turned to look at me over her glasses. "Where's the muscle that has hardened up on you?"

"Oh... ah... it's... um... my... my, WHOA... My neck... ah... my shoulder.

WHAT THE FUCK!

What ever that was that was gliding in circular caresses over my cock head had stopped to push at the dripping tip and twist and writhe its way into my meatus for a moment. Then it seemed to expand and covers my entire cock head at once. It slid over the hypersensitive gland and pressed tightly all the way down until the flared corona was engulfed.

Ms. Schluttie straightened up, her generous breasts wobbled just inside her blouse for a moment. "Here Bentley, you really seem to be suffering, I can help maybe a little."

She shifted around behind my chair. 'Ugh Oh!' I pushed in a far as I could go and quickly check to make sure nothing was visible to her looking over my shoulder. It was a small relief to see no sign of anything below were my upper stomach pressed into the edge of the study carrol. However, when I pushed those few couple of inches in and shifted even lower in my chair, I caught a faint sound that was almost like a wet hiccup cut short and there was a sharp painful scrape across the crown of my cockhead.

"Ouch!" I jumped in my seat and slid a little lower still. It felt like half my cock was enveloped.

I finally had a moment of clear thinking and realized what I was feeling.

I WAS GETTING MY FIRST BLOWJOB. MY COCK WAS FUCKING BURIED HALFWAY INSIDE PRISCILLA TEASE'S MOUTH!

"I didn't hurt you, did I, Bentley?" Ms. Schluttie asked with concern as she leaned over my shoulder to look me in the eye.

It took me a moment to realize who was talking to me because my cockhead still stung from scraping past Priscilla's teeth. However, since my cock was half buried in her mouth still, it wasn't she who was talking. I opened my eyes and looked right at Ms. Schluttie's hanging right breast. Her left breast was sitting fully on my shoulder, pressed softly into my deltoid. The way she was leaned over, her head craned around to look at me, her right breast was almost completely exposed. I watched the edge of her blouse lapel inch back and her nipple came fully free. The soft wet interior of Priscilla's mouth clamped around my cock and her tongue swiped across my head.

I CAME!

"Auughhh...aahh!" My while body jerked and I reached up and grabbed that hanging breast as I stared right into Ms. Schluttie's eyes. My own eyelids peeling back wide with ecstasy and I unloaded my cum straight into Priscilla's sucking mouth. I grabbed the edge of my desk with my left hand, my right hand clamped right down on the mature librarian's hanging right tit and I squeezed.

Ropes, streams, fire hoses, jets of cum erupted into Priscilla's encompassing mouth. Ms. Schluttie cried out, covering the sound of Priscilla gaging beneath the desk. I stared into the forty year old woman's eyes as they grew as wide as mine. She was frozen in surprise for a moment as I clamped my hand over her breast. Her blouse got pushed completely back and off her generous mammary.

"OoHHHH!" I broke eye contact and leaned back, shoving a little more of myself into Priscilla's mouth under the desk. I heard a choking sound and fired another thick stream of cum.

I realized, as the last drops of semen squeezed out and into Priscilla mouth, that her teeth were clamped painfully down around the middle of my shaft. I awoke to where I was and let go of Ms. Schluttie's big tit like it was a hot coal.

"I... I'm SO sorry Ms. Schluttie. Oh God, I... I didn't mean to grab your... your... boo... br... breast like that. Oh god... OUCH..." Priscilla's teeth scraped past the super sensitive head of my cock as it grew softer.

I faked my shoulder muscles pain and grabbed my left shoulder with my right hand.

"Bentley, you're in real pain. I'm getting the school nurse." and she stood up, both breasts exposed and jiggling freely. Before straightening her blouse, she said, "You stay right here; I'll be right back with the nurse, and she turned and walked quickly away. I saw her finally raise her hands to fix her blouse only just before turning the corner to the main lobby.

fists beat on my knees. I scooted my chair back and Priscilla wormed her way out. Her own huge tits escaped her open top. She didn't seem to notice.

Standing up, after a quick scan of the back corridor, she leaned into me, her two fat flesh globes swinging low, and said, "Don't read anything into this. I was just curious and your tiny little thing," and she grabs my naked and deflating cock and shakes it, two drops of cum spray off and hit the side of her right tit, "was right there in front of me looking so pathetic I felt sorry for it."

She jerked my foreskin and dropped my deflating cock, still pretty swollen from just cumming, and turned to saunter away.

I was hit with an epiphany, "See you later Sis... and thanks. Except for the biting, it was pretty good."

I realized what all this had been about. Priscilla was an only child, but her hero and all her hero's friends on Surf Beach High, had brothers. She needed a brother to tease and practice sucking cock on. I know my sister was on the edge of going down that road.

Wow! How fascinating.

Oh shit, I had to quickly clean up, cause I could hear Ms. Schluttie say 'hi' to Priscilla passing on her way out. She was back with the nurse already.

Chapter 7

Ad Window - Chapter 7
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

The school nurse's name is Nurse Head. I know, right? Kids like to joke about it. Not to her, of course. I would really like to tell you about how our incredibly stacked and sexy school nurse is responding to my campaign, but that's not exactly how it is. She's older and willowy. Maybe late fifties and no more than a hundred pounds, but kind of tall. No chest. However, as it turns out, she has also been affected by the latest style trends and is wearing a short skirted nurse uniform, but she does have decent legs. They are skinny, but well shaped and very firm and toned. I just never gave our school nurse a second thought. The jokes about her name just don't have the same impact once you've met her.

Her legs are nice, tapering smoothly up from surprisingly muscular calves and her faintly wrinkled knees to slightly thicker upper thighs. The hem of her smock was worn just at the level of her crotch so the thickest parts of her slim thighs were visible where they curved to that narrowed hollow to either side of her pudenda just hidden by her uniform. She was showing off an exceptionally wide thigh gap. From the back, the bottom inch or so of roundish ass cheeks was showing just below the medical green cotton of her uniform. Her ass, over all, is kind of flat, but as a teenage virgin, I'm not really complaining. It was still a woman's ass and her hips flared maturely. She just isn't Ms. Dermis nor Mademoiselle Derrieret nor Mrs. Zaftig.

Nurse Head allowed the zippered front of her uniform to remain open almost to her navel. The slight swell of small breasts were visible between the opened zipper and the thin cotton allowed her prominent nipples to push the material boldly out. I got a very good look down her front as she bent to examine my neck and shoulders. The sides of her smock fell away slightly. Her nipples were dark and small in diameter and their nubs were hard and large. I rested one hand on the slight flair of her hip as she bent over me. I sat in my chair worrying that she could tell I'd just cum. For a woman who must have been in her late fifties, she really didn't look too bad. She didn't have an ounce of fat on her slight frame.

I got my first BLOWJOB. I can't believe it. I've always had kind of a "thing" for Priscilla, but she seemed too aloof and stand-offish to pursue it seriously, so it turned more into a rivalry and contempt for each other, but... WOW! Fucking WOW! I'm going to have to figure out what I can do with this "sibling" relationship she had going.

If Mom did get hired the next week, maybe I'll try and get the student/teacher relationship strengthened. I'm picturing my mother teaching both my sister and Priscilla how to suck my cock. Priscilla could use some pointers. I can still feel her teeth.

After Nurse Head prescribed ice, on my shoulder, I didn't tell her about the biting, I went home flying high for the rest of the day. Later, I checked up on the new TV station where Jessica Flirty was scheduled to anchor the School News. I also scheduled a photo shoot that week, with Mrs. Zaftig and Mademoiselle Derrieret, to put together a poster and information flyers about body confidence and anti-body shaming and anti-bullying. I am often erect through the entirety of these photo shoots now that Ms. Dermis has stopped wearing underwear too. It's awesome. My secret collection of faculty upskirt and nip slip shots has grown very large.

The newest series of posters will dovetail smoothly into the lesson plans some of the teacher's just

got from 'Scholastic Teaching Resource Innovations Program, Inc. as a complimentary promotional. It addresses these issues and guides the teacher on how to integrate body confidence and anti-body shaming into their lessons through nude teaching. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo both got the special administration addition that walks them through the strategies to help support and encourage their faculty and to justify and promote the program among the families of their students.

I also included a supplemental plan for dealing with adolescents that become easily excited and are incline to act out in unwanted and inappropriate ways. The whole psychology of adolescent sexuality has to be addressed or it would fall apart immediately. I did real research and gave clinically tested and psychologically sound advice. This part was probably the most thoroughly researched aspect of my campaign and it has only an indirect connection to my goal. It felt necessary, however.

After the Board meeting where I gave my presentation in the war path of Miss. Neezlaucht, Mrs. Zaftig was pretty charged up to defy the contrary woman's demands to keep the dress code and to show how the trend of teachers stripping for class was not the sinful decline into debauchery the old woman had insisted it was. The Principle even allowed herself a mild rant on the subject when I visited her office the next Monday with a delivery of the faculty mail.

She grabbed up the latest copy of 'School Administrator Gazette' I'd just stopped in to deliver and waved it around at me with glee. It was a special edition dedicated to that latest body-positive teaching trend. How timely.

I'd had to point out to her that she'd bounced out of her top. "Mrs. Zaftig... um... you've come out of your blouse a little." and she stopped, frozen for a second in the middle of her office, looking at me, then she looked down at her escaped breasts. They'd come out of her top much more than a little, those magnificent succulent mountains of wondrous flesh were out and swinging completely free.

The magazine hung limp in my Principal's hand. It had a topless teacher on the cover, her own naked breasts nearly the size of Mrs. Zaftig's with the caption 'Big Naturals: The Big Ideas behind Natural Nude Teaching.'

Mrs. Zaftig had been shaking the magazine at me to show me how widely accepted nude teaching was becoming. She'd enthusiastically and loudly explained,

"It's not leading us into sin and debauchery. It's helping us learn who we are and become more comfortable with ourselves. By familiarizing our students with our bodies, we remove the shame and lose the sense of illicitness in experiencing our own natural bodies THAT... WE... ALL... HAVE. Even the Church says we are finally learning to set aside Original Sin. That woman..."

I tried to say it with calmness and maturity, even though I had the tightest erection in my pants. I pointed it out, because I wanted to treat it like a normal and natural event, not something she would discover with embarrassment and maybe even resentment towards me for allowing her to embarrass herself. It was, still at that point, unusual, so it needed to be addressed.

Looking down at herself, standing in the middle of her office with a high school senior, the Principle who had just been gleefully describing the benefits of teaching in the nude, had to make a decision. She had to make the only decision she could.

"Ha ha ha ha ha! Oh Bentley, you are so sweet. I don't know of another student who could maintain such poise and remain so self-possessed. I feel confident, knowing your mother, that you are way ahead of the rest of the school in your education and comfort about your body. Go ahead

and look. There is no reason to feel embarrassed about our bodies. I know your mother agrees with me, and I refuse to allow that sad old woman, Miss Neezlaucht, to tell me how to teach or what to teach. It's time to move this program ahead."

Mrs. Zaftig made no move to cover herself. She even arched her chest out to give me the best view.

H O L Y F U C K I N G S H I T !!!

I allowed myself to gawk. I even took two steps closer, which brought me to within reach of the most astounding pair of tits I'd ever seen.

"Th... they are am... amazing, Mrs. Zaftig. Absolutely beautiful. Thank you for being so cool about it." I recovered myself, "I think you're right, there is nothing to be embarrassed about and it's time this school move with the rest of the world and learn that."

"Okay," my principal nodded in affirmation. Her awesome tits jiggled with the movement and she stood a few moments longer to let me look. Her nipples were hard and thick with blood. The surrounding pinkish halo of nipple flesh was wrinkled up and flushed darker than usual. I wanted to take one of those chewy looking nubs in between my teeth and suckle.

"I have work to do and I know you do to, so I'll see you after school for another photo shoot. I think we need to adjust our focus, but we can talk more about that then, when Ms. Dermis is there. What do you think about inviting your mother to join us? I have things to talk to her about too."

I was a little surprised that Mrs. Zaftig wanted to move so quickly, but it wasn't totally unexpected.

"Sounds good, only, I wanted to shoot a video for the school channel this afternoon. I've got a lot of material for the posters, for now."

Mrs. Zaftig seemed to hop on her toes slightly, sending a captivating cluster of tremors through her prodigious chest. "Even better. See you then." She turned to sit behind her desk, still not covering up. Nice.

"Oh, Bentley."

"Yes Mrs. Zaftig." I paused with my hand on the door handle and turned back.

"You are an exceptionally mature young man, but I'm afraid I can't say that about many of your fellow students. I'm sure I can count on you to be... um... delicate? about all this, and not go running out and acting like a freshman who just saw his first breast."

"Absolutely, Mrs. Zaftig. That would be very inappropriate and harmful. I have no interest in bragging or even telling anyone about this." I assured her.

"Thank you. They will all learn about the new program when it is time; until then, please keep the people we discuss this with to a very select few who are mature enough to handle it. I want to be clear," and Mrs. Zaftig flipped her blouse closed finally, "this is not a secret, there is nothing to be ashamed of; I just am worried about the reaction those less mature will have. This is a school and we need to maintain structure. I'll be talking to your mother and your advisor, but until then, this isn't for public consumption."

"I get it, Mrs. Zaftig. It makes perfect sense."

"Good, I trust your judgment, now will you ask Miss Cunny to come in?"

I didn't see Priscilla all day, but I couldn't stop thinking about her. I worked on a new scene for SBH with her in mind.

Chelsea started getting regular lessons from her mother to practice sucking on her brother's cock. After telling Stephanie all about it, Kelly overhears.

"Chelsea, I am so jealous. My mom is such a prude. She let's me go around the house naked and even feel my brother's cock, but she usually stops me if I even start stroking my brother to try and watch him cum, when she's around. So you think your mom would be willing to give me some pointers? I could always improve my technique. I'd be totally cool with her showing me what she knows on your brother. He's kinda cute anyhow." Kelly confided in her friend.

"I don't know; I'd have to ask her. I'm sure my brother wouldn't mind. He's always liked you." Chelsea confided. "Besides, It would be so much more fun to have you learning with me. I don't really have anyone I can talk to about it. We'll be like, 'Blowjob Sisters'. So much fun."

"Oo, I want to join too." interjects Stephanie. "I want to learn from your mom. I can be one of your brother's 'Blowjob Sisters' with you guys."

Chelsea laughs, delighted, "That would be the ultimate, you guys. I'll ask Mom. She says she's going to teach me how to deepthroat. I'm nervous about that and it would really help to have you guys there with me."

I managed to get it ready to air that Monday night.

I also found Priscilla's online name, PrinceKilla170, and 'liked' some of her posts as MadJane_7 and LittleDebbie123.

I then connected with Chill_C online and mentioned PrinceKilla170's cool page.

Chill_C: "O yeah. she goes to my school."

MadJane_7: "Cool, she seems smart and into SBH too."

Chill_C: "Yep. She's very smart, maybe even smarter than my brother."

MadJane_7: "Really?"

Really?

Chill_C: "Idk. My brother doesn't like her, so I figured that's why."

MadJane_7: ...

What can I say? I've never made it a secret. Maybe I'm over compensating.

MadJane_7: Maybe he secretly likes her?

Chill_C: Hahaha. could be. She's okay, but a little stuck up about being smart. I didn't know she watched SBH. She does kind of look like Kelly... and dresses like her too."

That's for sure. I'm getting distracted here. got to get back on track. Okay, how to get my sister and Prissy together?

MadJane_7: "Do you think she likes your brother?"

Chill_C: "IDK. She's my age and maybe thinks Bentley is too young. He's grown a lot just in this last year. He's got muscles. He hardly looks like my baby brother any more and his dick is huge."

MadJane_7: "Ur lucky. Have you sucked on it yet?"

Chill_C: "no. not yet. I almost asked my mom to teach me, but... I chickened out."

Here was my opening.

MadJane_7: "How about a friend to do it with you? I wish I lived near you. We could suck him together. :-U lol"

Chill_C: "Yeah, I don't think any of my friends would be into it. Maybe Jess, she hates her little brother. I'm not sure how to ask."

MadJane_7: "ask PrinceKilla170. How fun to learn sucking your brother's dick with a girl he either hates or likes a lot. lol."

Chill_C: "lol - hey mom, will you teach my friend to suck cock? wierd."

MadJane_7: "stranger things have happened. invite her to chat with us. LittleDebbie123 and I will feel her out for you."

Chill_C: "maybe, I'll see her tomorrow in school. this is so wierd."

MadJane_7: "didn't you tell me your mom is going to be a teacher at your school? not so wierd."

MadJane_7: "thanks for the text Chill, gtg."

The seeds have been planted in my sister's mind. They just need to be mixed with the humus from Priscilla's mind. Then, I can water and fertilize them with a little SBH and some online chatting.

Other news, Mom got the assistant teaching position. She'll be working under Ms. Dermis. It just boggles my mind, the possibilities. I almost dare not think about them.

The day Mom started, we all rode in to school early, so Mom could meet with Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Fellaicceo and Ms. Dermis. It turned out to be a very busy day which I started in the gym to get a few sets in before home room. I left my sister in a plaid pleated mini-skirt nearly to the top of her shapely teenage legs, a sheer blouse she'd left open almost to her navel after slipping her tits back into it in the parking lot, and nothing else but three inch heels and her school bag hanging off one shoulder. She headed for the Media Center to get some work done on her senior project which was some boring community service something or other. Mom wore a Summer dress that just brushed the tops of her thighs. The top was buttoned at her clavicle, but spread open in a deep oval below that just exposed her belly button and a considerable amount of her massive under-boob. The dress was held up by a fan of narrow strings coming off a choker-collar around her neck Her shoulders and back were bare too. The material was very sheer and became quite see-thru in bright light.

I poked my head into Coach Clidduris's office to see if she had decided on a uniform supplier. I'd setup the ordering gateway and could take and place orders for any product by this time. I had even filled a few orders from my catalogs already.

As an aside, I'd actually received a few orders for the Master-matic and the Mistress-O-Matic, which I placed with the adult toy company and rebranded through their wholesale division which offered to print a company name and logo on the side of the toys. I was startled to see an order come through for the Mistress-O-Matic and the half-off Master-matic to be delivered to my

address. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised, but I hadn't really considered the possibility that Mom would order them for her children. I added a 15% handling fee and actually made a little extra money from the side business.

Coach Clidduris was a vision. She was still in her street clothes, a micro-mini dress with a halter-top that was translucent and light weight. It tied behind her neck, leaving the back and sides open to the top slope of her very fine ass. The flaired hem shifted and waved around two inches below the tops of her muscular bare thighs. She wore running shoes with thick cushioned heels that lifted her about an inch and a half. Her firm breasts shifted and jiggled freely and her pointed nipples stood prominently upward on her lush chest. The dress left a lot of side boob on display.

"Good morning Coach 'C'."

"Good morning Bentley, what brings you in to school so early?" The sexy coach asked while hanging a mesh bag filled with Basketballs on a hook in her office. She had to stretch up on her toes to reach the hook and a sliver of ass cheek peeked out from under her dress. She has a very muscular back with a narrow waist. The way the halter top was attached to the front of the skirts, it pulled farther up in front than in back. From the side, where I stood, I couldn't see, but her pussy would have been uncovered. I could, however, see a great deal of naked side-boob and her prominent up-turned nipples pointed towards the ceiling as she arched up to reach the hook. Squishing against the basketballs, Coach Clidduris' breasts didn't seem that large, but they were generous enough on her slim figure to stand out proud and full.

I twitched in my pants and began to swell again after just going back down from stroking myself to the naked flesh of my sister and my mother on the ride in.

"Mom starts work today. She's going to be assisting Ms. Dermis. I thought I'd get an extra hour in on the weights. Is the weight room open?"

"Oh, that's great. Just a minute. I haven't unlocked it yet. If you'll give me a minute, I'll change and we can spot each other. Congratulations to your mother. You know, Ms. Dermis is a great teacher to work with.

"Here, here're the keys. The round one unlocks the weight room. I'll be right there."

Coach Clidduris pulled a large wad of keys from her desk drawer and tossed them to me. I watched the front of her dress fall slightly away from her breasts as she bent over, a nipple came into view. I swelled a little more.

Then she stood up and reached behind her neck and began unhooking the neck strap that held her dress up. Stretching her arms up and arching back brought the front of her skirt up. Facing me full on like that, I was suddenly staring right at her exposed vulva, fully bared and denuded of hair, that dress was short and she wore nothing underneath. I got hard the rest of the way. was she stripping right in front of me?

Pausing, she looked at me, her eyes clicking down to notice my arousal. "I have to change. I'll meet you in the weight room."

"Oh... yeah, sorry." and I went to open up the weight room, then I went to get my own gym clothes from my locker.

To be consistent with my new clothing style, I put on a very thin white nylon pair of shorts that were loose around the leg with high mesh sides that showed a lot of skin up to my hips. The material was faintly translucent when dry, but become more than a little see-thru when damp with

sweat. I had a mesh cropped tank, but I left that off so I was shirtless. If I hitched my shorts up to their normal position on my waist, the head of my cock would easily hang out. I left my jock strap in the locker and didn't have underwear on either.

I had created a recent series of sports reports about high school athletic in which the sports casters interviewed three different high school coaches in the locker rooms. The coaches included one male and two female coaches. They were featured on my News program and this was a three part special report about accidents and safety in high school sports.

The first coach was a cheer squad coach and was female. She was dressed in a tiny skirt and very low cut team tank top. The shorty top allowed a sliver of underboob to show. Her uniform was reflective of the regular cheer squad's team uninforms which were a purple and silver with pleated silver micro skirts that cut across the middle of the high school girls' tight round glutes leaving the bottom half of their ass cheeks naked, legs bare down to thick heeled sneakers that gave them a sleek sexy look. Their tops were belly baring, with 3/4 sleeves that molded to every curve of their freely swinging and bouncing breasts. The plunging 'V' necks allowed a vast amount of teenaged cleavage to show.

The coach, standing in the locker room with the showers in the background, was describing some of the more dangerous maneuvers every squad is expected to practice. Girls walked past in various states of undress, a couple fully nude and two girls stepped into the distant showers and began soaping themselves down.

"... especially if you compete in the national competitions. There are no safety wires or nets." she told the male sports reporter who had an unobstructed view of the girl's in the showers behind the coach he was talking to. Nobody cared about nudity.

Cut to a slow motion shot of a pyramid formation with two girls raised three people high and getting tossed into the air, doing a wide legged toe touch in mid-air. Their silver thong panties were little more than strings disappearing into the clefts of their bald labia and ass cheeks. The camera followed them down to where two male cheerleaders caught them just under their firm generous teen breasts, hands boldly gripping the bottom of those luscious orbs. The catchers' hands slid up beneath the skimpy uniform tops from behind. The female coach stepped into frame, halting their routine, to reposition their body placement and show them how to bend their knees more to absorb the impact. She treated the tit grabs as normal and didn't even remove them from where the male students held their female team mate's breasts until she was done directing the leg movement.

The female coach bent at the waist, putting one hand behind the knee of each male athlete in turn and boldly palming their swelling groins to guide their hip and knee angles. The coach was basically cupping the teen boys' semi hard cocks like it was the most natural thing in the world.

The first boy got his prominent male organ cupped briefly, knees guided in with the other hand, then the coach moved her hands along his body and along his arms where he was still cupping the female team member's full breasts, her cropped uniform pushed up so that the bottom half of her breast were uncovered except by the male teammate's hands. The coach slid the boy's hands outward to press more firmly into the girl's ribs, leaving the tips of his fingers sinking into the soft sides of the girl's half naked breasts. A nipple slipped out into view before the rucked up top just settled down enough to hide them. All casual and unremarkable. Nobody cared about nudity.

The second boy received similar treatment except he was more aroused than his fellow catcher. The coach made no comment, but her hand actually encircled the erect organ, holding the teen's cock in her hand while she guided his knees into the proper bend with her other hand. The bent

over coach was showing her bald pussy under the back of her raised skirt hem and no panties were in sight. lots of deep mature neathage was displayed in her up-blouse. All unremarkable and treated as normal contact and ordinary cheer clothing by all participants. The other teams wore similarly revealing outfits and did not hesitate to touch their students anywhere that seemed useful in the background videos. Nobody cared about nudity.

The second coach interviewed was a male who coached tennis. The school uniforms were reflective of professional level uniforms from other recently reported tennis events. The team, mostly girls, wore deeply plunging 'V' necks that barely hid nipples and tiny skirts that cut across mid-cheek in the rear and often showed an inch or so of vulva in the front, covered only by teeny triangles of mesh wedging out from between bald labial lips. One quick shot showed a girl taking a wide deep step into a stretched out backhand, her skirt flipped up by the speedy rush for the ball and her widely splayed thighs opened her up to the camera's view, everything under her inverted skirt exposed. Her otherwise naked hips were dressed only in tiny strings curving down from high around her hips where they came together at the top of her see-thru mesh thong. That thong was no more than an inch wide at the top, just above where her pink clitoris was about all that the garment covered without really hiding it at all. The sheer wedged mesh actually held the lips of her pussy opened around the prominent nub before disappearing between her hairless labia.

Another girl's locker room with nude and semi-nude players comfortably running around with their male coach right there. Nobody cared about nudity.

There was a scene with the coach, an erection straining out in his thin white shorts, hugging up behind a tiny skirted female student while he showed her how to step into a swing. He held her wrist with one hand and pressed his other hand into her half covered pubis, middle fingertip disappearing into the top of her slit, snugging her hips firmly against his own as he bent her forward to stretch for a swing. He moved his hand from her groin to the inside of her thigh to guide it out and opened into a wide step. The coach's voice was explaining how he was very careful to be sure his students stretched and warmed up before a game. He spent a lot of his time guiding them through proper form, which helped prevent injuries, and only through their hands-on coaching practices were they able to insure the development of safe techniques that avoided potential injuries.

"It is essential that a team bond with each other. The inherent intimacy of professional coaching practices brings the whole team together. The trust It develops means the kids take their lessons seriously. You have to treat them like adults if you expect them to act like adults. That's the only way to insure they follow your guidelines for safe play."

The female reporter interviewing the male coach had donned an extremely revealing tennis uniform. Her mature busty figure was barely contained by the tight outfit. She followed his instructions to help improve her back swing and her serve. He, equally erect as with the earlier teenage student, guided her through the same bent over thrust for the ball. Except for his shorts, they would have been fucking, her tiny skirt and non-existent panties were not keeping the coach's cock from penetrating her. Then he helped her reach for an overhead serve.

Standing back, his cock obviously swollen in his thin nylon shorts, he watched her serve. She tossed the ball up then went up on her toes, stretched her arm over her head and hit the ball high to clear the net. The maneuver had bounced her large breasts partway out of her deep 'V' neckline, her right nipple slipping into view for a moment. The tiny skirt that didn't fall far enough down to cover the sliver of labial slit in front, flipped all the way up revealing nothing but bald pudenda with the slightest protrusion of labia minora peeking out between the lips of her smooth labia majora. This was, by this time, so normalized as to be unremarkable, expected even. Nobody cared about nudity.

The coach said, "Very good technique, but I think you can improve, here, stand like this, and he proceeded to move her body, guiding her into a slightly wider stance. He pushed her thighs opened with his right hand on her bare inner thigh, just above the halfway point from knee to crotch. He squatted in front of her, his face inches away from her vagina while he shifted his grip to her other leg, left hand right up to the top of her inner thigh. His right hand curled behind her right knee to put the correct angle into it.

He then checked her stance by running his hands up, palms turned against her skin, from one knee, up over her inner thigh, right into her naked crotch, boldly running his fingers over her yielding labial lips, stretching them sideways against the movement of his fingers. First her right labia majora escaped from his fingertips revealing the pink smooth side of her labia minora, then the right fold of her inner pussy lips pulled free, as his fingers continued their path, and opened her pussy all the way up revealing, very briefly, the wet, glistening, deep pink, inside of her vagina before the left labia minora tugged loose and partially closed the reporter's pussy again. The coach's fingers caught, for a moment, on the inside of her labia majora on the left side and stretched that thick soft yielding lip out against the inside of the reporter's left thigh before her nether lip finally snapped free and quivered back into its natural position. This allowed the male coach's fingers to descend down her soft inner thigh on the opposite leg.
Nobody cared about nudity and intimate touch was casually accepted as part of the sport.

He stood up in front of her and stepped back to look at her position. The muscular middle aged male coach with the tent in his tennis shorts, boldly reached out and lifted the front of the thirty year old reporter's miniscule skirt and held it all the way up as he inspected her stance. Her bald pussy was completely revealed.

Nobody cared about nudity and intimate touch was casually accepted as part of the sport.

"There, that's a better stance. Now, hold your shoulders like this." He let go of her skirt, it didn't fall all the way back down, and began guiding her shoulders. He positioned her arms and ran his hands down, then back up, her torso. He let his palms glide over the swelling sides of her large breasts, squeezing them together briefly. The coach ended his adjustments with his hands high on her ribs, the heels of his palms pressed into the soft flesh of the reporter's full breasts.

"Good, good. Now when you go up for your swing you want to come up on your toes.

"Higher."

When the reporter lifter herself up on her toes, he had his hands framing her ribs. He brought them partially around and hooked his thumbs under the naked bulge of her breasts below the cropped tennis top and lifted her up another inch. Her breasts nearly popped out of the top.

"Great, raise your racket and arch back, like this." The coach lifted her racket hand straight up over her head with his right hand, his left hand still cupping her right breast. He leaned her backwards, her naked pubic mound came right up against the bulge of his obvious erection.

"Now, when you reach for the swing, bring this knee up to help put power into your hips." and the coach, pressed right up against the scantily dressed reporter cupped the back of her left knee and brought it up to the side of his hip. He pressed his own hips and hers together while his other hand held her racket arm over her head. The camera caught the parting of the reporter's pussy lips over the nylon covered head of the coach's erect cock when it wedged against her vagina and slid between them. It looked, if they hadn't been practicing a tennis serve, like they were trying to fuck standing up. The reporter's left leg almost wrapped around his hip while their barely concealed groins ground together. The woman's full breasts pushed below the short hem of her cropped tennis top, the naked undersides flattening against the coach's chest.

As he held the cooperative mature woman in the sexual stance, his erection having disappeared into the space deep between her open thighs, he explained, "It is important to act adult about coaching these kids. As you can see, there is necessarily some very close and intimate contact and if you act like it is something to be ashamed of or embarrassed about, the kids will reflect that right back, times ten.

"I insist that everyone remains professional and mature. I can't teach them how to avoid injury if they are squeamish or sophomoric about incidental and accidental contact in each other's personal space. The pros don't shy away from doing what they need to do to improve. These kids are nearly adults and need to learn to behave like adults."

The reporter was finally let free of the coach's sexual embrace. The front of the coach's shorts, still stretched out by his prominent erection slid from the bare juncture of the female reporter's naked legs. They had become transparent with extra wetness, allowing the details of his cock to be visible. Once the coach stepped fully back, the reporter had the chance to try, successfully, her improved form. It was all handled with matter-of-fact maturity. It's just how it's done.

Nobody cared about nudity and intimate touch was casually accepted as part of the sport.

The third interview was the female reporter interviewing the coach of a high school swim team. Their team competition suits were extremely tiny. The woman coach wore a sheer and very small one piece, like the rest of the team. Their suits consisted of lightweight string that connected broader elongated patches over nipples and a miniscule wedge shaped pieces that barely covered clits. They were sling style affairs that hooked over shoulders and converged in the back, just where their hard round ass cheeks clefted together before the strings disappeared between their butt cracks. The string suits didn't re-emerge from the cleft of the female team member's bald pudendas until they spread out no more than an inch wide over their sensitive erogenous nubs at the top of their teen pussy slits. There, the suits devided again to stretch tightly up to the little patches that just covered their erect nipples. The material was a fully see-thru extremely light weight and stretchy mesh.

The muscular boys on the team wore shear and very stretchy thong speedos that strained to contain their swelling male genitalia. The pouches, those turgid members cradled into, molded like they were vacuum packed over the boys' teen cocks and balls. The mesh material was the equal in transparency to the girl's team suits, often struggling unsuccessfully to cover the teenage organs up to their hairless roots.

Like the lead-in to the program about high school tennis, these suits were featured on several earlier pieces about professional and collegiate swimming where they were actually the warmup suits because most of the high level athletes compete naked.

The woman coach in her nano-sling team suit, whistle hanging around her neck, pointed out the reduced friction of swimming nude and that many of her own high school juniors and seniors had parental permission to practice and compete in the nude.

"I often strip down when coaching to help my younger members become more comfort with the new style and with their developing bodies in general. I try to always be approachable, often joining with them in group activities.

"I can't tell you the growth I've seen in these kids. It's particularly noticeable with the boys. They are learning that if they treat girls with respect, the girls will treat them well in return. The confidence and camaraderie of these kids once they lose their embarrassment and shame in their bodies has grown right along with the rest of them. I keep myself availible to them and try to present myself as approachable and willing to help them whenever they need it. Nobody is bullied

any more. They are here to grow, not to put others down. My boys are learning to swim hard, much harder more often than ever before."

The interview was a walking interview that takes the reporter and camera into the boy's locker room. The lean muscular teens are shown naked, at lockers, in the showers and the mid-thirties female coach in her obscene nanokini freely interacts with the young swimming studs. Most of the boys have erections or semi-erections. The coach swats one erect teen on the naked ass and tells him to hit the shower because he's got Geometry next period. The loud smack reverberated in the stark locker room and brought the young man up onto his toes. His long skinny erection bounced before him and when he spun around at his coach's slap, his hard cock slapped her right back across her mostly naked hip. She ignored the contact and called to another boy who was running past her in a small towel.

She reached out to stop the young man by grabbing the simple white garment which came off in her hand. She yanked the skinny young man towards her. Her other hand on his shoulder bright him to a stand still before her. The head of his semi-erect cock pressed right between the female coach's legs as she took an authoritative stance, feet more than shoulder width apart, her fists punched into the top of her wide mature and naked hips, his limp towel hanging from one fist against the outside of her parted bare thighs, her prodigious chest arched up, hips tilted forward.

"You hold it right there and don't move another inch!

"Billy, how many times have I told you not to run? You are getting 20 laps tomorrow during practice. If you don't start paying attention to the rules, I'm afraid you won't be allowed to dip in my pool with the other kids anymore. Do I make myself clear? This is for your safety. I can't have you join the other boys while they line up one by one to train with me, if you are reckless and get yourself injured. I have a responsibility to service you and the other boys on this team, but also a responsibility to discharge to the whole school and most importantly, a responsibility to your parents.

"This is my sandbox and I have rules. Please think about that the next time you want to run head-on, plunging back and forth, in my sandbox. You want to play with me, you have to play by the rules or you won't be allowed in my box any more. You feel what I'm laying down? I have to discharge my responsibility to service you, you have a responsibility to discharge for me."

"Yes coach." the contrite teen stood naked right in front of his barely clad coach, the head of his half-erect cock caught in the fleshy juncture at the top of her thick and naked thighs. The camera focused on faces, the stern coach giving the naked teen a hard warning look, while the young man lowered his gaze respectfully and concentrated on the point where his cockhead disappeared between his sexy middle aged coach's parting labial lips. While their connecting genitalia wasn't the focus of the camera shot, it was within the frame and the viewers could see the kids erection grow harder and longer, the barely visible ridge of his cockhead pressing up more firmly against the stern woman's spread labia. His member began getting slightly longer as it pushed deeper between her braced thighs, until the head entirely disappeared, pulling the tiny amount of the coach's bathing suit mesh out of sight with it. A speck of glistening pink clitoris, swelling from under its bald hood, just glinted moistly against the naked neck of the boys cock shaft.

The coach paid no attention to the sexual contact and made no move to shift back. Her pussy, inadequately covered only by the smallest of thin mesh strips wedged out of sight into her slit, remained around the student's swelling crown for the entire lecture. At one point, the young man's bare member pulsed and it looked like the coach's vagina squeezed in answer. Another fraction of an inch of youthful cock buried itself between the coach's labia.

"That so good, Billy. I expect to get more from you, I expect to get all of you, in fact, so tomorrow, you better be up for those laps I'm going to be giving you. Don't think you're going to get off easily. I'm going to make it hard for you. You'll have to get up and harden yourself like steal, and last, if you want to keep coming, so be ready to drive into it as hard as you can. Now, you best get off.

"You have Biology next period, don't you? I need every member of my team ready to come and push hard in my pool; not running on slippery locker room floors, because I expect you to be here and ready when I need you, because I'll always be ready and willing when you and the other boys need me. You got me?"

The young man kept his head down staring at that point where his cockhead disappeared. He nodded yes. He looked up finally, his hips rocking slightly more forward with the movement and another quarter of an inch slid between his coach's nether lips, "Yes Ma'am, Coach. And... don't worry, I'll come when ever you want me to. I know I get overly spunky sometimes, I just need you to pull me in, once in a while. You're the best at pulling while we train for you. I won't let you down. See you tomorrow." and he pulled his cock from between the coach's naked thighs and headed at a fast walk to his locker. His erection sprung loose and slapped his naked stomach with a wet heavy splat, before settling at about a 60 degree angle upward in front of him. His whole cock head was gleaming with moisture. Before the exchange, his member had been pointing straight out. A few small drops of clear fluid arched up in a fan of spray from his tip as his erection sprung up with its freedom.

The coach turned to the female reporter, ignoring the two tiny drops of clear fluid that now clung to the soft swell of the inside of her full and mostly naked breasts, a few more clear drops speckled her bare stomach. The reporter watched to whole exchange, without comment.

The coach explained, "You have to make a lot of allowances for teenage boys. You can't get embarrassed or worse, be intimidated by their developing adult-like bodies. I'm here to teach them about the world out there and I can't prepare them for being an adult if I don't let them be adults with me. You'll never earn their respect if you can't get down with them at their level and work to get them up to yours. If you aren't comfortable with the human body, especially with your own, you shouldn't be coaching teenagers.

"A lot of potentially embarrassing situations arise when working with young men like these. You have to just relax and open yourself up to them and let them come, because come they will."

The camera didn't move but the lens focused subtly on the two clear drops of fluid clinging to the coach's large breasts, then refocused on her face. The change was barely noticeable.

"These boys can be sensitive, and can and do go off on me without a moment's warning at times. I feel like I go home to my poor husband, four days out of five, covered in and still dripping with their teen angst spewwed all over me.

"My husband says I just have to suck it up and walk it off, like any coach of a boys sports team would do. I think I've gotten very good at sucking it up and, honestly, I love it, I wouldn't want it any other way. I truly find it deeply fulfilling. Some days I'm so filled up that I practically tell my kids to give it all to me, I can take anything they shove at me.

"Taking these boys and making men out of them is a wonderfully full feeling, I wouldn't trade it for the World. They need someone who's all theirs, to take them as they are and make them come into their own.

"That's why it's important to stay opened and availible to them. It is so much more rewarding,

believe me. Honestly, I enjoy every moment of my intercourse with them. They have so much to give and they really want to give it all to you. It feels good to know I'm their release for all that teenage spillage. All you have to do is open yourself up to them and let them unload."

The rest of the report was pretty standard sports safety information that helped put the sexual aspects of the high school coach/student relationships into a more mundane and normalized culture. It seems outrageous on its own, but this was just the latest in a group of articles, ads and reports meant to enculturate our high school coaches and sports program support staff into nudity and casual sexual contact, free of shame and embarrassment. I headed for the weight room to test its effectiveness on Coach Clidduris.

Coach was waiting. She was stretching, doing hamstring stretches. Her bottom was a very sheer mesh thong. Only a thin 'V' of transparent stretchy lycra going from her crotch to the strings that held it to her hips. That little white wedge of fine mesh cut across her smooth pubis less than half way up, just over a quarter of an inch above the top of her slit where the barest blip of pink from her button-like clitoris was showing through. The backside was almost non-existent, only a string emerging to split in two over her tight round ass cheeks.

I swelled immediately to full attention when I watched her hook her left foot with her left wrist while balancing on her right foot. She then dropped her upper torso down to touch her right toe, spreading her pussy wide open to my view.

It took a few moments to get my eyes past the hairless naked lips of her parted labia as she inverted before me, then I noticed the amazing underboob she was showing off.

Her top was a nylon cropped tank with open mesh sides. From my angle at the door, all I could see was the naked bottom of her full hanging, upside down tits. She finally straightened back up and I could still see her amazing breasts, dark nipples showing faintly through the thin material that was cropped just below them. Nearly half her round jiggling juggs were exposed below the high cropped hem of the top.

The whole outfit was ordered through one of my catalogs about a week ago; I remembered processing the order, but I hadn't thought about who the name on the order was. DAMN! I went from sporting a full and hard erection to feeling the weight of a log made of iron standing up from between my legs.

"Okay Bentley, stretch out, then show me your workout. What muscle groups are we working today?"

I couldn't throb any harder when her eyes seemed to zero in on my inflated member. It felt like it had grown another two and a half inches just from her glancing down when she asked about 'muscle groups'.

I steeled myself to act like nothing unusual was happening. Actually, I'd been getting a lot of practice with that at home. It was getting a lot easier to be nonchalant about my erection. My advisor, Ms. Dermis and Mrs. Zaftig certainly noticed my excitability during our photo shoots, but no one ever spoke of it and I treated it like a non-issue. I was just erect sometimes, well a lot. It happens.

"How about torso? Its been several days since I did any crunches or lat work, and I didn't use the bench yesterday." I wasn't shy about admiring Coach Clidduris' amazing body, but honestly, I don't think she took her eyes off my tenting cock to notice.

"Okay, that's a good one. It's been a while for me too. Now, step your legs out wide and let's

limber up. Hands on hips, hips facing forward, twist just your shoulders. Good, count of three. One... two... three... other side. One... two... three..."

We watched each other twist left then right and my granite cock didn't flag one millimeter. I think I started leaking a little pre-cum when I noticed the bottom curve of her right nipple just edging out below the hem of her workout tank top. Her nipples looked as tight and hard as my erection felt straining against my nylon shorts.

"Good Bentley, you're looking good. Now right arm over your head and bend left. Reach for the opposite wall." and she mirrored her words by reaching her left arm over her head and leaning to the right. "really stretch those lats."

I followed her instructions and felt the pull on my lattissimus dorsi. I didn't bend as far as I normally do before a workout because I was standing face to face with a beatiful pair of tits that kept bouncing from left to right, the erect nipples tight and long, peeking fully out from under Coach Clidduris' cropped top. Her thong wedged deeper between her spread open legs also was distracting.

"Bentley, you've got to really reach. Lats are notoriously hard to warm up. Here, like this." and the young coach stopped stretching and stepped up to me. She reached out and placed one hand on my waist, the other reached up and pulled my wrist over my head. I let her stretch me and I felt firm contact with the sensitive head of my erection. I didn't pull back.

"Feel that?"

What?

"Ahhh... OH! yeah, the stretch. Yep, I can feel it."

"Good, now the other side. Here." She switched her hands and pulled me the other way. I had the chance to glance surreptitiously down and saw my cock head pushing, denting deep into her bare lower belly right were the shallow crease of skin forms at the top of the pubic mound and the bottom of the abdomen. Then I had to look up again before she caught me.

"Yeah, I can really feel it stretching now. Thanks."

She let go and stepped half a step back. I saw her eyes flick down before breaking contact, but she didn't say anything about it.

Then we did a deep back stretch, hands in the small of our backs, throwing our heads and shoulders backwards, thrusting our hips forward. Again I felt contact, much lighter this time, all just incidental, casual and meaningless.

I finally said, "I feel warmed up and ready. I was thinking of starting with basic situps. Three sets of thirty? Then we can try some super sets: lat pulldowns, bench press, crunches, bent rows. What do you think?"

She walked over to a towel and bottle of water and took a drink. Another nipple slip, awesome. Her thong was deep, lost in her vulva.

"Sounds like you are going to be sore tomorrow. I'm sure I can take everything you got. So, you go first, I'll hold your... feet."

She was staring right at my erection when she answered while swigging another gulp of water.

"Okay, maybe just three sets of twenty." I said, "I don't want you complaining to my advisor that I'm the reason you didn't get out of bed tomorrow."

"Ha, thirty. You can't change your mind now. On the mat, knees bent. You said thirty, we'll do thirty." She got down on her knees and looked up at me, as I stood in front of her on the yoga mat. we both had to look past my nine and a half inch erection tenting my pants to look at each other's faces. I was less than two actual inches and the thinnest nylon shorts away from feeding my cock into her mouth. She had to tilt her head slightly to one side to look me in the eye. She even seemed to have trouble doing that. As mature and natural and casual as she believed a coach had to act around excited teenage boys, my aching rod definitely had her attention.

And, Oh, was my rod aching too. I lowered myself down on the mat before her an had to bring my knees up whether I wanted to or not. There was no way my hard cock would let me lay flat with my shorts held against the mat by my ass. There was no material free to accommodate my turgid mast. I decided I needed to adjust it and It was best for my plans to be open about it.

"Hang on, I need to adjust myself. I don't know if I can do situps with my penis hard like this. I'm sorry, it's a little embarrassing, but I need to move it into a different position. Is that okay?"

She felt free to look directly at my cock now that I brought it up, so to speak, while she knelt with her knees touching my toes, my own knees bent up bringing my hips within a couple of feet from her view.

"Don't be embarrassed Bentley. These things happen all the time. Just a natural function, especially for boys your age. Part of a coach's job is to help young adults feel comfortable about their bodies. Feel free to do whatever you need to do. Frankly, I can see you are quite big. It's no wonder you need to adjust it."

I smiled appreciatively and reached into my pants while Coach Clidduris knelt right before me watching. My waist band was already pulled out away from my stomach and the hairless state of my pubic area was obvious from the beginning. I grabbed my thick shaft with my right hand, it felt fever hot against my palm, and I wedged my hard-on towards my belly. The sheer nylon gripped the head like cling wrap and just pulled me back when I tried to let go.

I already knew this would happen, I was just making a show of modesty to prove that the only way to fix the position of my cock was to uncover it. I grabbed myself again and leaned backwards onto my shoulder blades, placing my feet wider to either side of coach's knees and lifted my hips off the ground. This allowed her a clear view up the leg holes of my shorts to my exposed and tightly swollen testicles and freed my left hand to peel my waistband back and down over the stuck crown.

I exposed my entire length to the entranced female coach. Her eyes traced everywhere, up my legs to my swollen testicles, the peeled back waistband and exposed head, down and up the length of my hard shaft gripped in my hand, then down and up again when I let it go as it waggled stiffly by itself in front of her. Then I covered it back up, yanking my shorts up, until my balls dropped right out of my right leg hole. The elastic band just covered my head; and when I reached down to tuck my balls back in, the head of my cock popped out above. I tried to pull the waist band back up again and readjusted the leg holes. Again I popped out.

When I reached to do it all over again, Coach Clidduris put her hand on mine to stop me. Her fingertips just brushed the engorged head of my cock when she rested her palm on the back of my hand to stop me from trying to tug my pants back up.

"It's okay Bentley. I can see it's not going to work, just leave it out. I won't be embarrassed, there's

no need for you to be either."

I know I was teasing her on purpose, to get a response just like this, but I still was so thrilled, I almost came when her fingers brushed the underside of my turgid helmet and across the frenulum.

I stopped and lifted my head to look at her. She shifted her eyes up and smiled at me reassuringly before returning her gaze to my exposed organ. Her hand stayed covering mine, her fingertips in contact with the tight satiny purplish skin of my cockhead. I pulled my hand out from under hers and she nearly encircled the entire head with her palm and fingers before snatching them quickly back.

"Right, I guess you must have to deal with this kind of thing all the time." I said getting into my situp position and ignoring any hint of sex in this unusual situation. "At home, Mom would just tell me to take my shorts off, but this is school."

"I'm sorry Bentley, I can't let you just do that without getting your mother's permission. Since she's working here now, I'll see what I can do. Until then, I think this will have to be good enough."

Coach looked so sincere as she informed me that I wasn't going to be able to strip naked outside of the locker room until she secured my mother's permission.

I stepped my right foot then my left foot back together in the middle, intentionally forcing her to open her knees to either side. She made no effort to resist and simply spread her thighs open before my eyes. Her thong workout bottoms were almost invisible they were so wet, before they disappeared between her labial lips and the swelling cleavage of ass cheeks that squished over her heels as she knelt before me.

I started leaking a little pre-cum again. Oh man, I'd been hard for almost fifteen minutes straight without cumming. I was pretty sure I wasn't going to make it through the whole workout. I was planning for it. I wanted Coach Clidduris to see it happen, strain her window of acceptance to understand that teenage boys cum at the most awkward times. She already was taking so much in stride and her new concept of the proper outfit for a high school coach is fucking hot, much more so in person than it's prototypes I'd published in her sports magazines.

I put my hands behind my head and lay back. The air stirred across my exposed cockhead and I could feel it. Coach Clidduris grabbed my ankles. I came up. "One"

I twisted to touch my right elbow to my left knee. My cock pressed into the top of my stomach. "two"

I twisted the other way, left elbow to right knee. I caught flashes of Coach Clidduris's pussy with each situp. "three... four... five..."

Her arms were straight, her hands firmly around my ankles and her upper arms pressed in against the sides of her hanging breasts. "six... seven... eight... nine..."

Those soft squishy tits squeezed out below her tiny tank top. The bottom half of her erect nipples peeked into the open as they quivered out from beneath the thin material. "ten... eleven... twelve... thirteen... fourteen... fifteen..."

I felt the pressure in my loins. I was so aroused, a wet spot grew bigger and bigger over my upper abs, every time I sat up and the leaking head of my cock pressed into me. "sixteen... seventeen... eighteen... nineteen... twenty... twenty-one... twenty-two..."

My shorts crept down my hard shaft with each pumping of my torso until it wasn't just the head of

my cock peeking out, but the entire length, all nine and a half inches of hard man meat wobbling stiffly over my wet sticky abs, stood out before Coach Clidduris's view. I glanced up from the vision of her barely covered tits to see her gaze locked onto my hot blood filled and fully exposed erection. I felt so tight and the streak of slick pre-cum was like a track that my horny cockhead slid back and forth along with each situp. "twenty-three... twenty-four... twenty-five... twenty-six... twenty-seven... twenty-eight....

This was incredibly hot. My long, full, throbbing organ was sliding up my stomach all the way to my pecs, leaving a sticky pool of clear lubricant in the hollow of my sternum. I was going to cum. I was so close, so hungry for it, I wanted to bend forward even farther and take my own cock into my mouth.

twenty-nine...

What a rush. How would Coach Clidduris react if I hunched over between my own knees and sucked my own thick turgid head into my mouth and shot my cum down my own throat? I could do it; I was long enough and flexible enough to get most of myself in my own mouth. By the look in her fixated eyes, she would be jealous. Did she want to do it? Would Coach Clidduris be interested in sucking my cock? Just the thought had me clenching my pulsing gland as hard as I could to hold off.

Thirty!

I fell back, arm thrown over my face, breathing hard, my cock jutting out over my heaving stomach, but not touching anything. It bounced up and down, up and down with my heart, over ninety beats per second. The waistband of my shorts just covered my swollen balls, a drop of pre-cum oozed down on the end of a thin string of mucus to drop about an inch above my navel only to creep downward along the slick track of lubrication that streaked a centerline over my abs, and pool in my belly button. I could feel it, I was so sensitive, but I didn't cum. I held it back.

Coach Clidduris still held my ankles. She didn't say anything for almost a minute, I kept my arm up to let her look, "Good job Bentley. I could see it was hard pumping them out like that. I didn't think you were going to last, there for a moment."

She let go and slapped the side of my left leg.

"Get up, give me my turn. Then I'll take my place at your feet for another round, once you've caught your breath."

I was struggling, trying hard to calm down. I lay back before my beautiful, scantily clad coach, my right forearm held across my eyes so I didn't have to see the erotic sight of her firm jiggling breasts hanging half out of her cropped top. The hem of that thin top sat draped on two raised points over both of her erect nipples. The sheer material hung in a shallow downward arch between her two dark pink nubs that pinned the hem up like draping a scarf over two adjacent wall pegs.

I can do this. Mom and Cecilia have been helping me gain control for the last few weeks or so.

That first time Mom showed Cecilia how to masterbate and started to show us on me, when I came all over them, Mom said I needed to learn control. The next evening Mom continued the lesson. It was the first night in a while that the TV didn't go on after dinner. Mom grabbed a fresh wad of paper towels and handed them to me. "Here, if you feel it about to happen, use these."

She then moved her spot on the couch to sit on the other side of Cecilia. We both had to scoot down to make room. Cecilia was now the target of Mom's lesson. Mom was naked, as had

become the norm for over a month. She then spread her own legs wide, hooking one knee over her teenage daughter's bare leg. Cecilia was in a tiny micro skirt that didn't actually cover her pussy lips even when she was standing. Her top consisted of a very tight open mesh cropped 3/4 sleeve body stocking top that she'd ordered through my Web portal to the highlighted fetish wear I featured in my senior project ad campaign. It was a top that Chelsea had worn to tease her brother with on one of my recent episodes. Chelsea had chosen it, as she told her friend Kelly, because her nipples could just fit through the mesh if she pinched them and pulled so that the little squares encircled her stiffening nubs to hold them tightly. The holes were just the right size to clamp around her engorged nipples to keep them erect. Her brother couldn't keep his eyes off them.

Cecilia had taken care to do the same with her top. Both of her nipples stood out over half an inch past the tight holes they pushed through in the mesh. The strings that made up the mesh bit into the base of her swollen nubs so tightly, they practically disappeared around the pinched in bases.

Mom drew our attention to her own vagina. "The most sensitive spot, as you've already discovered, is the clitoris." she told Cecilia while pressing the tip of her right index finger to the pink button of flesh at the top of her slit. "But keep in mind, the whole area is an erogenous zone. That means arousal and stimulation can be achieved by caressing any part of a woman's pudenda." Mom slid the tips of her index, middle and ring finger across the smooth bulge of her pubic bone, then down the yielding flesh on the right side of her labia majora and into the hollow between her vagina and her anus, to indicate the entire area around her genitalia.

"The labia minora is particularly sensitive, but it can also be tender, so take it easy. Here Cecilia, you feel." and Mom reached over with her left hand and took her daughter's right, bringing the tips of Cecilia's fingers onto Mom's own bald mons.

I stood up and shucked my boxers off when I watched that. Mom glanced over to me as I straightened back up and asked, "would you like to feel?"

NahhhoOOO! What a stupid question, off course I would, but it didn't seem cool to start jacking my cock off and nodding my head violently up and down like a little boy asked if he wants Christmas to come.

"Yeah, I think I'd like to know what it feels like. If that's okay?" I answered.

My cock stood straight out and was swelling thicker and fuller even as I stood facing my mother and my sister. Cecilia wasn't looking, for once. She was turned towards her mother who sat with legs spread wide, one leg thrown over Cecilia's thigh. Cecilia was concentrating on her hand exploring the soft open flesh of her mother's vagina. I stood, my cock aimed straight at my sister's face, watching her fingers slid over Mom's smooth labial skin and press one side of her open. Cecilia's fingertips dented deep into the yielding flesh of her mother's pussy.

Mom said, "it's very soft and I'm getting pretty moist already, but you might want to get your fingers a little wetter. Here, like this."

I sprung up to full attention. I could almost hear an audible 'BOING yoingYOINGyoingYOINGyoing...', when I watched Mom, my mother, take her daughter's hand, the hand that had been feeling its way around her own mother's vulva and fold down Cecilia's ring finger, thumb and pinky to guide her daughter's straightened middle and ring finger down between the dark pink lips of Mom's own cunt and slide them smoothly up inside.

Mom's eyes shuttered closed for a moment and her full painted lips parted in a soft groan that she couldn't control completely. I watched my mother, legs splayed, their muscles stretching in a convulsion, push her daughter's two fingers halfway in, pull them partway out and sink them to the

last knuckle all the way inside herself. She held her daughter inside herself for a moment then let go of her daughter's hand.

"Uahhh," she whispered, "... get them wetter and they will slide better over the more sensitive areas." Mom leaned back, her head tilting backwards as Cecilia pumped her fingers two more times in and out of our mother's pussy. I heard the wet, squishing sounds of Cecilia's fingers pumping inside Mom's cunt. Her slim digits glistened with plenty of lubrication by the time she pulled them from Mom and started spreading them around Mom's pussy.

Mom lifted her head back up when her daughter remove her fingers from inside Mom's wet cunt and she sighed. Mom watched her daughter explore her pussy for a few more seconds, then she said, "Try that on yourself. See how it feels and let Bentley have a chance to finger... f... feel me...

"OH! AUghh..." Mom threw her head back because Cecilia had just pushed her fingers hard across Mom's clit, then plunged them both, deeply back into Mom's cunt.

"Okay, Cecilia answered as she pumped her fingers back and forth inside her mother. "Just let me get my fingers wet again."

Then Cecilia pulled her sloppy wet fingers from her mother's gaping pussy lips with a wet suctioning 'splersh' and began spreading her mother's juices between her own parted legs.

Mom lifted her head back up and met my wide eyes. Her own eyes looked watery and unfocused.

"Your turn. You saw what your sister did. Just do me... ah... it like that. Take it easy and don't be in a rush... Uhugh...hhh... SLOW..."

I had dropped to my knees on front of Mom and pushed my fingers, two of them, right into her pussy. She was so wet, there was no resistance. OH MY GOD!

"OW!" Cecilia cried when Mom's hand, resting on the top of Sissy's thigh, clenched.

I shot my load right there. My cum spewwed forth before I even realized I was cumming. My semen ripped a sticky trail straight up the length of Mom's naked stomach and wound a track of gooey pearls of cum into the deep valley of her giant breasts.

I'd rested my left hand high on Mom's naked right thigh, the tip of my thumb pushing against her puffy outer labial lip to spread her out and open and I brought my right fingers to her entrance and shoved. I was taken by surprise at how sexual the whole thing felt. I was finger fucking my mother and it wasn't until I felt the envelop of Mom's slippery vaginal walls wrap themselves around my fingers, hot and soft and so wet and slippery, but most of all, completely encircling. Mom's cunt was like a cocoon of sex surrounding my fingers, almost sucking them in to the last knuckle.

My mind blanked and reset, then I thought, 'I'M FUCKING MY MOM WITH MY FINGERS! I'M FUCKING FINGER FUCKING MOM!' and I came fast... and hard.

My right hand jabbed into Mom again and my left hand found my cock and worked its pulsing, spasming length, I actually aimed it at her, right where my fingers disappeared into her cunt.

Another huge splash of semen coated my hand. I pulled my fingers out of Mom and shot a third load right at that wet, dripping cleft framed by the dark pink lips that folded open like a flower to accept my spew. The white viscous cum hit her in the deepest center of her spread open pink folds. Her pussy spasmed and actually seemed to swallow the thick milky gob of sperm that came to

collect there.

Mom let out a loud groan and cause my sister to cry out again, "OWww, MOM! Let go."

Cecilia grabbed Mom's hand from her thigh, the area was red with Mom's finger marks. Mom pushed her hips up against my hand and I blasted her again. I couldn't hold my aim and ropes of cum wriggled up from her open anus beading like caulk into the groove of her labia minora, over her pulsing clitoris and across her stomach again. I had returned my sperm covered fingers to Mom's cunt and pushed a thick coating of my semen, along with another large gob pooled in her labial opening deeper into my mother's pussy. It made my fingers even slipperier than before.

HOLY FUCKING FUCK! That was erotic. I was vaguely aware that I had gone off way too early and that the whole thing was over the top, but I'd never been so turned on before and, truth is, as much as I would have like to make it last longer, I'd never felt a more satisfying orgasm.

Cecilia sat stunned, staring at Mom who was laying back, slumped on the couch, her legs wide open, my fingers inside her. At what point, I don't know, but I had slipped three fingers into my mother's cunt. I just knelt between her legs, my fingers pushed back into her sopping pussy and felt her quiver at around my fingers. I don't think she had a full fledged orgasm, but it sure felt like ripples of pleasure passing through her.

"I'm so sorry Mom. What do I do? I don't know how to stop doing that." I said. I stretched out the paper towels Mom had given me, picking them up of the couch. They were perfectly clean and dry.

Mom took them automatically from my hand and glanced down to where I still had three fingers buried between her pussy lips. I followed her gaze down and quickly pulled my fingers free. Mom shivered again.

"AwOH!" she ejaculated. "You are going to learn to control yourself." Mom informed me. "Now that you've got that out of the way, you can take it slowly and learn something." She scooted back up and unhooked her leg from Chelsea's.

Mom took a deep breath, then another. She scanned down her body. I noticed one small drop of my cum had made it as high as her left cheek. Mom didn't seem to notice it clinging to her face.

"Okay, as I said earlier, the whole area is an erogenous zone. I hope you noticed the effect it's been having on me. Some things are just not always easy to control. So, there's no reason to feel bad or be embarrassed. You're young, you'll have plenty of opportunity to learn to control yourself."

Mom held the paper towels bunched up in her hand, but made no move to use them. She looked down her torso again and followed my tail of semen with her eyes. "You cum a lot Bentley. You are certainly healthy in that respect." She paused and looked over at her daughter who had two fingers buried in her own pussy but had apparently forgot they were there.

"If you want to take a break, we could just watch some TV, but it's okay if you want to keep exploring."

Cecilia shook her head, then nodded it. "No, we don't need to watch TV. I'm willing to keep going." She looked over at my deflating cock. "Will Bentley do that every time?"

probably not right after he's had one orgasm already. I don't know how long it takes a male to recharge, but your brother's young enough that it won't be long. Now's the time to explore him, if that's what you mean."

Cecilia nodded her head. "Bentley, switch with Mom so I can see better."

Mom shifted over when I stood up. My cock was all gooey and had only gone down to half mast. I sat back down between Mom and Cecilia and Sissy reached out and grabbed my cock before I could get something to clean the sperm off the dripping head. Cecilia ran her fingers through the sticky mess and I jerked, grunting loudly.

"Careful Cecilia, boys are very sensitive right after they orgasm. It can be almost painful, at times.

Cecilia held my shaft in her other hand and moved her fingers more gingerly over my sensitive head. I still grunted and my cock pulsed in her hand.

Cecilia giggled and looked around at Mom while keeping both hands on my dick.

"He's not going to go off again, is he?"

Mom said, "No. But then again, he is a teenage boy. They can be surprisingly... ah... resilient. You never know."

Mom watched her daughter fondle my cock a little longer. "Actually, handling him like this might be the best thing for him. Some people get too excited and ejaculate at just a touch. It's called premature ejaculation. I don't think Bentley is suffering from that. He's just young and inexperienced.

Bentley, why don't you explore Cecilia's body a little. I think you need to become more familiar with with the female body. Then, it won't seem so erotic to you all the time."

I was still feeling thick and heavy with Cecilia's hands now stroking my softened member. I hadn't gone completely limp, I felt more like a long flesh covered slinky was in my lap, but when I turned to reach for my sister, Mom's words already had me swelling a little tighter again.

"AUGH!" I grunted out because Cecilia had brought her palm up and rubbed it hard across my cockhead again. She giggled to herself and repeated it

"Augh!" My hips jerked and I grabbed at her wrist with one hand and her nipple with my other. I was sitting on Cecilia's right so I turned towards my left and grabbed the stiff peak of her full right breast with the fingers of my right hand.

Mom reached around my hip and closed her treacherous daughters fingers in her own right hand. I felt Mom's body press up behind me and her huge soft breasts squished deliciously into my back. The points of her aroused nipples couldn't be ignored.

"Take it easy with your brother, Cecilia. Don't be mean to him. He's too sensitive right now." Mom slid her hand up off of her daughter's hand to carefully cover my cockhead, protecting me from my sister's treachery.

"It's just funny to watch him jerk like that. Sorry, I wasn't trying to hurt you little brother."

I felt myself revive under both my mother's and sister's hands. Cecilia held me with both and she slipped her left hand down to fondle my balls. Her upper arm pressed against my hand to relieve some of the pressure I was putting on her nipple. I relented and spread my hand out to capture as much of her full breast as I could. She had plenty spilling out that I couldn't cover it all.

Mom was fingering the sensitive underside of my flaired crown. I'm not sure she even realized she was doing more than just covering my cockhead up to protect it from her daughter. Cecilia started

jacking her right hand slowly up and down my shaft as I grew harder and harder under both of their gently exploring hands. I trailed my own hand down from Cecilia's breast, giving her nipple one last tweak. Cecilia opened her legs wider to let me feel her pudenda. I explored it from hairless pubic bone to perineum. When I moved my fingers back upwards, her vagina almost seemed to reach out and suck two of my fingers inside.

Cecilia gasped when I was sliding my ring and middle fingers into her. She groaned when I bottomed out and rotated my fingers ninety degrees.

When I began to pump, she came.

"AWeeeEeeeEEEEEE!!!"

Cecilia, as it turns out, is a screamer and Mom was very panicked at first. My Mother clutched my cockhead in a tight grip as she leaned around to see what was causing her daughter to yell.

Cecilia had thrown herself back, letting go of my cock with a hard yank that left my balls numb. Her thighs shot out, her right leg hard across my lap, the other leg out from the couch kicked down into the carpet, bringing her up on her toes. Her hips arched off the cushions and she grabbed my wrist in a vice grip that wouldn't let me pull away. I felt every micro muscle fiber that lined the walls of my sister's vaginal canal clench around my two longest fingers. Her hips pumped and she stabbed my hand harder into herself with each convulsion. She had grabbed me with both hands before I'd realized she moved her other one.

OohooOH OOOAH AHHHH... FFFF... FFUUUUU.... AHHHH... OH! FUUUCK!"

Sissy's cunt tried to milk my fingers. The walls of her birth canal writhed around my tightly squeezed digits.

Her left heel landed right between our mother's spread thighs as she lifted her hips higher. They pumped up and down almost at face level with me, my hands trapped by her iron grip against her pussy.

Oh God! Ohhhh YES!!! SoOoOoO GOOOOOD!" She shouted at the top of her lungs.

I thought I'd head Mom cry out at one point, but it was drowned out by Sissy's orgasm that just seemed to go on and on.

Finally she fell back into the couch. Her breathing raced, sweat beaded her face. Her hand clutched my wrist against her like they were now froze, solidified in place. Mom and I waited in stunned silence. Mom was breathing hard in my ear behind me, her arm still around my waist, her hand still clutching my cock only now it was encircling my shaft and reflexively stroking me instead of squeezing my swollen cockhead. I was hard as a rock again.

Cecilia opened her eyes. There was fear in them as she looked from my amazed stare to Mom's. I'm guessing amazement wasn't exactly in Mom's eyes, but then...

"Cecilia, was that your first orgasm?" Mom asked. There was concern in her voice.

Cecilia's face turned beet read and she simply nodded her head without saying a word.

Mom grunted when Cecilia shifted to sit back up. I looked behind me. Cecilia left big toe was coated in Mom's vaginal juices and I watched Mom's pussy lips slowly pull back inward. Cecilia had somehow stuck her big toe right up Mom's twat when she was having her orgasmic seizures.

"Are you okay, Honey?" Mom finally stopped stroking my cock and reached her hand out to caress her daughter's naked thigh.

Cecilia just contritely nodded and breathed.

Mom chuckled after that, trying to make us feel better. "Well it looks like Bentley isn't the only one with a hair trigger. I got to say, I'm a little jealous. It's probably best that we call it a night and go get cleaned up and ready for bed."

The next evening we were watching a movie, something I'd modified to help promote greater comfort in families dealing with sexual issues Between each other. Open masterbation was pretty standard fare by this time.

I was sitting on the couch with Mom, as usual, and Cecilia was slowly masterbating in her recliner, as usual, when Mom, without even looking over, reached into my lap and curled her fingers around my semi-hard shaft and began stroking it. Mom was naked and so was I. Cecilia might as well have been naked except the crotchless leather thong she wore with the 1/4 cup shelf-bra screamed sex much more than being naked did. I'll have to feature that outfit on Mom's morning show, just like I had on SBH. Her giant tits would look amazing in it.

So, Mom started stroking my cock just as casually as if she was flossing or clipping her nails, while watching a movie. I started to squirm. It was so arousing, I was going to cum and I could feel it building fast. I leaned back and my cock began to pulse and my hips pushed into my mom's stroking hand and she stopped. FUCK!

Okay, I'm not going to start begging mommy to cum. I tried to stay cool.

It took through the next Mistess-O-Matic commercial, but my cock finally lost the diamond hard edge and tilted just a little away from straight up. The need to cum faded to the background. That's when Mom grabbed my organ again and began stroking it some more. My dick snapped to attention in her hand and I felt the background boil begin again. Cecilia held her two middle fingers still, deep inside herself, and just watched Mom's hand casually stoking my cock up and down, up and down, again.

I felt my balls pull up and my hips jumped against my mother's hand again, but I struggled to control myself. I wanted this to last. If I showed her I was getting into it, Mom might stop again. So, I sank my ass back down into my seat and tried to breath normally. Mom ran her fingers up over the head of my cock and circled the ridge with her nails.

"Ahhh h h h!" I moaned and my head fell back. I could feel it coming.

Mom stopped again. She pulled her hand away.

I reached for myself and started to stroke off. Mom slapped my hand. "STOP!" she demanded. "You'll ejaculate."

"I know. I need to." I said, a little annoyed.

"YOU need to learn control. Don't touch yourself, let me show you how to do it."

Fuuuck!

I lowered my hand back to my side. Several long minutes later, Mom's hand was back around my cock. I concentrated on calming down. It felt so good.

I was lasting a little longer and Mom picked up the place. I tried to blank my mind. Cecilia was frozen, her fingers still in her pussy, watching everything Mom did to me.

Mom's hand got into a rhythm. I was doing pretty well and she started stroking me more fully, really jacking me off. I wanted this to last forever. Mom switched hands.

She was sitting, as usual, on my right and had been stroking me with her left hand. She'd just casually reached into my naked lap, curled her fingers around my shaft, felt me up to the tip then down to the root, then she'd began stroking. I figured her arm was getting tired, even though it hadn't really been that long. She turned towards me on the couch. I turned in slightly towards her too and Mom brought her left knee up to press wedged against my hip and the back cushions, her right leg still on the floor spreading her legs open wide. She let go of my throbbing erection and twisted forward, reached across her body and grabbed my hard member with her right hand. She reached her left hand down to capture my right hand, which I'd struggled to keep still at my side.

I waited to see what she was doing, she didn't say anything, finally taking her eyes off the TV and focused on my hard rod. Her right hand kept pumping, as she brought my right hand between her legs. She curled my pinky and ring finger into my palm and proceeded to bury my index and middle finger in her own pussy. It was soaking wet. I sank easily into my mother's hot wet fuck tunnel and shot my load in a sudden fountain of cum that splashed rivulets of milky semen all over the bare skin of my right hip, her hand and her left hip and the smooth inner flesh of her left thigh.

"Aughh OHhhhH!" I spasmed and cried out. I jammed my fingers into my mother's cunt, my back arching and my hips humping against Mom's hand. She too cried out, "OHHH... Euuughhh!" She wasn't orgasming, but she obviously enjoyed the feeling of my fingers jamming hard into her.

I pumped hard into her at the same rate she was pumping me. She couldn't control where I aimed and a particularly violent contraction sent a thick white shotglass worth of cum arching up, where it hit Mom's chin. Another was across her fat bouncing breasts until she covered me with a towel she'd had sitting on the side table.

"Even knowing it was coming, you still took me by surprise." Mom smiled when I'd finished cumming. The gob of cum I'd hit her face with, stretched downward from her chin. "Next time, you'll last much longer." She wiped the now spermy cloth across her mouth and chin. I don't think it got her cleaner. Her full lips glistened with my smeared semen afterwards.

Mom explained that I just needed to experience stimulation from the opposite sex more and I'd soon have no trouble with premature ejaculation.

Mom did it again the following night. Again, she had to slap my hand away and she spent two whole shows teasing my cock. By the second show, I was finger fucking Mom and she was really starting to respond. Her breathing started to get very heavy and her hand jerked spastically on my cockshaft periodically. That's when Cecilia decided she was going to help. I still hadn't seen my own mother cum. Something to look forward to.

Sissy was now screaming out her own orgasms around this time every night. Cecilia and I started masterbating each other. I brought my sister to orgasm while Mom watched to make sure my sister didn't let me cum until at least two programs had finished.

So, when I wanted to just let myself cum in front of Coach Clidduris, I was pretty sure I had enough control to time it better, but she was proving to be a little too much for me.

I held her feet as she lay back before me. Her legs spayed wide open for a moment as we both positioned ourselves. Her jiggling breasts were only half covered and when she put her hands

behind her head and swung back, her nipples popped out from underneath. it was the ultimate neathage view and I found myself planning a photo session to promote scholastic athletics with Coach Clidduris. Maybe a health and exercise segment on the school TV channel. My cock stood up, I'd fixed my pants when I'd got up, but the head of my cock still peeked out. My testicles were partially out between my spread legs. The coach had sat in front of me for a few long seconds staring between my thighs. "It's important, Bentley, to take a few seconds to calm your breathing before starting each set."

Yeah.

Her breasts escaped her top immediately and rolled back and forth sensuously with each situp. Her knees parted a few inches, just enough to allow me to see where her thong disappeared into her vulva. Watching her do situps in that outfit was almost more than I could bear. Every time she came up to touch her elbows to her knees, I watched the top of her head duck downward towards my hips and I couldn't help imagining her trying to fit her mouth over my erection with each rep. 'One - suck, two - suck, three - suck...' That idea alone was enough to keep me hard.

Finally, she finished. I swear she looked like she really was staring at my erection and trying to suck it with every rep. She twisted at the top of her situp to touch her elbow to the opposite knee, but her head seemed to swivel so it tracked my crotch. Maybe my over active and horny teenage imagination, but she certainly seemed enthralled with my boner.

Coach sat up and my erection was half out of my waistband again. I stood up to switch places and she knelt up to knee-walk to the end of the mat again. It felt like my cock was pointing at her face the whole time and she made no effort to get away from the line of fire.

I made it through set two; it was close though. Set three was getting a little easier. Coach Clidduris didn't bother to fix her top between set two and three, and left the tiny collection of mesh and see-thru nylon bunched up above the jut of her full firm jiggling breasts, while she spotted me and pumped out the last set of thirty. I enjoyed the unobstructed sight of her beautiful, hard nipples swinging and shaking freely upon her fleshy feminine peaks.

I let my shorts inch down until, once again, the entire length of my hard cock stood out from my hips. When I let Coach C's ankles go and knelt up so my thrumming member pulsed mere inches from the athletic woman's face, ignored the lewdness of my nine and a half inch cock pointing right at her and she hooked her arms around her raised knees and sat forward to catch her breath. She was breathing heavily, mouth open, about ten inches from the pulsing head of my member, her eyes directly on it.

I pretended like it was completely normal and unremarkable to have my cock waving stiffly before of her face, "Whew! That got the blood pumping. Shall we move to the lat machine next? We have to setup the bench press and the row bar. I usually bench ninety pounds, how much weight do you want?"

Coach Clidduris was catching her breath and watching the rhythmic bounce of my erection thrusting out from my canted hips only about four inches from her face by then.

"Ninety is a good finish weight, let's start with seventy five pounds for the first set and go up to eighty-five for the second set. That sound good to you? We'll use the same bar for the bent rows. We can just lose ten pounds. It doesn't take that long to drop the weight. The spotter can do it while the other is pumping out crunches."

I bounced my cock directly before my sexy coach's eyes and answered, "Perfect." She seemed content to sit in front of my erection staring at it, so I lifted a leg up and planted my foot flat, next

to her hip, in preparation for standing up. My cock tilted up higher and my hips angled closer by another two inches. Coach Clidduris's eyes just followed the purplish head wagging in front of her eyes.

I leaned in and stood up, my cock swung downward, then stabbed foreward and caught her in the forehead before skipping off and thrusting up above her face, when I heaved myself into a standing position that straddled her legs.

I said, "Oh?! Sorry about that." I snapped my waistband up to cover most of my shaft again and she just waved her wrist, "Forget about it. It wasn't anything to apologize for. You're just young and you happen to be quite large. It's fine. Every coach knows to expect the occasional incidental contact."

I stepped back and held my hand out to help her up.

Coach took her eyes off my cockhead and looked at my offered hand for a second. She finally grabbed my hand and I helped her up, her knuckles brushing the underside of my pulsing crown. Then, the peak of one bare nipple scraped up against my frenulum, dragging stiff and erect along that sensitive cleft under my exposed head. Another incidental touch, I was throbbing hard again.

The lat machine consists of a stack of weights that glide up and down on rails, pulled up by a cable that turns through a couple of pulleys and attaches to the middle of a four foot long bar. You can adjust the height for different exercises, such as reverse triceps curls, and change out the bar for a stirrup handle to do cross body pulls. For lat pulldowns, you kneel on the mat and hold the bar wide over your head and pull straight down either to your chin or behind your neck. I switch off with every other rep to work both the front and the back of the lattissimus muscle group.

You can adjust the weight with a pin placed along the weight stack so you only lift the plates you want. To help build muscle mass, you generally start with enough weights to do twelve to twenty reps on a fresh set. Each set after that, you go up in weight and lift until exhausted. The spotter stands by and helps squeeze out those last couple of reps.

Super sets are hard. They take a lot out of you. You jump from one exercise to the next without pause so you are continuously pumping out reps but you give each muscle group a respite by switching back and forth between exercising two, three or four muscle groups. Our rotation was, pulldowns, bench press, crunches, and bent rows. Three sets of each of four different muscle groups was going to wipe me out, but it gave each group time to recover between sets without the cool down time. It got your heart pumping and saved time.

Coach Clidduris tugged her top back down over her nipples with a casual flick and setup the bench press with a bar of seventy-five pounds.

She then took a swig of water from her bottle and held it out, "Drink Bentley. We're going to be working up a sweat. You'll be losing a lot of fluid."

I took the offered water and took a gulp.

"You better not backwash. We aren't that close that I want your bodily fluids to drink." she teased and chuckled.

I got down for the pulldowns, kneeling on the mat below the pulldown bar. Coach Clidduris positioned herself directly in front of me and took a wide stance, arms crossed beneath her generous neathage. I was staring directly into her vagina from less than two feet away. Her muscular thighs opened everything up to me. The tiny wedge of sheer cloth that strained over her

clitoris, pushed between her labia majora and succeeded in holding only one side of her labia minora back. The darker pink, softly wrinkled lip of her inner labia hung loosely out from between her smooth denuded outer lips. It was bright with fluid. I took a moment to figure out that it was her left pussy lip that had escaped. The smell was intoxicating and I... 'throbbed' isn't adequate to describe the spasming pulses that pumped inside my hardened member. It felt 'black hole' dense with blood.

"Okay Bentley, stop staring and get pumping."

I looked up at her with a questioning look.

"Reps, you're pumping out reps. Wake up. We've barely even started."

"Sorry." I pulled, bringing the bar down behind my head. This forced me to bring my head forward as the bar touched the back of my neck and I thought my face was going to plant directly into Coach Clidduris's pussy. My forehead just touched the bottom of her abdomen, below her belly button. Her scent grew powerful in my nose only inches from her flush loins.

I hissed out a strong exhale with the effort and thought I saw her protruding inner labia flap very subtly on the breeze. Coach didn't move.

The second rep came down in front, I leaned my head back and touched the bar to my chest. The hot woman standing in front of me had uncrossed her arms and placed her hands on the flair of her hips. I could see right up her underboob, spotting her chin through the valley between her full tits.

"Count 'em out." The heady vision of sex in front of me demanded.

Again, I brought the bar to the back of my neck and counted out, "Three!" with an explosive exhale. Her nether lips seemed to grow wetter.

"Four!" was breathed upward, but "Five!" pushed against her labial lips and I watched that inner ribbon of pinkness pulse slightly fuller, spreading her outer lips very slightly more open.

"Six!"

They may not be in the same league with Ms. Dermis's or my mother's, but Coach Clidduris had great tits. They were full and nicely shaped and firm, the perfect tits for showing underboob cleavage. The points of her erect nipples stood proudly out, just behind the hem of that tiny cropped top. Their darker textured aureolae visible though the light weight breathable fabric.

"Seven!"

I could really smell her now. The faint swell of the Coach's clit behind tiny patch of transparent cloth that covered that sensitive pink button, had grown more obvious. I could see moisture collecting across that darker pink labia. Coach was turned on.

"Eight! Nine!"

I dropped my head forward and touched the back of my neck with the pulldown bar. I stared right between Coach Clidduris's parted legs from mere inches away and a bead of moisture was now clinging to the lowest ridge of that rosey ribbon of flesh. Her entire vulva was flush and swollen. Her outer labial lips parted slightly more and I could also see the other inner lip of her labia minora pushing out, the tiny strip of her thong wedged the two lips apart as it rolled into the cleft between them.

I felt my erection wobble heavily between my own widely braces thighs with each heave on the pulldown bar. The elastic waistband crept lower down my rigid shaft. Over half my cock was tilted out of my shorts by the count of "Ten!"

"Eeellevvenn!" I hissed, through gritted teeth, an explosive breath on the eleventh rep. I blew directly between Coach Clidduris's thighs and she shifted her stance, stepping out even wider. I held, muscles straining, that last back-of-the-neck pulldown and watched that collected bead of vaginal lubricant swell and stretch down, dripping slowly on a thinning strand of thick mucus towards the mat.

I raised the bar and looked up at Coach Clidduris. Her eyes were fixed on my mostly naked cock. She stood, legs braced wide, hands on hips, hips arched forward and tilted back like she was actually offering her pussy to me.

"I'm going to need your help getting it to go down."

She blinked and looked at me. "Hel... hel... help with yo... yo... your...?"

"This last rep. Spot me." and I pulled down, leaning back to strain at bringing that last repetition down to my chest. I really struggled because I realized what she must have thought I was talking about and it made me laugh to myself, 'Yes, I could use your help getting that to go down too. ha ha ha.' I thought to myself.

Coach Clidduris braced her legs even wider and leaned in to put her hands on the middle of the pulldown bar, ready to add just enough extra force to finish the rep. Her top shifted slightly and I saw the point of a swollen nipple peak out below the hem.

"Pull Bentley, you got this. Whip it out and finish the set string. Good job. You're doing it. Awesome!"

I strained, Coach Clidduris put just enough pressure on the bar to keep it moving and I snugged it down to the top of my chest. "ERRRRRRRRR!" I growled.

Coach Clidduris was leaning over me, both hands on the bar against my chest as I knelt below her. Her breasts pressed tightly between her straightened forearms. I released my breath looking almost directly at a bared hard nipple and I let the bar back up with a loud clank of steel plates coming back together. The upward ascending bar caught under the coach's jutting breasts and the smooth chromed bar dragged across her nipples and yanked her top right up under her arms, pushing her back upright. Those luscious orbs of tit flesh bounced and danced up and down upon her chest.

"Oh?! I'm sorry Coach. I didn't realize..."

" 'Salright Bentley. We can't let these little things embarrass us. They happen." and she casually tugged her top back down. Her stiff nipples caught the cloth, hooking it up and she pressed her fingers to the rebellious nubs, one then the other, and flicked them back behind the cloth.

"The Bench is all set. Keep it moving."

I swung my erection over to the weight bench and laid down. Coach Clidduris stood directly over my face ready to help with the bar. Do I need to tell you what I ended up staring straight up into? HOLY FUCKING CREAM PIE!

I could almost eat her out by just tilting my neck back and lifting my head up a little. There was another bead of her juices clinging to her swollen inner lips.

My rod bounced up and down with my pulse, over my stomach.

Coach leaned even farther over my face and grabbed the center of the bar when I put my hands in position. I'm not that strong, it's still a lot of weight for me, so she strained a little, along with me, to help heft the weight off the cradle and swing it over my chest. This forced her weight to shift even more over my face and I got a strong whiff of my coach's arousal. Then, a bead of her juices actually fell and hit my nose. FUUUCK!!!

Luckily, I was sweating by this time and I didn't really need to worry about her seeing her own fluids dripping onto my face. Can a woman feel themselves drip like that? Probably not. I can't feel my own pre-cum drip.

I'd never tasted a woman before, I wanted to try it, but it also grossed me out a little. The smell turned me on, but it still wasn't a smell I was use to and I didn't think it smells that good. I mean, I don't want a pussy scented air freshener in my car, or anything.

This is till the same super set so I couldn't just lay there staring up at one of the sexiest visions I could imagine. She was almost exactly the length of my tongue away, but I couldn't stop and test that assessment.

"One!" I let a hard breath out with the lift.

Again, I blew my wet hissing breath right into Coach Clidduris's sopping cunt. Her hand had come off the bar and almost hugged her ribs with her palms, elbows pulled way back, fingers curving on her ribs just under her breasts. I pumped out more reps.

"Two!" blow.

"Three!" blow.

I looked up with the next lowering of the weights. Coach Clidduris had her eyes half closed and her hands were almost cupping her own breasts. WOW! she was loving this.

It made a certain amount of sense. Among the messages buried in all my ads and articles and programs, there are the messages that we shouldn't shun the enjoyment we may take from our sexual exposure, both as exhibitionists, something my Mother has really embraced, and as the recipient of these sexually charged situations. People, especially parents and teachers of teenagers, encounter these situations all the time and that it can often be enjoyable. Indeed, multiple examples of such teachers, parents and coaches have been presented that enjoyed the benefits of their interactions under such situations. The most important part of those messages isn't about the ability or the right to enjoy such things. The most important aspect of those messages is that they ARE enjoyable, that people, teachers, mothers and coaches all find those kinds of things enjoyable, even seek them out to enjoy. We aren't normal if we don't want to have sex.

We, people, learn from each other; not just how to behave, but also how to feel and there is a very strong culture within my ad campaign that tells people that sex is not just enjoyable but that it is highly desirable, that everyone wants to have sex. The message is that people, everyone with a strong and healthy emotional disposition, seeks out the enjoyment of their sexuality.

So, I'm not surprised at all that my Coach, who must have been somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty years old, was actually turned on and enjoying the sexuality of our situation. She actually seemed to position herself to enhance her enjoyment of it. She certainly was not feeling a lot of embarrassment or guilt or shame about it.

I pumped out more reps and stared up into my coach's pussy the entire set. I received several more drops of Coach Clidduris's leaking lubricant across my forehead.

"Twelve!" blow. "Thirrrrrteeeeen" long frictive exhaled up into Coach Clidduris's cunt.

She braced her stance wider and put her hand on the bar as it came up. She was standing, straddling my face, her parted thighs against the weight bench weight supports. I let the weight down to my pecs.

"FFFFFORRRRRRTEEEEEEEENMMMMM!"

I have my chest up, arching on the bench as I pushed, my chin lifting right into my coach's bald vagina. Her juices flowed over my lower lip. I hissed out my count against her pink flower spreading over me. She had to feel it, my lips nearly touching her swelling labial lips. I was tiny fractions of an inch away. If I licked my lips, I'd be licking her pussy too. I sure learned what a woman tastes like when another bread of lubricant flowed out of the dark pink cleft of her labia and dripped straight into my mouth. Coach Clidduris strained against the weights to help me.

"That's it Bentley you can do it. Lift higher, a little higher. Just a little more. almost there. Great. Go do your crunches and I'll set up for the bent rows."

I was breathing hard directly against Coach Clidduris's naked vulva when she helped me ship the bar onto the supports. She then had to step back so I could bring my head up.

"Okay." I sat up. My rock hard erection vibrated with tension, my waistband wedged all the way down to my ball sack. The head was a darker purple but gleamed in a coating of pre-cum. A small pool of the slippery stuff dripped down my stomach when I sat upright.

I hate crunches with a passion, but on this day, a set of crunches would be a relief. Only twelve though, I don't want too much relief. I thought maybe I could time my cum for her turn doing the bent rows. Wouldn't you?

I finished my set of crunches to the vision of the coach standing, hands on hips, her legs open, her stance wide, one hard nipple holding the hem of her short top pinned up, her bald mons interrupted only by the two strings that parted to either side of her protruding clitoris to stretch up and over each hip.

"Excellent! The bars all set. Keep it moving."

I rolled and stood up, ignoring my naked erection and positioned myself over the bar. I spread my feet wide, bent at the waist, making sure to keep my back straight, head up as I gripped the bar and lifted it off the mat. I held it hanging below me for a second and then pulled it up to my stomach.

"One!" I called out. My erection pointed towards my chin under my body and the cold steel bar came up under it and pressed it into my stomach. Coach Clidduris stepped up behind me and rested her hand on my lower back. I could feel her naked thighs against the backs of my thighs. My ass jutted back against her.

"Two!"

All I could think of was how it was going to be me standing behind a bent over Coach Clidduris for the next set. She was setting the standard for spotting bent rows. I'd shoot off with my erection thrust right between her legs, up against her stomach. Maybe I could hit her chin from there.

"Three!"

FUUuuck, almost literally.

"Four!"

"That's it Bentley. Almost finished."

"Five!"

What about my naked erection?

"Six!"

was she going to let me keep it out like it is now and just step up behind her practically naked ass and press it against her pussy?

"Seven!"

The string of her tiny thong wasn't much protection to keep me from just sliding right into her.

"Eight!"

I faltered and slowed down with that image in my head.

"Nine!"

"Don't slow down now Bentley, you're almost there."

Coach shifted her hand from resting on my back to the outside of my right hip.

"Ten!"

I felt her left hand grab my left hip hooking around the bend between my hip and thigh to match her right hand. She snugged her own hips harder against me.

"Ellllevennnn!"

I strained out the eleventh one with a sudden picture in my mind of Coach Clidduris wearing a strap-on.

"One more Bentley."

I pulled and Coach Clidduris let go of my hips and laid her upper body across my back. I almost lost the weights when I felt her soft breasts smoosh against me, hard points dug into my back just above my hips. It felt like her nipples were completely uncovered as they ground into my back.

"Twwwwellll..."

Coach slid her hands down my arms and grabbed the bar on the inside of my hands to add her help to pulling the weights into my stomach.

"...Lvvvvvvve!"

The bar came up against my naked cock and pressed my hot turgid muscle against my stomach. I felt both of her hands, gripping the bar, brush to either side of my cock. The bar was cold and my stomach sweaty and sticky with pre-cum. The webbing of her thumbs brushed against me.

"Nice one Bentley. Done with the first set. I'll help you get the bar on the bench, then it's my turn on my knees and you standing in front of me."

I stood up and didn't even look down to check myself. I knew I was standing completely out of my shorts and my cock pulsed with my elevated heart beat.

Coach Clidduris moved into position and didn't say a word about my naked erection.

I stepped up in front of her and the head of my cock nearly knocked her in the eye. I needed to catch it before she was forced to address the issue.

I reached down and grabbed my shaft as I stood in front of her, my hard-on wobbling before her face. "Oops, sorry. I'm so embarrassed." and I made a show of tucking my thick erection down in my shorts. I pushed it to one side, twisting my hips with the effort, stretching my stance out to be sure my cock was at the perfect level with her mouth. The open mesh side panels of my shorts were cut high across my hips and the head of my cock fell well into the mesh panel so it was fully in view and slightly downward pointed against my left hip. Coach's eyes followed my head's movement from just over a foot away.

I let go of myself and hitched the waistband up on my hips and my testicles just swelled minutely out the bottom. Now the swollen head of my large cock was just at the bottom of the cuff of my shorts, another inch and it'd escape out the leg hole of those loose and revealing shorts. I settled into my stance in front of my kneeling coach and put my hands on my hips reflective of the way she stood in front of me when I was the one kneeling on the mat. My hips pushed towards her face subtly.

"Bentley, can you reach behind me and set the weight down about 15 pounds. I don't really workout too build mass like you do. I'm just trying to keep it up."

"Oh, yeah sure." I kept one foot in place and stepped the other next to her ankle so I could stretch around her to reach the plate pin. This actually brought my hips right up against her face and pressed the bulge of my hard cock into her cheek.

I bent over and boldly braced myself with a hand on top of Coach Clidduris's head. I pinned her head in place as I leaned into her and reached behind her. She brought one hand up to hold me off and ended up palming my thick log of a cock directly. I felt the head pop free against her cheek.

"Ten pounds?" I confirmed and she nodded her head against my hips, her face actually rubbed against several of inches of bare cock shaft and head. "Yes." Her voice sounded husky.

When I straightened back up, I could see a streak of glistening pre-cum across her left cheek that ran from the corner of her unpainted lips almost to her ear. I can't believe I didn't lose it right then. I should have.

Looking down, I saw I was nearly all the way out again, but this time below my shorts. The shorts had the effect of pointing me straight out horizontally instead of at a steep upward angle.

"I am so sorry Coach. It's been really hard and uncomfortable lately. Mom says it's just my age, but it's embarrassing."

I grabbed my shaft and wagged it around in front of her.

"Give me a second to tuck it back in."

"It's fine Bentley, you can just leave it out. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. Most boys

would be proud of a penis like yours and be wagging it around left and right. Your mother is right. It's just your age. You'll get past this. In the mean time, don't worry about offending me. I understand. I know you're mature enough that I can be straight with you, but the truth is, there are a lot worse things I could be looking at while working out."

"Thanks Coach. You don't know what a relief it is to have you say that."

I left it out, actually shucking the leg opening back even more with my fist around my shaft. I even stroked myself once, not ten inches from her gaze. I would have lost it if I'd done more than that. My entire genitalia was now exposed from my freely hanging testicles to the purplish head on my pre-cum leaking cock. And, it was pointing straight at Coach Clidduris's beautiful mouth from only about a foot away.

She reached up and grabbed the pulldown bar. Both amazing, gravity defying breasts jiggle out below her top. They stretched up slightly with the rising top, then their weight overcame the hold her hard nipple had on the inside of the fabric and they dropped and bounced a couple of times before settling into a series of jiggly tremors upon her chest.
"One. Two. Three..." Coach breathed with each rep. Her moist hot breath bathed my naked organ from tip to root and every odd number count was behind the neck. Her head tilted forward and my cockhead and her forehead connected. I didn't move and she didn't stop.

"Four. Five. Six. Seven..."

Her forehead tilted back on the sixth rep, her full breasts thrusting forward and up and I noticed the moisture coating her brow wasn't beading up like regular sweat and some of the wetness extended into her bangs and stuck her hair over at a wierd angle. The seventh one I pulled back a little on, which dropped my cock slightly and Coach just missed the tip. I wanted to grab her head and plunge my aching cock between her full lips and fuck her mouth.

"Eight. Nine..."

Coach Clidduris was getting near the end and she threw more of her body into the movement. This brought her forward even more and her face actually came down right over my pulled back erection and slid along its length for a few inches.

Oh God! I was going to cum if she did that again.

My cock was boiling by this time.

"Te e en!" she strained, washing my member in her hot breath. Her firm boobs stood out proudly. I could have cupped them together and slid my rod up into the tunnel they would create and titfucked her like that.

"Eeeelevvvennnn!" Her face was turned down against my rigid cock shaft again, her forehead actually touching my bare abdomen.

"I'm going to need you to do it for me on the next one Bentley." I felt the wash of her breath directly across the head of my cock, as she asked me to spot her on the last rep. I think I even felt her lips pressed against and moving across the sensitive head as she was talking. Then my full throbbing rod was springing free as she came back up.

I caught the bar, stepping in closer, my tip coming to rest against the hollow of her stretched back neck, painting the outside of her throat and clavicle in clear lubricating pre-cum.

She pulled down.

"Twelvvvvvverrrrrrahhhhhh...umphhhhhmMMmmmmMmmm"

The bar came down, with my help, hard across my cock, pushing it down into the valley of her fat jutting tits. Coach was putting a lot into that final rep and her count of twelve turned into a gutteral yell.

I shifted to get my erection out from behind the bar and the slick drag of my cock across her naked breast flesh and the catch of my cock ridge on the bar got me off. My stiff erection popped up past the bar like it was made of spring steel and I couldn't help myself.

Honestly, I don't know what I was thinking. It was such a dangerous and stupid thing to do. It would destroy everything I was trying to do here. I was cumming, I felt it build and build and build and then I knew it was happening for real only an instant before I went off and I stepped half a step forward and thrust the tip of my climaxing gland right into Coach Clidduris's wide open mouth. Jets of semen filled her gasping orifice. I saw my white sperm splashed across her pinkish tongue and I pushed the entire head between her lips muffling her voice.

She clamped her lips around me reflexively and brought her head up and forward to see what was happening. This shoved another four inches of cock shaft into her mouth and I felt the cable from the pulldown machine against my hip.

I blasted another load of cum into her. She swallowed. I felt it, her smooth muscles in her throat and her tongue worked around my head.

Then she gapped her mouth open and let go of the pulldown bar. It snapped up, ripping my cock out of her mouth, scraping the flair of my sensitive head on her upper teeth, and the iron plates crashed like thunder onto the stack again.

I came some more and the rebound of my batted cock practically flung my jetting cum at Coach Clidduris's hair, face and breasts.

"Bentley!!!"

She reached up and grabbed my waving shaft. I hit her in the right eye from her own incidental aim.

"OhHHH! AHHHHH!" I cried out.

I bucked my hips against her fist with another sperm impregnated wad of cum. It hit her in her open mouth again.

OH GOD! It looked just like she had aimed it at her face on purpose and opened her mouth to catch it. It was so erotic that I lurched forward and pushed my organ back in between her rounded lips for one final unloading of my cum. It was the hardest orgasm I'd ever had. I buried half my cock in Coach Clidduris's mouth and throbbed, pulsed, spasmed out the last drops of semen I had in me. She just knelt there holding the root of my epileptic shaft and sucked those last drops of sperm out of me in stunned astonishment.

My mind just short circuited and my body took over. I watched the whole erotic train wreck like a tourist trapped on a carnival ride. All I could do was gawk at the carnage while the big drop approached, but the bridge at the bottom was out and I knew I was going to die, but I couldn't stop the ride.

I stood before my kneeling coach, my hands now on her head, fingers laced firmly in her hair and my spent cock stuffed in between her lips, her own hands, both of them, grappled around the thick

root. Control was slowly returning to me and I had no idea what to do.

I looked down at the vision before me. No matter what happened, I decided that was a sight I wanted seared into my brain forever. I almost felt my flagging erection reverse when I looked down at the face that was swallowing my cock and cum. Only fear stopped me from going hard again.

I let go of her head, because I had to, I couldn't hold her mouth over my cock forever. I was going to have to let go. I knew that much.

Coach Clidduris spat me out and gasped for air. My cum sprayed and coated her lips and chin. She looked up at me, past the sagging tube of meat she still held and swallowed again to clear her throat.

I dropped to my knees in front of her. Her hands followed my damp sticky organ down, her grip on my penis loose but still holding me.

"Coach, I... I... I don't know wha... wha... at... Oh Shit! I'm so... It... it... it just... it just happened. I tried... I tried to st... stop. Coach! I couldn't stop!"

She opened her mouth, taking a deep breath to lay into me, but there was a distant knock coming from the coach's office. "Rosey. Rosey, are you around?" We heard another three knocks on a steel door down the hall.

Coach Clidduris heaved herself up, "Fuck!" she hissed. Then she looked me up and down quickly and turned to look at herself in the wall mirror. "Fuck!" she hissed again.

"Rosey?" There was a third raping on the coach's office door. Coach grabbed a towel from her pile and wiped her face, then tossed it at me. "Clean up!" she demanded as she tugged her top back down over her quivering tits. "And, tuck yourself in. You're not hard anymore."

That's for sure.

I quickly complied. The voice belonged to Ms. Fellaicceo. Other than the smell of sex and a little cum to clean up, there wasn't much that needed to be done and Coach Clidduris called back. We're in the weight room, Ms. Fellaicceo. I'm with a student.

She stared at me hard. "Not a word. I will talk to you about this little incident later."

I relaxed on an immediate level, but ultimately, I realized that there was no reprieve. I was fucked.

I nodded my head in agreement. The sound of heels clicking towards us heralded the arrival of Ms. Fellaicceo.

I'd tucked myself, limp and sexually satisfied, back into my workout shorts, but there wasn't anything I could do about the obscene garment itself. With the sweat and pre-cum and semen oozed, dripped and sprayed all over the place, it was pretty wet. That meant, what both Coach Clidduris and I were wearing had become completely transparent.

"Rosey, there you are. Oh, hello Bentley."

Ms. Fellaicceo came in, her five inch heels carried her, bouncing her full, freely jiggling breasts into the weight room. I was scared out of my wits, but seriously, she was amazing and I couldn't help the pulse that went through my limp cock, still thick with blood, laying in the damp sling of my obscene shorts.

Her blouse was so sheer, I thought she was topless, at first. Her mini skirt hung just below her crotch, belted around her waist above the curve of her hips. This was particularly entrancing because she seemed to always favor slited skirts and her skirt was slit on the sides all the way up to her waistband. Bare skin curved out to either side showing that she couldn't possibly be wearing undergarments of any type.

"Hello Karen. Bentley and I were just finishing up a workout. What's up?"

"We are having a quick staff meeting before classes start, just a real quick update on the new lesson plans, before the school assembly today. Actually, Bentley, you might be interested, because we are voting on the dress code. It looks like we are going to announce the institution of school uniforms at assembly today and Mrs. Zaftig agrees that we should concede to student preference for abandoning the dress code. That last Board meeting... What is that on your face, Rosey. Here, let me get that for you."

Suddenly, Coach Clidduris looked like a deer caught in headlights when Ms. Fellaicceo reached out and wiped a gelatinous blob of drying semen from under Coach Clidduris's nostril. The tall vice principal pulled her fingers away and held up the goo for her friend to see.

She rubbed the gob with her thumb and sniffed it. Her eyes widened and she cut them straight to my groin where there was nothing hidden.

"What is really going on, Rosey? What is this, because I know what it is."

"It was something I was going to handle more privately between me and Bentley. Since you're here, however, I think you can help."

Ms. Fellaicceo crossed her arms beneath her generous and amply displayed chest, Her nipples seemed to be pushing out more stiffly than before. She glared at Coach's face, lifting her fingers one more time to smell them again. Her gaze cut back to my crotch.

"I can see why you might want to handle Bentley privately." sarcasm infused her voice.
I stepped up and volunteered to explain. "It's not like that. I had an accident while spotting for Coach Clidduris and... and... I... I'm... uh... I'm afraid I came. I... I... didn't mean to. I... I know I shouldn't have been turned... uh... on, but I couldn't help it. I... I mean, I don't know. Mom says I have a short fuse or something like premature ejaculation."

I never knew Ms. Fellaicceo could raise one eyebrow before. She sniffed her fingers again.
"And... you ejaculated in Coach Clidduris's face?"

I looked at the floor. I couldn't believe it, but I was getting thicker. What the fuck? "Sort of.
Actually, I... I couldn't help it. I don't know what I was thinking. It was really dumb and I have no excuse, but..."

"Bentley fell out of his shorts and he's so big that it wouldn't fit back in, and I told him to not worry about it and not to be embarrassed, that he could just leave it, and I let him workout like that. It was really my fault. I bumped into his... um... erection when I pulled the lat pulldown bar down. It was a total accident and I didn't realize where his erection was. It slid across my... um... well, as you can see."

I was in a panic. I should have just let it stand. Coach Clidduris was covering for me. I don't know why, but she was making it sound more innocent than it was and I really appreciated it, but I was filled with guilt. I needed to clear my conscience. Don't ask me why I had to do that. I know how that sounds.

Here I was, the evil mastermind behind converting nearly half a town into a bunch of exhibitionist, incestuous sluts and I was feeling guilty about forcing my cock into my coach's mouth. It's different, it just is. I abhor violence and domination and tyranny. Convincing people through advertising techniques to change how they think was very different. In the end, they can still choose, even if they don't know what they're choosing. You tell them something, you show them things in a favorable light, you work a little with their psychology, but they are always free to choose. I didn't let Coach Clidduris choose to suck my cock into her mouth. I forced it upon her. I should be shot for that.

"I stuck my penis in Coach Clidduris's mouth when I ejaculated. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to. I don't know what I was thinking. I didn't want to hurt anyone. I'm so so sorry. It just happened. Don't worry, I'll leave school. I know how bad this is."

Ms. Fellaicceo and Coach Clidduris both stared with round eyes at me for several seconds. Then Ms. Fellaicceo started to laugh.

"Oh Bentley. This is perfect. No, I don't mean to trivialize what just happened, Rosey, this is very serious, but... Mrs. Zaftig just gave me the new lesson plans that talk about how to handle adolescents who may become easily and overly excited. Really, this is exactly the type of issues we are going to have to learn to deal with. Let's go. We need to get to the faculty meeting. We'll figure out what to do, but I don't think it will involve you having to leave school, Bentley. Don't worry about how you're dressed. It's fine. We are all adults here and your mother will be there, as well.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> I want to thank everyone who has been so generous with your compliments and kind suggestions and offers of help. Your words have been truly inspiring.
>
> Unfortunately, I can not respond to emails nor take advantage of the very generous offers for edits, etc. I only have time to write a few lines of story here and there and read the fan mail that has helped turn what I expected to be about 5 chapters long into something much more. I hope you all continue to find my writing enjoyable. Thank you.

Ad Window - Chapter 8
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I was the only student at the faculty meeting. A number of teachers gave us long appraising looks as their eyes traveled up and down my and Coach Clidduris's bodies. There were many eyes that never seemed to get farther than my crotch. The scariest one was Miss. Crotchet. WOW, her giant tits were wondrous. They were, by far, the biggest tits I'd ever seen and there was almost nothing hiding them. even the dusty pink rims of her large and boldly erect nipples were edging out between her deep plunging square neckline. The blouse itself was more than a little translucent and the surprisingly upward tilt of her nipples revealed a completely braless state. Thank goodness her skirts were full and ended below mid-thigh. No one wanted to see that. I also didn't want to see that preditory look that seemed to fill her eyes as they tracked the swell of my cock inadequately covered by my transparent workout shorts. Her resting bitch face transformed, for a few moments from a stern frown punctuating her heavy face to something that almost looked like delight. Her eyes actually seemed to twinkle and her lips strained upward at the corners, straightening her thin, painted lips flat. Not quite a smile. It was hard looking past those massive juggs, but it looked like she might have actually lost a little weight within the last couple of months. Her weight loss hadn't seemed to have effected her incredibly large breasts at all, though.

Miss Crotchet wasn't the only one giving me a hard inspection. I was brought to an intense awareness that I was shirtless and wearing only tiny, see-thru, mesh sided workout shorts. My cock and balls were entirely visible as was my ass. The only other clothing I wore were white tennis shoes. I felt transported to a naked-in-school dream in real life. A heat wave of embarrassment washed over me and my limp penis began to slightly fill with blood again. That didn't go unnoticed.

Ms. Fellaicceo announced that everyone was here and we had to make it a quick meeting because classes were starting in 35 minutes.

"Your TA's can hold down the class for only so long."

I searched the faces and saw my mother sitting in a chair against the back wall. She was with Ms. Dermis and Mr. Shill. Mom and Ms. Dermis were erotic visions sitting together. Both wore Summer dresses that covered their amazing bodies, but did more to reveal than to conceal. I move

to go stand over by them.

I didn't want to interrupt so I didn't talk, just waved hello with a deeply concerned look on my face instead of the happy greeting that would have been normal. I was in trouble and not feeling particularly cheerful. I can't believe my cock didn't whither up and invert, but instead the embarrassment seemed to have the opposite affect. I didn't grow hard again, but my size was certainly not hidden from the room.

Ms. Fellaicceo continued talking, "You all know about Bentley's project to show the benefits of school uniforms. By now you are familiar with most of those benefits. The stumbling block in the past has been student and parent resistance to the idea. Bentley has worked hard to change that. His efforts to inform the students' parents through posters, flyers and mailed out information packets and rally support around the idea here on campus, has really made a big difference. We are now getting parents asking for school uniforms. There has even been more positive support for the idea from the students then we've ever seen before. Mrs. Zaftig wants to offer a concession to our students to further that progress by removing the dress code. Give the students a little reward in preparation for adoption of the uniform.

"It will be announced at assembly today and we will be asking student leaders to help choose the uniform we are going with, in the end. Dropping the dress code beforehand will give the students a sense of achievement that will translate into a greater willingness to embrace a uniform if they don't feel like it is restricted by the confines of the current and out dated dress code.

"I'm sure you are all aware that we haven't actually enforced the old dress code in a long time, so there really isn't any danger of serious backlash. Times have changed and we must learn to change with them. However, we will still expect students to refrain from wearing t-shirts and other items that contain obscene or hate-based messages and maintain a sense of propriety.
"We also have another matter to discuss. With the changes in contemporary dress styles that, as you have probably noticed, have turned our current dress code on its antiquated ear, so to speak, some of us educators are looking at a new focus that has become very popular in helping to support our developing young students, especially for the girls, around the epidemic problem of body confidence.

"Most of you, if not all of you, are already familiar with the concept of teaching in the nude. It is an idea that has proven to help improve student's understanding of their bodies, the changes they are experiencing and bolster their self-image as growing adults to become more comfortable with the identity and power of their gender in today's society.

"Mrs. Zaftig is going to prepare and orient the students for this program and secure support from the Parent Teacher's Board to start with its implementation soon."

The tall vice-principal pointed to Mrs. Zaftig to allow her to acknowledge her plan. Mrs. Zaftig was standing by the head of the center table and raised one hand with her file folder and clipboard in it. Half of one beautiful nipple lifted above the deep neckline of her scanty dress, the hem of which came up almost high enough to let everyone in the room know she wore no panties underneath. At least she hadn't when she'd worn that dress during a photo shoot last Thursday. I got pictures.

"Last, and related to that very subject. I have to let you know, we have already had a problem that we need to deal with around this issue. I actually think it is very timely and offers us an opportunity to understand the kinds of discipline problems we may be faced with. How we deal with it here will help us learn how to deal with these type of problems moving forward. Most of you have had a chance to review the literature, so here's our first opportunity to apply the

concepts.

"Coach? Bentley? Please, tell everyone here what you told me just happened in the Gym."

I was suddenly feeling a little lighter. She was talking about the supplimental lesson guide I'd created to go along with the nude teaching plan. It wasn't intended to be specific to nude teaching. Instead, it was a general psychological health and teaching pamphlet designed to prevent teachers who were confronted with hyper-sexual teenagers and their inevitable lack of self-control, from being dissuaded from participating in outwardly sexual activities such as nudity, exhibitionistic dress, and casual intimate contact.

The pamphlet helped teachers understand their students and their own needs and how to deal with being the center of their teenage student's inappropriate attentions and actions. The literature encouraged teachers to even allow themselves to recognize and enjoy the secret thrills that their often sexually charged circumstances might bring when working with adolescent students. There is no reason to hide from the realities of theirs and their student's feelings. Adolescence is a time of sexual awakening that makes it extremely important to recognize sympathetic feelings and exercise leniency when dealing with issues of an inappropriately "adult" nature.

From the pamphlet:

'The pressure from society to suppress the physical and even the emotional pleasures felt during the necessarily intimate interactions between students and teacher has stifled an intended beneficial relationship. It is important for the teacher to recognize and admit that they experience pleasure, possibly even sexual pleasure from their daily intimate contact with their students. These pleasurable feelings are real, they are inevitable and, by their very nature, often unavoidably sexual. By recognizing such feelings and allowing them, even embracing them when they come, the student/teacher relationship becomes stronger, more honest, trusting and ultimately more effective. Denying, suppressing and avoiding these feelings leads teachers to become remote and distant and even fearful of their bond with their students. The students will recognize this fear and lose trust and begin pushing the teacher away. The results are a complete loss of opportunity to educate on both sides.'

I had the foresight to write the pamphlet, as well as other pieces scattered through my more recent ad campaign, because I felt I needed to try and mitigate any social damage thoughtless and hormone driven teens might cause to a teacher's decision to go nude.

To that end, I tried to encourage the teachers to anticipate and sympathize, to feel what the student teen is feeling, to feel along with these wayward adolescents who are subject to the forces of their hormone riddled bodies. I didn't want a few misbehaved idiots ruining the whole thing; forcing teachers to call off teaching in the nude or exhibiting their bodies in erotically revealing clothes. I hadn't anticipated that I would be the hormone riddled misbehaving idiot. Maybe genius is over rated. Luckily, it is still a valuable asset and it looked like I was about to benefit from my forethought and my understanding of human psychology.

Another part of the pamphlet suggested a three tiered approach to handling inappropriate behaviors, such as, 'a student grabs the teacher's breast or reaches between a teacher's legs'. Yes, I used these specific examples because they seemed the most likely violation from a horny student confronted with a naked teacher. Now I was wishing I had thought to use, 'thrusts their cock into the teacher's mouth and cums.'

'STEP 1: Sympathize and Satisfy. Sympathize with the student and satisfy the student's curiosity. Remain calm and assess the immediate situation. If the student isn't physically hurting the teacher, then take the time to understand the student and allow the student to satisfy their curiosity,

let them explore. It is extremely rare that a student intends to be malicious and is simply curious about their teacher's body. In most cases, the teachers receiving the contact, if they are honest with themselves, actually find the touch pleasurable, even desirable. If they allow themselves the time and presence of mind to recognize and acknowledge their own feelings, the teacher, more often than not, will find that they share many of the feelings the student is acting upon. Learning to sympathize with the student and allowing themselves to enjoy what will likely become a wondrous moment of bonding with a student can make the difference between a trust straining punitive encounter and an opportunity to gain greater trust and teach a student in need.

'STEP 2: Educate. Educate the student in more appropriate behaviors. If the student's behavior actually becomes undesirable and persists to the point that it seems unlikely to stop on its own, The teacher has the duty to educate the student in more appropriate behaviors. Adolescents are on the edge of adulthood and often subject to hormonal forces that they can't resist. It is important that these eruptions not be used to embarrass or humiliate the student. Students often feel they have to live under the stigma of such loss of control in a public setting for the rest of their lives. Let them know it is normal to feel and act the way they are feeling while guiding them to more desirable behaviors. Teach the student what to expect as young adults by gently correcting the behavior and lead them through an exploration of more appropriate related behaviors.

'In a number of cases where students have actually ejaculated to their embarrassment when incidental or intentional, misguided/experimental, sexual contact has occurred, such as during aided stretches in the gym or an anatomy lesson about their male or female genitalia, the most effective teachers make a show of acceptance and sympathy while educating the student and nearby classmates in the processes and circumstances of sexual orgasms and ejaculation. The specific circumstances will dictate the lessons the teacher creates out of these rare but potentially rewarding incidences.

'STEP 3: Xeniallity. The xenial experience is a positive classroom hospitality. Xenial experience refers to the guest/host relationship and should acknowledge the student's value as an important guest in the teacher's environment. Develop a strong xenial experiential environment in the classroom by making an effort to know the student and legitimize their feelings. A good hospitable teacher will try to experience the nature and form of all adolescent behaviors. Experiencing more completely, even these undesirable behaviors, will help inform the teacher of how best to proceed. The positive xenial teacher is much more easily to succeed at step 1 and step 2. A good classroom host attempts to make their charges feel welcome and important. A xenial positive xenial relationship reflects back through all the steps making growth more positive and pleasurable and exciting. Learn to create a Xenial Experience in your classroom.

'Often, learning to head off a problem before it occurs again requires the teacher to first experience the unfavorable behavior several times to completion, then to allow for it to happen under more controlled circumstances. Work with the student to find a mutually acceptable compromise. This may mean a little one-on-one attention at the beginning of class. Take the student somewhere private, away from the curious eyes of the other students. Helping the offending student to release their building needs under the teacher's direct control will change the tone and relieve the student's anxiety while improving both the level of trust and strengthening the bond between the student and teacher. This is how a xenial environment works best, by seeking and letting yourself enjoy the very experiences your students are seeking to have with you.'

Coach Clidduris and I stepped to the space at the head of the table, next to Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo. The coach's body wasn't much more hidden from the inspection of the rest of the room's occupants then mine was. Both of our clothing had dried out a little, but they were still pretty transparent.

I kept my head down and clasped my hands together just above the swollen shaft of my penis. It hung slightly downward and the head was in danger of slipping out the right leg opening. Coach Clidduris started to explain.

"Bentley and I were working out in the weight room together. It was my fault, really. I could have done more to head this whole situation off before it started. I didn't fully appreciate the dangers. Up until his final moment, Bentley had behaved, as is his usual, the perfect gentleman, but I let circumstances get out of hand."

Mrs. Zaftig stood up and asked, "What exactly are we talking about here?" She turned to me and asked, "Bentley, what did you do?"

"He ejaculated into my face." Coach Clidduris interjected before I could answer. "I was angry about it, but I was planning to discipline Bentley privately, try and keep it just between us, but Ms. Fellaicceo came by and thought this would make a good test case for, it seems, the anticipated troubles around adoption of the nude teaching initiative, I guess."

"What?" a number of voices spoke up when Coach Clidduris announced that I had cum in her face. It was my mother's voice that carried the loudest. She stood up and I watched her giant breasts bounce and jiggle, knocking together and swing halfway out of her dress. Mom's right nipple was fully exposed. The hem of her short lightweight dress flipped briefly upward, when she shot to her feet, to flash her bald pubis just behind it.

I tried to explain, "I'm so sorry, I... I didn't plan... mean to cuh... cum then. I... I couldn't stop it."

"It wasn't Bentley's fault. He has a very short fuse. We... we've been working on his problem at home. He's actually getting better." my mother jumped in, drawing the room's attention to her half exposed breast.

I gazed at Mom with an appreciative look, but they still didn't understand. Coach Clidduris was being nice. I don't know why. If it were anyone else but me, I'd be in favor of execution for what I'd done. It was assault, a real crime that Coach Clidduris could have me arrested for. I have a better appreciation of the temporary insanity plea now.

The teachers turned to look at my mother and back at me. Well, at my groin. I felt every one of the faculty of our school starting at and appraising my penis. It swelled a little more. the air cooled over my sensitive and sticky head. I think it extended out of my leg opening, but I dared not look.

"Now slow down everyone. There's more to the story, let's give them a chance to get it out." Ms. Fellaicceo advised. "Bentley, what did you tell me in the weight room?"

I swallowed and looked down. When I blinked, closing my eyes briefly, I saw that image I'd wanted to sear into my mind of Coach Clidduris kneeling in front of me, with half my cock in her mouth, looking up at me. I could still feel her tongue and throat contact around my jetting head as she swallowed my ejaculate. I felt another tightening of my shaft.

"I came in Coach's mouth." I mumbled.

Coach Clidduris stepped closer to me and put an arm out, touching the back of my hand. She whispers, "It'll be alright Bentley, I forgive you."

"What did you say Bentley? Speak up." ordered Miss Crotchet, leaning forward to hear better.

Sheesh! Those massive boobs nearly spilled out of her dress as she sat forward. Half her nipples

escaped and the huge, soft, yielding globes of flesh pushed over the square neckline of her thin blouse.

"When I started to feel myself cum, I stuck my penis in Coach's mouth." I confessed loud enough for the whole room to hear.

"BENTLEY!" My mother cried out.

Coach Clidduris called over the din of teachers' voices. "In Bentley's defence, he's making it sound much worse than it was." The half naked gym teacher called out. "As you can see, these new gym clothes don't leave much extra room and Bentley is exceptionally large. Really, quite large."

"What do you mean large? I'm afraid I don't understand." spoke Miss Crotchet. She was leaning even farther forward in her chair to look directly towards my crotch. I turned towards her without thinking. Her eyes fixated onto my groin. I felt an odd shiver go through me.

"My goodness, how does something like that even happen by accident?" Asked Mr.Shill. I mean, wouldn't you have to put your mouth down there in the first place?"

"I was on my knees, in front of Bentley, doing a set of lat pulldowns. Bentley was spotting me. Really, it was an accident. I didn't think so at first, but both Bentley and his mother said he had problems with... sensitivity. It makes sense now."

"What's his size got to do with it," asked Miss Crotchet. She had scooted her chair, heaving her generous bulk a few feet across the floor, to get closer. Her eyes fixed onto my penis and I grew another inch or so at her and others' attention.

Coach Clidduris stepped around to face me and waved her hand down to my generous and expanding organ. I dared to look, it was hanging half out in front of everyone and had begun to lift slightly.

"Bentley was hard. He's a teenage boy. These things happen and I have to add, Bentley handles himself far better than most of my teenage boys would have in the same situation. They get embarrassed or angry or run back into the locker room and refuse to come out, they laugh at each other and call each other name; all type of childish reactions. Bentley is not like that. He didn't make a fuss, he didn't act embarrassed except to calmly confess his embarrassment to me while he fell out and tried unsuccessfully to fit himself back in.

"Finally, it was my decision to let him stay out of his shorts and to continue working out."

"He came out of his shorts like that?" asked Mrs Crotchet pointing at my bared cock head which was standing out from the bottom of my inadequate shorts, pointing directly between Miss Crotchet's braced open legs.

"You mean that penis won't fit in his shorts when it gets hard?" She asked with a tone of skepticism. Her pointing finger nearly grazing my cockhead.

Coach Clidduris nodded her head to confirm, only Miss Crotchet wasn't looking at her. The coach spoke, "Yes. Bentley tried but it wouldn't work. It was a lot harder then it is now.

Miss Crotchet is a truely evil woman and before the entire teaching staff of my school, right in front of our principle and vice-principal, right where my mother was standing watching the whole thing, Miss Crotchet scooted another couple of feet forward with her chair and grabbed my naked cock.

She then grabbed my shorts in her other hand and, letting go of my member briefly, peeled them down so that my shaft and balls were fully exposed. Her hand returned its grip on my shaft after my shorts dropped. She recaptured my tightening and growing organ and squeezed it hard, then tugged, jacking it twice, before dragging my shorts back up and stuffing me down into them. Finally she snapped the waistband in place, as much as it could go, over the hairless root of my hardening log. The thick vainy root remained uncovered, holding the waistband out a good two inches from my hairless pubic bone.

"It looks like it fits, too me." she exclaimed, reaching out again to cup her hand over my tightening shaft and stroked it along my length to the swollen reddish head trapped visibly behind the mesh against my hip.

Mom watched wide eyed as this fat, late fifties-something, massive breasted teacher mauled my fully inflated erection. I stood there transfixed by the sudden feelings jolting along my cock shaft, the teacher's boldness at grabbing my cock, and the amazing sight of those unbelievable tits that looked like they could feed an army. Her jostling and tugging on my shorts and rod caused her blouse to strain until the left shoulder fell off and her right nipple popped free while her left breast bounced completely out. Her nipples were as broad as my hand and the hard rubbery buds stood out at least an inch and nearly as thick. They were deep reddish pink in color fading to a light pale pink around the rim of her broad aureolae.

What the HELL was going on?

Coach Clidduris replied, watching closely, but apparently unaffected by the fat English teacher's actions, "When he's fully erect, Bentley is almost a foot in length and very thick. Believe me, I had first hand... um... knowledge.

"He tried over and over to keep himself tucked in, but he bounced out again and again. Bentley was getting very stressed until I was the one who told him it was okay, he could just leave it out. I didn't want him to start feeling embarrassed and ashamed of his own body. I refused to be embarrassed myself by the situation and I wanted Bentley to understand that his maleness wasn't anything to be embarrassed about."

I still had Miss Crotchet's hand gripping me through my shorts as she and the rest of the room listened to the sexy coach describe how big my cock was and how she didn't want me to be embarrassed. I looked around and saw the whole room of teachers nodding their heads in agreement. They all had their eyes on the pudgy fingers of Miss Crotchet's hand curled around my thick log in my inadequate shorts. That's when I realized this was all my doing, that these teachers all believed fervently in my body-positive message, I felt a surge of arousal and my cock pulsed under Miss Crotchet's hand. I felt myself get fully hard and my cock strained against my shorts. She squeezed back and her hand made another circuit along my tight length before her fingers curled around my swollen cockhead through the open mesh side panel. I felt a polished red nail drag over the sensitive ridge of my blood engorged head pressing out through the netting of the mesh side panels.

That's when Miss Crotchet let go of me. She scooted to the very edge of her chair, spreading her bare knees to either side of my legs, grabbed my hips with both hands and shook them. I sprung out of the bottom of my shorts on the second shake. My hard purple swollen cock slapped heavily into the quaking watermelon sized mountain of bare tit that now had escaped the right side of her extremely low bodice. Her hard nipples of both giant breasts drilled into my bare thighs and dragged back and forth across my quads as she shook me. Her relatively long skirts hiked all the way up her thick legs. I could see no hair nor panties between those thick thighs, but I really couldn't see much beyond the swell of her belly and a fat smooth protrusion of hairless pubis. Her

feminine equipment was entirely lost in the bulges above.

My cock bounced off the English teacher's right breast and caught her under her double chin. It looked, for all the World, like that heavy, frowning bitch face was transformed for a moment into a real smile when she pulled back to stare at my aching turgid high flailing organ. Her mouth opened in apparent surprise and, I don't know, but she looked like she actually moved to catch the swinging head with her open mouth. It happened so fast and my brain was swimming with delirium at the series of events that lead up to my cockhead finding its way into Miss Crotchet's tight lipped mouth, that I thought I must have imagined the whole thing.

No way would Miss Crotchet, the meanest, oldest, strictest teacher in the whole school, try to suck my cock. She especially wouldn't try to suck it in front of all the faculty of the whole school.

That's when Coach Clidduris leaped forward to help me. She grabbed the back of my shorts with one hand and reached to catch my shaft with the other. The inertia of her hand on the back of my shorts thrust me against Miss Crotchet's face. I could feel the soft pallet at the back of the old woman's mouth and her throat opened and took the plum-like head easily down into it an inch or two. Coach's other hand wrapped around the remaining two inches of my aching shaft, keeping me from plunging balls deep into Miss Crotchet's throat. Coach wedged my cock down and out from between the fat busty teacher's lips. She yanked me downward, painfully scraping my cockhead's flaired crown on the backside of the heavy teacher's teeth, and my cockhead, now quite slick with the old teacher's saliva, plunged several inches into the soft mountain of cleavage bulging up below Miss Crotchet's heavy jowls. My hot sexy coach's hand gripped me like iron, tugging me away from the mouth that had engulfed it. Coach Clidduris moved like she thought Miss Crotchet was going to bite my cock off.

"WATCH OUT! Bentley has some control, but he's still a teenager and, as you can see, he's not made of stone. You might end up swallowing more than you meant to bite off. Believe me, I know. That's what we are here to talk about." Coach Clidduris warned Miss Crotchet.

There was a murmur of astonishment from the room. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo and my Mother crowded around us. My cock remained wedged into Miss Crotchet's behemoth cleavage by about four inches. I could see the coating of the hefty teacher's saliva up my length another three or so inches.

Despite the bitch-faced older teacher's usual demeanor and unappealing size, those huge tits felt great. They were soft and full and her fat round succulent melons were pressed together by her thick upper arms from the way she still held my hips. I couldn't help but respond to the stimulation of all those acres of boob-flesh surrounding me and I tilted my hips and shifted closer. My mother put her hand on the top of my ass as a reassuring presence. My shorts had wedged up where Coach Clidduris grabbed me and dug deep in between my ass cheeks.

Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo both reached out to join Coach Clidduris in controlling my cock, and I was able to sink another three inches into the deep mysterious abyss of Miss Crotchet's tits. I felt the smoothness and heat as well as a little sweat that made it all the more slippery between the English teacher's obese breasts, my tight cockhead just touching the firmness of her sternum deep in the lost depths of milk flesh. I was acutely aware of the hardness of the old teacher's giant nipples squished against my thighs and I watched those monumental mammaries depress around and nearly swallow half of my coach's fist gripped tightly around my shaft. The Principal's and vice-principal's fingers dented into them too. I could feel their palms and fingers against my bald pubic bone and on the base of my hard cock; the sight of them all trying to grab me at once was incredibly heady.

I realized I could prove my defence here and now. I needed to cum; to demonstrate to the assembly of my high school teachers, that I was driven by my teenage nature and hormones I couldn't control. I needed to cum right then, between Miss Crotchet's massive breasts.

I could feel it, It wouldn't take much, but I didn't think I could just will myself to cum, especially since I'd just shot a huge load of sperm right down Coach Clidduris's throat about half an hour earlier. Then Mom squeezed my ass and joined her hand to those of Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Fellaicceo and Coach Clidduris in an attempt to wrestle with my erection and keep it down and away from Miss Crotchet's face. I don't know what they thought they were doing, but their efforts ended up holding me wedged into those giant gelatinous juggs of soft pillowy mountainous flesh instead of getting me farther away from the evil woman.

Mom's presence was it. I sank on my knees a little deeper, pinning all four hands against my smoothly waxed pubis and Miss Crotchet's bottomless, deeply yielding cleavage. I felt the tightening strain of my foreskin peeled firmly back by my coach's fist and the accompanying heightened sensitivity it caused in the head of my turgid gland. I fucked my hard cock as deep as I could down in-between those mountainous tits. I then stretched my hand out and grabbed my mother by one huge naked breast.

I'd felt Mom's tits before and they were awesome. I'd even fondled her nipples a couple of times briefly in the car and on our couch. But this time, I grabbed one with meaning and popped Mom's incredible motherly breasts completely out of her dress and into the open for the whole room to appreciate. I dug my fingers into the tender pink edges of her aureola and pinched one nipple into the palm of my hand.

Mom gasped and I felt her hand tighten around the root of my aching erection. I pictured her standing naked against me, her hand on the back of both, my sister's and Priscilla Tease's heads, forcing them to press their mouths together with my hard blood filled cock trapped between their soft wet teen lips. 'Suck him!' Mom ordered the two kneeling girls, in my mind, 'and you better keep your teeth back or I'll make you each deepthroat him while the other has to tongue my pussy!'

I came right down into the tunnel of Miss Crotchet's massive tits. My other hand filling as much as it could grab of Miss Crotchet's enormous left melon-tit. I squeezed and my hand sank, what felt like three inches deep, into the jello-like cushion of the old teacher's tit-flesh. I arched back and thrust my hips harder against the woman's big fat chest, fucking briefly backwards before plunging in a hard fuck forward as deep as I could go.

I felt the jets of semen cumming out of me like the wiz of a zipper being drawn down through the length of my cock at mach 1. I grunted loudly and pumped my hips, trying not to loose too much control. The last thing I wanted to do was to horrify my audience. I just wanted to show them how easily I could be made to cum as an inexperienced teenage boy. I needed to show them that I couldn't control myself.

My hips vibrated back and forth in a fit of small quick little jabs, tit fucking those gargantuan wonders if boobness. I felt Miss Crotchet's hands grip my hips tighter, her eyes opened wide as she looked down to where I plunged between her massive breasts, then they seemed to flutter half shut, blinking a slow drop closed. Coach Clidduris, who's hand was directly around my shaft and buried deepest in the mass of fleshy boob, gasped quietly in my ear, "Oh my God!".

My jets of cum spread into the gap between Miss Crotchet's tits turning that soft flesh tunnel of tit into a wet slippery highspeed subway rail; the Whiteline to Orgasm City. I cried out loud as I unloaded into Miss Crotchet's tits and the entire school teaching staff watched and did nothing to stop it.

Mom gasped, "Bentley can't help it, Mrs. Coqcheck." She tried to explain, "He's too inexperienced and, I'm afraid, sometimes circumstances lately have been overly stimulating for him." I bucked my hips against the hands grasping me and fucked those massive tits, my hands squeezing deeply into huge amounts of soft yielding boob, while Mom implored the teacher's to help me. "I have been trying to help him, but maybe he needs a little more help than I can give him. You all have been such wonderful mentors to my son. I appeal to your fondness for Bentley to be patient and I ask you to help me with him."

Miss Crotchet opened her eyes again and looked down at the spot where my cock disappeared between her massive tits. The deep fleshy cleft was slick and wet with gobs of my milky cum. By far, the largest amount was lost into the depths of those great big boobs.

Miss Crotchet let go of my hips and brought her hands to either side of her huge tits and pressed them together around my softening shaft. She trapped my hand under hers, pressing it even deeper into her flesh as she worked her giant breasts up and down against each other, rubbing them against my cock and spreading my sperm more deeply into the tunnel of her massive tits. She seemed to chuckle to herself. "Yes, ha ha ha. I can feel what you mean."

She never looked away from the spot where my cock plunged down into her huge tits.

"It's Crotchet, by the way." The wicked woman rubbed her naked breasts against one another, some more around my shaft. I spasmed with the intense stab of pleasure.

"I am so sorry, Miss Crotchet." My mother apologized sincerely. She placed a hand apologetically on the full round curve of the woman's nearest and completely naked breast. Mom's fingertips slid over the partially exposed nipple where it poked into the front of my thigh muscles. The large hard nipples dragged up and down each thigh on opposing courses from Miss Crotchet's actions. Mom's hand sank slightly into the jello-like flesh, a slick coasting of my sperm lubricated the surface and Mom's pinky hooked one huge stiff nipple as it was pushed upward against the other giant breast rolling downward.

"Perhaps Bentley does need more one-on-one attention." Miss Crotchet conceded, finally stopping her kneading of her breasts around my softening cock and Coach Clidduris's hand. Miss Crotchet didn't take her eyes off the thick root of my pulsing shaft where it, along with Coach Clidduris's wrist, spread the wet pliant flesh of the English teacher's vast breasts apart and disappeared between them.

"That's what I've come to conclude too." Coach Clidduris added. Her hand was moving along my rod, effectively squeezing the last of my semen out into the soft sheath of Miss Crotchet's tits. It actually felt like she was milking me. Every shift and slight friction from the movement of my cockhead against the soft pale flesh on the inside of those enormous balloons of tit-flesh caused me to shiver and convulse from my toes to my scalp while another few drops of my sperm were squeezed out of me.
Everyone, but Coach Clidduris and my mother, had pulled their hands back. Ms. Dermis stepped up and spoke while looking down at the jacking motion of Coach Clidduris's wrist between Miss Crotchet's breasts and against my still thick and cum slick shaft. "I've been leading the research and coordinating the initiative, as well as planned on being the first to try out the new program we are here to talk about. I have come to learn a lot about the needs of emotionally developing young adults, and, as Bentley's advisor, I've also come to know Bentley pretty well. Mrs. Zaftig, Mademoiselle Derrieret and I have all noticed Bentley's ease to arousal. Up until now, we have tried to treat it like the normal male response that it is when around strong comfortably feminine personalities. We have been trying to represent these qualities for our students. Modeling is so important in teaching young adults who to be. And to be sure, it is normal and expected. Bentley

isn't the only student we've had with such quick reactions. His is just the first and the biggest, by a considerable amount, that's come to a head, if you will.

"Bentley's special circumstances often puts him into much more personal and intimate settings with the teacher's and administration than is typical. We've learned to trust him and often treat him like a fully developed and mature adult. Clearly Bentley, despite his advanced maturity, still has some growth to do.

"Believe me Bentley, we all love having you around. We have no problem with your response to the female teachers and staff. It's a perfectly normal biological reaction. We have always known you to be a perfect gentleman. Your size as well is not something to consider a detriment or defect. In fact, I'm going to go out in a limb here and admit that I even find it sweet and flattering.

"It is a little embarrassing to admit, but I think it's important to be honest here. I actually enjoy the attention and look forward daily to seeing you react so strongly to my femininity. It's a real ego boost for me. I dare say, without meaning to put words in anyone else's mouth, but I'm probably not the only one who derives a secret sense of... satisfaction and self-affirmation from it. I even like how big you are. It's a little bit of a secret thrill" Ms. Dermis leaned in and stage whispered that last part in my ear.

"So, I'd welcome the opportunity to try out some of the techniques I've been reading about on how to handle situations just like this. The first goal, of course, is to avoid embarrassing the student, particularly around body issues. These situations are really opportunities to bolster and strengthen a student's sense of self-worth and gender confidence." Ms. Dermis had straightened back up to addressed the rest of the room.

She turned back to me and my mother, "Bentley, you have nothing to be ashamed of. It would be my pleasure to help you and your mother with her efforts to teach you control and help you grow as a man." Then she turned to Ms. Fellaicceo, "Thank you Ms. Fellaicceo. You were exactly right. This is the perfect trial case. We are all going to have to learn to interact with our students under these unique situations."

Mrs. Zaftig finally spoke up. I'm sure there will be plenty of help, Ms. Dermis. Bentley is well liked and really a special student. I know I, myself would be happy to lend a hand or help however I might. She glanced down where Coach Clidduris was finally sliding her hand out from between Miss Crotchet's canyon of cleavage. The head and several inches of softening shaft still bent down and out of sight into the valley of Miss Crotchet's huge breasts. Why the woman held herself forward pressing her massive naked breasts still against my thighs, I had no idea. I would have thought she'd have long recoiled in horror and disgust. The coach's hand was slick and dripping in my milky sperm and still those huge balloon-like boobs remained around my cock.

Mrs. Zaftig addressed the room, "In the mean time, I think we need to wrap this up. Your students are waiting for you even as we speak."

She addressed the room, "Okay everybody. Assembly today at eleven and if you have any ideas around the uniforms or the new nude teaching program, feel free to see me in my office. Otherwise, those of you who need it, get cleaned up and get to class."

Mrs. Zaftig turned to my mother and asked her to come to her office with me and Ms. Dermis to talk about how to best help me.

I was finally free to pull my cock out from between Miss Crotchet's tits. "I... I'm sorry Miss Crotchet. I... I guess my issue is a bigger problem than I thought. Thanks for not freaking out about it. I prom... I promise I'll make it up to you."

Most of the teacher's were walking past and pausing to look between my naked penis dripping with cum and Miss Crotchet's massive breasts which now hung out of her blouse like it was a quarter-cup shelf-bra instead of a shirt. Miss Crotchet cupped those giant globes of boob-flesh and lifted them and separated them to look down into the sticky depths between. The milky stands of semen clung to the inside swell of her heavy breasts and coated her sternum running in sagging oozing blobs of cum down to her swollen belly. She was a mess between her massive tits. However, when she just let them hang free, none of the spewwed sticky, oozing seed could be seen. Only the trace moisture at the top of the cleft of her cleavage where my cock had slid between them left any sign of the obscene body painting I'd done on her.

"Your issue is certainly very large." she said, looking down between her massive cleavage and shifting a hand over one enormous breast to drag up through some of the goopy splurge in between her fat, round,mountainous tits. "The vitality of youth is remarkable, and... you say you had just ejaculated into Coach Clidduris's mouth, less than an hour ago." She raised her eyes to stare hard at me. I snapped my view up from exploring the vast piedmont area of her breasts.

"Bentley, you have an astounding issue. I blame myself for this rather large... mess, so there's no need to apologize. I should have taken Coach Clidduris's word, but I just didn't believe you had all that in you. I had to know for myself. I feel for your mother, in all this. If there's anything I can do to help. Don't hesitate to reach out and grab me." The woman's eyes flitted down to where I still palmed a generous amount of soft, deeply yielding tit. "I'd be happy to provide what relief I can for Bentley's large... ah... issue. I really think Bentley is a unique young man and think he's in for a great ride through life."

Miss Crotchet gently grabbed my wrist and slid my hand across her full round mammary. She leaned back away from me, finally and my fingers were brushed across the hard wrinkled bud of her big reddish brown nipple before she firmly pressed my hand to my side, as if to say, keep your hand there.

I wasn't sure if she meant for me to touch her nipple or if it was just an incidental brush past them while she gently directed me to remove my hand from her breast. I was starting to get the impression that the old stern teacher was actually enjoying the sexual situation and had intentionally initiated my orgasm from the beginning. I'd have to test that idea when I could better dissect her actions. For now, my head was still a bit dizzy from such a public exhibition of my "sensitive nature."

Mom and Ms. Dermis and Coach Clidduris and Mr. Shill were all that were left in the conference room. Mr. Shill didn't know where to look. Everywhere, it seemed, except at my naked dick. Mom's bare breasts got the most attention until he finally dug out a handkerchief from inside his jacket and handed it to me. "Bentley, you can have this. I... I better get to class. I have first period Geometry. Ms. Dermis has first period free and Jessica Flirty can handle homeroom, so you should get to your meeting with Mrs. Zaftig as soon as you're cleaned up." His own generous erection lead the way out.

"Of course, thank you Dick." said Ms. Dermis. She turned to my mother who had taken the offered handkerchief, intercepting it as I reached for it, and was actually using it to clean my cock, boldly handling me in front of everyone and stuffing me back into my inadequate workout shorts.

"Mr. Shill is right. Don't worry about homeroom, Bentley. It's covered and we should get this over with as soon as we can." added Ms. Dermis.

Mom turned with the cum dampened cloth in her hand and reached out to wiped some of the mess that was seeping out from between Miss Crotchet's massive naked breasts.

"I can't thank you enough for your understanding. I hate to say it, but this is very embarrassing, despite all of your kind words. I know Bentley very much appreciates all you do for him. Your actions prove you aren't just spouting platitudes, but really mean what you are saying." My mother told everyone in the group, all the while she was trying to mop up my cum from between Miss Crotchet's giant breasts. She actually palmed the naked up-turned peak of the old teacher's enormous right breast and lifted the heavy melon-sized globe of jiggling flesh.

When she reached in to wipe at the thickest gob of clinging, dripping semen, Miss Crotchet captured the spermy hanky and said, "That's all right. You can leave it. I'll take care of that. I'm just glad to be here for these young boys, and girl's, to catch and handle their teen spillage in an appropriate manner before they are released into the outside world. It is best to work out these minor problem as kids are entering adulthood. Any help I can give, I'm happy to offer. It's why we became teacher's in the first place, to get to work so closely with young people like Bentley. Bentley is truely exceptional." She gently shoved my mother's hands away from the thick, sticky mess in the canyon of her prodigious chest and let her fat boobs drop back into place.

Was she just going to leave my sperm between her tits? What was this usually grumpy old teacher into? I actually felt my cock twitch with interest at the thought. She was not a pretty woman. Her attitude was normally very stern and uncompromising, but it seemed like the sexual environment I was creating was really waking her up.

I took another look at her body. She really had lost weight and, while still very heavy, her shape was looking distinctly more womanly than round. Those mammoth breasts made her waist look narrower than it really was. She must be exercising. I'll add more emphasis for weight control to my campaign, I think. Everyone would benefit from that.

Miss Crotchet finally threaded her shoulder strap back up her thick arms and dropped her giant breasts back into the bodice of her thin blouse. My semen was still deep in her cleavage.

Ms. Dermis stepped up to me and boldly tugged the front of my shorts out and looked down at my bared cock, "Okay Bentley, you look to be about as clean as your mother can make you. Do you think you need to change? I would rather not take too long."

She snapped the waistband back in place. "Your shorts are still a bit damp, but they will probably dry quickly. You'll be fine." She actually palmed her hand over the swell of my cock to test the dampness. Mom followed her example and cupped my cock as it lay sideways in the slightly damp pouch of my thin shorts.

"You'll be fine, darling. Let's just go and get this over with." Mom kept her hand on my cock and squeezed me, I don't know, to reassure me maybe?

I think I'm going to step up the messages that I've been weaving into all my ads and programs that are telling these women that women love sex. I want the women in my life to want cock. I think I can influence them to seek closer intimate contact with large cocks, say cocks in the nine and a half inch range, cocks that are young and veril and attached to weight lifting, high school geniuses. You get the picture.

Here's an example, off the top of my head, for an ad for... oh... let's say paper towels.

"Bountiful Paper Towels"
A teenage boy, about my age, is laying on a weight bench doing some bench presses in the garage. He's in tiny sheer workout shorts that don't fully contain his very large and semi-erect penis. His father is working out with a curl bar and isn't quite as well built in his shorts as the son. Enter the mother to tell them lunch is ready. She stands to watch her son working out. Her attention is

clearly on his sizable bulge and bits of bare cockhead and testicles are peeking out around the cuffs and waistband. She licks her full glossy lips briefly and rolls her plump lower lip between her teeth as she's lost in thought admiring her teenage boy.

She sighs, "I just love boys at this age, so good looking and full of spunk. Remember when you were that age, John? You were insatiable. I couldn't get enough of you, either."

The father lowers his curl bar, pausing in the middle of his workout, and says, "I still have my moments."

The boy cradles his weights with a clank and sits up. His penis falls halfway out of the bottom of his his shorts, hanging long and full below the edge of the bench. "Well, I still get spent, at times. I'm not bottomless Mom." He peels a sheet of Bountiful paper towels from a roll sitting on a nearby table and wipes his brow. His cock is fully visible. These types of images have become common place by this time.

His mother steps over and bends down to catch his escaped cock. The camera only shows her stepping in and bending. Her scantily clad, body is in the way. Her short dress lifts in the back and a pink sliver of pussy lip edges into view, between her bare thighs, before her raised hem.

"You might as well be bottomless. Let me just tuck my big beautiful boy back in for you."

"Thanks Mom. I think I'll go relieve some of that spunk in my room, now." He says casually, and stands up, his groin bulging out right into his mother's face as he stands up before his mother can straighten herself up. She remained bent over and her hand was cupping her son's thick curved shaft. She gives the bulge a kiss so quick it won't be certain to the viewer that she even had the chance.

The mother stands up, one hand still lovingly resting on her son's bulge. She steps back and the boy's erection is now straining his shorts. She hands her son a fresh roll of Bountiful Paper Towels.

"Be sure to take the roll of Bountiful with you. It's the only paper towel absorbent enough for my big handsome veril young man.
The boy leaves and she turns to her husband. "If only Bountiful weren't so absorbent, he'd need my help more often."

Her husband puts down his weights, his own bulge, only slightly smaller, tenting his shorts. "Well, I'd be happy to forget the Bountiful, if I had a sexy mature woman like you eager to help me. Come on, let's go relieve some of our own spunk. I can see you're all worked up and full of it now too."

They leave the garage gym together, the mother smiling, but looking wistfully after her retreating son. "He IS so big and handsome, though, isn't he? I am so lucky."

"Yes, you could say your life is Bountiful." agrees the father.

'BOUNTIFUL PAPER TOWELS, FOR THOSE WONDERFUL TIMES YOU FIND YOURSELF COVERED IN BOUNTIFUL FLUIDS'

It may need a little work, but you get the idea.

Mrs. Dermis, Coach Clidduris, Miss Crotchet, my mother and I were the last to leave the conference room and we entered a hall with a few noisy, bustling high school kids, last minute racers a few minutes late for homeroom. We made them even later because every one of them stopped and stared. My shorts were still a bit transparent, Coach Clidduris was in her extreme

micro workout thong, Ms. Dermis was in a tiny summer dress with her large braless breasts bouncing proudly free, barely contained but unrestrained by her light diaphanous dress, her long shapely muscular legs flashing bare atop four inch white heels naked nearly to their tops. Miss Crotchet was in a skirt that hung just below mid-thigh with a sheer square necked blouse her positively enormous breasts rebelled against, bulging over the top and jumping half out of, energetically trying to hurdle the extremely low neckline. Over an inch of pale pink aureolae danced and slipped in and out of view above that inadequate border. The rest of her stiffly erect giant nipples pushed outward through the gauzy fabric, quasi-visible. There was a damp stain at the bottom center that plastered the light cloth to the underside of her mighty breasts and rendered the blouse transparent around her vast underboob. Mom, stole the show with her huge breasts wobbling and knocking heavily together between gaping lapels that only half covered her own stiff nipple. Her skirt hem at the very top of her thighs. Mom's bare skinned, toned legs, scissored above four inch black heels, a tiny sliver of firm round ass cheek peeking out behind, as we all made our way to the main office.

By this time in the school year, we really weren't dressed all that extreme except for the concentrated collection of femine flesh and my very visible bulge and Coach Clidduris's and my almost nude state outside of gym class.

Miss Crotchet gave all of them a severe glare and barked, "You're late to class. The bell rang five minutes ago. Stop gawking and get moving."

I thought I caught a glimps of that stern bitch face of hers smile for just a second, as everyone was suddenly in motion again. She clearly loved being a bitch.

Miss Crotchet left us at the entrance to her classroom. "Bentley, remember, just reach out and grab me anytime you need my help with a place to unload your... issue...s. I'd be happy to give you help...ah...advice or just a pair of... um... ears to... fill. Believe me, I really appreciate the fact that you have a large... a lot to... overcome, with your youth and special... talents. I would be happy to use my own special talents on you... ah... to help you. If I can."

She winked at me then opened the door to her classroom. "GET BACK IN YOUR SEATS AND EVERYBODY BE QUIET. THIS IS SCHOOL!" We all cringed at the outburst behind Miss Crotchet's slamming classroom door. It was like Dr. Jekyll stepped out of the hall and Mr. Hyde stepped into the English teacher's room.

Miss Cunny stood up to show us into Mrs. Zaftig's office. Her outfit was reflective of the outrageous schoolgirl style clothing on 'Surf Beach High'. She watched that show;she was barely out of college, so she still watched all the same shows the girls at my school were in to. Her blouse was see-thru. She didn't wear something translucent, something suggestive of nudity underneath, there were no strategic patches of opacity. Miss Cunny's upper body was on full display beneath the loose short poncho style smock. The 'V' neck was open all the way down; the two sides held together by a shoe string tie just below the bottom curves of her medium sized breasts. Those two and a half inch rosy nipples looked succulent, pointing against the back of that transparent fabric. It was hard to get my eyes lower, but it was worth it when I finally did. Her tiny pleated flirt skirt barely grazed the tops of her thighs. The skirt was so short and didn't have a whole lot of material below her metal belt that cut across her pubic mound, leaving the crease of skin between the bottom of her flat tummy and the soft bulge of her hairless pubis almost an inch above her belt. She looked like a porn star and I felt a pulse in my spent cock. I was still pretty thick from my aroused state and being nearly naked, my large member stood out bold and obvious. Her eyes couldn't help but glance downward at me.

Surrounded, as I was, by a teacher, my mother and one incredibly hot and almost as naked athletic

director in the barest of see-thru thong and cropped nylon and mesh tank tops that did more to expose than to obscure, Miss Cunny didn't allow her gaze to linger more than a long second. There was a junior boy hanging out at the front desk, obviously enjoying the sights, making some excuse about needing a copy of a paper. Miss Cunny had his document in her hand. It was printed from a computer and the kid certainly could have printed a second copy himself. He didn't need to bring it to Miss Cunny to do. His eyes didn't blink the whole time we were at the reception desk. The executive assistant slapped the paper into the copy machine behind her desk and ran two copies off quickly. A small swell of tight young ass cheek was hanging out below her tiny skirt when she turned away from us to run the copies. The junior stared appreciatively.

Ms. Dermis slapped him on the side of his head, "Put your eyes back in your head young man."

The kids didn't know where to look after that. The coach's body got a good inspection, despite his unsuccessful efforts to not stare.

Coach Clidduris turned to me, "Well, I still have to open the gym, so I will see you later. Bentley, I'm sorry for all this. I didn't mean for it to be this big a deal. Don't worry, though, we all have your best interests at heart and I hope we can make our morning workouts together a regular thing. I too will happily be availible for you, to help in any way I can."

I hugged the sexy almost naked coach. "Thank you so much, Coach. I feel terrible about what I did. There was no excuse. I won't ever let it happen again. And, I really enjoyed having you as a workout partner."

I stepped back and my mother stepped in and hugged the younger woman. Mom's outfit didn't really hide her voluptuous attributes much more than Coach Clidduris's workout clothes. It was so light and diaphanous that all her curves and features were discernable. I felt another twitch in the log laying in my shorts when the two very generous and barely covered pairs of breasts crushed together.

"Bentley is so lucky to have people like you around him. Thank you Coach Clidduris."

Coach hugged my mother back and said, "Rosey. My first name is Rosey. You work here now, you don't need to keep calling me Coach. It is true, what everyone is saying, Bentley is different. He's exceptional and you can be proud of him." Coach stepped back and turned, "Well, see you later. Bye Bentley, tomorrow morning in the gym before school. I'll be ready for you. OH! You should swing by to get showered and changed soon. I'll show you what the team is thinking for new uniforms, if you're interested."

"Yeah, see you soon. And, thanks again."

Miss Cunny sent the goggle-eyed junior on his way with his copies and opened Mrs. Zaftig's door. She leaned her upper torso in and announced us. Miss Cunny bent into the Principal's office, hanging onto the door handle and the frame, one leg came out and up behind her for balance and her tiny skirt rode halfway up her ass cheeks. Her legs spread wide and her bald naked pussy opened right up to those of us standing behind her.

Ms. Dermis, Mom and I filed past Miss Cunny, as she stood with her back against the open door, still holding the door handle. Nobody said anything about the show the young secretary inadvertently gave us. I passed within an inch of her thrust out young breasts so well presented by her transparent top. I concentrated on not staring as we three brushed past her pointing nipples. Ms. Fellaicceo was in there with her.

Ms. Fellaicceo is tall with a dark Mediterranean complexion. She wears heavy makeup, eye

shadow, cheek rouge, bright glossy lipstick and keeps her black hair back in a tight bun. She has always reminded me of a Tango dancer. Her suits and dresses show off her statuesque figure. Her full breasts stood out high and prominent, with upturned nipples. Her wide and deeply plunging neckline exposed the round smooth skin of her full firm breasts out to the sliver of coral pink nipples, their stiff peaks pushing blatantly out beneath the sheer gauze of her dress. The indent of her navel in the center of her flat stomach hid just below the bottom of the vee of her lapels. The high hemline of her dress, combined with her apple red five inch heels made her look like she's all leg in stockings that ended just out of sight of her dress's high hem. The clips of a garter would flash periodically whenever she walks down the hall or bends at the waist. I know she had stopped wearing panties weeks ago. She had participated in a couple of photo shoots with Mrs. Zaftig recently and I have been able to document that fact. She is a good looking woman in her mid-thirties. My groin tightened when I scanned her well displayed body, while I thought about her being pantiless beneath her short skirts.

After we all entered the Principal's office, Ms. Fellaicceo and Mrs. Zaftig both scanned down my bare body, and their eyes, in unison, focused for a moment on my groin before looking up to meet my own roaming gaze.

"Bentley, we are very concerned about what you and Coach Clidduris described in the conference room." said Mrs. Zaftig. "I hope you have appropriately apologized to Coach Clidduris. You have a lot to make up for. You are lucky Coach Clidduris is so understanding. If it weren't for her strenuous defense of you, you might actually be looking at legal charges. I hope you realize that."

"Yes Ma'am, I understand completely. I feel very lucky to have Coach Clidduris as both a teacher and, I hope, a friend as well. We have talked briefly and I have promised to come in early with my mother so we can workout together. She said she forgives me. I think it will be a lot longer before I forgive myself." I answered.

Mrs. Zaftig stared at me sternly for a minute. She then let her eyes scan down and back up my body. My groin catching the greatest amount of her attention. "I'm glad to hear that. I think, Bentley, Ms. Fellaicceo was right to bring you to the meeting. Any other student could have meant an entirely different outcome. This incident has helped highlight the types of issues we need to learn to deal with. An incident like this centering around you instead of a far less mature student has made it much easier for the teacher's here to learn to deal with such problems in a more sympathetic and understanding fashion. A similar incident this early on, involving a different student, could actually jeopardize the whole new teaching initiative, but luckily, this incident with you at the center, may actually help highlight the need for a program like this. In a way, I suppose, I should thank you."

I kept quiet and nodded in understanding.

"Our teachers need to learn to recognize a student's needs and their level of maturity, as well as those needs we have ourself, so that we can come up with the best, most effective solutions for each student. You understand what it is we have been talking about, both here and in the meeting?"

"I think so." I nodded.

It is to be announced today that Ms. Dermis is leading an initiative to help students become more familiar and comfortable with their changing bodies. It was your own research into uniforms, as well as a number of timely articles and programs about the new teaching trends in the fight against bullying and teenage depression and poor body image and the economic problems students are faced with when taking on college debt, that was the catalyst for this program. You mentioned it

in your own presentation to the Board. That woman's objection to your presentation only motivated me and Ms. Dermis and Ms. Fellaicceo to move more quickly to embrace it.

"Bentley, I'm telling you about this ahead of time because of the experience your family already has in this area. Your mother will be working with Ms. Dermis in her classroom to help maintain order and as part of your... atonement, if you will, we think it best if you start attending regular classes in Ms. Dermis's Senior Physics class. You can act as another behavior check and sit in on other classes from time to time, but Mademoiselle Derrieret also will need some assistance too. You will still have free time to attend to your usual duties, distributing mail, overseeing the TV station, working on your Senior project..." She smiled a placating smile, "and I think we should continue our photo shoots to work on student perceptions. I feel it is working and students are paying more attention to me and the other faculty involved. I was listening to a radio show about teacher's raising money with a faculty calendar. It's apparently a big trend that I think might be fun to consider.

"Anyway, After the announcement about abolishing the dress code and organizing a student committee to choose the new school uniform, we will be passing out information booklets for students to take home to their parents and a permission slip to inform them of the nude teaching program. Both Ms. Dermis and Mademoiselle Derrieret will be trialing this program before we open it up to teachers school wide.

"We want to prevent things like your accident with Coach Clidduris from happening, as much as possible. I know it won't be possible to completely avoid problems. Teenagers are, after all, still teenagers. Our goal is to help them become better adults in the end. If we could start with a group that had no issues around something like teacher's being naked in their classrooms, we wouldn't need to do it."

Mrs. Zaftig leaned forward and her massive, perfect chest swelled out against her gaping lapels. Her nipples seemed to grow behind the translucent gauze of her blouse and their darkening aureolae pebbled up and inched out into the open. Mrs. Zaftig's eyes traced down my front and centered openly on my bulging crotch. She brought her hands up to her ribs and looked like she was feeling herself up as she slid her palms up under the hefty weight of those big, barely contained jiggling orbs that captured my rapt attention so often.

"So, Bentley, Ms. Fellaicceo and I also want to be sure you get the help you need. Your mother has told me a little about how she has been trying to educate you and your sister at home. Since we are in the unique position of having your mother here at school with us. You should feel lucky to be able to benefit from that."

Mrs. Zaftig lifted her huge breasts in her palms for a moment as she lifted her hands higher and hooked her fingers around the edges of her gaping lapels.

"She has given her permission for us to treat you and your case in any way we feel will be beneficial."

I watched her peel open her blouse directly in front of me and the movement of her hands lifted, separated and finally dropped her giant tits suddenly into the spread gap between her lapels. They danced an excited and energetic jig to their sudden freedom. My principal continued to open her blouse all the way while I watched her shivering breasts heave and swing more freely right in front of my eyes. Her nipples stood at full attention, dark and bold upon their round, full mounds of pliant flesh. I grew tighter between my legs, despite two recent orgasms.

"I would like to be sure you meet with either me or Ms. Fellaicceo every day to work with you on your sensitivity issues. I haven't had the chance to consult with Nurse Head, but I will be talking to

her about it, as well."

Mrs. Zaftig's blouse slid free of her upper torso and she placed it on her desk before moving her hand to her hips where she hitched her thumbs into the tight waistband and worked her fingers around to her belt buckle. I stood transfixed as Mrs. Zaftig stipped directly in front of me. She kept eye contact and continued talking as if everything was perfectly ordinary and normal.

"I think the morning would be best. It makes sense to start each day with a good handle on your problem."

My principle unhooked her skirt and slid the micro mini garment down to the floor and stepped out of it. Her pussy was bald and clean and soft looking and her inner labial lips protruded below the puffy swell of her outer labial lips. The whole area was flush and puffy. I actually watched the pink glistening button of her clitoris push forward, parting the fleshy hood to peek out at the bottom of her smooth hairless pubis.

"You need to learn control and we are all here to help you, Bentley. Your mother requested we try to work more directly with you. She thinks she herself can only do so much. You need more exposure to other members of the opposite sex, and I agree, it would help. So you will meet in my or Ms. Fellaicceo's office every morning to assess your progress and develop an effective regiment."

I finally wrenched my eyes off of Mrs. Zaftig's fantastic and totally naked body, once she finished stripping and straightened back up. Except for her four inch black heels, she didn't have a stitch of clothing on. I was responding and she was watching my response very attentively.

I looked to my mother for her reaction and my eyes caught on Ms. Fellaicceo. I had been so focused on watching Mrs. Zaftig strip for me that I hadn't noticed anyone else in the room. Ms. Fellaicceo had stripped too. Her body was incredible. Her stomach was flat, her breasts were firm and round and high. They looked like a skilled plastic surgeon had created them as his chef-d'oeuvre. Yet, they jiggled and rolled about on her chest like the lightest, loosest jello. They were high and round and her hard pebbles for nipples capped the soft fleshy mounds with a distinct upward tilt. Her pudenda was clean shaven, probably waxed with the Brazilian waxing strips I have emphasized in my ads for nearly a year now. I grew harder thinking about how I've managed to influence everyone, even Miss Crotchet was bald between her legs. I almost lost my growing erection with that image.

However, it was, surprisingly, Ms. Fellaicceo's long long legs that captured my attention. They stretched on forever, it seemed. She was tall, at least five-eleven, about my height, but her long legs brought her pussy up high, If I hugged her, I think I could have slid my cock right into her cunt without bending my knees or her coming up on her toes. Well, her heels already lifted her pretty high. I had a vibrant image in my mind and the idea that I would be trying that for real.

Then there was Ms. Dermis. I realized finally that everyone in the room was naked. My mother had stripped right along with the others. Ms. Dermis was as perfect as I had always thought. Her body was tight and curved with flawless skin, her tits were every bit as incredible as my mother's. I sprung, I mean, I felt my growing cock actually SNAP that last half inch to full attention, my tiny shorts not even a consideration in the restraint of my diamond hard, baseball bat of a cock thrusting out above my waistband. Ms. Dermis stared with rapt attention down at my throbbing organ bouncing back and forth against the tightened waistband biting into the underside of my swelled, outward tilted rod. Every beat of my racing heart telegraphed through the visible pulses rocking that hard post thrusting up from my hairless groin.

Ms. Dermis, as with everyone else in the room, had absolutely no hair to obscure the view of her

delicious looking pussy. She straightened up from stepping out of her dress and it was like a beam of light from heaven spotted her soft smooth pudenda and those incredible giant tits and shined their Holy Aurora upon them, focusing everyone's attention on those angelic features. I drank the vision of my incredibly hot Physics teacher and advisor in and savored it across my mental tongue. Notes of jello and marshmallow with a strong undertone of iris and sex. Forget the marshmallows and jello. She was sex. She WAS SEX. If I hadn't cum twice that morning already, I would have splooged all over her body right then.

I hadn't really realize this before. It's hard to be honest with yourself about everything all the time, but I think I've always wanted to fuck Ms. Dermis. Her soft, flawless skin, her narrow feminine waist, those soft smooth, but firm, full and large upturned breasts that knocked and swung and jiggled so invitingly. Her legs, toned and muscular and full, thickened up to her perfect thigh gap, framing a pair of puffy outer labial lips and just a thin dark pink ribbon of wet inner lips peeking out between them, were just a few of the sexy, perfect features that made her the porn star of my wet dreams. Her ass was perfect. It sat high and parted smoothly atop the thickest part of her thighs. The cleft formed by those round fleshy glutes that squeezed so naturally together, the slightly hollowed depressions on the outside of each pale soft cheek, invited me to thrust my hot iron-hard cock into their depths.

"Should I be taking off my clothes too?"

I turned, along with everyone else in the office, and looked at Miss Cunny standing there in the open office door behind me. She was still dressed, but she had her thumbs hooked into the low riding waistband and belt of her miniscule skirt. She had already pushed it part way down over the curve of her youthful hips and the slit of her naked pussy was fully exposed above the garment she was stretching downward. The glint of pink at the top showed where her clit was ready to show itself. With that transparent top, everything she had was on display.

Her eyes grew large and round and snapped onto my naked erection when I turned to look at her. I watched her plump lips go round on surprise and she let go of her skirt with her right hand and brought it up to her mouth with a breathy squeal of surprise. This left her standing with her skirt shucked partway down her thighs, just below her naked pussy as she stared down, in front of everyone else in the room, at my cock.

"Please close the door, Miss Cunny." asked Mrs. Zaftig. "And, that won't be necessary. We are just trying to help Bentley with some control issues that have come to a head this morning. His mother has asked us to help him and since we are in the process, as you know, of introducing the nude teaching initiative. It seemed a natural fit with what Bentley's mother has been working on at home. I hope we can count on your understanding and support?"

Miss Cunny stood transfixed. She blinked a couple of times, that's the only way we could tell she wasn't a drugstore mannequin standing there with her hand still pressed to her mouth and her skirt down to almost mid-thigh.

Mrs. Zaftig stepped up and shifted directly in front of me to block her line of sight. My cockhead pressed right against the round globes of Mrs. Zaftig's naked ass. Mrs. Zaftig's heels lifted her so her gap at the juncture between her ass cheeks and the thick tops of her thighs was level with the root of my nearly fully exposed erection and the head of my cock rested between the dimples at the top of her ass crack. I glanced down at the skin-on-cock contact and saw my purplish head gently nudge the top of Mrs. Zaftig's cheeks apart. Miss Cunny blinked, scanned her bosses naked body for a second and looked up. "Oh, yes, of course. A...Anything I can do to help, I... I'd be grateful... ah... glad to do.

"I heard what you were talking about to help Bentley and I, of course, am in full support. I read the pamphlet about having Sympathy, Education and Xenial experiences with the students. Xenial was a new word for me, but it makes sense. Bentley is welcome to have a Xenial Experience with me anytime." She looked so serious. Her eyes cut reflexively down to where my cock was behind Mrs. Zaftig's body.

Mrs. Zaftig bounced up and down impatiently on her toes and my cock sawed up and down a couple of inches deeper into the crack of my principle's naked ass. Dare I bend my knees and fuck her ass crack, just a little? Everyone was right here watching. I don't think I could get away with much. Still...

My cock started with the pre-cum again and I felt my head slide more smoothly along the groove it was nestling into. Mrs. Zaftig stopped bouncing.

"I'm not sure you're understanding the meaning of that word, but no matter. I'm glad to know you're up on the material. I'll leave it up to you, but there's no need to join us. I think first period is about to start and you really should be at the desk."

Mrs. Zaftig came up on her toes again and dropped with emphasis. Miss Cunny couldn't help but watch the dance her bosses tits went through, but she caught the Principal's meaning and started to pull her skirt back up. "Yes first period is very busy. I can't leave the desk unattended."

I couldn't help it. Again, my adolescent hormones got the better of me and when Mrs. Zaftig lifted herself up that last time, I bent my knees slightly and angles my hips just a fraction and the head of my aching but delighted cock slid almost two inches lower and caught, right in to the fleshiest center of Mrs. Zaftig's ass, and when she came back down. As Miss Cunny was responding, the coating of slippery pre-cum allowed my sensitive crown to wedge Mrs. Zaftig's broad cheeks apart and push in against the mature forty-something woman's sphincter. I gasped at the enveloping feeling encircling my cockhead and I heard Mrs. Zaftig squeek. She took a stumbling half-step forward and reached out to brace herself on her executive assistant's very well displayed breasts. Both hands found soft pillowy purchase on the young college grad's nicely formed tits.

Miss Cunny, in her own surprise at suddenly catching her older boss stumbling towards her, managed to bring her hands up and grab the largest body parts availible. Mrs. Zaftig's huge breasts landed in the young woman's surprised hands as they both struggled to stay upright. They ended up bent at the waist, bracing each other in a collision of foreheads and a tangle of arms reaching past each other to grab the other's tits. Amazing.

"Oh my God, are you all right? I didn't mean for that to happen. I was trying to hold still, I didn't know what the best thing to do was, should I move, where to, should I just hold still? And you were bouncing nervously or something and... well... It just caught... um... in your... well... you know."

I pulled my cock out of Mrs. Zaftig's ass. Her legs braced wide to catch her balance, openned the view up of my cockhead stabbed right against her anus, just for a second before I pulled away. Mrs Zaftig tettered to her knees, and I raced around, cock bobbing in front of me to try and help her.

In a comedy of errors, I actually stabbed my principal in the eye with my pre-cum coated cockhead. "OHaOW! Bentle...mMmmm!"

Where do you think my cock ended up when Mrs. Zaftig, turning towards me, jerked back reflexively, yelled, and called out my name as her head recoiled forward again, cutting off her voicing of that last syllable. Yes! Her mouth plunged down right over the swollen head of my cock.

"OhaaaAH!" it was my turn to yell something.

Miss Cunny, bent at the waist still, had pulled back, letting go of Mrs. Zaftig's naked breasts. Her head clipped her bosses head again and she put her hands up to her forehead for an instant before bracing herself to lever upright and out of the way. Unfortunately, her hands braced square on the back of her boss's bent over head and she shoved herself upright while forcing Mrs. Zaftig's head down to suck more of my aching pole deeper into her mouth.

"OhHH FfffFUUAHK!" I cried as my throbbing gland's head stabbed the back of my Principal's throat. I bucked, my hips, thrusting into her and I came up on my toes unconsciously trying to push more of myself into that hot wet sleeve that suddenly surrounded me.

My hands landed on Miss Cunny's hands, trapping them in a tangle of the older woman's hair. I felt Principal Zaftig's teeth gaze me, the ridge of her molars lightly scrape the girth of my shaft right behind my turgid head.

Mrs. Zaftig let go of her assistant's breasts when the young woman straightened up and Principal Zaftig waved her hands around, finding my hips to try and force me out of her mouth. She didn't actually push, but instead dug her fingers into my flesh and the light mesh on the sides of my shorts. Her nails left four pink parallel scratches on the side of my half naked hips.

It hit me in a flash that I was standing in my Principal's office full of naked beautiful teachers and my amazingly hot, sexy, huge breasted, Principal was naked, on her knees with my cock almost down her throat. Another image to sear into my mind.

I came. AGAIN!

"AHHHHHhHHhH!" I actually fucked my cock in short spastic strokes inside my principal's mouth while everyone stood frozen in horror. Miss Cunny's skirt fell the rest of the way down her body and her hands held onto her boss's head as I trapped them, guiding the older woman's mouth back and forth over my jetting pulsing shaft. I felt her swallow around my surging head when I filled her mouth with my sperm. The feeling was staggering. I actually don't think, I couldn't actually think, that I felt anything like the thick massive volume of cum pumping through my cock, like I had with the previous two orgasms I'd had that morning. The electric jolts of orgasmic bliss that bolted back and forth along my cock all the way up to the back of my head and down to my heels was more intense, sharper, and felt harder on my spasming body, because it was trying to force out cum that just wasn't there. My climax was almost painful, more intense than either of the other two cums. I know I ejaculated, there just wasn't that much sperm anymore.

I didn't want to rape my sexy principal's mouth, but I couldn't stop myself from pumping her head back and forth over my erupting cock. I couldn't keep my hips still and not fuck myself in and out of those gorgeous, full, mature, authoritative, lips. I was totally at the mercy of my autonomic responses to intense pleasure.

I finished and collapsed. Miss Cunny fell to her knees next to Principal Zaftig. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. 'Z'. It was a total accident. You stumbled into me and when Bentley tried to help you up, I lost my balance and accidentally grabbed your head. I didn't mean to force your mouth onto Bentley's coc... dic... ah... penis. It was sticking out so long and... it was... just there in front of you. Oh God, I hope I didn't hurt you."

I didn't even have time to take the blame before Miss Cunny was on her knees, hugging her naked boss, and apologizing for forcing her to suck the cum out of my cock.

Mrs. Zaftig swallowed. She sucked her lips inward a moment. her lips and my cock, fallen from

her mouth, were clean except for the gleam of a little saliva. She had swallowed my cum, not that I'd cum a lot. I was sitting on the floor below her and she looked down at my swollen, but softening cock laying out above my lowered shorts. I saw her eyes narrow and her brow nit together as she lowered her gaze. Her face flushed red.

Mrs. Zaftig said through gritted teeth, "THIS, was not YOUR fault, Fran."

I was in deep deep shit.

"It seems Bentley's control issues are much worse than I imagined." She spoke in low measured tones. Then she whipped around on everyone behind her. Her giant, succulent, fecund, breasts swinging and lifting high before knocking together and jiggling sumptuously to a steady rise and fall with her naked ribs. "I want you to be sure you are all acquainted with the teaching prossesses laid out by the nude teaching program. If Bentley is having these types of troubles with his control, you can be certain most of these boys will be suffering similarly. Learn the three steps and always remember, there is nothing to be embarrassed about. Being a strong teacher of adolescents on the cusp of adulthood requires more than just sympathy and maturity. It requires honesty with ourselves, as well as with the students. It's good to recognize and admit the feelings we find ourselves experiencing in these situations."

She turned back to me, still seated on the floor.

"Bentley, I want you to know, you did not hurt me in any way. There was even a small amount of pleasure in... um... touching your penis... By accident, of course." she rushed to add. "I must admit that you have a very impressive and good looking erection, so don't feel ashamed of yourself. we all just want it... want what's best for it... ah you... what's best for you."

I felt a deluge of relief flow into me. My words were all coming back to help me.

"So long as you aren't hurt?" She asked with concern.

I shook my head 'no' and straightened up to stand and drop my cock, as satisfied as it's ever been, back into my shorts.

Holy fuck! It's a different world.

There's a series of magazine ads I created and have been running throughout the professional magazines that all the teacher's have been reading. The ads are for an investment group dedicated to educators, promising them financial security before a teacher needs to draw from their IRA or retirement mutual funds. The company is a well known investment counseling firm called Mutual Success Funds. The ads feature a busty female teacher interacting with her students. She's often nude in the ads, almost exclusively at this point; early ads had her fully dressed but already at the borders of revealing professional wear. She is usually depicted working one-on-one with a male student. Occasionally she is naked in a classroom full of students. These ads appear in all of the Education magazines including School Administrator Gazette and Pedagog Weekly.

A couple of the ads have the large breasted teacher leaning over a student's desk, showing him something in a book or a paper. She has one arm braced below the picture frame, but it looks very much like her hand is in his lap. He's leaning back, it looks like to make room. He's looking down at the work on his desk, but he might also be looking at what her hand is doing in his lap. Both he and his teacher have big smiles and are clearly enjoying whatever it is they are doing together. In one image, it is just the teacher and the student. In another, she is bent over the student surrounded by other students, all of whom are turned to look at her, watch what she is doing and one student behind her is reaching out to her. His hand could actually be gropping her ass or pussy, but the

angle blocks the view to be certain.

Another ad has her sitting on the edge of her desk, she's clothed, but not in much. Her legs are braced wide, the student leaning forward in his desk between them, his head inclined blocks her exposed and probably naked pussy, which is clearly opened up to him. She is holding a book open and pointing out a passage in it to him. It's held within his line of sight, but also not blocking her vagina from his view. The teacher is laughing, enjoying herself with her student. Her head is thrown back in delight. It looks entirely possible that the student has his mouth pressed between her legs. The camera, directly behind the student, doesn't clearly define the depth of field. The viewer can't tell how much space, if any, separate the student's face from the juncture of the teacher's long shapely bare legs.

A third scene depicts the teacher, kneeling naked in front of a short bookshelf. It is a side view and she has a book tilted out from the top shelf, level with her upturned face. She is close enough to the book with its spine tilted up and out at exactly the angle of an aroused teen's erection, the top corner less than an inch from her opened gloss red lips. Her hand holds the spine of the tan hard cover book in the same way she might hold a cock she is about to suck. Directly on the other side of the narrow bookshelf stands a teen student pressed against the back of the bookshelf talking to the kneeling teacher below him on the other side of the divide.

If the bookshelf weren't in the picture, the book's binding, cradled in her hand, would perfectly match a large cock jutting out from the student's groin. His slightly baggy slacks are loosened, looking almost like his fly and waistband are open against the bookshelf. The student has a look of rapt anticipation on his face and the teacher is smiling with her mouth openned in exactly the way it would be if she were about to engulf the student's erection and start sucking on it. The teacher looks particularly delighted with whatever the student is saying to her.

The captions read some version of, "There are many benefits to being a teacher. Mutual Success Funds thinks you should be able to enjoy them all without worry. We help you take care of your needs while you help take care of your student's needs. It's how life should work. Relax and enjoy the most rewarding career imaginable, Mutual Success Funds for Teachers, because teachers should be free to Experience Mutual Success right along with their lucky students."

These ads were much more tame a few months ago at the beginning of the school year, but by this time, they were pretty blatently sexual without actually depicting sex between teacher and student. The point is to both expose the teacher's to the idea of sex in the classroom and that teachers wanted and enjoyed sex as much as their students did.

Last week, I started a new feature in Pedagog Weekly. It's a regular series called, Show & Tell (Letters to Ms. Lovelace). It's a true confessions format and advice column for teachers. I wanted something that really let the teacher's know they weren't alone in their sexual feelings in the classroom and, I hoped, nudge them closer to feeling free to act more sexually in front of and with their students. I am considering adding a similar column to the scholastic athletics magazine Coach Clidduris reads.

The introductory issue explained that the editors at Pedagog Weekly receive a lot of letters from teachers describing some of their personal crisis in the classroom, asking for advice. They have recently seen a surge in these letters and so thought it would be a good idea to share them with their readership and possibly help other teachers who were experiencing some of the same problems.

'Ms. Lovelace has been a teacher for over sixteen years and was one of the innovators who first promoted the nude teaching program. She has an advanced degree in secondary education and a doctorate in social science with a focus on adolescent development. Before coming to work as an

editor for Pedagog Weekly, she led several successful deep probing studies into the benefits of inclusive open gender positive relationships in the classroom environment. Her studies demonstrated that active family participation combined with more open gender positive interactions between teachers and students resulted in more confident and secure students and stronger parent/child and teacher/student relationships.

'Ms. Lovelace is excited to be able to share her expertise both in and out of the classroom and feels confident she can swallow any size problems our readers may raise. Her deeply embedded experiences have trained her to open herself up to longer and longer hours dedicated to plunging head first down onto the biggest problems and swallowing them completely to their root cause to coax their solution out of them bringing them to their ultimate conclusions. Please, feel free to open your mouth and plunge into Ms. Lovelace's advice column with your biggest issues. She thrives on these issues, the bigger the better.

'Just shoot your issues all over to her at:l_lovelace@advize.pdgweekly.og'

Two out of the four example first letters delt with being naked in the classroom. Three of the four issues delt with either student arousal or teacher arousal and one dealt with whether or not a teacher should tell a parent their child cums in the middle of class and how to talk to the parents about it.

The answer was, 'Always be open about conversions around natural bodily functions, but there is no reason to discuss the daily activities of your classroom with parents unless an actual problem exists that interrupts the positive experiences you and your students have together. The most important thing is to help the student deal with their issues so they feel satisfied. Build trust by showing sympathy and letting the student know they needn't feel embarrassed and that they aren't alone. My students orgasmed in the middle of class many times and it thrilled me to be a trusted, and sometimes, active part of such an intimate and personal act. It shows how much they trust you as their mentor. Speaking frankly, I even felt complimented that I might have successfully, if inadvertently, stimulated their sexual fantasies. There are many many personal rewards in being a teacher. There is no reason to exclude yourself from experiencing them while helping your students to satisfy their needs as developing young adults.

-L. Lovelace.'

I even got an email letter from one of the teachers here, already. Surprisingly, it was from Mr. Shill. I haven't given the male teacher perspective that much thought. But I am going to have to address the issue. What if Mr. Shill, or one of the other five male teachers decided to participate in the nude teaching program? I think I'd rather see Mrs Crotchet naked. Not really, but you get what I mean. It's just not my thing.

Mr. Shill wrote in with this letter:

'Dear Ms. Lovelace,
I teach high school Maths and we are just about to abandon the school dress code in favor of school uniforms. As one of the few male teachers in our school, I can't help but feel both excited and apprehensive about the new program. I am confessing a deep dark secret here when I admit that I get sexually aroused at the idea of schoolgirl uniforms. My fear is that, as a male teacher, my condition will be hard to hide and that I am vulnerable to charges of sexual misconduct because of my gender and my gender's status as a minority in our school. Should I be considering a career change?

signed, M. Worried.'

Wow, he laid it right out there. This was great. Some of our teachers might recognize M. Worried

as Mr. Shill, he probably shouldn't have described himself as the Maths teacher. I thought about editing that part, but I think it would be best if they did recognize one of their own. It may encourage them to write in too. If Pedagog Weekly published the letter of someone they know, the popular "National" magazine might publish other teachers who write in.

I had to give this a well considered and thoughtful answer.

'Dear M. Worried,

'You needn't be. Schools across the country are discovering the advantages of student uniforms and making the change. Your particular "fetish" is actually one of the most common and it is very important, when dealing with developing young adults, that they not be shielded from the realities of the adult world. It is recommended that parents and teachers who may become physically aroused in the presence of adolescents not take any measures to "hide" what is a perfectly normal and natural human biological condition.

'Remain professional and conduct your duties as a teacher just as you would at any time. As long as you stay true to your profession, there is no reason you can't enjoy the circumstances that arouse your passions too. It's about how you expose yourself in front of your students, not how you feel in front of them. Relax and know that every other teacher is exposed just like you. Those who can let their inner pleasures freely arise in them and are honest enough to confess them to themselves without shame, are better at helping young adults learn the same lessons.

'Bravo to you, M. Worried, for recognizing and confessing your deepest feelings. Be proud and hold yourself erect. I have no doubt your students will benefit from your honest, exposed and forthright presence in the classroom.

'-L. Lovelace.'

A good start.

Back in the Principal's office, Mom came over and hugged me. Ahhh, nice. I'll never get tired of hugging Mom when she's naked. Her huge breasts pressed against me and I felt the scrape of very hard nipples against my ribs. I let my hand fall to her ass in front of everyone.

"I love you Mom."

"I love you too, Bentley. You're okay. everyone here wants you... to be successful. We're all here for you."

"I know, Mom. I'm sorry Mrs. Zaftig."

Mrs. Zaftig swung her office door shut just as that junior from earlier was walking up to Miss Cunny's desk again.

"Your mother is right, we're all here for you. I know, if we all get down and nip this thing in the bud, you'll be able to get off your issue and come to be an impressive fully grown adult with a climactic career."

She chuckled a little, "Bentley, look at us. You have the principal the vice-principal, a teacher and your mother stripped naked in the principal's office all here just to help you. You better appreciate what we are willing to do for you. Ha ha ha, It's only because we know you are capable of very big growth and really do appreciate us. Of course I forgive you. Really, there's nothing to forgive. no one was hurt."

I felt so humbled, at that moment. I grew tearful thinking about how much everyone seemed to care about me. At the same time, it was the sexiest thing I could imagine, to be there surrounded by those incredible, beautiful, busty, mature goddesses of my greatest fantasies, all naked because they thought that was what they should do to help me. I'd ejaculated on and in three different teachers that morning and they were still prepared to, not only forgive me, but to continue helping me, even though I'd practically raped Coach Dermis's mouth and much the same to Principal Zaftig. I felt so bad. I was beginning to feel pretty low. But MAN! How can I feel low surrounded by this waking dream of magnificent flesh and bouncing, quaking and jiggling big breasted women, all for me? I felt a stir in my cock at the thought. Oh God, really?

nothing happened. No swelling, not even a twitch, but a pulse of appreciation that only I was aware of.

"Okay Bentley. Go shower and change, I'll see you at assembly and tomorrow morning. You'll be spending homeroom with me or Ms. Fellaicceo for a while, then second period with Ms. Dermis and sixth period with Mademoiselle Derrieret. Please leave us. I have things to talk about with your mother and your advisor."

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Zaftig." I stepped into her arms and gave her a hug. Those naked boobs felt like the most potent designer drug ever concocted, pressing into my bare chest with their hard nipples catching between my ribs. I just wanted to bury myself in the soft valley between them and live there. I pressed my groin into my Principal's bare pubis. The smooth curves of her thighs pressing against mine was like a warm blanket made from bits of heaven.

I reluctantly stepped back and turned to Ms. Fellaicceo. "Thank you Ms. Fellaicceo. I was so scared and ashamed when I had to tell you about what happened. I'm glad you were there to help Coach Clidduris help me. I will work hard to not let you down for your faith in me."

I wrapped her naked body in a hug. She's slightly taller then I am in her 5 inch heels, maybe she's not actually five-eleven, but she had to be over six foot in those heels. Her naked ass was easy to rest my hand on. I allowed my hands to fill with her full round gluteus maximus. That round tight full mature ass was nearly perfect. I pressed my hips against her bald pubis and felt the stiffness of her bare nipples high on my chest. "Thank you Bentley. I am looking forward to our mornings together. I know I'll get as much out of them as I hope you will."

If I hadn't been so thoroughly satisfied, I would have just shot my cum all over Ms. Dermis when I held her perfect body in my arms and pressed myself against her naked skin. Those tits felt like everything I could imagine perfect tits should feel like. It was just a testament to my complete and utter sexual satiation, that I didn't get hard again.

"Thank you Ms. Dermis. I couldn't have a better mentor than you." I hugged her pressing my almost naked body against her completely naked body and I kissed her on the cheek. I felt that surge in my loins again. Still nothing physical happened. I was actually disappointed. Her high heels brought her up to almost my level and my bulge pressed directly against her smooth hairless slit.

Mom kissed me and slapped my half naked ass to urge me towards the door. When I closed the door behind me, I saw four completely naked grown women pulling chairs up to sit around Principal Zaftig's desk, no attempt to recover their clothes. I waved bye to Miss Cunny and the Junior she was trying to send back to class followed me with his eyes. He had a sort of shocked look about him. Had he seen inside the open office door or was it just the almost naked kid coming out of the Principal's office that shocked him? Well, it wouldn't be long before such a sights would become totally unremarkable.

Coach Clidduris was leading a class through some calisthenics in the gym. The girls wore very short, thin, tight shorts that wedged deep into the round cheeks of their young assess. some wore cropped tank tops and two, I spotted, were wearing mesh shorty tanks that looked almost exactly like the gym clothes worn by the girls on Surf Beach High. Their pert young unhaltered breasts freely bounced and wobbled underneath, completely on display. Coach Clidduris made no objections to the revealing outfits because they were actually featured high performance athletic wear in all of her catalogs. I had probably filled the orders, but there is a new display rack, I notice, in Flash & Dash Athletic Wear in the mall. It is filled with the "New" breathable high performance athletic wear. Yeah, it really is taking on a life of its own.

The boys wore similar male versions, many had visible boners pushing their thin shorts out. The skin tone of their tight erections showed through the thin white nylon.

When Coach Clidduris saw me, she yelled, "Priscilla! Take over for me."

FUCK ME!

Priscilla stepped up from the back of the group and she was wearing an outfit that almost perfectly matched the one Kelly, from SBH wore in gym. It was a white mesh stretch crop-top with string straps. It wasn't actually much bigger than a mesh bikini top. It was as see-thru as was possible. Her amazing tits were fully on display. The stiffened nipples pushed through the mesh openings and almost half the bottom of her giant tits were naked below the cropped mesh. Priscilla's breasts were actually larger than Kelly's from the show and that top looked even more obscene on Priscilla than it had on Kelly. That's pretty obscene.

Priscilla's bottoms were a thong nearly as small as the nylon workout thong Coach wore. Priscilla's smoothly waxed vulva was on display beneath the transparent mesh of the thong and the nearly total lack of substance to cover her labia put her body on display in a way that my groin actually reacted to. My cock decided it needed to stretch out and change positions in my shorts, just then and from somewhere, it found the energy to do it.

I stood, mouth falling open. I tripped, obviously on my tongue, and she looked up and saw me. A smile crossed her face as she took Coach Clidduris's place at the head of the class. She turned to watch me and cocked
a hip, her huge breasts bouncing and generally distracting me. She glanced slowly down at my crotch and I watched her tongue slip out and moisten her lips. Then she turned away to face the group and yelled, "Cross arm toe touches. Feet four feet apart, arms straight out to the side, bend at the waist and touch your left toe with your right hand. One, up. left hand to right toe. Two, up. Again, Three, up..."

I watched stultified, frozen. Priscilla had her back to me, her long straight legs widely splayed. Her thong disappeared into the soft hair-free cleft of her pussy and large full teenage ass. When she bent at the waist, her twisting upper torso dropped her giant tits right out of her mesh top while she swung upside down, her red pigtails dragged their tips on the floor. Both huge breasts swung and jiggled with youth and mass. Her bare erect nipples brushed against her spread thighs, her inverted face was lost in massive underboob cleavage. She reached to tug her top back over her massive tits each time she swung back up, and I don't think anyone saw her full tits out, although they weren't really hidden enough to matter. With every inverted twist, her torso turned facing me and her giant tits sprung free of their inadequate net-like encapsulation all over again. She looked like she had to hold her breath while her big boobs swung down to cover her face.

"Bentley, please can I see you in my office? Bentley, They're called 'calisthenics'. You've done them before. BENTLEY!"

I blinked. FUCK!

"Sorry, Coach. I'm coming."

"Not yet you're not. Pay attention. I wanted to talk. Do you need to change first?"

"No, I'm okay." I followed her to her office.

God! Her ass was amazing and that thong showed it off fully.

She closed the door behind me and asked, as she moved to the front of her desk to sit on the front edge. "What happened? You okay? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get you in trouble like that. You surprised me, That's all."

"No Coach. I should have more control than that. I'm so glad I didn't hurt you. I don't know what I'd do if I'd hurt you."

"I've read the material and should have followed the three steps and I should have been more certain I wasn't hurt. I want you to know I understand. I have moments of intense arousal and have lost control before too. It's important, as a teacher, to be sympathetic and honest.

The truth is, I actually was feeling pretty aroused myself and I may have set you up, knowing you were getting excited. I want to apologize to you, Bentley. To be completely honest, I enjoyed knowing you found me so arousing. I don't want to ruin the trust you and I are developing. I won't let these natural urges get in the way of what is a very pleasant and important and beneficial relationship. I promised you and your mother I would be here to help you. I will be. So if you are ever feeling like you could lose control and need help relieving these pressures while we are working out, I want you to know, You are not the only one feeling the way you're feeling. I will be more understanding. I promise.

So, feel free to let me know what you need and we can work together to relieve the source of your tension. I won't get angry or put off. I was a teenager not that long ago and frankly, the intense needs that seem to overwhelm you when you are with someone of the opposite sex still haven't gone away for me either. You understand what I'm saying?"

She looked so sincere. It was both breaking my heart and exciting me tremendously. I didn't get hard, but I could feel that heat deep in my hips and my chest that said I would be if I hadn't been milked completely dry already.

I nodded my head and scanned her body leaning back against her desk. Her hands were separated on the edge on either side of her almost naked hips. Her legs were braced shoulder width apart and her bald pubic bone pushed forward directly towards me. Her thong was slightly damp and the slit of her pussy swallowed most of the tiny wedge of material.

"You can't know how much that means to me. I have been feeling so guilty thinking I raped your mouth and hurt you. I wanted to die." I confessed.

Coach Clidduris blushed, "Bentley, what you did was wrong, but understandable. You're body is changing and I can't deny that I haven't felt some pleasure, a fair amount actually, from my contact with it. I'm not sure how appropriate it is to say so, but I'm trying to be honest writh you; even having your erection in my mouth and tasting your semen, knowing I caused you to loose control like that over my body, was more than a little pleasurable.

"Being open and honest with each other and with ourselve now, I hope we can recognize our feelings are natural and legitimate. We can, I hope, rebuild our trust in each other by trying to open

up with each other. I want to trust you, Bentley. I do trust you. I hope you can trust me, too."

I nodded my head. My eyes watered.

"Good!" she said. "I will talk to your mother, about it, but I think, you can get here early enough that we should try working out together in the nude. I want to be sure you understand that I trust you and I want to start helping you learn control. Does that sound like something you can do with me?"

FUCK YEAH!

I nodded my head again and struggled to find my voice, "Yes." I nearly whispered. My cock thickened a little. Coach shifted her eyes downward and smiled. "We'll beat this together. Now go shower and change. I'll see you tomorrow bright and early."

I turned to leave.

"Oh, one more thing. I thought you might be interested. I let the team pick out their new uniforms. They decided to go with the cheapest catalog. Here, this is what they chose." Coach flipped open the biggest catalog and turned it to face me.

"We'll have our colors and our logo, of course, but this is the basic look.

I loved it. Not what I thought Coach Clidduris would have gone for, but it didn't surprise me that the cheerleaders would have chosen that one.

I ran into Priscilla on my way out of the locker room. She was heading in to the showers. Good God, she looked even more naked close up in that gym outfit. Her nipples stood out, they pushed through the mesh just like my sister liked to do with her mesh cropped top at home.

"What's going on Bent Face, you in trouble with Coach 'C'? She was sure in an odd mood. What'd you do wrong? I mean, you're kinda like my little brother, so I got to look out for you." While she was giving me a hard time, she absently reached up and plucked at her left nipple, tugging it out from her huge breast at least three inches. The purple pink nub stood out through her mesh top by a good inch afterwards. She acted like nothing unusual had happened.

"No, Coach was just inviting me to workout with her before school started, since my mom is a teacher now, Prissy." I couldn't help but brag. "She was also showing me the new cheer squad uniforms she just ordered."

Priscilla's eyes narrowed as she pushed her glasses up on her nose and plucked the right nipple, tugging it out even farther than the other before letting it snap back to jiggle into place. I twitched again.

"Why would Coach show them to you?"

"I was the one who found the uniform company for her. I have to go shower and change, so see you later sis."

"I am not your sister, thank goodness." She snapped as I pushed past to the empty boys locker room. She turned just as I did and her big fat bouncing teenage breasts dragged against my arm. Her nipples felt like big erasers dragged across my bicep.

I grabbed my clothes and a towel from the locker and headed for the showers. I hate the high school locker room. I was glad the class had ended earlier and I didn't have to deal with all those

stupid immature kids running around yelling, acting like... well... kids.

I was just about to turn the shower on when the sound of wet bare feet came running into the showers behind me. I turned and there was Priscilla, stark naked, huge boobs bouncing left and right, up and down on her bare chest. She was soaking wet and slick with soap.

"Shit shit shit shit..." She froze when she saw me and slid right into me on soapy feet.

"What the fu...?"

"Bentley, a bunch of parents are touring the gym and I got trapped naked and had to duck in here so they wouldn't see me."

"What were you doing out in the gym naked?" I asked. Her body was pressed against me and she had grabbed my arm in one hand and my cock in the other to brace herself. I certainly wasn't so spent that I didn't react to that. My own arm was around her waist and resting on the top of one soapy ass cheek. I could feel the head of my limp cock rub against the smooth bulge of her pubis.

"Thought I heard something and went to peer out the door, but they had come through the locker room from the other door and I just barely ducked through before they followed. I figured since they were mothers and a teacher, They wouldn't come in here." She tugged on my cock when she said "come".

I was beginning to see the pattern. "I have to shower. Come on, you can rinse your soap off. No one will be in here until next period, so you got about forty minutes." I squeezed her ass with the hand that rested there, but to emphasize her soapy condition, I brought my other hand up and wiped a small mound of suds up off her breast, squishing the soft malleable breast and brushing my fingers heavily up under the erect nipple before holding the pile of bubbles in front of her face.

She tugged on my cock hard when she slipped as she leaned backwards to see. I swelled slightly in response and grabbed at her giant breast to steady her.

"Oops!" Priscilla slipped, rocked, then slid clumsily to her knees and the head of my cock found its way into her mouth. She inhaled my soft member until it was almost all inside. Priscilla's hands shifted to my hips. I still wasn't hard, so she could fit a lot of me in. Then she pulled back and spit me out forcefully.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" She acted indignant as she tried to lever herself up, tugging on my wrist. Her other hand grabbed my cock again. The soap made everything slippery.

"Just because I put your little thing in my mouth once doesn't give you... uhooff!" She slipped again and toppled me over, her soapy body landed across me. Somehow, in our struggles, her giant tits smooshed into my face and a bubbly nipple pressed between my lips.

What was I expected to do? I sucked it. NOW I was truely responding.

"Aurrgerrr!" Priscilla grunted as she strained to lift herself up. I held the suction on her thick rubbery nipple and ignored the flowery soap flavor. Priscilla arched her head and shoulders back, stretching out her right breast attached to my mouth by her nipple.

"Stop it, you perve." She cupped her massive tit, popping her nipple free with a wet smack from the breaking suction echoing loudly off the concrete walls of the empty gym showers. Her hand found my thickening member again as I lay on my back under her. I saw her smile just before her brow bent downward and she angrily yanked on my cock. "You're enjoying this. You're such a pervert."

She put her hands down to keep my hand away and rolled up to straddle me. My naked cock almost erect now, poking into the generous swell of her upper ass. Priscilla leaned onto hands and knees over me, my cock dragged along the cleft of her ass cheeks, down the groove of her hairless pussy and against her soapy pubis underneath her hips. She grunted and gasped with the effort she made struggling to crawl backwards.

I let my hands come up, when she freed them to move, and cupped both hanging tits.

"Stop it!" she slapped at one hand.

"I was just trying to help you get up."

I dropped my hands immediately and she seems to grind her pussy down against me for a moment before dragging herself backwards across my hardening erection until her heavy breasts trapped my member into the gap between those soft pendulous globes. Her erect nipples dragged down my naked hips.

"I'm not here for you to use any way you want." She paused in her backwards crawl, my stiffening rod right between her big tits. She rocked back to continue her crawl, then stopped and shifted towards me again.

"And further more," She waved a finger in my face, holding herself over me on one arm. Her body rocked backwards a few inches and she leaned forward again. I felt the soapy slick drag of her hanging tits work back and forth along my now turgid shaft.

"You are arrogant and annoying. I am not interested in you, so you can just forget that thought." She started to pull back again, the head of my cock popped out above her hanging cleavage, right below her chin. She stopped and rocked forward a fifth time. My purple gland disappeared into the depths of her hanging cleavage again. Priscilla got in my face.

"Friends, that's all... and barely that. I am not sucking on your pathetic excuse of a penis again." She started to back away once more and my cock re-emerged from her boob cave and poked her under her chin. She rocked forward again.

"Aughhh! You're such a... a... a... little kid." She ranted in my face.

She looked down between her tits and rocked back, watching my cockhead push up between her massive tits. Then she looked up at me, rocking forward to get in my face again. "Just look at that thing. It only cares about one thing."

I raised my hands to cup the sides of her breasts and pressed them tighter around me. She didn't slap at my hand, just stopped in her backwards track again and looked into my face angrily. I fucked my hips up and my cock popped out again. "You have a one track mind, Bent-face. That's why you disgust me. Just get it over with. You're not going to let me go until you get your annoying little rocks off, so make it quick."

I began to titfuck her. She dropped her head and watched my cock piston in and out of sight against her sternum. God it felt good. I wasn't even close to cumming and we had almost thirty minutes before anyone would interrupt us.

"Ughhh!" she grunted with annoyance, but didn't stop watching my dick pump between her huge tits.

I wasn't even remotely close. I fucked her big tits a little faster.

"Gawwwd!" she flipped her wet red pigtails and rolled her eyes.

I rolled her nipples around under my thumbs and fucked her tits.

"What a pain." She quipped.

I stopped.

"Okay, that was fun, but now it's just annoying." I said, pushing her to the side.

"Wha...? I told you you could finish. I wasn't going to stop you."

I got up on my knees, my hard cock pointed right at her face. Her eyes followed the waggle of my cockhead.

"Yeah, sure, but you're not into it and I don't want to force you." I answered.

"Ugh," she rolled her eyes. "I told you, you could. You're not "forcing" me." and she made air quotes with her fingers.

"Nah, it's okay. You don't want to. We're just friends. I mean, it's kinda like fucking my older sister, with you. She, at least, likes doing stuff like that with me."

She blinked a slow blink. I thought that would cause a reaction with her. I stood up, making sure to push my erection into her face as I stood. She actually opened her mouth and caught my cockhead between her lips. I pulled out.

"Sorry. I didn't mean for you to have to suck me again." I apologized. "The coast is probably clear by now. You probably want to get out of here before someone else comes. Including me." I bounced my eyebrows up and down.

She was getting sullen and a confused look haunted her eyes.

"I'm really sorry Priscilla. I wasn't trying to take advantage of you. I actually do like you, but, like you said, we're just friends." I walked into the nearest shower, erection waving in front of me.

She stood and stared at me for a minute while I lathered up and stroked my hard cock to wash it. I was not going to let myself cum in front of her, but I wanted to tease her a little. I had a plan. "My sister; we are friends, like my sister and I are friends. Close, but... you know, more like we practice, than enjoy it. She just LIKES to practice, that's all."

She stomped out, huge tits dancing before her.

I worked in the library until assembly.

The gym was filled with all the students. Teachers directed their classes to their sections of the fold-out bleachers and generally tried to suppress the noise level and keep kids in their seats. I got a chance to see that every female teacher in school was wearing shortened skirts and showing deep cleavage. I didn't see a single bra under the light weight fabrics. Students, as well were generally braless, at least the girls were, I didn't pay any attention to the boys. And every female was showing off a lot of cleavage. Skirts and dresses were the order of the day. only the boys were wearing pants. Not that I took the time to notice, as I already said, but it was very noticeable how many tented pants there were.

I think we have only five male teachers and I didn't see any of them who wasn't showing their

arousal. Mr. Shill let it stand right out with no attempt to hide his state at all. I saw him come in with his junior Calc I class and the three girls in the class were all very aware of their teacher's condition. They also made no attempt to obscure their bodies from showing lots of leg and cleavage and even asses off, for their teacher's benefit.

"Hi Bentley, can I sit with you?"

"Sure Mom. This is Ms. Dermis's section anyhow."

Mom made her way up the bleachers, threading her way past a group of freshmen boys. They all turned and followed Mom's swishing skirts as she stepped high to each new level. I knew what they could see. Mom paid no attention to her pantiless state, nor the super high hemline. She flashed them all as she climbed up higher to where I sat on the top bench.

"Hey you five, eyes front! Yelled Miss Crotchet. They were her kids and all five jumped in their seats and turned their stares to the mountainous pair of breasts she quaked in front of them. From up where I was, looking at her down on the gym floor, she was all boob. My cock twitch with the memory of being buried into that unimaginable chasm of jiggling flesh. Those kids were trying hard to imagine the unimaginable. I wondered if my sperm was still hidden deep in their depths.

"Hey Cecilia, over here." Mom called when she saw my sister walk into the gym. She was with Jessica Flirty. They were both in tiny skirts and very sheer tops. They let a lot of very generous teenage breast show. Jessica was built about a well as Cecilia and both girls were barely covering their full breasts.

The rest of Ms. Dermis's class came in and followed Jessica and my sister up to our area of the bleachers. Ms. Dermis stood below them and monitored their organization. Mom and I both waved and she waved back but she didn't come up.

Jessica sat next to me and Cecilia sat on the other side of her.

"Hi Jess. Nice job on the news this morning. To bad Mrs. Zaftig wouldn't let us tell everyone what the assembly was about ahead of time. But, I think you'll like what she's going to announce today."

"I know. Ms. Dermis told me." she whispered, leaning in to me. Her eyes cut down to my lap. "Those posters and stuff you've been making have worked." she said.

It didn't surprise me that Ms. Dermis would confide in Jessica. She was participating in the campaign along with Ms. Dermis to help me rally support for the uniforms. That's when I spotted Priscilla Tease. Her outfit looked just like the quintessential erotic schoolgirl costume. It was exactly what Kelly wore to school on SBH for the last couple of months.

It consisted of a short pleated lightweight skirt belted high, at the narrowest part of her waist. The hem hung out and down around the tops of her thick fleshy thighs. Her wide hips held the flaired hem out away from her body like a cone that suggested more tantalizing opportunities than a narrow skirt did. Her blouse was tied between her huge bouncing breasts, leaving her upper stomach and ribs bare. The gauzy material gapped widely and even bowed out away from the pale, freckled, bulging, curves of her heavy breasts. She bounced erotically and I responded to the vision. Memories of feeling those big juggs in the showers surrounding my cock permeated my mind. I think I have discovered that I'm a tit man. Her slightly protruding nipples were shadowed through the thin material, making her a vision of sex that I had to admit, got me going. I mean, it had been almost three whole hours since I'd last cum and My erection was throbbing again.

Priscilla was just a little on the heavy side, but rather than take away from her appeal, the extra weight made her hips look broader, the tits much bigger and her thighs look meatier. Her whole body jiggled slightly with her movements and when she walked past, I could see the bottom of her full round jiggly ass was just peeking out below the high hem of her micro-skirt. She wore low heels, just enough to give her oversized breast some bounce when she walked. Just like Kelly on SBH.

Mom glanced at me and smiled. Her eyes flicked down into my lap and back up at me with concern. I was hard again. Well, to put that into perspective, I think I would have been in the minority if I hadn't been hard. Mom put her hand on my thigh to offer support. I think it actually made it worse, but I'm not complaining.

"Okay everybody. Settle down, settle down. We have a lot to get through and then it's back to classes." announced Ms. Fellaicceo standing up on the stage to the side of the gym, opposite the bleachers. She was dressed again. I think I needed to say that.

She stood at the center of the stage behind a podium speaking into the microphone next to Principal Zaftig, who was also dressed. Ha Ha, funny that I have to point that out at this stage in my campaign.

"We have a few general announcements to make, and then we can talk about uniforms."

The whole gym quieted for the vice-principal until then. There arose a general murmur of discontent.

"Quiet!" Mrs. Zaftig leaned in to the mic. Her prodigious breasts squished against the edge of the podium and the edge of her nipples showed enough that I could see them from the other side of the gym. Everybody shut up. She was hard not to listen to, even with those amazing tits nearly falling out of her top. She wore her suit coat, but it hung open to either side of her fantastic breasts. Her nipples were visible through the light fabric of her pale blue blouse.

"I think you will want to hear what we have to say." Mrs. Zaftig moved to the center of the podium and Ms. Fellaicceo stepped to the side, her hands on the edge of the pedestal. She stood facing Mrs. Zaftig, which presented her side view to the rest of the school. Her hip hugging skirt ended right at the top of her thighs and at least two inches of rounded as cheek hung out below her skirt in the back. She also wore a jacket, but it was short, more a bolero jacket that left some under boob visible through her diaphanous blouse. Those five inch heels stretched her quads and tightened her muscular calves and full glutes to full effect. I tightened even more in my pant. Mom noticed. Her hand slid across the head for a moment. I glanced quickly to my other side, Jessica was watching Mom's fingers curl over my cockhead and squeeze, before retreating.

The gym grew quiet finally.

"Many of you are aware that every year, the School Board looks at the idea of getting uniforms for our school. Until this year, we have set aside that idea because the students have been against it. This year, however, we have attempted to educate you and your parents in the advantages that adopting a school uniform can have in raising academic performance, increase student satisfaction scores, improved support for sports and other school sponsored team events. School uniforms have been shown to reduce bullying, something that has reached epidemic proportions across the country. Schools with uniforms have statistically less suicides among their student body and positive gender identity and a sense of value as a male or a female student is significantly improved. Best of all, schools with uniforms graduate a large percentage of students with less drop-outs and send a larger proportion of their graduating class on to higher education.

"You all should know these things by now because one of your fellow students has done the research and headed up an information campaign to educate you in these facts.

"Bentley, would you like to come down and stand at the podium?"

I wouldn't, but I couldn't say it either.

To a mixed group of murmurs, quiet jeers and a light smattering of clapping, I made my way down to the stage. There was a lot of tit flesh between my seat and the stage. I noticed a particularly large and jiggly pair being jostled about by her clapping. I looked up and saw they belonged to Priscilla.

I thought she said she'd never let me get uniforms into the school?

I got up on stage, my erection more than a little obvious as I walked across the stage.

Mrs. Zaftig motioned everyone to quiet down again.

"I think Bentley should be the one to inform you of the decision we have made regarding the dress code. Bentley, we have decided to take your advice. Why don't you tell your classmates what it is you suggested we do?"

I stood stunned for a moment. I am deffinitely not the center of attention type. I prefer to be the guy pulling strings in the background. Ms. Fellaicceo urged me over to the mic with her hand in the small of my back. I stepped towards Mrs. Zaftig and she smiled at me, then her eyes flicked down to my erection straining against my pants.

"It's okay Bentley, you don't need to be embarrassed," Mrs. Zaftig whispered, with her hand covering the microphone. "Just stand behind the podium and tell them about the deal to drop the dress code."

Mrs. Zaftig thought I was embarrassed that I had an erection in front of the whole school. Ha. That was the only good thing about coming up here; another small exposure to reinforce the new center of that moral window for everyone. I just didn't want to be taking credit for anything, that's all. I turned to the mic and explained what she wanted me to explain.

"Hi. My senior project is in marketing. It's what I'm going to be studying in college next year. So, I wanted to design and market a new line of clothes to sell on the school Web site and advertise it on the new school TV station. While researching that, I discovered all the great benefits to school uniforms and so, I proposed making that part of my project, to inform people about the benefits of uniforms in school and gain support for adopting a school uniform. Part of any good marketing campaign is coming up with sales deals and so, I suggested to Mrs. Zaftig and the Board that our dress code was old fashioned and should be revised to reflect current styles." I paused as there were a few whistles and a little light applause. "To offer you the best deal in adopting a new school uniform, I have convinced Mrs. Zaftig and the Board to completely drop the dress code so that you have more flexibility in..."

I was trying to talk over an explosion of applause and cheering. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo leaned in on either side of me to speak into the mic. I felt a hip brush my erection. It was Ms. Fellaicceo. Her skirt hemline was right at the level with my cock and only my pants kept me from sliding across bare hip as my tent pole pushed her skirt up higher on her hip. Mrs. Zaftig's heavy breasts squished into my arm on the other side, the stiffening nipple pressed into my upper arm.

"Settle down, settle down everyone."

They finally did and I continued, "Mrs. Zaftig is letting the students choose the uniform we are going with and I thought dropping the dress code would be a perfect deal to allow you the most flexibility to picking a uniform more inline with contemporary styles."

Mrs. Zaftig stepped in front of the mic again.

"Thank you Bentley. Bentley has convinced the School Board, and Ms. Fellaicceo and me that we should rethink the dress code and make a concession to you for your support in adopting a school uniform. We are taking his advice and officially dropping the school's dress code today."

Cheering and applause erupted again.

She went on to talk about organizing class presidents into a committee to vote on the uniform they would actually want.

I returned to my seat.

"Everyone! The next matter of business today is a new education initiative. Ms. Dermis and Mademoiselle Derrieret will be leading a new education initiative and I want you to take the information packets your teachers will be passing out to you, home to your parents. They explain the goals and the expectations around this program. I'm not going to go into detail here. Ms. Dermis and Mademoiselle Derrieret will be trialing the program after an orientation period.

We will not be very patient or forgiving of those who can not cooperate with this program. So only two teachers, for now, are going to be trying it and only in their senior classes.

Bullying and body shaming as well as weak self-image from a sense of gender persecution are all a national problem among high school aged people. This program seeks to both expose young people to the strengths and identity of the opposite gender as well as help them learn to control their own newly developing sense of sexuality by familiarizing students with gender differences.

In the past, young adults have been left to their own disconnected experiences to try and learn how to treat those of the opposite sex as well as how to feel about and deal with their own sexuality. By bringing these experiences into a safe and controlled environment, stronger, more secure gender identities and understanding towards other's gender issues. That's why we are excited to trial the nude teaching program.

Your information packets include a non-disclosure contract and a permission slip. Only students who have obtained their parent's permission to participate in this program will be attending a one week orientation with Ms. Dermis and me. After that, if the trials work, we will expand the program school wide.

Hesitant clapping started before more students joined in. They all knew what the program was about. They have been introduced to it through my version of Surf Beach High. I have spent the last month of editing, trying to model how students should behave around naked teachers to both continue to enjoy the benefits and prevent teachers from pulling out of the practice. The teachers on Surf Beach High do not put up with misbehavior. One teacher, the the hottest one, stopped doing it because a student groped her once. Another teacher had a student suspended and one student was arrested for acting inappropriately outside of school and trying to take pictures with his cell phone. So all the students should know what to expect and, I hope, be more controlled than the teacher's are expecting them to be.

The four main characters of SBH led a group of students to stress among their fellow students the importance of maintaining self-control and behaving especially well around the nude teachers

because there was a clear tie-in with faculty tolerance for students wearing revealing clothes to school. "... and if we want to keep being able to show our bodies off to the boys and enjoy causing them to get erections, we can't let anybody offend the teacher's who are trying to do the same thing, and we DO want to show off our bodies to the boys and watch their dicks get hard because of it, right?" Kelly stressed on the show. "Abso-fuckin-lutely! That is almost as fun as sucking those hard cocks." was the chorus of answers. The group of girls broke down into lip smacking and giggly 'yum' noises. "Good, make sure the boys understand the consequences for screwing up."

Then Mrs. Zaftig introduced Coach Clidduris and her cheer squad to show off the new team uniforms.

Eight girls ran out onto the gym floor and they were wearing their new cropped tanks, underboob showing more or less, depending upon the girl. Skirts were low riding, cutting across bald pubic mounds and riding very low on ass cheeks in the back. The hems covered they labia, but barely and ass cheeks peeked out below in the back. The actual skirt material was only about two and a half inches in length. Some of the girl's came tumbling out doing cartwheels and flips revealing thin thong mesh panties that were no larger than the workout thong Coach wore earlier. They appeared to be part of the skirts the team wore because no bands, straps, or strings appeared above the low riding waistbands.

The spread legs of the girl's doing cartwheels showed hairless labia swallowing the tiny see-thru triangles of white mesh entirely. The group of hot girls created a human pyramid in the center of the gym. The captain of the team, a smaller, but well built girl named Libbey O'Majorah, was held high at the top by one leg. She kicked her free leg straight up into the air, knee against her cheek, her pussy spread completely open for the entire audience to see and held her pose. Her thong was almost completely gone inside the pink folds of her pussy lips.

Coach Clidduris walked out wearing the same cheer outfit and her breasts strained the tiny top to its max. A lot of neathage was on display. Her hard nipples showed through the tight, thin, sheer material and the skirt was just short enough that a tiny peek of labial lip flashed below the hem when she stopped in front of the pyramid and took a pose.

"The new high school cheer team uniforms for this year." She shouted and she raised her arms out and high, turning a slow turn for all to see. Her arm position lifted her generous and very firm breasts so the edge of pink nipple lifted above the wide, deep neckline. Nearly half her breasts escaped out the bottom of the cropped tank below. She looked like a porn star. Then she lifted her own left leg straight up; it was very hard to see any sign of panties, when she bent over backwards into a hand stand. Her tiny skirt flipped up and her bare ass captured everyone's attention. I couldn't even see that there was a string denting her smooth soft skin, it was hidden deep in the crack of her ass. I confirmed that it was attached to the waistband of the skirt, otherwise, it didn't appear like Coach wore any panties at all.

Just as she continued over and upright into another raised hand pose, Libbey flipped and came down inverted in front of Coach Clidduris. Coach caught her student in an upside down position wrapping her harms around the young girl's slim waist. They froze, their faces in each other's crotches. Libbey's pussy looked completely naked with her legs spread out in a flat split and her feminine slit pressed just under Coach's nose. Coach bent forward and lowered Libbey's feet towards the audience to plant them wide, pussy pointed right at the center of the bleachers, the team captain's face wedging hard into the juncture of her Coach's open thighs before she popped into an upright stance and the whole pyramid broke apart to have the team line up to either side of the coach and the squad captain. My cock throbbed.

An almost deafening applause brought everyone to their feet and we were on our way back to class a few minutes later. I needed to cum again. The boy's bathroom stalls were full. I could wait for the car ride home.

Chapter 9

Ad Window - Chapter 9
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

"I was showing my daughter how to masterbate using her new Mistress-O-Matic, the other evening. She watched while I demonstrated. Then, once I'd recovered myself, I inserted it for her and showed her how to ease it in gently, letting her natural lubricants do their job, adjust the vibration levels, and slowly pickup the pace to maximize the simulation." said the tall, beautiful, busty, middle aged head host to the weekend Morning Life show. "She orgasmed almost immediately."

The second host, about the same age, but a little shorter and slightly less busty as the main host, commented, "That thing is absolutely amazing. I bought one for my daughter and I borrow it all the time."

"My daughter, of course, isn't old enough for one, but I bought one for myself. I think they are fantastic." agreed the younger, twenty-something weather anchor. She was wearing a nano-sling monokini that was extremely sheer, her weather report having just ended.

"I bought one for my wife and daughter, as well. Our daughter is learning so much from the Mistress-O-Matic." added the one male host.

The four hosts of the morning show were sitting, as per their norm, in a row of comfortable swivel arm chairs with a low coffee table before them. The short mini-skirts of the two women in clothes did nothing to hide their pantiless state. The main host sat to the left of center, the male host on her left, right of center, and the weather woman in her tiny sling bikini to his left. The third female host on the far left, opposite from the nearly naked weather anchor. The lead host continued her story, before introducing their guest, a family sex therapist.

"Anyhow, when my daughter caught her breath again, she asked, "Mom, how do boys do it?"

Everyone chuckled at that innocent question.

The male host, his cock obviously erect in his lap, asked, "So, what did you tell her?"

The mature host on his right, swung her left arm over from where it braced, elbow on her armrest, fingers steepled together while she talked, to gently land her left hand over the pant-tenting head of her male co-host's large erection and gave it a playful squeeze. She brought her arm back and laced her fingers back together.

"Actually, the Mistress-O-Matic is available with a strap-on option, which I'd bought, so I was able to show her."

"Oh, I didn't know that. I'll have to look into getting the option for my wife and daughter. They could really learn a lot together with something like that." suggested the male host.
The weather woman asked, "You don't help your wife teach your daughter about male sexuality?"

"Oh, of course I do. It's just that, sometimes a mother and daughter need to have their "thing" with out me thrusting into the middle of it all the time." the male host answered.

That earned him another gentle cockhead caress from the main host.

"We practiced simulating male masterbation for a little while, when my daughter wanted to know about fellatio. I tell you, that strap-on option was worth every penny. We both decided that was our favorite thing, outside of actual sex, that is." the host finished her story.

"Yes, My daughter and I love it too. I've been teaching my daughter to suck on a penis, as well." agreed the female host to her right. "We started with the Mistress-O-Matic, too. It's not as good as a real erection to practice on, but it's still fun."

Everyone nodded.

The main host continued, "My husband says our daughter is getting very good at it. He tells me she is almost as good at it as I am already."

"Oh, how wonderful!" everyone clapped for her success at teaching her daughter to suck cock.

The main host reached, for a third time, into her male host's lap and squeezed his pulsing cockhead. "We'll have to do a show on everything we've learned with our daughters, sometime. The male host just sat with his eyes closed while the three female hosts nodded enthusiastically in agreement. The lead female host ended up just leaving her hand resting over her co-host's erection. Just a casual and thoughtless gesture; nothing to consider overly sexual.

The show sounds outrageous, but it's really just the most graphic example of the programming everyone has been watching for months. Casual and "educational" family masterbation and sexuality have become normal program subject matter and everyone is very use to it by now. That's why, when we got home, Mom went into her bedroom right away, while Cecilia and I stripped in the living room, and Mom brought out the two boxes that had been delivered the day before.

Cecilia actually screeched an excited "Thank you, Mommy. This is perfect. I just talked to my friends..." and Cecilia hugged her mother before taking the new Mistress-O-Matic box to the couch to open it like a Christmas present. Mom had gotten Sissy the strap-on version. I smiled and hugged my naked mother a 'thank you' for the Master-Matic. I was mostly erect and I allowed my cock to press into Mom's stomach fully. My long member slid along her smooth epidermis upwards towards her ribs until I felt the bottom of one giant breast press down onto the tip of my cockhead. There was a little clear moisture left behind on the bottom curve of Mom's giant left breast.

I had been erect the entire way home. When I got in the backseat at the end of the school day. I immediately tugged Mom's dress down. She even pulled her arms out of the shoulder straps so I could explore her huge tits while she drove. Cecilia took her blouse off and both Mom's and Cecilia's vulvas were exposed below their obscenely high hemlines. I reached out and captured Sissy's left tit and rolled both Mom's and Cecilia's nipples in my fingers at the same time. The reach was a little awkward, but a huge turn-on. I extracted a soft gasp from both women.

I had needed to cum since assembly, so I took Cecilia's hand and guided it to my cock where she wrapped her fingers around my hardening shaft. I encouraged her to stroke me and she cooperated perfectly. Her hand began to move in a steady rhythm up and down my turgid shaft when Mom reached back between the seats and slapped Cecilia's hand away. Mom then slapped the head of my cock

"OUCH! What was that for?" I pouted.

"You can't orgasm now. You need to learn control, especially after this morning, so you're going to have to wait."

I sat back with my arms crossed in a sulk. My cock stood up, the inflammed head red with the sting of my mother's slap. Mom reached back and grabbed my wrist, dragging me back forward between the seats. "Keep exploring my breast. It will help you get use to the stimulation."

I decided not to resist and plucked at Mom's right nipple, pulling it out and away from her chest by nearly three inches, leaving her right nipple about half an inch longer than her left nipple. Mom gave a quiet gasp.

I played with mom's and Cecilia's breasts and Mom reached one hand back and gripped my shaft, but didn't stroke me or let me fuck her hand. She just held me without moving and reached down to feel my testicles once in a while. She'd let go to stop any stimulation if she felt me start to respond too much.

I soon slid my hands down Mom's and Sissy's bodies and pressed their thighs apart. I slipped my fingers easily into two very wet pussies. Mom gasped a little louder. I hadn't done this in the car before. I finger fucked Mom and my sister most of the way home to the music of Cecilia's appreciative moans. Mom's breathing got harder, but she tried to concentrate on driving instead of what I was doing between her legs.

Cecilia, came just before we got into our garage and I'm sure Mom's ears were still ringing after we parked and got into the house. My own ears sure were ringing well after Cecilia stopped screaming.

Mom yanked my hand out of Sissy's cunt when she started over the edge, afraid I would cum when I felt my sister's vaginal walls contract and spasm around my fingers. It didn't stop Cecilia from rubbing her clit and screaming out her orgasm, though. I was so jealous, but it was such sweet torture the whole way home.

In the house, Mom warned me, "You are right on the edge; I can tell. So, you better wait a while to try out the Master-Matic or you'll ejaculated even before you get a chance to use it. Why don't you watch while I teach Sissy how to use her new Mistress-O-Matic. You'll learn something and that should give you enough time to calm down a little."

OH YEAH!

Mom turned toward Cecilia and lowered herself to kneel in front of her daughter. Our mother rested her hands on Sissy's bare knees as my sister opened her box. The one with the Mistress-O-Matic in it... The cardboard shipping box; just to make that clear. Sissy's other box waited in moist anticipation to be the one with the Mistress-O-Matic in it.

Ha ha ha, I'm too funny.

"Oh this is perfect Mom. I was just talking to my friends..." Cecilia held up a plastic bag that contained a collection of black straps and a triangular leather plate. "What's this Mommy..." She didn't wait for an answer and lifted out the neon blue plastic vibrator. It was a typical plastic dildo-style vibrator with a gently rounded end that tapered to an off-centered tip to help stimulate the 'G'-spot better. "It's so small!?"

Mom frowned and said, "It looks about seven and a half, eight inches. It is maybe a little skinny, but that's pretty long." She looked up and followed Cecilia's gaze to my nine-and-a-half-inch erection jutting out just past Mom's shoulder as I stood close behind her and to the left, watching.

"It's seven inches." I said simply.

They looked at me, the question 'How would I know that?' on their faces. I shrugged, "I saw it in an ad somewhere." They accepted that explanation.

Mom reached back and stroked her hand down and up my cock length as my erection thrust out level with Mom's face. "Your brother is an exception. You can't go by him. The average male is lucky to be over six inches long. Besides, you don't want it to be so big that when you do find a serious partner someday he has trouble measuring up." Mom stroked me once again and let go.

Mom took the vibrator from Cecilia while Cecilia searched in the cardboard box and found the batteries. She tore them from their packaging and Mom showed her how to open the back end and insert the included batteries. They went through the on/off instructions and the different settings. Cecilia opened the other bag and pulled out the harness, holding it up to look at. Then Mom handed the Mistress-O-Matic back to her daughter.

Cecilia turned to look directly at my erection as I moved closer to see the new device. I stood right on the edge of the couch, my hard cock thrusting out into the space between the two sexy women. If they each leaned towards each other, they could touch their lips together right around the head of my erection.

Cecilia took a deep breath, "Can you teach me to suck on a penis as big as Bentley's? I was talking about you teaching me about sex with some friends. One of them mentioned, deepthroat. I had to look it up. It looks hard. I don't think I could learn to do that on my own." my sister said all in a rush.

Mom's eyes grew wide, shifting back to her daughter's face from following the up and down pulse of my heavy erection, "Ahhh! ... I... I um..."

Cecilia jumped back in, "I have been trying to ask you for over two weeks now and I kept chickening out until I asked some friends who want to too."

"Oh I... uh... under... ah... understand. Well... I suppose that is... um... I could teach you, but... well, I've tried to do that other thing, but I wasn't able to do it. I don't think I'll be able to teach you... um... that." Mom stammered out.

Cecilia put on an exaggerated pout. She sat before her mother naked with that blue phallus standing up from her fist in her lap like it was her hard cock. Mom stared down at it and swallowed uncomfortably. Then Cecilia brightened up and sat forward with excitement. "We could learn it together. I think that would be so much more fun."

"Oh, yeah... ah... I guess we could do that. It would be better than you trying to learn on some strange... well you know. I will..." Mom stared down at Cecilia's lap, then she turned her head and looked up at my naked erection hovering only about five inches from her mouth. She stared at the bead of pre-cum collecting at the tip.

That's when the doorbell rang and Mom jumped putting her hand to her naked chest. "Oh my goodness. Okay, get dressed." Mom got to her feet after Cecilia jumped up, the blue cock Sissy held in her hand nearly poked Mom between her lips. Mom had to turn her head to avoid the thing and she reached a hand out to brace herself on my erection.

"I got it!" declared Cecilia and headed for the front door without even looking for her clothes.

"Cecilia!" Mom shouted. "Get some clothes on." Mom trotted after my sister, her massive breasts

bouncing and swinging freely upon her naked chest.

"It's alright, I know who it is."

Mom had run into the foyer to try and stop Cecilia when my naked sister grabbed the door handle and swung the front door wide open. I was hastily stepping into my pants by the couch, but Mom and Cecilia were both in the middle of the foyer, framed in the open door. Late afternoon light streamed in behind two well built women standing on the other side, their right arms braced in the sling of their shoulder bags' straps.

Mom yelled, "Cecilia!" and ran, huge breasts dancing frantically upon her chest, for her bedroom.

"It's just Jessica and Priscilla, Mom. I invited them over.

"Hey guys, come on in. Guess what Mom just gave Bentley and me."

The two women stepped into the house and shut the outside light out with the closing of the door. Jessica was dressed in a tiny flirt skirt that was light and swished around the very tops of her smooth teenage thighs at the slightest stirring of air. She had on modest beige heels and her blouse was opened to her navel. The sheer translucent material allowed a tantalizing view of her full firm and braless breasts when she peeled her light cotton overcoat off. Her nipples were visible and their pointed stiffness suggested better things to come.

I haven't really described Jessica yet. She is beautiful in the extreme. Her hair is light and flowing in, what I assume is, a professionally styled wave to just below her shoulders. Her skin is smooth and firm, not an open pore in sight. She has a toned, athletic body without being overly muscular. She wears makeup expertly applied with a glossy frost of pink on her full lips below a slim straight nose. Her eyes are large and almond shaped with just a hint of peach shadow below perfectly plucked eyebrows and subtly complimentary cheek blush. Her breasts are large, only slightly smaller than my sister's, but higher and shaped, as if by a master plastic surgeon. Yet they are light and jiggly and move with a sensuous naturalness that can only be real. Her nipples are upturned and small in diameter. Her ass would be the envy of professional models everywhere.

For me, she's a little too perfect. She reminds me of a high fashion store mannequin. I know it seems funny coming from me, but I guess I'm more of a romantic. I prefer brains. Jessica is smart enough to be a straight A student, but she's not creative nor even intellectual. When I picture myself being with someone, I want a great body, of course, but I like a little more curve and padding; I'm definitely a breast man. Priscilla has a great body by that standard. I like mature forms like Ms. Dermis or even Mrs. Zaftig. Toned and curvy and full breasted, but with more softness to smooth out the angles. Ms. Dermis is perfection. However, it's the mind that really turns me on. I am more attracted to a woman who can keep up with me than some air-headed bimbo. I want a woman to freely choose to be with me, to be smart and still want me. It demonstrates that I'm as worthy of her as she is of me. Great sex is awesome, but good conversation and intelligent thought, the free choice to spend their time with me is even better. Priscilla is the only other person I've met who seems to be able to hold their own with me. A couple of the teachers, like Ms. Dermis, but no one my age comes close except for Priscilla.

Just like Jessica, Priscilla got her style directly from Surf Beach High. Her green cotton car coat slid off to reveal a gauzy cream colored see-thru top that was as transparent as the one Miss Cunny had been wearing at school. Her massive breasts were fully on display and the gaping lapel was open down to the thin belt of her teeny tiny Black Watch tartan pleated micro skirt. She was wearing an outfit that almost exactly matched one Kelly from SBH had worn on the show last week. Her red four inch pumps even matched.

When Priscilla turned to look for a place to put her purse and coat, I saw a generous swatch of ass cheek peeking below the obscenely high hem in back.

"Oh, you can put your purses and coats on the table against the wall there." My sister told them as she moved them farther into the house.

I was just tugging my shirt down when they came into the living room. I thought I knew why Priscilla was here, but Cecilia didn't seem to think Jessica was interested, so maybe they are here for a real study date after all.

"Hi guys. What are you doing here?" I asked bluntly.

Mom came back out and interrupted, her thin Summer dress pulled quickly on was caught in an unnoticed wrinkle that held the skirt above her bald pubic mound. Her huge breasts bounced just within the plunging neckline. Her erect nipples stood out boldly behind the thin fabric. My cock pulsed at the sight.

"Hi Jessica and... Priscilla, right? Sorry about the fuss, you caught me by surprise. I'm happy to welcome you over. Are you guys here to study with Cecilia?

Priscilla held her hand out and lightly shook Mom's hand. "Yes. Cecilia was generous enough to invite us to study with her. I honestly think she just needed a little moral support, but I'm excited to get the chance to learn right along with her. I think what you are doing for your daughter is amazing. I don't have a brother at home and my father is away for work, so it is a real gift to get this opportunity with you."

Mom looked from Priscilla to Cecilia. "What exactly are you studying with Cecilia?"

Priscilla turned to Cecilia, "You didn't ask her did you?"

"Yes, I asked, I just didn't get the chance to ask about you guys joining me. Mom was so quick to give us our presents when we got home and you are earlier than I expected, I just didn't get the chance." Cecilia answered. Cecilia had retrieved the Mistress-O-Matic from where she'd dropped it on the couch and was nervously sliding her right hand back and forth over it while she held the base tight in her left hand.

Jessica cried out, "Is that a Mistress-O-Matic? That is so awesome. I asked my mother for one and she just said to put it on my Christmas list."

Priscilla went on to explain to Mom, "We were hoping to learn fellatio from you. Cecilia said she was going to make sure it was okay."

Mom's eyes got wide. She then turned to Cecilia.

"I... I... uh... sorry Mom. I tried to ask. I've... I've been try... trying to ask you to te...teach me for a while now... and... and..., like I was saying, I didn't get up the nerve to ask until I talked to Priscilla and... and Jessica doesn't have a way to prac... practice at home. You're a teacher now, so we were hoping... I tried to ask earlier, but then you brought out our presents and I didn't expect everyone to get here so soon... " Cecilia trailed off with a hopeful look.

Mom said to the two guests, "Do your mothers know about this? I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to talk to them before I agree to something like that."

Jessica spoke up. "Yes. Mom only agreed because you were going to be here."

Mom turned to Priscilla, "I'm sorry Priscilla. I know Jessica's mother and I will be talking to her at church, but I don't know your mother."

Priscilla already had her phone out and had brought up her mother's contact info. Priscilla calmly handed her phone to Mom.

"My mother's name is 'Ragina'. She knows where I am, but I'm not sure she understands fully what I'm doing. She usually let's me make my own decisions about things, so I know she will be fine with your teaching me about sex."

"It's 'Tease', right?" Mom asked a she took the phone and hit dial.

Priscilla nodded.

"Hello. Mrs. Tease? I have your daughter here with my daughter, Cecilia...

"Yes, that's right... 'Gina', of course, thank you. Yes, today was my first day. I'm pretty excited. I'm assisting Ms. Dermis.

"Your daughter is an impressive young woman. She is very polite and quite self-possessed.

"I can imagine... you're doing a very good job. She was a great help when my son first started high school. He was so young and your daughter helped him make the transition. He talked about her all the time.

"She did... Uhuh... right... no no no, you're welcome.

"Yes Bentley is here too. Thank you, I'm very proud of him."

Mom listened with a growing expression of concern.

"Well they seem to be getting along much better now. I don't know what I'd do without his help. He's the man of the house."

"Yes, that's actually why I'm calling. Priscilla and Cecilia and Jessica Flirty want me to teach them about boys... Exactly. Priscilla wasn't sure you understood."

Mom laughed, "You're right. I think it will be good for both of them.

"It was good to finally talk to you... Well I'll let you get back to it then. Okay, good bye."

Mom handed Priscilla back her phone.

"Good, everyone is on board. I'm willing to let you guys join along with Cecilia. I have never tried to teach before, especially a subject like this. Like Cecilia said, we'll be sort of learning together."

Mom took the Mistress-O-Matic out of Cecilia's hand and scooped the harness up off the couch. She turned to me as she fit the blue dildo to the harness. "I think everyone would be more comfortable if it was just us girls, Bentley. I'm sure you have a project or two you're anxious to get to in your room."

That was the first thing that's happened since getting in the car that made my erection start to go down. Well, the slap came close. I turned to head for my room while Mom held up the Mistress-O-Matic and motioned Cecilia and the other girls to sit on the couch.

Cecilia spoke up, "Bentley can stay, it's alright. I ac... actually thought... um... we were going to... um... practice... uh... learn on... Bent... Bentley. I mean, I think everyone is okay with that."

Jessica nodded and Priscilla added, "I'm okay with Bentley staying. I kinda feel like he's my little brother too, so I don't mind if he stays and... um... helps."

Mom looked at each one of us. The three girls blinked back from their seat on the couch. I waited at the end of the coffee table to see what would happen.

"Alright. I guess you can stay. You might actually benefit from this lesson too. So this could work well." Mom said.

Mom looked down at the dildo she held in her hand, then over to my crotch which bulged behind my jeans. Then she said, "Since I am not use to teaching something like this, I think we should start with the names of things."

Cecilia rolled her eyes. "Mom, we already know that stuff."

Mom responded, I know you know it, but I don't know what your friends know and what they don't know. If this is old material, we should be able to move quickly."

Cecilia rolled her eyes and huffed, but didn't have anything more to add.

Priscilla raised her hand like she was in class. Mom pointed at her, "Priscilla?"

"If I may, I'm pretty good with anatomy."

Mom nodded her consent.

Priscilla stood up. "The penis is an organ for sexual reproduction and urine elimination. It consists of a gland at the end also called the head which is covered in sensitive nerves to help bring the penis to arousal and finally ejaculation. In uncircumcised men, it maintains a protective mucus coating that keeps it moist, but it dries out with the trimming of the foreskin. The body or shaft is made up of the corpus which consists of three parts, one along the length at the top and two on either side that run along its length. The three corpus parts fill with blood when aroused to form the male's erection. Down the center runs the urethra which terminates at the tip of the head called the meatus and divides at the base to connect to the bladder and the testicles, where sperm is produced."

Mom said, "Well, you guys are smart. Very good Priscilla."

Priscilla smiled and did a sexy little jiggle that sent her fantastic tits on a voyage of wonder across her chest. Priscilla sat back down and her bald vulva peeked out from beneath her mini skirt. I tightened even more in my pants.

Mom turned to Jessica, "Jessica, are you good with all that?" Jessica nodded her agreement.

"Good. Do you know about the Prostate?"

Jessica looked a little nervous, "Isn't it where the seminal fluid is produced?" I was impressed and standing just behind Mom, I nodded my head to confirm.

Jess sat up straighter and smiled as she continued, "and the prostate is also a muscle that aids in ejaculation during orgasm. It's what helps the sperm shoot out of the penis."

"Excellent. See Cecilia? Now I have a better idea of what everyone knows and it didn't take long. Oh..." Mom bit her lip and snapped her fingers. "Have any of you ever tried oral stimulation on a boy before?"

Cecilia shook her head 'no' while Jessica nodded 'yes' and answered, "I've done it a few times with my boyfriend, but I'm not very good at it and would like to get better."

Priscilla simply said, "Once."

Cecilia and Jessica turned and looked at her. Priscilla, caught in the middle, looked from one to the other of her friends a couple of times, "What? I like boys."

Cecilia answered, "We didn't think you dated at all. We thought you just read books and hung out with the teachers."

Jessica nodded her agreement.

Cecilia went on, "We're friends now, you're going to have to tell us all about it. When did you do it? Who was it with? Where did it happen? Do you still like him? We need to know everything."

Priscilla started to look trapped and her eyes turned to me in silent appeal.

Cecilia followed her gaze. My sister may not be as smart as I am, but that doesn't mean she's stupid. No, Cecilia is very perceptive. She quickly added, "Later, though. Now's not the time. We can talk later. Maybe we'll have a sleepover. You can tell us all about it then."

I watched Priscilla relax even though she was red from her auburn hairline to the full heaving slopes and erect peaks of her freckle skattered breasts showing so clearly behind her gauzy blouse. I certainly wasn't going to volunteer that I was the "Once", no matter what my sister could figure out.

Mom turned to me, not taking any notice of Priscilla's discomfort, her eyes flitting down to my obvious erection. I guess you should ta...take your pants off, Bentley. You're our... um... visual aid. If that's okay with you. Your sister should have asked you first."

Fuckkkk! Mom was actually, for real, going to teach my sister and two of her friends how to suck my cock!!! To suck MY COCK!

I didn't want to sound like a kid who was asked if he wanted Christmas to come early, so I tried to play it cool, "It's alright Mom. I understand. I'm happy to help if that's what you guys need." and I undid my pants and shucked them off while four beautiful women watched and, I imagined, thought about sucking on my cock.

Mom remained expressionless, Cecilia smiled a satisfied, cat that caught the mouse, little closed lip grin, Priscilla remained aloof with her head turned slightly to one side, nose turned the tiniest bit up, but her eyes never left my hips, and Jessica grinned a big teeth baring smile and nodded her head in encouragement. They all watched me strip. My shirt came off last and after a moment of blindness, when I pulled my shirt up away from my face I saw every eye focused on my wagging nine and a half inch erection jutting out from my canted hips. Jess's pink tongue moistened her upper lip.

Mom reached out and captured my pulsing cock. I shook from the jolt of feeling. "Okay everyone, I have to warn you, Bentley can sometimes be very sensitive and it's been a particularly stimulating afternoon for him, so we are going to have to take it slow and be careful."

Mom's hand moved gently along my length and I really began feeling the pressure of that "particularly stimulating afternoon" building. I'd been 'edging' since assembly that morning. Mom's slim fingers got to my hairless root and they glided down to curl around my swelling testicles. "It's possible to tell when a boy is getting ready to ejaculate by feeling his testicles. They will be swollen and warm the whole time he's sexually aroused, but usually, they pull up towards his body just before ejaculation and the pulse in the base of his coc... penis starts to race." Mom's hand cupped and rolled my balls leaving my entire length exposed to the gaze of the high school girls trying to follow along.

I imagined all four of them eagerly pushing in to get the chance to suck on my cock. I could almost feel their lips and tongues all trying to envelop me at once. The idea was so hot, it felt like my trouser-snake was a real snake ready to split out of its skin and molt. Mom moved her hand back up my shaft to my swollen head again. My mind was racing with the possibilities.

"He's not going to last if we go too... Awkeee!"

I shot my cum right at my mother. We were standing in front of the three naked high school seniors who were sitting in a row on the sofa. I had noted how their mouthes were all perfectly level with my groin and pictured each of them leaning forward in turn while my mother held my throbbing hard-on in her fist and guided me into each of their mouths one-by-one to suck on me. Then I thought about my mother giving a demonstration first. I picture her kneeling down and engulfing my raging erection into her mouth while her daughter and two hot teens watched. I knew it was going to happen. It WAS happening and that was it.

Mom's hand stroked me at just the wrong moment... And I just spasmed and released. My cum ejaculated upward along Mom's arm and hit her prodigious chest. That first ribbon of sperm roped its away along Mom's bicep, squirming over her deltoid and curved in a dripping strand from her neck down across the swell of her huge breasts.

"AUGHGHAaaA!" I grunted stabbing my cock into the tight grip Mom suddenly had on my shaft. She tried to aim me away from her, but my thrust forced another rope of cum to jet up over my mother's swelling tits. Her dress was open to her navel and my second shot hit her opposite breast on the inside curve and splashed underneath inside the open gap. I grunted out a third shot that drilled almost straight into her exposed belly button and dripped down to wet and paste the light material over the slight bulge of her hairless pubic mound.

Mom flung her hand out and my fourth ejaculation, would have just dribbled out over her hand, but the snap of her wrist jerked her fist along the length of my contracting muscle and squeezed the remaining white seminal goo out and flung it in a line across the faces of the three girls seated, leaning forward in astonishment as they watched my cock spew all over my mother's body.

"AWeEHHhhhh!" I cried with that last ejaculation. My hips jerked and my cock pulsed out a few more dribbles of seman.

Mom stared down at my softening cock. "Well, I guess you don't always get a warning." Then, she scanned down her own body and her sheer Summer dress had become mostly see-thru with the dampness of my semen dripping down her large pendulous breasts and into the light cotton material. Whitish strands of thick cum ran down her sternum and over her gently swelling belly to spread into the cloth of her skirts over the front of her mature hips. Mom's vulva was visible through the now transparent fabric.

"Bentley, go get a damp towel to help clean this up, and..." Mom reached down and crossed her arms, squeezing her magnificent breasts together and grabbed the bottom of her dress. She peeled the wet material up and I watched her heavy breasts lift and press upward under her chin as she

lifted her dress. Those fantastic breasts bulged out slowly below the rising dress, wet and sticky, the dress rose higher until her huge breasts popped free, fell heavily and bounced back into place over her naked ribs. "Here, throw this in the laundry on your way by."

Mom turned to her audience of stunned teenage girls. I looked and blinked. Each face had one or two drops of my cum dripping down a cheek or a nose or a chin. The sight sent a shiver into the base of my spine.

"Bentley, move it."

I woke up and trotted out, my naked cock scattering drops of cum as I went.

I heard Mom comment to the girls, "Well, I guess that takes care of that problem. Cecilia, grab the Mistress-O-Matic and stand up. You're now the practice dummie."

When I got back, Cecilia was standing in front of everyone with Mom seated in her place on the couch, Priscilla in the middle and Jessica on the other end. Mom was just leaning back from helping Cecilia fit the strap-on harness in place. The blue Mistress-O-Matic stood straight out from Cecilia's hips right over the top of her bald slit.

Mom reached up and grabbed the dildo her daughter now wore. "Okay, everyone still want to continue?"

Everyone nodded. I realized I was nodding right along with them. No one was looking at me, though. "Here Mom." I handed her a large hand towel that I had gotten one end wet with warm water.

"Thanks, Bentley." Mom leaned back into the couch and began wiping her face, her neck and down over her heavy jiggling tits. Mom lifted first her right breast then her left one and cleaned her nipples and the under-sides beneath the crease where those succulent juggs sat heavy and fat upon her ribs. She worked the towel between her fleshy globes, down over her stomach and concentrated on wiping up all the semen that was dribbling out of her belly button and down to her bald pudenda. She finally held her labial lips open while she caught the remaining gobs of my cum from where it had collected in that soft smooth cleft between her legs. We all watched silently while Mom washed herself.

A drop of my semen slid off Jess's chin and landed on the inside swell of her right breast. I caught the movement and suddenly everyone stared as she scooped the drop up with her right index finger and slipped it into her mouth sucking it off her finger with a loud smack.

Jessica noticed everyone watching as she scooped up the remaining drop still clinging to her chin. Her eyes darted around to everyone's faces when she pulled her finger free a second time. She blinked a coy look and apologized, "Sorry, I just wanted to know if it tasted different from my boy friend's."

Everyone waited.

"Well? Does it taste different?" Priscilla finally asked.

"Yeah, a little, I guess. It's not as... sour. Maybe a little less... um... peppery?"

Mom actually reached up and scooped a little off of Cecilia's nose just before it dropped onto her lip. Mom actually popped the cum coated tip of her finger into her mouth and tried it. "Jess is right. It is a little sweeter than usual. I always thought I could taste a slight difference in each of my boyfriends when I was in high school and college, but Bentley is definitely sweeter tasting than

most."

Now everyone had to find a drop to try. Cecilia had the most on her face because she was the closest to me when Mom flung my cock around. Priscilla scooped a drop of it up off of Cecilia's cheek and popped it in her mouth. Cecilia spotted a drop on the end of Priscilla's nose and another on the inside slope of Priscilla's left breast. They started searching each other for more to try. Cecilia even spied a little in Mom's hair and scooped it off and held her finger up for Mom to see what she had. Then, my sister stuck her finger in her mother's mouth and fed it to Mom.

Do you think I could loose my erection after that? I wouldn't have thought so either, and it never went completely away, but it couldn't stay hard, even watching my sister feed my cum to my mother.

Mom interrupted the fun. "Okay girls. Let's move on." She sat back down and grabbed the plastic shaft of her daughter's strap-on, positioning Cecilia directly in front of her.

"Now the purpose of learning fellatio can vary. It doesn't have to just be to make the guy orgasm."

Mom glanced up at me standing just behind Cecilia watching. Then she looked to the two sitting to her left.

"Fellatio is more often part of the pre-intercourse foreplay, but the goal is to have an intimate experience with someone you care about and wish to strengthen a bonding relationship with. Sex doesn't have to be the final outcome and it is often used to build trusting feelings between partners, even friends. Its practice, I've recently learned, is becoming more common within close-nit families, as well. So don't get confused and think that just because someone is participating in fellatio, that they are necessarily having sex or going to have sex."

Mom stared at Cecilia as she explained the sex didn't have to be a part of fellatio. This concept came directly out of my religious radio programming with reinforcing references made in commercials and on the morning shows Mom watches.

Mom scooted to the edge of her seat. "Now you want to pay attention to what you're doing. Rule number one, the male penis is as sensitive as the female clitoris, so watch your teeth. Before simply plunging your mouth over the boy's penis, it's best to get it wet and lubricated with your saliva. It makes it a lot easier to cover your teeth if your lips slide easily without resistance trying to peel them back or skip along a dry shaft."

Mom tilted her head forward and opened her mouth over the tip of the electric blue dildo. We all watched her extend her tongue and mop it over the head, then she swirled it down the left side before licking her way back up and getting more saliva to spread down the right side. She brought her tongue back to the tip and moistened her lips. We all, I'm sure, each shivered, watching my gorgeous late thirties mother open her full glossy red lips into a circle around that end and lightly close them around the neon blue shaft just an inch or so down from the tip. Mom slipped her tongue out and swirled it in a circle around that shaft in preparation for sucking it deeper into her mouth. But she backed off.

Wet smack.

"Cecilia, put your hands on my head. Don't do anything, just feel. You can feel my cheeks and jaw with one hand. I think you'll be able to get a sense of what I'm doing."

Mom took her daughter's hands and placed them, one on the top of her head, fingers curled around to the back and Cecilia's other hand, Mom placed over her right cheek.

"Just let me do the work. Your job is to feel what I'm doing."

"O... okay, Mom." Cecilia blushed as she stood in front of her seated mother, that plastic blue dildo standing out like a cock from the juncture of her thighs pointing straight at her mom's lips.

Jess stood up, just then and slipped quickly out of her blouse and shucked her skirt off, leaving her naked but for her heels. That left Priscilla feeling a bit left out and she soon followed Jessica leaving everyone in the room naked except for the strap-on Cecilia wore.

Mom waited until they were done and said, "Okay, remember to get it wet with your saliva first." and she leaned in and repeated her moist lingual journey down the blue shaft and back up again, to them lick her way down the otherside and back to the tip.

I watched my mother's sensuous lips compress around that blue cylinder and slide smoothly over the phallic toy to engulf over half of it into her mouth.

Cecilia gasped, then she moaned with pleasure. "OHhhh, Wow! I can feel it almost like I really had a penis. No wonder guys like having this done to them."

Cecilia pressed the tips of her fingers into Mom's cheek and her eyes grew wide.

"Guys, I can feel it inside Mom's mouth. You've got to feel this."

Mom had started to pull back off, but Cecilia pressed on the back of Mom's head and pushed her hips forward. "Don't pull off yet Mom. Let everyone feel. It's so strange. I can't feel, like your mouth on me, but I can feel the Mistress-O-Matic inside your mouth. So cool."

Everyone leaned in to press their fingers into Mom's sucked-in hollow cheeks.

"Oh awesome, I feel it." exclaimed Jessica.

Priscilla nodded and grinned her appreciation.

Cecilia fucked her hips back and forth, holding Mom's head still so everyone could feel the dildo move inside Mom's mouth.

Mom finally pushed off with a loud intake of breath.

"Alright, as you can see, there's a lot going on that isn't obvious at first. I haven't even talked about what you can do with your tongue. Now Cecilia, trade places with me and I let everyone have a turn."

I stepped around to the other side of Cecilia and watched from a different angle. Mom helped Cecilia unbuckle the Mistress-O-Matic and changed places.

Mom and Cecilia worked the harness up Mom's legs. I quickly bent in to help. Mom's skin was so soft. I cupped one round full ass cheek to steady Mom and myself. I helped position the leg straps up her inner thighs and ran my fingers along the thin leather thongs between Mom's parted legs.

I directed, "Mom, spread your legs open. Yeah, like that," pressing my fingers into the yielding flesh right against the soft swell of either outer labial lip. My cock thickened a little as I crouched in front of Mom and squeezed her right ass cheek with one hand and traced my fingers over her vulva with the other. Sissy adjusted the straps, tightening them until they dug slightly into Mom's soft flesh.

I looked up from inspecting Mom's naked and thoroughly lubricated pussy framed by the two leg straps and was staring straight at the blue plastic phallus only an inch away from my face. I thought about leaning in and sucking on it, but a wave of something close to a mild revulsion hit me. No. I shouldn't be repulsed, it's not like it was a real guy's cock aiming at my mouth. Maybe it would be fun to suck on my Mom's dildo like that? I guess I'm just not interested in such things.

If I'm being totally honest, I was more concerned about what the girls watching would think, but mostly my mother. I didn't want her to think I was gay. Hell, I was trying to get her to suck my cock, and shit! I would fuck that dripping wet pussy in a second. Cecilia woke me from my reverie when she slid her fingers against mine between Mom's thighs and said, "Okay Mom, you're all set."

I stood up, my cock holding itself out from a straight downward angle, the head flaired with arousal again. All three high school teens on the couch leaned in to watch as Cecilia captured the plastic phallus jutting out from Mom's pubic mound.

Mom directed her daughter, "Actually, this works pretty well for learning to keep your teeth back. You will know immediately if you let your teeth scrape the hard plastic. It's not always easy to tell on a real penis until the boy yells in pain. Now take it slow and remember to get it completely wet first."

Mom reached out and guided her daughter's head with her hands on either side. I watched my sister's tongue come out and swipe over the tip. Then, she licked her lips and pressed them against the end before working her way down one side, back to the tip, sucking just the end into her mouth before working her lips and tongue down the other side. When she lapped her way back to the tip again, she took two inches into her mouth and swirled her tongue around the shaft reaching out up the length of the dildo another couple of inches. Everyone leaned in and watched as Cecilia slid more of that plastic cock into her mouth.

"Oh, you're right Cecilia. The Mistress-O-Matic does feel almost like it's a part of you. How interesting," Mom said as she guided her daughter's mouth over that blue strap-on.

Cecilia sucked about five inches into her mouth before she quietly choked and backed off to the tip again.

Mom cautioned, "Careful Darling, don't push too hard too fast. Take it slow. You have plenty of time to learn to take more in."

Mom shifted her right hand to the back of Cecilia's head, "When you suck in again, clamp your lips tight around the shaft as far down as you can, then suck in hard and pull back until just the tip is still in your mouth. Remember, hold your jaw open as wide as you can and press your tongue up against the underside. Really make your cheeks hollow out from the suction." Then Mom pushed on the back of her daughter's head and fucked her hips into Cecilia's face.

I watched in awe as my sister swallowed five inches of plastic cock before clamping her lips tightly around the blue shaft and her cheeks hollowed deeply enough that I could actually see the shaft of that phallic toy's shape between her upper and lower jaw. We could all follow the blunt head move from the back of her mouth to the front as she pulled back. Her lush teenage lips compressed around the tip at the end of the stroke. Then Mom pumped her hips and fucked that toy cock back into my sister's mouth.

"Can you guys see what she's doing? I'm surprised, but I can actually feel the suction you're putting on it, Cecilia. You're doing great."

Mom pumped her hips back and forth, controlling her daughter's head while she fucked my sister's

mouth for several strokes.

"If you guys want to feel Cecilia's cheeks, I think it will help you visualize everything. Cecilia, try to move your tongue across the head more. Yes, like that. Oh? That's good."

Mom was pressing her own fingers into Cecilia's hollowed cheeks as she worked her fake cock back and forth, in and out of my sister's mouth. I could see the tightened lift of the corners of Sissy's mouth when she smiled at her mother's praise. She really seemed to be having fun sucking on her mother's strap-on dildo. I joined my fingers to the sudden cluster of curious digits trying to feel the Mistress-O-Matic pumping in and out of Cecilia's mouth. They were right. When Cecilia really sucked her cheeks in around that shaft, you could actually feel it's shape thrusting into the space between her own jaw.

I felt a sudden tingling warmth on the head of my half flaccid cock and looked down to see Jessica looking shyly back up at me, her tongue pressed tentatively to the head of my naked cock. I twitched and my cock rose about an inch. Jessica smiled at me.

"Okay Cecilia, give someone else a chance now." Mom announced and she pulled her blue phallus out of her daughter's mouth with a wet, forceful, smack and a saliva infused hiss of releasing vacuum pressure.

Cecilia giggled. "That was funner than I thought it'd be." She brought a hand up and caught a drop of saliva oozing thick and bubbly out over her lower lip. The motion broke the tiny thread of mucus still connected to the tip of the dildo.

"Yes, it can be very exciting under the right circumstances." Mom agreed. "Priscilla, are you next?" Mom asked shuffling sideways half a step. Jessica had pulled back from licking the tip of my cock and I made room for Mom to shift to the middle of the couch.

I stood watching in rapt attention as Priscilla leaned in, grasped the base of that blue rod and proceeded to slick the end with her tongue. I noted how pointed the tip of Priscilla's tongue was compared to Mom's or my sister's which were both softly rounded. Then, Priscilla slipped her tongue out farther to lick along the underside of that plastic shaft and she flattened her tongue out and it became blunt, for a moment, pressing against the bottom of that pretend cock jutting out from my mother's naked hips, until it morphed into a longer and longer taper that finally slithered out of her mouth, I swear, almost five inches. The thick pinkish base between her parted lips stretched in a smooth arch downward before curling back up to the pointed tip pressing in a serpentine path trailing saliva along the underside of that dildo. Priscilla's tongue looked almost prehensile, taking the shape of a sideways question mark against the bottom of that plastic cock. My own cock thickened at the sight of all that tongue emerging so dexterously from her beautiful mouth. Ah, my mind flipped out thinking about the discovery of her hidden talent.

Priscilla leaned in farther and pressed her lips around the far side of the shaft to spread her fluid along the left side. Her eyes were initially closed, but she opened them to look directly at me when she mouthed the root of that rod. She stared into my eyes and I watched that long tongue curl up around the side facing me from underneath. Priscilla's eyes squinted in a mischievous grin when she started bathing the blue root with her amazing tongue. I couldn't believe it. That living organ curled around the root of that plastic shaft, actually gripping it before it began an exploration of the area adding the leather base it was attached to. It actually caught at the edge and I watched it in stunned fascination as it seemed to find the cleft of my mother's hood at the top of her slit and flick across her shiny pink clitoris which stood out from beneath that smooth flap of skin. I didn't think Priscilla realized she had reached past the harness and was actually licking Mom's bare pussy.

Mom jumped and her hips jerked. She hadn't been holding Priscilla's head, but suddenly she had

ahold of Priscilla by those thick red pigtails. The tip of that blue phallus was between Priscilla's lips and I didn't even see how it got there.

"OhHH!!!" Mom cried, her huge naked breasts danced with the sudden spasm of her hips. "Priscilla, what did you do?"

She let Priscilla go. Priscilla had a look of shock on her face, "I... I... I was just... um... licking everything to... ah... get it wet, like you said."

"Well that wa... was... amaz... it was a surprise. I didn't think you could reach me from there. Don't fret, you did nothing wrong. I just didn't expect to feel it so... um... directly. A bit of an electric shock."

Priscilla glanced up at me when Mom described how it felt.

"It's okay, you can keep going. You haven't finished the other side."

Priscilla leaned in again and worked the other side of the dildo. I couldn't see from my angle, but I let my imagination fill in the gaps. "Wh...oh".

I looked down and saw Jessica's tongue on the head of my semi-erect cock again. She smiled and waved her pinkie up at me. Her hand went to my shaft and she curled the other fingers around its girth. Priscilla was about to suck on the blue dildo thrusting out of Mom's pubis and I was compelled to turned and watch that.

Priscilla has particularly full lips and her coloring is very pale with lots of freckles, so the red flush of her lips really stands out, even without any lipstick on. I couldn't take my eyes off the way her upper lip compressed around the end of the Mistress-O-Matic. I could feel it right in the tip of my own cock when Priscilla pursed her lips tightly around that plastic shaft. Somehow, her glasses even added to the sexuality. It made her look innocent where she was acting wontonly.

I imagined her amazing tongue working over the head so vividly, my own cock throbbed with each imagined lick. Then her mouth moved deeper onto the shaft and soon, half my cock could feel it as she swallowed that ersatz organ. My eyes followed the vacuum suck of her cheeks and in my mind, I transferred the feelings onto my own cock, like I was in her mouth in stead of that plastic phallus.

What a sight; my mother feeding her strap-on dildo into the hungry mouth of Priscilla Tease, the girl who just a few short months ago vowed to stop me from turning the school into my adolescent porno fantasy. I felt every slither of her tongue over that fake blue cock. It was like her mouth was actually sucking on me. Then Priscilla began bobbing her head and the fantasy feelings engulfed more of my cock, except I heard gagging.

I tore my eyes off the erotic sight of Priscilla blowing my mother and realized the feelings around my cock were real. Jessica was trying to suck me. She had pulled my half erect penis around and fitted her mouth over me. I had felt the light scrape of teeth over the corona of my cockhead, but even that hadn't distracted me from watching Priscilla suck on Mom's dildo. It was when Jessica tried to take more than half my cock in her mouth, that she choked and her teeth clamped briefly around my thick shaft, and it didn't match with what I was watching Priscilla doing, that I realized what was happening.

Jess backed off with a gag. Mom looked and saw what Jessica had been trying to do.

"Jessica!" Mom let go of Priscilla's head and Priscilla pulled her mouth off of Mom's fake cock and

looked too.

"I thought you said you've done this before. Weren't you paying attention? Get him wet and slippery before trying to take him in like that. Especially with a real penis that's as big as Bentley's is. Here, let me show you."

OH MY GOD! My near erection just recovered completely in an instant. FUUUCK ME!

Mom lowered herself to her knees and turned me to face her. My hard hard hard cock thrusting towards the ceiling right in front of Mom's face. Her eyes studiously tracing my entire length over and over from not much more than an inch away.

I would have shot off as soon as Mom wrapped her fingers around my shaft and levered me down to point at her mouth, if I hadn't already cum so many times that day I'd actually lost count. Mom stroked me a couple of times and brought her other hand up to cup my testicles. She rolled them in her fingers and finally looked up at the faces all staring at her.

"Pay attention. Bentley may not last long enough to do this very much, so try not to miss your chance to learn something."

Mom looked up at me from her kneeling position, my hard cock gently gripped in her hands before her face, "Try to hold on as long as you can, Bentley. This will be your first big test."

I couldn't say a word. My throat felt filled with cotton. All I could do was nod. I didn't even blink while my mother stroked me a third time and there was her beautiful, sexy, erotic, pink tongue slipping across the head of my cock and I moaned "UuUghuuaaa..."

Mom's tongue explored my purple cockhead and I stared. My mind was gone. I remember every intense, erotic, blissful instant, but I don't remember having a single thought as that matronly tongue slathered my vibrating organ. Mom's fingers fondled my testicles and her tongue moved over the ridge of my cockhead. It disappeared back into her mouth and came out with more saliva to spread along the back of my pulsing helmet. My body quivered with each and every lap of her heavenly tongue along my shaft.

My vains throbbed and Mom's tongue massaged them against the hard, tight corpus shaft. Her hand slid around to cup me into her mouth as she opened her lips and cradled the girth of my cock against her lips. Her tongue slithered and slathered my length, all the way to my root. I humped air, pressing my hairless pubis against her soft cheek. Then, Mom had me nearly blacking out when her mouth dropped down to suck one, then the other testicle completing inside her wonderful oral chamber. Oh... My... GOD!!! That was so hot. Mom's hand slid up and her fingertips hooked the head of my rock-hard cock, holding me horizontal while her head dipped below and she traded each of my balls in and out of her mouth.

Back up along my other side, Mom's lips poised right at the head, her hands, once again, cupping my balls and encircling my shaft. My cock drooled pre-cum, running right over her full, worn lipstick coated lower lip. My eyes fluttered and I was feeling so high with anticipation. Then Mom stopped.

"Did you girls pay attention? You think you can do that?" Mom looked up at me. "You okay Bentley? You feel okay to keep going?"

Mom's lips were less than a quarter of an inch from the tip of my cock and her hot moist breath washed over my head. I looked down and saw another large bead of pre-cum catch her and spread into the sexy little grooves of her bottom lip. Mom's tongue flicked out and licked her lips

automatically.

I was barely able to nod and my voice gave the tiniest of squeeks instead of saying 'yes'. I felt my balls being squeezed, Then Mom darted forward and kissed my head before standing up. The tip of that blue plastic Mistress-O-Matic caught me right under my sack and slid back between my legs. I was distracted from stepping back by the feeling of Mom's nipples brushing up from my hips, against my torso to my ribs. My cock briefly followed the track between Mom's huge breasts. A streak of gleaming pre-cum ran in a curved line from Mom's clavicle to her navel.

"Alright Jessica, I want you to do it just like I did."

I don't know how, but I wasn't in my body. I could feel everything that was being done to it; I felt my cock rubbing across Mom's stomach and hips, I felt her let go of my genitals and the cool living room air wash over them when her hands moved to my hips, I felt myself being turned by Mom's hands on my hips and I felt Jessica replace Mom's hands absent from my genitals with her own hands, but I was hovering somewhere near the ceiling looking down on the whole scene. I couldn't move; my body could only respond. I saw everyone sitting on the couch, my mother standing naked, a strap-on lashed to her bare hips. She stood in front of Priscilla, but Priscilla was leaning over watching what Jessica was doing. My sister, on the other side of her, was leaning into Priscilla, her left hand behind Priscilla's neck, her hand on Priscilla's left upper arm. Cecilia had her naked chest pressed into Priscilla with her right hand, palm down, gripping her new friend's naked inner right thigh.

I watched Mom move behind me, that masculine looking blue rod dragging over my ass cheeks, it dipped into the crack of my butt for a moment, then Mom was on my opposite side. She squatted down.

"Here, I'll move over to this side so everyone can see." she explained and reached her right hand up to the back of Jessica's head and joined her left hand to Jess's over my scrotum.

"Now lick Bentley's head. You can cover it with your lips to spread more saliva at once, but be prepared, Bentley, as with lots of boys, especially with teenagers, can be highly sensitive and shoot their semen very easily. We are trying to work on that with Bentley."

I was so removed from what was happening to me that I felt no embarrassment at Mom's revelation of my problem.

Jessica did just what Mom suggested and I felt the delicious sensation of the young beauty queen suck the tip of my head in between her very wet lips. Her tongue rubbed back and forth into the groove where my frenulum attached. I felt her tongue and lips work down my shaft, I felt her mouth take in my balls one at a time, suck and roll them, lick and switch and do it again. I felt her slither her way back up and back down the other side of my cock. I felt every tiny bump of her slippery wet tongue and lips over the hard vainy shaft of my cock, but I saw it all from a distant place. I looked down upon the scene like my consciousness was floating above. I was caught in some sort of metaphysical altered state and my cock was the center of everyone's attention. Cecilia leaned into Priscilla. My sister's right hand was resting high on Priscilla's inner right thigh and her fingertips pressed into Priscilla's naked vulva. Priscilla leaned closer to my cock and she looked like she wanted to help Jessica work her tongue over my organ. Mom squatted on the opposite side of my body and guided my cock and Jessica's mouth. She held a hand to the back of Jessica's head and led Cecilia's best friend through the steps in sucking me.

Jessica came back up to my tip and my cockhead slipped readily into the center of those frost pink lips. Jessica stretched her lips wider and I felt her tongue move under my pulsing shaft, ready to engulf me. Mom stopped her.

"That was excellent Jess. Let Priscilla try now."

OoOh! I had to stop? Suddenly I was back in my body. 'Surreal' was a word that had never seemed more appropriately used then in this case.

My mother stood up and directed me to move over. I looked down at Priscilla who looked up from my cock glistening with Jessica's saliva right in front of her face.

"You're just the practice dummy, Bent-face, so don't get your hopes up."

Priscilla then looked at my mother, "Sorry, it's just habit. I don't mean anything by it. Bentley knows." She had the good grace to look recalcitrant.

I managed to finally find my voice, and I took a big chance. "It's alright Priscilla. You know, I do like you." I blushed unexpectedly.

Priscilla looked down at the floor. Cecilia's eyes widened and Jessica elbowed Priscilla, "Lucky."

Mom took on a thoughtful look, but didn't say a word.

Then, Priscilla looked back up and grabbed my cock. She grinned and said, "You're still the practice dummy." And she licked her lips to wet them and sucked the tip of my cock between her luscious teen lips. She put a lot of suction into that pursed lip connection and I groaned.

My knees buckled slightly and I grabbed the top of Priscilla's head with my left hand while my right hand went out and grabbed the first thing it encountered. I wrapped my right fist around the jutting blue dildo sticking out from Mom's hips. Mom cautioned, "Careful Priscilla, you don't want to make it too stimulating for Bentley or he won't get to be the 'practice' part of his job here." Mom chuckled at her joke.

Priscilla popped her lips off with a breathy pop and began the task of licking her way to my balls. She spread plenty of saliva across my shaft and when she got to my bare root, she did that thing with her long tongue and I could feel it wrap around from one side to the other and grip me solidly. She actually had a strong enough hold around my shaft to jack me with her tongue.

FUCK ME! I didn't feel anything like that the first time she gave me that blowjob under the Media Center desk.

It really felt amazing when she hooked her tongue around my scrotum and tickled my balls with that slim pointed tip.

"Oh wow! How do you do that? That's amazing!" My sister said. She was leaned right in and watching very closely. "can you do that, Mom?"

"No sweetheart. You're looking at genetics in action. Our family just doesn't have the gene to do any more than roll our tongues to whistle.

"You're doing really well, Bentley. How are you feeling? You going to last? Let us know if it starts to get too much and we'll give you a break."

I merely nodded. By this time, Priscilla was working back up to my head and I was feeling like the junky who'd just discovered an extra ounce of meth in my pocket.

"Oughh Yeasss." I hissed quietly when Priscilla slid her mouth over the head of my cock again. This time, she'd taken the entire head in her mouth and I felt her tongue exploring the whole

sensitive surface.

Mom put her hand on my hand resting on Priscilla's head. "I think you better back off or Cecilia won't get a chance to try it."

Priscilla broke the suction.

"Auwgk!" I barked at the stab of feeling.

"Yeah, okay. Here Cecilia. This is really awesome. Thanks for asking me to do this with you." Priscilla said.

"Not at all. I'm glad you decided to come."

Mom guided me to stand in front of my sister. "You girls are doing great. This is going better than I was afraid it might have gone.

"You got it Cecilia? Hold Bentley's testicles and feel for any signs that he may be getting close. He's doing great though. I'm feeling very encouraged." Mom grasped my cock and gently stroked me with those words. Her hand ended at my root and she felt down around my balls to fondle and feel them to match her instructions to Sissy.

I felt a wash of arousal ripple through my body again. My hot teenage sister was naked, sitting on our couch, leaning into replace her mother's hand on my balls and follow Mom's instructions on how to:

SUCK MY FUCKING COCK!

Her lips and tongue both pressed against my cockhead at the same time. Her tongue slid underneath and her lips cradled the end that was leaking pre-cum like a sieve. Cecilia lapped at the clear fluid and traded it inside her mouth with her saliva for a long heady moment. Then she began her trek down my iron rod, her slim fingers holding my thick girth against her lips as she moved.

My sister's eyes watched my mother for instruction and approval. My head swam when Mom smiled and nodded encouragingly at her daughter who was getting my nine and a half inch cock wet and ready to suck.

"Great job, Cecilia."

I groaned when Mom said that. Cecilia had been sucking each of my testicles into her mouth. She held each one entirely inside, behind her lips and teeth. I felt the light touch of dentine over my scrotum. Cecilia's hand held my shaft above to brace herself leaning down and under me to swallow my balls.

Then she worked her way back up to the head and slathered her saliva across my gland. I was ready, my cock throbbed with hunger for the inside of my sister's mouth.

"Do you want me to demonstrate the next step Cecilia, or do you think you are ready to try it out yourself?"

I spasmed and my hips jerked, sinking my whole head and an inch of shaft into my sister's mouth, when Mom asked that question.

"Uhugh!" I caught my sister's head in both hands and her teeth scraped my corona.

Cecilia popped off with a deep breath.

"Wow! That was intense and... maybe... a little scary, but I think I can do it Mom, let me try."

FUCK ME TO HEAVEN AND HELL! I did it.

Mom knelt next to my sister and smiled at her. "Just take it slow and remember your teeth. Bentley will never hurt you. That's why I agreed to this. He is the best practice partner you could have."

Mom cupped the back of her daughter's head and pushed her slowly onto my cock. I was going to explode. I held on with desperation. I tried to squeeze my eyes shut and think of something else to stop me from exploding in my sister's mouth right then, but it didn't work. I couldn't take my eyes off the sight of my sister's beautiful, soft, red, luscious lips stretching around and over the head of my cock. There were no math equations or physics problems, my mind refused to work. All I could do was watch and feel and FUCKING slide my cock into my sister's mouth.

Her hot breath, her steaming saliva, her ridged roof and satin tongue, the lightest of brushes against her molars, the way my turgid, ravenous gland lodged against the soft pallet in the back of her jaw, all hit me and I held on. She clamped her lips around my fat shaft about four inches short of my bald pubis and I felt the suction as my sister began backing off. The ridge of my cockhead slid backwards inside her mouth and her tongue pressed up against my shaft, forcing more contact with the roof of her mouth.

"UuUgHhAHhuuuu." I groaned long and deep with her slow retreat to the end of my cock.

Just as the flair of my cockhead stretched her lips around it, Mom pushed her back over me.

"Very good, Sweetheart. Suck it gently and you can stroke your hands over the shaft at the same time."

"OoOHHAH" Cecilia's mouth descended down over my cock again. Her tongue got a little more active and she stopped when I lodged into the soft pallet again. She held it there and pushed her tongue around my shaft.

"Very good Cecilia. Try using your tongue more and be sure to feel his testicles to guage his response.

I tightened my fingers in my sister's hair and I pushed against her. I felt the tightening of her lips around me and watched her smile when she felt me respond to her.

"AWEEHHHHHH!" I grunted.

Cecilia pulled back a couple of inches and began to bob back and forth.

"OHHH FUuUCK!" I shouted.

"Bentley!" Mom chastised. "Never mind. I'm sure you can't help it."

Cecilia went faster and I heard her wet lips slosh back and forth along my cock while I felt every electric, feathery, slippery suck of her mouth over me. I couldn't keep my hips still and I began fucking in a shallow rhythm with my sister's mouth.

"Ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... UGH... UGH... UGH..."

Mom reached in and felt my balls.

"Cecilia. He's near. You better stop."

"OOOOH... FUuuU... Don't STOP!" I shouted and Cecilia went faster and she drove her mouth down over my hard aching cock and I felt her swallow against my pounding head, trying to drive me into her throat. She let go of my balls and I saw her hand dive between her legs as she began masterbating her bare pussy.

I pulled on Cecilia's head and I fucked my hips against her face and pushed my cock against her throat and Sissy gagged and I felt her tongue and throat constrict and she tried to swallow and I burst.

"AHHHYYYESSSSSS!" I threw my head back and my naked hips vibrated, my cock bent and fired its load. Mom squeezed my balls and my cum rocketed into my sister's mouth. She coughed and gagged and suddenly I was outside her mouth plastering her nose and eyes and hair in my thick white sperm while she threw-up right between my legs.

Mom jumped up and ran, bouncing tits, for the kitchen and returned before I even realized she had gone. She had a wet dish towel and a bowl of water.

"Here honey. It's alright. I got you." Mom said to Cecilia who still held my cock in her hand as she leaned down, her head between her knees, drool and spit and cum dripping on the floor in front of her, between my feet. Cecilia coughed again and hocked. She let Mom wipe her eyes and her face with the cloth. Mom dipped it in the bowl and wrung it out before starting on my legs.

"You tried to do that thing you were asking about, didn't you?" Mom asked her daughter.

Cecilia nodded her head and gasped.

"Honey, the girls who can do that have spent years learning how. You're not ready for something like that."

Mom looked around. "You girls understand what Cecilia did wrong?"

Cecilia finally spoke, "I think I almost did it."

"No honey, your gag reflex will take a lot of practice to overcome. That's why you threw up. If you are determined to learn, you have to be patient. Not every girl can learn to deepthroat."

Jessica leaned in and put her hand on Cecilia's thigh. Mom had everything mostly cleaned up by then. "That was amazing though. Your brother has the biggest cock... um... penis I've ever seen. I'm amazed you could even get half of it in your mouth."

Cecilia looked up at her best friend and smiled, "Ha ha, thanks. I thought it was pretty good for my first time. I was just about to cum too." cough cough. "Next time, I won't try to push so hard."

Then she looked up at me. I was just standing there, my cock still in her hand, cum beading on the sagging tip, my eyes wide in stunned astonishment. My head tingling with sexual satisfaction.

"You okay brother?" Sissy asked me.

My eyes watered with emotion at her genuine concern. I nodded and finally croaked out. "Amazing, Sis. Thank you."

"Well," Mom interrupted. "I think we can't do much more after that. Maybe we can pick it up another time. What do you say?"

Everyone nodded.

"Good. I have some chocolate chip cookies I just made yesterday, would you guys like some with a glass of milk before you go?"

"Yes please. Thank you." answered Priscilla. Jessica smiled and said, "Your chocolate chip cookies are the best."

"Thank you Jessica. You got it. Now go wash up and come to the kitchen." Mom left everyone to do just that.

I was in a fog. I just came down my sister's throat and Mom was good with it. She was even talking about doing it again. I was flying higher than the International Space Station. FUCKIN' AWESOME!

Jessica and Priscilla got dressed after having their milk and cookies and they each playfully stroked my flaccid cock several times under the table. I think Mom knew, but she didn't say anything. After all, it's all part of learning about male sexuality and the male body, or Mom thought it would help me be less sensitive.

I was pretty sure I wouldn't have been so "sensitive" if I wasn't the one manipulating everyone's sense of moral values. For them, it was just the way the world worked. For me, it was incredibly, impossibly, erotic because I knew I was the one that created the situations where my family and teachers and fellow students wore pornographic exhibition wear and thought a teenage boy's education should include exposure to hot naked women and that using him to practice fellatio on was the "right" thing to do. I was so fucking turned on that it was no wonder I came every time I turned around. Also, I think I was starting to get a feel for my body. There were a couple of instances, like when I fucked Mrs. Crochet's huge tits in front of all the teachers and I was able to visualize Mom ordering my sister and Priscilla to suck my cock, that I made myself cum when I wanted to. It got away from me when I shot my cum all over Mom, but I think I could do better next time. I was feeling a little more in control and I had a sense that I was, in fact, getting better at it. However, I'm not sure I wanted anyone to know that. I would be testing my theory and working on my control. I'm a genius, after all, I should be able to master my own mind.

We said good bye to Jess and Priscilla after a spaghetti dinner and got ready for bed. We watched a little tv. eight of my commercials played, before we brushed our teeth and headed to our rooms. In the hall, Sissy gave me a naked hug good night and bent down to kiss my cockhead. "Good night little guy. I'll be seeing you again soon." Cecilia said to it in baby talk.

Good grief.

Mom was also naked and gave each of us a hug and a kiss on the lips good night. She wasn't shy about pressing her incredible body against either of us.

I was exhausted. No way could I stay up and work on a commercial or anything.

I felt a gentle caress of my shoulder wake me from my sleep.

"Bentley, can I talk to you?" It was Mom.

I rolled onto my back and looked over at her. She was wearing a completely see-thru negligee, the top so low, half her nipples were above the neckline.

"Sure Mom, of course."

I felt the mattress sag as she sat next to my elbow and gently brushed my bangs back. Her huge beautiful breasts swung slowly in front of me.

"I want to ask a favor of you."

"Yeah Mom? Anything."

"Well, it's for your sister really."

"Okay."

"She seems determined to learn this deepthroat thing. I did a little research on the Internet and it seems that practice is as important as the technique. Really, it's not very complicated. Mostly it requires practice to get use to suppressing the gag reflex."

"Yeah, I read something about it once. That's what I would think too." I agreed.

Mom rubbed my chest.

"I promised Cecilia that we could learn together, but I think it would be best, considering how she pushed herself today, if I could get ahead of the lessons and actually have something to teach her. I think she would be more patient if she knew she had a knowledgeable mentor."

I answered, "Maybe, or maybe it might make her more impatient if she saw you knew more than she did when she thought you didn't have any more experience than she does."

Mom considered that, her hand trailing over my stomach above my bedsheets. I glanced at my nightstand. It was difficult to look away from my mother's near naked body, but I saw it was almost midnight. It had been over six hours since I came all over Mom and again in my sister's mouth. I was hard under my covers. Mom glanced down at the tent I was making.

"I thought about that too. I think it is best if Sissy didn't know what we were doing. Can you do this for me, for your sister? Besides, I never told her I didn't have experience, just that I couldn't do it. I have tried it a number of times before. I just didn't have the right motivation to push myself to learn it before now."

I sat up on my elbows. My sheet slid down over my stomach and Mom's hand bumped into the head of my cock.

"You're talking about practicing deepthroat on me, right?"

Mom bit her lower lip. God she is beautiful.

"Yes. If you are okay with that. I think it will help you too. It's not like there are a lot of large penises to practice on."

"Yeah, I understand. Okay, if you think so, I'll help any way I can."

Mom grabbed my cock through my sheet and squeezed it. "Your the best son, Bentley. I'm sorry to wake you so late, but I wanted to be sure your sister was asleep.

"I want to start tonight. You got a lot of relief earlier this evening, so I'm hoping you can last for a while, but if you can't, we will just be patient and keep trying. You'll get better. You've already come a long ways."

Mom climbed up onto the bed as she talked and pushed my sheet down. I scooted over to make room and she knelt next to my shoulder, her negligee not falling more than halfway down her hip. I noticed she actually had a thong on underneath. It was a very sexy and transparent scrap of cloth that hid nothing. Mom was facing the foot of the bed and I was admiring the soft skin of her right hip and the way her labia pouched the light stretchy material out. My cock pulsed and thickened when she curled her fingers around its wide girth. I wasn't just long, I was exceptionally wide too, according to my research, well over two inches across the thickest part and just over two inches at the root and at the corona.

"It is especially important to get the penis very slippery and build up a lot of saliva, I think." Mom said as she gently stroked my muscle. I felt a wave of blood pump into me and I traced Mom's body with my eyes.

"What do you need me to do, Mom?"

"Nothing really, Darling. You're already doing it. Just try not to orgasm for a while."

"Okay, I think I'm good. I'll tap you on the back of your head if I feel I'm about to orgasm, okay?"

"That will work." Mom didn't wait, she leaned over my hips and fit the head of my cock in her mouth.

"OhhHH!? Wow, that was intense. Sorry Mom, I didn't expect it to be that sensitive."

Mom had pulled off immediately and looked back at me because My hips had jerked and three inches of shaft stabbed upwards into her mouth.

"Can you last for a while, you think?" She asked.

I just nodded and she turned her attention back to my huge erection.

Mom dove-in, ducking her head down to get the left side of my cock wet with her tongue and lips. She didn't go all the way to my testicles, but she moved her hand over them and began to fondle and roll them around.

Back up to my head, I felt the cold air where she left me wet. Mom stretched her mouth over the head again and I lifted my hips slightly with the intense feeling. I was more gentle that time. Then, she worked her mouth down the right side of my cock and back. I rested my left hand on her hip, under her negligee. Mom took the whole head in her mouth again.

"UhHhuu." I moaned, but I struggled to hold still. That felt SO good.

Mom held me in her mouth and gave me a second to settle in. I rubbed my hand over the top of her ass cheek to let her know I was doing fine.

Mom began working a little more of my cock into her mouth and I felt her teeth scrape the bump where my foreskin gathered in the center of the underside at the widest part
of my shaft. Mom slid her mouth off of me. She spit. I felt the splat of her saliva hit my frenulum and she spread the gob out with her tongue before she took me into her mouth again.

"Uaghhh ahhhh. That feels good, Mom."

Mom giggled around my cock, but didn't stop working more into her mouth.

I felt a soft terrycloth on my stomach and realized Mom was placing a towel under my cock. She

slid back up and spit on me again. Saliva was building around her lips and a viscous bubbly strand of saliva bridged the gap between her lips and my cock. She leaned in again and I slid smoothly into the back of Mom's mouth. My flaired head bumped her throat and I felt her swallow against me.

"OH, WoW! That really felt intense."

Mom slid back off me again. "That's about all I can handle normally." Mom was having fun because there was a quiver of a laugh in her voice. "But, I think I can go further. Farther?" She giggled at the absurdity of being worried about her grammer while trying to deepthroat her son's giant cock.

"It depends on how you mean it, Mom. You have to suck me farther into your mouth in order to go further in learning to deepthroat me. Ha ha ha. Now get back to sucking, you need your practice." I teased and I gave Mom's ass a playful swat.

Mom made no comment about the contemptuous statement nor the smack. We were just playing with each other, and besides, my cock was in her mouth. My head swam at the thought of what I just got away with. She came off of my erection and spit on me again, then started sucking my cock deeply. FUUUCK!

Mom pressed her mouth down and My cockhead lodged in the back of her throat. She held me hard against her throat. Her shoulders convulsed and she came up fast, mucus drooling from her gasping mouth.

"HaUWGK!" Mom choked. I stopped rubbing her ass and watched her.

"You okay Mom?"

She didn't look up, just nodded her head. Then she plunged right back down over me again.

"AWhAwww!" I grunted. I picked my hips up off the mattress and met her mouth. Oh that felt good. I was learning control, but there was only so much control a teenager can be expected to have.

Mom bobbed three times and pushed back down hard. I felt her throat swallow around me and my cockhead slid into Mom's throat.

She was back up, drool and spit and saliva was running from her mouth. "Hugk... FuUcK!" Mom gagged out. Mom almost never swore. Then she coughed and caughed, lifting up on hands and knees beside me.

I put my hand on her back reassuringly.

Mom shook her head. "I guess I can't... huh... huh... huh... expect to go... huh... huh... huh... to much further... huh... huh... huh... in one night."

"I have an idea, Mom. It will either make it harder or it might help."

Mom hung listening.

"Bring your knee across my head and straddle me. It will improve the angle."

Mom said, "I don't think the angle will be that different."

I said, "Not much, but a little better. I was thinking of performing cunnilingus on you while you tried again from directly over me."

"What?" Mom questioned. "Bentley..."

I cut her off, "You need a distraction and I want to learn how to make a woman feel as good as Cecilia is learning to make me feel. It's no different for me than it is for her."

Mom just hung there on her hands and, knees, breathing. She didn't move. I waited to see what she'd say. Mom didn't say a word for nearly a minute. Then she shifted her weight towards the edge of the bed.

I thought Mom was getting up, but she reached back and peeled her thong down off her hips and brought her right knee up through the strings and cleared her foot. She rocked back towards me and stretched her leg over my face. I looked up directly into my mother's cunt and the smell nearly sent me over the edge. I had been almost this close to Coach Clidduris's pussy, but it had her thong over her entrance. There was nothing between me and my mother's fuck hole.

I don't mean to be crude, but I want to convey how completely erotic and exposed I felt my mother's vagina was to me. I could see she was wet, I mean, dripping wet. I actually caught a drop of her lubricating juice on the bridge of my nose. I gawked at the sight until I felt my mother's hand lift my rock-hard cock up and her lips slid over my hypersensitive gland again.

I arched and braced my hands on the tops of Mom's naked thighs.

"UuUghuuaaa!" I groaned into my mother's pussy.

Mom held my cock in her mouth and didn't move. Her fingers slid down over my balls. Her tongue writhed against me slightly. I swear I could feel her pulse through her tongue.

I looked up into the space between my mother's thighs opened over my head. The soft swell of her outer labia framed the dark pink folds of her labia minora. They puffed out red with the blush of arousal. A bead of thick clear fluid showed where her entrance was at the back of those sanguine lips. The inner flesh just peeking out was a much lighter pink. I traced my gaze down to the pink gleaming wet button of her clitoris. I nearly crossed my eyes to see it at the tip of my nose. I had never had a view of a woman like this before and I wanted to drink it in. In fact, I actually did when another drop of Mom's fluid stretched downward. I tilted my chin up and caught the thick mucusy nectar in my mouth.

I can't say I found it the most pleasant drink I've ever tasted, but it was so thick and heady that I took the time to roll that drop around in my mouth, tasting its thick viscosity. I could get use to this.

By this time, Mom was working her throat against my cockhead again and I moaned. I placed my hands up from Mom's thighs, into the top of her ass and lifted my head up and moaned directly against Mom's clit while pulling her hips down against me. I felt her body quiver and her own throat seemed to open in answer. My cock went in another inch.

That's when I struck. I gripped Mom's ass tight and put my mouth right against her inner labia. I made sure to catch her clitoris with my lower lip and almost stabbed it with a stiffened push. I started as high as my mouth would open and pushed my tongue into the entrance of Mom's cunt. I didn't go deep; from my angle I couldn't get directly over her entrance and keep my lower lip pressed tightly against her clitoris. I extended my tongue, picturing Priscilla's tongue delving deeper into my mother's cunt, and dragged it flat up between Mom's inflammed inner lips. I used

my tongue to spread Mom open and I brought my tongue down lower and lower until I could feel her erect clitoris on its tip.

Mom's body arched against me and her mouth clamped down hard around my cock. I felt like I was wedged eight inches into her mouth and her teeth bit into the girth of my shaft a couple of inches above my cock's root. Her throat vibrated around my rod from her stifled moans.

"AWhAwww!" I cried into Mom's pussy.

Mom relaxed her grip and lifted her head off of me

"OhHHhah Bentley!" She voiced.

"Am I doing something wrong?"

"No, not at all. I just don't think I can do this if you're doing that." Mom explained.

I reached down and put my hand on the back of Mom's head. "It felt, for an instant, like your throat opened up when you groaned."

Mom chuckled, "Yeah, it did do that."

I pushed Mom's head down. "Keep sucking me. I don't think I'm going to last much longer, so suck it as deep as you can. When I cum, use the gush of fluid to swallow me."

Mom resisted my push until I said that last part. Her head went down and my mouth gaped wide over Mom's drooling pussy. I kept my hand on the back of Mom's head and shoved upward with my hips.

Oh GOD! I was in heaven. My cock slid right back into place at the entrance to Mom's throat. I licked Mom's clit and she groaned again around my hungry rod. My cockhead slipped deeper and I felt the bend of Mom's esophagus. I clamped my lips around Mom's clit and flicked out with the tip of my tongue. Mom writhed and My cock plunged.

I was in. FUUUCK!!!

Mom faught to come back up, but I held her down. I bit her clit, being careful to not do it hard and Mom arched. I couldn't hold her down and she came up with a gruff scream. Her hips humped against my mouth and she coughed and choked and groaned. I stuck my tongue in her pussy as deep as I could and Mom reached down and grabbed me by the hair on the back of my head.

"MY CLIT!" She screamed. "Don't stop licking my clit." and she directed my head down to her clitoris.

I latched into my mother's clitoris and sucked and swiped my tongue across it.

"AHHHYYYESSSSSS! Like that, DON'T STOP!" Mom drove her hips against my face and yanked my hair. I smiled around my mother's clit and drove my hand down pushing my mother's mouth back over my cock. I was going to cum because I thought this was over when Mom came back down.

I pushed my hips up to meet my mother's lips with my groin. I plunged deep and split my attention between sucking Mom's clit and fucking my cock into her mouth. Mom groaned around my cock as her hips drove against me and suddenly Mom's naked thighs spasmed and shook against my cheeks. I dug my fingers into the hair on the back of Mom's head and shoved my cock into her

throat hard. "AwHgHmmMmm" I hummed against Mom's cunt and I pressed my lower teeth against her throbbing erect bud. Mom's body jerked and her legs scissored together, trapping my head against her pussy. I felt my cockhead enter her throat again.

I'd never seen Mom orgasm before and she came hard. If my cock hadn't been down her throat, I'm sure she would have been as loud as her daughter.

She came half way up off my cock again, but she didn't let go. Mom started sucking my cock feverishly. Her lips clamped and her head bobbed up and down, pushing me all the way in the back of her mouth the whole time she sucked on me. I felt the explosion building and I fucked Mom's mouth back in counter movement to her bobbing head. I tapped the back of her head to let her know I was going to cum and I pulled nearly out of her mouth.

The pressure built and I opened my mouth hard against my mother's pumping hips and cried against her clit.

My semen burst out of my cock into Mom's mouth and she dove down my shaft and plunged her throat over my cock as she swallowed my whole cock and cum. I ejaculated another jet straight into my mother's throat. She convulsed. I heard her gagging cut short by the wet gurgling flood of cum and she pushed down with hungry determination.

I grabbed the back of Mom's head with both hands and helped shove her down onto me. I pushed Mom's face hard against my hips, spread my bent knees wide and came up onto my toes. Mom's throat worked my cock and I felt her lips hit my bald pubic bone. Her back arched, her hands let go of my hair and banged on my hips. I let go of her. Mom came up with a coughing scream that was only muffled by my cum filling her mouth.

I felt the wet flood of mucus, saliva and cum drench my balls and my stomach. The towel was a good idea.

"AwhOoh, Bent... HuOaWK..." cough cough. "Uuh... God!" cough cough cough. "HaUuK!"

Mom rolled off of me and flopped down onto her back. I lay stunned. My mind wrestled with the reality of my mother just having sucked me off and deepthroated me and cumming on the end of my tongue for almost a whole minute.

Mom slowly recovered her breath. "Oh God, Bentley. It has been a long time..." breath breath breath, "...since I've done that." breath breath breath, "You did a fan..." breath, "fantastic job." breath breath breath, "You are getting better," breath, "I think. You lasted longer than I thought you would."

"Thanks Mom. I thought you were amazing. You did it too. You deepthroated my co...ah erection." I huffed out between gulps of air.

"Yeah, I managed not to throw-up, but I wouldn't say I was there yet. lasting only long enough to take your penis all the way before nearly coughing to death isn't quite where I want to be.

Mom curled around to face me. She grabbed the towel and started wiping me down as she slid off my bed.

"Well, you better get some sleep, tomorrow is going to be a long day." Mom kissed my cheek and stood up. "We'll try again tomorrow night, if you're up for it. Okay?"

"I will make sure of it. Good night Mom."

She was already at the door when she replied, "Good night, Bentley. I love you."

"I love you too, Mom."

I closed my eyes and rolled over. I was amazed at how hard Mom could orgasm. She came as hard as her daughter. I really wanted to see more of that.

I lay there almost asleep when I opened my eyes and looked over the edge of my bed. My mother's tiny thong panties, still wet with her arousal, were laying stripped off and forgotten in the middle of the floor in her son's bedroom. How sexy is that?

Chapter 10

Ad Window - Chapter 10
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I woke up with a hard-on. I know, I'm a teenager, but I'd cum in Coach Clidduris's mouth, in Miss Crotchet's giant tits, in Principal Zaftig's mouth, All over my mother's body, in my sister's mouth and down Mom's throat yesterday. Pretty good for a virgin. I would have thought I needed more than six hours of recovery time.

So, this was a special day today, the new Nude Teaching program at school was officially going to start. Well, not the nude part, unfortunately, but Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis were collecting their permission slips and participation agreements and setting-up the introduction program today. Plus, I was suppose to get to school early and workout with Coach Clidduris before school and remember what she said? Yep, she was going to strip naked and we were working out in the nude together.

I also had to follow a new schedule. I'm not sure how I'll like that. It means less time for me to work on my Senior Project, but it holds some possibilities. I can't say I'm not interested in spending more time with Ms. Dermis or Mademoiselle Derrieret or even Principal Zaftig.

I sat up and saw Mom's thong laying on the floor. I took a moment to remember last night. I caught it up as I leaned forward to stand. My naked cock was curved rigidly up towards the ceiling and I thought about hanging Mom's panties onto my erection and walking into the kitchen to give them back to her like that. Ha ha, that would be something, but... No! Don't be stupid Bentley.

I tossed them into the hamper in the bathroom and headed to the kitchen. Mom was mixing pancake batter and I hugged her from behind, my erection rested in the cleft of Mom's full ass while I cranes my neck over her shoulder and kissed her on the cheek. "'mornin' Mom. That looks good."

Well, I just bought some real maple syrup at the store the other day and this seemed as good a time as any. Did you sleep well?"

"Great. How about you?" I was still hugging her and enjoying the sight of her full breasts barely staying inside her see-thru negligee. I casually caressed my hand across her right breast and squeezed it gently into the palm of my hand. Mom made no move to stop me.

"I have to admit, I fell into bed and slept like a log last night. Thank you."

Was that a reference to my concerned question about her well being or was Mom thanking me for bringing her to orgasm last night?

"You're welcome. Thank you for everything."

I decided to be direct and clear.

"Last night felt good. I love you Mom. I hope we can do that again."

Mom poured three pancakes into the frying pan and set the bowl down to turn towards me. Her

right hand went down to capture my naked cock. "I enjoyed it too, my love. And, I think I'll need a lot more practice session with you before I'm done. You, however," and Mom stroked my cock as she spoke. "Seem to have a natural gift and picked up the basics right away. I look forward to helping you refine your techniques."

"What techniques?" Cecilia asked as she came into the kitchen. She was wearing a cropped top that left the bottom of her full breasts naked all the way up to her nipples that just peeked out below the slightly ragged hemline. She had a pair of slippers on and nothing else. Her eyes were watching Mom's hand stroking my cock.

I think Mom blushed. "Ah... You're brothers techniques for lasting longer. He's getting better, but I think he still needs a lot of help to learn to hold out before orgasming so quickly."

"Oh. I want to help too. What can I do?"

"Thanks Sis. Mom is just trying to get me used to sexual stimulation. The more the better. See?"

Mom had started to let go of my cock, but I grabbed her wrist and kept her from pulling away. I moved her hand back and forth along my shaft to show Cecilia how Mom was stimulating me. Mom started stroking me again on her own.

"Yes. Your brother just needs to get use to the stimulation so he doesn't get so easily excited and start shooting his sperm at the slightest suggestion of something sexual."

"Yeah, I see. The fellatio lessons will work better too, if Bentley can last longer."

Mom turned back to her pancakes and flipped them. "Get the table set. Pancakes are almost ready."

Mom dropped the link sausages into another pan that was already hot. They started to sizzle. Just like this morning was already starting to sizzle.

Cecilia strutted over to me. She wiggled her hips and seemed to be leading with her freely bouncing breasts. "Come on little brother. You can help me get ready to put a sausage in my mouth." Cecilia sucked on her right index finger, drawing it out slowly before pressing it to my lips. Then she trailed her wet finger down my bare chest and over my naked stomach to my bald pubis. Her finger nail scraped along the length of my shaft and caught on the tender crown of my head.

I jerked and my hands went to her bare hips to brace myself.

Cecilia giggled and curled her fingers around my shaft and gripped me firmly. She winked at me and looked at Mom who was watching with a neutral expression on her face.

"This could be fun. Don't worry Mom, I won't let him cum." and she pressed her body up against me lifting herself up on her toes and actually bent my hard cock down between her naked thighs. I felt the soft flesh of my sister's labia majora part over the head of my cock and Cecilia tilted her hips against me. My sensative gland slid along the moist folds of her teenage vagina and across Cecilia's parineum to lodge into the pillowy flesh of her ass cheeks. Cecilia still gripped my cockroot, but she straddled my hard shaft and worked her hips back and forth over the top of my aroused rockhard member.

"Cecilia. This isn't a game. You need to settle down. You have your own issues with sensitivity. Being female, you don't need to stop just because you've orgasmed once or twice very early, but you have inherited my same problem with intensity. It can be just as embarrassing as premature

ejaculation, especially if it happens in public. So... "

Mom seemed to reconsider her words. She couldn't see where my cock was, but she was watching Cecilia hump her hips against me with one arm wedged down between our bodies and the other pulling my right arm around to cup her left leg, which she brought up to hook around my hip.

"So, maybe it is a good idea for you to help. Just... don't take it too far. Control is what we are trying to learn, not wantoness."

Mom turned back to her pancakes and sausage to quickly pull the cakes off onto a plate and roll the sausage over, then she put down the spatula and pressed herself up against my back. I felt Mom's huge tits drill into my ribs and her arms came around and her hands slid slowly over my skin and followed her daughter's arm down to where she gripped the root of my shaft. Mom slid one hand along Cecilia's wrist to the juncture where my cock disappeared between my sister's splayed labial folds. The other hand went down to my testicles to squeeze them. Mom's pubis pressed into me from behind and her fingers wedged into the moistening juncture between my cock and Cecilia's clitoris. Mom leaned in and slipped her tongue into my ear. Cecilia jerked her hips back and forth along my shaft from the contact with Mom's fingers and cried out. Mom slid her fingers deeper between us and rolled her hand up against her daughter's wet cunt. It felt like she was parting her daughter's pussy lips even wider and, I don't know, but I could swear it felt like Mom hooked two fingers up into the entrance of Cecilia's pussy.

Mom breathed a long thoaty "wonton" warm moist moan into my ear and rolled my testicles. I couldn't hold back; I was sandwiched between two of the hottest practically naked female bodies in the world. I fucked my cock hard against my sister's hips and her's and Mom's hands. I pulled back and shoved in again and my cum shot out behind Cecilia and she jerked in my arms. I drove our mother's hand against my sister's cunt, her raised leg came up even higher in my grip, and she began to fuck back against me. Mom pushed her hand against her daughter's cunt and I slid across the back of Mom's hand, caught in the tunnel of my sister's bare thighs. More semen shot out and the juncture flooded with slick fluid that wasn't all me, because I caught a glimpse of my white stream of thick sperm ribboning out and hitting the back of a kitchen table chair behind my orgasming sister. She screeched and dug her nails into my arm; her body shook uncontrollably. My cock was clamped hard against her cunt by her naked thighs and if Mom's fingers hadn't been inside her, Sissy would have pulled me right into herself and I would have been fucking my own sister for real. She screamed in my ear. I was crying out my own orgasm right back at her. My semen rippling out of the end of my cockhead pumping between my sister's ass cheeks, the head popping out behind her into the open to ejaculate.

My body vibrated against Cecilia and Cecilia shook and quivered back against me. My cum pulsed out of me and coated Mom's hand until I was just left leaning against my sister's body, she was left leaning against me and Mom had to hold us both up.

When we could stand up on our own, Mom let go and said, "See, you don't have enough control yet. Not over your brother and certainly not over yourself. Now go cleanup. Breakfast is ready.

FUuuuUUCK!!!

I entered the gym after dropping off another delivery of magazines.

Coach Clidduris was just arriving and she gave me a big smile. I was a little worried that she might have changed her feelings. I felt a small tremor in my slacks at the sight of her awesome body in a tiny skirt that just covered her pubic area and no more. Her blouse was a sheer top that tied between her full and braless breasts. The material allowed her small tight nipples to be visible once she removed a light overcoat. She wore thick soled running shoes that gave her muscular legs

a smooth sleek look all the way to their exposed tops. Her outfit was perfectly reflective of what has become the style standard in all the magazines and TV shows and ads that young athletic adults are wearing when not participating in sports. Sports and workout uniforms are even more revealing for those who actually wear clothes to participate in their active sports.

"Good morning Bentley."

"Hi Coach."

I followed her into her office watching her tight firm ass as she walked with her coat in her hand. Glimpses of bare ass cheek winked in and out of sight below that short hem while she walked ahead of me. She told me, "I've been looking forward to our workout together. I want you to know that I don't hold any ill feelings about yesterday. You couldn't help it. I'm here to help you, just like your other teachers."

"Thank you Coach. You don't know how bad I felt about it."

She went on as she proceeded to hang up her coat, then, turn towards me and worked on the knot between her breasts. "I met with Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Dermis and Ms. Fellacceo, after school yesterday and we came up with an informal program to help you. I also talked with your mother and just saw her again in the front office a few minutes ago. She was telling me a little about you helping your sister and her friends learn about boys after school yesterday. I think that's great and it will be good for you too. So, I've decided to be more open and help you as well. You need to be able to feel safe and relax. I'll completely understand if something like what happened yesterday happens again. Control comes best with knowledge and experience, so I'm happy to help you learn about these things. Just let me know, if you can, and I'll be more ready to help you."

I stood watching Coach Clidduris strip down to just her sneakers in front of me. She wasn't wearing underwear and was very quickly down to bare flesh. She stood in front of me and raised her arms inviting me to look. She did a slow turn so I could see all of her. Coach Clidduris is actually the fourth teacher I got to strip for me.

My challenge was to get Ms. Dermis to strip for her class and I know she's already planning to. But FUUUCK, I feel like I've done it. Teachers are stripping for me, my mother is teaching my sister how to suck my cock and erotic schoolgirl uniforms are being ordered as soon as the school committee votes on them with no dress code to hamper them.

My ad campaign has taught everyone that oral sex isn't even "real" sex, but simply an intimate form of touch and companionable masterbation. What would it take to make "real sex", sexual intercourse, between students and teachers acceptable, even desirable and expected by the teachers?

"You should strip too. Your Mom was saying something about how much easier it is to judge what was going on with you when you're naked."

I woke from my fuge. "Oh, right. Of course. Mom was teaching us that you can tell by feeling the testicles when a boy is ready to ejaculate."

She nodded her head in agreement while she watched me strip. It didn't take long and I was afraid, after I peeled off my tee-shirt and was completely naked with a thickened, but still downward hanging penis, that I'd come across as way too eager.

Coach Clidduris made no secret of checking me out. "I'm still impressed with how big you are. I don't know if I'll be able to ever get use to that." She smiled reassuringly. Don't feel embarrassed, it really is impressive.

"Now, let's get started. Here's the key to the weight room."

I follow Coach out of her office door and into the gym. The weight room was just across the corner of the basketball court, the boy's showers on the other side. The girls showers and lockers were at the other end of the court and the girl's shower door clanked open.

Out walked Priscilla with a blue and white duffle bag, wearing the incredibly skimpy mesh workout clothes she had on yesterday.

We were caught when Priscilla turned towards the weight room door. She froze.

We froze. Coach Clidduris had the key to the weight room just in the door.

I stared at Priscilla. She stared at Coach Clidduris. Then she stared at my hanging cock. Then back at Coach Clidduris, her eyes flicking up and down Coach's naked body.

"Priscilla, what are you doing here at... um... six-thirty in the morning?" I finally asked.

"I... wazzz... um... going to work... out."

I wasn't sure how to handle this situation. I didn't say anything right away.

Coach finally spoke, "Well, we were just going to do the same. If you want to join us, you're welcome to. You know about the nude teaching initiative. Since Bentley's mother is a teacher here now, we were able to get advanced consent to trial the program with Bentley.

"Did you get a your parents to sign the participation agreement we sent home yesterday?"

"I know Bentley's mom is pretty cool. I was just over at their house yesterday to get her help with... something. Um... yeah, if that's alright, I'll join you. Wait I'll get it."

Priscilla ducked back into the girl's locker room and soon followed us into the weight room. Coach Clidduris read her mother's signature on the consent form Priscilla handed her. Priscilla was already stripping when I turned around.

Wow! I felt my cock stir a little when Priscilla peeled her mesh tank top up and dropped her huge breasts free to bounce heavily into place again when her arms swept up over her head with the net-like tank. That sight will always make my cock sit up and take notice, especially of a pair like Priscilla has jiggling around upon her chest. She hooked her thumbs into her thong and it soon joined that pile of netting on a chair by the door.

"Come over to the mats and we'll stretch out." Coach directed us. I was beginning to get a little stiffer and when Coach got down on the floor and took a cross legged seat, I began to jut out more horizontally. Coach's labia parted and her darker pink inner lips puffed out. I stood before her and her eyes followed the subtle rise of my growing erection from some modest angle outward from my hips to horizontal and pointing straight at her. I felt free to notice the appearance of her pink little pleasure button as it pushed out from under its smooth hairless hood at the top of her vagina.

"Today is Leg Day. Lucky us. Now sit and put your feet together like this." Coach Clidduris unfolded her crossed legs and put her feet together and grabbed her toes, pulling both feet in against her pussy. Her knees spread out and rose up a little higher.

Coach explained, "We are trying to stretch our groin tendons. There are three main muscles here." and Coach leaned back and spread her legs wider to point at her inner thighs. "The Abductor Magnus runs down the back of the inner thigh. The Gracillis down the center and the Abductor

Longus is in the front." Coach Clidduris led our eyes along her inner thighs with her fingers, touching each muscle from just above the knee all the way up to her bare and spread open pussy lips. "They can be the hardest muscles in the body to loosen up."

Priscilla and I sat facing Coach and followed her instructions.

"Now, grab your toes, just like you're doing and lean your elbow onto the top of your knees and push them down towards the floor. Really try and spread yourself out."

Just then, we heard a humming or, as the door swung open behind us, it was singing, "... she was a show girl... DA da dA da DA Da dA da ... music and passion are always in fashion at the...

"Oh!? I didn't know anyone was in here."

It was Miss Crotchet dressed in a leotard and shorts. Not my idea of the most desirable outcome to my plans. That leotard was more like a pair of suspenders that dug deeply into the front of her enormous breasts and barely covered her large nipples. Gallons of milky white tit squeezed out to either side of those tightly stretched straps.

She stopped and surveyed our group before settling her gaze upon Coach Clidduris. "It looks like you've got a fun little group here, Rosey. If I had known about them, perhaps I would have taken up exercise a lot sooner."

Her scan of our group settled upon my lap.
"Good to see you again Bentley. And Priscilla, I didn't know you worked out too."

There was something very predatory about the way Miss Crotchet spoke to us.

Coach Clidduris spoke up, "Miss Crotchet, I forgot you were coming in on Fridays to workout now. You're looking very good, by the way. Only a month and you look like you've lost thirty pounds."

"Thirty-seven, actually. I'm very pleased with how it's going. So, you decided to help Bentley with his issue after all. I can't say I blame you. Bentley has a lot to offer. A lot of us are eager to help him."

Coach explained, "Yes, I have forgiven him and discussed it with his mother. We have been working on a plan. This is the first, well..., second time Bentley and I have worked out together. We are planning to make it a regular thing. Priscilla just happened to have picked this time to get a little early morning workout in too. You are welcome to join us, It's Leg Day, so I know you won't want to miss that."

"Yes, I missed Leg Day the last couple of weeks, perhaps I will join you, but... I have to warn you, I'm not as fit as you young people are. You may have to make allowances. I can't do what you are doing there with your legs spread wide open like that. I'm just not that fit yet. Maybe I'll get there, but I think I'll need a lot of help."

"No Problem, we aren't trying to push too hard either. It's basically our first day. I will be glad to help spot you or whatever you need." answered Coach Clidduris.

"Thank you, Rosey. I'm sure Bentley won't mind helping an old teacher out if I need it. Right Bentley?"

"No ma'am, Miss Crotchet. I'd be happy to assist if you need help." I answered.

"Thank you Bentley. I'll take any assistance you can give me. I can swallow my pride if I know you are willing to give it to me."

I looked at both Priscilla and Coach. Coach Clidduris didn't seem to think anything of it, but Priscilla had kind of a confused look on her face.

"I'll be happy to help, as well, Miss Crotchet." Priscilla offered.

"Thank you Priscilla. I know I can always count on you. Right now, I'm just happy if I can go down on Bentley's right side to join you guys." And Miss Crotchet leaned over and put her heavy hand on my right shoulder to lower herself to her knees. Those massive breasts of hers swung against me and nearly enveloped my head between them. I was buried in a World of tit flesh for a moment until Miss Crotchet caught her balance on her knees and tried to smile an apology. It didn't really work. Miss Crotchet was very out of practice with her smile.

She had moved her hand from my shoulder when her giant tits pressed around my head and had one on my arm, gripping me just above the elbow and the other had move down my torso and was splayed out low over my abdomen, her fingertips pushing into the hairless flesh of my pubis.

"Thank you Bentley. Sorry I'm little over built. I'm working on that, but I can see you've grown into a man large enough to handle me. I felt that back in the teacher's lounge yesterday."

Miss Crotchet reached down and took my right hand to help her sit back. She reached across and grabbed my left hand while holding my right pressed to her thick waist just behind her enormous left breast, my forearm denting deeply into the soft yielding mostly bare mammary.

"Here, just help me sit back and I'll be able to assume the position. Do you mind? Maybe if you stood up for a second."

She held my hands while I rolled around onto my knees facing her. My cock pointed out and slightly downward. I wasn't fully hard, but I couldn't go completely soft with Coach Clidduris and Priscilla both naked. I raised up on one knee; my knee coming up underneath a fat heavy breast causing the giant globe of jello-ey flesh to bounce and quake. I then lifted, pulled up in part by Miss Crotchet, to stand before the kneeling English teacher. My cockhead thrust into the deep cleft of her huge breasts and bent downward as I stood up.

The familiar feeling of those massive tits had some effect on my cock and I sprung up out of the soft cleavage a little harder and tapped Miss Crotchet under the chin. She pulled back, rather than catch my head in her mouth like she had in the teacher's lounge. Her eyes studied my half-erect cock and she reached up and grabbed me by my shaft.

"Careful Bentley. We don't want a repeat of yesterday." Miss Crotchet's eyes cut over to Coach Clidduris who had gotten up to help.

"Yes, we are trying to help prevent these types of problems, Miss Crotchet. That's why we are trying out the nude teaching program this morning. Bentley is doing well." Coach Clidduris joined her hand to Miss Crotchet's around my shaft to hold me from some sort of 'accident'. It seemed a little too much, too me. If they just left it alone, my cock wouldn't have gotten so hard. As it was, the stimulation of both hands around my shaft was causing me to swell even bigger.

"Of course. I think it is a great idea. Whatever I can do to help. Here, is this better?" and Miss Crotchet let go of my cock and peeled down the shoulder straps of her leotard and bared her massive breasts and their pale wide nipples.

Coach Clidduris said, "It's probably not necessary, but it's totally your call. The idea, of course is the familiarize our young charges with the human anatomy. The effects are too remove the shame and erotism of the human body as a social taboo thrill that makes it harder for teenagers to cope with in a healthy manner."

"Oh, I see." states Priscilla. You know about Bentley's problem with premature ejaculation and his mother has asked for your help."

The two teachers turn to consider the naked teenage girl who is still seated, thighs wide open, feet held together with heels pressed into her exposed vagina. She had been watching the entire interaction and obviously wondering what was going on.

"What did Bentley do? I'll bet he ejaculated all over you, Coach. Is that why you had to forgive him? He did it yesterday at home too. All over his mom while she was trying to teach us about deepthra... Oh... uh... well about boys."

Wow! That is some leap of logic. The question is, should I be embarrassed? Well, I WAS embarrassed. What I needed to figure out was if Priscilla learning this information was helpful or harmful. I'm incline to believe helpful because I was pretty sure she actually did like me and was only here because I'd told her I was working out with Coach Clidduris this morning before school. If she thought the teachers were trying to expose me to sexual situations to help me learn control, perhaps she would want to get involved too. She helped teachers with their regular duties all the time. She certainly seemed enthusiastic about the lessons Mom was teaching last night.

"Yes." I answered to let Coach Clidduris and Miss Crotchet know I was okay with Priscilla knowing. "It was an accident. I didn't mean to and it happened again with Miss Crotchet."

I was fearful that Priscilla could get jealous of Coach Clidduris because she's super hot, and that might make her angry at me, but telling her it happened with the fat, late-fifties English teacher, with the reputation of being a bitch, would change how she saw the problem.

Priscilla's eyes got very wide at that revelation.

"You came all over Miss Crotchet?" She looked to the obese English teacher for conformation.

Miss Crotchet shook her head. "Bentley couldn't help it. I was the one who didn't believe he had a problem and, well I'm sorry to admit that I inadvertently forced it out of him. That's why it's important that I help." and with that, Miss Crotchet reached up and grabbed my naked cock again, which was now fully erect and standing out right in front of where I'd helped her sit on the mat. Coach Clidduris had let go of me and was taking her place on the mat again. She froze and stared at Priscilla, looking a little indecisive.

Miss Crotchet sat with her giant breasts naked and started pumping my cock right in front of everyone. I thought she was just going to give it a couple of reassuring strokes. She jacked my cock and kept at it.

"Obvoiusly you need as much stimulation as we can give you, Bentley. If you you can't hold on around your mother, we'll just have to satisfy you enough until you can. So stay right here and I'll take care of it for you."

Miss Crotchet grabbed my testicles and gave them a sharp yank when I tried to step away. "Stand still Bentley! This is for you, remember.

"Priscilla, am I to understand that Bentley's mother is teaching you girls deepthroat?" The wicked

teacher asked Priscilla directly. She didn't pause in her ministering to my erection.

Priscilla looked at me apologetically. Last night, she was looking to me for help when she was feeling trapped by my sister about sucking my cock, but now, I was the one looking at her to save me.

"No, not really. Cecilia wanted to learn fellatio and the three of us agreed to ask her mom to teach us, but it was only Cecilia who tried it, ah... deepthroat. Bentley went off all over his mom before anyone could practice on him so we all practiced in Cecilia's new Mistress-O-Matic. It was when Bentley finally recovered that Cecilia decided to try...um... deepthroat. Bentley didn't last long enough for her to get very far."

Miss Crotchet masterbated me with her right hand and fondled my balls with her left. She was openly and unapologetically trying to stimulate my cock.

"Interesting. Coach... Rosey, so do you know how to deepthroat a penis like Bentley's? It take a special talent to learn that."

Coach Clidduris seemed a bit stunned. It took her a moment, but she finally croaked out an answer in a raspy voice. "I have done it, but not... um... on a penis as large as Bentley's. Are you planning on making Bentley ejaculate?"

Miss Crotchet didn't let up and I stood naked in front of her and just let her meaty fist pump me. My hips jerked back and forth with her strokes. I'd already cum once that morning between my sister's thighs, so I was not feeling close.

"He clearly needs relief." The giant breasted teacher answered. "I should talk to Bentley's mother then. I happen to be quite good at it, deepthroat. Learned how in my sorority during pledge week. I think I could lend my expertise to this project. Here Priscilla, come over here and take Bentley's testicles in your hand."

Priscilla knee-walked over to kneel next to Miss Crotchet and followed her instructions while the heavy English teacher heaved herself up onto her own knees again in front of me. Her enormous breasts wobbled and swung heavily about. The older woman let go of me, leaving my balls held in Priscilla's hand. Her own hands went to my hips and she opened her thin lipped mouth over the head of my bobbing erection.

Miss Crotchet sucked on my head for a moment and swirled her tongue around over the crown of my sensitive gland. She hucked lightly and spit on me as she backed off. "Get him as wet as you can, Priscilla. Make sure you have plenty of saliva built up. Then work your mouth deeply over him, in and out, plunging deeper each time."

The near sixty-year-old over-weight woman leaned back in and began sucking my cock. She plunged a full six inches down over me and I felt the back of her mouth close around my head and her throat muscles swallowed. My cockhead slipped down the tight curve of her fat neck and I remembered the feeling of her half engulfing me in the back of her throat yesterday. I had slid in and out of her throat so easily that I hardly thought anything of it. Now I realized how easily she had swallowed my cock where others had choked and gagged.

Miss Crotchet came back up without so much as a clearing of her throat. "Yes, it's all coming back to me. Like riding a bicycle. Here, Priscilla, you try it."

The fat English teacher put her hand on the back of Priscilla's head and directed her face towards my cockhead. Priscilla, unsure about what was going on, hesitated. "Open your mouth and suck

on Bentley's cock, Priscilla. You wanted to learn, I'm going to teach you." The stern teacher ordered her. Priscilla followed the teacher's orders and opened her mouth over the head of my cock.

"Miss Crotchet. I think this may be going too far." Coach Clidduris leaned in. She was watching what Miss Crotchet had been doing very closely. She studied Priscilla's lips encircling the head of my cock too.

"It's okay, Rosey. They are trying to learn something that I happen to be an expert in. Just watch and you will learn something also. Here, give me your hand."

Coach stared at Miss Crotchet tearing her eyes away from where my cock disappeared between the senior girl's lips. The bigger woman grabbed Coach's hand with hers and clamped it over Priscilla's throat.

Priscilla, in the mean time had my cock in her mouth and Miss Crotchet was pushing her head back and forth over the end of my erection. Priscilla still held my testicles and her hand got tight around my balls when Miss Crotchet pushed Priscilla mouth deeper over my excited organ.

"Priscilla, relax your throat. I can feel you constricting. Bentley is nice and big, but he should be wet enough that you can slip him down your throat easily. Just relax your muscles. Think calm thoughts, imagine his cock sliding unobstructed into your throat. It feels good. You will love feeling yourself stretched by him. Just relax, see yourself taking him in. Picture your throat opening for him. You know how to use visualization."

"Miss Crotchet, I don't know..."

"Quiet, Priscilla almost has it. feel her throat. Can you feel her? Feel Bentley's cock right there. Again, Priscilla, relax, push, back off, swallow, again, push, relax. Good, good. Now SWALLOW him!" Miss Crotchet ordered sternly.

OH FUCK! My cock slid into Priscilla's throat and she held me there for something like ten seconds while Miss Crotchet forced Coach Clidduris's hand to feel me through Priscilla's neck. I felt Priscilla's lips press into my pubic bone and Miss Crotchet pumped Priscilla's head back and forth in tiny little stroked in the depths of her throat.

"Excellent!"

I bucked and my hips jerked against Priscilla's face. I reached out to grab Priscilla's head. I was so close to cumming.

Miss Crotchet pulled Priscilla off of me.

"WhOAhH... HuhH... HuH... HuH..." Priscilla gasped and sucked in air as my hard cock sprung free and flung spittle in an arch across Priscilla's face. A gush of thick bubblie mucus and saliva webbed out off her mouth and hooded my bobbing erection. The sagging bridge between Priscilla's mouth and my naked hard-on quickly collapsed to the mat.

"See, Rosey? She got it. It will get easier each time you do it. Watch."

Miss Crotchet grabbed my hips and forcefully turned my hips towards her and her mouth was over my cock in an instant. Her face plunged right down to my groin with a single effortless dive.

MY GOD THAT FELT AMAZING! My whole length slid smoothly to the hilt into the obese old woman's mouth and it was tight and it writhed around me and her teeth didn't even scrape once.

Then she pumped herself on my shaft before pulling up again. I hadn't cum, but I was going to. I was right there. I groaned my need.

"Bentley. Your turn to learn something. Grab my head in both hands. Be forceful. Push yourself in as deep as you can go. Don't be afraid, you can't hur... hurt me."

Miss Crotchet grabbed both of my hands and clamped them onto the sides of her head. "Remember what I said, 'Just grab me, if you need anything.' Do it hard, that's bes... HUK... mmm... uk... uk... uk..."

I got the idea and I grabbed the bitchy woman's mature head and fucked my cock hard into her throat. It felt good just to shut her up, but FUCK! I plunged. I dug my fingers into her graying hair and I thrust my hips into her fat face and fucking stabbed my cock all the way down her throat. Her nose smashed on my pubic bone. I pulled back, but only a couple of inches and I just started fucking her throat.

OH GOD, that was SO FUCKING GOOD! In and out of her throat, I kept the old teacher's mouth full and pumped myself back into her throat again and again. I was THERE! I was cumming.

I heaved myself against the teacher's face and held myself all the way inside her throat and let loose. My sperm ripped down the length of my shaft, the pressure of her mouth along its entire length from pubic bone to head wedged forward into the bottom of her throat felt like it was wrapped in heaven. She made tiny strangling noises. Her hands went to my hips and held me against her, but she never tried to push me out of her mouth. I came some more.

"OHaAUGHHHH!!!" I cried out to the ceiling as I jammed the old English teacher's large face over my spewing cock. Her throat worked me. I felt it and kept cumming even more.

Everyone was stunned into immobility watching me orgasm down Miss Crotchet's throat.

Finally she tapped my hips with a spastic panic. I let go and she burst off of me in a huge gasp. My cock bounced, still hard from the depths of her throat and saliva and musus, but not much cum dripped and ran from my rod and her gasping lips. The corners of her mouth turned up in a real smile and she laughed a throaty, raspy laugh. "Ah ha ha ha... That was very good Bentley. I haven't done that in way too long. Good good. You did it just right. I think you're learning."

She took a moment to catch her breath and finally turned to Coach Clidduris. "Bentley really needed that and I think you can agree that he will be able to last better now, have more control. I'll show you how to do that. I think you'll learn very quickly. What do you say?"

Coach Clidduris didn't answer, she stared from Miss Crotchet to my cock, which was still hard, but not as desperately turgid as before, it dripped with thick saliva. Then she turned her eyes to Priscilla who was looking a bit dazed.

Miss Crotchet noticed Priscilla, "You did great. A couple more times like that and you won't need me talking you through it." Miss Crotchet patted Priscilla's naked thigh. "Now, let's get back to Leg Day."

And, we did. Fuck, we worked out and it was sexy and my cock dragged, poked, slapped and touched everyone's bodies, even faces and slid between breasts numerous times throughout the workout. There were lunges at the end, my erection back to nearly full force, Coach Clidduris followed me, taking her turn doing lunges with a barbell and 20 pounds on her shoulders. She planted her two feet together and I was to spot her in front and Priscilla would help steady the weight from the back, if needed. Miss Crotchet was sitting on the weight bench wiping her face

with a towel. She didn't think lunges would be easy for her to do yet.

I braced to catch Coach Clidduris if she lost her balance and she counted, "One" and took a large measured step forward and dipped until her back knee almost touched the mat. Her hands were raised and back behind her, holding the barbell behind her neck. My cock slid straight into her open mouth, in the middle of her breathing out.

She took a deep breath to begin the move and my cock was right in front of her and it lined up perfectly. She lunged, expelled her breath and my erection was suddenly hitting the back of her throat. She paused and I felt the depths of my coach's mouth cover me for nearly six inches. Her tongue pushed up, her voice gurggled a moment, then she swallowed her saliva around me and came back up and off.

"Bentley, sorry. I miss judged the distance. Maybe half a step back?"

I moved.

"Two." She breathed, she lunged forward again and my cockhead bounced against her nose and across her right cheek.

She went back up, "Three." Her face brushed my erection every time until I became too hard and tilted up out of reach at repetition number seven.

I took the same position to spot Priscilla and she did exactly to same thing, sucking my cock into her mouth when she lunged forward, only she laughed after coming back up. "Ha ha ha ha, I did exactly the same thing Coach did. How funny." She winkled at me and called out, "Two." and I found her mouth around my cock again. "Three." and again.

Coach Clidduris was standing behind and couldn't see what Priscilla was doing, although I'm sure she had a pretty good idea, but Miss Crotchet was sitting to the side and she said, "That looks like a good excersize. I was thinking I'm in too poor of shape to do that, but if you will spot me, Bentley, I think I can just suck it up and try it.

What could I say. Miss Crotchet wasn't making any secret about her interest in my cock, but I wasn't really in a good position to say anything. It felt really awkward.

Priscilla finished and winked at me when she put the weight down at my feet. She bent at the waist and again, sucked my cock into her mouth when she bent over. I felt most of my length disappear and my cockhead entered her throat, but she popped back upright immediately with a cough and a light spray of spittle.

Priscilla sat on the bench Miss Crotchet abandoned.

"I'm not going to use any weights. I think my body will be enough to give me a workout anyhow; probably a better one than you three got." Miss Crotchet chuckled. My eyes darted around in tiny jiggling circles trying to follow the bouncing dance of her large erect nipples pointing up towards my face.

She took Priscilla's place in front of me. I set the weights aside. The huge breasted older woman laced her fingers together behind her head and inhaled a deep breath. Shiiit! Her tits deserve their own congressman.

I didn't know if I should be scared or excited about what was happening. On the one hand, Miss Crotchet was obviously enamored of my cock and had some fantastic skills, but on the other hand, she was fat and ugly and both mean and scary.

"One!" She called and lunged forward, her huge naked tits lifted with inertia when she lowered her heavy body down to one knee. She opened her mouth and caught my quivering erection and it slid easily to the back of her throat and down her fat neck. The English teacher's face went right to my bare abdomen and I could feel her chin against my naked balls.

HOLY FUCK! My entire cock was sheathed inside that woman's mouth in half a second. I felt every millimeter of her throat wrapped around my hard organ. I couldn't hold back a loud groan as sensations alternated through my length like an AC current.

Miss Crotchet went all the way down onto her knee. A bad idea. Her bare and stiffly erect nipples smashed into my thighs. She kept her hands locked together on the back of her head and began to wobble from loss of balance. I instinctively reached out to steady her, grabbing her by the thick wrists of her raised arms. I held her head trapped.

"AuOhghAaaa!" I cried out because my groin jammed harder against her face and I felt the tight, constricted sheath of her esophagus slide even farther over my length. I nearly lost my balance and Miss Crotchet's teeth dug into the root of my throbbing shaft. They pressed against my pubis and I could feel my foreskin being peeled back.

I stepped wide to brace myself and held her face forcefully against me. We tettered and rocked for a moment and she kept her lips glued to my pubic bone and never took her hands from behind her head. I finally steadied her when Coach Clidduris stepped in from behind and reached down to help the large woman get back up.

Coach Clidduris heaved under Miss Crotchet's arms and I pushed and felt an incredible suction pulling on my whole cock when Miss Crotchet's mouth started to back off. Her cheeks, as puffy and round as they normally were, collapsed and hollowed out. I could see them deeply dimple inward, but mostly I felt it like a vacuum was trying to suck the cum out of my balls.

Coach Clidduris repositioned her hands, reaching down around the older teacher's ribs and grabbed handfuls of massive tit. I could feel Coach's fingers dig into the soft yielding flesh right where Miss Crotchet's hard nipples poked into my thighs. Priscilla got down next to me and helped lift. Her own hands cupping up under Miss Crotchet's heavy breasts. They were the biggest and easiest part of the old fat woman to grab.

Finally, my shaft emerged and just the head was held in Miss Crotchet's mouth. It seemed she did not want to relinquish my erection from between her lips. Priscilla grabbed the root of my shaft and yanked.

"AhWwhaHHa!" I cried as my cock sprung free and broke the suction. I felt so tight and engorged, I was actually surprised to look down and not see my cock swollen twice as thick as usual. The head was red and a inflammed, the flush of blood colored my shaft and it throbbed with tight, turgid, fullness.

Miss Crotchet took a huge gasping breath and moaned. "OH Bentley! I don't think I can do this exercise yet. But, thanks for being there for me." She looked back over her shoulder at Coach Clidduris, who still had her arms around Miss Crotchet and held the peaks of the older woman's massive boobs in a tight grip.

"Thank you Rosey. I don't think this exercise is the one for me, but It was fun trying. I'm afraid Bentley has had the hardest time. I was expecting a premature response and miscalculated Bentley's ability to hold on. I'm pleased to see he is starting to show more strength and stamina. Otherwise, a fat old woman like me could break him."

Miss Crotchet was breathing hard from holding her breath and from the exertion of the one rep she'd done, but she didn't choke or cough or have to clear her throat at all. I was buried my full nine and a half inches down her throat and she swallowed it like my cock was a spoon full of pudding.

"Yes, well, These things happen and Bentley does seem to be improving." Coach Clidduris responded. She looked over to where I was standing, my hard cock dripping with saliva and Priscilla still held it at its base.

"Let's not test Bentley too much first thing this morning. He's got a long day ahead of him and I'd like him to be in fairly good condition when we hand him back to his mother for the weekend." Coach answered. "Priscilla, you can let go now. You and Bentley better hit the showers and get dressed, school is about to start."

Priscilla yanked on my hard-on, stroking it with Miss Crotchet's slick saliva for lubricant a couple of times, "Let's go Bent-Face, I can't be late for homeroom. Ms. Dermis is counting on me to help with roll call."

I grunted and my hips jerked. I was suddenly very sensitive, but I didn't cum. My naked erection bobbled free when Priscilla released me.

Coach asked, "Bentley, you going to be alright? Why don't you check in with me in my office before you head to see Mrs. Zaftig. Showers and dress, okay?"

Priscilla and I turned to head for the lockers and showers.

Coach said to Miss Crochet. "We need to talk."

I showered and got dressed. Priscilla stepped out at the same time I did. That was some hot little schoolgirl outfit she was wearing. I mean, almost half her full firm ass was on display in the back. The white blouse was very see-thru. It obscured nothing of her huge tits. Her red sneakers had thick heels that lifted her about two inches taller. She was nearly my height in them. My half-mast cock thickened at the sight of her.

"Good luck Bentley. I hope Mrs. Zaftig isn't too hard on you."

"Thanks, see you in Ms. Dermis's Senior Physics class. I'm going to be assisting in Ms. Dermis's senior classes for a while and in Mademoiselle Derrieret's senior class also."

"Nice! I can't wait. It'll be fun. I'm moving to her new class for first period. That's where all the seniors with permission to attend the nude teaching classes are being moved to. I hope that's the one you're in too. See you." and Priscilla reached up and kissed me. Wow.

I knocked on Coach Clidduris's office door.

"Come on in Bentley."

I entered and Coach Clidduris was sitting on the front edge of her desk, still naked and Miss Crotchet sat in a side chair in front of the desk. Her huge breasts were still bare. Coach set a softball bat down onto her desk behind her.

"Close the door. We don't have much time."

I followed Coach's instructions and turned back with a questioning look for both Coach and Miss Crotchet.

"Bentley, I'm afraid we ended our workout with a lot of stimulation for you. That's, I know, the idea; to expose you to stimulation and get you use to it, but there's a point where, Miss Crotchet's point, she was just making to me, is also part of your growth; to relieve you of the pressure excessive stimulation brings on to allow you more control."

I started to say it was okay, but she put a hand up, her full and naked breasts jiggle with the quick gesture. "Don't interrupt. I am trying to ask you for a favor.

"I didn't want to get into anything in the middle of our workout, especially with another student present, but Priscilla's confession of her lessons with your mother got me thinking. And, when Miss Crotchet demonstrated her amazing talent, Well, I was wondering if you would be interested in letting Miss Crotchet teach me how to do that with you?"

I was stunned. I looked to Miss Crotchet who smiled, as best as she could. Then to Coach Clidduris who couldn't have found it easy to ask that question. Her face was flush and her nipples were tight and pointed, red and fully erect with blood.

"Um..." I spoke, trying to say just the right thing.

Miss Crotchet explained, "I think, Bentley, you need stimulation, but you also need a lot of relief, as well. Your body seems to produce a lot of sperm and the longer you go without release, the harder it will be to control your ejaculations. After a highly stimulating workout like the one you just had, you're likely to walk into Principal Zaftig's office and ejaculate at the smallest stimulation. We have been discussing it and we think you need to get off before you go. This would be the perfect opportunity to give Coach Clidduris the practice she needs to learn how to deepthroat a penis like yours.

"If that sounds good to you, we don't have a lot of time. The bells going to ring in ten minutes. I honestly don't think you'll last that long, but we can't let it go any longer. It's best to keep this strickly outside of class hours."

I was already opening my slacks and pulling my thickening cock out.

"Okay Rosey, just like we practiced. Slow deep calming breaths. Get it wet and relax." Miss Crotchet directed Coach Rosey Clidduris down onto her knees in front of me and my coach wasted no time in grasping my growing cock by the base and licking her way down my shaft.

"Bentley, when she takes you into her mouth, you should grab her head firmly and help. Let her lead, for now, but when she gets use to you, you need to take control. You follow what I'm saying? You were starting to get the idea when I was sucking you before our workout." Miss Crotchet instructed.

I would have nodded my head to let her know I understood, but my other head suddenly demanded all my attention as I watched it disappear inside Coach Clidduris's mouth.

"AuOHHHH!" I moaned and my hips pressed against the slick tongue that was teasing its way over my tightening gland. I grabbed the top of Coach Clidduris's head reflexively. Her hair was soft and fine, but slightly damp from the workout.

More of my cock slid into Coach's mouth. I felt the back of her mouth, the top of her throat, swallow against me and the sensation of her tongue working sinuously against the underside of my shaft was incredible.

Miss Crotchet sat forward in her chair only a couple of feet away. "That's it Rosey. Relax your

throat. Visualize that plump smooth cockhead sliding easily down into your open throat. You can do it. Just like I showed you on the bat. Your technique was already pretty advanced. This is just the next step."

I cut my eyes quickly to the desk top where Coach had set down the softball bat she had been holding when I entered her office. The handle was wet. The grip tape glistened darker with moisture about ten inches down from the blunt round pommel. I felt the head of my cock throb and slip into the curve of Coach's throat. FuUCK! that felt FUCKING AWESOME!

I pulled Coach Clidduris's head against my hips and she tried to gag around my cock, but my girth wouldn't let her. Her throat convulsed around me, vibrating along my length. I suffered a small spasm from the intense stab of feeling.

"UuUghuuaaa!" I groaned, arching my back, my face turning towards the ceiling and I pushed my hips against Coach Clidduris's mouth.

"Relax your throat, Rosey. Picture Bentley's cock sliding smoothly down. It's wonderfully thick, it's beautifully smooth, it's delicious and his sperm is sweet. Just imagine how good it will feel to make him cum in your throat. It's you who has the power to force young Bentley to shoot his load. He'll cum because you made him cum with your body, your mouth, your throat and your womanhood. Just open your throat up and you will get his jiz." Miss Crotchet coached Coach Clidduris. She leaned forward and put her big meaty hand on the back of Coach's head and shoved her deeper onto my cock. "Swallow and relax!" She ordered, "You can do it. You're hungry for his sperm. Let him know how much you want it, just like we practiced."

Coach writhed and her throat constricted around me. Miss Crotchet moved her free hand down and grabbed the stiff peak of one of Coach's full tits pressed lightly against my thigh. The teacher pinched the hard nub and twisted. I felt Coach's throat vibrate as she tried to yell in pain, then it opened and I slid all the way in. My hairless pubis felt the wet soft lips of my high school Coach press against it. My balls rested on her chin and her tongue slithered beneath the length of my cock to swipe along its root. She was trying to taste and feel every inch of me in her mouth.

"AhhuOHH, ffFUUCK!" I shouted.

"Fantastic Rosey. You've got it." Miss Crotchet cheered. She let go of Coach's nipple and instead filled her hand with the soft swollen breast.

She let Coach Clidduris come back up. Coach surged back and off my cock. She hucked briefly, thick saliva dripping from her wide open mouth. Her shoulders heaved with her ribs expanding to take deep sucking breaths.

"Excellent Rosey. Catch your breath and do it again. One smooth swallow to the hilt. Bentley, I'm impressed. You are doing great. How do you feel?"

I was a little dazed. I still held Coach Clidduris's head in my hands, Miss Crotchet kept her hand on the back of Coach's head, as well. Her other hand still held my coach's tit. The fit, late twenties coach was kneeling naked at my feet, one hand wrapped around the base of my hard cock, the other holding my hip, where my bare skin was exposed by my opened and lowered pants and unbuckled belt. Her saliva was thickly coating my pulsing organ. It still tingled with the intense feeling of her throat wrapped around its entire length.

"Uh huh." I answered intelligently, nodding my head enthusiastically.

"Good, try to hang on as long as you can. Make Coach Clidduris really work for your cum." Miss

Crotchet said with a hint of glee in her instructions.

"Okay Rosey, Try again." and Miss Crotchet pushed the younger woman's head forward onto my cock again."

"AwOHEEE! That feels GOOD!" I cried and pulled on my coach's head, and my cock hitched in the back of her throat for a second.

"Be forceful, Bentley. She's ready." The fat topless English teacher demanded. She turned her hand and recaptured Coach's nipple and gave it a hard yank up and toward me.

I shoved and my whole cock went down Coach Clidduris's throat in a wet swoosh and flemmy huck that vibrated up from the bottom of her throat. Coach bucked, but she kept her face plastered against my shirt covered abdomin.

"That's it Rosey!" Miss Crotchet cheered.

"Suck and try to swallow. Really make Bentley feel it. Remember, you're trying to milk his cum right out of his young, full, teenaged balls. You're forcing him to cum. He has no choice but to spew his sperm down your throat."

I felt Coach try to follow Miss Crotchet's instructions. "oOHwaugHHHH!" I cried out. I clamped my hands hard into Coach Clidduris's hair and pulled. I humped my hips forcefully against her face. Her small lightly freckled nose squashed flat against my pubic bone. The suction on my cock increased along its entire buried length. I felt like my nine and a half inch cock was buried eleven inches down Coach's throat.

Miss Crotchet let go of Coach's tit and leaned up towards my ear, her left hand on the back of Coach Clidduris's head, her right hand moved to my left ass cheek. She was adding her force to mine and drove me farther into Coach's throat. She whispered in my ear. "Let her catch her breath, then, FUCK her throat until you cum, Bentley."

I didn't really process what she'd said, but I backed off and Coach gasped in a wet sputtering gulp for oxygen. I heard her take a deep wet rattling breath of air, fill her lungs and I plunged myself straight into her throat again.

I lost my mind when I bottomed out against her teeth, her lips hadn't had a chance to even close over my shaft and I crushed my naked flesh into the hard boney ridge of dentine. Her tongue tried to rebel against me, but her throat grabbed my length and pulled, as her swallowing muscles worked to consume my cock.

"Fuck her throat." I heard a disembodied voice in my ear directing me. I followed those directives because that's exactly what I wanted to do.

I tightened my abdomen, my pecs, my lats,my deltoids, my biceps, my forearms and my fingers and held Coach Clidduris steady in an iron grip. I rocked my hips back. I slid out of Coach Clidduris's throat. My swollen head filled her mouth and she took a hissing breath through her nose. I pumped back in and when I got to the resistance at the curve at the top of her throat, I tightened and fucked my hips against my coach's face and popped my turgid head down around that curve, down into the depths of Coach's throat again.

I didn't wait, I pulled back out and fucked my cock into her again. I felt myself building and I took long full deep strokes in and out of Coach Clidduris's neck, through her lips, and across her tongue. I bruised those lush full lips against my pubic bone, I pushed with tightened strength to clear the

restriction at the top of her neck with each thrust in, and I fucked her face in and out. I felt it cumming.

"That's it. Fuck her face, Bentley. Take charge. Use her throat like it belongs to you."

I didn't know where those words were coming from, but I was lost to the jolts of feelings, to the sight of my shaft disappearing completely and slipping back out coated in mucus and saliva, to the fucking, and finally to my cum exploding down Coach's throat.

"UuUghuuaaa AHHHYYYESSSSSS, I...I'mmmmm CUUUUuuUuUMMMINNGGGG!!!
SUCK... MY... COCK... Coach Clid... durisss AAAHHHHH!"

She made little wet "huk" vocalizations in her throat and nose as my cock pistoned in and out of her neck. My semen began to flow with a huge shudder of release. I filled her mouth and plunged in to fill her throat from as far down it as I could get. I pulled back into her mouth to splash my sperm over her tongue. I heaved another load and fucked into her again, my cum squirted out the corners of her stretched lips when I shoved back down her throat.

"AWHAWWW!"

Coach Clidduris convulsed and I sprung out of her mouth. My hard cock stabbed back into her cheek when I kept pumping my hips against her face. One good sized jet and my last few dribbles of cum smeared across her cheeks and nose. She was coughing and wretching. Her mouth drooling cum and saliva down her chin. Some drooled onto her naked chest.

I finally collapsed into a chair next to the door. Coach went down on her hands and knees gasping for breath.

"That was excellent Rosey. You just need to practice more to get use to having Bentley's large erection in your throat and you'll soon be deepthroating him as easily as I can. I'm thrilled that I could help you with this." Miss Crotchet got down on her knees next to Coach Clidduris and put her thick arm around Coach's shoulder. "I'm very proud of you. I had a much harder time learning to do this. Persistence is the key."

She looked up at me and said, "You did wonderfully, Bentley. Very masterful. I'm truly surprised you still had that much in you for your second orgasm this morning."

I felt pummeled and exhausted, sitting slumped in the chair. I couldn't find my voice easily and just held up three fingers.

"Three?! Well, I would like you to stop by and see me after classes, before you go home. I think we should keep this up so we don't loose all our gains. I'm going to make you my pet project, I think."

Somehow, those words had an arousing effect on my spent member. Not, 'up and at 'em', 'ready to go again' arousing, but I was forced to recognize that the old, fat, ugly, teacher was fucking great at sucking cock and I wouldn't hesitate to fuck her throat again if she was offering. "Pet" project, however was not where this was going to go.
I was starting to get some uncomfortable insight into this woman's aberrant proclivities and I was not of an accord with where she was trying to lead. On the other hand, she also seemed to want me to take charge when I was in her mouth.

I took a few refreshing breaths and the bell rang. "I'll stop by if I can, Miss Crotchet. I'm happy to take your... advice anytime I need it. I'll feel free to reach out and grab you when your help is

needed. Thank you, but I have to get to the office right now."

I slid off the chair while buckling my pants, the crotch was a little damp. I leaned into Coach Clidduris and helped her straightness up, hugging her amazing and naked body. Her full breasts were also damp and much of it transferred to my shirt. "That was amazing Coach. Really amazing. I'm happy to help you anytime you need me. I owe you so much and if I can do anything to help you, I'm there for you. Thank you for being so understanding. I couldn't have a better Coach. I'll see you later. In the morning, if not later today?"

She hugged me back. "Thank you Bentley. I couldn't ask for a better student. Come by anytime, but don't you dare miss our morning workouts." She coughed out in a husky voice.

I left to get to the office before the second bell that started homeroom at 8:30 in the morning.

I heard Coach Clidduris thanking Miss Crotchet when I closed the office door behind me, with one last survey of Coach's nude body. I needed a towel.

Miss Cunny was wearing a see-thru shirt-dress It buttoned down the front to the bottom of the deep tails in front, the slitted sides rose nearly to the top of her hips and she only buttoned two buttons, one just below her belly button and the other just below that, at the top of her bald pubis. The dress parted around her hairless pussy when she sat down and her sweet looking feminine slit peeked out between the gap of her lapel even when she stood. It didn't really matter that much because, like I said, it was see-thru and she wore nothing else under it.

Having made my way down the halls from the gym amidst the throng of students heading to start school, I was amazed to see that the dropping of the dress code actually did make a difference. Fuck, but there was a lot of young teenage female flesh on display.

One girl actually adjusted her micro-miniskirt up to the top of her hips so her pussy was fully exposed including the bulge of her pubic mound, as she walked down the hall for all intents and purposes, completely bottomless. I watched her as she shimmied it back down to just cover her vagina and most of her ass as she turned to go into her classroom. She had Mr. Shill for homeroom. I doubt he would have said anything if she'd left it up. She attracted a lot of attention and she was all smiles when she strutted past. Positive reinforcement was not in short supply. A number of the other girls wore their hems high enough that a peek of labia flashed as they walked. Ass cheeks were nicely visible below high hems in the back.

Another girl actually wore a skirt that was semi-see-thru. Behind the translucent plaid pattern, her bald genitalia was discernable. I looked up, with difficulty, and saw it was Jessica Flirty walking by me. She also wore a transparent blouse that only pretended to hide her perfect breasts. She walked past me on her way to Ms. Dermis's homeroom with a smile and winked at me. She reached out and trailed a finger across the bulge in my slacks, as she past.
I heard a kid, just before I turned into the office, say, "Hey Eddy, did you see that? She grabbed him right in the hall."

"Fuck you Joey. That's Jessica Flirty. No way she goes around just feeling guys up in..."

I turned into the office before I heard the rest of it. I was all smiles as I walked up to Miss Cunny. She smiled back, "Bentley, may I offer you a xenial experience? Ha ha ha."

I beamed and flashed my eyebrows up and down, "You can offer me a xenial experience any time."

She said, "Maybe later, I think Ms. Fellacceo is waiting to offer you a xenial experience right now. Mrs. Zaftig is getting ready for her meeting with the Board about the new initiative."

"Thanks. I like your new dress, by the way. It really shows you off nicely." I tried testing how blunt I could be. I wanted to get some idea of where the moral window was. It's not like Miss Cunny and everyone else didn't know they were showing their bodies off.

"Thank you Bentley. It feels good to be appreciated for my body. I try hard to keep myself is good shape so I look good and desirable."

Well that was an informative answer.

"You are definitely desirable." She smiled even bigger. "Should I just go in?"

"Yes. I was told to just send you in. Happy xeniality."

I knocked as I opened Ms. Fellacceo's door. She was sitting behind her desk reading a folder's contents. A copy of the uniform catalog was at her elbow. She was dressed. I know, you and I both expected her to be naked. Sigh! She was wearing a very short jacket that just covered her large high breasts, but didn't close in front. Her breasts pressed up and together in some amazing cleavage. Very sexy, but pretty tame by recent standards.

"Good morning Bentley." her eyes scanned up and down my body. "It looks like you had a strenuous workout. How do you like your new early morning routine? Coach Clidduris is a great partner, I should think."

"Good morning Ms. Fellacceo. I'm very happy with how it's working out. I got off a couple of good routines with Coach. Miss Crotchet and Priscilla Tease were there also. Miss Crotchet is amazing. Did you know she's lost thirty-seven pounds in a month?" I informed my vice-principal.

"That's encouraging." She answered.

"Are you ready, Bentley? I have to read over these purchasing contracts for Art supplies. I was hoping you could organize that stack of teacher's reports by grade for me. They're just quarterly class reviews of supplies and resource utilization, nothing particularly interesting."

"Sure, no problem. Do you want them in a file drawer?" I asked, as they were just a stack of forms and notes sitting on the end of Ms. Fellacceo's desk.

"There's an accordion folder right here in this bottom drawer, and she stood up and walked over to a file cabinet.

OH MY FUCKING SHIT!

Ms. Fellacceo was wearing a corset bustier pinched in tight around her waist with garter straps to hold up her stockings. She had nothing else on beneath her corset. When she stood, she also peeled off her bolero style jacket and her breasts were held out by that corset in quarter-cup shelf-style supports that pinched them together while holding them out. The tightness of the garment seemed to actually squeeze more flesh up into her already large breasts to exaggerate their size and cleft even more. Her bald and denuded vagina was framed by the corset, garter straps and stockings. She stood tall on five inch stiletto heels in bright passion red that matched her deep red and glossy lipstick. I went hard.

I'd just cum not fifteen minutes before, and I'd cum less than an hour before that, and a third time, maybe forty-five minutes before that and, fucking Hell, that outfit made me hard when I thought I wouldn't have been able to get it up if some Hollywood Sex Goddess had spread her legs for me and begged to be fucked.

It was hot enough, with her standing up and stepping out from behind that desk to do an abbreviated strip tease with her jacket; Ms. Fellacceo made eye contact and looked at me with a smoldering look and a small upward tug on the left corner of those full lush lips while she stripped her top off before me. Her stockings were soft and smooth and dark without obscuring the silky texture and sensuous lines of her legs.

She paused to let me look, sliding her hands down the exaggerated curve of her body, pretending to smooth out the fabric of her corset. Her eyes dropped significantly down to my tightening groin as her fingers traveled from the swelling flesh of her large breasts, down her ribs and over her very narrow waist to the bare flesh of her wide mature hips. She tugged on the bottom edges of that tight garment and her naked breasts bounced. Then, she traced the bottom seam down from the top of her bare hips towards her center where she brought my eyes, along with her fingers, to the smooth swell of her nude pubis. One hand spread and dove deliciously over that anatomical land of wonder between her stocking clad thighs in a sensuous stretch.

I thought the tip of her tongue slowly bathed her upper lip before she pulled her bottom lip in to moisten it with the excess wettness her tongue left behind. I wasn't really looking at her face though, so I couldn't swear to it.

I breathed a quiet "Fuuuuck" under my breath and she smiled. Then she turned and bent down to that bottom drawer and her bald pussy pushed out at the top of those stocking covered thighs. She had muscular legs. She had to be a dancer or she was an aerobics fiend. Those stockings had a narrow seam that followed and accentuated the muscular curves of her legs. Her thick dark pink, blood engorged inner labial lips parted her outer labia and opened, revealing the moist pink inner walls of her sex. Her firm round full mature ass was completely uncovered except for the tight garter straps denting deeply into them. Those pale fleshy cheeks created a perfectly inviting tunnel right to the entrance of her vaginal canal. That was what really did it for me.

I couldn't stop myself from imagining my cock sliding between those sexy moist pussy lips as she bent into that drawer. Her hips rocked to some silent rhythm as she fingered her way across the files. Her long lacquered nails riffled the top edges of stiff folder tabs. My cock wanted them to do that to it.

"Here it is Bentley." She straightened and handed me the folder.

"..." My mouth opened, but nothing.

"..." more nothing.

She reached one of those nails out and tipped my jaw closed. Her bare stiff nipples were right there, presented on a shelf as if in offering for communion. She was a holy experience.

"Thhh... th.. thank... thank you." I gasped out horsely.

She smiled and winked. "I'm glad you like my outfit Bentley. We had a long discussion with your mother on how to best desensitize you to the female form and decided we needed to implement a proactive program. Your a great trial case and we can't afford too many missteps. Besides, this outfit always drives my husband crazy, so I thought I should try it out on you. You think you can handle me like this? Or, should we take it a little slower?"

I shook my head 'no', my eyes taking in Ms. Fellacceo's body from head to toe and back again. I could feel them drying out because I couldn't take my eyes off her, even to blink.

She leaned in, the erect peaks of her extremely well displayed breasts touched my chest. "What

was that? I'm not sure I'm understanding you? Why don't you get out of your restrictive clothes? It might help to find your voice a little easier?"

"N...n...n...no... Aghkug... No. I'm fine. Your outfit is... um... ah... gr... great. I... I... I can handle y... you." I looked down at my pants. My cock was straining at my slacks. I stood there wondering what I had just been asked to do.

"It's okay Bentley. You can keep your clothes on. I was just trying to add a little extra charge to the atmosphere. It's probably over the top. I have to admit, I'm a little out of my element. It's one thing to act seductively for my husband, but to try and induct a student, even one as mature as you, into the world of feminine sexuality, well its a little out of my comfort zone."

I drank in her amazing body again. "Um... Ms. Fellacceo, I understand. My mother struggled with the whole thing too. Her parents didn't teach her about sex, so she didn't really know how to start. I'm sure we can figure it out together, just like Mom and Cecilia and I have. As far as I'm concerned, you can't make a wrong choice. You have a spectacular body. You shouldn't feel embarrassed about anything. I'm just starting to learn that myself.

"If there's anything I can do to make things easier or better, I will do it, just let me know. I'm fine with taking my clothes off if that will help. I just had a nude workout session with Coach Clidduris, Miss Crotchet and Priscilla Tease.

"I confess I had two... um... incidents. But, Miss Crotchet took control of both and helped Priscilla and Coach Clidduris bring me through them. It was actually pretty amazing. I had no idea Miss Crotchet was so... skilled. You might talk to her, if you need another perspective."

Ms. Fellacceo raised one eyebrow. "Miss Crotchet? Maybe.

"I'm glad to hear all went well. Okay. You're doing great Bentley. You DO look uncomfortable like that. Your mother also said something about finding it easier to tell what was going on with you when you're not covered up. If you would feel better, feel free to make yourself comfortable. But just inside my office. The nude teaching program isn't intended to extend to students as well."

One: I'm always impressed with someone who can raise one eyebrow. I can't do it and I would love to be able to. Two: Oh the possibilities. Of course I'm happy to get naked in a closed room with my fantastically sexy vice-principal who's dressed expressly to turn me on. If I can figure out a way to cum all over her, I will be looking for that opportunity too. And, fuck her marital status, I would fuck her, if I ever got the chance, her pussy, her mouth, her tits, even her ass. She's every bit as hot as Coach Clidduris, just in a more mature, more authoritative, taller way.

I stripped down while Ms. Fellacceo watched and my cock sprung out of my slacks when I pulled them down and it nearly knocked the wind out of me when it slapped hard against my stomach. I'm certain I heard a catch in Ms. Fellacceo's breath when that happened.

It was a lot easier to think and talk once Ms. Fellacceo dropped the seductress act and opened up and relaxed, like a real person. I was finally able to carry on a conversation. But, once my pants were off, she stepped up to me and curled her seductive red lacquered claws around my shaft and her bare naked nipples pressed into my naked chest like there were two small pebbles caught between our bodies. The head of my cock rubbed against the black silk edge of that corset that looked like it squeezed her waist tighter than a boa constrictor. Her hot hourglass figure never looked so female, at least that my addled mind could remember.

She breathed against my face. "I can see what your mother meant. This really is much better. Just..." and her hand traveled back and forth along my shaft. "... let me know if you can't handle

me and We'll make sure you are handled."

I sqweeked, nodding my head. I tried to say, 'I will.', but it just came out, "iech." as I nodded my head in agreement.

"Good. How about those forms. Maybe, if you get those done before first period, I'll give you a... reward." Her hand slid down to cup my balls and, any other time I'd have been spewing my cum all over her, but fifteen minutes ago I was cumming down Coach Clidduris's throat. I did, however start bubbling over with clear pre-cum and I left a trail of slippery gleaming wettness across my vice-principal's bald pubis. I just stared at the glint of moisture when she stepped back and moved to start reading her contracts again.

She didn't sit. Instead she leaned over the end of her desk on her elbows, bent at the waist, her naked ass jutting out, round and full, the two garter straps in the back pulling tight and biting deeply into her two lush, mature gluteus maximi. I shivered at the sight of her rocking those sumptuous hips back and forth to some internal samba beat.

She smiled up at me. I was staring at the way her breasts hung free, their reddened points almost scraping the desktop, "You okay Bentley? You can do this. Just concentrate. I know it's not easy, but that's why I'm here. To help you learn to focus."

I nodded and turned to my task. FUUUCK ME!

I managed to get the job done. Don't ask me how, I don't remember much.

"Excellent, Bentley. We Don't have much time before first period starts. Do you think you are good to go to first period with Ms. Dermis and your mother or do you need to have a moment to... um... well... masterbate or something? It's okay, I understand. It's safe to do it here if you need to. I can keep anyone from walking in."

An interesting thought. Maybe this holds possibilities. I nodded hesitantly. "I... ah... think that... might be... a ... ah... good idea. Um... your outfit has... um... kinda done... um... what you wanted it to, a little too well.

"You'll stay so I have... uh... you know, something to look at?"

I scanned Ms. Fellacceo's body and pulsed my naked erection so she could see the effect she was having on me.

She was silent, watching my erection bouncing with my heartbeats. "I suppose, you've been looking at me this whole time. It really isn't any different. How do you..." her voice got a little husky, "want me?"

I stared at her extremely well displayed body and thought about what pose I'd like to see her in. How far could I take this opportunity.

"Well... I don't know. Um... I mean, it's a little embarrassing. I don't... I don't want you to thin... think I'm... uh... you knew... weird or... um... inappropriate or anything. I don't want to embarrass myself."

She held up her hand. "It's alright Bentley. I won't think any such thing. Here, I'll tell you what. I'll get up on my desk and lay back. You feel free to direct me like you do when we are having a photo shoot. Okay?"

Oh MAN!

"Okay."

Ms. Fellacceo moved the paperwork off her desk and sat up on the end. She gave me a seductive look and licked her full red lips. Then, she lay back onto one elbow and lifted one knee into the air, putting her stiletto on the edge of the desktop, her wrist resting on her raised knee. This spread her open to my view and my cock pulsed more. Her large breasts were pushed up and out towards me with those dark Rosy points aimed straight at me.

"ughhhhh" I breathed as I watched her settle into the seductive pose.

"What do you think? Like this or is this better?" and she scooted up a little farther and rolled onto her back, up on both her elbows, one leg out, the other up, her hands cupping the half naked sides of her full pillowy breasts, pressing them tighter together to form deeper cleavage. Her nipples looked like they were rubbery reddish light switches waiting to be flicked.

I stammered, "uh... um... ah..." drool fell onto my cockhead. She watched it and slid a set of red nail tipped fingers up to the hard peak of her right breast, catching that stiff nub in between thumb and index finger. I saw the filed tip of her nail drag into the dimpled dark Rosy flesh of the surrounding aureola and dent in almost half an inch deep.

I made a Hurculean effort to shake myself free of the spell Ms. Fellacceo's body had me in. "Um... okay. how about... scoot back a little fur... farther and lay back all the way."

I had my cock in my right hand. I stroked it. I was going for a very bold move here.

She moved, laying back. Her head, with the tight black bun on the back, hung over the end of her desk. "How's this?"

FUUUCK!

"Yeah, just... let me..."

I stepped around to her head, my cock jutting out just over her mouth. She had to tilt her head farther down, the line of her throat stretched out and she couldn't hold her lips closed. I leaned over her, my balls pressing into her cheek and I grabbed her right hand. I leaned in farther and positioned her hand over her bald pussy. She made no effort to resist and kept her hand there. I took her left hand and pushed it into the side of her left breast. She cooperated and cupped her breast lifting it up off of its shelf. I was a little distracted by the feeling of her warm breath bathing the under side of my cock. Then I stood back, like I was a director staging a photograph. "That's almost... " and I stepped back in, the head of my cock skipping off her lips when I bent and felt for the pin that held her hair in its bun. I found it and pulled, brushing that thick black hair down in a cascade nearly too the floor. I then reached over her with both hands, my ball sack pressing directly between her parted red lips.

"Sorry, I hope I'm not being too..." and I plucked each of her nipples and lifted her large tits by those stiff peaks, pulling them up and away from the shelf of her corset. She arched her chest up with a moan that washed my balls in hot air. I rolled those rubbery nubs a moment and let go.

"OH YEAH! That's AWESOME Ms. Fellacceo. Hold that pose." and I stood right over her face and began to masterbate my thick nine and a half inch cock only a few inches from her mouth.

She had groaned when I pulled on her nipples and I watched her fingers dig into the yielding flesh of her breast and slip into the cleft of her slit. I felt the hot expulsion of breath over my cock. "Ughhh... Bentley, you shouldn't... uUghHHhaaa... oh... it's okay Bentley."

"AhhuOHH! You're beautiful Ms. Fellacceo. Uhg... uhg... uhg... uhg..." I stroked myself with my right hand and reached out to slide my left hand over the smooth skin of her chest and up over the squishy swell of her right breast. I strummed my fingertips over her hyper extended bud. I was standing at her head looking down her prone body. My pumping knuckles brushed against her lips.

I heard her moan again and watched her move her right hand to bury her middle finger into the cleft of her vagina. Her pink clit had been standing up and it looked like she was trying to force that gleaming slick button back down under its hood. I lightly pinched her nipple.

"AuOHHhhh Bentley." She groaned and her finger began to gyrate against her rebellious clit. Her left hand squeezed her left breast and she pulled on her own nipple to match my own actions upon her right breast.

I stroked myself over her face, slap slap slap slap... and I pushed my hips forward until my balls were bouncing against Ms. Fellacceo's nose. She arched and opened her mouth with a louder moan. Her hot breath washed my ball sack then, I felt her lips capture one swinging testicle. "UhughH! That feels good Ms. Fellacceo." I called out.

My vice-principal spread her legs wider and her hand moved faster over her swollen cum button. I felt her tongue slid out and catch my other testicle and pull it into her mouth.

I whacked my cock harder. I was feeling close. I backed my hips off and the head of my cock bounced off her openned lips. I felt her tongue slid over my pumping knuckles and along my frenulum and across the tip.

I was cumming.

I leaned back in. She turned her head to avoid taking my cock into her mouth and my cock slid along her jaw against her neck. My hips pressed against her cheek. Ms. Fellacceo's hand was flying back and forth across her clit. Her other hand left her breast and reached up, grabbing at my cock. She jacked it as I let myself go and grabbed the full tit she had been teasing, but abandoned with my now freed hand. I squeezed that fat boob so the nipple pushed upward and I bent over and latched my mouth onto it.

Cum burst from my throbbing cockhead and splashed into the space between Ms. Fellacceo's chest and my stomach. Ms. Fellacceo brought her legs straight up into the air, spread them wide and arched her chest into my mouth. I felt the explosive expulsion of air from her mouth across my hip and she cried out.

"OHAWWWWHHHH!"

Her whole body shook and I humped my hips against her cheek and her hand worked my cock as I clamped my teeth onto her hard rubbery nipple. I pinched her other nipple in my fingers and pulled.

"AWEEEEYYYEEEESSSSS!!!" Ms. Fellacceo cried out loudly.

I let go of the breast I held in my hand and shot it down her body to where her fingers were working feverishly over her clitoris. I hooked my index and middle finger in past her own hands, my palm forcing her fingers hard against her clit and I sank them as deep as I could into the entrance of Ms. Fellacceo's sopping pussy.

"UuUHaWFffFUAHHK...YEAESSS!" She cried at a fever pitch. Her body started quaking all over again.

I sucked on her nipple as hard as I was cumming, spewing my sperm into the crevice between our two bodies, past her arched neck, across her chest. Then I felt her buck and turn her head and my cock was in her mouth. I fucking started cumming all over again like I had just started.

I let go of my vice-principal's tit with a wet snapping pop of released suction and cried out my own orgasm, filling her mouth with more cum.

"AWeEHHhhhh SO GOOD Ms. Fellacceo! OHHHH keep sucking ME!!!"

That secondary orgasm was intense, but it was short and thick fluid filled my vice-principal's mouth, causing her to swallow a couple of times around my erection. It was finally over, just a slow trickle of semen oozing from the tip across her lazily caressing tongue. I flopped, limp on top of my vice-principal's incredible body wrapped like a gift in only her black corset and red stilettos, I curved my torso to keep my full but satisfied cock wedged in her mouth. She didn't make any effort to expel it. I could feel her tongue moving gently over my buried head, pulling the tiny amounts of still trickling sperm down her throat, and her ragged breath puffed from her nose against my balls. She opened her mouth wide and breathed past my shaft as well. I stayed thick and full but not so stiff.

We both lay there for a few moments too exhausted to move when there was a light tapping on the office door. I opened my eyes, my head laying on the soft swell of her left breast, the still erect nipple pressing into my ear, when I felt Ms. Fellacceo's head turn, my cock still heavy and fat in her mouth. I looked past the vice-principal's right nipple to see the office door was cracked open and Miss Cunny's head just peeking around it. Her fingers held the door from swinging all the way open.

"Um... Sorry to interrupt, but... um... the first period bell went off five minutes ago and... Bentley is wanted in Ms. Dermis's class." She was biting her lip and looking very worried about interrupting us.

Ms. Fellacceo spit my cock out of her mouth and said, "Just give us a..." She paused to swallow, "a second... um... to clean up and you can hand Bentley over to Ms. Dermis."

I rolled off of my vice-principal while Miss Cunny watched. Ms. Fellacceo sat up and gobs of my cum drooled down her bare chest and began collecting at the edge of her bustier. Her naked tits were glazed with my spunk. The white seminal fluid contrasted starkly with the black silk.

"Please give us a minute, Miss Cunny. And, would you be sure to close the door behind you?"

"Right, sorry." the young assistant said and quickly disappeared.

I don't remember dying, but I made it to heaven somehow. Holy FUCKING Shit!

Ms. Fellacceo got up off her desk and rummaged through her desk drawer to come up with a hand towel. A clatter attracted my attention and a Mistress-O-Matic rolled out of the towel when she shook it open.

"Oh... ah... ha ha ha." her hand moved faster than I felt I could have after an orgasm like that. I was pretty sure she'd had two separate climaxes right in a row. She swept the device back into its home and slammed the drawer. Was she blushing or still flush from her orgasm?

I watched her clean her breasts and mop my semen from her corset. "I guess I'll have to have this dry cleaned again." Then she looked up realizing what she'd said. "My... husband's... fro... from my husband's... sperm. I... I... I don't... ah... normally... I... I've never. You're a special... um...

case, Bentley."

I reached out and hugged her. "I know what you mean. It's different. This is about your students and, well things are different. It's okay. Thank you so much. It really helped. Your husband is very lucky."

She seemed to get a grip on herself and she took a deep breath. Those big tits and swollen nipples rose nearly to my mouth as I watched from inches away. Her heels gave her over three inches on me, maybe four.

"You're right Bentley. It is different. My students have to come first when I'm at school. And speaking of school, you better get dressed and get to class. I'll write you a note."

When I finally exited to the outer office, Miss Cunny winked at me. "Did you enjoy your xenial experience Bentley?"

"Yes. Ms. Fellacceo was very xenial."

She smiled and replied, "I could see that."

Her intercom interrupted, it was Ms. Fellacceo, "Miss Cunny, can you see me in my office right away."

She bent and pressed the intercom button. Her dress fell open and I enjoyed the view.

"Be right in Ms. Fellacceo."

She stayed bent over, her finger held just off the button, but looked up at me. "You better get to Ms. Dermis's class, she was asking after you."

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"In other news, a recent survey of high school graduates shows that four fifths of this year's graduates plan on going directly on to college." announced the happy, upbeat news anchor for the eight o'clock news.

She is a well-built news anchor in her early thirties dressed in the contemporary standard professional woman's outfit of suit jacket, with no blouse on underneath. Her naked and unrestrained breast were partially displayed between the open lapels that barely cover their peaks. The soft coral pink edges of her aureolae just showed around her navy blue coat's lapels.

"This is a fourteen percent rise from last year's average of sixty-six point two percent. A major factor contributing to the unprecedented rise is a new focus on preparing high school seniors for work in the adult entertainment industry."

The sexy anchor smiled at the camera then turned to comment to a male co-anchor. "I am so jealous of these young seniors. I was never offered such wonderful opportunities when I was in high school."

The slightly younger male anchor responsed, "Do you think you would have been interested in a career in the adult entertainment industry?"

"While going to college? I would have been able to graduate debt free and have some fun."

"Ha ha ha. So, what prevented you from doing that?"

"My insecurities, mostly, and a complete lack of knowledge about the adult entertainment world. Lucky for me, I did find a job that allows me to show off and be appreciated. Let's see what Stan Blather has to report in the field."

The camera cut to the front of a brick school with white columns and wide front steps. The field reporter Stan Blather stepped into the camera's frame with his News @ 8 microphone.

"CMNF High School has seen a surge in graduates going on to higher education right out of high school. Their administration credits this positive trend, in part, to a new emphasis on their body positive curriculum and the cooperation between the drama department and the vocational program in introducing seniors to the adult entertainment industry."

The camera cuts to the theater stage inside. On the stage is a female drama coach wearing a trench coat. she is standing on the front edge of the stage talking to a group of seniors who are wearing thong leotards in various bright colors. They are a mix of male and female students, standing on the floor below the stage, their backs to the camera.

The teacher is explaining the big ideas to her class. "A full time student can earn enough money as an exotic dancer just putting in four hours a night, three nights a week, that they can put themselves through school with almost no student loans."

She steped to the side and her coat floated open below the belt revealing long beautiful legs and four inch heels.

"The hardest hurtle most student have to breaking into the adult entertainment industry is the development of a positive body image. Most young people just don't have the confidence to get up on stage and let the audience judge them."

Heads nodded among the group of students.

"It's not like that. We all like to show off. We all like to be looked at. We all like to be desired. Once you've developed a few basic skills and have the courage to commit to a career, even a part-time career in adult entertainment, you will find it is highly rewarding and self-affirming. For the vast majority of customers, sexiness is not measured by body type, but by attitude."

She paused to let that sink in.

"Sex appeal is ALL attitude, just watch."

The teacher dropped her jacket without ceremony and stood on stage completely naked. She was very well built with a nice figure, but she didn't do anything particularly interesting and the kids had very little reaction. They'd seen it before.

The naked teacher slapped her hands against her bare thighs as if to say, 'that's it.' Then, she said again, "Attitude."

She dropped her chin and gave the kids a smoldering look, eyebrows low, her tongue did a careful trip across her upper lip getting it glossy with saliva. She slid her hands up her body and briefly cupped her large breasts, lifting them and letting them jiggle back into place. One foot stepped forward and her round mature hips cocked. Once she reached her neck with her hands, one hand kept going to pull at her lush full lower lip with a long painted nail while the other reversed direction and dove slowly down her centerline between her naked breasts, over her flattish stomach and down over her bald pussy mound. She spread her legs taking a wider stance and a stage light came on spotlighting the brass pole behind her while a crescendo of music started, then settled into

a throbbing sexy beat.

She bent over backwards towards the pole behind her and went into a high arching body bridge. Her legs parted to the audience of high school seniors and her labial lips were boldly openned to them. She kept going into a handstand. She spread her naked legs into a wide split and walked herself upside down in a circle to face the audience of kids with her large naked breasts hanging up under her chin. Then, she leaned backwards and her legs caught the brass bar and entwined around it allowing her to roll up into the air and hang off the pole about four feet off the ground.

The kids erupted in applause.

She stretched upward, pressing her nude body against the pole and spun around it, corkscrewing downward until her feet touched the ground again. She stepped her legs to either side of the pole until it pressed into the bald juncture of her pussy. Her left hand gripped the pole to brace herself and she leaned back, her upper torso out horizontal, her head thrown back, pink lips opened in passion and she humped her hips up and down in a deep slide against the pole to the rhythm of the back beat.

Everyone cheered and whistled.

Camera cut to Stan Blather standing next to the naked pole dancing coach. He asked into his microphone as he boldly scanned the thirty-something woman's nude form up and down, "That was an impressive display, I have got to say. It got my heart pumping. How are the kids responding to this new program? Have you actually seen an improvement in body image among high school seniors?"

She answered, completely unconscious of the display she was putting on for the camera, "Without a doubt. You can tell by both the steep rise in participation, the support from the students and their families and the significant drop in teen issues such as bullying and self-image problems like 'cutting' and suicide. Drug abuse and alcoholism have also fallen.

"Two years ago, I would have said we were going to lose four students every year to drugs, alcohol and suicide. Since beginning this program, there has not been a single death among our senior classes."

She took a deep breath and went on. "Teacher recruitment has also improved. There are a lot of young talented new teachers interested in participating in our program of, not just nude teaching, but the adult entertainment vocational program as well as our expanded sex education program.

"What can I say, it feels good to work in a job where your body can be seen and appreciated. Most of us work hard to keep our bodies in shape and we really want to show others our results. The students pick up on the positive feelings all the teacher's are bringing to the new program.

"It's always important to be honest, so I have to say, I get as much stimulation and satisfaction from my interactions with these kids as they get from me. I love every minute of it."

The anchor turned to the camera, "This growing trend promises to continue as more and more schools are revamping their curriculum to keep up with and compete in a promising new educational environment.

"In related positive news, colleges also are reporting an overall rise in enrollment, but particularly in the education fields.

"For one of the few professions that has been primarily dominated by women, men have been

steadily moving into this career path over the past fifty years. Wages increased after the formation of the teacher's union and now men represent nearly half of the teaching profession. This trend where women have been struggling to increase their representation in the job market, is seeing an encouraging reversal in the careers in education. The majority of new applicants to teaching degree programs are reported to be women.

"Teaching positions have been increasingly difficult to fill as women are breaking into and encouraged to pursue traditionally male dominated careers. This re-investment by women in the education careers represents a large opportunity for improving the employment statistics for women in general. Many economists are optimistic about the future for education and the economy overall."

"This is Stan Blather for the News at Eight."

This report was designed to increase the feeling among the teachers that sex was not taboo and it was being embraced as, not only an important part of the education of high school students, but that teachers, especially female teachers, were free to enjoy it's benefits as both pleasurable and personally fulfilling along with their students.

A commercial followed: A two car train pulls away from a station. A crowd of passengers stand, luggage at their feet, watching the train full of people leaving. A second train with twenty cars pulls up and everyone is able to board.

A short rocket launches and reaches a low altitude arc followed by a parachute drop back to Earth. Man in goggles gets out and no one is there to cheer. Another, much larger rocket flies to the moon. When the astronaut emerges from the capsule back on Earth huge crowds roar with approval.

A golfer playing mini-golf misses his put and his wife in a sexy, semi-transparent micro mini sundress, rolls her eyes. A pro-golfer hits a long drive down the fairway and gets a hole in one, gorgeous scantily clad women race up and jump all over him.

A beautiful, but mature woman, of about forty, kneels, dragging a man's pants down with a look of intense hope and excited expectation on her face only to bite her lip in mild resignation when a very average six inch penis is revealed hanging half erect before her face. The same woman tugs down the shorts of a muscular older teen or early twenties young man, to expose a large thick nine and a half in inch cock springing out fully erect before her face. She lights up with excitement and leans in, mouth openning wide, tongue leading the way hungrily. The blowjob is clearly implied, but not shown. An extra-large Mistress-O-Matic is vibrating and slides between spread legs, camera cuts to bedside clock showing 9:00 pm as a woman cums loudly out of sight, cut to clock reading 10:30 pm, an orgasm is being voiced, 12:00 am, cries of ecstasy in the background, 1:30 am, more loud groans of pleasure, 3:00 am, the face of a woman orgasming, then finally, 6:00 am and a heavily breathing woman, clearly coming down from another orgasm, places the still buzzing and wet, extra-large (about nine and a half inches) Mistress-O-Matic on the bedside table next to the clock.

"LONGER IS BETTER! KLYMAX BATTERIES, THE LONGEST LASTING BATTERIES, FOR LONGER LASTING FUN. FOR THE MAX, GET KLYMAX!

"Now comes in rechargeable, so you never have to stop."

The images of masterbation have become commonplace and I have been slowly making them more graphic in my suggestions of sex, particularly oral sex over the last couple of months. These images are bringing the open enjoyment of masterbation and orgasms as well as the stimulation of a friend/family member/partner into mainstream life.

This new series of ads which had already begun airing the previous night, combined with the rest of the ads for the last couple of months, is effectively normalizing sexual gratification and sexual interactions outside the marriage bond. An important point to make here is, I have emphasized the sexual interactions and satisfactions of partners who already have a larger relationship. Very rarely have I depicted these interactions between strangers. There was a washing machine commercial early on that had a woman acting free with her relationships with strangers, but I'm not trying to encourage this. I want to show that people outside a defined 'romantic' relationship, such as family, student/teacher, coach/athlete, even patient/provider, can openly enjoy the pleasures of a semi-sexual interaction as normal, common and desirable.

Chapter 11

Ad Window - Chapter 11
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I entered Ms. Dermis's room. She was standing at the board at the front of the class. If I hadn't cum four times that morning, I would have been as hard as John Johnson, the senior sitting to my right as I took a seat on the left by the windows. He really looked like he needed to get off.

There were some notes on electrons, charge and electromagnetic attraction and repulsion on the whiteboard. Mom was sitting to the side, watching the class, nearest to me. Her pantiless state would be almost impossible to try and hide in the short dress she had on and my mother was not trying to hide. However, her huge breasts, every ounce as impressive as Ms. Dermis's, were so distracting, nearly tumbling out of her deeply plunging neckline, that it is possible no one noticed her lack of panties. The dress was so sheer the darker shadows of her nipples were easy to make out and the erect state brought every student's eye to the points that threatened to jiggle out into the open at every movement.

Mom sat, back erect, chest thrust out, knees together, mostly, ready to help anyone who might have a question. Mom was actually pretty smart. She has a degree in Mathematics and has worked as an analyst or something for a big corporation in their R&D department, mostly doing actuarial work and liaison with the sales department to collect product information for statistical analysis. It really sounded boring, but she liked the puzzle of it and it paid very well. In the end, she too got bored.

Ms. Dermis was telling the class about the new program and how it was going to work.

"Only you seniors are going to be involved in this trial. Your grades and behaviors along with the support of your parents informed our selection. If there is any inappropriate behavior, you will be immediately dealt with and a review of your performance along with recommendations from your other teachers will determine if you continue to be a part of this program. The first two weeks, Mrs. Zaftig will be running the introduction and initiation into this project, so you should not find it difficult to remain respectful and in line with appropriate behavior.

"The purpose of this program is to familiarize and desensitize you to the overly sexual associations of the anatomy of the opposite genders. You will learn to develop a respect and understanding of the opposite genders through experience and exposure. We are here to model positive confidence and strength of identity with our own sex and our own bodies to help you young adults develop those strengths in yourselves.

"The research shows teenagers who are encouraged to be proud of who they are as men and women through positive roll-models and have the confidence to present themselves openly to their peers are far less likely to lose themselves to drugs and alcohol. Depression and activities that stem from depression, such as cutting. Violent behavior is significantly reduced, and not the lease important is, bullying has been reduced to near zero. Students also score their satisfaction with their school experience higher."

The classroom door opened again and Mrs. Zaftig entered.

I know I've described my busty Principal to you numerous times, but I won't ever get tired of

admiring those massive breasts of hers. She was wearing a "business smart" grey skirt that hugged her mature hips from the top of the wide, maturely rounded corners of her hip bone down to the line of her thigh gap. The slits up the sides showed smooth uninterrupted skin from her thick muscular thighs to above mid-hip. Almost a quarter of her large full ass cheeks peeked out below the hem in the back. Mrs. Zaftig's giant breasts bounced freely behind a pearl white, draped, gauzy, top that hung from her prominent nipples inadequately hidden behind the very low bodice. The ends of the drape between her magnificent breasts were held up just past the stiff points of those large pointed buds, by the lightest of strings tied behind her neck. The bow tie was hidden by her thick brown shoulder length hair. Her suit jacket hung open to either side of those lush fat round breasts, accentuating the bounce caused by her walking on four inch heels to the head of the classroom. My cock stirred. It did more than stir.

I got an idea for a new product. My mind started racing at the thoughts. I was both intrigued and uninterested by the idea. Mrs. Zaftig's nipples stood out so prominently and her diaphanous blouse draped over those jiggling globes in such a way with such thin strings holding it, that it looked almost like it was her pointed erect nipples that were all that held her blouse to her prodigious and glorious chest.

Let me preface this idea with, I don't care for body piercings. I'm not a tattoo fan or anything than I would regard as graffiti on the female form. I can appreciate the talent and creativity, even the aesthetic of certain bodily embellishments, people's desire to express their membership into a group by decorating themselves, wearing a uniform of sorts. However, I think skin and curves and textures of naked bodies are absolutely perfect in their natural state and to adulterate that beauty is just not for me. I appreciate that not everyone wants their sexy skin to be unadorned or unembellished with pictures or holes and metal studs or whatnot; that's okay too, for them.

Mrs. Zaftig's nipples stood out so prominently that they made me think of nipple piercings. I don't get the point, but that is beside the point. My mind flashed on nipple piercings and her blouse looked like it was being held up by nothing more than her nipples as she bounced across the classroom and I had this idea of a whole line of clothing that was only held on by piercings. what if that blouse really was only held up by Mrs. Zaftig's nipples? What if a clit piercing was all that held a bikini bottom on or a skirt? One could design cloths without straps or strings or suspenders, a small drape of cloth that hid a woman's vagina but left the sides and back bare. A blouse could just be this light silky little banner of cloth that connected the peaks of breasts but had no visible support to hold it there. Tanlines would be eliminated and so would strings and such to get caught in a city bus door, not that that's a big problem. However, I can imagine the marketing points.

A woman, trying on bikinis, buys a standard string bikini and heads to the beach. She's a teacher and so, when she strips in her class, she has these pale pink tanlines that contrast sharply with the rest of her light brown skin when she stands in front of her students naked. They prove distracting for the students.

Cut to, her buying a new, much smaller micro bikini. In the mirror, she is chagrined by the old bikini lines still visible, but finally she heads for the beach, happy to be in such an attractively tiny bikini. Another shot of her walking among her students, the pale pink lines left behind by her micro bikini attract a lot of attention and she has to constantly, but gently move curious fingers away from the light lines across her body where her students are compelled to trace the sun starved skin with their ticklish fingertips over her hips, across her ass, around to her bare breasts and across her hairless pubis.

She enters the bikini shop again, but this time, she watches a gorgeous woman exit wearing a bikini that seems to defy gravity. The shopkeeper shows her to a rack where these new garments are sold. Next, she's stepping into the doorway of a tattoo and piercing parlor. Then her debut on the

beach with her new strapless nano-bikini followed by her patrolling her classroom's desk rows and her skin is unblemished.

A student reaches up and smooths his whole hand over her round and naked rump. She stops and grabs at his hand, turning to look back at him. He grins self-consciously back up at her and she let's his hand go, placing it firmly into place, palm down, fingers spread. That's when another hand reaches out to caress her hip. Another one traces a palm down her thigh. She watches as one student moves her hand across her teacher's softly swelling middle aged tummy to inspect the piercing through the hood of her clitoris and the teacher smiles.

Soon, the sound of desks scooting as kids get up to move closer and she lifts her arms up to let all the kids feel and caress her smooth flawless skin. Hands reach for her breasts, the nipple piercings attract some attention. Young fingers slide across her pubis, slip into the cleft of her ass and even encourage her to step her legs wider to allow them to reach between her slim thighs.

She turns her head up towards the ceiling with her eyes closed, her arms raised, her mouth slightly parted in a satisfied smile and teenagers crowd around her. The students' hands fondle and feel her everywhere below her neck. Her lips part and her eyes open in surprise, then her face settles into a bigger, delighted grin. She even begins subtly rocking, bouncing up and down in small rhythmic pulses by some unseen motion below the crowd of students around her. They are all feeling her up, getting to know and understand her body to a jazzy beat as the message comes up:

"Look Mom, no... strings on me. They won't be able to keep their hands off you. Pierce the vail and feel the excitement of MICRO-CLIP Clothing. No strings attached."

I'm not going to do that because I don't want to come to school one day and find the most amazing tits I've ever seen are bouncing around pierced through their nipples just to hang a fashionable scrap of cloth from them. What a desecration of beauty that would be. Worse would be if my mother was influenced enough to do it. I really plan on sucking on my mother's fantastic tits and I just don't want a piece of metal fucking it up.

So, Mrs. Zaftig stood at the head of the classroom and stared the class into silence. These were the top group of students in the school, all seniors, all good students, most of them girls, so it really wasn't that hard to stare them into submission. However, Mrs. Zaftig never had any trouble controlling a room.

"Thank you for your attention. We are trying out a new program that has become very popular lately. As you already have heard, providing young adults, such as yourself, with a more intimate exposure to confident and secure mentors of the opposite sex has been shown to build respect for those genders and to aid in desensitizing adolescents to the confusing and overwhelming sexual drives that hormonal young adults are often plagued with and have great difficulty in learning to deal with on their own.

"Ms. Dermis and Mademoiselle Derrieret,along with a student volunteer, have generously agreed to lead the way in trying out this program and I and Vice Principal Fellaicceo will be initiating you into the program so that we can reduce the potential for problems."

I wondered who the student volunteer was. Had Priscilla Tease volunteered? That would be interesting. She and Ms. Dermis had a pretty close relationship, so that wouldn't surprise me, until I realized...

They need a male representative and neither Mr. Shill nor any of the other male teachers had jumped up to volunteer to walk among their students naked. That meant, I was being volunteered. That's what I was doing helping out in Ms. Dermis's and Mademoiselle Derrieret's classes. My

mother suggested it. Of course. Priscilla was going to have a lot of fun with this.

I looked around the room. My sister was not here, neither was Jessica Flirty; that's good. These were actual Senior Physics students. That's why Priscilla was here. But, that also meant all three of them would be in Mademoiselle Derrieret's class. They were all in French IV. This will be an interesting end to the year.

I also noted that not all the senior Physics students were here. They either weren't high enough achievers or their parents hadn't signed their forms. I'm guessing it was mostly their academic and behavioral status that limited them. There's probably more than one forger in our midst. It's the girl-heavy room that was the biggest clue to my conclusion.

"I have an introductory video clip for you all to watch, after that, we will be walking through a couple of scenarios, so a little roll playing, to get a better understanding of the expectations and rules. We are expecting you to act like adults, so, until otherwise indicated, we will treat you like adults.

"Is everybody clear about everything? Are there any questions?"

John Johnson raised a hand.

"Mr. Johnson?" She gestured towards the student sitting just to my right.

He didn't respond with his question until Mrs. Zaftig's huge beautiful breasts settled down after her arm gesture set them to dancing a sexy little cha cha cha.

"Um... Will... um... the student volunteer... um... be doing the... um... you know, the... um... naked thing too?" he finally got out.

The whole class turned to look to their Principal for the answer.

There were only four boys in the class, including myself, and the rest, seven others, were girls. Among those girls was Priscilla Tease who everyone recognized as a giant nerd, but also with the largest pair of tits in the school, short of Mrs. Zaftig, Miss Crotchet and one middle aged lady in the cafeteria. Priscilla rivaled Ms. Dermis, and now my mother. She wasn't considered, by most, to be the top choice in sexiness. Her body was a little too heavy, her freckles a little too pronounced, her braids and glasses, other than their likeness to Kelly from SBH, a little too nerdy and her attitude more than a little snobbish and stuck-up. However, I was sure everyone wanted to see those giant teenage tits bouncing around with nothing to obscure the view, not that every boy in school hadn't been getting to know them really well lately. I was pretty sure kids just wanted to see those huge tits fully, in all their glory, no cotton gauze or mesh to cover them.

Because she was a teacher's pet, Priscilla seemed the most likely candidate for student volunteer. If it wasn't her, there were a number of other girls with tighter bodies, who would more than satisfy the boy's fantasies. I was, of course speculating, because I was pretty sure none of the boys had volunteered. John Johnson's question automatically eliminated him for the one and that meant, if it wasn't me, there were only two other possible choices and no one wanted to be in the classes they were undressing in. That would be like going to the Laural and Hardy Strip Show. No line at the door there.

I suppose Mr. Johnson could have volunteered without realizing he might be required to strip naked and was only now trying to understand, but I'm pretty sure, if it was anyone but me, they would have made sure that was clear, one way or the other, before now. No, my mother was definitely behind this. I'd be asked, at some point, to model the male anatomy for everyone, I was pretty

sure. It was in the lesson plan.

"We don't have a male example. This is the initial trial. For now, it will be a student volunteer."

John Johnson raised his hand again, "Can I volunteer?"

Mrs. Zaftig smiled a small, indulgent smile. "Thank you for your offer, but I think one volunteer will be enough, for now. Let's see how this goes before we start getting ahead of ourselves.

"However, Mr. Johnson, you can get the lights so we can start the video. Bentley?" and she gesture me to the computer on Ms. Dermis's desk.

John got the lights and I switched on the screen projector and connected to the lesson plan Website and brought up the introductory video.

Mom gesture for me to sit next to her. Ms. Dermis closed the widow shades and sat on the other side of me.

Mom leaned in and put her hand on my thigh and whispered in my ear. I volunteered you. I knew you wouldn't mind. You've already got so much experience and Ms. Dermis and Mrs. Zaftig wanted to be able to keep an eye on your condition. We all thought it would be for the best."

Mom cupped my bulge and gave it a squeeze when she mentioned my 'condition'. It was dark away from the projector, and with the windows behind us, we were no more than a silhouette from the shoulders up to the rest of the room. I pulsed under Mom's hand and she paused to feel me grow slightly in my pants.

"Don't worry Bentley. I've talked with all your teachers and they are in full support of helping you harden your control." She whispered into my ear. Her finger tips absently explored the ridge of my helmeted gland that was pressing harder and harder against my slacks. "I let them know I had faith that they had nothing but your best interests at heart. So I told them to feel free to help you in any way they thought best."

Her hand remained over my inflating erection. She did stop tracing my corona, but she would give me a gentle squeeze every minute or so. I was going to be uncomfortable if she kept her hand there. The thought that my mother was feeling me up in the middle of my class was incredibly arousing.

On the "Ed-Smart" screen, the video I had created and included in the introductory lesson plan had started. I also had produced an introductory and instructional video for the teachers to watch and an online tutorial with a test, to certify them in the program material.

It was really funny, I thought, because everyone was taking this so seriously, so I'd decided to make the beginning of the video a cartoon with an old man, resembling Dr. Sigmund Freud.

"Velcome to the National United Department for Educators. I am Professor Eddie Pole. You can call me Professor Eddie. Here at the N.U. Department for Educators, we work towards providing the newest, research-based, teaching materials for educators across the globe.

"This video introduces one of our most exciting and popular new programs. These Curriculum Unit Modules have proven beneficial for students and satisfying for teachers who practice these scientifically developed techniques.

"This unit is on the Nude Teaching Program developed in cooperation with Scholastic Learning Units Technology Systems. We are dedicated to the free offering of educators for more

meaningful teacher/student exchanges through open in-school intercourse."

Prof. Eddie Pole walked to the center of the chalk board and pulled a long pointer, out from behind him. He turned to reach up with his other hand and he had a piece of chalk. Scrawling across the top, he stood back and pointed, with his pointer, to the line he'd just scribbled.

"One, preparing new students for their first exposure to nude teaching." He read.

"In order to establish the best response by students, pictures and partial nudity helps ease students into the program and open them to being more receptive of the ground rules."

The Professor held up a cartoon picture of a Girlymag centerfold that he'd pulled out from behind him.

"Oh dear, not pictures like this. Now where did that come from? Tee hee." The Professor wadded up the picture and tossed it over his shoulder. He tried again, checking his right pocket. The shape of his four fingered hand rummaged in his pants to grab what looked like the shaft of a cartoon penis. He pulled and out came a cigar.

The professor blinked at the cigar a second then said, "Just a cigar. I was hoping for something more."

He tossed that away and came up with a medical chart that showed a male and female body. Everything was there, penis, vagina, breasts, nipples. The penis was generously proportioned, the woman's breasts were large, neither image had pubic hair.

"Let me introduce you to my Teaching Assistant, Fraulein Klighmaks. I have some important papers to grade, so I will leave you in her capable hands. Fraulein Klighmaks can finish the demonstration better than I can anyhow."

Fraulein Klighmaks was a real person twenty-something college coed wearing a tiny skirt, charcoal stockings that ended at the tops of her shapely thighs and below the very high hem of her nano-skirt. Her blouse was quite sheer and opened to the waistband of her skirt. Her generous breasts were fairly well visible hiding only half behind the thin material.

She entered the scene as Professor Pole left, her unrestrained breasts bounced easily. "Thank you Professor Pole, I will be by to help you some more in your office after I finish demonstrating the concepts for these young students."

She turned to address the audience, "When you are young and have just gone through the changes in your own body that bring about all the new desires and feelings you haven't felt before, you lack the experience and the strength to control a lot of your behaviors in social situations.

"This program is designed to familiarize young adults with the opposite sex and to provide practice in controlling those feelings and even allow for some relief that is so important in growing into respectful and considerate adults."

Fraulein Klighmaks reached over her head and pulled down a chart the everyone should be familiar with, about the benefits of nude teaching.

"After the students have been familiarized with the anatomy and the human figure in theory, the teacher will start to provide students with exposure to his or her own body by teaching classes in partial nudity, taking off more clothes as she judges her class to be ready for more."

Here, Fraulein Klighmaks unbuttoned her blouse and tossed aside her top to continue the

explanation topless.

"Some students are very easily stimulated and may grow aroused at their first sight of a naked pair of breasts, for example. This is completely natural and no reason to be embarrassed. In fact, it is more likely that the teacher will witness signs of arousal in most of her students. Remember, even you female students can exhibit signs of arousal. Don't be afraid of that. It is natural for everyone and must shows you are reacting normally."

While Fraulein Klighmaks was talking about students being easily aroused by the sight of naked adult anatomy, she was running her hands over much of her own flesh to indicate which parts she meant. She lifted her hands up her naked ribs and cupped and bounced her breasts in them to demonstrate.

"In fact, at more advanced times in these social lessons, the teacher will begin trying to illicit these responses to better familiarize her students with their own responses. This allows them the time and opportunity to practice control or show that they may not be ready for the next phase."

While Fraulein Klighmaks was explaining the behaviors to be expected, she felt herself up, squeezing and kneading her own naked breasts. She paced from side to side so the entire class could watch as she began pulling and rolling her nipples to bring them to full arousal and offer more erotic visual stimulation for her students to get use to watching.

She looked right at the camera and down slightly, "Oh! I see most of you are responding just as any normal teenager would, so don't be embarrassed. Think how I feel." and she tugged on both her nipples pulling them out several inches and gasped. "These lessons can be very stimulating for me too. I have learned to set my embarrassment aside and enjoy them as much as possible. It is only natural that our bodies respond in a sexual way, as long as we remain professional and appropriate, there is no reason we can't all enjoy the feelings we are learning more about."

The screen went black for a moment, then a spotlight focused on the sexy Fraulein.

"When your teacher has determined it is time, she or he will take the next step and strip for her class to teach in full nudity."

Fraulein Klighmaks slowly, sensuously hooked her fingers into the waistband of her skirt and inched it down her hips. Stepping out of her skirt, she straightened up and twirled her skirt over her head before tossing it towards the audience. Fraulein Klighmaks slid her hands down her soft feminine curves with sumptuous enjoyment before holding herself open and upright for the audience's inspection. She wore only her heels and self-support hose.

"Besides the introductory material designed for the students involved in this program, generally the teacher will go about his or her regular curriculum and teach naturally and unencumbered by either her clothing or any sense of embarrassment and self-consciousness to model comfort in her body. Teachers who have committed to the Nude teaching program consistently report a high sense of enjoyment and fulfillment from the attention and approval they get from their students."

Fraulein Klighmaks performed a sensual caress of her full-breasted womanly body ending with her hands running up from where they wandered down over the sheer grey nylon to mid-thigh, up her inner thighs, to glide briefly over her bald labia and up to her pubis. The middle finger of her right hand dipped very subtly onto the cleft where her moistened clitoris was just peeking out.

"Okay, a common question many students ask is, what if they become aroused in the middle of class? Well, actually, most students are too embarrassed to ask that question when they are first introduced to this program. That is part of what this program is here to help with.

"Students will learn that they don't need to be embarrassed by asking these types of questions, nor by their experiencing these very natural and common responses. The very heart of the Nude Teaching program is to both reassure students that they need not be embarrassed by their own bodies' natural conditions, to learn to control and to become more familiar with their own new adult bodies, along with learning to be comfortable and respectful of the bodies of others, especially of the opposite sex."

The sexy and fully nude young TA, with the exception of her high heels and stockings, walked back and forth across the screen as though addressing an actual class and wishing to include both sides with equal attention. This encouraged her full breasts to bounce, and rolled her hips seductively. When she was talking about learning to be comfortable with the bodies of the opposite sex, she stopped in the middle of the screen and indicated her own nude body with caressing hands that lead the eye all over her naked form. She cupped her full breasts enough to lift them and she let them drop. Her fingertips grasped her nipples very lightly to let her lush round tits hang, just for an instant, by those erect peaks before her large breasts plunged, bouncing and bobbling back into place. She then ran her hands along her curvaceous waist to slide them over her bare stomach and down to the juncture of her slim thighs. She stepped her legs open to allow a full view.

"Many teachers learn that this program is most effective when they take an active roll in teaching their students about their bodily responses." She went on, resuming her tit jiggling pace back and forth. "The teacher will provoke her students to encourage these responses so you learn more quickly how to understand them and control them."

Fraulein Klighmaks gave her audience a sultry look and caressed her abdomen upward from her hips to follow the pliable flesh of her large breasts, up to her nipples. She then captured each erect nub in her fingers and tugged them out, rolling them, arching her lithe body into the stimulating act. Her voice became breathy and erotic.

"By letting the student understand how good it feels, how arousing it is to be seen naked in front of them, watched by them, exposed completely to them. Teachers can convey their own sense of security and comfort in becoming aroused with their students."

The beautiful fraulein snapped her nipples out and let go with a sharp gasp. She smiled a smoldering look at her class. She then ran her hands back down her naked torso while she traced her tongue across her upper lip.

"A good teacher will continue to teach her normal lessons and not be shy about bringing her class with her into the deep pleasures she feels from her exhibitions of the material for her students. Aahhhuuw."

Fraulein Klighmaks slid her left middle finger down into the cleft of her denuded vagina and teased her clitoris while she talked, ending in a close lidded, moan of pleasure. She opened her eyes and walked to the left, the camera following her, keeping her center screen until she got to a desk. She sat behind it and it was an open fronted desk, no vanity screen to hide her below her waist.

"You need to remember, this is all for your benefit and healthy growth into respectful mature adults. You will be learning control through experience and understanding."

While the sexy young TA was lecturing, she let her right hand drop below the desk and began to tease herself, caressing her clit, running her fingers down the sides of her labia and finally parting them, spreading them open to show the glistening wet inner pink flesh and beads of her lubricating juices.

"As intensely pleasurable as it is for the teacher, they are showing these intimate pleasurable moments of exhibitionism... OHHghhh... to encourage... uUUAhhh... your grow... OHhhhh... thhh. OhOHuughh."

Fraulein Klighmaks began finger fucking herself.

"YyYeSsss-OHhheeYea..." The young woman slowed down and took a deep eye catching breath. "... but these techniques are gradually introduced by your teacher." heavy breath. "Uooohhh... Your teachers will take the time to introduce you slowly to these more provocative techniques. Even though it isn't a mistake to go too far and... Uummmm... go over the... um... edge with your class... aAuhhh..., B... but most young adults have very little experience with the intense feelings these stimulating displays can bring on, so don't rush into these things, if the... oOOuUHHhhahhh... foundation hasn't been fully... laid."

"Be patient, be considerate of your classmates and your teacher, that's what we and your teacher are here to help with. We will help you come through, to complete your transition to adulthood as gratifyingly and thoroughly as possible."

Fraulein Klighmaks slid her fingers out of her pussy and brought them, wet and slippery, up to her lips. She slowly took a taste with her tongue before sucking her fingers into her mouth with a long satisfying "mMMMmmmm."

"This brings me to the last point before I have to go help Professor Pole with his... needs.

"As I've already pointed out, for most of you young adults, this will be the first time you've been confronted with these intense feelings so openly around others. Your job is to learn from them, that you needn't be afraid or embarrassed. What you will be experiencing are the same feelings and responses that everyone else feels and has to learn to deal with. Males get erections, females experience swelling nipples and moistening vaginas. Both men and women can experience similar feelings of arousal and, without a safe, controlled environment with an experienced mentor to help you through these moments, it can be very difficult to maintain control.

"In the past, this loss of control can be very confusing and embarrassing at the least and lead to things like date rape, deep depression and a loss of identity, a deep resentment of the opposite sex that may even end in suicide or worse."

Fraulein Klighmaks got up from her seat and came around to lean against the front edge of her desk, her feet braced a foot and a half apart and her hands gripping the edge of her desk to either side of her hips. She presented a very open view of her nude body.

"Now let me go over some things to expect and some things your teacher and you may try if a student begins to show sighs of intense need from hyper-arousal due to excessive stimulation during class. First of all, this is a very normal and even common condition that young adults experience. There is absolutely no need to be alarmed or embarrassed by a perfectly natural reaction of the young adult body. Teasing a classmate by making them feel bad or guilty or ashamed about their own body's autonomic responses, is often the fastest way be excused from participation in this program."

Fraulein Klighmaks did a two hand sweep of her nude body, elbows held up and out, her forearms swing downward, hands open, palms up, fingertips grazing the outside swell of her breasts on their way down the length of her torso, setting her round firm breasts on a tremulous swing into each other, to present her body to the viewer.

"Students are to be encouraged to feel good about their bodies. Your teacher will try to both

encourage your natural responses to the presence of his or her nude body and promote a positive self-view. She will work to build your confidence and security in yourself while she helps normalize your feelings. She will help you learn to become use to and control these feelings and responses and help relieve your tensions and anxieties if those feelings start to grow too big and too hard to hold in.

"Remember, students in this program are young adults and may experience extreme and sometimes sudden reactions to the unfamiliar stimulation. Don't worry, it's all normal. Your teacher has been trained to expect these issues and have learned to help her students come to understand and except them. She may even be called upon to help in a more physical way to release the aroused student's problem as a step in teaching the student better control over themselves."

Fraulein Klighmaks gently caressed her bottom lip with the tip of one long painted nail as she explained about teachers helping students relieve their tension. Fraulein Klighmaks absently circles her fingers around her lips, almost in an unconscious tick. The result, of course, is to put oral stimulation into the minds of those who watch the video.

"Direct stimulation, in rare occasions, may be necessary to prevent an intimate and untimely accident, so don't be concerned that such a problem can lead to embarrassment or indicate inferior control. Most teenagers can find themselves with an untimely loss of control.

"So, what if there is an accident and a student has an unexpected climax in class? This is absolutely normal and again your teacher has been prepared to expect it and deal with it in a calm and progressive manner that will both relieve the concerned student of his or her sense of embarrassment and quilt, and assure your fellow students that there is nothing to be ashamed of or abnormal about the situation. Any one of the students could find themselves in such a situation. Your teacher will understand and expect this type of issue to rise up on rare occasions. In fact, most of the time this happens, the teacher is usually right there to receive the majority of the fall out. She has had time to prepare and develop strategies to reduce the effects and keep the class and lesson moving while cleaning up any mess with a minimum of drama. Eventually, you will learn to know yourself and trust your teacher, to seek her out to help when you feel yourself nearing your limit and ask her respectfully and confidently for her help."

Again, Fraulein Klighmaks absently ran her index finger over and around her full lips.

"That pretty much covers what you can expect and what will be expected of you in return. Relax, enjoy your teacher and pay attention to the lessons and you will have no problems that can't be handled."

Fraulein bent down to pickup her discarded clothes.

"It was fun being your first introduction to adulthood, I envy your teachers who get to do it with you every day. I have to go see if Professor Pole needs my help now. See you later." and she jiggled off the screen without putting her clothes back on. The credits roled.

I shut the screen off and John brought the lights back up. I sat back down with my mother. She did not put her hand back on my cock, but she definitely noticed it.

Mrs. Zaftig stood up and moved, giant breasts jiggling half out of her see-thru blouse, to the front and center of the room.

"That's a lot to process and I've already noticed some of you are feeling a bit uncomfortable. Don't worry, we are here to help you. However, let me be very clear. Ms. Dermis, Mademoiselle Derrieret, Bentley, our volunteer, and his mother, along with Ms. Fellacceo and myself are

exposing ourselves to possible risk of outrageous behaviors by you students and we won't put up with it. If any one of you gets out of hand or abuses our generosity and good intentions, you will be gone from this program. We won't put up with sophomoric behavior, disrespect, abuse or harassment either in or out of class. This is a trial program to determine if we can expand its scope and continue next year."

While Mrs. Zaftig was lecturing the class, she undid the last button on her blouse and peeled it off her shoulders to drop it onto Ms. Dermis's desk. All the subtle sounds and quiet background noises of cloth moving, seats being adjusted, note paper crinkling, pencils scratching, noises we don't even notice because they are ever present and low volume, they all stopped.

Mrs. Zaftig's huge breasts swung and quaked freely and completely naked before the class. Her large nipples stood out, fully erect. Every eye in the room followed their full pendulous movement when she turned and leaned down to pickup a stack of papers from the desktop. I had to adjust myself and I noticed the sound of shifting bodies and sliding cloth in the room when I caught John Johnson in my peripheral vision doing the same. He was as hard as I was and I knew the other male students were experiencing the same thing.

I felt Mom's hand cover my erection and squeeze. I looked down and she pulled her hand away.

"Sorry." Mom leaned in and whispered in my ear. "You looked so uncomfortable, I wanted to help."

She patted my thigh just below my tight hard-on. "I don't think anyone is paying any attention to us, so you're safe; no one saw."

Mrs. Zaftig carried the stack of papers to the first desk on her left and peeled one off the top.

"These are contracts you will sign. They outline the expectations for your behavior and the consequences for breaking the contract."

Mrs. Zaftig began walking topless from desk to desk handing each contract out to a stunned and dazed student. The male students, every one of them, just stared. They did not lift a finger to take the offered paper. At each boy's desk, Mrs. Zaftig paused with the paper held out towards them, letting them take in the sight of her incredible breasts until she finally just leaned over and slapped the paper onto their desks in front of them. I think one kid even drooled a little when the Principle's giant tits danced and bounced with the movement only about six inches from his face. My cock was jerking in my pants from watching those enormous hangers jiggle, swing and knock together as she bent over a boy's desk.

She finally got to John Johnson, who hadn't even blinked from the moment Principle Zaftig's blouse opened. She stood there holding the last paper out to him.

"Mr. Johnson? Are you going to sign the contract?"

She leaned over and slapped the paper down on his desk and her massive naked boobs bounced and swung and knocked into each other right in front of the mute teenager's face. Her nipples stood out and swung in tiny orbits just inches before his mouth. Then his eyes fluttered and he opened his mouth in a gasp.

"Mr. Johnson, are you all right?" Mrs. Zaftig leaned in farther and snapped her fingers in front of his eyes, but he closed them and groaned, leaning way back in his chair, his hands gripping the sides of his desktop with white knuckles.

"Ah! I see." The busty and topless principal said, looking straight down into John's lap. She stayed bent over before her student while she inquired about his well being.

She finally straightened up and walked quickly back to the teacher's desk at the front of class. Her incredible breasts leapt and bounced violently with every clicking high heeled step. She scooped up a small wad of brown paper towels from the desktop and marched them right back to young Johnson who was blushing beet red.

"Here you go, Mr. Johnson. Don't worry, we were expecting something like this. You are excused to go use the washroom."

Mrs. Zaftig stood back to let John stand. He was still aroused, but not rigidly hard anymore. The front of his jeans were wet.

"Mr. Johnson has just demonstrated one of the reasons this program is so important. You are all young, you will have trouble controlling yourself. This is all normal and will actually be one of the easier, even more pleasant, issues that comes up for you and your teacher to deal with.

"If you don't think I take a tiny amount of pleasure in knowing I was the reason John just ejaculation, you would be wrong. Every woman wants to think they are sexy and attractive. It is good to admit that to yourself and it is perfectly okay to enjoy it and recognize that you do. However, that is not why we are doing what we are doing and admitting something like that to yourself is not the same as going around trying to drive boys wild.

"That brings up the next point. Teasing. We don't tease. By 'we', I mean 'students'. You should never tease. I'm not talking about trying your legs out as a man or woman, so to speak, even we teacher's will be pushing you to get a response as part of this program, but it is not for our own pleasure, even if we take some pleasure in it. However, except as part of a lesson, I'm talking about teasing and bullying to make someone feel bad, to humiliate them. The fastest way to get expelled from this program is to tease, taunt, or bully another student or teacher.

"Our focus is on body and gender positivity. Be proud of who you are and what you are and respect who others are and what others are. That's our primary goal. learning to handle who you are and what you are as well as your various gender-based relationships with others is the other goal. Mutual respect is the mantra and always practice the Golden Rule."

While Mrs. Zaftig was lecturing, she was walking through the desks and caressing and fondling her breasts. When she talked about teasing, she stopped in front of another boys desk and looked him in the eye. I could see him fix his gaze on hers. His body was shaking and she reached her hands up, echoing Fraulein Klighmaks's actions and plucked at her nipples right in front of him.

The boy's eyes broke contact with his principle and focused on watching those luscious deep red, rubbery nipples compress between his principle's index fingers and her thumbs. When she tugged them outward and upward, lifting her heavy globes of milk flesh high, by only her nipples, his eyes bugged out and his mouth fell opened.

When he gasped and drool oozed out of his mouth, Mrs. Zaftig let go with a snap. Her giant breasts plunged down to their limit and sprung back up, bouncing and wobbling back into place.

"AughhOohhh!" the student breathed. The whole enraptured class breathed.

Mrs. Zaftig sat one mature sexy ass cheek onto his desktop and turned her upper body towards him. This spread her thighs open in my direction and that tiny skirt let everyone between me and her know she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Close your mouth, Mr. Dierich. There is nothing to lose control over." The incredibly sexy and busty older woman reached a finger out, touched the boy's chest and ran the tip of one nail up until it tilted his chin back into place.

Her eyes lowered slowly to the boy's lap and he nearly had an epileptic fit.

She stood and turned towards me. I saw a small qwerk of a smile on her otherwise authoritative face, "Bentley, will you hand a few paper towels to Lars please. Mr. Dierich, you may go to the bathroom to clean up."

Holy Fuckin' Cum Prode Batman.

John Johnson was just coming back in when I handed Lars a few towels off the desk and he passed John on the way out the door. Both kids looked shell shocked. Neither acknowledged the wet stain in the front of their jeans.

"See, everyone? A normal AND common response for young adults. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

She walked back to the front of class. "Bentley, you may take a seat, we will pick on the girls next week."

I returned to my place and I felt as ready to blow as the remaining boy must be feeling.

Mrs. Zaftig stood so everyone could see her. "Are there any questions? I'll give you a minute to read your contracts and sign them."

Mrs. Zaftig walked over to me. The sexy, topless principled, with her huge tits and erect nipples, bent over me to tell me that she'd given my contract to my mother. As she bent over at the waist, her eyes falling upon my standing erection, she reached down and braced herself with her right hand directly over the aching head of my cock. My body quivered, but I managed to hang on. I think Mrs. Zaftig was lost in a power trip and couldn't stop herself.

my mother and I were sitting with our backs to the classroom windows, facing the rest of the room. No one but Ms. Dermis and my mother could see Mrs. Zaftig's hand grab the head of my cock through my pants. However, the class got a great view of the back of Mrs. Zaftig's tiny skirt sliding upward over her wide, round ass, as she leaned over, her knees locked straight and together. I could easily imagine how her dark pink inner labia pushed out and parted to show the lighter pink depths of her sex canal gleaming wet and inviting in the funnel created by her large ass cheeks and the tops of her thick mature thighs coming almost together. John, sitting closest, behind where she bent over me, stared for a few seconds, an odd keening noise came out of his throat, then he fluttered his eyes and moaned, just before grabbing his crotch and racing to the teacher's desk to grab a handfull of paper towels from the stack and thrust them down his pants.

Mrs. Zaftig, still bent over, glanced around, past her hip, at John retreating from the classroom again. She straightened back up. I watched her giant full breasts swing and jiggle in front of me. That little satisfied smile was back. She turned to the class.

"You will all learn to handle your naked teachers, even Mr. Johnson, whom I will catch up to later to have him sign his contract." said Mrs. Zaftig and she moved to the otherside of the room, high heels clicking, huge breasts bouncing, hips swaying with every step.

She stopped before Priscilla who sat in the front. Then she leaned over Priscilla's desk put her finger in the middle of the contract laying on the surface. A pen was laced in Priscilla's left fingers;

she had signed her paper.

"Priscilla, you did read the paper before you signed, didn't you?"

Priscilla couldn't get her eyes above our principal's very large hanging tits. They didn't make Priscilla's own amazing breasts look small, but FUCK, even next to Priscilla, Mrs. Zaftig had huge boobs.

Priscilla stared and nodded, "Y... yes Mrs. Zaftig. I read it."

"Excellent." The mature, busty, topless, leader of our school slid the piece of paper from Priscilla's desk, stood up, and surveyed the class. "Any questions?"

No one answered. Mrs. Zaftig began walking among the students to collect their contracts. John Johnson came back in and took a seat. Mrs. Zaftig had to pickup the pen on the last boy's desk and put it in his hand.

"You haven't signed yet. Have you read the contract? Do you have any questions?"

I think the kids name was Duncan. He couldn't take his eyes off of Mrs. Zaftig's swinging nipple two feet from his face.

"Uh huh." He told the naked pair of giant tits before him.

"Are you going to sign your contract?"

Duncan blinked and nodded.

Mrs. Zaftig waited a second with that small smile on her face. When the kid didn't move, she bent down, her tits swinging within inches of his face and she took his hand and placed the tip of the pen on the signature line.

"You understand this includes, not just behavioral guidelines, but a promise to not discuss this program or anything that goes on in class with any student outside of this program?"

The principle's right nipple was only about two inches from Duncan's lips. He was going cross-eyed, trying to follow the stiff rubbery bud.

Duncan nodded and licked his lips.

"Good. All of you have been chosen because your teachers have recommended you, based upon your maturity and your grades. We are concerned that many of your fellow students don't have either the discipline or maturity to act appropriately towards their teachers if they can not understand the context and intent of these lessons. You WILL keep what goes on inside this classroom and Mademoiselle Derrieret's classroom among yourselves ONLY. Your parents have been informed and we will be releasing periodic updates to them. If you don't think you can restrain yourselves, you may be excuses to return to your regular classes. Is everyone good with that?"

The entire time she spoke to the class, she was bent over Duncan's desk, her hard ruddy nipple jiggling nearly to within half an inch of his mouth. Behind her, several students were getting a very close up and intimate view of their principal's bald labia and naked ass cheeks below her raised skirt as she bent over.

Mrs. Zaftig pushed Duncan's hand and he shakily signed his name.

"Excellent." She straightened and moved on. There were a couple of girls that needed to be prompted to sign and the next boy was hardly able to answer the Principal. He was the same kid who she first picked on and made cum in his pants, Lars Dierich. He made it through, with her help and signed his contact. John Johnson was helped through and finally, everyone was done and Mrs. Zaftig returned to the head of the class with her collected pages. That took longer than it should have.

I will be conducting the introductory classes for the next two weeks, then Ms. Dermis has you all to herself. Just to remind you, your regular curriculum is still going on and Ms. Dermis will require your attention and homework, as usual. I will be here to be sure everything remains controlled and structured until I am satisfied you all understand what is expected of you and can control yourselves."

The topless principal looked at Duncan with a wink, "Good job, Mr. MacQueen. At least one boy didn't need to excuse himself for the bathroom. That's a good start."

The bell rang and everyone woke up out of their enchantment. This could only have happened because Mrs. Zaftig had just put her blouse back on, covering up the most incredible pair of big, natural, jiggling, full, proud, breast caped by large hard erect dusky pink nipples the students were likely to every see. I use the term 'covering up' very loosely, in this case.

Ms. Dermis jumped up from her seat next to me and yelled to her class. "You all have the questions, one through twenty-five odds, in the back of chapter eleven. Remember the left-hand rule."

Ms. Dermis's breasts lept and bounced, the edge of both her nipples swung in and out of view. Her dress flipped for an instant to reveal her hairless pussy almost to her navel. She strode to the front of the class, halting her students in their rustling and shift to their feet. Duncan, the student Mrs. Zaftig had helped sign his contract, had a big wet spot spreading over the crotch of his jeans. I think he was still too dazed to notice.

I glanced over to Mrs. Zaftig. Her eyes were following the boy's wet crotch out of the room with a very satisfied look on her face. I had a feeling two weeks wasn't going to be enough for our fearless leader.

"see you next Monday and be prepared for a regular physics class. This program will not interfere with your lessons." Ms. Dermis finished.

Mrs. Zaftig came over to where I stood up, her eyes were on my erection. She glanced over to my mother with a smile, then back at my tenting pants and finally up to me. Her hand reached out and covered my erection. I closed my eyes and held on.

"I haven't had a chance to talk to Ms. Fellaicceo yet, but you look like you are already having a hard time. Do you need some release before you go?"

OF COURSE I FUCKING NEED RELEASE. I couldn't believe I wasn't jizzing in my pants already.

Mrs. Zaftig looked around to the students leaving. Priscilla was still sitting at her desk watching what was going on. The last backpack disappeared out into the hallway.

"Can I help, Mrs. Zaftig? I already know about Bentley's problem and his mom was showing us how to take care of him at her home last night."

Mrs. Zaftig said. "Thank you for your offer, Ms. Tease. Would you please get the door on your way to your next class?"

Priscilla collected her backpack and headed for the door.

Mom leaned in. She still sat right next to my hip and she spoke up, "Priscilla's right. Bentley was our practice dummy..." Mom smiled an amused smile at me when she said that. "...when I agreed to teach his sister and a couple of friends about fellatio. I think Priscilla and Bentley are developing a special relationship that I wouldn't be unhappy to encourage."

Mrs. Zaftig turned to Priscilla who was just passing through the doorway. "Very well, Priscilla. I would appreciate your help."

Priscilla reversed directions and closed the door to Ms. Dermis's room behind her. She smiled a big smile and shucked her pack.

"Bentley's mom showed us so much that I hadn't known and this morning, Miss Crotchet taught me even more. She is apparently something of a professional deepthroat artist."

As Priscilla was talking, she was also taking her blouse off and walking up to me and Mrs. Zaftig. When she stood in front of us, she dropped to her knees, where our principle still held her hand over my hard aching crotch. Priscilla blinked up to us through her glasses and smiled self-consciously. She reached out and began unbuttoning my slacks and Mrs. Zaftig had to move her hand.

"I didn't know a boy's penis could get this big when it was hard." Priscilla chattered nervously. She was the center of attention for three gorgeous adult women of authority, all watching her pull out a huge hard cock to make it cum.

"Not all of them." replied Mrs. Zaftig.

Down came my zipper. My shaft sprang out at Priscilla, and she yelped in surprise and snapped her head back. Her red pigtails whipped.

I looked up from where Priscilla knelt before me and saw my mother leaning in from the left, Mrs. Zaftig in front of her right next to Priscilla and Ms. Dermis had come around on my right to watch.

Mrs. Zaftig said, "You didn't need to take your top of, Priscilla."

Priscilla curled her fingers around my stone hard shaft and looked up. Her freckles and glasses gave her a look of youthful innocence, but her big naked tits made me think of little more than fucking her.

"I guess it just seems the thing to do, give Bentley a little visual simulation, is all. We all stripped naked last night and during our workout this morning."

Mrs. Zaftig nodded and opened her blouse and took it off again. "That's a good idea, I think."

Mom and Ms. Dermis were soon following her lead. Mom just bared her incredible tits, but Ms. Dermis stripped her dress off completely. It was all she had been wearing other than her high heels.

"Now, what Bentley's mom was teaching us was how important it was to get Bentley wet and slippery with your saliva."

Priscilla leaned in and stuck that fantastic tongue of hers out and slithered it wettly under my pulsing head. I think I felt my mother shudder against my thigh at the sight. Maybe it was me.

"UuGHhh!" I groaned and clenched. My hands went automatically to Priscilla's head.

"Tee hee, Bentley is very sensitive." and she flicked my cockhead again. My hips bucked. Next, she ran her mouth over my head and worked her prehensile tongue into the cleft behind the flair of my gland. She mouthed the side of my shaft all the way down to my balls and sucked one into her mouth. She held my shaft in her hand as she twisted her neck to reach underneath with her mouth. I moaned again and tried not to focus too hard on Ms. Dermis's naked body or Mrs. Zaftig's huge tits right in front of me. I wasn't going to turn towards my mom at all.

Ms. Dermis knelt down next to Priscilla to watch more closely. "I usually do that with my boyfriend. It helps me to keep my teeth away from him, but sometimes he gets to excited and doesn't wait for me to get him wet." Ms. Dermis admitted to us.

In the mean time, Priscilla was coating my shaft on her way back up to my head and then back down the other side.

Mom added helpfully. "I think it helps to allow your lips to slide more easily over the shaft. Once you start sucking Bentley's large erection fully into your mouth, he's so thick, you really need to be sure it's well lubricated. A dry shaft can sometimes make it hard to keep your lips over your teeth because they catch and skip across the foreskin."

I moaned and clenched Priscilla's hair when she sucked my other testicle in. She pulled rather hard on it.

Ms. Dermis nodded her head in agreement with Mom's explanation; her eyes never stopped following Priscilla's mouth moving over my aching organ. "That's my experience. My boyfriend complains sometimes about me scraping him with my teeth, but I try to tell him he can't just grab my head and shove it in my mouth and expect my teeth to always stay behind my lips."

This was so wild. My mother and my advisor were talking about giving blowjobs to Ms. Dermis's boyfriend and me while watching one of their students showing them how to suck my cock. I've made 'non-vaginal penitration sex' as ordinary as a friendly massage. WILD!

Priscilla came back up to my cockhead and swirled her tongue around the circumference of my crown. "Now he's ready to suck into my mouth all the way, don't you think?"

I opened my eyes back up and looked down, nodding my head to confirm I was ready for her to start sucking my cock. Priscilla was actually addressing the question to my mother, as her cock-sucking mentor.

"You are doing everything just right, Priscilla. Just exactly as I showed you."

I noticed that both Ms. Dermis and Mrs. Zaftig were also answering Priscilla's question with affirmative nods. Their eyes followed Priscilla's every move. Mrs. Zaftig was the only one still standing, besides me and she leaned over at the waist to get a closer look. I tilted my head to see her bared breasts hanging beneath her.

Priscilla smiled and parted her lips over the engorged head of my cock.

"AuHhhhheeeyYEssss!" I groaned and closed my eyes again. The sensation of my cockhead slipping between Priscilla's full teenage lips was amazing. It felt just as amazing as the first time, even more now that she knew something about what she was doing. I tightened my fingers in

Priscilla's hair more.

She sucked my cock to about the halfway point and slid back off with a wet smack.

Priscilla cupped my balls in her hand and went on to tell her audience, "Bentley's mother was telling us how you can feel when Bentley is about to ejaculate by feeling his testicles." Priscilla turned and talked directly to Mrs. Zaftig as she rolled my balls around in her fingers. "You want to feel him while I suck?"

My God! It was more than just my cock getting blown; what a mind blow. However, when Mrs. Zaftig reached down and actually replaced Priscilla's grip with her own slender, mature fingers, I thought I was going to be coating Priscilla's face with my cum right then. I clenched my teeth, my fingers and my groin and growled, "GERRRrrrrrerRrrrr!!!" and managed not to jet sperm all over the room.

Priscilla's eyes got very wide when she heard me growl.

"I think you better finish him, Ms. Tease." and Mrs. Zaftig put her free hand on the back of Priscilla's head and shoved her towards my hips, directing Priscilla's mouth back over my vibrating cock. Mrs. Zaftig's fingers tightened around my balls and tugged me towards the enveloping mouth of her star student.

"HUAAAUGHHHAWAWWWW!!!" I yelled when my cock plunged into Priscilla's open and eagar mouth. I helped pull her head over me and thrust my hips with the direction of my principal's pull. I snugged my blood filled gland into the back of Priscilla's mouth and she choked.

I backed off, Priscilla took a deep breath and grabbed my hips before she pushed herself forward again. The soft pallet in the back of her mouth captured my head and she held herself over me. Her throat muscles contracted and I shifted my grip on Priscilla's head. I barely remember doing it, but I caught her pigtails and pulled them like reigns on a disobedient horse.

"WHOAAAAHHHHGgghhhhh!" I called out, my back arching into my thrust. It must have hurt, pulling on her hair like that, and I was down Priscilla's throat. Her face slammed into my stomach, glasses knocked askew against my abdomin. Mrs. Zaftig's fingers were caught hard between my legs, testicles and Priscilla's chin.

The industrial cum pump in my balls fired up with a roar and my sperm was filling Priscilla's stomach directly.

"FFfFUuUCKKKK!!!" I yelled. I pumped my cock partway out and plunged back into her throat again.

"AhAHhHhHH!!!" I worked my hips back and forth against Priscilla's smashed lips in small fucks that didn't let her mouth come away from my pubic bone.

Priscilla gripped my hips in a vice; my skin stretching out to fill her fists on either side of me. I felt her body buck. Her throat spasmed, but she held herself in place with as much force as I was using pulling on her pigtails. My semen ripped down the length of my hard-on. I felt every painful, delicious, erotic, blissful, heavenly splash of cum leave my cockhead and jizz-whizz down her stretched and rippling throat.

Priscilla stopped bucking and jerking when my cum stopped spewing. I had to concentrate on letting go of her pigtails. She held herself down over my entire length and tried to swallow, but she couldn't manage.

My teenage friend came up like she'd just broke the surface of a deepwater free-dive. Cum and mucus and saliva splattered out a rhythm in allegro presto on the linoleum tile floor and dripped over her naked tits. She coughed and more oozing fluids sprayed and dripped. Mrs. Zaftig, bent over, had her arm around Priscilla's back, her head down by Priscilla's. She still held my genitals, her slippery hand shifted from my testicles to my shaft.

"Priscilla, are you okay?"

I was limp in body and limb except my cock remained firm, if not rock hard anymore, and Mrs. Zaftig's hand slid back and forth along it, causing little spasms everytime her fist rubbed across my hyper-sensitive head.

Priscilla coughed again and nodded her head. She finally looked up and found my mother's eyes to lock onto.

"I did it. Miss Crotchet says it will get easier to deepthroat Bentley each time. She taught me to use visualization. I think Bentley pulling on my hair helped distract me too."

Ms. Dermis said, "That was amazing, Priscilla. Miss Crotchet taught you how to do that?"

"Y... huAugk... yes, this morning before our workout. She wanted to relieve Bentley of his intense need before we worked out together in the nude. Bentley's mom gave me my first lesson, though. Augh... huu... huu..." Priscilla cleared her throat again.

Ms. Dermis reached out and joined her hand to Mrs. Zaftig's on my cock. I was covered in slime. Ms. Dermis studied my full organ while playing her hand over my wet shaft.

Priscilla watched, still kneeling in front of me. Mom had a hand braced over my ass cheek behind me, but she let go and got up from her chair. Her naked breasts swung and jiggled as she made her way to Ms. Dermis's desk.

Priscilla went on. "Miss Crotchet says its important to keep practicing so we don't loose ground. She can take Bentley's hard penis all the way down her throat in one motion, without even gagging at all. It looked so natural and easy when she did it."

Mom came back with some of the paper towels that were left. She reached out and began mopping up my cum from Priscilla's huge tits.

"You did great, Priscilla. I hope the next time we get together for our lesson, you'll show everyone what you've learned. I am very excited to learn how to do that right along with you and Cecilia."

Priscilla arched her prodigious chest into my mother's wad of paper, which pushed her generous globes upward towards where Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis were both stroking me. I boldly reached down and captured the fat heavy swell to the sides of Priscilla's naked tits, lifting them and bringing them together around the slick head of my cock. My principal and my advisor let me aim my rod into that soft slick channel of cleavage.

"I think I could cum again in just a few minutes." I announced.

All eyes turned towards me. I'm certain I saw excitement in every pair of them.

Mrs. Zaftig let go of my cock and Ms.
Dermis followed her lead. I bent my knees, tilted my hips and started fucking Priscilla's huge tits. My cock got a little harder again. My erection was now coming up from underneath Priscilla's giant boobs and my swollen head parted the soft, yielding, freckled flesh of Priscilla's teenage

cleavage right against her sternum. She knelt up taller to help the angle and pressed her hand, with mine, to the sides of her fat tits.

Mrs. Zaftig said, "Priscilla, I can take over, if you want a little break. You did a great job, but it's not your responsibility to help Bentley like this."

Priscilla was rocking back and forth as I clutched her massive tits around my cock and pumped my hips into her boob canal. She pressed her own hands, covering mine, to squeeze the soft sides of her breasts firmly against me.

"I don't mind, Mrs. Zaftig. I kind of like making Bentley feel good and ejaculate." Priscilla looked down at the head of my cock popping up into view for a second and then disappearing into her flesh again and again.

Then she let go, obviously smart enough to read between the lines, "But... um... perhaps, if you're okay with it, I can let you have... um... let you give me a break."

Mrs. Zaftig smiled. She looked from Priscilla to my mother. "Of course, Priscilla. Let me take over."

I couldn't believe it. My forty-something, super busty principal was going to take over the job of making me cum? I was about to tit fuck the most amazing pair of breasts in the whole school.

FUUUCK YEAH!

Not that I didn't want to tit fuck Priscilla's fantastic breasts, but the idea that I manipulated the world to where, it seemed normal for a teacher to strip naked for a student, to encourage him to get aroused, to help him cum and even let him tit fuck her and to suck his cock was the biggest turn on I'd experienced yet.

I reluctantly stopped fucking Priscilla's huge boobs and let her get up. My cock stood out, cocked upward at a pulsing, rigid angle. I was fully recovered. Mrs. Zaftig reached out and captured my erection as she stepped in front of me, taking Priscilla's place. I met my principal's eyes and she lowered herself to her knees, her giant tits brushing naked against my body as she descended, our gaze staying on each other. Her erect nipples left a trail of awareness down my skin to my thighs. I watched as she directed my cockhead into the valley of her incredible tits and began painting her own flesh with my precum and Priscilla's saliva. My head swam with a giddy faint.

This was like a dream. I dropped my hands to fill them with my principal's extraordinary boobs. Priscilla's red pigtails swung into my view while I tried to watch my principal draw my cock across the soft flesh between her massive tits. The back of Priscilla's head blocked my view, then I felt the splat of warm spit that turned cold as it spread its wettness over my burning cockhead. Priscilla pulled back from between me and Mrs. Zaftig.

"You needed a little more lubrication." she said with an apologetic grin.

"Of course. Thank you, Priscilla." our principal replied and bent her head down and spit into the valley of her incredible tits, right onto the head of my cock, herself.

My mind switched gears and jumped a rail. I couldn't stop myself, I was suddenly ramped up to high gear. I reached up from where I had been squeezing the naked sides of Mrs. Zaftig's full heavy tits and captured the root of my cock, trapping Mrs. Zaftig's hand under my own larger right fist. My left hand shot out and hooked the back of Mrs. Zaftig's head.

Before I had a conscious thought, I'd pulled her head forward, levered my cock up, tilted my hips

and fed my throbbing cockhead right between her lips. I shoved past the scrape of teeth into her surprised mouth.

"AWeEHHhhAhh!" I let out a full throated groan towards the acoustic ceiling tiles.

Mrs. Zaftig took me into her mouth with a yelp that my thick shaft cut short. Her right hand was trapped around the root of my rod when I dragged it back from where she'd been gripping me just behind my crown. This peeled my foreskin all the way back and stretched it tightly back, out of the way, exposing every nerve around my intensely aroused and sensitive gland. I was instantly in the back of her mouth feeling her lips and teeth encircling the middle of my straining corpulent shaft.

I thought I heard my mother gasp, "Oh my goodness." and did Ms. Dermis let out a plaintive and longing filled sigh?

Mrs. Zaftig's left hand had been cupping the side of her fat left breast, just below where my own right hand had squeezed her. She shifted to grab my hip. Her head, trapped by my left hand in back and pinned by my hard cock wedged deep into her mouth in front, couldn't move, but her eyes snapped up to my face in surprise. I couldn't react beyond wallowing in the wash of feeling her mouth was bathing my cock in. My half closed eyes peripherally met her astonished gaze.

I watched her take the moment to catch up with what I was doing and I felt her teeth back away and her tongue move along my buried length. She relaxed her grip on my hip and returned her hand to her breast, catching the hardened nipple in the curl of her fingertips.

My eyes lost hers when she applied suction and they rolled into my head for a moment. I felt like, despite have just cum down Priscilla's throat, I could cum again very soon. This whole scene was so erotic I was charged like a capacitor ready to discharge into a coil.

Under my right hand, I felt Mrs. Zaftig's fingers relax and I let her pull her hand out. I shifted my grip to join my left hand on her head and I pulled her back off my cock until just the head of my cock was still held between her lips. I was aware enough to catch the sight of the coronal flair of my gland appear, then I pulled my principal's head back in towards my hips and fucked myself deeper into her mouth.

"UghhhheeeyYyeESSSssssss!" I hissed. I began rocking Mrs. Zaftig's head back and forth over me, pushing harder into the top of her throat. Mrs. Zaftig choked and that woke me enough to back off. Then she took over.

I dropped my hands to her shoulders and my hot, incredibly stacked, topless, forty-something principle began sucking me as hard as she could while my teacher, my mother and my favorite fellow student watched.

Both of her hands grabbed at the peaks of her giant tits and pinched at her thick rubbery nipples. My principal began bobbing her head back and forth over my shaft. Her lips opened to take me in and sucked, clamping hard around my girth when she pulled back. I felt her tongue dance and play along my length and occasionally pause to explore my captured crown. She sucked cock like an expert.

"Oh!?" my mother exclaimed again.

I felt Mrs. Zaftig's tongue work masterfully over my rod. She circled it around my head when she backed off and reach out and licked the underside of my shaft towards my balls as she plunged her head back down.

"AuGHuuhOHhh Yesss! SuUuck MY COCK, Mrs. Zaftig!" I yelled after at least four minutes of her bobbing over me again and again. The pressure increased and Mrs. Zaftig started working faster back and forth, back and forth with her head. She dropped her tits and grabbed my thighs to brace herself.

I brought my hands up to the sides of her head and matched her rhythm with my hips. I fucked her mouth, pulling her onto me, pushing her off of me, pumping my hips into her, pulling my cock out of her luscious, obviously experienced mouth. She made slurping noises almost like a starving child wolfing down spoonfuls of desert, for another two minutes or so. At every stroke I thought I was going to blow in the next couple of pumps.

I was on the edge until I couldn't continue to just fuck her mouth and listen to the wet sounds of slippery skin and the light "ughk, ughk, ughk, ..." sounds coming from my principal's throat with every stab of my cockhead into the depths of her mouth.

"I'm GoOHhOhwinNGG to cuUMM!"

Ms. Dermis leaned in and I felt her breath on my balls. She grabbed me by those swinging male eggs and I really felt the boil begin. "That's IT!... FfFUuugh... AHHH!" I grabbed my principals head harder, entwining my fingers deeper into her mass of wavy brown hair and slammed my cock into her mouth. I fucked myself between those full mature lips stretched around me for another dozen hard deep strokes.

"DEEPER!" I ordered in a heavy panting grunt.

I felt the contraction of my testicles in the depths of my bowels and in the grip of my advisor's fingers. Ms. Dermis reached up with her other hand and cupped the back of her superior's head, adding her force to mine.

Mom put her hand on my naked ass cheek and slid a finger into the rocking cleft and against my pulsing sphincter. I sank my cock into the top of my principal's throat when I felt that finger tip push into me.

"SWALLOW IT!!!" I yelled with a growl. I felt her try. I slid deeper. I was down her throat; only an inch of cock remained outside my principal's mouth.

"UAUGHAHHHHHHHH!!!"

My balls let go and jets of sperm raced out of my cockhead and into my sexy mature principal's esophagus. She gagged and her shoulders bucked. I pulled back, splashing semen across her tongue as she frantically working to swallow my load, and I shoved into her throat again.

"OHHwefFUcKYeYEAHHHHhhhh!" I was in orgasmic heaven.

I began fucking rhythmically inside Mrs. Zaftig's mouth, the last little micro shots of sperm firing off against the back of her throat. Until, she coughed and gagged and bucked me all the way out.

She threw up. My pants, opened and down between my knees, caught most of it. Mrs. Zaftig cleared her throat and spit. Then she pulled herself together with all her considerable strength and knelt up, catching herself on my bare hip. My sloppy wet cockhead rolled across her face.

"I am sorry Bentley. I do not have the experience to do that very well."

It took some time to register that my principal was apologizing to me for not being good at sucking my cock. The funny thing was, she was great at it. Sure, she couldn't handle deepthroat on my nine

and a half inches of rock hard teen fuck meat and she threw up in the end, but her lips, her tongue, her vacuuming cheeks felt incredible and I came, after four orgasms already this morning, more than I thought I would because she knew how to make me feel her mouth surround me.

Mom stepped in to saved us. "You did great. I am only just learning to refine what I know and I think you did better than most women could. Bentley has already had a couple of orgasms this..."

"that was five." I thought I should rally my strength and add.

"ah? five? ...So... ah... Bentley has already c... cu... cum four other times this morning?!? Honestly, I wouldn't have thought anyone could actually coax another one out of him. I am very impressed."

Really, I actually think my mother's comments made my principal perk up with a little pride. Her fat pendulous breasts thrust out a little farther and a little higher after that.

Mrs. Zaftig put on the principal's mantel again. "Thank you for those encouraging words. They are appreciated, coming from the woman who is teaching so much to her family and their friends.

"We now have to get this mess cleaned up."

She swung around to Priscilla. Her massive breasts wobbled and bounced together upon her chest. "Priscilla, run to Coach Clidduris and ask her for Bentley's change of clothes from his locker."

"Yes Mrs. Zaftig." Priscilla snapped out of whatever daze she'd been in and looked up from my dripping cock. She hopped to her feet and headed for the door.

"Ms. Tease!" Mrs. Zaftig shouted at her as Priscilla grabbed the door handle. Priscilla paused, the door just cracked open, and looked back.

"Put your blouse on. I know we got rid of the dress code, but that doesn't mean you don't still have to dress."

"Of course, Mrs. Zaftig. I forgot I didn't have it on." Priscilla blushed and grabbed her blouse from where she'd dropped it.

I stepped out of my slacks and Ms. Dermis grabbed up the last of the paper towels off her desk. She got down on her knees and shared the stack of towels with my mother. Both of them started wiping my legs and my cock and balls up. It wasn't too bad actually, but it felt weird just standing there bottomless in the middle of class while my naked teacher and my bare breasted mother knelt before me and wiped my legs and my genitals off.

Mrs. Zaftig turned her attention back to us. "I'm sorry about the mess, ladies. Perhaps I should talk to Miss Crotchet about how to prevent that from happening."

My mother looked around from where she knelt. "I was thinking of doing the same thing. Priscilla seemed to have made a lot of progress since last night." She turned her head up to me. "How do you think she did, Sweet Heart? Compared to last night?"

I felt a twitch in my flaccid cock as I tried to recall last night. Fuck, but I've had a lot of blow jobs in the last two days. What would their reaction be if they knew my mother had come into my room last night for a private practice session? Somehow, I don't think they would be surprised or appalled. Jealous, maybe?

"Uuhhh..." I answered with all my considerable wit and a nod of agreement.

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I'd just finished a commercial set to air in both computer popup ads and as a TV commercial. It was for a popular weight loss program. I've modified their ads before because I'd seen a pamphlet for it sitting on Mrs. Zaftig's desk a while back. I'd also stuck a few of the ads into the professional magazines I knew Miss Crotchet and others read. Weight loss and fitness trends have been a focus for my plans for a little while now.

The commercial starts out with a young high fashion model type in a tiny schoolgirl uniform. The boys walking down the hall are all checking her out while she smiles to herself at her locker.

The bold caption comes up, "YOU WERE ONCE THE GIRL THAT EVERY BOY WANTED."

Cut to a new scene. A very handsome older man is shown in a tailored shirt and tie. his hands can be seen at the bottom of the screen buckling his belt. A slim beautiful woman rises up wearing a light, gauzy, see-thru negligee. The sound of her helping him with his zipper comes through the classical music.

He says, his hands, framing her narrow waist, resting just above her all but naked hips, "You are incredible, Beautiful. I wish I didn't have to go to work. I would love to stay here all day and indulge you."

He shrugs his coat on and opens the front door.

"I don't know how your doing it, but I swear you get better every day." and he leaves, closing the front door behind him.

The woman turns, she is gorgeous, she looks a lot like Mrs. Zaftig, a little slimmer, breasts a little smaller. Her eyes keep traveling around, turning to watch a teenage boy step into the scene from the opposite direction, right behind his departing father.

The young man stops to stand where her husband had stood. "I'm on my way to school, Mom."

The woman turns all the way around to kiss the boy before lowering herself down, out of the scene in front of her son. The sound of a zipper comes through. The son's eyes roll upwards.

"NOW YOU'RE THE WOMAN EVERY GIRL WANTS TO BE."

A young teenage daughter enters. She is looking down to where the mother is obviously giving her son a blowjob. "Wow, Mom. You're amazing. All my friends are so jealous of you. I hope you'll teach me to be just like you. You're so lucky to get to do what you love like that."

The camera doesn't show below the kids' hips, but the very top of the mother's head peaks into view and drops out again several times. The boy groans with pleasure. It's a quiet release with the slightly strangled sound of gulping when the boy moves his hands onto his mother's head below the screen.

There's a zipper sound again. The daughter says with a pout on her lips, "Done already? It's always inspirRihee hee hee!"

The young woman is suddenly jerked forward by her hips, surprising a giggle out of her.

She's sideways to the camera on the left. The bottom of the screen shows the tartan plaid of her skirt rucked upward and she cries out, "Ohh! OHH!!!" She looks back down in front of her, "MOM?! Ooh Ow yeah. Show me how to do tha... AWGHuhhh!"

Her mother stands back up into the scene only she's facing her daughter instead of her son. She licks her lips with a cat-caught-the-canary grin. Moisture glistens on her full cherry red lips.

"You two get to school. I'd love to show you more when you get home."

As they are about to walk out the open door, the woman asks them, "Where's your twin brother? Am I going to have to drive him to school again?"

The boy says, "Probably still in bed."

He waves and grabs his sister's hand. Come on, I'll drive, if you want to practice on the way to school."

"Thanks Mom. See you after school." The daughter calls back.

They walk out past a muscular young man in a red speedo with a very large bulge holding the tight waistband away from his ripped lower abs. Every vain of his swollen male organ is visible. He has an armful of pool cleaning equipment.

More bold text is printed onto the screen, "JOIN GINNY CRAVE'S, MEAT CRAVER'S DIET PROGRAM. EAT ALL THE MEAT YOU WANT AND STILL LOSE WEIGHT. YOUR WHOLE FAMILY WILL ENJOY IT TOO."

"I guess I'm going to have to wake him up again," the sexy mother says to herself as she waves to the pool boy and closes the front door.

She turns, with a big satisfied grin, to go wake her second son. She catches a milky bead of fluid off her lower lip with her tongue and pulls it into her mouth. Her smile grows even more satisfied.

Pausing at a mirror on the wall, she admires herself, smoothing her hands down her sides. The camera pulls back to show her whole body, she is virtually naked, nothing is hidden and she is looking very trim and fit.

"Ginny Crave is the best. I love being able to indulge in as much meat as I crave and still keep my figure." the mother says to herself with delight.

She opens a bedroom door quietly and peeks in. The camera, looking past her, shows a teenager with a very large erection curving out over his flat youthful stomach. He's laying asleep, but uncovered in his bed. Fade to the next commercial.

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My teachers had gotten dressed again and Priscilla came back, Coach Clidduris with her. Coach held my workout clothes. They weren't much more cover than being naked.

"Thank you Coach. I had a little accident helping Bentley. I don't want to admit it, but I feel a little embarrassed throwing-up all over the student we are trying to help."

Coach Clidduris was in her amazingly brief workout uniform. Mesh cradled her full breasts, visible nipples began growing through the holes, and a mesh thong guarded her bald mons with desperate inadequacy.

She took in the sight of my naked hips and dangling organ. I was still long and thick, but all the hardness had been sucked out of me.

"I'll get your clothes cleaned for you." my principal told me. "After you put something on, I want to talk to you about the faculty calendar. I was discussing the idea with Ms. Fellacceo and a couple of the other faculty, and I think we could get started today, if you have the time."

Coach Clidduris smiled. "I think it would be fun. I know my boyfriend would buy a copy."

Ms. Dermis nodded her head in agreement, "Mine would too, maybe even several copies if Bentley did a good job on us. I even brought in a special outfit to wear."

Mom smiled, but didn't seem to understand what they were talking about. "Are you planning to create a calendar like the ones I've heard about on the news recently. I was just listening to a radio spot about a church choir that did that. They raised more money for their church than they ever had before. It sounded like they had so much fun having racy pictures taken of them by a professional photographer. They even hired a muscular male model to fake some sexual positions with them. They felt like real erotic models."

Mrs. Zaftig confirmed, "Yes, if you want to participate, please join us. Bentley is a very talented photographer. I've been enjoying our photo shoots for several months now."

Mrs. Zaftig was dressed, but her luscious body was more than amply displayed. My last round of posters didn't even need her clothing modified. It did end up looking like she was masterbating herself in front of the school assembly, by the last copy, still currently hanging on the walls at this time. Also in the poster, Ms. Dermis was bent over, her head above my lap, as I sat in a chair on stage, my cock deep in her mouth.

My advisor's dress, in the picture, was light and gauzy and fell well away from her breasts, the high hem of her dress rode all the way up to the top of her firm round mature ass. There were two schoolgirls, Jessica Flirty and my sister wearing positively obscene uniforms, their pussies fully exposed below the high high hems of their tiny uniforms, the blouses completely transparent and barely covering their full breasts.

The poster was suppose to be about the personal attention the faculty at our school gave to their students. They were originally putting on a play for the school to teach them about respect and promote student support for the attentive faculty. Specifically, they were giving a Sex Ed lesson about safe masterbation. In the poster, Ms. Fellacceo went from explain how the Mistress-O-Matic worked, to demonstrating two of them on the two girls.

Yeah, that's right. As wild as that sounds. Hanging on the walls in the halls, the library, and the gym were posters that showed all but naked faculty fucking and sucking themselves and their students with their fingers, their mouths and plastic cocks. No one has said a thing about them yet. By Friday, everyone seems to take no notice of them. I could probably show Coach Clidduris getting spit roasted by two of the football players, as long as the look didn't deviate from the previous images enough to catch the eye of the people who have been looking at them for a week as they walked past.

Our minds build models of our world that it's always checking unconsciously against reality. Too much change and it attracts the attention of our conscious mind. Otherwise, our unconscious mind updates its model and moves on.

I'm taking them down after today and retiring the morphing posters. Too much work for no real gain anymore. Now it's just one great sexy poster per week.

I have started with a new TV series that I've been getting into changing. I've been setting my real-time clothing editor lose on it for a couple of months, but lately, I've been doing to it what I've done

with Surf Beach High,changing minor story elements as well. I've told you about the popular courtroom drama that so many of the faculty and Board members watch.

Remember? I have been reducing skirt lengths and opening blouses and removing undergarments for a long time now and I used their widely known opening sequence and banner ad to model my openning slide on, in my original Board presentation. The one where my mother goaded Miss Niezlaucht to quit. Yeah, that one.

It's called, 'Hard Law', and on it are several characters who are parents of teenagers. The main star is the head prosecutor who is a good looking woman in her early forties called 'Mags', short for Maggy Pearls, with a teenage daughter. Come on, one kid? That's hardly a parent. Anyhow, there's a judge named Karen Orrawl, with a son still at home in his senior year in high school and a daughter away at university. Judge Orrawl is in her mid forties and looks fantastic.

I've subtly enhanced all their breast sizes on the show and she was already well proportioned. I just wanted the fact that the women show off their bodies, especially their breasts, to really spill out onto the screen.

A third woman with a family that gets airtime for her home life is an intern, Brenda Anne Spredd. She's living at home with her parents while putting herself through law school. Her best friend is a fellow law student working as a waitress. Only now, in my modified story, waitressing wasn't covering her costs so she works as a topless waitress and part-time stripper. She makes more as a stripper than Brenda Anne does as an intern and is able to fully cover her tuition.

In one episode, Brenda Anne covered for her friend when Candace, the friend, had to stay home to take care of her injured mother. Brenda Anne loved the experience and stripped to full nudity and even did a passible impromptu pole dance. She brought herself unashamedly to three orgasms during the strip show.

Later, in the courthouse where she works with Judge Orrawl, she demonstrated her performance in the back room for the judge, the prosecutor, the male bailiff and another male intern.

Mags asked Brenda Anne to invite Candy to teach her daughter how to pole dance and strip. Mags said, "I'm worried that my daughter has no fallback skills and the job market is terrible right now. This would give her a way to earn a living while she hunted for a job after graduation."

That's the backdrop the adults I've been reaching with my campaign have been living with. There's more casual sex now too. A male friend is suffering anxiety before a performance review. "Wouldn't a nice blowjob from a friend that cares about you help? Of course it would."

"Can I make you feel better with a little cunnilingus and a couple of orgasms before you have to face that cross examination?"

"Here, borrow my Mistress-O-Matic, I'll be glad to help you use it, after all, what are coworkers for?"

Mrs. Zaftig told me, "If you can, I want to schedule our first shoot for today. We just need to coordinate and get everybody's availability. We need at least twelve faculty members. I'll take care of that."

Priscilla spoke up. "I'd love to help. I could be Bentley's camera and lighting assistant."

That's a switch for her. She always hated being the number two to me. Priscilla wants to be in charge whenever I'm involved. I felt confident however, that if she got too pushy and controlling, I

was more than strong enough to handle her. Besides, she really did seem to be changing her attitude towards me.

I actually feel like a stronger person giving her my support than wrestling it from her. In my heart of hearts, I have this romantic desire to be a champion for those with less strength than I have. I have more than enough strength to give away. being jealous of power is a sure sign of weakness and insecurity.

We cleaned up, I got dressed and Mom kissed me and hugged me good bye. I was surprised with a hug from Mrs. Zaftig. "You are coming along very well. I promise it will get even better. All of your teachers are working to learn to help you. I want you to know, I enjoyed helping you too. Don't be distressed by this little... hiccup." and then my advisor gave me a hug too. "Thank you, Bentley, for your volunteering to help. We are going to have a great end of year."

"Of course, Ms. Dermis. I'm looking forward to it."

I gave my mother one last kiss "Love you, Mom." and Priscilla and I left the class together

Priscilla grabbed my hand, in the hall. "This Callender shoot sounds like fun. I wouldn't mind posing for some sexy glamor shots myself. Maybe, Mrs. Zaftig will let us do a student version?"

I cautioned, "Probably not full nudity, but we may be able to sneak something in."

We were walking towards the library. My meeting about the calendar shoot was next period, so I had about thirty minutes to kill.

"Well, look at you two love birds. Nerd Bird and Geek Bird." said the snearing voice of Kat Frigg. She was coming out of the girls bathroom with her two "homies". Kat was wearing a black mesh cropped tank that seemed to be held down by her nipples, leaving the bottoms of her medium sized breasts exposed and all of her flat belly. The black on black plaid skirt couldn't have been more than two inches long revealing the smooth puffy swell of the top of her bald pubis above and the hint of labial lips showing below. Underneath, her torso was wrapped in crossing bands of black leather straps cinched tight into her smooth flesh. She wore black stockings attached by silver skull clips to her body harness. Four inch heeled black "fuck me" boots covered her feet, up to her knees. I caught a silver glint of a piercing between her thighs and there they were, the nipple piercings that I didn't care for. Her saving grace was that she had her nose pierced, but it wasn't a septum piercing, so it didn't make me want to wipe my own nose from looking at it. The whole look, shared by her two Goth friends, was actually quite erotic and I felt a little pulse in my groin. I'm sure more that a few erections in school today were directly the result of those outfits.

Funny, but I've never found that look attractive. Lately, however, the prospect of getting my cock sucked or even fucking a girl like Kat has become more real, so I tend to respond with a more hopeful reflex. I've even started to get erect at Sunday school lately. Those ladies have some very large bustlines and they seem to be getting into showing them of almost as much as the teachers at school.

To Kat, I helpfully supplied, "You know 'geeks' are circus performers who bite the heads of chickens, right?! You know, like Uzi Oddbum. Not intellectual people who understand technology, like you're thinking."

"That's Ozzi... fuck you Bent Face. I wasn't calling you two, smart." She said. Her eyes kept snapping down to my shorts where I knew the head of my large cock was visible through the mesh side panel on the right. Her two friends, I don't think they actually had names, spread out to either side of us. I guess they thought they looked intimidating all in black bondage wear, with most of

their flesh on display. They were pretty good looking girls. Bondage wasn't really my thing, though.

I decided that I should diffuse this situation very quickly and get on our way instead of letting the school Goths with their spiked hair and black eyeshadow and lipstick, hold us up for whatever amusement they seem to find shallow fulfillment in. Priscilla has had numerous conflicts with Kat and her gang. She was always rising to their bait. I wanted to get past this before it turned into a "Kat" fight. Hahaha.

It wasn't that I wouldn't enjoy watching two half naked girls rolling around on the ground trying to force the other into full nakedness. That could be cool, but there's a lot of other stuff that would happen that I didn't want to be bothered with, such as a teacher coming out to find our brand new 'no dress policy' resulted in two girls stripping each other down fully naked in public, or worse. Not great.

Priscilla was just about to get her own witty quip in and escalate this minor encounter, when I jumped in front of her, "Hey, Kat! I'm glad to catch up to you. We were just talking about doing a school calendar featuring sexy photos of students and selling them to make money. We need twelve girls and I was just thinking you might like to be Miss June or something."

She thought I was insulting her somehow. I could see her trying to figure out if "Miss June" was a derogatory slight of some type.

"Go blow a computer, Bent Head. I'm not an idiot. No way you are putting together a raunchy calendar."

"No, we mean it. The teacher's are doing one of those 'beefcake' calendars or whatever you call them for women, you know, like they have been talking about on the news lately, and Priscilla and I thought the students should do one. I'm serious. You have a nice body and... um... an... interesting look!?!. It'd be great. You don't have to be June. I was just throwing out an example."

She was starting to believe me.

"I'm not putting out for you, Geek Dick. You got nothing I want, so try some other gullible girl, if Miss Priss isn't enough for you." Her eyes glanced down again.

I looked at Priscilla and winked. "Okay, if you don't want to. There are only twelve spots anyhow. I know Jess and Cecilia will want to, so we are already a quarter of the way there. See ya."

And that was basically how you get past a bully without a teacher being involved. We walked on and they just stared.

"Hey!" Kat shouted at our backs. We turned around. "We'll do it, if its real. It'd be cool, but don't be fuckin' with me or I'll cut your tiny little dick off."

"Great. We'll let you know when we have it put together."

-

I went to the meeting and Mrs. Zaftig arranged a photo shoot for the last period of the day. We setup in Ms. Dermis's room. Priscilla and I brought in the light kits and umbrella boxes with no clear plan except to use the classroom setting. I had thought about setting up a bedroom scene with the props in the theater, but it was too public. Maybe we could go off campus. I also wanted more time to normalize pornography. It would have been good if more than the two examples I'd aired about these calendars had nude male and female models posing together and in more sexually

explicit poses. They had some exposure and examples, but I wasn't sure how normal their window was around sexually themed photographs. The teacher's were certainly comfortable with showing off their bodies and their sexuality, but how far that went in front of the camera, I couldn't have said.

Oh well, this was an extra credit for my project anyhow. The student committee was suppose to choose their new uniforms next week and Ms. Dermis was going to strip for her class the week after that. Mom was already teaching my sister to suck my cock and even had moved on to learning to deepthroat me. I was pretty much in heaven.

Priscilla was organizing the power cord so they wouldn't be in frame. "This will be fun. It's like working for Pentboy Magazine or something.

"Yeah, it has its rewards. It's been fun doing the posters. I just took the last set down. New ones go up tomorrow. They are about school sports and feature the new Cheer Squad uniforms," I told Priscilla.

Priscilla straightened up from plugging the light kits in. I had been admiring her naked ass and exposed labia between her thick thighs, thinking about just walking up behind her and shoving my cock into her. "How timely. We have our first away game this weekend with the new basketball uniforms, and the cheerleaders, they are excited to show themselves off."

FUCK!

I can't believe I hadn't thought of that. I am FUCKING STUPID. How do I fix this? It was not going to go over well when our team got there and no one else was dressed like a fantasy porn star but us.

"Who are we playing?" I asked.

That's when Ms. Dermis and Mrs. Zaftig walked in. They were both wearing their usual attire of plunging fronts, sheer tops, and high hems. Ms. Dermis in her usual sundress and Mrs. Zaftig in her abbreviated business micro-miniskirted business suit. Funny how quickly the term "usual" has come to apply to these pornographic outfits.

"Have you guys been thinking about how to do this? Have you come up with any creative ideas?" Ms. Dermis asked as soon as they walked in and shut the door behind them.

"Mrs. Zaftig said, after a pause to let us respond. We hadn't given an immediate answer, so she gave us time to collect ourselves by updating us on the situation.

"I've sent a memo out and have talked with a number of the faculty and staff. We have ten alread and maybe eleven who want to do it. I'll know if we have our one more on Monday."

Priscilla asked, holding up fingers to count them off, "I can guess that there's: You and Ms. Dermis and Bentley's mom. Of course, Ms. Fellaicceo, Mademoiselle Derrieret and Coach Clidduris. Are you including the staff, such as Ms. Schluttie and Nurse Head? That would mean Miss Cunny will probably do it. How about the Home Ec teacher, Mrs. Cumming? That's ten that I think would be very interested in helping with this project. who am I missing?"

That's when my mother knocked on the door. Ms. Dermis opened it with a peek outside first, then let Mom in. Right behind her was Miss Crotchet. Of course. There was something a little different about her. She looked even more stacked then ever and slimmer than this morning. My eyes went wide at the sight of those gigantic melons of flesh jiggling, almost up to her chin it

seemed. The top edge of her large pale pink aureoli were both peeking well above the edge of her straining bodice. If she jumped too hard, and it wouldn't take much, she be all out.

"I think I'll have to be satisfied, for now, with losing thirty-eight pounds. Hi Bentley. I'm so glad Principal Zaftig talked to me early. I just weighted myself after a quick trip home at lunch. I lost another pound thanks to our very satisfying workout this morning."

I smiled at the large woman who was somehow looking even more curvaceous. "I'm glad to hear it. Congratulations, Miss Crotchet."

I don't know. It must be something pavlovian, but the sight of that old, fat, teacher walking through the door filled my head with visions of my cock buried all the way down her throat and between her massive tits all at the same time and I began to get hard where I hadn't really started to from enjoying the much sexier sights of my other teachers or Principal Zaftig. Miss Crotchet still looked fat, though admittedly, much slimmer than before, and she was still old, although fifty eight, fifty nine wasn't that old, but she didn't look so ugly as I remembered. She had put on some makeup. It was subtle, but her lips looked fuller and the lipstick was a glossy frost pink. She smiled. I had never seen her smile before, not like that. She really looked like she was enjoying herself. She actually looked likable.

It dawned on me that I didn't think mean old Miss Crotchet was so ugly anymore. There was color in her cheeks and her double chin didn't seem so big. For an older woman with her weight problem, she actually looked okay. I was starting to look at her with a photographer's eye. I could work with that. She won't be the best looking model, not by a long way, but she might actually fit right in.

"Ah... okay" I started, "I think it would be good to stick with the basic idea of teaching in a classroom. Who is first? Mrs. Zaftig?"

"I'll be happy to break the ice. I've done this before, so I'll go first." answered Miss Crotchet.

"You've posed for nude photos before?" asked Ms. Dermis.

"Yeah, My first job after college, in fact. I posed for Bustler Magazine. I was a lot slimmer then, of course. I didn't get the centerfold, but I made a fair bit of money to pay back my loans with. I even toured with them to a few conventions for the Summer."

"Wow! Miss C., that must have been fun." stated Priscilla.

"I enjoyed it. You should have seen the three guys I was posing with. There was a lot of muscle everywhere I turned. Ha ha ha ha. I was surrounded on all three sides. Those guys had me air tight with their muscles." Miss Crotchet chuckled.

She moved to the current subject at hand, "What do you think Bentley, at the desk? I'm realistic enough to know that my tits are my best feature and maybe not so much below them. But here, let me undress and you can have me however you want me."

Miss Crotchet put down her hand bag and unbuttoned the low bodiced blouse. Her amazing breasts jiggled into the open. She was actually wearing a corset, similar to the one Ms. Fellaicceo had on this morning. It was flesh toned but crossed in black leather straps that reminded me of the body harness Kat Frigg was wearing. It was pulled severely tight and actually pinched Miss Crotchet's waist way in, giving her an hourglass figure. She was heavy, yes, but her shape was very womanly and her giant breasts stood out on a hidden shelf that lifted them and pressed them together creating deeper, tighter cleavage. I wanted to sink my cock into that channel of boob flesh

and empty myself.

I had to do a double take when I realize her very prominent and bare nipples were actually being pinched into erection by what looked like tight rubber bands stretched severely around their bases. The hard nubs were a darker purple. They almost looked angry with dark red fullness.

Miss Crotchet shucked her skirt. This was the first time I'd seen her strip all her clothes off. Actually, she wasn't completely naked with the corset on and she wore some sort of straps over her hips that lifted and shaped her huge ass in back and ran down on either side of her bulging pudenda in front. It left her center open and exposed while accenting and molding her lower body.

I surveyed her as she straightened up. I hadn't looked at her closely enough before to notice the collar she was wearing. It helped to pull her double chin in, but she was definitely losing weight. Her high heels lifted her to nearly my height, but they were sturdier than the stilettos, Ms. Fellaicceo had been wearing this morning, although nearly as tall. I was starting to get a much better picture of this woman's psychi.

"You're in charge, Bentley, but I was thinking it would be more interesting if you were to be in the pictures too. You know, a play on the teacher student relationship. It would help soften some of my... uhh... well, bulk. I have no illusions here. Would you do that with me?" She was arching those huge fat tits out at me and I noticed her wink when I looked up at the tip of her tongue tracing her upper lip. Everyone else was behind her, so they couldn't see what she was doing.

I never thought a fat woman could look sexy, but somehow, her whole demeanor changed and she pulled off a smoldering seductive look I would have sworn on my life, Miss Crotchet was incapable of doing. All the memories of my cock down her throat and how good that had felt came flooding into my mind.

"I know it's hard to see now, " she said, as if reading my mind. "but I worked as a model before college, had a mentor that taught me how to stand, how to look. You would be surprised at how much there is to know to look good for the camera."

I believe her.

"I've enjoyed your posters and other work. You show a natural aptitude for it, but I can help make it better. Why don't you give the camera over to Priscilla and strip. We'll make the hottest calendar any school has seen."

I was in a daze at the prospects her words, her tone, and her looks were offering. I just handed the camera I held to Priscilla and followed her advice. Everybody stood and watched me undress. I couldn't believe how hard I was at the thought of posing naked with this particular teacher.

"I was thinking," Miss Crotchet went on, addressing Mrs Zaftig, mostly. "I'd like to do something that was sort of a metaphor for how the authority of the teacher is, in truth, in servitude of the student. These pictures shouldn't just be sexy pictures of naked teachers, they should tell a story. What do you think?"

Mrs. Zaftig looked thoughtful. "That sounds quite artistic. I like the idea.

"You ladies have any thoughts about that?" The principal addressed the rest of the room.

Everybody nodded.

"I love it." my mother voiced.

"Okay, great. Bentley, you're very artistic, how should we do this?" my surprising model asked. I have been fooled all these years into thinking this old woman was dim witted and unimaginative, as well as ornery. Turns out, she was just waiting for something that interested her to come along.

"Actually," I suggested. "Priscilla has the camera. I think she will have some good ideas too. She'll have the best view of what the camera sees. But I do have some ideas and am glad to hear from someone with experience.

"I like the thinking in metaphor, so let's start with that? Remember, although we'll be taking a series of shots, we are only going with one picture per month. So, think what we can do to tell the whole story in one shot."

Ms. Dermis raised her hand and stepped up, her large breasts quivering deliciously behind her sundress, her high heels clicked on the linoleum as she stepped forward. "Just thinking about Miss Crotchet's idea, I would suggest working at a student desk as part of the metaphor for the royal patron's throne, so to speak."

I smiled, "Yeah, sounds perfect. That's the kind of thinking we need."

I was pretty hard by this time and my erection stood just above straight out horizontally from my hips.

Mrs. Zaftig joined in. "Priscilla, while we have Bentley's permission, I'm sure," she looked to me to corroborate and I nodded, "... and his mother's, since he technically is under the age of consent. To keep it about the teachers, the women in the photograph, let's try to keep Bentley's face out of the pictures. He's just a prop for the purposes of this calendar and we don't need to draw attention to the fact that a single student is helping his teachers and administration with sexually explicit photographs. Let's just try to avoid any potential problems for Bentley, should his fellow students ever see the calendar."

Priscilla nodded. That was exactly where my head was going, too. "Perfect." I said at the same time Priscilla did.

I called, "Okay everyone, stay behind Priscilla and watch your shadows. She's in charge of the shoot, so it is her gig while she's shooting. Mom, why don't you help with the lights."

"Of course, darling." Mom jumped to direct the lighting.

Miss Crotchet spoke up. "I am thinking Bentley can be sitting at a chair, we'll use one of the utility tables, instead of a desk, so we can see his body better. It will give us more room to work around."

Everyone nodded in agreement and soon the table was arranged with a blackboard and a bookcase of science texts in the background.

Miss Crotchet loaned her expertise again, "I'm fat. I'll admit that. I'm working on it, but there are some techniques to use when taking pictures of plus-sized models to get more appealing pictures.

"One, don't take pictures from the side. consider body structure, not every fat person is built the same. I wore a corset to accentuate my hips and my bust. Not that my bust needs accentuating, but there are better angles that make my shape curvy instead of bulgy. Look for those angles. In the case of nude photography, gravity can also play an important roll. Laying back helps make breasts look firmer and tummies look flatter. Standing on toes lengthens the legs, gives more shape by contracting thigh and calf muscles and tightening ass muscles, lifting and rounding them. Don't sit flat where you want the impression of lightness and smooth rounded curves. By putting your

weight on the cheek away from the camera, for instance, the one the camera can see will look firmer and shapelier. You got all that, Priscilla?"

While she was telling all that to Priscilla and the rest of the room, she was plucking her nipples out and hooked into elastics to remove them.

"OH... Aughhh! It always hurts to take those back off. even worse than putting them on."

"Why do it then?" Priscilla asked.

"To keep them erect for the photographs. It's a sexier look, don't you think? You can feel them if you want, but be careful, they're tender just after removing nipple clamps."

Fuck me if Priscilla didn't reach out with her free hand and she gave them each a soft test pinch.

"Oooh. Nice Priscilla. Very gentle. Anyone else want to feel them?"

Ms. Dermis actually looked like she did, but she shook her head 'no' along with everyone else.

I looked at Miss Crotchet's handbag and thought about the person she was revealing herself to be and the outfit she had put on. I conjectured and spoke up. "You know, it would be great to symbolize the metaphor we're trying for if someone could come up with a leash or something to suggest control."

"How funny you should say that, Bentley. I just happen to have my dog MooPoo's leash in my purse."

Miss Crotchet bounced and jiggled over to her purse and bent to retrieve it. That was not her angle, bent over like that.

She brought the leash back over and handed it to me with both hands like a gift or a tithe.

"Oh, before we get started..." and Miss Crotchet went down on one knee as I took the black leather leash. She reached into my lap, as I sat in the chair, and curled her hand around my mostly erect cock.

I realized that Priscilla had taken several pictures during this exchange. I thought the gifting, by a naked teacher on one knee to a half erect student, of that leather leash, could be very symbolic. This whole bondage thing was kind of creeping me out. I just couldn't help myself wanting to see how far she would take it.

"Do you think it would be best if you got a little relief before you find yourself getting intimate with a bunch of naked teachers in front of a camera?" The giant titted English teacher started stroking my cock again. I watched those massive globes of tit flesh ripple with tiny waves across their soft surface.

Miss Crotchet turned to explain to the other women who were standing there watching.
"I helped Bentley get some relief before our workout this morning and he was able to last through the entire workout without an accident. I think it might be a good idea in this situation, as well."

I was hard as a rock before Miss Crotchet's fist made two strokes up and down my length.

Mom stepped forward. "Actually, I do think it would be a good idea, and if you don't mind, Priscilla has been singing your praises about your deepthroat abilities. I for one, would love to get a demonstration, maybe a few pointers."

Both Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis nodded their heads in agreement.

Miss Crotchet dropped her other knee to the floor and pushed the small table out of the way. "Yes, of course. Principal Zaftig was asking me about that at lunch today. Come kneel here next to me."

Mom got down with her hands on my left thigh and knelt in front of me on Miss Crotchet's right. She then dropped her shoulder straps and brought her beautiful big breasts out, letting her dress just slither down her body to pool around her knees. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis knelt on my right to watch. Ms. Dermis let her dress drop once Mrs. Zaftig shucked her blouse and tossed it onto a nearby desk. I heard the camera click. Ms. Dermis had a passion red quarter cup pushup-bra on that held her fantastic tits out. They stole my attention.

"Okay, from what I saw and heard from Priscilla, you have a good grasp of the basics. Mostly you need to practice, but it helps to have an experienced person helping to talk you through it and give you motivation." Miss Crotchet leaned forward and spit on my cockhead. Then she started working her spit in with her mouth and tongue.

"OhhHHhgh!" I groaned and leaned back in my chair.

Click.

Miss Crotchet's hand pumped and she spit on my cock again. Down and up the other side.

"You want to add your mouth to it?" Miss Crotchet wagged my cock towards my mother.
"Oh... uh, yeah, thank you."

"Uhghhhahhh!!!" Again, I was hit with the sharp rush of feeling on my cock. Mom leaned in and spit, then glued her own mouth over the head of my cock and moved her lips, wet and slippery down the left side of my shaft. Miss Crotchet reached out on the right and cupped the back of Mrs. Zaftig's head.

"Here, you work on the opposite side."

I was trapped, deliciously, incredibly, captured between my mother's full moist open lips and my principal's own full lips opened againt my shaft. I saw their upper lips touch each other over the top of my thick member and could feel them pressed around my turgid girth solidly underneath. Mom and Mrs. Zaftig worked wet tongues across both sides of my shaft in unison.

Click click click.

"Here, Sofie. Feel Bentley's testicles and pay attention." Miss Crotchet told Ms. Dermis. She turned to the two mature women working their lips back and forth over my throbbing cock shaft. "Great job. He looks ready. Now watch."

Both Principal Zaftig and Mom pulled away and Miss Crotchet leaned in and...

"OHHwefffFFFuUcCYeYEAHHHHhhhh!"

Click click click.

My lap cradled Miss Crotchet's broad face, my pulsating shaft bent stiffly into her astounding throat and my balls felt the pressure of my advisor's fingers and the press of Miss Crotchet's chin. Everyone leaned in close to study how the root of my large erection was surrounded by the English teacher's frosty pink lips. Then I felt her tongue slip out and lap at my balls and Ms.

Dermis's fingers.

Click click.

Her throat contracted and swallowed around my hotly sheathed rod. The sensitive head felt a strong pull deeper into her throat.

"AaaUAHhHH!" I expressed my feelings to the classroom ceiling.

"WOW!" exclaimed my mother. "Priscilla wasn't exaggerating. That was so smooth and natural. How long can you stay with Bentley down your throat like that?"

I felt humming around my shaft. The whole length of my cock vibrated in Miss Crotchet's throat.

"OHHH! That feels good!" I gasped in surprise. My hands went to the teacher's head. The coiled leash slapped against her cheek.

Click.

I humped my hips against the large woman's face.

Mrs. Zaftig was looking at the wall clock. Forty-five seconds.

Miss Crotchet worked her tongue over my ball sack again and slathered my balls.

"UuUvghHHAH!" I moaned as I felt the suction increase when Miss. Crotchet finally began lifting her head back up.

I was half out of Miss Crotchet mouth when I heard another 'Click'.

The English teacher came off of me with a deep gasp for air. I held her head and wanted to yank her back down over me.

"One minute ten seconds." announced Principal Zaftig.

"My record is two and a half minutes, but I'm afraid those days are years behind me." explained Miss Crotchet.

My cock was vibrating with my rapid heart like an iron bar had been rung with a hammer. I was so hard I don't think I could bend back down for a return trip into Miss Crotchet's throat. She hooked her fingers around my head and levered me towards her a few inches and let go.

"UooFFF!" I grunted when my hard-on thwapped my stomach with a loud solid wet slap.

"You better stand up and take him from bending over above or you won't get your son's cock down your throat in his condition now." Mom's new cock sucking mentor said, "I'd advise working fast because he feels like he'll cum any second."

Miss Crotchet directed my mother to stand by cupping Mom's left breast and lifting. "Up. Step back a little."

Mom cooperated and straightened her legs, but bent over at the waist when Miss Crotchet shifted her grip on Mom's breast to pull her over by her nipple. "Now bend over. Yes, like that."

Click click.

"We'll give him a few moments to calm down.

"Now listen. You will need to visualize your son's cock in your throat. Picture his cockhead filling your throat, stretching it out deliciously. You are yawning, singing open throated, stretching. It feels good to stretch, like you would before a workout or after one."

Mom's mouth yawned open as she listened to Miss Crotchet's advice. Opening her mouth looked involuntary, like opening your mouth when you feed a baby.

"Bentley, take your mother's head, like you did mine, and help her. Give her a few seconds to adjust before applying force."

Miss Crotchet gripped my cock by its root and aimed my large organ at Mom's mouth while the fat older woman hooked her hand over the back of my mother's head between my own hands, over my left arm across Mom's back, and guided Mom down. Just before my mother's open mouth covered my throbbing gland, Miss Crotchet gripped Mom by her hair to stop her descent.

"Stop!" Miss Crotchet called. "Spit!" She ordered.

Mom's wad of spit slapped over the head of my cock from half an inch away.

Click.

Miss Crotchet continued and the whole room watched my cock slide deep into the back of my mother's mouth.

Click.

"UAUGHAHHHHHHHH!" I arched in my chair. Mom's mouth was like heaven. Then, I felt the muscles surrounding my gland swallow and my head popped into the top of Mom's esophagus.

"OhOHuughh, MoOom I love you." I called out.

I clamped my hands over her head and tilted my hips against her.

Click.

Miss Crotchet pulled her own hand away "Good Bentley. Now push. Help your mom take you down her throat."

She told my mother, "Visualize your son's cock all the way down your throat."

I tightened my fingers and shoved Mom's head down into my lap. I sank all the way in. Miss Crotchet had to let go of my bald root.

Click click click click.

"Ahhffffuuuhhhhh. Sooo GOOOOOD!"

"Let her up." a voice said. I did.

Mom came up, my cock escaping her mouth, her drool pouring over me. Her breath washed across my cockhead, scrubbing the mix of Miss Crotchet's, Mrs. Zaftig's and Mom's saliva over my ringing shaft.

Click.

Mom coughed and cleared her throat. She remained bent over, her face hanging just above my cock.

"How are you doing?" Miss Crotchet asked, bending down and looking up into my mother's smeared face.

Mom nodded and gave a weak smile.

"Good. Keep focused on that image of your throat opened around your son's thick warm smooth cock. Remember, you want your son's hard cock in you. You want him to cum in you as deep as he can go. keep reminding yourself of that. You want to be there for him. you're his to use as he needs you." Miss Crotchet instructed.

"Again, Bentley."

I pulled Mom down and doubled my force when she stopped her descent with my cockhead at the curve of her throat.

"OH YESSS! That's it Mommy! All of it!" I cried as I forced my hard shaft into my mother's neck. Her lips pressed against my ball sack.

"Hold her." that voice was back in my head.

Click click click.

I heard Mrs. Zaftig cheer my mother on, "You are doing incredibly. That is so impressive."

I held Mom down for a few seconds, then I humped my hips against her face. I felt the pressure in the pit of my stomach building. My viscera churned and pressed into my balls.

"Ugk ugk ugk ugk." I don't know which of us was making the wet strangling sounds in synch with my quick little micro-fucks, but they sounded like someone really enjoying a meal.

Mom took it for over a dozen short quick strokes, then she patted my elbow rapidly.

I recognized the voice that said, "Let your Mom up, Bentley." but I wanted to ignore the obese English teacher. I was right on the edge. I was about to lose my load. I obeyed, however and it was like Mom's throat was tugging a strand of my intestines out with her when she came off of me. The pull to continue, connected straight through my shaft to the center of my hips, wrapping a loop of that metaphorical rope around my testicles on its way to my guts.

That was the hardest thing I'd done in a long while, letting go of that orgasm. I'm not sure I could have done it if it wasn't my mother.

Mom burst off of me. A rain of saliva showered my stone hard male spike. Mom gagged, she coughed, she spit, she sucked in huge gulps of air.

Mrs. Zaftig said, "forty-two seconds. Excellent."

Mom smiled. Her makeup was running down her cheeks. Her hair was messed up. She took another breath and I encouraged her to straighten up, letting go of her head.

Miss Crotchet said, "You've got it. As I told Priscilla, you need to practice as much as you can. It will get better every time you do it.

"Bentley, you are doing so well too. I thought you were going to cum five minutes ago. These sessions are really starting to help. How do you feel now."

I opened my eyes and took a clean breath. "I was right there. Half a second longer and I would have blown."

Mrs. Zaftig spoke up, "Just relax, Bentley. Miss Crotchet is right, you are really doing well. We are all very proud of you."

Miss Crotchet turned to her boss, "Let Bentley have a moment. But since he is still hanging in there, you should take a turn. Stand up, slightly behind Bentley, then bend down over his lap and position yourself like his mother did. You heard what I told her about visualizing your goal."

My principal followed Miss Crotchet's directions. I watched her huge tits wobble an inch from my face. I could have stuck my tongue out and licked her left nipple.

Then she bent down over my lap.

Principal Zaftig craned her neck up and looked at Miss Crotchet still kneeling between my thighs. I pulsed at the sight of her heavy breasts hanging against my hip.

"Should I spit on his penis?"

Miss Crotchet answered, "If you feel the need, but he's pretty well lubricated right now. I would suggest you just suck on his cock for a few minutes, but I don't think he's going to last long. If you want him down your throat, don't even think about it. Picture his cock buried cozily to his balls in your mouth and just swallow him."

OH GOD!

Mrs. Zaftig braced her right hand on my knee, her left on the back of my chair, and licked her lips, looking down at the thick glistening phallus thrusting nine and a half inches up from my lap pointing right at her face.

"AUGAUHHHHHHfFFUUUGHHH! THAT'S SOOOO...AHHGHHH GOOOOOD!"

She didn't pause, just thrust herself balls deep over my cock. Her mouth stretched wide and her tongue connected with my head and she plunged down. Her throat slowed her almost to a stop, but I sense her redoubled resolve and, before I grabbed her head automatically, she pushed hard. I felt her throat open and vibrate like an opera star hitting her big note.

My principal's lips smashed against my pubic bone and I started spewing. I felt the constriction of my principal's throat grab the head and first couple of inches of shaft. Her neck muscles writhed.

Click click click click.

A voice from the Aether spoke words of encouragement to Mrs. Zaftig. "That's it. You've got it. Concentrate. Hold that image in your mind. His cock feels so good. His cum tastes so sweet. You are the one making him cum. You have the power and the strength to do this."

Mrs. Zaftig's shoulders rolled, her hands grabbed at my hips and thigh. Her throat pulsed. I could feel her carotid pulse along my shaft, her tongue both pushed to get me out and wrapped around me to pull me in. I felt her lips compress around my root and her teeth clenched and pulled away from me in her efforts to overcome her natural reflexes to choke and expel me.

Click click click click.

I ejaculated another new round of sperm.

"AAAAUUUGH! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!"

My fingers pulled my principal's thick hair. She milked me in her convulsions, then she slowly gained control over herself. I felt her venture her tongue out over her lower teeth and that blunt wet pink organ traced the root of my cock out to my hairless pubic mound. Her nose was pressed against the inside of my left thigh. She sucked. I could feel the change. She was getting use to it. Mrs. Zaftig was taking control of her natural reflexes and holding herself over my spewing cock.

"That's It! You've got it!" Miss Crotchet praised her boss. "You are learning very fast; faster than I did."

I relaxed my grip on Mrs. Zaftig's hair and she began bobbing her head.

"WHOAAAAHHHHGGGHHHHH! OhH, Mrs. Zaftig, THAT feels amazing. Yeah! SuUuck me!"

Click click click click.

I felt a renewed blast of cum, but it quickly dribbled out and Mrs. Zaftig came up in a flash.

Click click click.

Her gaping mouth sucked life giving air into her lungs even as fluids ran out of her mouth and from her nose. My thigh was smeared in her mascara.

She coughed. She spit and hucked and nearly threw up again, her chest heaving over me, but she didn't let herself do it. I was flopped back in my chair completely spent when she turned her head and looked up at the clock on the wall. "One... Huaaghk... huuh huh huh, One minute and twenty seconds." She said with a satisfied smile. Her tongue caught a little milky drool from her lip.

My head back on the chair, my eyes rolled over to look at Priscilla. She was standing, slack jawed, camera forgotten in her hand, staring at our amazing principal.

Everyone was quiet for the next thirty seconds or so, until I lifted my head and asked, "Are we ready to begin the photo session now?"

That kicked everyone into motion.

Mom patted my hand and got up. "You are right. Let's take some pictures. You okay, Priscilla? You look a little lost."

"Huh? Oh, yeah, I'm good." She held the camera up and declared, "Good to go."

Miss Crotchet levered herself up between my knees. My eyes went to her naked vagina. It bulged out and looked thick, but really, not that bad. The leather straps framing it, helped give it that symbolic 'V' shape. She looked very wet between those thick oversized thighs.

I glanced surreptitiously around at the other women in the room. Principal Zaftig still wore her skirt, but both Ms. Dermis and my mother were naked, except Ms Dermis had a highly revealing bra to bring her amazing tits up and together and she also wore, I may have neglected to mention, a garter belt and stockings. It really helped to highlight her vagina. Both women were clearly

aroused and very moist. Their inner thighs were glistening with their juices. I looked back at Mrs. Zaftig and noted her wet thighs below her skirt. Everyone, including Priscilla was very turned on.

"Okay." Priscilla said. "I've had a chance to think about what you were saying using metaphor, Miss Crotchet, and I have a couple of ideas. Let's set Bentley's chair and the table up like a desk again. I think we'll want to move it in front of the teacher's desk.
Everyone cooperated perfectly and I move my chair and Ms. Dermis scooted the table over so the student desk setup was just in front of the teacher's desk.

"Great. Now, Miss Crotchet, I'm thinking of having you up on the desktop. You're shoulders and head are on Bentley's desk, but your lower body is held up by the teacher's desk." Priscilla explained.

"You're the teacher. Your rooted by your desk, yet you offer yourself as a course to your student, so you are laying across his desk.

Miss Crotchet looks at the desk dubiously.

"I like it." I said, noticing Miss Crotchet was thinking she might not be able to climb up on the desks. "You can use a chair seat to step up on. We'll all help.

"Ms. Dermis, do you have some more paper towels?"

Ms. Dermis pulled a few out of her desk. "Here you go, Bentley." and she continued clearing off her desk.

My mother dragged another chair over and positioned it next to the small table I was using as a desk. Mrs. Zaftig and Mom helped Miss Crotchet up onto the desk.

"You're going to lay on your back." directed Priscilla.

I took her hands as she swung her hips down onto the edge of the teacher's desk. Mom braced Miss Crotchet on either side of those massive breasts of hers and Mrs. Zaftig moved around to the opposite side to put her arm behind the heavy woman's neck. Our principal's left tit pressed against the English teachers cheek as she helped guide her teacher backwards until Miss Crotchet's shoulders were laying across my desk.

By the time Miss Crotchet was settled on my table, her face had turned upward and to her right, directly against Principal Zaftig's huge breasts. Mom's hands had slid over onto the fleshy, yielding globes of Miss Crotchet's own enormous breasts. Mrs. Zaftig let out a surprised gasp and tugged her tit away. Her nipple stuck between Miss Crotchet's pink lips for a second and gave away with another small yelp from our principal.

"Sorry." grinned Miss Crotchet sheepishly, "Just a reflex. You DO have very beautiful breasts, though. Bustler Magazine would have paid you a lot to show those off."

This all happened inches from my view and my very thoroughly satiated cock pulsed once.

Miss Crotchet looked up into Mrs. Zaftig's face and over at my mother's face. "Does my makeup need to be fixed? You guys... hee hee... look a mess."

Miss Crotchet's makeup was untouched by her earlier demonstration of deepthroating me. Her eyes didn't water, her saliva hadn't poured out and ruined her expertly applied lipstick. She looked fine.

"You're good." said Priscilla, lowering the camera from her eye.

Ms. Dermis interjected, "There's a mirror and a compact in my desk drawer along with some baby wipes. Here, I'll get them for you.

"Spread your legs please, so I can get to my desk. Thank you."

Ms. Dermis stepped naked between Miss Crotchet's widely spread thighs.

Click.

My advisor reached down between Miss Crotchet's legs and pulled on the drawer. It didn't open. She rattled it.

"Damn, something is caught. Hold on."

Ms. Dermis leaned down to clear whatever was catching and her face dropped right over Miss Crotchet's fat pussy.

Click.

From my angle, sitting at Miss Crotchet's head, it looked just like my super hot advisor was naked, eating the thick thighed English teacher out. I had to admit, laying back on the tops of the desks with that corset on and her incredible boobs rolling upward and out from her chest, her prominent nipples still standing out, she really didn't look so fat, just big. My cock twitched again.

Miss Crotchet's right leg dropped back down and bumped Ms. Dermis's shoulder. Her face came in contact with Miss Crotchet's swelling pudenda.

Mrs. Zaftig stepped around the desk and caught that heavy thigh. She tucked the big woman's knee under her own large breasts and spread her open again. Mom did the same on the other side when Miss Crotchet's left leg knocked Ms. Dermis back down into that fleshy juncture.

Click click.

Miss Crotchet moaned quietly, arched her neck to look up at me. She reached a meaty hand up and dragged it over my bare pecs, fingering my own nipples, and winked.

"Got it open." called Ms. Dermis when the desk's pencil drawer rattled loose.

Miss Crotchet walked her hand down my chest to bump her fingers over my stomach muscles. She arched her neck over the edge of the table into my lap and played her fingers across my bald pubis. The table skooched slightly back, opening up the space between me and it, when the three mostly naked teachers dropped Miss Crotchet's heavy legs.

Miss Crotchet spoke, her face upside-down against my stomach, "There's a small makeup purse in my bag. You ladies take your time and fix yourselves. I'm quite comfortable here, for the moment." and I looked back down to see her tongue slide across my lower abdomen.

Click. Priscilla had also seen.

My groin wanted to wakeup again, but it just couldn't yet.

Priscilla said, "This is actually a pretty good angle. Bentley, reach across Miss Crotchet with your right arm and catch her left breast. Good, now pull it up and back towards the center... Yeah, like that."

Click click click. "Okay. Miss Crotchet, put your tongue on Bentley's stomach again. That's it, can you reach lower? Lower. Good."

Click click click.

"Now Bentley, stand up. Miss Crotchet, skooch back a little so your not hanging off so far.

"Ms. Dermis, can you hand me a textbook, please?"

Ms. Dermis walked over to her bookshelf, "I actually have an English textbook. Would that be better?"

"That's perfect. Thanks. Bentley, open the textbook on top of Miss Crotchet's stomach and lean over her like you're reading a lesson out of it. Miss Crotchet, hold the book with your left hand so you are presenting the material for him. You are offering yourself to Bentley.

"Yeah like that. Shift your arm up against your breast, make it stand up a little more. That's it. Now, bring your other hand behind Bentley's hip and stretch your hand across his butt. Reach a little farther. I can't see your hand in the camera yet. Bentley, move your hips forward more. Yes, good good."

Click click.

Just then, Miss Crotchet moved her head and opened her mouth as wide as she could. The hanging head of my cock dropped into her opened mouth.

Click click click. I realized, with a hard spasm in my loins, that I still held the leash. I let it drop open and seeing a metal loop on the underside of Miss Crotchet's collar, clipped the leash right to it.

Click click click.

Holy FUCK! What a fucking picture. I started to thicken a little more while the plus-sized teacher swirled her tongue over my sensitive gland.

Click click.

I wrapped my hand into the leash and pulled Miss Crotchet's head up higher around my hanging cock. I heard and felt her moan as she came willingly up to engulf more of my organ.

Click click.

Her lips tightened around me and she sucked. She milked my flaccid cock like an udder and I thickened even more at the pressure.

Click click click.

"Got it. That was so good. You really look sexy like that, Miss Crotchet." declared Priscilla. "Here look."

We broke up from our sexual pose and Miss Crotchet heaved herself up and rolled to sit on the edge of the desk.

The three other women standing to the side with their mirror and makeup and wipes stopped what they were doing to crowd around and see. Amazing. They were very excited about the sexiest, most sexual ones. They actually praise the photos based on how aroused it made them feel.

The one of Miss Crotchet arched up, her lips opened wide, halfway up my cockshaft hanging straight down into her mouth got the most praise. It was taken from near my hips, her hand clutching and squeezing tight into the flesh of my ass cheek was on the right edge of the frame, my lower rib just at the top and my left thigh filled a quarter of the picture down to my knee. Miss Crotchet's face was turned mostly to the camera, her right cheek just behind my quads. The pull of gravity gave her very prominent cheek bones and a smooth jaw line with no jowels or double chin. My fist and straining forearm framed the top of the picture bisected by the tight leash that pulled her neck up above the desk surface to bring her lips up around my hanging cock. Miss Crotchet's breasts dominated the picture and they looked full and round and firm and soft, yielding against her upper arm, hiding the bulging weight of that limb with the other breast in the grip of my right hand, squeezing it's nipple high and erect. She twisted her hip up on one side so the textbook and gravity worked to flatten and hide Miss Crotchet's fat stomach but highlighted her womanly hips. The camera's depth of field focused on her upper chest, softening the focus as her thighs ran farther away from the lens.

The picture, as a whole, was very flattering, as well as erotic, and everybody grew quite excited to be next. I wasn't there yet but the whole mood of the shoot started to really get me going again. Miss Crotchet grabbed my thick, but hanging cock, and gave it a few strokes. Then she bent over and said aloud to it, "You were the perfect partner, thank you." and she popped my cock in her mouth and sucked me in and out a few more strokes. When she finished and stood up, a real stiffness was beginning to creep back into me. The watching teacher's all giggled.

Mom went next. Priscilla seemed to take particular delight in this session. She posed us in a wide variety of pictures. Perhaps, after Miss Crotchet, Mom was much more flexible and mobile, so it was easier to experiment, maybe it was the renewed enthusiasm in both the room and in Mom.

Mom wanted something that conveyed her assistant roll as a mother and as her new position in the school. She crouched down to help get my cock hard, using her hands, her mouth and finally her beautiful full breasts. But Priscilla wasn't satisfied with that for showing off Mom's beauty as a woman. Mom really is a very good looking woman.

"I want something that shows the sensual curves of your body. You are too pretty to not try and show it all off." Priscilla explained.

We ended up with me picking Mom up. The final picture showeds me leaning back against the end of Ms. Dermis's desk, Mom had her legs spread around my hips, I was connected to her against her feminine center, My cock wedging, out of sight, in the cleft of her ass cheeks. The camera was to my right, I had Mom's left leg hooked by her knee in my right hand. I was holding her thigh up high and opened wide. This gave a very flattering round curve to her ass cheek pressed lightly against my hip, my testicles could be seen hanging just below. My left hand held Mom up by her slim waist and her right hand gripped my elbow just below the bulge of my bicept. Her right leg spread straight out behind me, making her legs look long and sensuous half wrapped around my naked hips. Mom was arched out from my body in a horizontal expression of ecstacy, her head thrown back, her mouth gaping open and her long hair flying out. I was only visible below the neck. I want to say, Priscilla did a great job and I look like a pretty muscular man fucking the shit out of my mother in that picture.

Mom was a little concerned about the message the picture and several others might send about incest, but as Miss Crotchet pointed out, I couldn't be identified as Mom's son, so there was no message. "... and besides, it's a wonderful picture. You look so sensual and beautiful like that."

In the end, I had grown very hard when Priscilla directed my mother to bounce against my hips and throw her hair around. My cock was sawing back and forth in the cleft of Mom's full ass cheeks

and several of the pictures showed my hard shaft visibly thrusting into my mother between us. It was an illusion that Priscilla was happy about, but Mom picked the image that hid my cock all together.

When I finally let Mom down from my grasp, she was caught on her tip toes, straddling my iron erection and I shivered at the feeling of my cockhead dragging deeply through the very slippery groove of my mother's vagina as she pulled away. I grunted when my cock slapped against my stomach as it escaped and grazed past Mom's bright red clitoris. She made a similar exclamation of passion with that flick.

Mrs. Zaftig was the next model I posed with. Oh wow! She was very sexual and even had my cock in her mouth for a number of poses. She tried a series of pictures of her deepthroating me. The whole series Priscilla snapped of our principal doing that was almost as arousing as when my cock was actually down her throat. But, in the end, they weren't good pictures that showed Principal Zaftig's face or told the story we were looking for, for the faculty calendar,funny as that seems.

It ended up being a picture of me laying on my back, Mrs. Zaftig on top of me, up on one elbow in a sixty-nine position except her huge breasts enveloped my cock. My testicles and an inch of shaft peaking out of her just under her chin, the vainy shaft and her sumptuous cleavage gleaming with her saliva. She was giving a very meaningful and satisfied look at the camera. Miss Crotchet gave her a lesson, in place, on how to smolder for the camera.

My other head was buried between her thick soft, beautiful thighs. I actually ran my tongue over her clitoris as it swelled out before my eyes. She screeched and bucked, and if it hadn't been for Miss Crotchet settling her down and telling her how erotic it looked on camera, she might have gotten off of me after that. Contrarilly, I got a much more positive reaction from her when I licked her again and she actually began pumping her hips against my face.

Just before the smoldering, self-satisfied, almost predatory, come hither look she gave the camera on the picture we ended up choosing, I had swiped at her clitoris a number of times, then stabbed my tongue directly into her opening. She actually came with everyone around watching her reach a hand back to cup my head against her pussy while she bucked above me, rubbing her clit against my lips and tongue.

Her face was flush and slightly damp from sweat, in the picture. I can't believe I didn't cum all over her face while she was having her big orgasm. That photo was really expressive. Priscilla pulled it off again.

Ms. Dermis was last up. We had been posing for about five minutes, Ms. Dermis was laying on her back, across her desk, head arched back over the end before me with the head of my erection pulled down by her right hand and aimed into her upside down mouth. I had reached out across her body and plucked her nipples, both of them together, upward, forcing her to arch her generous chest into the air, just as the bell rang to end school. That's when she had an idea. Ms. Dermis wanted to be "teaching a Physics lesson". She was picturing a few formulas on the board at the head of the classroom and she would be standing splayed out against the board while a student, me, back to the camera, worked out equations across her naked body.

Mrs. Zaftig had to get dressed again, having stripped naked during her photo shoot. The principal reluctantly excused herself and headed out to oversee the emptying of the school of students. Mrs. Zaftig thought she might be back, if we weren't finished by the time all the rest of the students had left.

I had soon had Ms. Dermis's nude body covered in Newton's equations of motion. I drew with dry

erase markers across her hips and bald pussy, up her stomach, across her ribs and over her fabulous breasts. It was Miss Crotchet's idea to use the leash and her dog collar.

Miss Crotchet took her collar off and adjusted it to fit Ms. Dermis. Then, she pulled out two small dog collars, MooPoo's and Saucisson's. "They're my shih tzus." They fit Ms. Dermis's wrists and with the leash looped through them and over the overhead projector screen, it looked like Ms. Dermis was hung up, shackled against the board full of equations. I reworked a few of them to make it look more like she had been bound against the board before the writing was put in place and her students were just working right over and around her.

My cock did a serious heel click to attention when I worked on each of my advisor's tits. They really lifted high with her arms trapped up over her head like that.

"Bentley, help your advisor out." Miss Crotchet prodded.

I looked around from where I had one full heavy breast squeezed in my hand to steady the jiggling globe and was writing on it with the other hand in marker. "What do you mean? I'm writing the equations."

"Yes, but look at her tits, those nipples could stand out more. Try sucking on them for a few seconds to get them really filled with blood and aroused."

I still held Ms. Dermis's big right tit in my hand when I looked at her to see if she would be okay with that. There was a slight dazed aire about her and a worried look. She had her lower lip caught in her teeth and had been rolling it with anxiety. I heard the click of Priscilla's camera. Then Ms. Dermis nodded her head and I dropped my head and captured the stiff peak squeezing out between my thumb and fingers. I sucked.

"AughhOohhh!!!" Ms. Dermis moaned. Her chest arched away from the wall and her naked pelvis seemed to search me out. I was as hard as I had been all afternoon and my tightly swollen head drew a streak of precum across her lower stomach. Ms. Dermis was up on her toes, her legs spread open about two feet wide and she seemed to stretch open even wider without lowering herself against the light weight leash that was suppose to be holding her up.

Click click.

I switched breasts and everything intensified even more. Ms. Dermis became almost fidgety, her hips rolling in and out against me. I had to hunch over to latch my mouth over her nipple and the head of my cock slid across her wet lubricated skin and lodged itself into the bald, sanguinous lips of her vulva.

"OOHhhhHOHHH, Bent LeEAHHLEHHHH!!!"

Click click click.

I went to straighten up and look at her to see if she was okay and the head of my cock parted her pussy lips and pressed into her entrance.

"UAUGHAHHHHHHHH!" that was me making that groan, but others in the room may have only heard Ms. Dermis.

AUHHHHHEEEYYESSSSssnnnnnoeeeee!"

My advisor started in a loud moan and ended in a whisper. I wasn't entirely sure I heard the 'no' at the end of that.

"WOW Sofie. This is the most passionate photo session yet. Whatever has gotten into you, let's see some more of that." said Miss Crotchet with excitement.

Priscilla dropped the camera from her eye. "Yeah, Miss Crotchet's right. I can almost feel it through the camera. Just keep riding whatever it is you're feeling."

Click click click click.

I bent to suck my advisor's tits again.

Click click.

I felt her stretch her body higher. My cockhead became fully surrounded.

"OughhHhHHHAAAffFFUUgGHH hssSOOOOBBbiiiiG!!!".

There was a creak from over head and Ms. Dermis picked her feet up of the ground. I let go of her nipple with my mouth and looked up, causing two more inches to enter the sexiest teacher in the entire town.

"WHAAHHHuuggBenBBENTLEEEEEE"

Click click click click.

I grabbed my advisor's naked hips to keep her from pulling the overhead screen off the wall. Four more inches slid into her.

"AHHhhfFFFUUUGHHK! Iee...i... I cANnNNNtttttayyyyykyIT."

Ms. Dermis writhed, her legs flailing for a second before they wrapped around my hips when I tried to pull back out.

"UghhOHBENntTmmmm, NOTYETtt." and she bucked and my cock seated all the way in her

"FUUUUKKKKOHhYEAHhhhMIZZDERMISssSSS!"

Click click click. I was all the way inside my favorite high school teacher.

It was more than a little obvious that I was fucking my teacher and I heard Mom shout,"Bentley!"

Ms. Dermis shouted as she writhed in my arms while hanging from the wall.
"SOOOHHBIIIGGgG!"

Click click click.

"Hi guys, what's up? You almost ready to go home Mommm... ahhh... wha... what's... um... going on?"

I had my back to the door and couldn't see my sister walking in.

"Close the door, Cecilia. We are taking photos for the faculty calendar." answers Miss Crotchet, reaching out and closing the door herself.

Mom hurried over to explain things to her daughter.

I didn't really hear much more, because I was struggling to hold Ms. Dermis steady on my cock.

She yanked on the bracket that held the overhead screen up. My cock felt like it was in a warm moist velvet sheath. The tremors rippling throughout the tight channel of Ms. Dermis's cunt was straining my ability to hold on to my cum. I was just trying to hold her still. I didn't want to cum and if I started to move inside my teacher, I'd be painting her insides in virginal teenage sperm. I had never had my cock inside a woman's vagina before.

"D...Don't move, Bentley." Ms. Dermis whispered in my ear. "I... I just... n... need a sec... second. You are tooOOooOo b... big."

I held Ms. Dermis against the wall. My cock held her weight up and she settled down so she wasn't yanking on the fixture. She just hung there on the wall, my cock buried inside her, her legs wrapped around me and those beautiful, fat, firm, naked breasts quivering up and down against my bare ribs as she tried to settle her ragged breathing down.

Click.

Suddenly my sister was in my view. She looked at my face, Ms. Dermis's face and her eyes explored our bodies. "This is so cool. I love the calendar idea. I felt my hanging balls cupped in my sister's curious hand, then she started feeling along the juncture where my cock stretched my teacher out around my shaft.

"Awesome! You guys are really getting into it too. No wonder it looked so real." My sister stood back with Priscilla. "You have a great job, I wish I had last period off. Oh yeah, that's a great angle."

Click click.

Priscilla directed us, "Whenever you're ready. Let's see some hair flying, Ms. Dermis. It makes the shot more dynamic."

Ms. Dermis took a deep breath and I pulsed my cock inside her. "I think... I think it's about to... to... to get pretty dy... dynamic," she's gasped.

And her vagina squeezed me from end to end.

"OhhouAaughhh!!!" My head arched back and my cock responded with a thickening pulse.

Ms. Dermis whispers in my ear again, "I'm ready, Bentley. Start slow." There was a real tone of pleading in her voice so I concentrated on taking great care when I started to move.

"UuAaghhhh... yY...YehtThat's goOD... OHHH!"

Click click.

I lifted my bound teacher halfway off my cock and then reversed. I had her by her waist in one hand and was pining her left leg up and opened with the other. I lifted her again and brought her down. Her head arched and her hair dragged upward against the whiteboard as I lowered her again over my hard cock.

Click click.

"B b B b BenTleyY... m M MoOorRREeeEEE!"

I pumped her up and down faster.

Click click click.

I groaned and began fucking my hips against my tied-up teacher's hips.

Click click click.

It felt amazing. It was like getting deepthroated, but different. It was so soft and slick and yet all enveloping. I fucked Ms. Dermis a little harder. I could feel my need building.

Click click click click.

"OhHoHhOHHH!" My teacher started to keen.
I drove my hips upward and brought the hanging teacher down over me.
"OHHW...EFFfffUCK...YEYEe...eAHHHh... AugHHHg... eEYeAHH... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh..."

Her legs let go of my hips and just spread out wide, knees up, mostly, lower legs and heeled feet dangling out to the sides, flopping up and down with my pistoning hips and pumping arms.

Click click click click.

I was going to cum. I felt that edge bite at the head of my cock. "I... I... I...eEM... cuUMM... Ummmin... cUMingggg..." I called out. I was working harder and faster now and Ms. Dermis stopped grunting and crying out her intense feelings and just moaned one long keening sort of drone. It's pitch changed with the beats of my quickening strokes, but it didn't break until I felt her clench. Her body tightened and her legs trust out and stretched. I nearly lost my grip on her knee when she spasmed.

Click click click click click click.

"AWUAHHHHHUGHHHHHHHHHHUUAAAAB...B...B... BEN... ENT... LEYYyyEEEeee!!!."

I couldn't think much at all as I began spewing. The explosion was SO intense. I felt giant gouts of sperm launch out of my cock, and into my teacher's womb. I vibrated with the jets of semen. It felt like it ripped its way through the head of my pumping gland, jetting, then spurting, then ejaculating in small drops of cum before finally dribbling.

Click click click.

I heard, through the heady fog in my post-orgasmic mind, the tattoo of drops of liquid hit the linoleum floor beneath me. The bracket held, but Ms. Dermis did not. She just hung limp by her wrist collars, her legs flopping down on either side of my still hard cock. I reached up and unhooked the leash from my sexy teacher's wrist and let it slide from over the screen roll.

I supported her gently and laid her on the desktop with Mom and Cecilia helping. I finally slid my cock out of her and she whispers in a sleepy groan, "nooooooo."

She looked more amazing then ever. My spent cock twitched and regained a little hardness it had just lost. Ms. Dermis stretched and arched and spread her legs. She was saying something, "Agai...ah oh..." but she opened her eyes to look straight up into my mother's concerned gaze. Her surprised look turned quickly to a smile.

"You are a lucky woman to have such amazing children."

Mom and Cecilia had her. They pulled out a few baby wiped from Miss Crotchet's makeup kit and started cleaning off the marker from my advisor's skin.

Miss Crotchet was sitting in the teacher's chair watching from behind them. She was smiling and looking very pleased with herself. My cock was still partially hard and coated in Ms. Dermis's juices and my cum. Watching my mother's naked and unmarked back next to my clothed sister as they worked to clean up Ms. Dermis, a thought struck me.

I stepped up to Miss Crotchet, my cock, dripping with its coating of fluids, pointing straight. She shifted her gaze to my long member, then looked up at me with a curious look in her eyes. I met her look and took on a determined expression and pointed at my cock. I stepped closer, between her knees.

Miss Crotchet followed my finger and looked at my cock again and back up at me. Her smile fell into a straight lined purse.

I was sure I wasn't reading her wrong, but I had an instant of doubt. Then, Miss Crotchet looked back down at my cock and leaned forward. She opened her mouth and sucked Ms. Dermis's juices clean off my shaft and head. She took me all the way in and reached out underneath and caught my sticky testicles with her tongue.

I was struck dumb when both of my balls were sucked into her mouth along with my cock down her throat.

FUUUCK!!!

I came out of her incredible mouth, clean.

Miss Crotchet smiled in delight. "You're starting to get it, Bentley. I'm very pleased."

Click.

Priscilla had captured the entire event on digital film.

Chapter 12

Ad Window - Chapter 12
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I'm not a virgin anymore. I can't believe it.

It feels weird. Not the "not being a virgin anymore" part. That feels exactly like I expected it to feel. No different. As you may have surmised by now, I don't have a lot of friends. The struggle to lose my virginity has not really existed for me because I have no one to impress, no one to compete with, I didn't spend my former formative years immersed in a group of boys teaching each other to be obsessed with sex. So, I haven't, before now, put that much of my attention to the subject. No, the weird part is how I lost it and to whom.

It was an actual accident, in a sense. I was in a public setting. My mother, for fuck's sake, was there, and I lost my virginity to my awesome, beautiful, brilliant, incredibly super hot teacher. It's almost anti-climactic. Oh it was climactic. There was definitely a lot of climaxing involved. But, there was no dating or foreplay... Well, that's not true. There was an inordinate amount of foreplay. Everyone in the room had plenty of time and reason to be charged up and more than amply turned on. In fact, the more I think about it, the more I'm surprised it didn't happen earlier.

Ms. Dermis was very quiet after it was over and everyone was ready to go home for the weekend. Mrs. Zaftig returned and that may have interfered with whatever conversation we may have had about what happened. I'm not really looking forward to the fallout with my advisor on Monday. Too many unknowns to figure out what to expect. Mom is another question I'll have to answer this weekend.

But, FUCK!

We went home and guess what. Cecilia announced that she'd invited her friends for a sleepover. Mom wasn't sure that was a good idea. Fuck yeah, that's a good idea. I was still pretty high from fucking Ms. Dermis and just had sex on my brain at the time. I wanted the entire high school cheer squad to come over and have an orgy with me.

Nope.

"Just a couple of friends, Mom. Jess and Priscilla, and maybe Libbey O'Majorah; that's all," Cecilia said.

"Humm." Mom replied with heavy skepticism.

We were half undressed in our kitchen, just coming in from the garage, as was now the norm. I was thick with blood, but not hard. I hadn't even played with Mom's or Cecilia's tits in the car on the way home. Sis seemed very manic, she was obviously excited about the photo shoot and the calendar idea. Mom, on the other hand, was pretty quiet during the drive home.

Cecilia wanted to see Mom's pictures and Mom promised absently to show her, but they were on the camera back in the photography classroom with the rest of the equipment.

Cecilia tucked her phone back in her bag and announced, "I just texted Priscilla, she said she can bring the camera."

"That's nice, Sweetheart. When are your friends coming over? Are we doing pizza or Chinese for dinner? Because I'm not cooking."

I voted, "Chinese; dumplings and sticky rice."

My mind was still reliving having my cock inside Ms. Dermis. I am not into D&S or S&M and you already know how I feel about tattoos, but having her hanging on the wall like that her perfect body covered in equations while I fuck her is an image that will forever be savored in my mind. If I wasn't still high on fucking my teacher and losing my virginity like that, I would have never acted the way I acted towards Miss Crotchet afterwards. She is clearly into the D&S scene and I don't think I want to let her drag me into it with her. However, I could see she promised to be very useful for completing my project and even taking the next few steps. I just had to be careful.

"Mom," I suddenly ask. I'm stuck on sex and my mind is moving to more serious sexual relationships, because I'm suddenly interested in strengthening the ones I'm involved with. "You have taught us a lot about sex and masterbation and our bodies. You're the best, but it just occurred to me that I've never kissed a girl and we haven't really practiced that.

"It is so strange, I just lost my virginity. I didn't even mean to, and I'm worried about Ms. Dermis. I don't think either of us was expecting that to happen and I don't want Ms. Dermis to think I tried to force myself on her or anything. Then Mrs. Zaftig came in and everyone was helping Ms. Dermis clean up and we all just got too busy picking up and went home like nothing happened.

"We were shooting photos for the calendar, so I get that modeling like that requires a great deal of comfort, flexibility and openness about our bodies, but Ms. Dermis isn't a professional model. I mean, she's modeled for my photos a lot lately, but I'm worried about her. Could you maybe call her and check in. I want to make sure we are okay."

I tried to look very worried. It wasn't hard, I was worried.

Mom thought for a minute. Then she stepped up to me and palmed my cheek and pressed her naked body against mine.

"You are so sweet, Bentley. I'm proud of you." Mom leaned in, her arms sliding around my neck and she kissed me on the lips. It wasn't long, but a little longer than a quick peck.

Mom dropped her hands down from my shoulders to my waist, holding us both pinned together at our hips and leaned back to look me in the eye. That was a little hard for me, because the sight of her incredible over-sized breasts pressing naked against my chest was very distracting. I looked back at Mom with an appreciative smile.

She said, "Of course I can. I have her number, I'll call her right now. Then, we could practice that kissing if you want.

"Cecilia, do you feel comfortable with how you kiss? You've had a couple of boy friends. How do you think you do? You might want to practice too."

My sister looked at me, her eyes traced my body still pressed against Mom. "I think that would be good. I'm sure I could use a few pointers."

My cock was beginning to swell again and my cockhead was thickening right against my mother's bald labia. She made no move to acknowledge the increased pressure and just said to Cecilia, "Great. It will make things easier to have another person. Here, just watch for a second, then you two can practice while I go make a phone call."

Mom brought her arms up around my neck again and pulled me down towards her face. "Don't let your lips get too wet, but they shouldn't be too dry either. They need to be able to slide easily without grossing the other person out with wet slobbery lips."

Mom slipped her tongue out just enough to spread a thin layer of moisture between her bottom and top lip. Mom had beautiful lips and I hardened a little more as I watched.

"You don't need to use your tongue right away. In fact, it's best to not lead with your tongue at first. Kissing should be a gentle, progressive experience. It first starts as a easy slow, press to test each other's waters."

Mom pressed her soft lips against mine and we kissed, just the lips, for a few seconds. It felt amazing. I was surprised by how it made me feel. It was highly sensual, close feeling, I felt like I was falling in love with my mother all over again and there was just a slight hint of sexualness too.

Mom broke the kiss and turned towards her daughter. "See? That was very nice. You take it a little slow and you get to know your lover. Once you feel comfortable, open your mouth against his and don't race to stick your tongue in his mouth, make it soft, full of care. A first kiss is a gentle question. Not a demand. That's something else entirely and there are times for that too."

Mom turned back towards me and our lips connected again. This time, after a second, Mom eased her lips open slightly and I followed along. We held our lips against each other, but slightly opened. I felt Mom's hot breath move against my tongue. Then I felt the tentative tap of her tongue's tip on my upper lip. She began tracing my lip left and right. I joined her and traced the tip of my mother's tongue with my own tongue.

Mom moved her head slight and pulled her lips back just a little bit, but kept her tongue against my tongue and led me on a path around my lips. I opened my eyes when I felt her right hand leave my shoulder. She was reaching out to her daughter and her hand bounced into Cecilia's naked left breast. Mom turned her palm against the soft orb for a second before sliding across to Cecilia's shoulder. I pulsed against my mother's pubis, my swelling cockhead wedging between her thighs, when I watched Cecilia's left nipple catch, then snap free from under her mother's hand. The stiffened nub caught against her mother's thumb for a second before wobbling free. Mom hooked Cecilia by the back of her upper arm and pulled her in closer to get a better view while Mom began exploring my tongue even more.

Mom kept her lips away from mine for another second. She let me trace her lips with my tongue. Mom pushed her tongue all around my own exploring tongue so Sissy could see what we were doing. Then Mom lifted herself up on her toes as high as she could and glued her lips to mine. She stabbed her tongue as deeply into my mouth as she could.

I got more than a little distracted because the movement forced my cock to slide between her naked thighs and against her labia. Mom was very moist down there. I dropped my hands from Mom's shoulders, to her hips and clutched her tighter against my own hips as my length slid into the juncture at the top of my mother's thighs. She was straddling my hard rod by the time she pulled back from our kiss.

"Could you see what we were doing, Cecilia? You want to try now?"

Mom's hips were moving slightly back and forth. I could feel the inner lips of Mom's pussy spread open around the top curve of my shaft. I know she could feel me hard between her legs, but I don't think she realized her hips were humping against me.

Cecilia nodded. Her eyes dropped to Mom's slightly rocking hips. Mom stopped. Her eyes turned

to mine, searching them. Then she stepped back, sliding herself down and off my shaft. Mom reached down and caught my hardened cock before it sprung free and threatened to knock the wind out of me when it snapped back against my naked stomach.

"Go ahead and try it Cecilia, but be careful of this." Mom wagged my erection at her daughter. It seems to have a mind of its own."

My shaft was wet and Mom's hand slipped easily along it as she tugged me back and forth for a second. Then she let go.

FWAPP! "OUFFF!" I grunted.

My sister took up the spot my mother vacated and reached down to catch me in her own hands. "I'll be careful, Mom." She said to Mom's parting back. Mom dug in her purse on the hall table and pulled her phone out before heading to her bedroom.

"Now, Big Little Brother, it's my turn. You sure you can handle me?"

Cecilia was stroking my cock as she stared into my eyes and seemed to seek out my soul. "I'm glad you asked Mom about kissing. I've been meaning to talk to her about it too.

"So, let me see, she placed you like this." and Sissy levered my hard cock downward and stepped up to me on her tip toes and just slid my cock between her legs.

"Wait, Sis. Mom didn't put me there." I protested as soon as I felt the head of my cock part her pussy lips and begin to press up inside. I pulled back automatically and grabbed my sister's hips to change the angle. She had herself tilted towards me and I was about to enter my sister's wet cunt.

Cecilia looked up at me with a coy look in her eyes. She nibbled the tip of her right index finger. Her left hand still held the root of my shaft, her arm pinned between us.

"Oh, my bad." she whispered.

I slid between my sisters thighs and she breathed open mouthed in a warm moist wash of her breath against my neck. "Let's kiss now."

I looked slightly down at my sister. She is very beautiful and, from that close, all I could look at were those succulent red lips turning up towards me. I bent down and kissed her.

We did like Mom showed us. I met her lips with just a light wash of my tongue tip to wet them and we pressed ourselves against each other for a few seconds before I let my lips open against hers. My attention was divided between my sister's delicious lips and the feeling of her full breasts against my ribs and the warm trap my cock throbbed between. I started wondering why I'd stopped my sister from fucking me.

I felt Cecilia's tongue explore my mouth and I did the same to her. My sister didn't feel that much different from my mother. They were both about the same height and build. Cecilia was a little smaller in the chest, but really, not that much by the feel of her. I pushed my tongue deeper and slid the tip of my tongue along the ridge of taste buds that salted either side of that writhing lingual muscle while it danced sexily inside her mouth.

My cock throbbed and I moved my hips against her. I felt the cool air behind her ass cheeks as I emerged out the other side. Sissy's hands twisted up into my hair on the back of my head, and I dropped my hands down to grab her round naked ass cheeks. She began moving against me. We... well, 'dry humped' isn't an apt description; Cecilia was dripping, her pussy was drenched in her

fluids, and what we were doing against each other was more than simple humping. The fact that I wasn't actually inside my sister's cunt wasn't that big of a distinction. I picked her up and she wrapped her legs around my hips with a naturalness that had me feeling like cumming again.

Cecilia pinched her knees against my hips and lifted herself higher, climbing my torso, until she was above me, bending her neck down to keep our mouths connected. My cockhead dragged back against her sopping cleft and found a seat. Cecilia tilted her hips. I could feel the deep red and pink lips of her inner labia part around me. I was about to stab my cock into my sister and she was the one leading the charge.

"Bentley, do you want to talk to Ms. Dermis? I have her on the..." Mom walked back into the room.

I pressed my sister straight up like doing a snatched and lift. I held her over my head for a moment, then very quickly set her down hard on her feet. My erection sprung violently up and down after catching between her legs for an instant.

"Yeah, I wanna talk to her. Thanks Mom." I talked and moved way too fast. I shifted quickly over to be standing in front of Mom, the throbbing and wet head of my cock stabbed my mother right in her lower stomach. I put my hand on the phone Mom held a few inches away from her ear. I did NOT want Mom to realize that I was almost about to fuck my sister. She didn't seem to be too upset about my fucking Ms. Dermis, she was actually pretty close mouthed about it. I was sure there was a limit to my mother's understanding nature.

I've made a few references to casual and regular sexual intercourse that should normalize it between unmarried uninvolved and consenting couples, even making public fucking more ordinary. The situation has come up a few times on 'Hard Law' and a number of minor references in commercials and there was even a recent news episode where the field reporter enjoyed a casual fuck with an interviewee (implied, not shown). Surf Beach High, of course, is filled with it, however, it hasn't been my emphasis.

I'm sure what saved me was both the situation of an erotic photo shoot getting everyone aroused in an extremely intimate setting while we were all trying to be both as creative and sexy as possible, as well as the promise from the dedicated faculty to help me learn sexual control. I have to also admit, that Miss Crotchet's influence had a lot to do with it. She was the one who engineered the whole situation with the collar, the cuffs and the leash as shackles, to begin with. Her taking on the role of professional porn star consultant and deepthroat mentor, has certainly had its effect.

That doesn't mean I can get away with just sticking my cock into my sister and fucking her in front of Mom. Cecilia is clearly interested, but Mom's probably not there yet. I think Cecilia understands that too.

As soon as I took the phone from Mom, Cecilia distracted her further by taking Mom's arm and saying, "I think I'm getting the hang of it, but it would be great if you practiced with me a little. Just watching doesn't seem like enough."

"Well, I guess. You're probably right. Bentley is learning much faster than I would have thought, but he's still pretty inexperienced. Okay, that sounds like a good idea."

I was just saying 'hello' to Ms. Dermis on the phone when I lost my train of thought and completely missed Ms. Dermis's 'hello' back. I just stared, for a second as I watched Cecilia step naked into our mother's arms and press her body into Mom's and match their full luscious lips together. Two pair of incredible naked breasts smashed into each other, bulging all that smooth round tit flesh out to the sides.

"Hello, Bentley. I am glad your mother called and that you wanted to talk about what happened at the end of school."

I watched Mom open her mouth and caught a glimpse of pink wet tongue passing behind the sliver of a gap between her daughter's and her own lips and move into Cecilia's mouth.

"AHHH Yeah. Huh?" I absently asked into the phone. I moved the phone to my right hand and dropped my left down around my hard-on.

"I know you must be feeling very confused, and frankly, I'm not all that clear on how everything got so out of hand, myself, but I don't want this... accident... to affect our relationship in school. I hope, I know, you are mature enough to understand that what happened was just a querk of circumstances and that it can't happen again."

I was getting lost in the deepening mouth meld between Mom and my sister. Their heads tilted in opposite directions, their lips slipped and compressed and twisted wettly against each other, their smooth feminine cheeks hollowed out as they sucked on each other's tongue, and I could see the writhing tongue movement in those deeply concaved spaces between widely opened jaws. My hand stroked my blood filled cock and I had no intelligent words to reply to my teacher with. "Oh, ahhh, yeah, uh huh. WOW!"

"Don't panic, Bentley. I am here for you and after talking with your mother about it, I feel we can move on and continue to help each other as student and teacher and friends. You are important to me, Bentley. I like being your advisor.

"Your mother is being so great. She really is an extraordinary woman. You're a very lucky young man. I hope you, and your sister too, know how far your mother is willing to go for both of you."

"Yeah! Mom and Cecilia are amazing. They are really going far. OH YEAh..." I was openly masterbating to my mother and my sister making out in the nude, not five feet in front of me. I wasn't hearing even half of what Ms. Dermis was saying.

"Um... so... you are getting the idea? You understand what I'm driving at?" She asked over the phone, then she decided something. "Listen Bentley. I'm sorry, but talking about something like this over the phone is a little hard. We can talk more before school on Monday, but..."

I could feel the pressure building in my cock and in my balls. When Sissy reached up and began feeling-up Mom's boobs and caught the hardened peaks of those huge tits in her fingers, I stopped hearing anything Ms. Dermis was saying.

"OHHH, Okay... ah... sooo... uUUAhhh... yeeahHH! I guess, OHH... okay I'll... uUHmm... talk to you then."

Mom and Cecilia broke the kiss and I pressed the disconnect button on the phone automatically in response. My cock was slick with pre-cum and my left hand pumped furiously.

"Wow, Cecilia! You are a very good... BENTLEY STOP!"

I stopped. Fuck!

"We just got home twenty minutes ago. You need to practice more control, remember?"

Cecilia giggled. "Sorry brother. I wasn't laughing at you. It just seemed funny that you have just lost your virginity and now Mom and I are practicing kissing, and that's what is getting you excited."

"Cecilia!" Mom chastised. I'm sure it looked very erotic to a young man who's got as little experience as your younger brother has."

Mom was staring at my pulsing hard-on.

"Maybe you do need some release. Do you think you can wait 'till after dinner or would it be better to take care of you now?"

"I vote for now, Mom. I was hoping you could teach us a little more when everyone got here and it would be nice if Bentley didn't blow his load right away." Cecilia offered her opinion.

Mom was getting annoyed with her daughter. "Cecilia. Just because these issues have a sexual element to them doesn't mean you should be crude when talking about them."

Mom stared Cecilia into contrition.

"However, you have a point. Just take care about how you express yourself young lady.

"Bentley, I know your sister meant to ask instead of just assuming you were willing to help. Does that sound okay with you?"

"Um... sure. Yeah, of course. I want to help. And, yes. I think it would be best to get relief now, I think." I answered.

I tried to judge how Mom was feeling about everything and I couldn't tell. This was unusual and meant something, but I was unsure of what was going through her mind when she agreed. Should I make a suggestion or let her tell me how to get my relief? I decided to follow her lead.

"Of course, Baby. Cecilia, would you like a chance to practice fellatio before your friends get here? I have to admit that I got the chance to learn a few things about it today. I'd be happy to teach you what I learned."

"You got to suck on Bentley's cock in school today?" My sister asked in exaggerated outrage.

"Cecilia, your being crude again." Mom jumped on Cecilia's case. Then, Mom continued her explanation, "It turns out that Miss Crotchet is very good at deepthroat and when Priscilla..."

"EEWw! Miss Crotchet? What would she know about it?" my sister asked, with her disgust distorting her face.

"Honey, Miss Crotchet is almost sixty. She's had a lot of life that she's lived; that you, only a senior in high school, can barely imagine. She told me that she was younger than you when she got a job as a model, before starting college. She developed breasts and couldn't get a job as a model any more, so after college, she was actually a "Bustler Babe". Posed for magazine pictures and did tours with Hugh Flint. You may not know who that is today, but he was the leader in adult entertainment back then. Had a private resort called the Bustler Beach House where all the famous people hung out on his private island estate."

Cecilia looked shocked, "Miss Crotchet? You're joking."

I spoke up, standing there with my erection thrusting out before me. "Mom's telling the truth. That woman is some sort of fellatio guru. She took my whole length down her throat as easily as drinking a glass of water. I wouldn't have thought it either, but she is amazing."

You let Miss Crotchet deepthroat you? ... And you liked it?"

"Cecilia! I thought I taught you better than that. Just because she's not your ideal of feminine beauty doesn't mean she doesn't have the same feelings as everyone else. Get over your prejudices."

Cecilia closed her mouth, realizing how she was sounding. "Sorry Mom." she apologized.

I wanted to say, 'She DOESN'T have the same feelings as everyone else. She's into some weird stuff.' but I thought it best to keep my mouth shut too. Sometimes it's not what you say that shows how smart you are, it's what you refrain from saying that demonstrates intelligence.

"Wow, Miss Crotchet. I would have never guessed. Okay, Mom. I want to learn what you learned. What do I do?"

"Good, Sweetie. It's just like I showed you before. Get down on your knees in front of your brother and get him really wet with your mouth. I'll walk you through it and help you."

My sister knelt down in front of me and grabbed the root of my cock. Mom followed and knelt down next to her daughter. I swooned a little (I can't believe I am using that word to describe myself), when Mom and my sister both leaned in and started licking and mouthing my cockhead and shaft from opposite sides together. I reached down and gently cupped the backs of both of their heads. That alone would have covered their faces in my cum just a week ago.

"AugchhHHhhha... That feels SO goooood." I moaned as I watched both my mother's soft glossy lips and my sisters wet unpainted lips glide together along opposite sides of my rock hard shaft.

Mom reached down with her tongue and collected my balls into her mouth while Cecilia bathed my cock root with her lips and tongue. I saw Mom's right hand come to rest on her daughter's hip while she used her left hand to help feed my balls into her mouth. Cecilia responded with her right hand capturing Mom's left breast and her left hand holding my erection by my turgid head.

"Yeaaaahhh... thaaaaat's it. OhHhhh!" I gasped.
Cecilia giggled and scratches her nails over my purplish gland. "Uaoooffff!" I grunted and jerked my hips. Cecilia giggled even more.

Mom and her daughter seemed to be in perfect synch as they licked their way back towards the head of my aching cock.

Another giggle. This time it was Mom who still held my testicles and had tickled her finger tips into the space right behind them. My hips jerked, just when my sister was bringing her mouth up over the end of my cock, and my whole head popped between her lips, cutting off whatever she was about to say, "Mommmuooffffmmmm."

"You shouldn't try to talk with your mouth full, darling." Mom glanced up at me just when I opened my eyes back up. "Sorry Sweetie, I couldn't help myself." She apologized to her daughter for her "tasteless" joke.

I'm funny, no? "Tasteless", you know, they're tasting me? Forget it.

Mom then replaced my sister's mouth with her own, when Cecilia finally pulled back enough to get me out from between her lips.

"AUOEEEEOHHH!" Mom's lips and tongue dance a Tango across my cockhead.

"Funny, Mom." snarked Cecilia.

Mom popped off of my cock and said. "I have an idea. Go lay down on the couch with your feet up over the back. I saw this in a video when looking up how to deepthroat, the other day. I think it will help you open your throat up."

Cecilia, with a questioning look, moved to the couch.

"Bentley, kneel in front of her. Cecilia, you have to turn around. Put your feet up over the back on the couch and hang your head over the edge. Here, like this." and Mom got on the couch next to her daughter and quickly got into the inverted position she was describing.

"Bentley, come over here so I can try it out."

I knee walked sideways , my hard cock jutting out just over Mom's upside down face.

Mom reached up with both hands and hooked her fingers around my rigid shaft and tilted me down until the wet head was against her lips.

"Cecilia, Miss Crotchet said exactly what I was telling you. Get the penis thoroughly wet and well lubricated. Try to build up your saliva, it will help you swallow. But what she really helped with was emphasizing the roll of visualization. You want to really picture yourself opening your throat and letting Bentley's large penis stretch your esophagus. Imagine how good it feels how delicious it tastes how sweet his sperm is. Think about how much you want to suck Bentley's cock down your throat. It really worked. She talked me through over forty seconds of holding Bentley in my throat.

"Here, help me get him wet again and watch. If Bentley can hold out, then you can try it."

Mom licked the underside of my cockhead, right across the frenulum and up to the top. Her tongue swiped across the meatus and caught a large bead of pre-cum.

"WhooaaAaHHH!" I jerked in surprise.

Cecilia straightened back up and bent over Mom's face, trapping my cock between the two women again. I leaned over to see better. Cecilia licked my length, then spit. Her gob of saliva covered my head while Mom was licking the underside. Cecilia spit again and the clear bubbly saliva rolled over my shaft and dripped directly into Mom's open mouth.

Mom pushed the tongue load of her daughter's spit up and spread it over my shaft.

I closed my eyes and concentrated on holding myself back while feeling two tongues and two sets of lips bathe me in their saliva.

"That's good Sissy." Mom said. "Okay Bentley, guide yourself into my mouth. Remember what Miss Crotchet told you about giving me a few seconds to get use to you. Take it easy. Only be forceful when I'm ready."

Mom shifted her eyes up to her daughter. I'm visualizing my throat opening around Bent...nmummm."

I aimed my hips downward and pushed the head of my cock into my mother's mouth.

"Auahhhh..." I gasped quietly.

Mom gripped the root of my thick blood engorged shaft with her thumb and index finger. Her other fingers of her right hand spread across my bald pubis. She held them guarded against my

hips.

There was the lightest scratch of her lower teeth across the flaired ridge of my cockhead and then I was in my mother's mouth.

Mom brought her left hand up and cupped my left ass cheek. Cecilia reached down and cupped my balls. Mom bathed my gland with her tongue then pulled me into the top of her throat.

"Ahh... yeeahHHsss!" My back arched and a shiver scampered up my spine from the top of my ass to the base of my neck. Mom backed off a little and encouraged me to pump a few strokes in and out of her mouth.

"This looks really sexy. How does it feel, Bro?" Sissy asked.

I was grateful for the minor distraction because it was unbelievably erotic. I was also remembering having Ms. Fellaicceo stretched across her desk and my spewing cock stabbed into her mouth while her head hung upside down over the edge.

"Oh... wow, Sis. Yeah, it's... amazin... AUOHHHH!"

Mom stretched her tongue over the back off my cockhead and out along my shaft. I looked down and watched her stretch her lips opened around me as wide as she could. She reached out with her tongue almost to my root. I was lodged in the back of Mom's mouth again and only three inches of shaft were left to bury. I thought, 'now' was the time to push the rest of my cock into my mother.

Mom had the same idea apparently, and I felt her swallow around my cockhead. The constriction against my sex flooded crown relaxed.

'NOW!' I told myself. I pushed. Mom's hand on my left ass cheek was joined by her other hand on my right ass cheek.

I don't remember grabbing my mother's huge breasts, but I had them in my fists and pulled them upward as I ground my hips forward. Mom's nose pressed into my ball sack. Her chin was against my pubic bone.

"UghhhheeeyYyeESSSssssss!"

"Oh my God! Look at that. You can see your cock in Mom's throat, Bentley." Cecilia cried in amazement.

She put her hand down across her mother's neck and I felt her fingers exploring the bulge of my cockhead through Mom's throat.

Fuck! That was FUCKING sexy.

I held on. OH FUCK! It was hard not to spew into my mother's stomach, but I managed to keep it in by thinking about wanting to let it go in Cecilia's throat instead. I really wanted Mom to help her daughter swallow my cum.

FUCK! That line of thinking was making holding on even harder.

Mom tapped and her tongue pushed against me. I rocked my hips back and my cock popped out of Mom's mouth, slapping my stomach wettly.

Mom rolled over quickly and coughed a little, but she seemed to be pretty good. She took a few

deep breaths and said, "That worked pretty well. My nose backed up a little, but I think that was a pretty good angle."

She looked over and saw Cecilia settling into position on her back, her feet up over the couch, her long hair hanging to the floor below.

"Let your sister try it. I know you must be close, so take it easy and be gentle with her."

Mom sat up and slid to her knees, guiding my cock over until I knelt above my sister's hanging head.

"Open." Mom said to Cecilia, but it was unnecessary. Mom fed my cock down into my sister's mouth.

A fuzzy buzzing feeling filled my head and I wondered, for a second, if everything I thought I knew and remembered about this last year, more then a year actually, for my family, was just a dream. Then Mom leaned down to block my vision of my vainy cock sliding into my sister's open mouth as it jutted like a steel bar out of my mother's hand. I heard Mom spit and felt the warm splat. Mom pulled back and I watched my sister catch the thick bubbly bulge of saliva dripping over the shaft of my cock with her tongue and move it around.

"AUGHHOOHHH!" I groaned more from the idea of what was happening than from how it felt. Don't miss understand, it felt incredible and I eased more of my cock into my sister's mouth. She yawned as wide as she could to take me in.

Cecilia copied Mom's position and grabbed both of my ass cheeks with her hands. Her full teenage breasts jiggled and quivered violently with her arm movement. My cockhead settled against the top of Sissy's throat. I captured those beautiful, sexy, soft, teenage breasts before they had a chance to settle down.

"UghhhheyYyeAHHhhh!" I breathed. I wanted to thank my sister, but I couldn't say anything coherent.

"Bentley, just move your penis gently back and forth inside your sister's mouth. Don't force her yet."

Mom rubbed Cecilia's shoulder as I fucked my cock in and out of my sister's mouth. Oh man, that felt good. Cecilia seemed to be savoring the moment. She was feeling her way along my shaft and over my cockhead with her tongue. Then, Cecilia applied pressure on my hips with her hands, bringing me in tighter and deeper with each stroke.

She swallowed against my cockhead when I rocked into the back of her mouth.

Mom whispered, "She looks ready."

Out loud, Mom instructed her daughter. "Visualize your brother's erection sliding easily into your throat. Picture it opening you up and riding the wash of saliva down your throat. Imagine how good Bentley's penis will feel pushing warm and firm into your neck. Concentrate on the image of your brother slipping all the way into your mouth and down your throat. It belongs there, it is at home there, you feel complete, in control, strong and feminine and capable of anything with Bentley's hard penis seated all the way in your throat. WILL your brother's erection into your throat."

"OuOHHuaayYEEeahHHHhhh!" I gasped when Cecilia tried to swallow around me. I arched and I pushed.

Pop! My cock popped through the narrow part of my sister's throat and I seated my pubic bone against my sister's chin.

Cecilia bucked against me and I felt the undulations of her neck muscles grabbing and pushing along the whole length of my cock. I stiffened impossibly hard while Cecilia fought to hold me sheathed to the hilt in the depths of her throat.

I was going to explode. I felt my cum boiling in the pit of my loins.

"You did it, Honey!" our mother shouted. She sounded so proud of her daughter.

I had been holding my sister's full breasts in both of my hands, but I let go with my left hand and bent down to weave my fingers through my sister's hanging hair and cup the back of her arched neck. She calmed her writhing down and I snugged Cecilia's lips up harder against me. I flattened my sister's stretched lips into my naked flesh. Her moans couldn't be heard, but their vibrations shocked my trapped organ into action.

"FFfFUuUCKkkKKKkkaaahhhh!...I'mmmm cuUUUMmminnnggg."

I pulled back and Cecilia sucked in air around my shaft, then she tried to cough while sperm filled her mouth. Her teeth bit lightly around the center of my girth and I lunged my hips forward, pushing my cock back into Cecilia's throat again.

"AuGhckkkk." My sister gagged.

I felt the stab of my orgasm punch its way out past the head of my cock and I pulled out of my sister's throat again. My cum splash hard across her tongue, and when she struggled to swallow my bursting discharge I fucked myself back into her throat again.

"AHUGHAAAA...SISSSSSS...FFFUUUGHTHAAT'SSSoOHhGOOOOD!"

I fucked my sister's throat in and out in half a dozen long deep, lip crushing thrusts as I blasted my sperm past her mouth and down my sister's neck. I spasmed and my back began to vibrate down into my hips until I fell backwards. A last jet of cum shot up and landed across my sister's up-turned face.

Cecilia coughed and gasped for air. She rolled to her side and her coughing fit turned into a laugh. Her laugh was interrupted by more coughing, then more laughing.

"I... huh huh... AugchhHHhhha... did it..." cough cough "Hahaha..." She looked at me. "I could feel you loose control." Cough cough. "You were right... ha ha ha." Cecilia turned to her mother. Cough cough. "I felt like Bentley's coc... penis belonged in my throat and I was controlling him." Cough cough. "I've never felt so feminine and so powerful at the same time."

Priscilla answered, startling us all, "Yes. That's how I felt, exactly."

I was laying on my back and when I craned my head to look behind me at her, I was staring directly up under her short skirt at a tiny pair of sheer white thong panties. They were incredibly small, but I was surprised to see any under garments at all.

"Sorry." Priscilla said. "I knocked and rang the bell, but no one came... to the door, that is." and she chuckled at her own joke. Looking past her, we could see Jess Flirty and Libbey O'Majorah. Libbey was another good friend of my sister's, but she didn't come over very often. This was the first time she'd been over while we were all naked and her face was beet red. From my position on the floor, I could see she and Jess had no underwear on beneath their tiny skirts.

It hit me, recovering my wits from a mind blowing orgasm. I recalled that I had noticed a small number of girls seemed to resist the messages to go commando in school. Thinking back, I realized I had actually seen some of them flashing their pussies before the time I'd noticed they wore underwear. I finally realized what was happening. Girls had to wear something once a month or so unless they wanted to let their periods flow freely down their legs. They were only wearing a minimum garment to hold a pad or something in place. I knew Mom and Cecilia did that, but I hadn't made the connection until I saw Priscilla's panties.

I looked more closely between Priscilla's legs. Her thong was very sheer and the sliver of pink inner labial ribbon could be made out pressing flat into the light mesh of her panties. Pressed also into the light see-thru material of the tiny triangle was a little white string. Priscilla was having her period and the thong was holding the string of her tampon from dangling down. Well that made sense.

I have to add, I was more than a little disappointed because, ever since performing cunnilingus on my mother, I've been looking forward to doing it some more, and considering my growing relationship with Priscilla, she's the one I keep picturing riding my tongue. I can wait, I guess. I'm still not done with Mom, and my sister is definitely going to be straddling my mouth.

I've actually surprised myself at how arousing I've been finding the image of my open mouth glued to the spread juncture of an orgasming woman. I really wanted to start actively making the women around me cum more. I was beginning to understand what women were finding so appealing about sucking cock. Being the one to make your partner cum, to lose control to you, is a huge turn-on.

I rolled over and got up. Libbey focused on my glistening wet, semi-hard cock during my entire journey to my feet. She was a small girl, but very athletic. Her breasts are not large. They are high and very bouncy. Her nipples are small and tight and they stood out like they were trying to see where everybody went after they didn't hear the bell ring for the end of school. Her ponytail is a little longer than most cheerleaders and just as bouncy as her tits. She wore a sheer mesh cropped top that left the smooth pale bottom curves of her firm teen breasts bare, and she wore a mini skirt that was slit up one thigh in the front, all the way from the top of her muscular thigh to the top of her slim hip. In back, the skirt covered most, but not all, of her small tight round ass, and in that slit the skin from thigh to waist was uninterrupted and tanline free. Her entire left leg and hip would be naked with each step forward that she took with her left foot.

I enjoyed looking at her tight little body and my cock halted it's deflation from my cumming down my sister's throat.

They were, of course, expecting to get to play with my cock and I wasn't going to let them go home disappointed, but their timing was not great.

Cecilia said in a raspy voice, "Hi guys. It's awesome that you're early. I was hoping we'd get plenty of time to hangout."

Cecilia acted like nothing unusual was going on. She climbed to her feet as she spoke. "We were just talking about what to do about dinner. Bentley voted for Chinese."

My sister absently swiped at the string of semen that was starting to drip across her face as she stood up. Then, she looked at it coating her fingers and was about to pop her slick fingers into her mouth when Jess spoke up. "Wait Cecilia, let Libbey have a taste."

Jessica turned to her friend, "You need to taste Bentley's cum. It is so different than either of our boyfriends'."

To Mom, Jessica explained, "I was trying to show Libbey some of what you were teaching us the other night, on our boyfriends, just before coming over here. Libbey's boyfriend and mine both taste pretty similar, but Bentley is much sweeter than either of them."

Cecilia smiled and reversed the direction of her hand to hold her fingers out for the head cheerleader to try.

Libbey giggled and looked at my mother to make sure she was okay with it. Mom gave a small smile back to reassure our guest. Libbey giggled some more and leaned in to indulge her friend. We all watched as she tongue my sister's fingers and let Cecilia feed her wet digits into her mouth. Libbey's eyes opened a little wider and she grinned. "Wow, Jess. You're right. That doesn't taste like Dunkan's or Guy's cum at all. I could tell the difference even blindfolded."

Duncan MacQueen and Guy Dunphy are both football players. They and Cecilia's old boyfriend, "Fat Rick" or Rick Rauncho, are best friends. He's supposedly called "Fat Rick" for his particularly fat penis, since he's big, but not fat. "Fat Rick" is the Center on the offensive team and has taken a lot of head shots; I mean a lot of head shots. I was pretty satisfied to hear my sister had dumped him when he started getting pushy about her sucking his cock. He's okay. I don't think he'd hurt her or anything, I'm just proud that she has standards and the strength to stick to them.

Anyhow, the three of them are the star players on the football team and they will probably all get scholarships. I honestly don't think it will do them any good. They aren't likely to go pro and I'd be surprised if they managed to get anything out of college other than a few good parties and a few good lays.

Listen to me. I sound like that stereotypical nerd who has trouble handling the big dumb jocks. The fact is, I have as much muscle as Guy, who's a tackle and more than Duncan, the quarterback. "Fat Rick" is a lot bigger, but he's also got three inches of height on me. I'm a little on the short side, but only a little and I am still growing.

I've never had any problems with them. When I was a freshman, I was too young and small for them to get any satisfaction or admiration from their buddies for picking on me, and besides, my sister was hot. Don't piss off the protective older sister if you want a chance to get into her pants.

When I got older, I just wasn't in the same classes. In fact, I wasn't in many classes at all. I was pretty independent and I'm not even sure they knew I was a student at our school most of the time.

I must harbor a little resentment for their popularity. Ha! I wouldn't want to have to put up with being on the football team just to be popular. I've said it before, I like my brains where they are. They can have it, I've never cared about popularity anyhow. It seems kind of pathetic and desperate to strive for such things. So, it's kind of ironic that here I am, naked, the three most popular girls in school passing around my cum to taste, and the one I am most interested in is not considered popular at all.

Funny, but looking at her critically next to my sister, Jess Flirty, and Libbey O'Majorah, she could easily compete. She is beautiful. Her green eyes are stunning. If she lost ten pounds, not that I would want that, but her body would be just as tight and slim as Jessica's or my sister's, with bigger breasts though. Contacts or more stylish glasses with her flame red hair in waves instead of practical braids, some glossy lip balm, and she might actually be the hottest girl in school. However, the fact that she is completely unconcerned and uninterested in making the effort is a lot of what I find so attractive about her. She is self-actualized. If you don't know what that is, look it up.

You know what the sexiest thing about a woman is? What I get turned on by more than any other

aspect of a woman, more than long shapely legs, more than a firm round tight ass, more than a soft hourglass figure or, a particular favorite, large freely bouncing breasts with deep dreamy cleavage, or a full plump bow shaped pair of lips? The sexiest women are women who love sex. That's why all those other things are so much better when dressed up in lingerie or fetish wear. That's why painted lips and high heels are a turn-on, that's why my imagination goes wild when I know a woman isn't wearing panties or let's her gorgeous big breasts swing freely, because those things suggest that the woman being admired, is sexual. Nothing is sexier than knowing she wants to have sex, that she loves sex.

A smart, capable and independent woman who is interested in having sex with me is a woman truely interested in sex. Others, I can't know if they love sex or just want something from me or are easily manipulated and pushed around. That's why Priscilla is my ideal, why I find my advisor and my principle and even my mother so sexy. If smart independent women like them are willing to be sexual with me, it because they really want to have sex with me, not because they are short on other options.

Enough philosophizing, I watched Libbey lick my sperm off my sister's fingers and then Jess reached over and caught a drop from my sister's cheek and sucked it off her own finger. Priscilla watched and Mom watched and I watched and Cecilia ran her tongue up to catch a small bead of milky cum from her upper lip. I caught Priscilla's eye. She looked like she thought they were crazy. I shrugged at her and smiled to let her know I understood.
Priscilla stepped over to me and leaned her shoulder into mine, then I felt her hand wrap around my girth. "It's kind of weird, but then, yours is the only semen I've ever tasted. Maybe if I tried sucking "Fat Rick's" penis, I'd have a better appreciation for the taste of your sperm. Ha ha ha." She stroked my slowly flagging cock and it stopped softening.

"Are you saying you have no appreciation for my cum?" I asked and gave her an elbow in the side of her fat left breast.

She froze for a second, "No. I... I didn't mean it like that."

I turned towards her and palmed the giant breast I had poked, "Relax, I was only teasing. You can suck on my cock anytime you want. You are really getting good at it."

The old Priscilla would have come back with a loud snapping of her fingers in front of my face and said something like, "Wake up, Bent face. You must have narcolepsy because you're dreaming."

The new Priscilla actually looked relieved.

I pushed a little further and said, "I would like the chance to suck on you too. I think I still have a lot to learn, myself." I said it kind of loud and Priscilla blushed. She has the kind of complexion that really turns red when she blushes too.

Mom heard me and turned towards us. "That is an excellent idea. Girls aren't the only ones who have things to learn about satisfying a partner of the opposite sex." she answered and I remembered the previous night. Wow, a lot has happened, it seemed, but I was certainly hoping for a repeat of Mom's private practice session from last night.

I blinked back into the moment when she said, "Chinese, it is. The girls want to share a Pu Pu Platter with extra Crab Rangoon. Priscilla, would you like anything from the Chinese Restaurant?"

"Is that the Wampole Dragon? They have an excellent Wanton Soup with steamy, sticky rice on the side. Thank you."

"Of course, dear. It is my pleasure to have you guys over."

Mom went to make the phone call with a quick glance down at Priscilla's hand still wrapped around my cock.

"Bentley, tell Libbey you're good with letting us practice deepthroat on you. She's worried that you won't be able to get hard again." Cecilia asked, joining Priscilla and me. Jess was right next to my naked sister, and Libbey hung back a little.

I turned and looked Libbey's well displayed body up and down. Then I smiled at her. "Of course. No problem. Mom and Sis were only helping me before you guys got here, so I didn't go off too soon. I don't seem to have any problem recovering, and I'm already better at holding out longer, than I was a few weeks ago."

Weeks ago? How long have I been getting my cock sucked off on a regular basis. It seems like forever. It's been AWESOME!

Jessica leaned back and whispered to Libbey, "See, I told you. Duncan just falls asleep right after he cums."

Libbey nodded her head, "Guy does too, if I let him. They're probably both fast asleep in each other's arms in the backseat of Guy's car right now." They both laughed.

Jess began to strip, "Come on, Libbey. It's better if we strip. Bentley might recover faster."

When Jess finished stripping, Cecilia caught at her arm and said, "Guess what Mom was just teaching Bentley and I to do?"

' 'Bentley and I?' Come on Sis,' I thought. 'You know better than that. You wouldn't say 'Guess what Mom was just teaching 'I' to do.' ' She must be pretty excited; Cecilia doesn't usually make those kinds of mistakes. The grammer stumble distracted me and I was interested to see where this might go.

Libbey dropped her mouth openned and stretched her eyelids apart. "HUH? Is your Mom teaching you guys to have real sex?"

"Ewww, No! Bentley asked Mom about kissing and she gave us this amAZing lesson on how to French kiss. I have to say, that other thing came really close to happening though. Do you guys think that's weird?"

Sissy held up her hands in a stop motion, "Nothing happened though. I was just really getting into the kiss. Bentley's actually a pretty good kisser."

Mom walked back in and placed her phone on the side table. "Okay, it'll be here in thirty minutes. So, you sound like you're interested in learning to kiss. What do you say Bentley? You feel like making out with five beautiful women? Ha ha ha." Mom chuckled at her tease.

"Sure. They ARE beautiful. You being the MOST beautiful, Mom."

"Ha! Maybe not now, but there was a time. Actually, no there wasn't. I was every bit as nerdy and isolated in high school as you are Bentley. Not that that's a bad thing. I just wasn't very into the social thing. I wasn't the kind of girl people noticed." Mom explained. I was more social in college.

I stepped up to Mom's naked and amazing body and kissed her on the lips. Closed mouth. "Well

you grew into yourself since then. You are amazing."

The remaining wetness on my cock spread its slickness over her lower stomach. I leaned back a little and caught up Mom's huge breasts in both hands, pressing them together and lifting up a little. Mom's nipples dragged pointedly across my ribs. "If you had breasts as nice as you have now, believe me, you were noticed."

Feeling bold and playful when Mom smiled, I bent and took her right nipple in my mouth.

"Oh Bentley, you are too much. Stop that, I'm your mother. Ha ha ha ha." Mom swatted at my shoulder, but there was no force behind the gesture. I sucked for a second and switched to Mom's left nipple.

"AughhOohhh, Bentley." Mom moaned and cupped the back of my head. I was pulling harder and I could feel my mother shiver in response.

I relented, after a couple of moments, and straightened up with a loud pop of the wet seal breaking.

I had a big grin on my face and my cock was really beginning to recover its erection again. Mom noticed and dropped her hand down to capture me. "You, young man, are learning way too fast. I might have to slow it down a little or you're going to be beyond anything I can teach you."

Mom spanked my naked ass and turned to the rest of the room. "I was just teaching Bentley and Cecilia about kissing. So, if you guys want to learn more about that while we wait for dinner and Bentley to recover?"

The funny thing about that question was that Mom had my cock in her right hand and was stroking it and I was already getting pretty hard again. That is to say, I was pretty much recovered already

Priscilla hesitantly raised her hand. She seemed unusually cautious. "Um... yeah... um... I would like that. I've, actually... um... n... never kissed a boy before."

Mom smiled a big reassuring smile at Priscilla while, Libbey bust out with a laugh that she cut short when Cecilia and Mom glared at her. Jess rushed over, she was naked by then, and her full teenage breasts bounced and jiggled until they smashed against Priscilla's still covered breasts as she gave Priscilla a hug.

"We know you're, you know, not into dating, but seriously, you are just as hot as any of us. If you wanted, you could have any boy in school. Libbey was just laughing because it's ridiculous that you are this pretty, but have no experience." Jess looked over at Libbey with a meaningful look.

"Ah... exactly. It's just so funny that no one has kissed you yet. I actually thought you were a..."

"So, you want to go first Libbey?" I interrupted her. I stepped up to her and my erection actually pressed into the bottom of her sternum. No wonder she was always at the top of the pyramids in Cheer Squad. She doesn't look small from a distance, but when there is something to compare her stature to, Libbey is very small. The top of her head didn't even come up to my clavicle. I doubt she broke ninty pounds.

Libbey stared down at my cock bridging the nine inches between us.

"Oh my God! Jess said you were big, but... oh my God!"

"You can touch it, if you want. Don't worry though, I was only asking about kissing lessons."

"Um... yeah, I guess. My Mom and Dad gave me some lessons a little while ago and I practice with my big sister sometimes." She said. She didn't make a move to touch me though.

Mom asked, "How is your sister? I thought she'd gone off to college last year." Mom stepped up to stand next to us.

"She's good. She decided to work for a year or so. She needs to earn some money because she doesn't want to live on campus. Mom thinks she should try starting one of those strip-o-gram companies. She had Dad invite some friends over last weekend and she put on a show for them while they had their lunch. It was kinda funny. She's not a very good dancer. She's going to do it though. Her stage name will be Keri Sky. That's a cool name, don't you think?"

"I like it." Cecilia declared. "It makes me think of being carried up to Heaven. After all, that's what stripping is suppose to do, right? Take the audience to Heaven."

I glanced at Mom listening. She had an enigmatic expression on her face. Priscilla's look was also difficult to decipher.

"You have an interesting perspective on things, Cecilia. I think it certainly could be seen like that." Priscilla said.

"Okay Libbey. I'm glad to hear you're sister is doing well. She's come a long way from baby sitting for Bentley, hasn't she." Mom finally spoke up. "Kissing lessons, anyone?"

The doorbell rang.

"Cecilia. Are you expecting more friends?" Mom was checking the wall clock. Not time for the Chinese food yet. She was already heading for her dress hanging on a hook by the front door.

Cecilia shook her head 'no'.

"Then get some clothes on. PRONTO!"

Cecilia jumped and raced for her clothes. Mom was still annoyed by Sissy's behavior from last night, opening the front door in the nude, catching Mom naked to the outside World, and Sissy knew it.

The doorbell rang again. Mom smoothed out her dress, quickly pulled on over her head. It didn't hide much, but it was clothing. She checked the rest of the living room and Jess was pulling up her skirt, her blouse still unbuttoned, but her back was to the door.

Mom opened the front door and peeked out. We all listened. We could hear talking, but we couldn't hear anything intelligible. It obviously wasn't the Chinese delivery. Then, Mom opened the door wider and Ms. Dermis stepped in, unbuttoning her coat. I felt a wash of anxiety rushed over me. A light sweat thought about breaking through my skin over my face.

Ms. Dermis was wearing much more casual clothes than in school. They made her look younger, almost a teenager instead of a woman in her thirties. She wore light cotton pastel blue sneakers and a tiny denim micro skirt that was a bit tattered along the hem. It flaired and was gethered around her soft womanly hips, several inches below the tops of her hip bones. Her middle was bare exposing her flat smooth tummy with a small shallow belly button. Her large, freely bouncing breasts were covered by a stretched yellow tube top that revealed the shape and contours of her erect nipples. The upper edge of her top exposed a sliver of her areolae. The top didn't reach all the way down underneath her fantastic breasts and it molded over them like shrink wrap. Those nipples looked every bit as suckable as I knew they were.

I thought it would be a bad idea to try and avoid any unpleasantness that this may represent and concluded that I needed to approach this meeting with my advisor/modeling partner/lover with enthusiasm. It was best to act like I wanted this meeting as much as Ms. Dermis did. The truth may be exactly that. She is just in a position that demands she act.

I had pulled on the pair of loose nylon shorts I'd replaced my mesh workout shorts with, and my unbuttoned shirt. My erection tightened when I saw who it was, but my anxiety quickly tempered that.

"Ms. Dermis. I'm so glad you're here. Are you here to see me or Mom?" I asked, completely ignoring the possibility it could be Cecilia, who is also her advisee.

Ms. Dermis gave me a questioning look. "Do you not remember my telling you on the phone that I wanted to talk in person?"

SHIT! That didn't start well.

Mom said, "Why don't you go to Bentley's room to talk. I'll keep the girls entertained out here. We have Chinese being delivered and I ordered extra. I would be very pleased if you stayed for dinner."

"Ms. Dermis answered, "Thank you. I'd like that." She turned back to me, "So, show me your room, Bentley."

She seemed very calm and that made me feel a lot better. Unfortunately, that also meant my erection was happy to show up again and while these shorts hid it better than the mesh sided ones, they were still thin and much looser.

We got to my room and she looked around noting, with satisfaction, the large bookshelf that dominated one wall next to my desk. I did not have the typical collection of posters of rock bands or sports paraphernalia. My room is fairly neat, but not perfect. My computer had a "Space Trail - Neo-Genetics" screen saver going.

"This is my room, where all the magic happens."

Ms. Dermis laughed politely.

I've been smoother.

I decided to jump in, before it got too awkward after that. "I am really glad you're here. I have been so worried about what happened during our photo shoot. I really didn't mean for it to happen. I know it seems like I've been saying that a lot lately, but it's very important to me that I don't hurt the people I care about."

"You didn't hurt me, Bentley." Ms. Dermis said, holding her hand up to stop me from saying more.

I really was nervous.

"However, this is not the kind of thing that should ever happen between a teacher and her students. I'm worried about you. We need to fix this. I know we can't change what happened, but maybe we can make it better."

Ms. Dermis watched my eyes and I watched hers. I felt a little lost and I could tell she was not clear on her next steps either.

After a short pause, she said, "Your mother tells me I was your first."

I nodded to confirm.

"Bentley, sex is a very emotional experience. Your first will always have a special meaning to you. What happened shouldn't have happened, it can't happen again, but I assure you, I feel honored to have been your first. The truth is, I wanted it to happen. I allowed it to happen because I was very aroused. Honestly, I think the whole room wanted something like that to happen. I hope you can understand. I'm counting on you to be the mature young man I have come to know."

I nodded again. "I do understand, Ms. Dermis. You have been the most important influence in my life, since I started high school. I can't say I'm sorry I lost my virginity to you, but I am sorry if this threatens how you feel about me, how you and I get along."

"Yes, Bentley, that's a lot of it, but it's not all of it." Ms. Dermis said. "I'm sure if this was just about us, we could just promise to pay more attention and not let it happen again, but there are others who have to be considered too. Your mother has been very understanding. I really think she's not letting her real feelings show, however. I'll have more conversations with her about it, I'm sure, but you should also talk to her.

"Aside from that. I'm heading up an in-school program that could be seriously jeopardized by something like this. It can't be known around school. This could mean jobs. Not just mine, but everyone in the room. Even Mrs. Zaftig, as the head of school, could lose her job if the kids find out and can't be mature about it. Then parents get involved, the School Board and eventually the state. This is serious, Bentley."

I realized that this was a much more realistic concern than I was thinking because already, three students knew about it. If my sister didn't restrain herself, that number would increase by at least two before tonight was over.

"Just a second, Ms. Dermis. I think Cecilia needs to hear this too."

"Yes Bentley. I was hoping to talk to your sister about it as well."

I left my teacher in my room and found a veritable orgy of French kissing girls out in the living room. Cecilia, Mom and Libbey were sitting on the couch. Mom and Cecilia were deep in a French kiss, both sitting on either side of Libbey's tiny body, practically making out in her lap. Priscilla and Jess were standing, embraced in each other's arms, their mouths glued to each other, jaws stretched open to make room for their tongue wrestling cage match.

I stood watching for a second, my flagged erection pumping right back up again. Priscilla and Jess lowered themselves to their knees right next to the end of the coffee table, which had been pulled way out. They wore their clothes, but as hands caressed and hugged and pulled at each other's bodies, tiny skirts lifted, large breasts strained and lots of flesh peeked out.

Mom pulled back from making out with her daughter and said to Libbey, "See what I mean? You go ahead and try it." Mom sat up and let Cecilia lean in so Libbey could capture her mouth.

"Wait!" I called to them, stepping over, the newly straining bulge in my pants jutting out towards my sister's face. "Cecilia, can we talk in my room with Ms. Dermis? It won't take long, I think, but Ms. Dermis needs to talk to you."

My sister had pulled back and looked up when I'd called, 'wait'. She let her eyes wonder down to my erection. I noticed Libbey looking at it too.

"Ahh... sure baby brother. Mom, you okay? You stand in for me?"

Mom smiled and patted Libbey's bare thigh. "We got this. You go do what you need to do."

I helped my sister up. She used my erection as a hand hold and winked at me. Her blouse fell open and her entire left breast jiggled out into the open. She made no effort to cover up.

Just before we turned to leave, Mom leaned in to Libbey. "Okay, just like you were going to do with Cecilia." Their mouths met, arms slid around each other and I had to turn and look back once more before leaving the room. Mom and Libbey were making out on the couch while Jessica Flirty and Priscilla Tease were stretched out on the floor practically making love to each other. Priscilla's huge breasts were fully exposed, one of Jessica's hands was exploring her giant left breast and Jessica was on top, her skirt hiked all the way up around her waist, leaving her bottomless, her muscular teen thighs spread open to either side of Priscilla's thong covered hips.

FUCK ME!

Closing the door behind me, back in my bedroom, I heard the doorbell ring again. Dinner would be soon.

"Hi Cecilia. I just wanted to touch base with you and get your reaction to what happened at the end of our photo shoot today. Bentley and I were just posing for the calendar. It wasn't meant to become as real as it did. So, I was hoping we could talk a little about that and I could explain a little of what needs to happen next. Okay?"

My sister shrugged, lifting her arms partway out to her sides and letting them fall with a light slap on her barely covered hips. Her teen breasts bounced. "Sure. I know it was just a photo shoot. I didn't think you and Bentley were boyfriend and girlfriend or anything. And... it was pretty hot, though. I mean, that's what you were going for."

"Well, yes." That's so, but not everyone will be as mature or accepting about it as you and your mother are. I'm sure Priscilla, who I will be talking to at some point, is equally mature about all this, but I'm afraid a lot of other students, and their parents, won't get it." Ms. Dermis moved to sit down on the edge of my bed. Cecilia followed her. Their bare thighs pressed together.

"Oh, yeah. I see what you mean. I hadn't really thought about that, but I don't think anyone else is going to find out. I won't say anything."

Ms. Dermis relaxed. I watched her whole body soften and she took a deep breath and let it out. My attention shifted to her amazing breasts. I noticed Cecilia shift her eyes too.

"Thank you." Ms Dermis said. "I feel horrible about this whole situation. Honestly, the worst part is that it actually felt good. I know I shouldn't feel guilty about enjoying those feelings that we can't help. They are suppose to feel good.

"I took the online training program for the Nude Teaching program twice. They stress how we need to learn to keep our behavior professional and separate from our feelings. It's essential to let go of guilt or it will hamper the effectiveness of our efforts and actions. But, I can't be sure I didn't do something to force the situation. I know I wasn't alone, it wasn't just me involved, but I'm the teacher and everyone is aware of Bentley's efforts to gain control over himself. We have vowed to help him, so I feel more than a little responsible. In some ways, I've let Bentley down."

"I share in that responsibility, Sofie." We all snapped around to where the door was standing open. Framed in the doorway of my bedroom was Mrs. Zaftig. Damn, but she looked good for a forty-

something year old woman. Her huge tits bounced and jiggled freely behind a short light poncho style blouse that left her sides and navel exposed. Her skirt was a light draped piece that seemed to float at the very tops of her thighs. She wore low heels that looked soft and comfortable instead of dressy. Her jaw dropping tits were visible behind the gauzy material of her top. Her stiff nipples and dark areolae were easily viewable through the barely-there cloth.

Mom was standing behind our principal, her dress unbuttoned, but still covering the stiff peaks of her own large breasts. "This is getting to be quite the gathering. Mrs. Zaftig was in the neighborhood and has a few things to talk about with Bentley."

The doorbell rang once again. "That's got to be the food, this time." Mom said. She rushed off to get the door.

Mrs. Zaftig stepped into my room and closed the door. "Sofie, I'm glad you're here too. I should have known you wouldn't be able to wait for Monday to try and make things right."

"Hi Magnis. You are here for a little damage control." Ms. Dermis observed.

"It could be put that way, but I would describe it as supporting my best students and teachers." Mrs. Zaftig glanced around my room. Her eyes paused on the box of education magazines I was getting ready for distribution on Monday. I went over quickly in my head what she might be able to conclude, but I hadn't printed anything out, except the covers yet, so, unless she picked one up and started reading it, they looked like a stack of magazines exactly like her past issues sitting in their box.

"May we impose upon you Bentley? I don't want to just barge in on your personal sanctuary at home, but I do have some serious concerns to discuss with you and your advisor, so it's good that you're both here."

I was now really worried that things were going to start falling apart. "Of course, Mrs. Zaftig. You and Ms. Dermis are always welcome. Ms. Dermis, Cecilia and I were just talking about keeping what happened to ourselves so the students at school didn't get the wrong ideas or act immaturely. It was an accident. A series of events that got away from our control."

"Yes, well... I'm not done thinking about this, but I want you, both of you, to know that I don't blame anyone for what happened. This really doesn't have to be a big deal if we don't turn it into a big deal." Mrs. Zaftig sat in my desk chair and stretched her mature, shapely, muscular legs out in front of her. I got a glimpse of bald pussy under that tiny light weight skirt.

"Not talking about it outside this group, that includes everyone that was in the Physics classroom during the shoot, is a good initial start, but I think we have some underlying issues to address.

"Bentley, I want you to know, this isn't about saving our assess, if I may speak so planely; it's about doing what is best for everyone involved. Your fellow students are not the least of my concerns either. I very much want to do what is right for all of them, as well.

"Maybe as recently as last year, a student having sexual intercourse with his teacher would have been unthinkable, but in today's current socially acceptable sexually expanded climate, I really can't see it as much more than an act that highlights the very educational goals we have been moving towards, strengthening the bond between student and teacher, improving understanding of our bodies and natural processes, teaching to respect each other and ourselves. If handled well, this is an opportunity for growth. If handled poorly, it could set us backwards."

Mrs. Zaftig shifted in my chair and crossed her legs, giving a quick flash of her hairless labia, then

covering up the show. I casually moved over to the table and picked up the box of magazines and printer paper. I dropped them on the floor in my closet, closed the door and returned to sit on the table. Just clearing a spot to sit, nothing to see here. Well, the big tent in my pants attracted some attention.

Mrs. Zaftig went on, "Sofie, I can't think of many people I would want my own teenage boy to have for one of his first experiences with, other than you. I've actually been getting the impression that a lot of teachers and sports coaches around the country have been allowing their students to get very intimate with them, even encouraging their students to use them for their relief. They have been talking in all the professional literature about being the 'relief valve'..." Mrs. Zaftig raises her hand in air quotes to quote 'relief valve'. ".... And it's no sin to let yourself enjoy something that is inherently pleasurable.

"We teacher's have a responsibly to take the lessons that teenagers often are left on their own to explore and learn by themselves, and bring them into a safe and positive developmental environment. If we treat what happened like a terrible thing, that's exactly what it will become, when we should be showing our young charges just how beautiful sex and sexual intimacy can be. I hope you feel the same way, Sofie, and aren't killing yourself over some morally fungible act. Bentley has clearly improved under our current program. We can't destroy that when we should be taking the next step and complete it."

Ms. Dermis leaned forward with her elbows on her knees and put her forehead into her palms. "You are right. Times are changing and not only do we have to change with them, but we should be the ones leading those changes. It was beautiful. I was just admitting to Bentley how good it actually felt. I don't want Bentley to feel the guilt I have taken on myself. It's not fair to him and you're right, it's not fair to me. Perhaps we can consider this an expansion of the new Nude Teaching program. The contract everyone just signed prevents them from taking about the program outside of its participants because the level of maturity among high school students is not the same for everyone. This is no different, just... the next level, so to speak. Okay. I get it. Thank you Magnis, that helps me a lot."

"Bentley," Ms. Dermis turned to me. Her eyes couldn't help but drop to my tenting lap for a second. I want you to know how wonderful it actually was having you inside me. I... I or... orgasmed, right along with you. It was, in fact, one of the most amazing experiences I've ever had. But, for now, I think we need to figure out how this fits with what we have as student and teacher. I guess it's not right to be making blanket declarations regarding how we go on. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo and the other teachers will work this out with me. But I think we can't dismiss future intimate encounters out of hand. You are growing in leaps and bounds. It would be wrong to try and reverse what you have achieved."

Mrs. Zaftig agreed, "Exactly. Ms. Fellaicceo told me you pointed out to her, 'when at school, our students must come first.' I think that will become the faculty's new motto."

Cecilia looked like she was about to cry, for some reason. She turned and hugged Ms. Dermis who gladly hugged her back.

There was a light tap on the door and Mom peeked in. Mrs. Zaftig, can you stay for dinner? We just got Chinese delivered and I've started warming up a box of frozen dumplings that are really quite good. It's not formal, I'm not making a fuss, but there's lots to eat. We'd all love to have you."

"Please, call me Magnis. We don't need to be so formal outside of work. ... And thank you for inviting me. I would love to. We should talk a little, but that can wait until Monday."

Mom looked flush. Her face was glowing lightly with a slight sheen and her lips were exceptionally full and red. Mom looked just like someone who had been making out for the last half hour or so.

Back in the living room Priscilla was showing her pictures on my camera to everyone including some guy in a Wampole Dragon t-shirt.

"Eww. Is that Miss Crotchet? Who's the dude? How the fuck can he keep it so big like that? Fuck that's huge..."

The camera was grabbed out of Priscilla's hands as she turned it so the delivery kid could see.

Priscilla, Jess, Libbey and John Johnson looked up into the stern face of their Principal who held the camera with its neck strap dangling. "Mr. Johnson. That is not a respectful way to be talking about one of your best teachers, now is it?"

Mrs. Zaftig turned the camera to look at the LED viewer. Actually, I think Priscilla did an amazing job of making a woman of nearly sixty, and more of life's experiences than you could wish to have, look like a godess of sensuality, don't you agree?"

"Yes ma'am." John answered with his eyes down cast. He was getting a very close look at his principal's amazing breasts, once again, and everyone could see the growth he was experiencing. I don't mean developmental growth either.

"Priscilla, is this the first or the last of the images on this card? How much have you shown to everyone?"

Priscilla answered in a very subdued tone, "The first image. I only showed them Miss Crotchet's pictures because they were so different than how everyone sees her in real life."

"Good." Mrs. Zaftig turned back to Jack Johnson. "Consider these pictures part of the Nude Teaching Program. Remember, you have signed a contract that binds you to silence outside of that program. I know you won't be able to refrain from talking to some of your friends, but limit it to those who have signed the contract. I will thank you to not discuss this at all. It should be the prerogative of the teacher's who chose to participate in the calendar to release these pictures when they want them released. Do I make myself clear, Miss Tease?"

"Yes ma'am. Sorry." Priscilla answered.

I put my hand around Priscilla's waist.

"I'll let it go. I understand. You have every reason to be proud of your work, but it isn't just yours to show off. Now, come see me first thing on Monday. We still have a little more to talk about, but until then. We can forget about this. Okay? Mr. Johnson, you with us?"

"Yes ma'am. Consider it forgotten." He said and grabbed his delivery bag from the coffee table.

"See you in class, John." I said.

"Cool. Later Bentley." This senior whom I haven't said ten words to, the entire four years we've been in school together, gave me a fist bump and a wink.

We watched John Johnson leave with a straining bulge in the front of his pants and then followed Mom into the dining room. She had set eight places. Cecilia and her three friends, Ms. Dermis, Mrs. Zaftig, Mom and me. I was starting to feel a little better, more relaxed and all this female

flesh bouncing and jiggling around me was working me back up again.

"Everybody take a seat. This is really nice. How wonderful to have you all for dinner. I'm sorry it was over such drama, but still, I'm so glad you could join us." Mom said.

Mrs. Zaftig said, "Thank you for inviting us. I don't get enough opportunities to spend time with either my coworkers or our student's parents."

Ms. Dermis agreed, "Yes, exactly. Teaching is a unique profession that benefits from strong community. We rarely get to enjoy that."

"Bentley?" Mom asked, "Do you want to say grace?"

"Sure." I stretched out my hand to Priscilla sitting to my right and my sister sitting to my left. Mom had seated me at the head of the table, opposite from her. As the only male in the room, it felt sort of old fashioned.
To Priscilla's right sat Jess and on Cecilia's left was Libbey. Ms. Dermis sat on Mom's right and Mrs. Zaftig on her left. Everybody followed.

Mom had her dress gapped open and spreading her arms out to either side of her flashed the inside edges of her nipples at me. I pulsed under the table.

"Thank you Lord, for what we are about to receive and for all that we have already received. Thank you for surrounding us with people who care about us, for friends and family who willingly offer themselves to us each and every day. Please keep us fit and capable so that we may always be able to rise in service of others in need. Amen."

A ragged chorus of "amens" and we all began to eat.

My sister is a real shit. Mom and Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis were talking about the kissing lessons at the other end of the table. I overheard Ms. Dermis ask something of Mrs. Zaftig, like, "Maybe this could be integrated into a classroom session during Health Day or something?" Priscilla and Jess and Libbey were talking about the game tomorrow. I was trying to listen to that and ignored my sister "accidentally" dropping her napkin. Nobody paid her any attention and I wanted to hear what Libbey had to say about their first away game with their new uniforms.

"Coach Clidduris said she has checked out the other team and they aren't doing anything like our new outfits. She's asking us to vote on whether we go in our new uniforms or try to respect their school's choices and stay with our old uniform. As if?"

I interrupted, "Libbey, not every school can afford new uniforms in this economy. I would think it would be disrespectful and unseemly to rub that in their faces right now. You might want to think about what it says about us, to flaunt our wealth like that. We can beat their team without insulting their school. That only lowers us." I tried to push.
It could be very bad if Coach Clidduris showed up at a game dressed in her usual skimpy coaching uniform and let both the girl's basketball team and the cheerleaders run out almost naked onto the other school's court.

"Yeah, Coach said something almost like that. She just talked about fitting in instead of standing out for the wrong reasons. But don't you just love our new uniforms?" The tiny cheer captain bubbled.

"Yes, I... ah... I dOOO... ahh."

Mrs. Zaftig turned to look at me as I lifted up in my chair and settled back down. Cecilia was

under the table and had skinned my shorts back to expose my penis and put her mouth over my cockhead between my legs.

I leaned down and looked under the table and met my sister's mischievous eyes looking back up at me. Half my cock was sticking out of her mouth.

"Sorry Sis. I didn't mean to kick you like that." I said, trying to cover for what she was really doing while also letting her know, everyone was aware she was under the table. Priscilla leaned back and looked under just as my sister pulled her mouth off of me and by the time Mrs. Zaftig was looking under there, my sister was crawling out with her napkin in her hand.

"Don't worry, I got it. It's amazing how far a piece of cloth can go sliding from your lap." Cecilia glanced around the table. "Stand down everybody, just a dropped napkin." Cecilia held the napkin up for everyone to see.

While my cock was responding to Cecilia's game, everyone else went back to their conversation. Everyone, but Priscilla. I soon had Priscilla's left hand catching my naked cock and stroking me under the table.

"Their team has to know not everyone needs to wait for new uniforms, Bentley." Priscilla launched in. She leaned forward to make her point and had full access to my hardening shaft.

"It's just that I was reading on the Internet, how economics are affecting school rivalries in some negative ways." I started thinking quickly off the top of my head. "Some schools who have trouble affording the latest styles in uniforms are dropping out of competitions all together, even closing down their sports programs in favor of in-school athletic programs, or worse, in favor of non-athletic extra-curricular programs. A number of rival schools have taken to wearing their older uniforms again, just for away games or any time they play another school who may not have access to the latest equipment.

I was going to have to come up with a supporting article for the next few issues. I think it is too late to stop the game tomorrow. Maybe it won't be so bad. No. It will be. I should have prayed for a tornado instead of said what I said for grace.

Mrs. Zaftig was listening to me. Could I somehow influence her to tell Coach Clidduris to revert to the old uniforms?

"What do the other school's uniforms look like, Mrs. Zaftig? When's the last game you went to? Will we seem too progressive for the local teams, or is everyone adopting the new high performance athletic wear?"

That's it. I doubt this will really work, but it's worth a shot.

Mrs. Zaftig said, "The last time I was at a game, no one had adopted the new styles. However, I don't think anyone will make that big a deal about it. From what I've been reading and seeing on TV most school's are making the change, even if it hasn't become that popular in our little corner of the state."

"How are we doing this year? Is our team going to win?" I asked? "I did the research into recent advances in athletic wear and I have to say. I think our new light weight, breathable uniforms are going to give us a huge advantage. I hope, if we win, no one can say we had an unfair advantage because of our early adoption of the latest technology. It would really be terrible for the kids if somehow they decided to not count our victory or cried foul over our uniforms."

"That's not going to happen, Bentley. I don't think you have to worry about that." She said.
"Good," I said, "because there was a school somewhere back East that was accused of wearing inappropriate uniforms after they won a big game against a team that was expecting to win. The losing coach tried to get the other school disqualified for lewd behavior just because they were an early adopter of the latest high performance wear."

"I'm sure no one would do that in our league. We are competitive, but nobody stoops to those kinds of tactics to win at our level."

I felt I'd done as much as I could. It might start to look suspicious if I kept hammering at it. At least this way, if we do get called out for our pornographic uniforms, Coach Clidduris and Mrs. Zaftig might get the idea that we were just being attacked as a strategy to move us down the leader board.

"I think, however," Mrs. Zaftig added, "it should be a decision left for Coach Clidduris to make. I may call her this evening and ask what she thinks. If she feels the new uniforms are best left at home tomorrow, I want to be sure she is aware of all the factors affecting that choice. We have a good team this year and nobody wants to see our girls embarrassed by politics."

That sounded promising. A tornado would be better, but we'll see.

Priscilla had let go of my cock under the table because it was awkward for her to lean over to reach me. We were able to eat the rest of the meal like normal. Except, when Priscilla let go and straightened back up, somehow, Cecilia managed to bring her bare foot up into my lap and spent the entire rest of the meal feeling me up with her bare toes. I had no idea my sister was so dexterous with her feet.

At first, it was just her naked sole and the balls of her feet that playfully batted my cock from side to side. Then she started to use her toes. Those little naked piggies rapped their way along my length, up to my head, down to my balls. They seemed to drum along my shaft like a lively Irish flute player. She finally settled over the smooth tightly swelling skin of my sensitive head. Her great toe traced the crown, following the flare into the cleft of my frenulum.

By this time, I started leaking pre-cum and when the pad of her great toe slid across the opening at my tip, she paused to smear the slippery clear fluid over my pulsing gland until the entire head of my cock was slick with my discharge. I scribbled wet circles across the underside of the dining table when Sissy pushed and pulled at my erection with her dainty teenage toes. I worked hard to concentrate on the food and my dinner companions.

My imagination saw all those women bottomless under the table, unaware of the foot sex my sister was torturing me with. I could see in my mind Priscilla's thong would be nearly swallowed by her bald labia between her soft thick thighs, Libbey, with her thinner, muscular legs would be completely open to the view of anyone under the table, just like I knew my sister, her friends and my mother were. I imagine the beckoning sight of Ms. Dermis's pussy exposed between her perfect thighs and directly across from her sat Mrs. Zaftig with her own mature thighs spread open.

The soft firm movement of my sister's naughty foot along my hardened length made my fantasy more vivid. I wanted to drop my fork and go on a sight seeing tour under our dining table. I could sample all the dishes presented to me. Now I was making myself even harder than my sister's foot alone was doing. I held it together through dinner, though.

"That was fun. Thank you for making room for us." said Ms. Dermis, putting her napkin down and collecting her setting onto her plate.

"Yes. Thank you. You have a very beautiful family. It was wonderful of you to make us a part of it for the evening." Mrs. Zaftig joined in. "Bentley, I'm glad we were able to settle some things and I look forward to your meeting me in my office on Monday morning for homeroom. Sofie and I have to be going though."

"Good night Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Dermis. Thanks for coming by. I feel much better." I said, following them to the kitchen with our dishes. My cock stood out, completely escaped from the leg hole of my shorts. I decided to leave it alone.

The other girls at the table followed us into the kitchen.

Ms. Dermis dropped her dish into the sink behind the principal. "Bentley, I feel lucky to have your help in my classroom. Your mother is a godsend and you are..." She turned and looked down at my erection standing out. I acted like nothing at all was wrong. I simply looked at her, waiting patiently for her to finish her sentence.

"... huge... ah... a huge... help. Um..." She looked up and met my eyes. I watched her lick her lips. "I think we will have a good... um... time together."

"Thank you, Ms. Dermis. You are my favorite teacher and I am happy to give it to you any time. My help. Give you my help any time." I said and stepped in and hugged her. I let my erection stab her right in the lower stomach. I felt her steel herself, then lean into the hug she gave me back.

We broke apart and I thanked Mrs. Zaftig after a couple more steps towards the door. We were in the middle of the living room, Mrs. Zaftig had bent to grab her coat off the arm of the sofa. I stepped up, my hard cock entering her vision just before she started to straighten up. I bent my knees down to hug her as she straightened up and I felt my cockhead lodge into the space at the top of her thighs. By the time we were standing up against each other in a hug, Mrs. Zaftig was sretched up onto her toes, straddling my hard shaft.

I held her hips to mine and leaned my neck back to look at her, "I'm glad you came. I feel so much better with you coming here to help me now. I know accidents will happen once in a while, but your presence always make me feel like I'm home, warm and secure. I am really looking forward to getting the chance to have you completely for myself during homeroom and I really want you to come again."

I let her go with a quick kiss on the cheek.

My cock slapped against my stomach, waking every one up, when I finally backed away.

"Auch huhch", Mrs. Zaftig cleared her throat. She glanced briefly down at my hard-on. It was striped with a gleaming line of moisture along its top. "Bentley, thank you for your hospitality." She glanced again down at my cock. "I'm sure before the year is over, you will have had enough of me and your teachers and be more than ready to move on to college life."

Mrs. Zaftig surveyed the living room. Libbey and Jess were in an embrace, Priscilla was standing with them watching as they prepared to demonstrate their kissing technique for her. Mom was walking with Ms. Dermis, Mrs. Zaftig, Cecilia and me to the door. Mrs. Zaftig glanced very quickly down to my erection again before turning to my mother.

"You are a deservedly lucky woman to have such a family. Thank you again for inviting me into your lovely home. If you ever need any help with the lessons you are giving here, I would be happy to discuss expanding what you are doing into some sort of special school program. I don't know about Ms. Dermis or the other teachers, but I have some experience to offer that may

compliment your own. Let me know what I can do."

My mother smiled at my principal, "Thank you so much. I really don't have a lot of experience. Almost none since my college days, but Cecilia's friends seem to benefit from what little I am able to teach them. Anything you want to do to help would be great."

"That would be so cool, Mrs. Zaftig." Cecilia chimed in. "I would love to know more than what Mom can teach. Don't get me wrong, Mom's the best, she's fantastic, she's amazing, wherever there is the need, she'll be there. I am so glad to have her, but it would help to have another person's experiences to add."

As Cecilia was talking, she also stepped up to give Mrs. Zaftig a hug. "I hope you and Ms. Dermis come again. I want to show off my progress."

I haven't had the problem of shooting my cum without being touched in a while, but I swear that if I hadn't cum so many times that day, when Cecilia, slipped her tongue out to moisten her lips, then closed them over Mrs. Zaftig's lips, crushing her full teenage breasts against our principal's huge mature breasts, I would have covered both of their bodies in my sperm. Mom and Ms. Dermis and I stood watching Cecilia open her lips against her principal's mouth, bring her left hand up behind Mrs. Zaftig's head and work her tongue into our principal's. It took a second, but Mrs. Zaftig began hugging my sister back. She opened her mouth and Cecilia and Mrs. Zaftig stood making out in our foyer.

It went on long enough that we attracted the attention of Priscilla, who tapped Libbey and Jess to get their attention. They came over and watched too.

Mrs. Zaftig broke the kiss off and said, "You are already pretty good at that."

Sissy smiled and replied, "Thanks. Mom has taught us a lot, but you do something with your tongue that I want to learn. What is it? It feels different."

"Honestly, I never spent time analyzing how I kiss. Ha ha ha, this could turn into a very educational activity for all of us."

Cecilia had stepped back and Priscilla stepped up. "Sorry, but can I see? Will you show me what you do? It seems I'm the only one here with no experience, except Bentley."

Priscilla put her hands on either side of Mrs. Zaftig's hips. Mrs. Zaftig followed suit and smiled. "I'd be glad to Priscilla. I am surprised, however, that you don't have any experience. You are a very pretty girl and all the teachers love you."

"Thanks," Priscilla smiled and shove in for her share of Mrs. Zaftig.

Our principal closed her eyes and followed the same pattern as she had with my sister, then her eyes opened very wide with surprise. She pulled back and we watched Priscilla's tongue wag pink and wet and long for a second before pulling back in her mouth.

"Wow, Priscilla! Sorry, you just took me by surprise. Your tongue is... is amazing." Mrs. Zaftig leaned in for another kiss. We all stood stunned and wondering. Jess spoke up.

"Oh yeah, kissing Priscilla is so different than anyone else I've kissed. She can reach places that... well, it's almost like sucking co... ah sucking on a penis, but more... I don't know, different."

They broke their kiss and Mrs. Zaftig said, "Thank you Priscilla. That was a unique experience. If you don't mind..." Mrs. Zaftig turned to Ms. Dermis who was standing at the front door with her

coat on. "Sofie, you should try this. The only other person I know with such an extraordinary tongue is Ms. Fellaicceo.

"Priscilla, if you don't mind. Try kissing Ms. Dermis too."

"No problem. It's fun. I find I really like kissing and everyone seems to kiss a little different. At least, between you and Jess. That's about the extent of my experience, besides Bentley's mom."

Ms. Dermis smiled and stepped in front of Priscilla. "Are you okay with this? I think this exercise has some good benefits for young people like you. I'm happy to help."

While Priscilla and Ms. Dermis were getting ready to kiss. Mom stepped up to Mrs. Zaftig and said, "If you wouldn't mind. I'd really like to feel what Cecilia was talking about. What is it that you do different?"

"Oh, okay. Maybe you can tell me." Mrs. Zaftig told my mother.

I stood there, my cock as primed as an underwater pump, and watched my mother, her dress still unbuttoned and barely covering her prodigious chest, press herself into my principal's even larger bust. The light sideless tunic Mrs. Zaftig wore, exposed the naked swell of her enormous breasts squeezing out left and right. The full mature glossy lips of my mother and my principal pressed together. Soon their jaws spread wide, tilted in opposite directions. I could see their tongues moving under hollowed cheeks against each other.

Oh God,I didn't know where to look. Ms. Dermis and Priscilla were making out, their arms around each other, Ms. Dermis having brought her right hand up to cup the back of Priscilla's red hair covered head. She was really pressing her mouth into her student's open lips.

Mom had dropped her hands low and was actually squeezing Principal Zaftig's full fat ass cheeks. Not only were my mother and my principal making out with full open mouths, tongues battling, French kissing, but they seemed to be grinding their bodies together, tits to tits, hips to hips.

'Everyone stand back,' I wanted to say. 'Don't touch the cock shaped stick of dynamite because it might explode.' But, I didn't say it and Libbey stepped up to me and asked, "You want to try it? I didn't get to try it out on you earlier when Ms. Dermis first arrived." She also looked down at my raging, straining, pulsing, blood swollen, needy erection and said, "You also said I could touch it if I wanted to."

I stood frozen, watching her tiny hand reach out. It was like watching a news report of a serious train wreck. You watched it start, it was coming, but the outcome was already written. Nothing you could do to stop it and the instant Libbey's little fingers began to curl around my turgid, vibrating, straining cock, I closed my eyes and arched my hips and blew up. My cock, fucking exploded with boiling, churning, sperm and semen and the tattered cry of orgasmic bliss mixed with extreme anxiety and an inarticulate warning to all.

"AUGHHOOHHH FFFFUUUOUGHKKKK!"

Libbey screamed, "HAEYYYYwWHATDAFUCK!"

I blasted her belly button and her smaller breasts, up her chest to her neck and across her face and into her hair. My hips fucked forward and her small hand was joined by her other hand and she twisted as hard as her tiny muscular body would let her and my next giant jet of cum splashed across my mother and into the open side of Mrs. Zaftig's poncho style tunic. She caught my sperm in her arm pit and when she lifted her arm to get it out of the way, I launched a third volley across

the naked side of her giant breast.

I clutched Libbey's little hands together around my cock shaft and fucked myself back and forth between her soft palms. Everyone broke up their kissing.

"I didn't mean to, Bentley. I didn't know you were that sensitive. Cecilia said she and your mom had taken care of it." Libbey panicked. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Dermis. I'm sorry Mrs. Zaftig. It was an accident."

Mrs. Zaftig held her arm out and reached down with her other arm and peeled her top up over her head. Her hair was down and she shook it out in medium length flowing brown locks. Her giant breasts jiggled out in the open.

"Don't worry about it, Libbey. It's not the first time. I am surprised that Bentley is still that sensitive, though."

"Have you got some paper towels around here, Cecilia?" Mrs. Zaftig asked. "It looks like we need enough for your mother too."

Cecilia ran to the kitchen and came back with the towels.

"Don't fret it." Ms. Dermis was saying. According to the literature. These kinds of accidents are likely to happen more frequently at first before they start to get better. Well, you've taken the course. You know." She told my mother, who was looking down at herself. Mom had a worried look on her face.

"He seemed so much better. I was hoping."

FUCKKKK! Do they have any idea what they just did to me? It would take a saint who'd been kicked in the balls to not cum at the sight of that incredible show.

"I'll see you in school Bentley, Cecilia, good night everyone, thanks again for dinner and the amazing kissing lessons." Mrs Zaftig caught most of my dripping sperm with a wad of paper towels and opened the door. She finished with a quick second swipe and pulled her top back on over her head. The top had been mostly spared. Ms. Dermis followed her out the door with similar words. However, she did pause to lean in and give me another hug and a kiss. "Don't worry Bentley. It's not your fault. This is easy to deal with. Just worry about being you. None of this other stuff matters."

They left.

Mom bustled around for a few minutes cleaning herself, the rug and Libbey up. "This doesn't mean we have to end the night, you guys. It's not late. You want a movie? I'll make popcorn."

Priscilla came over to me and put her arm around me. She said to the rest of the room. "We could still practice kissing a little longer too. If you guys want."

There was a general agreement and I said, "Sorry guys. I was just about to tell Libbey not to touch me, but it was too late. I'm sure I'll be ready again soon."

Priscilla, of all people said, "Maybe this will help." and she crossed her arms in a flash, her top was up and off, over her head. Her huge young tits wobbling back and forth before my eyes, but before I could adjust them and really focus on the view, she put her arms around my neck and pulled me into a kiss. Her mouth pried mine open and her tongue began exploring mine. She snaked her tongue along my teeth, she slid it along the left side, then the right side. Priscilla felt the underside

of my tongue while I felt along the top of hers. Her tongue was active and it went from short and thick in the front of my mouth to long and slim, stretching across the roof of my mouth to the back.

I struggled to keep up. I tried to push my tongue into her mouth and taste her where she had pushed her tongue into mine to taste me. When she explored my lips, I explored her lips; when she ran her wet taste buds underneath my tongue, I lapped at the underside of her tongue in turn. I followed the ridges across the front of her mouth roof to the smooth soft pallet in the back of her mouth after she explored mine. Then she went deeper.

The tip of Priscilla's tongue sharpened and curled against the back of my jaw bones, left side and right side. I couldn't reach hers. I tightened my arms around her, I grabbed the back of her head, I pulled her face against my gaping mouth, but that was the limit of my reach. Priscilla wasn't done. She found the top of my throat and wedged herself in. I struggled to open my throat to her. I recalled Miss Crotchet's words, leading my sister, Priscilla, Coach Clidduris and others through the visualization of swallowing my erection. I remembered my mother talking my sister through deepthroating my cock too. I concentrated on opening my esophagus and I felt Priscilla's incredible tongue slip softly past my tonsils. I held on and held myself open and Priscilla worked her tongue tip back and forth, in and out of my throat. It was the strangest feeling to have something that felt that alive working just inside my throat.

I pressed my body into hers. Her nipples poked my ribs, my flaccid cock smashed against her pubis. Our thighs met as mirrored body parts against each other. I wandered my hand down her waist to her hips, to her ass, then back up, smoothing the soft flesh up her right side, and cupped her breast. I still held Priscilla's head in my other hand, she held mine. I explored her with my left hand, moving over her right nipple. I caught it and strummed my thumb over it.

Priscilla squirmed against me, always working her tongue against mine. We danced a hot salsa inside my mouth. My hand worked its own forbidden dance across her body until my fingers found the hem of her tiny skirt and I pulled my hips away to make room. I felt the soft, tender, pliable flesh of her labia. I brought my finger tips up to trace the shallow channel from crotch to hip up one side of her stomach, then back down to that tenderist of junctions. She was wet. Her panties were soaked through. When my fingers found the gully of her sex, she pulled away.

"You can't. Not now. It's my time of the month." She whispers, her voice thick with regret.

"No. It's okay. You shouldn't be embarrassed. I understand. We can wait." I say quietly.

My mother is uncanny. Of course, everyone had been watching us. She heard what Priscilla had said. Mom came over and put her arms around Priscilla, wedging me away, but I heard her ask. "Priscilla, are you taking the pill? If you aren't, you might want to ask your doctor about it because it can really help with heavy periods. Every period should be reduced with the pill."

"Yes, I read that somewhere," Priscilla answered, "but I'm not on it. My periods aren't that bad and I'm not really expecting to have sex soon."

Mom nodded. "That's good. Still, you might want to look into it. There are some benefits besides birth control. However, for tonight, we'll stick to practicing kissing, or even fellatio, and you won't have to miss out."

Priscilla smiled at Mom and Mom leaned in and kissed Priscilla on her lips. They embraced, exploring each other's mouths. Two of the biggest, most perfect breasts I knew smashed together with very little covering them.

"Bentley, you want to practice with me?"

It was Jessica; she had stripped once again. Jess has a body that is the equal of my sister's. Her breasts aren't quite as large, but I doubt I'd be able to tell the difference with a blindfold on. Hum, that would be fun. This is a sleep-over of high school senior girls and lucky ol' me. Does that scream 'party games' or what?

Cecilia and Libbey were deep in a make out session. So I agreed.

"I would love to, Jess."

We started as Mom showed us and Jess is decidedly a fine kisser. We actually ended up on the floor, me laying on top of Jess. When we went to our knees, Jess had pulled my shirt off and as soon as I rolled up on top of her after laying back, Jess hooked her fingers into my shorts and tried to peel them down.

I pulled back and looked in her eyes. She had a shy, hesitant, coy look. "I'm not sure that's a good idea, Jess." I whispered. Jess crane her neck and looked around. Mom and Priscilla had stopped and Mom was saying something to her; giving her instruction. Priscilla was looking at us.

Mom followed her gaze. Jess let go of my shorts. Mom broke off her embrace and came over. Her blouse was completely open to either side of her incredible bouncing tits. I raised up off of Jess as Mom approached.
"Bentley, are you recovered all ready? My goodness, that's amazing."

I followed Mom's gaze down to my crotch. I was bulging out, but not tight with need, just full and firm. Mom reached out and shucked my shorts down off my hips.

My mother scanned everyone in the room. "If you guys want to keep practicing kissing, we can, but I think we should take this opportunity to practice a little more fellatio before Bentley becomes too excited again."

There it was. That familiar tightness just returned to my cock. The thing lifted about twenty degrees North upon hearing my mother's words. My eyes landed on Priscilla's chest at the same time and I hadn't remembered her taking her top off just before we kissed. I couldn't help but imagine it was my mother who had stripped her top off while their lips were glued together. Oops, another degree or two of rise. I finally remembered Priscilla had stripped while kissing me, but it didn't reverse the effect it had on my erection.

I said, "Mom." I wanted to change the direction a little. I couldn't think of a delicate way of bringing up the party game idea. I actually would be surprised if my sister didn't suggest something, at some point this evening, so I thought I'd try to set it up for her. "Remember my telling you what I wanted to learn?"

I could see the light click on in Mom's eyes. Looking at her deep red erect nipples and the bright wettness that coated the inside of her thighs, almost to her knees, it was obvious Mom was thoroughly aroused. Maybe this wouldn't be so hard to manipulate, after all.

I said plainly, "I want to learn cunnilingus."

Mom closed her eyes in a slow blink and then cut them to Priscilla. Priscilla had her eyes closed. Shit!

My sister is smart. I've told you before, right? She may not be at the level I am, but she is still brilliant and she saved me, she saved Mom, and she made Priscilla's night, and she knocked down my setup before I'd even finished putting all the pins in place.

"I have an idea. This will be fun." Cecilia piped up. We can do a challenge. Bentley has had like a bazzillion ejaculations today, so even he should last a while. How does this sound. I don't mean to be crude, Mom, but you have to admit he kind of owes us."

Mom didn't care for the idea of sex as a debt, but she just crossed her arms beneath her incredible rack and listened with tightened lips.

"Since Priscilla is having that time of the month. She should get to practice fellatio. Bentley can practice cunnilingus on us while Priscilla practices fellatio on him. The challenge is, Bentley has to make all of us cum before he does. If he can't make it, he has to do all the laundry for a week."

I'm sure Mom liked the laundry part and I suspect the 'make her cum' part too, but she objected to the crude term 'cum' in stead of 'orgasm.' Well, she didn't object but I could see her disapproval in her eyes.

Everyone else agreed with laughing and even clapping, so Mom didn't make a big deal out of it and went with the group.

Another five degrees. FUCK!!!

I said, "Deal. I can last, but Mom needs to show me how first, before Priscilla starts."

My thought was to get Mom off before the game, so there was one less woman to make cum. Mom did the laundry, so she was actually the only one motivated to not cum. Priscilla's tongue was the real obstacle to winning, though.

I looked up and Mom had already stripped her dress off.

"Okay Bentley, shuck the pants and lay back. Libbey, hand me a pillow off the couch."

I finished the job of taking off my pants that Mom had already started, then lay on my back on the floor. Mom caught the pillow Libbey tossed her and tucked it under my head. I was staring straight up between my mother's spread legs as she knelt above me.

"Everyone pay attention." Mom called everyone's attention to her words. "We went over anatomy of the male sex organ with everyone except Libbey. That was just a place to start. There really wasn't that much to know that would improve your understanding of fellatio. That's not as true with cunnilingus. Practice is essential, just as with fellatio, but if you don't know about the clitoris or the vagina, it is less obvious how to find your way around a woman."

Mom knee walked forward until her knees were on either side of my temples. All I could see was wet pussy above me, my mother's pussy.

Another two degrees.

Mom spread her outer labia apart and her pink inflamed clit stood out swollen and proud. "This little button here is the queen of the land. She needs to be appeased, but she doesn't like acts of aggression unless she's prepared. So take it slow, don't storm the castle right away."

Mom went over the anatomy in detail. I had no idea where a woman's meatus was located. It was hard to find and only Priscilla knew exactly, before Mom let each of the girls take a turn finding it on her. I felt Mom's thighs shiver against my temples when Libbey's tiny fingers felt inside Mom's inner lips. I don't know why Mom stayed knelt directly over my face while she encouraged everyone to explore her pudenda with their fingers, but I couldn't take my eyes off of the close up view of four teenage girls fingering my mother's cunt an inch over my face.

One more degree and I'd be bursting out of the tightly stretched skin of my cock.

Then Mom had me feeling my way over her pussy and into it.

"OHHH, careful Bentley." Mom bucked her hips when it was my turn to explore, and I slid two fingers into her. Then she straightened when I pulled out. "You girls know about the mythical "G" spot?" I couldn't see the nodding heads, but it sounded like everyone knew about it. "Well, don't waste your time wondering. It is where ever it feels the best when stimulating the inside of your vagina. It's not the same for everyone. My room mate in college swore it was in the back of her canal, right above her cervix. I tend to be more sensitive nearest to the top of my entrance, just inside. You'll find your own. Just remember, the clitoris is the magic button when the time is right."

Mom pulled her hips back and looked down at me. "Are you ready to try it?"

I nodded.

"Slow, Bentley. Take your time and work outside in, then out again. Yes, that's good."

I started tracing the soft pillowy swell of Mom's labia majora with the tip of my tongue. I felt silky hair drape over my chest and my sisters face peeked up between Mom's legs. Libbey and Jess crowded around her and my torso was blanketed in teen locks of soft silk.

I turned my eyes back to the view of Mom's full ass cheeks and the barely visible wink of her anus between them. I moved my tongue along the sides, then down the center of her labia, teasing Mom's inner lips open. The slick mucus that coated her was thick and heady. Those last few degrees to full erection were jumped across and I was again as tight and full as my cock could possibly be. I may have spoke with too much bravado when I said I could last.

Mom started breathing harder and her hips rocked over me. I grabbed Mom by the tops of her round thighs and pulled her down. My tongue probed into the hole in the back of her labial lips and I was officially inside my mother with my tongue.

"OhOHuughh!!!" Mom groaned. I flicked her clit.

"HUAAAUGHHHAWAWWWWW" Mom's hips began pumping.

A big tongue-full of pussy juice slid into my throat. What a rush! I remembered Mom telling everyone she was most sensitive at the roof of her entrance and I probed my tongue tip just inside her.

"OHHH Bentley! That's it, RIIIIGHT THERE!"

Mom grabbed either side of my head.

"AUWGHHH YEAHSSSSS!!!"

Mom pulled my chin up against her clit while I explored her pussy. I swallowed and she flooded my mouth with more lubricant.

"AHUGHAAAA Ugh Ugh Ugh HUH HUH Ugh..."

Mom was working herself to orgasm, pumping her hips back and forth. I pulled my lips back and pressed my teeth against the tender wet pink flesh around her bud.

She screeched. "IEYEEEEEE AuGHAAA!!!"

I almost stopped, it was so loud. Her thighs clamped like a steel vice around my head. Someone gasped, "HOLY FUCK!"

My cockhead was plunged into deep soft wet warmth. Mom's body jerked as someone's mouth pulled on my cock. Mom wasn't screeming any more but her body wasn't done exploding. I held on struggling to keep my tongue pressed to Mom's magic button. I wondered that I would still have all my teeth when I was done.

Mom collapsed, the suction on my cock relaxed and I realized my mother had fallen forward and sucked my cock into her mouth while she was cumming on my tongue. I wanted to shoot the moment I realized where my throbbing organ was buried. It just wasn't there to do it. I could last if my face could stand up to the abuse.

Mom rolled off of me and my hard shaft sprung like spring steel out of her mouth. It slapped my abs.

"Wow Mom! That was incredible. Do I look like that when I orgasm?"

Mom lay on her back, one arm draped limp across her ribs. The other laying out across the floor. Her head nodded up and down to let her daughter know she did look like that. Our eyes followed the deep rise and fall of my mother's luscious breasts as she breathed energy back into her naked body.

Finally, she smiled and opened her eyes. "Bentley's ready." Mom announced.

"Priscilla?" Mom addressed my torturer.

"Yes?"

"I don't want to do any laundry this week."

Priscilla smiled and licked her lips. "You won't have to." and she dropped to her knees next to my hips wearing nothing but her thong.

My sister went next. After watching Mom cum, I don't think we could have stopped her. This was great. I've watched my sister cum in the car, in the living room and even in the kitchen so many times, I knew exactly what she liked.

Priscilla grabbed my erection and rocked her hips back and forth as he settled into a comfortable position, just like my mother originally instructed. She waited, watching Cecilia drop into the same position over my mouth as he mother had taken. The moment my sister's wet pussy lips touched mine, Priscilla sank my cock into the back of her mouth.

"AUWGHHH FffUuAH!" I moaned into my sister's cunt. I got to work and Cecilia responded perfectly. Priscilla was taking her time. After that initial plunge, she came back up and started licking.

"Look at her tongue! No way he's going to make it through his sister much less three other women."

That was Libbey. Ah fuck! Sometimes I out smart myself. Mom isn't done. That was just practice, a warmup before the event. Not only is Mom not out of the competition, but that warmup cost me. It's almost like I'll be eating out five women before Priscilla "...aAuhhh!!!" ...makes me

cum.

She plunged again. This time it was full throated. I felt the friction of Priscilla's throat over the head of my cock and her lips pressed completely around the root of my raging organ. I had my tongue in the entrance of my sister's pussy looking for that sensitive spot Mom has. Cecilia moaned loudly, but not like Mom did when I found her spot. I pushed deeper.

That did it. Cecilia liked full tongue penitration the best. I was muffled from yelling out when Priscilla started pumping her head up and down over me. She had pulled back to get me out of her throat and sucked her mouth around me as hard as she could and started bobbing. I followed her rhythm and fucked my tongue in the deepest strokes I could, in and out of her tunnel.

"OHHH GOAHHHHDDDAMN!" Cecilia yelled.

"Come on, Priscilla! Suck that cock!" I think that was Jess.

I flicked my sister's clit in four rappid beats, then flattened my tongue hard against that swollen button.

"AWYeEeEeEeEeeYImMcCuUUUMINGgGgG!!!" My sister screamed at the ceiling.

I held hard to my sister and she kicked and rode me like I was a bucking bronco. Her hips ground and her thighs clamped. I couldn't hear her screeches any more until she collapsed and her thighs fell away from my ears. My cock was still buried in Priscilla's mouth and I was about to orgasm just from the rush of realizing I'd made my mother and my sister cum and HADN'T orgasmed. I fought the feeling and let go of Cecilia's thighs and reached for Jessica Flirty's hips. She got on me facing the top of my head.

I growled, gritted my teeth and screeched like my sister when I felt the whole body of my cock plunge down Priscilla's throat again. Then Priscilla started to fuck the entire length of my cock in and out of her throat.

I opened my mouth to cry out and Jess's pussy filled it. I licked. Jess grabbed me by my hair and pulled my face up in between her legs. She groaned when I sucked the loose folds of her labia minora between my lips.

Priscilla stopped plunging me deep into her throat and rose up to suck just the head.

I opened my mouth over Jess's clit and sucked. She moaned. I sucked harder, Jess groaned. I sucked and flicked the tip of my tongue back and forth across the erect fleshy button of her love bud, as the vacuum pulled Jesse's clitoris into my mouth.

"OH MY GOD!" Jess called. She hooked her fingers into my hair in a new grip. I drilled my tongue into her.

Priscilla sharpened the tip of her unbelievable tongue and started flicking it around the back side of the flaired ridge of my cock's gland. Her hand pumped my shaft. She couldn't fit her fingers completely around me, but she stroked me, then her other hand captured my balls and Priscilla scraped her teeth against my gland.

I cried and bit Jess's clit.

"AUGHCKKKK!!!"

My sister's best friend began humping my face.

"Hold out Jess!" my sister called her encouragement. But, I could feel the quiver start in her thighs.

I spooned my tongue into her and scooped up a huge pool of her intoxicating lubricant. Then I spread it down between her ass cheeks, over her anus. Jess jumped, her back snapping bolt straight. "WHOAAAAHHHHGGGHHHHH!"

I drove for her clit again because what Priscilla was doing to my cockhead was threatening my sanity.

Jess screeched and yelled "FUUUCK!"

I think I would have cum right along with her but I couldn't breath. A flood of fluid poured into my mouth and I accidentally inhaled. I coughed, or I tried, as Jessica Flirty, the school's beloved news anchor and theater star ejaculated her own fluids down my throat. She keened a high pitch screech and nearly ripped my hair out as she arched against me.
Fuckin' Ahe! I gasped for air once she was done. I thought I might not make it. Jess seemed to cum forever. My neck and face were soaked from her gushing. My lips felt swollen, fat with blood. They were bruised and thick and tender when Libbey lowered her vagina over my face.

She was a completely different experience. Libbey was at least fifteen to twenty pounds lighter and smaller than her classmates. Her slim thighs were almost like feathers against my cheeks. Her vagina was wet and ready and so delightfully tender.
The puffy lips of her labia majora moved easily at the press of my tongue. Libbey crouched over me the same way Mom and Cecilia had, facing Priscilla.

"Don't cum, Libbey." Cecilia cheered.

"Make him work for it." Jess called.

I started slow. Libbey was soaking wet so it didn't take much before I was spreading her nether lips with my tongue.

"Oh wWOow! I've... oh?... I've never had... oohH! ... never had this d... done ... OAHHh! Tha... thaaaaat's... gooOOD!"

I ran my flattened taste buds over the whole outside of Libbey's pussy, ending directly over her clitoris. Libbey shook.

Priscilla went back to deepthroating me. Her fingers circled my cock and curled over my testicles. She rolled my balls inside my sack. My cock was in heaven inside her throat. I was close, but thanks to Jess yanking my hair and filling my mouth with a surprise gush of her fluids. The pull towards my orgasmic precipice was loosened.

Jess's discharge was thinner, not viscous like her lubricating juices. It was more watery, than her mucus. It was very different than the lubricant she and the other women secreted during arousal.

I explored Libbey's entire area. I moved my tongue into her opening and engulfed the whole area in my open mouth. I felt her stiff sex button at the top of her labia press against my upper lip. My lower lip indented into her perineum. I pushed as deep as I could and stiffened my tongue.

Libbey leaned forward with her hands on my chest and bounced her hips up and down over my tongue. "AuHhhhheeeyYEssss!" she cried as she fucked herself on my tongue.

Priscilla bobbed in time and squeezed my balls, rolling them and pulling them at the same time. I

spread my legs out and arched my hips in response. I then reached up and grabbed Libbey's small hips, holding her suspended just within reach of the tip of my tongue.

Libbey stretched her own legs out in a split. She was spread as wide as a cheerleader could get and I whipped her pussy with my tongue.

"OoOHhHhHhEIYCaAN'T HoLD... OUT!!!" She screeched and she grabbed her own ankles so her legs lifted several degrees above horizontal in her split over my face. I dropped her pussy on my mouth and strummed my tongue across her clit.

"AhHAhEEEeeEEEE!!!"

Libbey's small body shook. She threw her head back so hard the clip that held her ponytail snapped and her hair flew like a cape, twirling up and across her shoulders. Even her tiny body nearly slipped out of my grip.

"SUCK HIS COCK, PRISCILLA!" demanded one of the girls. "He's going to win!"

I could see out of my periphery, Cecilia lean over Priscilla and put both hands on the back of Priscilla's head and shove her down. My entire length plunged to the depths of Priscilla's throat. I felt her teeth bare against my pubic bone.

"AUGGRRRRRRRR!!!" I growled as Libbey collapsed off of me and my hands were free to knock my sister's hand away and grab Priscilla's pigtails myself. I hump up against her face.

"FUuUuUUAAHhhAHHhhhh!"

I was feeling close and it got dark. I opened my eyes, my mother's body crawled over me. Her hanging breasts dragged across my face. I scraped a nipple automatically with my tongue as she passed fully over me. My tongue left a trail over her ribs, along her stomach and ended with it centered on her hairless pubic mound.

I strained my mental energy to hold off and let Priscilla go. I was GOING to hold out. I knew how to make my mother cum. She had to be overheating by now. I felt a renewed sense of resolve. Then Priscilla sucked up the length of my cock until just the head was in her mouth and that tongue of hers wrapped itself all the way around my tortured gland. She grabbed my iron shaft and pumped.

I went straight for Mom's center. She moaned, "OHHwefFUcKYeYEAHHHHhhhh!"

Then I looked down the length of my mother's naked body, between her huge hanging tits and saw my mother lean in towards Priscilla. Priscilla took her mouth off of me.

Oh sweet relief. It was torture greater than the tongue wrap around my cockhead. I wanted to shout, to cry, to DEMAND that Priscilla don't stop.

Was she giving me over to my mother? I was hopeful and afraid at the same time.

Mom didn't take me into her mouth. Instead, she put her mouth to Priscilla's ear. Priscilla's eyes shot wide and her mouth grimaced for and instant. Then she smiled and nodded her head.

FUCK!

Mom sat up and I redoubled my efforts to make my mother cum. I sucked her sanguine, puffy inner labia lips hanging out between her bald outer lips. I held them in my teeth for a second and

flicked them before drilling my tongue into my mother's sexual depths.

Mom moaned loudly. Her hips jerked and she reached down and hooked the back of my head with her fingers. I slathered her copious fluids up to her clit and traced a circle around her erect button.

"AUUUHHGgG Bentley!" Mom cried.

I pushed harder against her and stayed just off that magic nub. Mom strained to pull me against her.

Priscilla dropped her mouth over me again and I went all the way to the bottom of her throat again.

I groaned into my mother's cunt. My hands clamped around Mom's hips and I spun a hard circle around her clit without touching it.

"BENTLEY! MY CLIT!" Mom begged.

Yes! That's what I was waiting for. I held off some more, but just for another lap around the outer perimeter. I was going to make her crazy wanting my tongue on her clit.

That's when Priscilla struck

"AWEEHHHHAHH!!!" I thrust my hips high into the air to get away from the finger that plunged into my ass. My cock reacted, surrounded by Priscilla's throat. Her teeth dented deep into my pubis. My balls squished hard between her hand drilling into my ass and her cheek.

I exploded!

I also bit Mom's clit and she exploded too.

I woke up to my sister looking almost panicked into my face.

"Oh my God, Bentley. That was the most incredible thing ever."

I checked to my right where Mom was laying on her back, her legs and arms spread out in exhaustion. She had a smile on her face and just stared at the ceiling.

"Is Mom alright?" I asked.

Priscilla said, with a husky sounding laugh, "I would guess. She screamed 'YES YES, I love you Bentley and nearly destroyed our hearing. I think your neighbors are going to be congratulating her, in the morning." Priscilla was kneeling on the other side of me.

Mom moaned and rolled over towards us. She reached a hand out and gently caressed her daughter's bare thigh.

Your brother is a very fast learner. I think we should call this a draw.

It was getting late and Cecilia and her friends decided to sleep out in the living room. Everyone had brought sexy see-thru nightwear and by the time I was headed to bed, I was starting to feel normal again. If, by normal, you mean perpetually aroused.

When Mom woke me up at two in the morning whispering, "Everybody is asleep. I was hoping I could practice deepthroating your cock some more," I already had an erection.

"No Mom. Not tonight."

Mom's face fell like Galileo's Piza experiment.
I grabbed her arm before she could get up.

"I'm teasing. Of course you can. I love you Mom."

Chapter 13

Ad Window - Chapter 13
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I did it. I have met all my goals.

Ms. Dermis finally taught class in the nude. What an amazing experience it was to go to class, sit down at a desk and have the teacher strip out of all her clothes, except her high heels. She kept those on for walking around on the cold tile floors. I was fucking in heaven. My mother was nude too. Her body was an ideal match for Ms. Dermis's. Ms. Dermis and my mother spent the entire class naked, and after a couple of weeks, they even waited until the bell rang for the end of period to start getting dressed again. That meant that sometimes, the next class of students were already pouring in while their teachers were half dressed. I noticed the time gap between the end of period bell and the first students to come in for second period had gotten smaller and smaller. There actually was a line outside the door, of a handful of students who had first period free, waiting for the door to open; which, unlike every other door, didn't burst open with students racing to leave. It was usually one or two of the girls who had an important second period class that started the process of leaving.

Mrs. Zaftig checked in regularly. She always stripped nude when she did. It had been a fortnight since her two week initiation period was over. She had spent the second week in full nudity herself, before turning the class over to Ms. Dermis. It was similar in Mademoiselle Derrieret's class. There were a few more boys in that one and she had to address more touching and groping issues than Ms. Dermis had to. Mrs. Zaftig stressed following what she has taken to calling the 'Sat. Ed. Xen. path' as laid out by the literature. You remember from the video, satisfy, educate, and offer a xenial experience in the classroom. At least one orgasm was achieved every class, and not always by a student.

Then there were the uniforms. The student council that chose them, went with a short transparent blouse for the girls that only buttoned at the top and/or at the bottom. Either way of wearing them worked, leaving a gap in the middle, a plunging deep 'V', or spread wide at the bottom with more under boob. The choice to button the neck or not, let the girls wear a short feminine school tartan tie if they wanted, but cleavage was always on display.

Their skirts were pleated, school plaid, that covered from the upper hip to the thigh tops, an inch or two of ass cheek peeked out below in back. The pleating allowed for the skirts to twirl all the way up if the girls spun or changed direction quickly. Almost no one wore panties underneath, if they weren't having their periods. Although, the erotic wear the cast of Surf Beach High occasionally wore had started showing up under my female classmates' uniforms. Very sexy, pushup demi-shelf bras and crotchless thongs, etcetera.

The uniform included knee socks and saddle shoes. The student council elected to include a black pump as an acceptable alternative. The shoes had modest three inch heels and the white socks ranged from just below the knee to over half way up the thigh, depending on the weather. The socks were also optional, so a lot of girls wore nothing over their legs. Cat Frig and crew defied authority with black fishnet and garter belts. They all got suspended for three days because of wearing black blouses and skirts. They went back to uniform skirts and blouses, but the rest they push the boundaries on.

The boys wore khaki long pants or shorts with a light translucent white shirt designed to emphasize young male musculature. They also wore a school tartan tie. Often the ties were casually tied loose in a half Windsor, but I preferred a symmetrical Shelby knot. Simple and elegant. The male signs of arousal were difficult to hide in the light material; no one tried, teacher or student.

A lot had happened since we got the new school uniforms delivered and distributed. You might want to know how that first game went. That was about a month ago and it was rough, especially for me, for a few tense hours. I worked furiously to head off or mitigate any fallout that was sure to happen.

I realized that I wasn't going to be successful at stopping our team from going to the game, at least not on such short notice. I'd spent a couple of hours writing several ads and articles and reposting and reworking some of the old ones, so that I could have them pop up in news feeds on the computers of the other team's coaches and faculty. I managed to get the school's superintendent's email and IP addresses and was going to hit them with a 'blitz' (that's football talk for sudden and powerful attack). You probably already know that. I just learned it. I was taking a big chance that I was going to be pushing them too far too fast.

I figured that, as outraged as they might be by the degradation of their social standards in the media and outside school systems, at least it would give them a broader context to see our school's extreme culture in. We would appear to just be victims of the disintegration the moral foundation of a larger world to them. Our behavior wouldn't seem so aberrant, we wouldn't be individually to blame.

After Mom finished swallowing my cum from practicing fellatio for ninty minutes or so, and I'd made her orgasm thrice with my mouth that night, Mom stumbled, dazed, back to her bedroom and I lept up with an idea. It took me hours to find the right address and break into their athletic department's computer system, and then find the software controller for their Megatron scoreboard, but I managed to do it by about 4:35 in the morning. I switched it on, turned on its LED display and ran a super charger routine that sent the maximum voltage across its three color grids. I then powered up the central processing chip on its display board and forced it into a high speed switching loop that over heated the CPU on the video display controller. I shut their cooling fan off. After that, I scrambled a couple of files and they no longer had a way of keeping score.

To make sure there was a serious enough problem with their football stadium and they would have to call off the game, I installed a simple randomized background timer that set off their fire alarm every twenty to forty minutes. It set it off, allowed the system to be reset as normal, then set it off again. Very distracting to have happen during a game.

Coach Clidduris and the girls were all disappointed on Monday that their rivals had to cancel. It was a good workout, though. Coach and Priscilla took turns deepthroating me, both before and after the workout. Coach Clidduris seemed to treat it as a consolation prize. Miss Crotchet supervised and started me off in both cases. Priscilla let slip that she and the other girls had watched Mom have her second and third orgasm through a crack in the door that weekend. I had guessed it, because Mom's a very loud screamer. She could not control herself. There was no way they wouldn't have heard my mother cum.

I was up all night working on my problem. I mean awake and working on the away game. My mother did an incredible job of making sure my other "problem" was NOT up for the rest of the night.

No one got dressed until well after Mom made pancakes again. I love real maple syrup, and women dressed only in see-thru lingerie that barely covered essential body parts anyhow. Every

girl had to say 'good morning' to my cock, and bent to kiss it, sucking the head into their mouths briefly. Libbey had to leave early for the game but Cecilia got a call from her that the game had been canceled.

Mom was the exception. She didn't kiss and suck my cockhead, instead, she hugged me and stroked my cock for a few seconds while whispering, "Thank you for last night. I slept like a baby." in my ear. Those tits were heaven pressing into me.

"Any time, Mom. I love you."

I next had to figure out how to expand my campaign to include the other schools that we played against in sports and other activities. I had a discussion with Coach Clidduris, Miss Crotchet and Priscilla, while Coach lay on the workout mat sucking my cock and practicing her new deepthroat skills. We talked about the fact that the sports leagues had a dress code separate from any specific school dress code. After she finished swallowing my third load of cum that morning, Coach Clidduris' first, Priscilla swallowed my second load and Cecilia got the first, she had woken me up with a blowjob that morning, Coach Clidduris conceded that the school's investment in the new uniforms may have been premature. She would keep them for inter-school exhibition and practice games.

"The girls are going to be so disappointed."

I reassured Coach, "I'm sure it won't be long before the rest of the schools catch up with us. Just watch."

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"Hi, I'm the center for the BJ Flashers, last year's Hymen Trophy winner. I'd like to talk to you about performance enhancement drug use in high school. The National Association for Kids' Educational Development is concerned about the growing practice of harmful drug use in sports. To combat this issue, we are partnering with Nité Sportswear to support the wide spread adoption of performance enhancing sportswear instead of drugs."

A few scenes of sports teams in mesh and light weight abbreviated team uniforms playing high octane competitive team sports flashed across the screen at a rate of eighteen frames per scene change. It included three different scenes of cheer squad routines intermixed with seven different popular high school sports, five of which were women's teams. I didn't get as graphically extreme as our school's media coverage did, but It would soon get there.

Since I was not trying to introduce nude teaching into the other schools or promote sexual contact between faculty and students, I could concentrate on visual exposure to revealing uniforms without all the content.

The ad was part of a broadcast of a women's college field hockey game that I'd promoted to the various coaches and admins of the rival schools. My login reporting software told me that most of the target audience tuned in to watch two women's collegiate field hockey teams play in uniforms that had been filtered through my real time editor having them wearing thong undergarments beneath much shorter skirts and tops that were thin and midsection baring. Most, though not all, players appeared braless and the coaches especially, showed lots of cleavage. The twelve commercials were pulled from some of my earliest productions and modified slightly to expose the watcher to the idea of showing off their bodies.

I avoided references to sex or nude teaching. The latter would be introduced via a series of professional magazines that they will all be getting as a trial give away. A couple more weeks of

this kind of exposure and examples of high school level sports with minimal, performance wear, will become more numerous. That's when they will all receive their new uniform catalogs that feature the newest and very popular high performance athletic wear. All the ads that popup in their computer windows will be in support of these new and broadly embraced trends of skin exposing "breathable" athletic wear.

I had to be careful and strategic because I couldn't replace their regular media, like professional magazines. They would have to move their window of acceptable morals while continuing to be partially exposed to their current center. Maybe I could cancel some subscription media and successfully replace it, but I doubted I could manage all of it.

"Fifty percent of the proceeds raised by Nité Sportswear and The National Association for Kids' Educational Development will go towards national efforts to combat drug use in school sports.

"Please support your local team and get these kids out of their old uniforms and off of drugs. They need to be free to play with each other as nature intended."

***

So, that Saturday, was fun and Priscilla stayed at the house all day taking turns with Cecilia to see how many orgasms they could bring me to. It turns out that twelve was pretty near my limit for a day. That night, Priscilla went home and Mom snuck into my room for her nightly sixty-nine session. However, Cecilia wasn't asleep and she came in while Mom was just finishing licking my cock and had started sucking the head into her mouth while I was tongueing her luscious, mature pussy lips.

"I see what's going on!" Cecilia announced. She stood in my doorway wearing a tight transparent body sheath. It rode up exposing her bald labia in front. Her full breasts stretched the material and her nipples were clearly aroused pushing against the molding mesh.

Mom's head snapped up off my cock and her face blushed red with guilt.

"You're sneaking in extra practice deepthroating Bentley to be better at it than I am." Sissy accused.

Mom recovered herself and said, "I'm sneaking in extra practice just to keep up. After you and Priscilla spent the whole day with Bentley's erection down your throats, You've jumped way ahead of me." Mom dropped her head down and took half my cock into her mouth and slowly drew her lips back up, getting me wetter as her daughter looked on.

"Bentley is also learning to refine his cunnilingus, although... AUGHHOOHHH... he's already very good at it." I took my queue and stabbed my tongue into my mother's drooling pussy and dragged a thick gob of her juice down to her clit with my tongue while she was talking to her daughter.

Cecilia chuckled, "I'm only teasing you. I know I hogged Bentley's huge cock all day. Thanks for that, Mom."

Mom had taken another long suck on my hard cock. She broke suction again and said, "Cecilia, what have I said about language? OhHH Bentley! That feels good."

I slid my tongue out from tickling the top of Mom's entrance and craned my neck up. I reached higher on Mom's ass cheeks, spreading them and pulling Mom's hips down lower so I could see my sister from between my mother's round naked buttocks.

"I have an idea," I said, my lips against my mother's spread open anus. "... but we should go to

Mom's room. We'll want a king size bed."

"Oo, I like it." said Cecilia. "Room for all of us."

Mom rolled off of me. "We can't be up all night. I was just trying to get a little practice in because I didn't get any all day."

I got up and Cecilia immediately grabbed my cock and stroked it.

I reassured my mother, "Don't worry, Mom. You get it until I orgasm and Cecilia's going to be too busy to hog my erection, so it's all yours."

Cecilia pouted, but she followed me to Mom's room.

"Okay," I instructed, "Mom, I'll lay down like before and you can get onto your hands and knees to deepthroat me again, but don't get over me. Cecilia is going to let me practice cunnilingus on her.

"Cecilia, lay over here with your legs spread so I can get between them and lick you."

I got on the bed and laid on my back but I rolled my shoulders sideways and got up on one elbow. I directed Mom into position on her hands and knees. When she crawled up next to me, I grabbed the root of my cock and lifted it towards her mouth. She bent and took me in. I let go, shifting my hand to the back of Mom's head and pushed her farther down my shaft until I felt my cockhead seated in the back of Mom's mouth.

"AUWGHHH, That is so good. Your mouth feels incredible, Mom."

Cecilia crawled up and spun around presenting me with her hips.

I lifted my head and said, "Slide your thigh under me. Yeah, like that, so you're facing me.

"UUUAHHH, OHH Mom, what you're doing with your tongue is amaziAuUGHhh!"

Mom wasted no time getting to work.

"Mom, drop onto your left hip. OHhhhh...fffffff yeahhhh."

When Mom stopped pulsing her tongue back and forth against my swollen gland tip, I continued my instructions to Cecilia.

"Sis, here, put your head on... UuGhH, yeahhhh, that's good... put your head on Mom's thigh."

I reached out and lifted Mom's knee high in the air and spread her thighs open to Cecilia. When Cecilia rested her left cheek on Mom's left inner thigh, I pushed on the back of Cecilia's head, sliding her along Mom's soft inner thigh until her mouth met Mom's wet pussy.

"Use your instincts; Mom will let you know when you're doing it right."

I captured my sister's pussy in my open mouth and I heard a muffled groan from between Mom's legs. Mom tried to groan too. It was so wild my cock throbbed in response to the vibrations coming from my mother's throat. Mom's right hand trapped my right hand against the back of my sister's head and pulled her daughter harder into her cunt.

Ahh FUCK! But that was SO hot.

I licked the tender pink skin just below my sister's clit, trying to show Cecilia what she should be

doing to her mother's pussy. I got feedback through my cock when Mom felt her daughter do something particularly stimulating. Cecilia's hips and thighs also provided me with a lot of feedback.

I felt Mom bob her head and drag her tongue across the corona of my blood filled cock. I moaned into my sister's cunt and drove my tongue into her opening, causing her to groan and do something with her mouth to Mom's pussy, which caused Mom to intensify whatever she was doing to my cock with her mouth. This seemed to build in cycles until one of us felt so much sexual stimulation that we gritted our teeth against the pussy or cock in our mouth, or we just lifted off and cried out. We'd take a moment to recover and it all started all over again.

Cecilia's pussy pressed back against my mouth with her need. She held the back of my head in place with both hands. My sister loves to cum. She had been bringing herself off every night for what seems like months and now, multiple times during the day. Nobody is left wondering if she ever uses her Mistress-O-Matic. She let's everyone know how good it feels.

Speaking of that, I felt something hard against my head, and when I slid a curious hand under the pillow after I rolled back, pulling Cecilia's hips with me so she was over my face straddling me, I found a neon green Mistress-O-Matic. I don't even remember getting the order for it.

I dug my tongue deeper into my sister's pussy and spread her lubrication all around. Then, I twisted the back end of the green dildo and shoved it home as soon as I felt it vibrate into life.

Cecilia bucked hard and cried into her mother's hungry cunt,
"MEEEEMMMFUGGHHHMMMMmmmm...!!!"

Teeth clamped around my cock shaft and my cockhead was grabbed by the spasming smooth muscles at the back of Mom's throat.
"AUGHCKKKK!!!" I yelled between my sister's spread thighs. Her back arched and her hips pumped up and down. She lifted her head and screeched.

"OhOHuughhHAAAMYYFUKAUgGgGAWD!!!"

Cecilia came, arching up to howl like a wolf braying at the ceiling.

I felt her body begin to come down from her orgasm and I twisted the plastic cock buried in her. I began fucking the Mistress-O-Matic in and out of my sister while I pulled on her clit with my lips and tongue.

"AEEEEEZZZZZZZZAAHHHH... AH... AH... AH... AH..." She started cumming all over again. She caught her breath and bent, burying her mother's savaged cunt in her gaping mouth. I felt Mom tip over the edge through my cock in her mouth and my whole hard length plunged down her throat.

Mom vibrated. She couldn't scream, but she gave it a tremendous try and my hard cock felt every quiver of her climaxing as my cockhead pressed down against her vocal chords. I cried out for her, but I held on and managed not to cum.

Mom pushed to come up, but I had my right hand down, holding the back of her head, while my left was working the dildo in and out of my sister's cunt. I didn't realize I was keeping my mother from lifting off my cock. My balls were pressed into her hollowing cheek and my hips pumped against her in fast rhythm, in time with my left hand pumping the Mistress-O-Matic in and out of my sister's pussy. Cecilia's own screams had cut off when she bent down to eat her mother's vagina whole.

I felt Mom spasm again in a second orgasm and that woke me up to the fact I was suffocating her. She just kept cumming when my cock pulled from her mouth.

Cecilia was finished with her second orgasm and yelled, "Mom!"

"Oh my God, Bentley. Look at Mom. Her eyes are rolled right up into her head."

I held my sister's naked hips so she didn't fall away, and I sat up. Cecilia's legs hung over my shoulders and her spine bent so her hips rolled backwards. Her full ass almost came to rest on the top of her upturned head as I bent her backwards down into my lap. Cecilia caught her balance on her elbows and her chin slid down my stomach. I felt her mouth engulf my throbbing gland. I looked down, from between my sisters naked thighs, at our mother rolling and twisting out the last vestiges of the most intense orgasm I'd seen her have, while Cecilia and I were in a sixty-nine position sitting up in bed next to her. Sissy kept watching Mom, but she didn't hesitate to suck my cock deep into her mouth either. Cecilia's chin, stretched out against my pubis, straightening her throat out, her elbows spread like chicken wings, her hands braced over my bald testicles. My cockhead pushed into the top of Sissy's throat, only a couple of inches of shaft remained out of her mouth.

Mom flopped onto her back, laying still. "Oh Cecilia, I have never had an orgasm like that before. What did you do?" Mom lay with her eyes closed and her daughter sucked on me for another few seconds. I stabbed my tongue out and traced the still vibrating butt of the Mistress-O-Matic just peeking out between Cecilia's pussy lips under my nose.

"AUGHCKKKK!!!" Cecilia cried, lifting her mouth off my cock. "I... I... Oh God... I don't... know." Cecilia panted and absently stroked my cock while she vibrated in tiny spasms to the electric dildo still buried in her. "I... I just came and... I think... UGHhH... I bit your whole pussy.

"OHHH Bentley! I'm close to another one. AUOHHHH FUCK ME!!!" My sister demanded.

I grabbed that green dildo and pulled it out and drove it back into her. With my other hand, I pushed her mouth back over my cock.
"UHUummmMmMmMmMm..." I fucked my sister
again with the dildo and also pumped my hips back and forth, fucking my cock into her mouth. Mom rolled over and opened her eyes to watch. "Cecilia!" She started to breath an angry caution at Sissy's foul language, but instead, Mom just watched me fuck my sister in two holes, completely mesmerized.

Drool, spittle, my leaking pre-cum, some of Mom's juices all flowed from Cecilia's mouth stretching wide around my cock. I stabbed at her clit with my tongue while I fucked that green toy in and out of her. I could see my sister's deep pink, inner labial lips stretch out from between her soft outer lips, dragging along the verdant vibrating shaft they clung to, as I pulled the Mistress-O-Matic out of Cecilia. Those succulent rosy lips disappeared inside my sister with every reversal, pushing her inner lips out of sight with each inward stroke of the lime colored toy. Her inner lips pulled outward around that exiting shaft, only to be stuffed back into her when I plunged the plastic cylinder back down into her womanly depths.

"MmuwUK mMuWUk mmuwUk MuWUK..." Cecilia began to moan around my cock pumping in and out of her mouth. I'd reach the back of her mouth and my cockhead rammed bluntly into the top of her tight throat over and over until she really tried to scream out her tumbling pleasure. That's when her throat opened up all the way again and I sheathed my entire length fully down my sister's throat with each thrust.

I shook with my own spasms of pleasure, when my hard and long cock sank past my sister's tonsils.

I wanted to cum, but my load wasn't there yet and I felt I would go crazy if my body didn't churn out enough semen to satisfy just one more orgasm. I fought to hold onto my sanity and grabbed Cecilia's clit in my teeth and bit her lightly.

My sister had been hanging nearly upside down as I sat up with her legs over my shoulders, my hand gripping one hip, the other stabbing that fake cock in and out of her. Her body lay down the length of my torso as she hung, neck craned back, jaws stretched wide, and her face buried into my lap. She began to buck and throw herself into a frenzy of writhing flesh that I couldn't hold still. She arched and curled and clawed at my hips and threw me onto my back.

Cecilia came like someone had just plugged her 110 body into a 220 wall outlet. My sister's mouth felt electrified as she sucked and clamped her lips hard around me. She was doing it. She was pulling my empty balls out through my dick and she was going to get the last thin dregs of my sperm for the day. I arched back against her lithe, wriggling body and got ready to explode again. Only, she came up off my cock and screamed out her orgasm again. Her small hands gripped my cock root like a steel ring. Clear fluids splattered out in a fan from her openned mouth.

"AUaAAEEEeeeehhhhhhh!!!" Cecilia cried out loud once her mouth was emptied of my cock.

Her legs shook against my head. She reached back with one hand and dug its fingers into my short hair, yanking my face hard against her. The Mistress-O-Matic plunged deep inside her and I lost my hold on it.

"OUOHHUAAYYEEEAHHHHHHH!!!"

Then I finally felt her body loosen up. She let go of my hair and flopped back onto the opposite side from Mom. Her breathing was labored and she barely had the energy to lift her knees and reach between her legs and give birth to a bright green baby boy sex toy.

"Oh fffuuhhh... hell, Sis. That was incredible."

I just lay there on my back, my hard unsatisfied cock arching over my stomach, a drop of some mixture of our fluids fell from the tip into my belly button. I felt the soft brush of my mother's long wavy hair sweep across my chest. I opened my eyes to see Mom's right arm strength out her hand. She pressed her huge naked tits against my side and reached across my chest, between her daughter's legs and grabbed the cheerfully vibrating dildo that was half of the way out of Cecilia by then.

"I'll just take that back." Mom commented before she settled down onto her side and used my stomach as a pillow. She casually levered my shaft downward and opened her mouth around my blood flaired head. She spread her legs and slipped her Mistress-O-Matic home. It slid easily up her sopping cunt. Mom lazily sucked on me while she moved the dildo gently back and forth inside herself.

I was SO primed. I flopped a tired arm across Mom's ribs and captured one magnificent breast to finger her hard nipple.

Mom kept at her lazy pace for a few minutes, fucking herself with the Mistress-O-Matic and sucking my cockhead and a few inches of shaft. Her breathing started to get faster and she moaned around my cock after a while. I ran my fingers gently through her hair and caressed the side of one heavy, fat breast. Her nipple would lift into reach on each up stroke and I brushed my thumb over the hard nub. Mom eventually rolled up and stretched her right leg across my shoulders, into a sixty-nine position again. I took over the green cock in her pussy. My tongue explored her clit and the stretched open lips of her vagina while I fucked Mom with the toy.

I felt the mattress shift and saw Cecilia getting back on the bed. I hadn't realized she had gotten off, the bed, that is. My sister leaned in to me and gave me a deep kiss with probing tongue. Then, she surprised me by capturing the dildo I was working in and out of Mom, and pulled it all the way out. Mom let out a sad moan.

Before I realized what was happening, Cecilia had straddled my head right behind where Mom was on hands and knees over me and snapped the Mistress-O-Matic onto the hip harness she had gone and put on in her room. I watched from underneath as my sister aimed her ersatz cock at our mother's wet cunt. Cecilia held Mom's hips in both hands to steady her target and rammed that bright green cock home from behind.

"AUOHHHH!" grunted Mom around my cock shaft. Cecilia let out her own satisfied moan and began thrusting in and out of Mom. My whole cock plunged its full length down Mom's throat. Her entire body rocked with Cecilia's thrusts. I groaned loudly at the sudden engulfing feeling. I felt the imminent orgasm of my erection build inside my mother's throat. I extended my tongue and flicked my mother's clit as it rocked back and forth above my mouth.

The harness for the Mistress-O-Matic has a metal stud that is positioned over the wearer's clitoris. Every time Cecilia thrust her dildo into her mother, she humped her clit against that metallic stud. However, the straps are arranged so they connect to the bottom of the pubic plate at two separated attachment points on either side of the metal stud. The straps then hug the tops of the inner thighs and run around the legs to connect to the top corners of the pubic plate where the belt wraps around the hips to hold everything firm. This left Cecilia's vaginal canal open and even spread her outer labia wide so I had easy access to my sister's pussy with my tongue and fingers. I used both to probe her pistoning inner labia and vaginal canal.

I worked on instinct, moving my tongue back and forth between my sister's vagina and my mother's. I reached my left hand up between both pairs of gorgeous naked thighs that arched open over my face and sunk my fingers into my sister's tunnel. My right hand, extended down the length of my body, entwine its fingers into my mother's hair and pushed her harder, back down over my cock with every thrust my sister's hips made against my mother's bare ass cheeks.

The amplitude of the vibrations in my balls, as my sperm fought to get out, increased. I felt Mom's lips, tongue, cheeks, mouth roof, suck in tight around the base of my thick and turgid shaft. Her throat grabbed my girth and my cockhead strained to reach her stomach at the bottom of Mom's esophagus. I grabbed a handful of Mom's hair when her vocal chords began to oscillate directly against the head of my cock, starting a sonic wave that seemed to spread throughout my mother's body rocking from the force of her daughter's fucking.

I used Mom's hair as a handle to lift her head half off my throbbing erection, then plunge her back down over me. Cecilia called out.

"OHHH! This feels... GOOOOOD! Keep doing that, Bentley!"

I was dragging my tongue across Cecilia's blood engorged labia minora from the edge of the leather plate and that metal stud that pounded against my sister's excited clit, along the smooth wet length of Sissy's parting pussy lips, to the hole that lead into her feminine depths. I continued licking over Cecilia's slick perineum and stabbed the tip of my extended tongue against the puckered center of her anus. It was hard to stay on track with her hips pumping against Mom's bare ass.

I burst. My cum came hard. It hung, building force against the gate of my prostate, amassing its numbers until my gland slammed open and the hoard burst through and stormed its way up the tunnel through the center of my hardened shaft and launched out the end and drove for my mother's

stomach. My prostate brought the big gun online, contracted, forcing my seminal fluid to accelerate through the barrel of my cock. It closed and chambered the next round, opened again and hammered another cartridge of cum through.

I cried against my sister's cunt and she fucked into our mother's pussy and Mom spasmed in her throat, stimulating another shot from my cock cannon, down her throat. Mom pulled back, pushing with adrenaline against my forcing hand and took the rest of my sperm and seminal juice across her tongue. She drank it, drawing it out with her tongue and hollowed cheeks like she was trying to suck up the very last dribble of cum shake in my balls with a cockstraw.

I pressed my open mouth against my sister's cunt and stabbed my tongue into her opening, as deep as I could. She gave a mighty thrust into Mom, forcing my cock into Mom's throat once again and I felt Mom's body jerk and ripple and writhe as our mother's own orgasm grabbed her and shook her naked body as hard as it could. Cecilia screeched and her thighs began to vibrate against my temples. I felt her pussy contract around my tongue. I pulled out and forced my tongue under the plate of leather that held the green plastic vibrating cock in the depths of my Mom's cunt. I found my sister's clit smashed against the metallic stud and I pushed hard, my neck muscles strained to their limits, to replace that brass button with my tongue's tip. I flicked and cried out and shook my tongue against my sister's clit with waves of vibrations from my own ecstacy. My fingers replaced my tongue in Cecilia's drooling and contracting vaginal canal. She screamed again.

My sister bucked, fucking her fake cock into Mom's cunt and Mom jerked, Cecilia shook and rocked backwards, and suddenly that plastic erection, coated thoroughly in my mother's juices, snapped free of Mom's vagina. Cecilia cocked her hips back and jerked forward in an uncontrolled spasm and thrust that plastic cock into my open moaning mouth.

Cecilia cried out, "AUWGHFUUUCK!" In frustration at losing the stimulation in the middle of her orgasm and reached a hand down to grope for her clit. She found my head in the way and grabbed my hair with surprising strength and forced my face against that leather plate. The tapered head of that hard shaft pushed into my throat and Cecilia humped herself hard against the metal stud, to ride out the rest of her interrupted orgasm. My own orgasm had its last throes of pleasure and my hips jerked in intense feeling with every shift and movement inside my mother's mouth. Mom swallowed around me and licked my cockhead until every vestige of cum was wiped clean from my cock.

I went soft in Mom's mouth and struggled to breath while Cecilia let go of her mother's hips and grabbed my head in both hands. She was still cumming and screaming. I was in a panick with a plastic cock forcing my throat opened. I gagged and jerked. I tried to concentrate on Miss Crotchet's instructions, but I couldn't. I heaved and gagged and began to throw up.

"AUWGHHH FffUuAH!" Cecilia yelled and fell back against the headboard of our mother's bed. She was gulping in heavy breaths and holding her pussy, her long lithe teenage legs stretched out wide. The vibrating green dildo standing up above her hands.

I had rolled over to heave and coughed out the last of my bile. Fucking Damn! How do women do that? Respect on them. I'm pretty sure it was beyond me to learn deepthroat. Not that I would be into it anyhow. But, FUUUCK!

Mom was flopped on her stomach and half curled up. Her own hands cupping her pussy.

I looked at the mess I'd made underneath where I was on hands and knees. "Sorry, Mom." I coughed again.

Mom, her eyes closed, her voice dreamy, replied, "You have nothing to be sorry about. I've never

felt so good."

She smiled and caressed herself for a moment, "Thank you Cecilia, you were amazing."

Cecilia replied, "My pleasure."

I crawled off the bed.

"Where are you going, Sweetheart?" Mom asked without moving.

"I have to clean this mess up."

"What mess? I think I swallowed everything." Mom smiled.

"I threw up. I'm sorry. Can't do what you guys can do."

Mom opened her eyes at that.

Cecilia shifted, "I'll help. It was my fault. I didn't realize where I was... thrusting."

Mom's eyes got wider. "What do you mean? Did you put it in Bentley's mouth?"

Cecilia was moving, right behind me, to the bathroom, "Sort of."

I grabbed a couple of towels and Cecilia started running the hot water in the sink.

I came out to wipe up my throw up with the towels.

Mom asked me, she was still in her same position on the bed. "Did you like that?" Then Mom moved to sit up. She quickly added, "It... it's okay if you did. I just... am... curious, I guess."

I shrugged, "It was sexy, in the moment. It's not something I would seek to do, but it seemed okay at the time. I can't do the deepthroat thing though and Cecilia was in the middle of her orgasm, so I just went with it."

Mom seemed a little relieved. I honestly don't think she would care if I was gay or not. I really think she was just thinking about whether I was having a good time with her and Cecilia.

"Mom, I can't imagine it ever being better than it is with you and Cecilia. I love girls and particularly you and my sister. Nothing is better than learning about sex with you.

Mom relaxed even more.

Cecilia was dabbing the wet spot on the sheets with a damp hand towel. She had taken the dildo and harness off in the bathroom.

"I feel the same way. I love what we do together. You're the best, Mom and I love my baby brother. I wish it will never end."

Mom actually shed tears and that made me start to cry. Mom grabbed the driest towel and laid it over the wet area and then pulled us all into a hug and we fell asleep like that.

Cecilia got my first load of cum the next morning. She started before I was awake.

Life is amazing!

***

Mom goes to church, and lately, she has insisted that we, Cecilia and I, join her the last few Sundays. I don't mind. Mom has store duty on weekends now that she's working in school. So she baked and brought in a large tub of her baked goods.

Cecilia and I help out in Sunday school after church services. We are old enough that it's called 'Bible Study'. Sunday School is for little kids.

Well, Pastor Bacchanal and his wife are on the school board, and the pastor and Mrs. Bacchanal are influential, so they have been getting the full course of my campaign since the beginning. Church has become very interesting. There are a number of parishioners who have also been getting a lot of my media feeds directly. There are both teachers and parents of students in the congregation whom I've been providing media directly to, or students who have been "stealing" content from other students.

I've actually been targeting the church population ever since Miss Neezlaucht blew up at the Board Meeting. It took a while, but I found Miss Neezlaucht's home router and cable box address, and installed a cheap FM transceiver in her car to override her radio. I did this with a number of other key church members and have had them fairly well blanketed for a while now.

I did a quick study of Miss Neezlaucht's weekly routine and made sure to pepper her regular travel routes with sexualized advertising content. I slanted it heavily on vaginal pleasure, MFYM intercourse and self- stimulation. I wanted her, and others, to start thinking about their desires for sex.

I have replaced most of the posters in the church's vestibule and chapter house with progressively more sexualized versions. A lot of religious art includes bared breasts or naked angels. I capitalized on these images and expanded their intonation from motherhood and heavenly innocence to more modern and worldly images. Deeply exposed cleavage and bared legs, even sheer robes that showed braless and pantiless members of the church have become the normal depictions of life at and around church in the ads they see everyday.

I've been to previous services recently and my ad campaign has found fertile ground, so to speak. Mrs. Bacchanal now wears her Sunday dresses as short as the teachers at school. Her cleavage is well displayed and I recently noted that the chorus robes were of a new and very sheer style. I had a suspicion, a couple of weeks before that, that some of the members may have even been stripping down underneath their holy vestments.

I suspected it, because I did a Christian Radio show with a female pastor as a guest who talked about her practice of feeling closer to God by stripping nude or as close to nude as possible. She described stripping bare under her white pulpit robes, choosing to replace the traditional black for something lighter, more revealing of her God given endowments to help her congregation see the love she had for God and the love she had for them.

"I feel, as many of my fellow church leaders have shown me by their own example, that God doesn't want us to hide ourselves away, but rather to come out before God and all his children and rejoice in how we are made in his image, to celebrate our maker and our making. To show yourself is to give others a glimpse, as Earthly as it may be, of the divine without being overcome by His beauty."

I really worked the theme that we are divinely created in the image of the divine and that God's will was to proudly display that Earthly aspect of the Divine. The most important part of my strategy was to let everyone know that others followed this thinking and that it was accepted and growing in its practice. Consequently, the necklines on the new robes plunge deep and the protrusion of nipples have become much more noticeable through the thin material. The robes are

full length, but slit up the sides, nearly to their ribs. Not noticing anything but skin on the few occasions I got a glimpse from the sides. I, of course, switched out the church supply catalog for my own version.

I also increased the references to bring self- pleasure out into the open and paired the pleasuring of ourselves, and each other, to the concept of, feeling and spreading Heaven's love on Earth.

I took on a new, more physical project for the church, a couple of weeks ago. I volunteered to upgrade the Choir stage. It had nothing to do directly with my campaign, except maybe as a sort of test, but honestly, I just thought it would be fun. I brought up the idea with Mrs. Bacchanal two weeks ago when we were in Bible study and her full mature breasts were threatening to fall out in front of the group of teenagers she was leading through a discussion of the story of Mary, the girl who washed our savior's feet.

This Mary, there are a lot of Marys in the Bible, was a woman of "bad name" who was brought before Jesus to pronounce his condemnation upon. He did not condemn her, as the others thought he would.

"Bad name" is pretty non-specific, but the assumption was that she enjoyed sex out of wedlock. Nothing to condemn about that.

After the group broke up and I was helping Mrs. Bacchanal pick up before the mornings service began, I suggested an upgrade to the Choir stage. I wanted to bring a heavenly feeling to the group by adding lights and dressing it up a little. I told her about my design ideas and, I think, she really paid more attention to the erection I pulled from watching her bend at the waist to shelve the bibles we had been using. She is, I think, a bit younger than my mother, even though the good father is older, and her legs seemed to go on forever. I also noticed she wasn't wearing panties, which I thought I had discovered during class when she, sitting on a stool, crossed and recrossed her legs before the whole group of us. We were in folding chairs in a circle, so she was higher than we were. I wasn't the only guy sporting signs of arousal. Bending to shelve the books only confirmed what I was pretty sure of already, and the light moisture I could see coating her pussy lips brought me to full hardness.

Mrs. Bacchanal actually surprised me, when she straightened up and turned around, by pointing out my erection.

"Bentley, your mother has been telling me about your... um... well, problem. I don't mean to make you feel uncomfortable about it, but Father Bacchanal and I have tried to give your mother good sound advice, to help her see God's plan in all things. If you want to talk about it. The Father and I are only here to help."

I blinked. My cock twitched when I suddenly opened my mind to the possibilities, and I decided that "talking about it" with the pastor's young beautiful wife was exactly what I wanted to do. Well, not "exactly" what I wanted to do with her, but it starts there. I was interested to see where it might go.

"Oh, ah... sure, Mrs. Bacchanal. Mom has been just great about it. I actually think I'm doing better. All my teachers are getting involved, and their support has relieved me of my... um... problem many times over these last few weeks."

I cast my eyes down at my Chino tent and added, "It still can get pretty uncomfortable at times. Being around a pretty woman can still make it hard... I... I mean, difficult."

I stumbled over my words on purpose to move her to see me as vulnerable and want to help. "I

mean, it gets hard... my... um... you know, thing, but I meant. Well, I also meant... I mostly meant... um... it was... difficult."

Mrs. Bacchanal took a seat on her stool again to listen, her bare knees pressed together and were held by her hands as she leaned towards me to listen. She let her eyes wander down to my crotch over and over. Her generous breasts, not as large as my sister's even, but still bigger than usual, pushed out heavy and half naked between the gapped front of her dress until the pink edges of her areolae were viewable. A remnant from her bending to shelve the Bibles.

I listened to my own words echo back at me. "Bentley, God made us, all of us, in his image. He wants us to love each other and rejoice in the blessing of bearing his divine image. There is no reason to worry about how you look or how you feel. From what I can see," and she looked directly down at my stiff tentpole pushing my slacks out. "God has blessed you with a handsome body. Be proud of it and welcome the Lord into you and his blessings upon you. I try to do that every day. I rejoice in welcoming the Lord's blessings into me everyday."

I reached down and Mrs. Bacchanal followed my hands as I unzipped and unclasped my pants. "I don't know, Mrs. Bacchanal. Mom says that too and she really seems to enjoy looking at 'God's blessing,' as she calls it, but I'm afraid she's just saying those things because she's my mother."

I let my hard-on wag out into the open and Mrs. Bacchanal gasped and put a hand to her bared sternum. Her knees loosened and I got a clear view between her legs; no panties, no hair, pink inner lips barely peeking out between smooth outer lips, there was a bright glint of moisture already coating the rosy pink ribbon of those inner lips.

"Oh my goodness," she said, "your mother wasn't exaggerating. You truely are blessed."

She seemed to squirm on her stool a little.

"May I... tou... AugHem... I mean, is it painful, would it help if I... Do you need... relief? Your mother says she needs to help you sometimes." She seemed to grow shy all of a sudden.

I didn't say anything, just took half a step forward so she could reach it while nodding my head. Her fingers felt cool on my burning shaft. The colder metal of her engagement and wedding ring felt even more icy. She opened her knees wide so I could stand closer, right between them. I watched her hand explore my length. Her pussy was only a few inches lower than my cock, spread before me.

"Your mother says you sometimes can't help... um... ejaculating your seed at the slightest touch. Should I be careful of that?"

I shrugged and saw my opportunity. "I'm getting better, but my mom and my teachers try to make sure it happens in a controlled environment early, so it doesn't cause embarrassment or an unnecessary mess with sudden orgasms at awkward times later. Nurse Head has been showing them how to extend the stimulation more and more, trying to get me is to last as long as possible before I... um... ejaculate."

I let my pants drop to my knees while my Sunday School teacher explored my cock.

"If you want to help take care of it first, then it shouldn't be an issue for a while after that. My teachers all think it is best to expose me to a lot of stimulation for as long as possible, so I can get use to it and live a normal life when I learn more control."

Mrs. Bacchanal began stroking me outright.

"You need lots of stimulation, as well as relief? I guess that makes sense. I'm sure the Lord knows best." she was talking to herself as much as to me.

My hips rocked back and forth with her stroking hand. I reached out and braced myself by putting one hand against her chest, cupping her left breast. She was soft and round, her nipple drilled into the middle of my palm. I went on, "That works out, because my sister, as well as a couple of my teachers, and my mom, of course, are trying to learn fellatio better and that fits with their goal of increasing my simula..."

The door opened and in walked Miss Neezlaucht. "Wanda, Father Bacchanal sent me to find..."

She stopped and stared at Mrs. Bacchanal's hand curled around my naked erection jutting out above my lowered slacks. My right hand fondling her naked left breast; I'd just slid the front of Mrs. Bacchanal's blouse aside to uncover it. Mrs. Bacchanal was leaning in jacking me in a steady rhythm. Her knees spread to either side of my exposed thighs.

Let me catch you up on Miss Neezlaucht. I told you I have been targeting her with my senior project, among other members of the church. It has been working, to some extent. Miss Neezlaucht shows a lot more flesh than she use to. She not a beauty, by any means, but she is slim, very slim and while her age really shows in her face. Her body has been blessed with a lifetime of hiding from the ravages of the Sun. Her skin was fine, pale, smooth, silk under those chin-to-toes mortuary curtains she wore for dresses. She's flat chested and has little in the way of curves, her ass is kind of flat too, but she is not wrinkled at all, and her legs, exposed several inches above the knees atop sturdy, black, ankle supporting high heels, are firm and surprisingly feminine. Picture the Wicked Witch of the West with a body that looked over thirty years younger than her face.

"Bentley!" she exclaimed, when she could peel her eyes from the stroking hand of her pastor's wife stroking back and forth along my cock.

She gasped, "What I have been hearing about you is true."

She was acting stern, determined, her chin snapped up, causing her black, wire rimmed spectacles to bounce on her hawkish nose. Her fists clenched, her flat chest thrust out, but she did not seem outraged the way she had acted in the Board meeting weeks before.

"This boy is possessed by deamons. Look at that thing. I will help you, Wanda. We must exorcize his daemons. Expel the foul denizens of Hell from his body."

Miss Neezlaucht clacked over and grabbed my cock out of Mrs. Bacchanal's hand as I stood between her knees.

"Evil must be released from him!" she shouted and began jerking my cock in her cronish hand. My hips were yanked forward and the head of my cock left a couple of large smears of pre-cum coating the inside of Mrs. Bacchanal's bared belly button.

"Ah Ow!" I cried when her dry fingers pulled me downward and stretched my foreskin tight along my length and over my sensitive head.

My Sunday School teacher tried to wrestle my cock back from the angry old woman.

"Greta, what are you doing? Bentley just needs to relieve his teenage hormones. He's not possessed. It is a common medical condition."

Oddly enough, Mrs. Zaftig finally had a talk with Nurse Head and she had my mother bring me in to the school infirmary for an examination. That was the Monday, right after I came while

spending the last class of the day surrounded by naked teachers posing with me in the most sexual positions a teenage school kid can imagine. I kind of "accidentally" fucked Ms. Dermis while Priscilla took pictures and then I came all over Mrs. Zaftig while watching her kissing my mother in our living room. Libbey O'Majorah had barely slid her little fingers around my hard shaft when my cum blasted across her, across my mother, and coated my principal's bare side from armpit to her giant breasts.

They felt I had regressed. They didn't seem to realize how their impossibly sexy behavior was the real cause.

Nurse Head interviewed me with Mrs. Zaftig and my mother in attendance. We all described our version of my "issue" and Nurse Head finally asked to examine my penis. She explained that her examination, beyond doing a simple cursory physical, was outside the scope of her license. She could assess and report to a doctor or a nurse practitioner, but she couldn't diagnose. However, since my mother was there to give permission and witness, she would be happy to examine me and give her unofficial opinion. So, I stripped in front of all three middle aged women.

I was half-erect and sat on the exam table with nothing on while the rather unsexy nurse snapped on a pair of blue latex gloves and probed, prodded, squeezed, and rolled my balls, and worked her way up to my semi-flaccid organ.

I looked down at the top of Nurse Head's head and tried to imagine her giving me head. She wasn't an ugly woman, but her asexual body did not inspire visions of fantasy sex with a hot nurse. I had to admit, her uniform was very "fantasy" like. She was well indoctrinated into the new culture, but there wasn't any "new" professional medical material that would lead her to conclude a regiment of sex would be an appropriate treatment for me. I don't even know what a real medical professional would have to say about such things, never having done any research into the area of premature ejaculation.

My mother told the nurse that she was most concerned about my healthy development because I'd had a few "accidents" early on. The regiment that she and my teachers had come up with seemed to be working well, but she feared a regression. Her perspective was obviously based in the worries of an anxious mother who wanted her children to be "normal".

Mrs. Zaftig described the event with Coach Clidduris and the followup event with Miss Crotchet. She was under the impression that I recovered much faster than was normal for a teenage boy and had, not only control problems with how easily I ejaculated, but with my self-control when ejaculating. I clearly lost all ability to consciously moderate my response during orgasm and was completely at the mercy of my hormones during these overly intense moments. She mentioned excessive sperm production, super-ejection of semen, and violent reflexes when cumming. I had to admit, I actually did experience the unconscious loss of control at times, but I hadn't thought the length and intensity, nor the force behind my cumming during my orgasms, was abnormal.

I said as much to Nurse Head when I described my "problem".

"I am a teenager and perhaps a little more sensitive than some, but I don't really think I have a problem. I've just been placed in some unusual circumstances because I am closer than most kids my age with some very pretty women at an awkward time in my life."

I explained, "I've read about hormonal development and the changes teenagers go through. I admit, I may be a little behind developmentally, I am two grades ahead in school. But, it has been getting a lot better with what my mother and my teachers have been helping me with. I just spent two entire periods helping out, being the example for the male genitalia, with Mrs. Zaftig half naked in Ms. Dermis's and Mademoiselle Derrieret's classes. I hadn't had an accident even though

several of the girls and one boy had grabbed my erection when I walked by. But Mrs. Zaftig was able to make Christian Gilbert cum in his pants just from telling him he could touch her breasts if he felt the need."

That instance was actually pretty funny. We were in Mademoiselle Derrieret's class and Mrs. Zaftig had walked topless, jiggling and bouncing down the rows passing out the contracts.

She had asked me, in Ms. Dermis's first period class, to provide the girls with an example of male anatomy just to give equal time for the girls, and I carried on in Mademoiselle Derrieret's class too.

I watched Christian mime grabbing Mrs. Zaftig's huge tits to a fellow student sitting next to him, when he thought she wasn't looking. Our principle is very perceptive, however, and she saw the gesture in the reflection of the large screen monitor that the school channel was sometimes played on.

Mrs. Zaftig turned to Christian and leaned down to check his empty signature line on his contract. This swung her heavy naked right breast against his cheek, the stiff nipple catching very briefly at the left corner of his surprised lips. She looked up at him, that hard nub poking directly between his parted lips for a millisecond before she leaned back far enough to look him in the eyes.

She said, "Mr. Gilbert, you haven't signed your contract yet. Is something distracting you from reading it?"

The poor kid couldn't take his eyes off the erect rosy nipple that jiggled and swung back and forth just two inches from his mouth.

"Are you having a HARD time paying attention because of my breasts?"

Mrs. Zaftig brought a hand up and cupped her right breast, lifting it and moving the peaked tip another inch closer to Christian's mouth. She hefted the fat globe of tit flesh higher, up to the young man's eye level, before letting it drop down through her fingers, catching momentarily by her hardened nipple between her fingertips then allowing it to bounce free. She made a show of looking down into his lap, after that.

"Oh my goodness, you ARE having a hard time. Perhaps you would be able to get on with our class if I gave you a chance to feel my breasts until you become more familiar with a woman's body. Then you wouldn't have to stop and stare so much."

As Mrs. Zaftig suggested this last solution, she grabbed Christian Gilbert's hand and brought it up to hover about half an inch from her incredible chest, waiting to let the boy palm her fat naked breast.

"Would you like that, Mr. Gilbert?"

He didn't get the chance to make contact because his mouth gasped open and his head shook and he yanked his hand out of Mrs. Zaftig's grasp to grab himself in the crotch. He moaned and his jeans, this was just before we got our uniforms, grew wet with his ejaculate. I think the other boy, Christian had been making his tit grabbing gesture to, also came. No one seemed to notice that, as the entire class watched their incredibly sexy middle aged principle, with the giant naked tits, tease Christian Gilbert with those huge breasts until he came in his pants. Mrs. Zaftig smiled, winked at me on the other side of the room, my hard cock aimed an inch from the face of a stunned girl I was passing a contract out to, and let the boy go to the bathroom, before continuing down the rows.

I pointed this out to Nurse Head because I knew it wouldn't make much difference. I already had a

reputation for my lack of control and, in fact, it helped to have that reputation. I was someone in need of their help. The other boys who went off at the snap of a mature nipple were doing so in the context of normality. I was only pointing out my belief that I didn't have a problem, to reinforce their foundation that I did and, like an alcoholic, was reluctant and embarrassed to acknowledge my problem. I hoped to move them into a much more centered position around offering me help.

Nurse Head listened to my uneducated assessment while settling onto a stool between my bare knees. Her eyes were fixated on my cock. I had a clear view of her denuded pussy when she settled with her knees partway open. That tiny nurse's uniform fit her, up top, more like a bathingsuit that left her sternum open to her bellybutton, than it fit like a dress. Her puffy nipples stretched the lycra-like material out. Her skinny thighs gapped wide at the top, to frame her small hairless pussy lips, barely covering her underneath the hem of that tiny, tightly stretched, skirt across the tops of her thighs.

She reached between my legs and cupped my balls with those blue gloves, rolling and squeezing my testicles. She pursed her slightly wrinkled lips in concentration. Then, she glanced up from my swollen, but downward hanging member and answered, "Inexperienced teenage boys can be that way. It is perfectly normal. I won't tell you how many times it has happened for me recently. However, from what I'm hearing, you are particularly prone to it. Yes, you do seem to be much better. A lot of the boys I've seen would be fully erect by now and a few of them might have already climaxed all over me."

She lifted my cock shaft while my mother and Principal Zaftig looked on. Nurse Head stroked it a few times, but those latex gloves did nothing for me. Even bringing her other hand over and feeling all around my cockhead didn't bring much more than a twitch to the thick tube of muscle hanging between my thighs. No beads of pre-cum, no
hungry pull in my loins made my hyper-sensitive nature known. I just sat there and wished the school nurse was a hot, big breasted, horny woman who wanted to make me cum. But, she wasn't.

"Bentley, you're nervous. There's no need to be. Relax and allow yourself to get hard. I need to examine your penis in its erect state." She said, looking up at me.

I wasn't nervous, just not aroused. However, I thought maybe I could use this to push a few lines, shift that window a little more.

"I... I have the most response when... they're... um... girls... when girls are... naked and when I c... can touch... ah... when I feel... when I feel a girl touch her b... b... body to me."

As I spoke those words, I reached out and slid my finger behind the open lapel of Nurse Head's uniform and peeled it back to expose her nipple. It was very erect and the puffy little mound that seemed to be limited to the dark areola was different than any bare tits I'd seen. I then let my finger tip slide up to catch under the tight, stiff bud of her nipple. That wrinkled dark rose colored projection stood out nearly an inch and a half from the soft low swell of her small breast. She caught her breath in a husky gasp that helped me as I concentrated on thinking sexy thoughts to get my cock to raise.

I swelled and lengthened in her hand a little more. It appeared as though that was as good as it was going to get when Nurse Head began stroking me harder and faster. I said, "The rubber gloves are the problem. Not only do they not feel that good, but they make me think of a doctor's office instead of... well, sex."

I told you I hadn't done anything to promote any kind of medical advice that sexualizes a treatment for premature ejaculations, but I have inserted a number of references recently, including a couple of whole articles, on the health benefits of orgasms. It turns out that real research has revealed a

number of health benefits to orgasms. Female orgasms are particularly interesting. Besides prostate health, orgasms are good for hypertension and reducing blood presure. The best part about my articles was that they revealed real benefits to maintaining youthful beauty. Yes, you may not believe it, but the hot flush of blood racing through your body when you orgasm contributes to skin regeneration and a natural youthfulness of skin tone. I really hyped this aspect of female orgasm to promote excitement around the pursuit of more orgasms for women interested in looking younger. After all, it's more important to look good, than to feel good. Orgasms are the best of both looking good and feeling good.

My cock stood out in Nurse Head's gloved fist, but it wasn't rock hard and leaking pre-cum, like it usually had been under similarly public circumstances.

My mother leaned in. "We have been trying to expose Bentley to a lot of nudity lately. Maybe it would help if we undressed?"

Nurse Head let go of me and rolled back on her stool to a drawer. "If you wouldn't mind, that might help."

Nurse Head pulled a small tube of KY jelly out of the drawer and set it on the nearby table. She then followed Mrs. Zaftig's and Mom's example and stripped. After dropping her fetish wear nurse uniform on her desk, she sat down between my legs, scooped up the tube of lubricant, and squirted a large gob into her hand, then reached for my cock to stroke me again.

Nurse Head didn't have a bad body. It was slim and pretty tight for a woman her age. I might have been drooling all over myself if she were the first example of a nude teacher I'd ever seen, but she was in the same room with my mother and Mrs. Zaftig, and, SHIT! I had fucked Ms. Dermis just the previous week. I got nothing from her but some cold lubricant on my almost erect dick.

"How many times have you orgasmed today, Bentley?"

I shrugged, "Four, maybe, I guess." That kind of depended on what you wanted to count as 'today'. Does two in the morning count? Add three more, then. I didn't say this, though.

She raised her eyebrows high. "There are some techniques that can help." She said and used both hands on my cock for a minute before peeling off one glove. She added a little more KY to the gloved hand and took me back up with the bare hand.

Nurse Head said, "This is going to be slightly uncomfortable. Lean back and relax."

She barely finished her ambiguous warning when she reached down under my balls and fit the tip of one gloved finger to the sphincter of my anus and shoved.

"OkaAYYEEEeeeeEeEeEeE!" I said leaning back on my hands, not having a clue about what she was doing.

My half-hearted erection found its enthusiasm right away. As awkward and strange and uncomfortable (that is exactly how it felt) as I found that blue latex finger jabbing up into my ass, my cock loved it like the second cumming.

"There, that's better." said Nurse Head.

She rotated that invading digit and then she pumped it back and forth a couple of times. Her bare, ungloved hand squeezed my thick cockshaft and began pumping me.

"You are very large, Bentley, but I don't think that is unusual for you. Am I right? You haven't

suddenly had an unexplained growth spurt, have you?"

She turned to my mother who was looking on with interest. "Has Bentley's erection gone through any sudden changes in recent months?"

My mother looked a little embarrassed when she admitted that she hadn't really paid my penis any attention until the last few months when she decided, belatedly, to be more proactive in teaching her children about sex and their bodies.

"I discovered that I needed some education around sex, myself. Bentley has been very understanding in allowing me the chance to learn right along side him and his sister."

Mrs. Zaftig stepped forward and put a reassuring hand on my mother's back. "You are doing a fantastic job. Far more than many parents have typically done."

Everyone was standing around staring at Nurse Head's hand jacking my erection and finger fucking my ass.

I was starting to feel my arousal now too.

She just stroked my cock for half a minute in silence. Then she spoke to my mother and Mrs. Zaftig. "There are a number of treatments for PME. Some are more practical than others. It depends on the underlying problem."

The nurse paused in her explanation and reached over to the nearby counter, finally sliding her finger out of my ass, and grabbed a towel. She let go of my cock and wiped my cock and her hands off.

"I'll try to move things along a little faster so I can show you how to treat PME."

When her hands and my cock were clean, she finished peeling her remaining glove off and recaptured my cock. She stroked it a couple more times, then leaned in and took my head in her mouth. She licked my gland all around and slid her left hand down to my balls while her right hand jacked my shaft.

It felt very good. I had to admit, she knew how to suck cock. Nurse Head wore her light blonde hair in a bun behind a small nurse's cap pinned in place. I rested my left hand on the bun while she gave me a pretty intense rim job.

"Augh! That feels good."

I wasn't that far away from an orgasm, but not really that close either. If she started deepthroating me, I could be pushed over the edge. I pulsed my cock and stabbed upward into her mouth more.

The older professional woman came up off my cockhead and her right hand slid up my cock shaft and pinched my cock right where my crown and shaft joined. Her thumb pressed hard into my frenulum. My hand on her head, dislodged her cap slightly and a small lock of hair escaped her bun. She had hair that was just past her shoulders, to about the middle of her shoulder blades, if I could judge by that loosened lock.

"See what I'm doing here? I'm pinching Bentley's gland off, closing the urethra. I felt him getting close to a climax. That's when you need to pause. Bentley needs practice interrupting his orgasm over and over. Simply stimulate him, and if you feel he is getting close to an early orgasm, stop the stimulation and pinch his penis here until his need fades. Then begin stimulation again. This should help build his tolerance. The more practice he gets at holding off his orgasms, the better he

should get at lasting to the end."

She was definitely right about my need fading. I did not feel close to orgasm after that pinch.

Nurse Head bent to the task of sucking my cock again until she felt me swell and my testicles pulled up again. She had been sucking more of my shaft into her mouth, this time, and I resumed pressing on the back of her head until she stopped again. Her bun loosened more.

Nurse Head kept her hand clamped over my cockhead and stood up. I felt a bobby pin drag past my fingers and I tugged it out of her bun as she stood up. Half her long blonde hair tumbled down her back. It actually was nearly too the middle of her back. She had surprisingly beautiful hair.

"Why don't you try it." she said to my mother.
Nurse Head reached up and pulled the second hair pin out and shook the rest of her hair loose. It looked shiny and soft and full. She looked like a very different woman with her hair down.

Mom looked to Mrs. Zaftig. "I'll have plenty of opportunity to practice at home. If you would like to practice, Mrs. Zaftig."

That's why I love my mother so much.

The school nurse finally let go of me and my principal took her place between my knees. She slid her soft right hand around my shaft and cupped my testicles in her left hand. I boldly reached out and grabbed both of her enormous and completely naked breasts.

I swallowed, to catch my courage, and asked, "can I... can I... you, can you use your breasts?"

My cock throbbed a heavy pulse and my testies pulled up against Mrs. Zaftig's clutching fingers, just from my asking to tit fuck her.

"Oh, wow!" Mrs. Zaftig quickly brought her right hand up and pinched my cockhead. She was wide eyed in surprise, then she smiled and cut her eyes to the nurse and my mother. "I think we've discovered a trigger for Bentley."

Mom looked interested and Nurse Head kept her face straight. Both of them nodded.

"You should use that. It will improve the effectiveness of his treatment." agreed the nurse.

Mrs. Zaftig waited a few moments until she judged me to relax, then she stepped in and pushed her chest between my legs, against my lap, and guided my erection into the deep and magical valley of her amazing tits. I brought my hands out to the sides of her giant breasts and pinched my cock in a much more pleasant vise.

It was soft and smooth, but not slippery until, Mrs. Zaftig bent her head down and spit. The saliva helped, but wasn't enough. Mom added her spit to her boss's tit tunnel, then Nurse Head bent in and pressed her very wet tongue into the groove of her principal's massive tits too. She licked both the head of my cock and the soft milky flesh of Principal Zaftig's wondrous breasts. She added her own saliva, but concentrated on spreading all that wettness deeper into the cleft of those heavenly breasts.

Mrs. Zaftig put her hands over mine and started lifting and dropping her giant breasts up and down over my shaft. Mom reached down between Mrs. Zaftig's left breast and my right thigh, to catch my balls in her hand.

I was in FUCKING TIT-FUCKING HEAVEN.

I turned my thumbs inward and found the hard peaks of those mountains of luscious pillowy flesh. We all watched my cockhead appear from the depths of the deep generous cleft against my principal's sternum, then back down into that wonderous, erogenous, comforting, warm, sanctuary of boobs.

I fucked my hips up against Mrs. Zaftig's magnificent chest. Her jiggly globes leapt around my stabbing cock. I leaned in and added my own gob of spit to the slick skin channel.

Then Mom called out, "STOP!"

Mrs. Zaftig stopped rocking her torso up and down. She struck like a snake and grabbed the head of my cock in her fingers, as it popped up against her sternum, and pinched me even harder than the nurse had. Her tits stayed wrapped around me, but we didn't move. Mrs. Zaftig let go with her left hand, freeing both of my hands, and snaked her fingers underneath her left breast and joined my mother's grip on my balls.

"I think I can see how this works." She declared and held me and her breasts still for over a minute while I cooled down.

I let my fingers explore the soft swell of her breasts, my finger tips prodded and gently reveled in the tactile rubbery textures of her fully aroused nipples.

Mrs. Zaftig asked my mother, "Does he feel ready to go again?"

Mom nodded and rolled my balls against her boss's fingers. "It feels like it. Are you okay, honey? "

I nodded.

Mrs. Zaftig let go of my cockhead and pressed her tits tightly around my cock with both hands again. She started working my hard-on with her huge breasts, lifting them and dropping them rhythmically over my lap. I tugged and rolled her bouncing nipples and spit again down into the hole I was fucking between the two nicest tits I could imagine.

"Bent... ley... let... me... know... when... you... feel... close... . Okay?" Mrs Zaftig instructed me.

I continued to fuck her amazing tits. I dropped her nipples from the tips of my thumb and index finger and returned to the full fat side of her huge breasts. I trapped her hands under mine and bent to the task of tit-fucking my hot middle aged principal.

Mom asked, "can you do that, Bentley? Don't cum. Let us know when you feel close."

I nodded. "YeEEsssSSS. Oh... uUH... uUH... kay."

Damn this was HOT!

I made sure to tit-fuck Mom in the living room that night while we settled in to watch Hard Law on TV. Cecilia watched Mom stop me ten times before I finally came all over Mom's face and the tops of her incredible breasts. I lasted the entire episode, tit- fucking my mother the whole time.

I felt I could keep this going forever. Not a fan of the pinch, but if it kept me fucking those amazing tits, they could count on me to let them know before I blew my load all over them.

My cockhead was tapping Mrs. Zaftig's chin with each up-stroke. She bent down to watch my shiny, saliva and pre-cum coated head moving within her breasts' cleavage. I squeezed those

beautiful, soft, giant, fleshy globes together around my cock and thumbed the hard, erect, rubbery nipples. Mrs. Zaftig's mammoth tits bounced heavily in my lap. Waves jiggled across their jello-like surface and my cock moved up and down, in and out of their depths with hypnotic rhythm.

"Ahh... I'm... going to... aAHUGHhH!"

Mrs. Zaftig grabbed my cockhead and pinched before I could say 'cum'.

I stopped bucking my hips and her breasts stopped bouncing. I was breathing hard, but I shifted my hand and felt up my principal's hardened nipples, catching them and tugging gently on them, rolling them and squeezing them in my fingers lightly. My eyes closed then opened to watch my fingers play. Mrs. Zaftig's breathing was husky and labored as well.

I glanced over at my mother and Nurse Head. They were standing under a spell, it seemed, staring at the enormous pair of breasts gleaming with spittle and clear pre-cum; the shaft of my cock distorted the smooth curves of those wonderful tits as they rested on top of my naked thighs and enveloped my large cock. Nurse Head was pinching her own nipples without realizing it.

Mom wedged her hand back under a heavy breast and found my testicles again. Her fingers probed my balls and felt their tension.
I spoke into the bespelled silence, "I'm good. Keep going please. Can... can we... ?" I shifted my seat and let go of my principal's mind blowing tits. I pushed her to shift back and my cock slid out.

"...move? I'd like to stand. I can move my hips more." I grabbed Mrs. Zaftig's naked breasts to guide her back to the stool. That settled her at a better height so she wouldn't have to crouch. Everybody shifted with my guidance until I stood between the principal's spread thighs. Her glistening wet pussy parted between those mature shapely legs and I bent my knees until the head of my cock connected with the pillowy underside of her giant tits again.

I held my principal's soft fat tits together, my fingers sinking deeply into their yielding flesh. She rested her hands on top of mine and watched as I slid easily up between her fantastic tits and my engorged head emerged against her slick sternum out the top of her deep cleavage again.

"Ahhh!" I groaned.

Nurse Head bent in, over her boss's massive breasts, and sucked the head of my cock into her mouth. I groaned again when she swirled her tongue around my blood filled gland.

I pulled, reluctantly, out of her mouth and began fucking my cock up and down again. Nurse Head stayed where she was and caught my aching gland in her mouth with every stroke. Mom watched for a minute, then reached out and felt Mrs. Zaftig's full fat breasts until her hands wandered down over their hard, sanguine points.

Mom caught the full nipples in her fingers and pulled upward illicitting a groan from Mrs. Zaftig. I felt my need intensify again. Mom let those wine red nubs snap back and reached under me to cup my balls again. My mother dropped to her knees to better grab my testicles. This brought her face on a level with those full bouncing juggs. My hips pumped back and forth before my mother's face. I could see that all three mature women were fully aroused. Nipples were full and deep red, labial lips were swollen and flush, their inner thighs were bright with wettness.

Nurse Head's mouth hung open to accept my cockhead between her own lips with each upward thrust. I absently noticed out of the corner of my eye, Nurse Head, bent at the waist, had one arm stretched under her body to pump her hand between her parted legs. I called a stop again and Nurse Head, with her free hand, grabbed my cockhead in a hard pinch before Mrs. Zaftig could respond.

My cock and the nurse's hand disappeared almost completely between our principal's full wonderful tits.

"You are doing it just right. Bentley needs to practice this regularly. The more intense the feelings he has to wrestle with, the better."

Nurse Head looked over Principal Zaftig's huge tits, to my mother kneeling on the other side, "I think you said you had already been practicing some version of coitus interruptus at home? That's excellent and explains how he is so responsive to the therapy already. But, I'd like to see how... I hesitate to ask, because this is so unusual, but... would you give your permission to intensify the stimulation?"

Mom said, "Of course, whatever you think is right. Everyone has been a God send with their help and advice, so far."

The Nurse, still squeezing me in her vice-like fingers, straighten up, taking her other hand from between her very wet thighs, asked me, "Bentley, I understand you recently lost your virginity. I don't mean to be so personal, but it's alright if you don't want to answer. Your mother said as much when describing your recent events during the faculty calendar shoot."

I nodded my head. "It was kind of an accident. The poses got a little more real than we had intended, but Ms. Dermis said it was alright. I didn't force myself on her or anything. There were lots of people there who saw. Just ask Miss Crotchet."

"Yes, I heard. I was planning on being included in the calendar, myself and Ms. Dermis told me what happened when I saw her this morning before classes started. Miss Crotchet was in the teacher's lounge, as well, and she had nothing but the best things to say about you."

I scanned the nurse's naked body. I thought, while she wasn't an inspirational sex symbol, the camera could make her look very good. She let go of my cock and walked over to the table where I had been sitting earlier. She hoped up onto the edge and said, would you see how long you can last having actual intercourse? I think other forms of simulation are important and can teach you a lot, but nothing compares to real sexual intercourse. This is not a normal treatment, of course, and I expect your complete silence about what is happening here, but considering the circumstances with your mother present and Principal Zaftig, I will allow you to try penitration with me."

I stood staring at our school's nurse in complete stunned disbelief. She leaned back onto her elbows and lifted her legs into the air in a full, wide, straight legged 'V'. Nurse Head, despite her age, was very flexible. She was holding a near perfect split. She still wore her high heels and a viscous drop of clear fluid beaded up below the protruding pink folds of her inner labia. Even someone as inexperienced as I am, could tell she was ready to fuck.

Mom's hand settled into the small of my back. My cock sprung up and bounced in tiny vibrations from the thought of fucking my school's Nurse while Mrs. Zaftig and my mother looked on with approval. I stepped forward automatically, following the pressure from my mother's hand on my back.
I raised my hands up and slipped them around the nurse's widely spread knees. Someone levered me down until I fit into the entrance of that thoroughly aroused mature pussy.

The nurse's office door opened with a light knock. "Mrs. Zaftig, are you in here?"

Miss Cunny poked her head in through the door. Everyone turned to look. Nurse Head started to get up, half rolling to the side. I slammed my cock into her with a single hard thrust. I pulled her back onto the table, clutching her legs tight to my chest to keep her from moving. I wrapped her

thighs in my arms and thrust again.

Nurse Head rolled back into the table and arched up onto the back of her head. Her shoulders to her ass curved up high into the air. Her hands clenched onto the sides of the table and she let out a deep throaty cry, "HuuUOAGH!"

My thick, cock stretched her pussy around it's girth and plunged into her wet hot depths in one full stroke followed by a second. She felt tighter than Ms. Dermis had, and Ms. Dermis was plenty tight around my turgid cock. Nurse Head's body quivered, then she curled up off her head and grabbed my elbows. Her eyes were wide as she swung up to my level and they stared into mine. Nurse Head hooked her ankles behind my neck and pressed her bald pussy against me until she wasn't sitting on the table anymore. Her clitoris ground against my pubic bone and she started to shake.

"AUGgggHHOoOHoowHaaAGH!!!...!!!"

She was having a spontaneous orgasm from just my initial two thrusts into her.

I was so astounded. Her cunt rippled and clutched at my cock buried inside her. I shifted my hands down to her ass to support her and her hands went up to my neck. Her ankles unlocked and Nurse Head hung, folded in half, her knees over my shoulders, her small chest with those dark hard puffy nipples stabbing into my chest and she started bucking, swinging her hips out and in, slamming herself against my hips, riding my hard giant cock. She was fucking herself on my cock and I just stood there in shock feeling her spasming vagina work back and forth along my length.

"AuGG... AWaugh... EYYESSS... AUFfffuUCGHH... MeeEEEeee!!!" She yelled.

I felt her insides begin to settle. She hugged herself to my chest and lay her cheek against my neck under my chin and kept up a less frantic version of her fucking. She lifted and dropped herself over me as her hard breathing punctuated every thrust.

She turned her face up and she whispered in a tiny soft voice, "fuck me, please."

I did. I grabbed her hips and I lifted her and slammed myself up into her as I brought her hard, down over my aching cock.

"AUWGHHH!!!" we both grunted out loud. I drove into Nurse Head over and over, oblivious to the rest of the room until, she came again.

She rode me and cried out and bucked on the end of my cock. I was so astounded by her thrashing and ecstatic, orgasmic, almost psychotic climax that my mind couldn't fully register the intense pleasure working up and down my cock. By some miracle of utter distraction by my sex partner's enthusiastic orgasm, I didn't cum myself.

"AUGgh! Put me down! I can't... I can't... I... I can't keep... going." Her voice was raspy and husky. She seemed on the edge of tears. I stepped back up to the table and set her on it.

"Easy! Pull out, but... slowly. Oh my God!" she breathed out her directions.

I did a she said. I had forgotten my own need until my cock sprung free and slapped a wet smack against my stomach.

"WOW! Can I go next?"

I turned and Miss Cunny was standing there watching along with another woman who's eyes

looked like Nurse Head's had when I first thrust my cock into her. It was Mrs. Goodleigh, the PTA Board chair. She was at the School Board meeting I had given my presentation to.

"Hi Mrs. Goodleigh." I breathed out in a gasp, trying to catch my breath. Nurse Head had just flopped back on the exam table and concentrated on catching her own breath.

Mrs. Goodleigh, blinked in surprise, looking up from staring at my glistening erection.

Bentley, what are you doing? I can see what you are doing. I mean..." She turned to my mother, as a fellow member of the PTA, "What is going on here?"

My mother didn't hesitate. "Bentley has been having some trouble lately with PME. We talked about it a while back, remember? As you know, I have been trying to help him learn control and the wonderful staff here at school have been extremely helpful. He has made great progress, but there was a very concerning relapse last Friday and Nurse Head was doing an assessment for Bentley and giving us a lesson in other techniques to try. They seem to be highly effective and Nurse Head was just trying to take the next step in assuring Bentley of his successful improvement."

Mrs. Zaftig added, "Bentley is one of our star students and has volunteered to participate in our new teaching initiative. You should have received a full introductory package last week. So, you know it is very important that we make sure his youth and development are not going to present issues in class. I assure you, we are here for Bentley and his full growth, not for anything more. Nurse Head was doing an assessment, at my request, and teaching us about how to reduce Bentley's hyper-sensitivity through a practice of coitus interuptus.

Mrs. Zaftig took a deep breath. Everyone paused to watch. Then she continued, "I hope you can understand the need for respecting Bentley and his mother's privacy around such a personal issue. My secretary should have known better."

Mrs. Goodleigh looked around at all the naked female flesh and her expression went from severe, to questioning, to intense and determined.

"I can not believe this. I have been trying to raise my sons to respect women and have worked at exposing them to strong examples of the opposite sex. I have recently been trying to be that model in their lives, because I know schools can't be expected to shoulder the burden of sex education alone.

"I think it is going well, but they have had a couple of embarrassing accidents; just this morning, while we were all sitting down for breakfast, they both ended up ejaculating all over me as I was serving their father his plate. Their semen was everywhere. I'm just glad I wasn't wearing clothes that needed to be washed. If you can help, this is very timely news."

Mrs. Goodleigh was in her early forties. Her body is a little on the skinny side, but she has a very nice ass and her breasts looked full and firm, though not overly large, as is my preference.

My mother stepped over to her and assured her that the school's principal and staff were excellent. Mrs. Zaftig followed to ask more about her two sons and their problems. She turned to Nurse Head.

"Gimmie, I think we have a good handle on Bentley's problems and how to proceed. Do you think you're okay to join us in my office to talk with Mrs. Goodleigh?"

Nurse Head sat up and slid off the table. "Of course. Bentley, you are doing just fine. You

probably should check back, in a day or so, to reassess your progress."

She shucked on her discarded uniform over her head and tried to pin her cap back into place.

Mom and Mrs. Zaftig finished getting dressed and gathered by the door, trying to answer Mrs. Goodleigh's questions. I heard Nurse Head say, "...kegal exercises." Mom asked, "Did you suggest that for Bentley?"

Nurse Head answered, "I haven't had the chance yet, but I will talk to him..." They opened the door and headed down the hall to Principal Zaftig's office.

I stood naked, my cock really hard still.

"That wasn't very xenial of them."

I looked around. Miss Cunny was the only one still there. She smiled up at me then nodded down to my aching erection. "If you want, I'll be happy to help you have a more xenial experience."

Her dress was off before I finished blinking.

So yes, word has been spread that I have a medical condition that is best treated through sexual stimulation and orgasmic release as well as various ways of extending or repeatedly interrupting the stimulation.

-

Mrs. Bacchanal grabbed at the root of my erection with one hand and the front of my shirt with the other, trying to keep Miss Neezlaucht from yanking me back by my cock. Miss Neezlaucht clamped my shaft in the iron grip of her left hand. She stood, bare skinny legs braced wide on my left, her shortened skirts rising even higher up her thighs as she grabbed the cross hanging from her neck.

"BEGONE Satan!" She shouted while raising that cross from around her neck. "Take thyself back to Hell and release this innocent boy from your foul grip!"

Mrs. Bacchanal strained against her over zealous parishioner. My cock was wrenched between them and I dare not move for fear of hurting one or the other. I was quite a bit bigger than either of them. I still braced my hand on Mrs. Bacchanal's exposed breast and I tried to put my other hand on Miss Neezlaucht's shoulder to keep her from tipping me over.

"Out with thee, Satan. In the name of the Father, I command thee, get back thee, to the ninth plane of Hades, and leave Bentley's body in peace!"

It was so wild. This old woman was trying to yank me back, her hand curled around my cock shaft, as best as her bony fingers could, and she pressed her cross against my forehead, pushing my head backwards. I had to shift my grip to Mrs. Bacchanal's elbows to keep from being dragged backwards.

Finally, Mrs. Bacchanal raised one leg high and shoved against Miss Neezlaucht's left hip and gave a kick.

"Greta! Let Bentley goOOHHAHAGHH!"

Miss Neezlaucht stumbled backwards, dropping to her ass and let go of my cock. This forced me half to my knees and when her grip on my shaft was suddenly wrenched free, Mrs. Bacchanal's

body teetered backwards on her stool. Her legs both flew out and her hand on my cock root yanked me hard, with the sudden loss of resistance, towards her. I heaved forward, crashing into my Sunday school teacher, my cock found her open and well lubricated entrance and drove right into the pastor's wife's pussy.

We both fell together off her stool and Mrs. Bacchanal landed, as gently as I could make it, wrapping my arms around her and trying to ease her to the floor, trying to cradle her head from hitting the ground. She was on her back, legs bare and spread wide to either side of my hips and dress rucked up to her ribs. I landed on top of her. A number of buttons on the front of my shirt popped off. My pants slid down around my ankles.

"Ohhh...God! Uaughhh!" Mrs. Bacchanal cried when my thick cock plunged to the hilt into her vagina. Her dress sprung open, baring both beautiful aroused breasts. I reflexively fucked my cock half out and plunged back into her again.

"Ohh...uUGh... LORD!" she groaned under me.

I was pulling back out of her, trying to get off of her, the head of my cock nearly clearing the married woman's slick warm labial lips, when Miss Neezlaucht lept onto my back, forcing me to fuck Mrs. Bacchanal's cunt to its depths again.

"AUGHHH... JEEEZZZUUGGGG!" Mrs. Bacchanal cried.

"RELEASE your unholy hold, Master of Lies! Get THEE back to HELL!" Miss Neezlaucht yelled. She put a knee between my shoulder blades and I fell back into Mrs. Bacchanal's pussy once again.

"AAHhhh... HolyEEE!" Mrs. Bacchanal moaned and cried.

Miss Neezlaucht spun around and straddled my neck facing backwards. I felt the hot moist lips of her nether region pressing, grinding, against the back of my neck. The tops of her skinny thighs clamped over the sides of my neck. I would have to just pick her up to get off my Sunday school teacher, impaled unwillingly onto my cock.

"I will force your tainted deamon soul from this young man with the power of the HOLY WORD!" the old woman shouted.

I braced myself, dropping my knees, having to slide my cock one more time into the depths of my reverend's wife.

"Bentley! OhOHuughh... mY LORD!" Mrs. Bacchanal moaned. Her head snapped backwards, bringing her chest up against me and lifting her hip to follow mine as I began sliding out of her one last time. I pushed back onto my knees in preparation to standing up when I felt the sharp heavy smack across my naked ass of a large book.

"LET THE WORD OF GOD RELEASE YOU, BENTLEY!"

I collapsed back down into Mrs. Bacchanal.

"OHHhoOUUck... MmmEEEE!" Mrs. Bacchanal cried into my ear. She grabbed onto my shoulders for dear life. I thought I was hurting her, laying on her like that and I tried to get up again.

"May the POWER of the Holy Word release YOU!" The crazy old woman yelled again. She raised that huge Bible high over her head and brought it down over my naked ass once again.

"UuuUUGGGGG... Bentley!" Mrs. Bacchanal groaned out and arched up to meet me again.

I tried to rear back again, but another hard spank with the Bible forced my erection to drill back into my ecclesiastical teacher.

"OuUOgHyYEEeahHHHhhhaaAA!"

Then another. SMACK!

"AUWGHHH... FffUuAH!!!"

And another. SMACK!

"BentlEEEYESSSSS!"

"I COMMAND YOU, SATAN. RELEASE HIM!"

SMACK!

"OWW!" that was me.

"FfF ffFUUAGHuahMMeeeeeee!" that was Mrs. Bacchanal.

"RELEASE HIM!" that was the crazy Miss Neezlaucht.

SMACK!

I felt my cum begin to build. I pumped my cock back into Mrs. Bacchanal again.

"YeaaaahhhSSSSSS... IMmmmmmCUOAugGG!"

I stopped trying to get up and just started to fuck Mrs. Bacchanal while Miss Neezlaucht raved on top of me and punctuated my hip thrusts with a hard SMACK on my bouncing ass as I turned my attention fully to driving into the good Father's wife.

"UghhhheeeyYyeE... Uughh... Uughhh..."

SMACK! "RELEASE YOUR HOLD!"

"OWW!"

"UUUGHH... UUAAGHH... "

"RELEASE!"

SMACK!

"AUAU...I...I... I'MMMM..."

"LET GO!"

SMACK!

"OW!"

"IYEEE... I'MMMM... CUUUM..."

Mrs. Bacchanal arched up, lifting me and Miss Neezlaucht off the ground.

"CUMMINNNGGGGGG... AUGGGG!"

I felt Mrs. Bacchanal shake. Miss Neezlaucht tumbled forward, down my back to sprawl onto the floor behind us. I lifted up, finally, wrapped my fingers around both my Sunday school teacher's naked hips as she bridged up before my kneeling hips and I fucked my huge cock in and out of her.

She flopped, her arms spreading out to either side of her, her head rolling side to side. Her shoulders holding her weight on the floor as I held her hips in front of my cock and jammed myself in and out of her clutching, vibrating pussy.

She was letting out one long moan and her vagina clamped and released, clamped and released over and over. I was just about to cum myself when I looked over and saw the black clad figure of Father Bacchanal standing next to my mother and my sister, in the doorway. I didn't stop.

"Daemon, release him NOW!" SMACK!!!

The giant Bible Miss Neezlaucht was weilding slammed into my ass and I released my sperm deep into Father Bacchanal's wife.

"AWYEEEEEEEEEEYIMMCCUUUUMINGGGG!"

I jerked in and out of Mrs. Bacchanal. My hands clutched her naked hips and slammed them back and forth over my spewing cock. I arched back and closed my eyes tight. I yelled at the ceiling, feeling the sharp, hot, sting of my ass entwined with the ecstasy of my orgasm. My cock seemed to inflate even more and I brought Mrs. Bacchanal's body up off the floor, pumping her up and down before me. Her orgasm was starting to slow down when I slammed my cock into her as hard as I could and ground my bald pubis into her swollen and tender clitoris directly. She convulsed and seemed to start her orgasm all over again

"AuOHHHH...My LORD JESUS, GOD AND ALL THAT IS HOLY!!!" She cried out as she came to life again.

Her rag doll body woke up and her hands went to her naked breasts as she rode up and down on my jetting rod between her legs. She grabbed the peaks of her naked breasts and pinched, pulling them hard, out and up.

I finally blasted one last load into her womb, but she was still shaking and crying out. Her pussy writhed around my hard shaft and spasmed. She kept pumping her hips against my own stilled body. I lowered her to her hands and knees over me, my cock wedged thick and firmly into her vagina as I lay backwards onto the floor, spent.

Father Bacchanal called to his quivering, half naked wife crouched over me, "Wanda, is this your idea of helping young Bentley with his problem? I thought you were just going to masturbate him or maybe fellate him, to help."

Miss Neezlaucht straightened up. I finally turned my head weakly to look at her. She was completely naked. Her dress abandoned on the floor where she had sprawled. I stared straight up into her pussy. She wore a garter belt and flesh colored stockings, which I hadn't realized she had on before. They were extremely sheer. Her legs actually looked very good. She stood over me, her high heels standing to either side of my head and that huge tome clutched in her two narled hands.

"The Devil had ahold of the boy. We had to force the foul Lord of Night out of him. Mrs. Bacchanal was attempting to exorcize him, but she was only using half measures. I helped push the devil out and Bentley fell, guided by the evil hand of Satan, into your devoted wife." The naked old woman explained with passion.

"But I put my faith in the word of the Lord." She held up the giant book. "Together, we beat the devil out of the poor boy."

Mrs. Bacchanal finally rolled off of me when my cock deflated enough to fall out of her. A long strand of semen connected the head of my penis to the goo drooling lips of her vagina. Drops of my cum splattered the floor beneath her.

"Oh Darling." Mrs. Bacchanal groaned. "Please forgive my sin. It was never my thought to involve myself so deeply in Bentley's problem, but Miss Neezlaucht came in while I was offering a hand to Bentley. Suddenly she leaped upon Bentley with her cross and I fell from my stool with both of them on top of me. I was helpless after that. May the Lord have mercy on my soul."

Miss Neezlaucht added, "I saw the devil had ahold of Bentley. Wanda needed my help. I know how to exorcize the devil. I've had daemons like that inside me before and it is hard to resist Satan without the help of the Good Book."

Miss Neezlaucht paused and stepped forward, holding out the Bible. "I found what you sent me after, by the way."

Father Bacchanal took the book from the naked older woman. His eyes came away from his wife who had carefully worked her way to her feet and straighten out her dress. He scanned Miss Neezlaucht's body. She actually had a rather nice body and her ass wasn't as flat as I initially thought it was. Really, without her face to give it away, she looked no more than thirty years old. Still flat chested, though.

"Service is starting. We can talk about this later. ...And, Greta? I'm going to want to see you in private about what happened here." He looked from Miss Neezlaucht to his wife, "get into your choral robes. Now."

Father Bacchanal turned with his Great Bible under his arm and walked out.

Mom came over and hugged me. I winced when her hands slid down my back to my ass cheeks. "Oh Bentley, it must have been horrible."

Mom turned my hips to look at my ass. It was flame red across both cheeks and swollen.

Cecilia said, "It does look like you got the Devil beaten out of you. In a good way, though." And she winked at me.

Mom turned to the naked Miss Neezlaucht with thunder bolts in her eyes. "You keep away from my son! If anyone has the devil in them, it's you. If you come near him again, I will be happy to beat Satan out of you myself."

Mrs. Bacchanal stepped between Miss Neezlaucht and my mother. She had Miss Neezlaucht's dress in her hand. "Greta, you heard what Father Bacchanal said. Go get ready." She pointed towards the dressing rooms down stairs.

"But I saw the devil..." She was pointing at my half erect cock, which my mother was holding in her hand, almost possessively.

"GRETA!" Mrs. Bacchanal stopped her with a sharp gesture, flipping the black dress in her hand in the direction of the door. "The chorus needs you now."

Miss Neezlaucht closed her mouth and lead Mrs. Bacchanal out the door. Mrs Bacchanal made no attempt to offer the dress back and Miss Neezlaucht left the room stark naked. The dressing room was in the basement, accessed through a door at the end of the hall. Anyone could see them on their way there. The whole group of choral singers would be in the basement getting dressed too.

"Are you alright, my love?" Mom asked. Her hand moved gently back and forth along my shaft.

I nodded, "I'm fine. My rear end is a little tender, though."

Cecilia came over and hugged herself up to me. She dropped one hand carefully down over the curve of my right ass cheek.

"That looks very painful, but I have to say, I'm a little jealous." She leaned back a little and looked down at my drooping cock in Mom's hand. You sure you don't have a little more Satan to release? I've always wanted to perform an exorcism."

"Cecilia! We're in church." Mom slapped the hand my sister was reaching out to grab some of my cock with. "If you keep this kind of talk up, I'll perform an exorcism on you; and you won't get the kind of release Mrs. Bacchanal got, either. The poor woman was just trying to help."

Mom bent down and grabbed up my lowered pants. She kissed my cock while she was down there, then dragged my slacks back up my legs. "Get dressed, service is starting. Everyone is excited about trying out the new stage you had built in shop. Now get going, I have to get into my gown too."

Cecilia and I stumbled ahead of our mother as she pushed us towards the church's front entrance. She was part of the chorus, so Mom turned the other way.

Chapter 14

Ad Window - Chapter 14
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

Cecilia and I went to join the procession of church goers filing in to attend the morning service. Mom disappeared down the hall to change for the choir. I took my tie out of my pants pocket and quickly tied it around my neck.

"How do I look?" I asked my sister. We got to the vestibule and joined the line of parishioners for the 9 o'clock service.
Cecilia grabbed the knot of my tie and cinched it a little tighter around my neck. Then she brushed my hair to one side. "Like you just shot a daemon out of you. Ha ha ha."

Sitting was a very careful task. We sat near the front. I wanted a good seat. My project stage was on the left side of the isle, so that's where I led Cecilia to sit with me.

I'm not a carpenter, by any means, and honestly, I didn't do much of the work. I helped a kid in shop class ace a test in math and he built it to my design. He did a pretty good job too. It looked very professional.

Old Mr. Letch was playing the organ until everyone was in and seated. Cecilia and I watched the chorus assemble onto my stage and we smiled and each gave a covered wave to our mother. She smiled big and waves back. The stage was stepped so eight singers stood in front, elevated a foot above the ground and eight singers stood in back three feet above the ground. There was a frame that arched across the back in a half circle with a string of LED lights that were meant to look halo-like arching over their heads. There was also a wider section for the director and a podium.

As per the program, Father Bacchanal led us through a prayer followed by a moment of silence.

"All kneel."

The sound of the kneelers dropping and old people creaking onto them filled the hall. Father Bacchanal waited for everyone. We knelt and clasped our hands together and bowed our heads.

"O heavenly Father, guide our deeds, for Satan walks among us. He can be treacherous and subtle. The thousands of petty meannesses we each experience everyday can be more corrupting than the enormously evil gestures of a despot or tyrant. For these small evils leave us bitter and jealous. They drive us to repeat them, take our turn, get our share, believing we are only doing what anyone else would do. These petty evils allow us to justify ourselves, wrap our selfishness in righteousness. Lord, give us strength, that we may purge ourselves of the feelings of injustice from these small slights. Give us wisdom, Lord, to understand the needs of others and know that their fortune takes nothing away from our own. Save us from jealousy and anger.

"This is where Satan lives. He is in the jealousy we may feel when a young man in need gets attention you covet. When someone we deem as unworthy wins a point in opposition to us. These are the times when we need to stop and feel the eyes of you, Lord, watching us, loving us, praying for US, to do the righteous thing, make the right choice, to offer forgiveness in defiance of our jealousy. Lord, guide us safely from Satan's house.

"Lord, we know you do not so much test us, as, through your LOVE, offer us opportunity. You ALLOW us these choices and if we fail, we understand you are as heart broken as any father would be. BUT, WE KNOW you DO NOT turn away from us. NO Lord, our father, our shepherd, you are always there guiding us, NEVER FORCING US. You grants us FREEDOM, freedom to make it right, FREEDOM to cast out Satan, to face the Master of Lies over and over on our own two feet. You gives us the strength, the ability to expel the Prince of Darkness, but it is up to us to choose. That is what we have to give back for the gift of strength and ability. We give to YOU, our Lord, our decision to have faith in you and to follow the path of the righteous, to help others overcome the Devil and reject his evil ways.

"Help is, Lord, to share your gifts with one another. It is the Devil's will that we should give in to jealousy, that we should hoard our strengths, withhold our abilities, hide our heavenly beauty, because it is yours, OUR LORD'S WILL, that we share them. Help us learn to share our fortune that you have bestowed upon us.

"That we should use our gifts to comfort those in need is the very definition of goodness. Our sacrifices are always witnessed and repaid, because charity is what you want from us, Lord.

"My brothers and sisters, let us each GIVE ourselves to our sisters and brothers when we see them in need. Let us kneel down and offer ourselves.

We pray to you, God. Give us the strength to take our brothers' needs into us and offer release from Satan's desires. Give us the hard resolve to free our sisters of their desires, so that we may stand erect when called upon to FREE them from their needs. Let us grow firm to help one another FEEL your love, God.

We wish to be ready to enter into our sisters, to take our brothers into us, in selfless acts of our love. Let us take comfort and pleasure in lending the blessings you have bestowed upon us to those who may be in more need, that they too can feel the love you surround us with.

"Amen."

The hall rang with a full chorus from the entire congregation, "AMEN."

The lights dimmed and the choral group brought us out of our silence with, 'O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.'

A stanza into the song, in the darkened chapel, the coral director pressed a button on his podium and the halo of lights came on. The effect was beautiful, if I do say so myself. The LEDs looked just as I thought they would. They framed the group in a circle of starry light.

The chorus was made up of mostly women, from high school age to women in their sixties and seventies. Mrs. Bacchanal was center stage, Miss Neezlaucht was to the right of Mrs. Bacchanal. There was a man of about twenty-five next to Miss Neezlaucht and two older men in the back row. Mom was on the end next to the male Choir director who was in a black robe, an obvious erection holding the front of his robe out several inches. There was a short podium built in front of him with space for his song book and several controls for the lights.

The choir wore their white robes with the slitted sides and deep 'V' necks. The two older gentlemen had the old style robes on with their suit and ties showing in the shallow 'V's below their necks.

The young man in front was wearing a new robe with an open, deep 'V' like the women and his muscular chest and ribbed abs were exposed down the center, just as all the women were. He

clearly worked out and was proud to show it. He was also sporting a generous erection and Miss Neezlaucht, along with the woman on his other side, kept cutting their eyes down to his masculine protrusion. Miss Neezlaucht obviously disapproved, but the other woman, who was somewhere in her late forties seemed like a fan.

They sang, "... 'tis music in the sinner's ears,
'tis life and health and peace..." The director's arrangement called for the highest sopranos to sing out, "O for a thousand tongues." At the end of every phrase.

In the vaulted chapel, they sounded angelic. They were a beautiful group. My mother wasn't the only large breasted woman jiggling and bouncing sexily through the hymn. Their gentle sway to the music shifted full braless breasts back and forth sensuously. Bare feminine hips and thighs peeked out the opened sides of their robes. Then, as a group, the chorus raised their hands high in a gesture of praise to the Lord. The edges of rosy areolae flashed.

The choral director moved the rheostat control up and a dim light lit the floor under the feet of the group. The lower skirts of their robes became translucent, lighting legs from beneath their robes. The effect was ephemeral. The low light made their feet, most in heels, show through up to their knees, giving their white robes an ethereal, spiritual glow that turned them transparent to their knees. The effect faded the higher up their legs you looked. The tops of their upper legs were mere shadows behind the mist of fading translucency. The floor light lit the underside of breasts, and chins, and raised arms. It complimented the halo of arching lights above them.

The director, Mr. Groper, brought the floor light up brighter and the bottom of the robes nearly disappeared while bare legs were lit up from within those flowing gowns. An audible sigh from the watching congregation accented the singing. Bald pudendas glowed from underneath.

"O for a thousand tongues."

I didn't see more than three pairs of panties in the whole group. Their nudity beneath their robes became boldly obvious. Breasts were showing through enough that bare nipples appeared visible. The skirts of those thin robes became almost invisible. Like a luminous mist coated their bare legs and hips instead of cloth.

Mr. Groper pushed the rheostat to the top of its throw and every body on stage lit up from under their ephemeral sheer robes, revealing every naked woman and one erect man from underneath. The crowd gasped and awed.

"O for a thousand tongues."

Then, as the choral group lowered their raised arms and sang their last note, the entire congregation applauded. Mr. Groper left the lighted floor all the way up and the mostly female group smiled and bowed to their flock.

My mother's body, Mrs. Bacchanal's sexy body, along with thirteen other women that included two high school girls, a couple of senior citizens, and six mothers who went from, pleasantly plump to large round full breasts. They ranged from trim and hot and nubile, to as flat chested as Miss Neezlaucht. They all remained erotically on display by the lighted floor.

Everyone got to see how surprisingly youthful the crabby, self-righteous, older Miss Neezlaucht's body actually looked. She wore no panties and was as clean and hair-free between her legs as the rest of the women.

Father Bacchanal cleared his throat as he, along with everyone else in the room, surveyed the

display of naked flesh up on my stage. Even the twenty-five year old guy looked good with his large pecs, well defined abdominal muscles, and thick muscular thighs leading up to a generous eight inches of erect cock.

I'm not saying I had an attraction to him, just that his nude presence didn't take away from the arousing view. In fact, I'm comfortable enough with my masculinity to not just recognize the quality of his physique, but I think having a good looking naked male presence enhanced the erotic effect of the public display. I was a little jealous that I hadn't joined the choir.

I have to add, my mother was the hottest woman up there too. Mrs. Bacchanal came in a close second. But there were a number of pleasant surprises. One older woman, I had always thought had a nice face, but was a little too fat, turned out to be very stacked, in the same league as Mrs. Zaftig. Her body was a little thick, but not nearly as heavy as her clothes draping off this huge breasts had let everyone believe. Her little bit of extra weight only enhanced her womanly curves.

It's amazing how some women with exceptionally large breasts can choose clothes that make them look heavier than they are. If they weren't so concerned with hiding their oversized tits, but instead, choose clothes that let those magnificent jiggling mounds of womanhood stand out, they would be jaw dropping visions of womanhood. My eyes, along with every other parishioner, was bouncing from body to body, almost as much as the incredible display of tit-flesh on my illuminated stage bounced.

"Praise the Lord." Father Bacchanal finally said.

A ragged chorus of parishioners repeated it back, "PRAISE THE LORD, HALLELUJAH!"

"May the beauty of Heaven always be exposed to our eyes." The Father said.

"HALLELUJAH!"

Father Bacchanal departed from the program and said, "Shall we hear another divinely inspired hymn or two?"

The congregation agreed and the chorus broke into, 'The King of Love, My Shepherd Is', followed by, 'Heavenly Home'.

We all gazed in aroused awe as our sexy choral group undulated and shimmied and swayed with rapture for the rest of the service.

At some point, Mr. Groper left his podium to wander through the celebrating singers and add his energy to the women. He pressed against them from behind and raised his arms in the air in praise while swaying his hips in attached unison. He lifted spirits by gliding his slightly chubby hands over their bodies. He shifted gauzy iridescent material with his rapture inspired caresses. Nipples peaked out, hips swung more fully into open air. Lovely, full breasts lifted and bounced back down into place with elevating touches from their director.

Each subsequent song selected became more jubilant until we had a full Southern Baptist-style gospel revival. Clapping, dancing, and skirt gathered swishing hems and jiggling, bobbling, knocking and bouncing breasts set the ever faster rhythm, building to a rapturous frenzy of praise. The congregation would join in with punctuations of "Praise the Lord!" and "Great God, have mercy!" They were jumping pews and shouting, "HALLELUJAH!"

My mother's left breast was the first to fall out fully into the open. But, Mr. Groper helped the breasts of two other busty women in their thirties bounce free by sliding his hands around their

waists while he stood behind them and sang along. His hips seemed to be glued to each of their rear ends, in turn. When they raised their hands in the air, he'd tugged their lapels open and brought both of his hands up to cup the naked bouncing flesh briefly. He was nearly fucking them from behind as he writhed with them and against them. He'd spend a full verse humping each woman, before moving on to another member of his choir.

He writhed against the two teenagers, ran his hands over their tight youthful bodies, felt and lifted young breasts, bringing them out into full view. The gestures didn't exactly look accidental, but it didn't look like he was doing it with the full intent to expose them or feel them up either. It just looked like he was overcome by the music and the mood on stage. He was simply showing his love. Until he got to my mother.

The congregation was dancing and singing and, despite the exposed female flesh bouncing and jiggling up on the choir stage, few were paying rapt attention to them, when there were plenty bouncing tits and high swirling micro skirts leaping to the tops of female hips, in their own pews. Cecilia was putting on quite the erotic show herself. But I saw what Mr. Groper was doing to his distracted group of volunteer singers.

That fucking dirty old man actually flipped the back of Mom's robe aside and fit his swollen groin very deliberately to her naked ass. Mom was as carried away by the jubilations as every other choral member and she made no move to stop him until he brought his hands down from her raised arms and traced the full fat curves of her massive, elevated, and wobbling breasts. His hands had the effect of sweeping the remaining lapel open and both of my mother's fat dancing breasts bounced into view. He wasn't just satisfied with exposing my mother for everyone to enjoy. I could have been fine with that. She's incredible and I'm quite proud of her. The pervert had to capture her heavy naked tits in his grubby hands and squeeze, then he lifted them, bouncing them independently in each hand before he grabbed them by her nipples and wrenched them out. He actually held my mother's huge tits up nearly six inches higher by their deep red buds, pinching them until my mother's expression turned to one of pain. He jiggled them up and down, just by her sensitive nipples until she elbowed him in his ribs. He let go with a hard angry pluck and Mom had to grab her breasts in pain in the middle of an energetic hemn.

Mr. Groper moved on to another victim. He fondled, exposed, and felt up nearly every woman on stage. It wasn't until he tried to dry hump and even slip his fingers between Miss Neezlaucht's bare ass, which I admit, I was wrong about, it's actually a pretty nice ass, that he got his true reward. Ha ha ha, the perv ended up limping back to his podium with a hole in his instep, after Miss Neezlaucht gritted her teeth and stomped. I think I might like Miss Neezlaucht, after all. I'll have to do something nice for her. You also should, know, Miss Neezlaucht was naked except for her garter belt, stockings, and, of course, her very sturdy high heels.

Just before that incident, the younger man, who was singing next to her, also became overwhelmed in his rapture and began dancing with a dazed, stricken and reluctant Miss Neezlaucht. He turned to her suddenly, the slitted side of his robe flipped away from his clearly visible erection and exposed it fully into the open as he grabbed both of the older woman's hands in his. She was completely entranced by the sight of that aroused male member bouncing out into the open before her. Unlike Mr. Groper, he didn't try to invade her space or stick his hand between her legs.

I think, if that muscular twenty-five year old man had shoved his cock into the hollow of her robe's skirts, she would have blushed and done little to stop him. Maybe she'd shout "DAEMON!" But, I got the distinct impression that she kind of liked the attention of a half naked twenty-something male bodybuilder. With all the jumping and bouncing around, the guys erection didn't stay uncovered, but it was never out of sight.

The only woman who didn't get fondled, although Mr. Groper did dance against her back and caused her robe to part around her fantastic tits, was Mrs. Bacchanal. While he was nearly humping himself against the pastors wife on stage, their energetic exultations bumped into Miss Neezlaucht facing the guy who'd grabbed her hands. She stumbled forward against the young man and pulled her right hand from his to reach out and brace herself. She buckled at the knees, so her hand went down low and captured that hard, swinging, eight inch limb between his legs.

I watched the whole thing as if in slow motion as she sank before the young guy. His robe had just flipped aside with a hip gyration, so she'd grabbed his bared cock. He had tried to catch her and kept her from crashing, but also ended up yanking her chorus gown completely off, over her head, dragging both her spindly arms up into the air. His own gown got hung up in all the gauzy material and lifted up, the front flap actually flipping over his shoulder, so it didn't fall back into place. He stared, wide eyed at the empty gown in his hand and started to hand it immediately back to the naked old biddy who was now kneeling bare in front of him. She had scrunched her face up and tucked her pointy chin in, when his arcing male club swung and slapped her in the face. She pulled her lips into a tight thin seal across her face to keep his bouncing cock from invading her.

Once she realized she wasn't going to get cock whipped again, she leaned back and opened her eyes. Looking up to see the embarrassed, young, erect, muscular man trying to help her up while handing her back her dress, she reached up to take his hand and opened her mouth to thank him, when Mr. Groper's gyrating hips slammed the back of her head and suddenly she had a cock in her mouth while kneeling front and center on my new choir stage before of the whole congregation.

The young man's demeanor changed instantly from embarrassment and worry for his choir mate, to an arched back, eyes screwed shut, and face to heaven, gasp of rapture. His free hand caught the back of Miss Neezlaucht's head and pulled himself deeper until most of his cock was in her mouth. His hips bucked reflexively back and forth, fucking her face for no less than six deep strokes before he managed to regain consciousness and fell to his own knees to apologize to her. He helped her, naked, to her feet, but completely forgot to give her the robe. That's when Mr. Groper decided to leave the reverend's wife and attacked the naked Miss Neezlaucht.

"Serves the bastard right." My sister whispered in my ear without slowing her dancing and Lord praising. She'd seen what he had been doing, as well.

Miss Neezlaucht shimmied her gown back on and joined back in with the singing, if not the dancing. The young man was very solicitous of her.

Soon, Father Bacchanal ended service with a prayer and, because they forgot to pass the plate, four large plates were setup on a table as we all filed out. Being as we were in the front row, we were among the last to leave and those plates had never looked so full. Paper money was falling out in denominations of tens and twenties. I even spotted a hundred dollar bill.

Father Bacchanal was shaking hands and wishing everyone 'peace be with you.' on their way out. When Cecilia and I passed him, he stopped me and asked, "Bentley, can you meet me in my office after everyone has gone? I think we need to have a serious discussion."

"A... alright, Father Bacchanal. Should I ask my mother to join us?" I asked.

"No need, I have already spoken to her. She will be there." he turned to my sister, "Cecilia, it's good to see you. Did you enjoy the service?"

"Yes, Father, I did, very much."

"Excellent. Peace be with you, my child."

"And also with you." responded both my sister and I.

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The commercial was for an ice cream shop chain called Boffin' & Hobbin's. They boast sixty-nine flavors of ice cream. Very family friendly.

My first scene is a school bus pulling into the parking lot of a Boffin' & Hobbin's after winning the big game. Cheerleaders are the first out. Skirts are obscenely short and flipping up, exposing their pantiless state. Firm teenage breasts are bouncing freely, half out of deeply plunging necklines, no bras, while they dance and skip and cartwheel their way to the entrance; pompoms are shaking, and batons are twirling, and long athletic teen legs are kicking straight up or spreading open in aerial splits and hand stands, while the school marching band unloads with instruments being played in full orchestral Souza rhythm. Their uniforms are just as revealing with majorettes in above the knee boots stepping high. Next, the very busty female coach stands at the foot of the bus stairs and waves the football players out. She slaps a few asses, most of them are sporting erections.

Before the football players enter the Boffin' & hobbin's, a large church van pulls in and a dozen nuns get out. They are wearing the modern style habits that show off their legs and reveal deep cleavage. The material is thin and full breasts with erect nipples bounce and jiggle freely.

The coach, who had been hugging one particularly muscular player walks the boy, erection and all, over to greet the nuns.

"We just won the game and Eric made the winning goal. I promised the team we'd stop at Boffin' & Hobbin's if they won."

The nuns all smiled and congratulated the coach and the erect young man. A particularly busty middle aged nun stepped up and hugged the scantily dressed coach, pressing her huge breasts into those of the coach.

"Congratulation, the Lord is watching over you today. Let us join in one of those sixty-nine flavors, for your team."

Inside the popular restaurant, the football players are finding their spots in booths, the cheerleaders and majorettes are giving them lots of attention, kissing, hands moving back and forth in boy's laps below table edges, some already had an ice cream cone in one hand. There were even a few girls sitting on laps facing their chosen star player and bouncing up and down, obviously fucking them. Everyone was excited and having a great time.

The hero of the day is sitting, oddly enough, all by himself, his head rolled back on the bench seat he is sitting in, appearing to just be vegging. The huge breasted Mother Superior and two other young nuns come over with a cardboard tray of half a dozen flavors of ice cream.

"Bless you, my child." Speaks the very busty mother superior. "We wanted to offer you a congratulatory Boffin' & Hobbin's ice cream and let you feel His divine love." The head nun looks skyward when she says "HIS divine love."

"Where is your proud coach? We wanted to make sure she too, could experience our offering of HIS love."

The high school football hero raises his head with a smile and nods downward.

The three nuns crouched with their treats and the camera followed them down to look under the

table. They see the coach is on her knees, sucking vigorously on her star players long cock.

"I see you too are making sure your players are feeling Heavens love. It is good to know our youth are so well cared for. May we also be of service? We have ice cream."

While the camera moves above the table to follow the coach's crawl from underneath, the Boffin' & Hobbin's service counter is in the background. A young man in a Boffin' & Hobbin's employee's hat and uniform is standing, eyes closed, behind the counter some distance away. It's just the backdrop for the action of the coach happily taking a cone from the tray. She hands two more out to a passing football player and cheerleader. A majorette and another player take the remaining cones and nods their thanks as they head for their tables.

"Thank you sister's, Mother." Says the beautiful coach.

Once the cones are gone, the two young nuns smile at her and drop to their knees to duck under the table. The young football star holds up his cone and takes a lick.

The server, hardly noticeable in the background, opens his eyes with a silent, open mouthed gasp and looks down. A female employee stands up in front of him, rising from below the counter and gives him a smile while catching a small drop in the corner of her lips and presses it into her mouth with her finger. The male server thanks her.

The coach toasts her ice cream cone with the cone of the large breasted Mother Superior while the football hero jerks in his seat, nearly losing his ice cream. His head snaps back in great pleasure. The two women still above the table take slow satisfied licks of ice cream while watching the young man getting a double blowjob from two young nuns he just met, on their knees under the restaurant table.

'BOFFIN' & HOBBIN'S ICE CREAM! BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY AND FEEL THE HEAVENLY LOVE ENGULF YOU.'

I thought about doing this commercial for our local ice cream shop, Pop-a-Cherry Ice Cream and Soda Shop, but it didn't make sense for the small, Main Street shop to be shown hosting both a bus load of high school kids and a bus full of nuns.

As you can probably imagine, there's a lot of open, casual sex on television now. The morning show programming has their hosts getting naked. They don't host the show in the nude, but there have been some health segments in which one or another of the hosts stripped.

They even had that program about what they have learned about sex from helping their teenagers use the Master-Matic and the Mistress-O-Matic. This one turned into a circle jerk of eight people in a circle masterbating for the audience. The hosts, who had older teens, brought their kids in with them and demonstrated the two devices on their kids. The younger Weather Girl didn't have older kids, so she borrowed one of the two that the lead host brought with her.

They spent some time demonstrating the difference between the artificial device and the real thing. There were three teenage boys and the male host who all got their cock's sucked on, what everyone believed was, nationally available cable television. One teenage boy grew erect again, after cumming in his mother's mouth and ended up fucking the weather girl by the end of the show.

Sex was ordinary and almost expected in some public contexts, by this time.

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In Father Bacchanal's office, I found Mrs. Bacchanal and my mother waiting. They were both still

wearing their choir gowns. Cecilia came with me. She asked if I'd like her there and I assured her she would be welcome.

The pastor soon followed and took his seat behind his desk after thanking my mother and me for coming.

"I want to thank you for coming... and, Bentley, I haven't had the chance to thank you for the new choir stage. It seems to be a big hit."

Father Bacchanal always did that. No matter what he wanted to talk about, he always opened a meeting in his office with something to thank you for, even if he was about to rip you a new asshole.

"You're welcome, Father."

He started right in, "I'm sure you know I want to talk about what happened after Bible study this morning.

We all nodded.

Bentley, your mother has confided in me and asked for Mrs. Bacchanal's and my advice, so we are all familiar with your... unusual circumstances and your condition.

Just then, we heard a great commotion out in the hall. There was yelling and pleading and a loud BANG.

Father Bacchanal jumped up, but Mrs. Bacchanal beat him to the door, at the cost of one exposed, full, beautiful breast. We all followed and found Miss Neezlaucht standing over a prostrate Mr. Groper who had his hands over the back off his head. Miss Neezlaucht had changed back into her black dress and held the same giant biblical tome over over her own head. She yelled out, "DAEMON! I will beat you back to Hell! Let go Mr. Enculade, Satan has ahold of another member of our church."

"Please, Miss Neezlaucht, put down the book." Pleaded the big muscular man who held the other end of the Bible, trying to keep Miss Neezlaucht from bringing it down upon the head of Mr. Groper. Mr. Groper had also taken off his robes to just have his Sunday suit, that he'd worn underneath.

Mr. Enculade could easily have just picked up the skinny woman, but he was carefully trying not to hurt her. He, like Mrs. Bacchanal and my mother, was still wearing just his choir robes. His large penis hung thick and obvious between his legs, hidden only part time by his thin diaphanous and whipping choral gown.

"Oh please, I beg you; don't hit me again. I didn't mean anything. I was just overcome in the moment." Begged Mr. Groper from the floor.

"The Devil is in you and must be exorcized." screamed Miss Neezlaucht.

"STOP!" yelled Father Bacchanal.

Everyone froze and turned towards him their surprised stares. I almost laughed out loud at the picture they made.

"Greta, hand me the book." The Father reached out to take the giant Bible.

Mrs. Bacchanal stepped forward, my mother right behind her. The pastor's wife was unaware of her naked breast. Father Bacchanal stepped up and grabbed the book when nobody moved. Almost, nobody moved. The twenty-five year-old half-naked body builder grew fully erect. His eight inch cock rose and shifted his disheveled robe until it vibrated rigidly in the open air.

The Father yanked the heavy Bible out of froze fingers with only a small effort. The good father was pretty well built himself, for a guy who must have been in his fifties.

"All of you, in my office."

They all reanimated when the giant book was snatched from Miss Neezlaucht's grip.

Greta Neezlaucht unstraddled Mr. Groper, her hand brushing accidentally across the stony shaft of Mr. Enculade, who jerked his hips back and forth at the unexpected stimulation. The old woman followed Father Bacchanal into his office. Mrs. Bacchanal reached out and captured the young man's erection, inducing another fucking motion from his hips, and twisted his cock aside so she could reach the edge of his slitted robe held back on the other side. She flipped Mr. Enculade's garment back over his aroused rod and encouraged him to go next into the pastor's den. The rest of us filed in behind Mrs. Bacchanal.

"This must stop, Miss Neezlaucht. The devil is not possessing anyone in my church. At least not like that."

"But Father..." The old woman turned to the balding man with his chin tucked into his clavicle. "He tried to bugger me when I was exposed and vulnerable during the service. That is the act of Satan. Lucifer has a hold of him."

Mr. Groper lifted his head. "I... I... I... I was overcome by the love our lord was showing us. I'm... sorry. I may have tried to... ah... get into... ah... the... the... mood with... um... a little too much... ah... fervor." He looked back down at the bloody top of his right foot.

My mother added, "You were trying to get into something. My nipples still hurt."

"He has the Devil inside him. We must use the Good Word to cast Lucifer out." Pleaded Miss Neezlaucht, casting out her own gaze to the heavy book Father Bacchanal had set on the end of his desk.

"I'm incline to agree with Miss Neezlaucht, on this one." My mother said with a glare at the pudgy choir director.

"Mr. Groper, I saw what happened on stage and we will be discussing that further before next practice. In the mean time, I suggest the sincerest apology you can muster, and a vow to never let yourself become so carried away that you hurt the members of your choir or try to..." He turned his eyes to Miss Neezlaucht for a moment, "... bugger them on stage again."

"Yes Father, of course." Mr. Groper turned to my mother, his eyes cutting down to the incredible display of her magnificent tits barely hidden behind her thin robes. "I am SO very sorry that I hurt you. I was overcome in the moment and I promise, nothing like that will ever happen again. Please find it in your heart to forgive me. I cherish the time you have been a member of our group and I promise to never do anything again that brings you pain like that."

My mother seemed impressed with the passionately expressed words. "Thank you for your apology. We will continue as if nothing ever happened."

"Oh, you are a kind Christian woman. Thank you." He said. Then he turned to Miss Neezlaucht.

"Miss Neezlaucht, Greta, I am deeply ashamed of how I behaved and am suffering for it." He had the nerve to lead her eyes to look down at his injured foot. "I vow to never take advantage of you while you are naked and vulnerable again. I am stricken by my actions and will never again give you cause to think so ill of me. Please forgive me."
Miss Neezlaucht straightened upright, standing as tall as her small frame could raise her. "Mr. Groper, I know you have Satan inside you." Mr. Groper shook his head 'no'. She continued, "If you truely are free of Satan, put your hand on the Bible and let the Word of God prove your vow. Then, I will forgive you, for all lost souls are worthy of forgiveness."

Mr. Groper looked to Father Bacchanal. The father nodded his head and Mr. Groper reached out to place his right hand on the Great Bible.

"I, Hansi Groper, do solemnly swear that I will never behave, as I did, to you Greta, ever again. So help me God."

Miss Neezlaucht looked smug with her nose in the air and her thin arms crossed over her flat chest. Father Bacchanal asked her, "He didn't explode in a flash of light. Are you satisfied he's not possessed by the devil?"

The severe old woman nodded, "I am. It wasn't Satan that made him do it. He's just a selfish letcher all on his own. There is no cure for that."

She glanced down at the erection Mr. Enculade was showing, then she looked to me and her eyes dropped to my, for once, non-erect crotch. She turned to the muscular young man and thanked him for his help, then she turned to me.

"Bentley, I'm glad to see you have managed to cast out your daemon. I know you are a good boy. I'm sorry I had to be so harsh, but it needed to be done."

She turned back to Father Bacchanal, "If you'll excuse me, I have to go clean the pews."

"Of course, Greta. Thank you for your understanding. And... please let me know if any other problems come up. I think you and I would be more effective if we faced them together."

"I will. I'll see you in the Bible Study room, Wanda." and she clicked out the door. We listened as the sound of her heels echoed her measured march down the hall.

"I am so sorry. If there is nothing more, I shall go and pray upon my transgressions, Father," said the choir director, limping towards the door.

"Very good, please do." The pastor replied.

That left the three members of my family, Father Bacchanal and his wife, and young Mr. Enculade in the office.

Father breathed a deep breath and his eyes fell upon the other fellow's erection so obvious under his breezy robes.

"Jake, I'm glad you're here. It makes this a lot easier." The church head announced.

Jake, the muscular twenty-five year-old smiled and nodded his welcome.

Father took another breath and glanced at his wife with a sorrowful look, then turned to me and my mother. "Bentley's issues have brought out a sore spot that I need to address, but..." he stepped out from behind his desk and threaded his way to the door, shutting it.

"I need this to be just for us. I don't want the rest of the congregation to misunderstand or over react. You can keep this whole conversation just within this office?"

We all nodded. I was a little confused. This did not seem like the way to start a tirade about adultery or Original Sin or anything that had to do with catching me fucking his wife.

He went on, "Wanda and I have been married for just over ten years now. She is a beautiful, wonderful, loving woman who came to me just out of college and worked for a short time as my secretary before I came to realize she was caught in an abusive relationship." He looked to his wife, who was breathing hard and her eyes were getting very moist.

"Let me finish Wanda, it will be alright. I trust them.

"Wanda was done with men and looking to hide away from the World when I proposed. I offered myself to her, even though I was twenty years her senior, as a safe alternative. I made no demands and have kept her safe for ten years."

Father put his hand out in a 'stop' motion to my mother. "You have to understand something. Wanda has given me as much in exchange, as I have given her, because, you see, I have a secret that she has helped me keep. I needed to hide this because our church is not exactly a center of progressive ideas. However, I feel I can trust you, and considering what happened this morning, I feel obligated to explain."

I got it. I saw it coming, I just was very surprised I didn't see it earlier.

"I'm gay."

Father Bacchanal wiped both hands down his face and breathed.

"Mrs. Bacchanal has been married to me in a hollow marriage. We have... auHum... had sex, exactly three times, when we both decided we would like children. After no success and a visit to my doctor, I find I am not able to give Wanda a child."

He scanned the room. "To be completely open and candid, I will tell you, Jake has been my lover, and Wanda knows this, for the last three years. I'm sorry I'm not in a position where it is possible for me to come out. I have a responsibility to my community, and they are not ready to understand. Now, with my fake marriage to Wanda, I'm afraid the damage to the trust of this community would be irreparable, even if they were ready to accept a gay priest."

He lifted his head, "So you see, I am not angry, I have no right to be. Wanda has been a friend as well as a wife. I can not continue to deny her needs while I have mine fulfilled.

"Bentley, I know what happened. I know it wasn't you. It wasn't your fault, just like I know it wasn't Wanda's fault. I'm just sorry you had to endure the hours between then and now, worrying about what might happen because of it. Do you think you can understand what is happening here? Do you think you can keep, if not my secret, Mrs. Bacchanal's secret? She has come so far, to be able to trust men again. I only worry about what she might suffer."

Both Mrs. Bacchanal and Father Bacchanal had wet eyes. His wife was openly crying. I heard a sad sniff and looked to see both my mother and my sister with tears on their cheeks. Even Jake's eyes were brimming.

I was standing right next to Mrs. Bacchanal, so I turned to her and pulled her into a hug. "You're beautiful, Mrs. Bacchanal; and SO lucky. I can see that you're husband loves you very much. I will do everything I can to make sure you are safe from what happened. My mother and my sister

will too."

I felt a hand on my back. It was Jake. He whispered, "Thank you Bentley."

I didn't know what kind of relationship Jake and Mrs. Bacchanal had, but considering how open Father Bacchanal seemed to be, I took a chance that they didn't resent each other, so I extended a hug to him and pulled him in with me and Mrs. Bacchanal. She stretched an arm around Jake, as well. It was only moments after that when our entire group fell together with Father Bacchanal's long arms encircling as much of us from the outside, as he could.

We stopped crying and just felt each other until the father lifted his head and said. "Thank you all. I can't express how much your acceptance means to Mrs. Bacchanal, Jake, and me. Bentley, you are truely an exceptional young man, exactly as your mother has said all along."

He moved back behind his desk and everyone else took roughly the same place they were before.

"I have a proposition for you and your family. You need to talk this over seriously with your mother, but I am convinced you are mature enough, and Mrs. Bacchanal has expressed her opinion on your level of maturity, as well. I know she trusts you because she has said so to both your mother and me in the past
So, please consider this request from my deepest heart."

He paused and we all nodded to silently assure him that we would.

"Bentley, I think Wanda is with me on this, and she'll speak up if she's not, but, as I mentioned, I'm sterile. If you and your mother are comfortable with this, I would like to ask if you would be willing to help Mrs. Bacchanal and me conceive a child?"

Mrs. Bacchanal squeaked in surprise, but she didn't say anything in reply.

"Don't answer now. This is an enormous request and given your age, completely inappropriate, by most standards. However, there is historical precedent, even in the Bible.
"There isn't another person I would make that request of, and I know Wanda feels the same. I ask, because she never would. So go home, talk about it. Make sure you know fully what that means. I'm here, so is Mrs. Bacchanal, to answer any questions you might have."

He reached a hand across his desk to shake mine. I took it.

"Thank you for your faith in me, Father. You are truely a great example for the people of this church and I will make sure I do nothing to damage that or the trust you and Mrs. Bacchanal have in me." I heard another sniff. It was Mom. "... and, one thing I would like to ask right now."

"Yes? Feel free."

"It's about Miss Neezlaucht."

"Don't worry about her. I'll take care of her."

I looked him in the eye and made my request, "Please don't be hard on her. She has actually been very helpful to me and I kind of like her. She doesn't deserve to be hurt either. She was only trying to protect the church and us. Maybe there is something to her visions of Satan. Just, help her. She needs more than it seems, I think."

Jesus, I was just trying to make good on my promise to myself to do something nice for her. I didn't mean to make the Father cry. He had a tear rolling down his cheek and the man let it fall

unhindered.

"Wanda, we made the right choice. God bless you Bentley. Now go talk it over with your mother. We'll be here for you."

Mom hugged me and Cecilia did too. Jake came in again. I felt his erection poke me hard in my hip. I tried not to give him the impression that there was anything wrong with that. He whispered in my ear. "Thank you Bentley. God bless."

We finally left. Not for home, however. Mom had the church thrift store to watch and Cecilia and I volunteered to help.

Mom was out at the car, getting her baked goods to set out on the Vendor's table. Whoever volunteered that day to mind the store, got to use the Vendor's table to sell whatever they wanted to bring in. Mom brought in homemade baked goods and, like everyone else, donated whatever they made to the church.

I was checking the racks of clothes and the shelves for out-of-place merchandise, also doing a little cleaning and a little straightening. Cecilia was doing the same thing. However, and I hate to say it, especially about my own sister who shouldn't be such a cliché, but she was checking out the clothes, more to see what she wanted to buy, than to see if she could improve the presentation.

She came over to the desk, where I was fixing a sign that had fallen over. She had a new mesh tank top and a skirt that couldn't have been more than four inches long.

This was a second-hand store, all of the clothes were donated. It said a lot about my campaign success that the styles I have been promoting have actually made it onto the racks of the Church's Thrift Shop.

Surprisingly, I've actually been seeing more and more people at the mall and on the streets in town, wearing clothes reflective of the styles in my commercials, on my shows and, of course, on many of the posters that I have up all over in the main shopping centers. I was walking through the Mall recently, and came across a poster that could have been one of mine, but it wasn't. A small local clothing store, several, in fact, have started, not just catering to the new styles, but actually promoting them, as well.

Cecilia smiled up at me. "Well, that was a lucky break. Instead of getting in trouble for fucking Mrs. Bacchanal, you get to fuck her some more. You sure you're up for it? Maybe you need to..." and she air quoted, " 'practice,' on someone first?"

"Cecilia! Stop being crude. What have I said about language? We are at church." Mom had walked up behind us somehow.

Cecilia jumped and dropped her skirt and top.

"Sorry Mom." Sissy picked up her head and pointed out, "This isn't church, it's a second-hand store."

"It's the church's second-hand store. However, Cecilia may have a point." Mom turned to me. "I think some lessons are needed."

A shivering heat radiated across the back of my neck, over the top of my head and down to my face. It then lept straight to my cock.

"We haven't even talked about whether or not I'm doing it." I said.

"Yes, and we will, but I'm thinking it's time you learned a little more than brutish hip thrusts. You need to learn presence. I've been there for all three women you've had intercourse with,..."

Mom didn't know I'd fucked Miss Cunny or Mrs. Cumming or... well, let me tell you about it first. It's worth the telling.

-

I spent most of my homeroom periods helping Mrs. Zaftig in her office. You know this and I'm sure you can imaging, I got my cock sucked by this gorgeous older woman often. There was even one morning, recently, where she asked if I would like to get relief before starting the tasks we normally do, instead of her offering me relief at the end of the period.

She has been using her time sucking my cock honing her deepthroat skills. She told me her husband has been very appreciative of her progress. So, the morning she asked about starting off with my relief, she had meant to spend the entire homeroom period with my cock in her throat. She started on her knees in front of me, before I could even sit down, working my cock in and out of her throat.

My principal sucked on my cock for about five minutes, taking me to the bottom of her throat, every other stroke. She pushed her mouth over me, to my balls, more and more, for longer and longer. At the end, my hands on her head, my hips straining against her face, she held my long cock completely sheathed for over a minute, then came up taking deep breaths, her hand around my still hard cock, smiling up at me.

"You haven't ejaculated yet, excellent. I'm hoping you can last until first period. Let's try something else. A new position with me laying across my desk."

She had already cleared her desk off. She stood, held her arms out to her sides and asked, "Do you want to do it?"

I nodded and reached for her clothes to strip her of them. She let me undo the one button on her see-thru blouse, peel it easily down and off of each shoulder, then, I dropped it on one end of her empty desk. I took the time to caress her sides, up to her breasts. She smiled at me when I moved my hands over those massive naked breasts. This encouraged me to feel their weight and squeeze them, testing their softness. I moved over her nipples and watched her eyes close when I took those rubbery, erect, nubs in my fingers and gently pinched.

I rolled them back and forth with my fingertips for a moment, then slid smoothly down to unbuckle her thin black belt and unhook the clap of her tiny skirt. One side dropped off her hip and I lowered the other side, dropping my whole body down as I brought the garment to where she could step out of it.

I stayed down and looked up at Principal Zaftig's cleanly groomed vagina, then caught her eye. "May I look?"

She smiled at me and stepped wide. I leaned in and brought a hand up between her thighs to press her tender flesh open. She was soaking wet. A bead of her juices rolled over her bald labia majora and down her inner left thigh. I leaned in and sniffed.

Mrs. Zaftig has the headiest pussy I'd smelled. Her feminine odor slapped me in the face with SEX. My hard cock felt like it was suddenly too tight to stay within the confines of my tightly stretched skin. I opened my mouth and tried to swallow her.

My tongue pushed into my principal's cunt and I sucked on her generous and swollen inner labial lips. My upper lip ground against her clitoris. Mrs. Zaftig groaned and sat back against the edge of her desk and her hands grabbed that edge tightly on either side of her naked hips. She opened her legs wider still.

"Oh Bentley!"

I let go and shifted backwards to look at her. She caught the back of my head and pulled me back in.

"OoOH BENTLEY!"

I didn't stop. My cock was high carbon steel between my naked thighs. My pants were still around my ankles. I hadn't had the chance to step out of them.

Mrs. Zaftig ground her hips against my face.

"AueERRRgh! Oh God, that feels so good."

I hummed an appreciative thank you into her clit and she began humping her round mature hips. Her fingers tightened in my hair.

I thought, 'don't make this quick and easy for her.' and I traced my tongue along the sides of her clit into that pink, tight, slick skin on the side of her love button. She whimpered and rolled her hips to move her clit over to my tongue. I switched sides without touching her clit.

She groaned and breathed my name, "Bentley..."

I flicked her bloated bud with a quick snap of the tip of my tongue and move deeper between her legs, to her entrance. Her lubricants were so thick, I could feel them pooling up deep in the cup I formed with my tongue. I pushed into her.

"AughhaUGH!" she struggled to gasp out. Her hand twisted in my hair and I tongue fucked her while her hips quivered a ragged syncopated bucking against me.

She fell back onto her desktop, her hips rolling up, bringing her feet off the ground. I followed her up, keeping my face clamped to her pussy. I was beginning to gain a real pallet for women's pussies and my principle's was caviar.

I pulled my tongue out of her again and switched back and forth between the left and right side of her inner labia, moving slowly upward, closer and closer to her hyper-hungry clit again.

"BENTLEY, DON'T TEASE!"

Mrs. Zaftig's thick, yielding, inner thighs clamped the sides of my head and I reached up around them until I grabbed her huge jiggling tits. I found her hard nipples and curled my finger tips into them, pulling a large squishy fold of tit into my palms. I scratched my nails over those blood filled nubs and swirled circles around her erect clit with the pointed tip of my tongue.

"AuuhhgYesssss!" she gasped.

I flattened my tongue and pushed it hard and slow, directly over her aching bud.

"OoOHHhhthaaaat'sssssITt..."

I pinched her nipples and pulled on them, using her sensitive peaks to pull her pussy harder against

my mouth.

Her body shook and her legs clamped around my head when I pulled back.

"Don't STOP, BENTLEY!"

I laughed into her starving cunt. Then, I pulled back more, forcing my mouth away from her pussy, against her crossed calves. I blew lightly on her clit.

"What did you say, Mrs. Zaftig?"

"Don't... sto... stop. Don't stop, Bentley."

I blew again on her clit and her whole body shivered like she was hit by a Winter draft.

"Don't stop what? What do you want, Mrs. Zaftig?"

"OhHhhh Bentley, make me cum."

I stabbed my tongue as deep as I could into her opening. I fucked her with my tongue, then I pulled back again.

"Tell me what you really want."

Mrs. Zaftig's neck arched against the desk and she reached to pull me up by my hair. "Fuck me, Bentley. FUCK ME! I want to feel that big cock of yours inside me. I want to cum with your cock FUCKING ME!" she nearly screamed.

I didn't ask again.

I stood between my principal's widely spread, meaty thighs and reached down to grab my aching cock. It was like a thick iron bar and it was an effort to lever myself down and fit the wide head of my cock into Principal Zaftig's entrance.

"BenTleYYY, NOW!" She kicked her legs with impatience and grabbed at the front of my shirt, which I still wore and caught my school tie.

She pulled and I slammed myself into her

"AUOEEEEOHHH AUUUHHGGG! HOLD STILL!"

I went in like a runaway freight train blasting through a mountain tunnel. Charging full steam straight in, every car pushing the one before it to go deeper and out the other side.

I did what she said and held myself all the way in her while she settled back down onto the desktop and breathed.

"Hold... huhh huhh... still... huhh huhh... Bent...ley. Huhh huhh... You're... huhh huhh... so... huhh... big... huhh huhh huhh... So... full... huhh huhh... Just... give me... a... minute. I can't believe... I'm... doing this."

Mrs. Zaftig opened her eyes and looked into mine. "You can't tell anyone we're doing this."

I bent down and kissed her full mature lips. "You're just teaching a student; nothing to tell." That's when I pulled back, feeling her body tense back up after finally relaxing around me, and I stabbed into her again. I grabbed her giant breasts, pushed myself upright and fucked my principle.

It was intense. I grunted with every audible gasp from her. She was not quiet, but not the screamer my sister or my mother were.

I slammed into her and made sure to grind against her clit with every hard thrust until she began to shake again. I changed my grip to just her nipples and uses them to pull her onto me while my hips plunged against her.

"OoHHhHhyYI'MmmmgGOEoOiING... AuUGHh... TO... cuUUMMMmmmm!"

I felt her cunt ripple and clamp around my shaft. With every out-stroke, Principle Zaftig's pussy felt like it was trying to pull me back in. I heaved back in with force.

"I'm cuUMMMMiingggGGGGHHhAUGHhHhH!"

Her body thrashed, her eyes slammed open and she rose up off the table, pivoting on my impaling cock and opened her mouth wide in a spasm of grunting and groans. With her fist around my tie, she pulled her lips to mine and she screamed a muffled orgasm into my mouth. That did it for me. I started cumming.

My sperm heard the air raid sirens, scrambled into their semen rockets and hammered a collective fist down onto the launch button. I rocketed my cum into the mature depths of my high school principle's womb. "UuUUGHhH!!!" I moaned, pulling harder on Mrs. Zaftig's massive tits and fucked and came and filled her quaking body with my teenage seed.

Her labial lips held onto my pistoning shaft like life itself depended on it. I pumped my cock into her and another blast of cum ejected deep into her tunnel. I kept fucking, shifting my grip to her bare hips and worked her busty naked body up and down over my sperm pumping erection. I stayed hard and kept fucking.

She went limp and lost her grip on my tie and my shirt sleeve. I caught her before she fell back to her desk and kept fucking her, holding her whole weight in the air. Principal Zaftig's arms flopped limply for a few strokes before she finally raised them to my shoulders and started fucking me back.

She didn't say anything, just kept breathing and worked her pussy up and down over my cock. Her breaths grew harder and she worked herself a little faster, clamping her legs around me more fully. I felt her heels against my ass cheeks begin to kick in rhythm.

"OHHH Bentley. I'm... AUHHHHHEEEY YESSSS!"

Her body snapped rigid and she grabbed at my collar and yanked her body up and down faster on my cock. Her hard nipples, pushed against me by her huge breasts, scraped in exaggerated bounces over my chest. My grip slipped from her pumping hips and she rode me all on her own. I just stood there holding onto my balance while my principal, who must have weighted pretty close to a hundred and twenty-four pounds, fucked herself on my erection all on her own.

She gave a last spastic pump and flopped back onto her desk, the back of her head cushioned by her blouse and skirt that I'd dropped on the end. I still hadn't gone soft and my cock was nestled quite comfortably in the depths of her pussy. My semen and her flood of lubricating juices pooled below on the bare desktop.

Mrs. Zaftig laid catching her breath for a minute. Then she said, "That was incredible. Bentley. You're still hard! Please, pull out very slowly. I don't think I can go for another one."

I caressed her parted thighs and tilted my hips carefully back. I watched enthralled as more and

more of my length emerged from her depths. The dark pink lips of her labia minora held my shaft, seemingly reluctant to let another inch of me slide out of her. Those soft, pliable secret lips stretched out as far as they could to keep their hold around me. Her thick moisture, coated each revealed inch of my shaft, as I worked another inch carefully free. I watched those desperate lips spread even wider for a moment to reluctantly allow the flair of my crown to escape. Then I was out.

"Thank you Bentley. You are very gentle. I am grateful to you. Come around to this end and I will finish you too. Okay?"

In answer, I did as she said, while she scooted up across her desk until her head was hanging off the end. When my cock came within her view she grabbed it and brought it to her mouth. I followed my cock between my principal's lips until my balls rested against her nose and her chin against my pubis.

She gripped my hips on either side and held me in place.

"OHHH! Mrs. Zaftig, that feels good." Her throat was moving against me and I felt her tongue explore the root of my cock until I watched it emerge, to trace across my pubic bone.

Shit!

I wasn't watching the clock, but she had to have held me in her throat for over a minute before she pushed me back out. She stopped me just before my cock head sprung free. My sexy principal washed my balls with the breaths she took through her nose, then her prodigious chest rose high with a deep intake of air, and she pulled me back in, clutching my hips to her face.

Just as I bottomed out again, she pushed me back, and I came close to springing free of her mouth again. She reversed, and pulled me even harder back into her throat. I slid completely to my balls in a smooth easy pump into her. She pushed me back out once more, and yanked me back to the bottom of her depths like before.

"AuUgGHHAAA!" I groaned, adding my hips to the effort.

Mrs. Zaftig stopped me fully sheathed in her throat and reached for my left hand. I let her take it, and place it under the back of her head, her long dangling hair soft between my fingers. She grunted around my invading shaft and patted my hand into place, cupping the back of her head. Holding me in her throat still longer, she reached for my right hand and brought it to the back of her head as well. I was now cradling my principle's head around my cock and she brought her hands back up to my hips and pushed me most of the way out again.

She caught three deep breaths through her nose, then pulled hard on my hips, sinking me smoothly down her throat all over again. She pushed me back and pulled harder to the bottom of her throat and grunted, moving her hands back and forth energetically against my hips. I understood and pulled myself out, without her assistance.

Just before I popped fully out of her mouth, she stopped me and started pulling me back in again. I got it. I fucked myself into her throat and easily bottomed out against her lips. She gave a tiny nudge to back out and I did. She then gave an unnecessary pull to encourage me to fuck my cock back into her throat.

Oh God that felt good. I slid out and back in another time. She tapped me back out and then yanked harder to tell me to fuck into her faster. I tightened my grip around her head and fucked her throat harder, pulling her by her head until her face smashed against my hips. She arched her chest

up and let go of my sides, grabbing her own nipples. I fucked out and in rhythmically. Mrs. Zaftig pinched her deep red nubs and pulled. I clamped her head steady and fucked her throat more. She gave a throaty groan of encouragement around my shaft.

I slid into her faster. She stretched her chin up to hit hard against my pubic bone and twisted her nipples. "Faster!" She seemed to groan in her strangled, cock muffled, throat. I held her head in both hands and pumped my cock in and out of her throat.

"UuUUGHhH!" That fucking felt GOOD!

Her nose blasted air across my balls as she took timed breaths with every withdrawal of my cock. The wet, fortisimo, huck, from Mrs. Zaftig's saliva filled cheeks, punctuated my thrusts into her throat.

I fucked my principal's throat in deep, full hip thrusts and she craned her neck, groaning out with each of my sheathings. Her fingers rolled and pulled at her nipples while mine curled into the handfuls of luxurious hair whipping off the back of her head.

"OHHH, Mrs. Zaftig,... uUaghh uUAghH UuaGHH... I'm... AUughh aUUgHh... getting... HuAghH hAUGhh... close... HUAAGGHhh."

Mrs. Zaftig, bridged her back up, pushing her weight on her shoulders at the edge of her desk. She rolled her hips in the other direction and brought her legs open, knees high, high heels onto the opposite edge of her desktop, and reached down with both hands to masterbate her cunt.

I grunted out two more strokes before I let go of her head and replaced her hands on her nipples.

"FffFUgHh fFUcK AWww FUCK..." I pulled her back and forth against my fucking cock by her nipples and she stabbed her fingers in and out of herself, and vibrated her fingertips rapidly across her clit in a blurred fan.

I felt a low, deep, moan in her neck, her throat clamped down around my cock making it harder to pump back and forth, in and out. I cried out loud.

"AuuhhgYesssss... IaAMmmmm... CUMmMmiNGGGGG!"

I felt the first jet of sperm inject deep down her neck and Mrs. Zaftig's legs clamped together. Her hands pressed, trapped in the flesh vice of her thighs and her back arched higher as her hips lifted off the surface of her desk. I pulled back out of her throat and it slammed shut, her mouth filling with my semen.

I shoved against her clenched esophagus, but I didn't enter. The shortened stroke, caused me to pull back too far and my spewing cock sprung free of Principal Zaftig's mouth. My swinging cockhead flung cum high into the air, and I watched it arch in a viscous fan over my principal's naked body. It reached as far as her bald pubis, half hidden between her trapped wrists.

"HOOuUcK!" Mrs. Zaftig coughed a wash of cum out of her mouth. Another splash of my ejaculate spewed from my cockhead to spray over her wildly jiggling tits and leave a fading trail along her throat. I twisted her nipples and she gaped her mouth again while my last large blast of sperm joined the mess coughed from her lips and oozing up her inverted face. I tilted my dribbling cock downward and lay my sensitive purple gland back between her opened lips.

My beautiful, amazing, incredibly sexy principal caught me with her tongue and pulled my excreting gland back between her lips and sucked the last dregs of cum out of me. She settled her back down onto the desk again, unclamped her thighs from her hands and brought her hands up to

grip my softening shaft.

Her tongue swept my gland clean, causing my hips to jerk and me to groan again.

We stopped when the rigidity finally fell out of my erection.

Mrs. Zaftig curled upright and caught some of my white cum from where it threatened to plug her nose. She rolled the gob into her mouth.

"Wow, Bentley. I've never experienced anything even close to that. I... finished, even with you in my mouth."

The intercom buzzed.

Click, "Yes, Miss Cunny?"

"Sorry to bother you, but it was getting pretty loud in there and I just wanted to make sure what I thought was happening, was happening, instead of you needing some help."

Mrs. Zaftig rolled her eyes. "Yes, Miss Cunny, all is well. No need to dial nine-one-one."

Miss Cunny replied, "Excellent. Is there anything else I can help with? The first period bell is about to ring."

"How soon?" Mrs. Zaftig looked at the wall clock, then down at her cum dripping breasts.

"Less then a minute."

"Would you bring some paper towels and, if you have them, some sanitary wipes, please."

The door opened and Miss Cunny pivoted in, closing the door behind her, before Mrs. Zaftig could let go of the push-to-talk button. She held the requested items in her hands.

"I anticipated your needs." The executive assistant smiled at me and handed her boss a half used-up roll of Bountiful paper towels, some baby wipes and a small cardboard box that I caught the word 'Douche' on.

Mrs. Zaftig, still naked except for her high heels, took the items. "You are a lifesaver."

The bell rang.

"Don't mention it. I know how sometimes these things can get real messy." As she said this, Miss Cunny peeled off a couple of sheets of paper towels and quickly knelt in front of me. "I helped Bentley out the other day, after everyone abandoned him in the infirmary." The young college grad was wiping errant drops of semen from my hips. She saw a heavy bead of cum collect on the tip of my hanging cock, which twitched with the memory of that extremely xenial experience, and she reached in with her tongue, without even thinking. My cock was sucked into her mouth. I enjoyed the swirl of her tongue licking it's way to my root.

"I see. Well, thank you. Bentley and I have it from here. First period has almost started. You're needed at the front desk, in case someone comes by. I'd rather not have to answer a knock on my office door like this." Principal Zaftig stood straight and held her arms out to show her nakedness and cum still clinging to her belly and pudenda. Her huge tits glowed with the water from the baby wipes.

Miss Cunny let my left testicle fall out of her mouth and stood. "Of course. Hurry though.

Bentley is expected in Ms. Dermis's room first period."

"Yes, I'm aware. I'll walk him over. I'd like to check in on them again."

Once the second bell sounded, and the halls cleared, Mrs. Zaftig and I walked to the science class. I had my clothes back on, I had only just dropped my pants. Mrs. Zaftig, didn't bother with hers. She was cleaned up, but her massive breasts bounced with every click of her heels on the tile floor. No one was around and she pushed the door open and entered to find class already underway.

Everyone turned to look at us. Mrs. Zaftig, naked except for her high heels, was amazing. However, the only thing different, in this class, about her, was that she had obviously walked naked outside the classroom.

There were two people who didn't look up at us. One was Ms. Dermis and the other was John Johnson. He stiffened, but didn't look up from concentrating on his lap. He sat sideways in his desk and was leaning back with his face down watching his erection until he jerked and his face was thrown upward, grunting out a climax. The other person who didn't look up was Ms. Dermis. She was bent over with her head in John's lap, bobbing up and down, sucking his cock and swallowing his semen.

Class hadn't been started more than a couple of minutes, John Johnson popped his cum very quickly, with a lot less stimulation than I'd had when this whole thing started. And, they say I have a problem.

Mom says John, along with both of the other boys in the class, are just inexperienced. Ms. Dermis is simply helping her students get some experience and, at the same time, taking control of any issues that might pop up later in class. I admit, it usually took them a lot longer to recover than I did.

Mom, along with Ms. Dermis, was naked except for her shoes. She was standing in the middle of the desks, passing out a lab sheet. I noticed, one of the girls had a hand up and was feeling Mom's big right breast. Mom made no comment, she simply allowed her body to be groped. It was harmless and helped educate the students.

There were a group of girls gathered around Ms. Dermis, watching her sucking John Johnson's cock. You might think we'd be just as shocked walking in on this scene as they would be having their Principal walk in on them in the nude. You would be right. Both groups reacted in exactly the same way. They looked to see who it was, then went back to what they were doing; while Mrs. Zaftig scanned the room to see everyone was doing what they were suppose to be doing, then carried on with her own job.

"Sorry to have kept Bentley late." she announced to both my mother and Ms. Dermis. "I decided to spend a little time observing today."

Ms. Dermis finished with a wet smacking sound and lifted her head up from her student's lap. John lifted in his chair to hitch his pants up and zipped his fly closed.

"It's great to have you back, and thank you for bringing Bentley." Ms. Dermis stood, her naked breasts bounced and jiggled. She turned to John, "You think you can pay attention now that you don't have to worry about having an accident?"

"Yes ma'am. Thank you Ms. Dermis." John answered.

It had become a pretty regular event for the teachers, Ms. Dermis or Mademoiselle Derrieret to

have to relieve one or more boys early in the period or they ended up running out to the bathroom to clean-up their mess. Mom had even helped a couple of times, early on, but only with her hands and a towel, she keeps nearby. Ms. Dermis told her it wasn't the responsibility of the assistant to do more than that.

Oral aid hadn't really been going on that many school days, but I'd rather not have to watch my mother giving some other kid a blowjob. I didn't think I was the jealous type, but I'm learning things about myself everyday.

"Bentley, help your mother pass out the Lab assignment, then we'll get everyone into groups of three for the experiment." Ms. Dermis said, as she handed me a stack of work sheets. Her eyes cut down to my naked groin when I straightened back up after stepping out of my pants.

I see you have had a chance to find some relief. That's good. Let me know if any problems come up and I'll try to help however I can." Ms. Dermis told me.

"Of course, Ms. Dermis. I'll let you know."

I set my clothes on my desk seat and took the papers. I caught Priscilla's eye when I turned to walk the forms down her isle. She arched her chest out subtly and half of her left nipple was exposed. She too glanced down at my groin and frowned a teasing little pout.

When I stepped along the desks and stopped to set a two page lab form on each desk, each girl I passed had to reach out and grab my hanging cock. "It's not hard today. Why not?" the first girl asked. Her fingers encircled it and yanked the limp member a few strokes.

I smiled at her and my cock twitched in her hand. "I guess it's a little spent right now." I answered vaguely.

The second girl in the row cupped my testicles and felt their weight, then rolled them around. "Oh, they don't feel quite as swollen as they did yesterday. Did Mrs. Zaftig hog all your sperm? You spend homeroom in her office now, don't you?"

I winked, but didn't confirm nor deny.

"Lucky!"

I felt a faint sense of movement in my testicles.

I pulled the next lab packet off my stack and moved to the next girl.

She was sitting with her legs wide apart and most of her firm teenage breasts out. When I got close enough, I got a very good look at her bald vagina. She reached out and grabbed my cock too.

That's when I glanced up to see if anyone was paying attention to my half of the room. Ms. Dermis and Mrs. Zaftig were in a conference over the lesson plan, or something, at her desk and Mom was bent over another girls desk, on the other side of the room, showing her how to use the data grid. What caught my attention, so I hardly even noticed when the girl, whose desk I was standing next to, grabbed my cock and tugged me forward right up to her chair, was the boy in the desk directly behind Mom feeling my mother's naked ass. It was not that big of a deal, and in fact, it happened all the time, but I watched as he slid his fingers in between my mother's thighs until she stepped her legs open. She never paused in her instructions to the girl, whose desk she had her elbows resting on. I could hear the low, near whispering tones of her voice, trying not to disturb the rest of the class, until that boy suddenly plunged two fingers right into my mother's pussy.

Mom's voice rose two octaves and ten decibel when the teenager behind her pressed the knuckles of his remaining fingers hard against her hairless labia. Everyone paused and looked, but my mother didn't move. Neither did the boy with his index and middle finger shoved up my mother's pussy.

"Mr. Dierich, do I need to expel you from this program?"

My mother looked over her shoulder, but remained bent over, "Its alright, Mrs. Zaftig. Lars didn't hurt me. I was just surprised. He's actually being very gentle."

Lars waited for Mrs. Zaftig's response.

"Very well. If you are sure. I'm sorry Mr. Dierich." And, Mrs. Zaftig turned back to what she was doing with Ms. Dermis. Lars began actually finger fucking my mother, slowly at first, but Mom stayed bent over helping the girl while he picked up more speed and then reached his other hand out to tease my mother's bright pink clitoris.

Mom stopped helping the girl and just remained bent over the girl's desk, letting the boy behind her bring her closer and closer to orgasm.

"HuAAauGHHHawAWWwwauUWWW!" Mom began to cry out. Everyone stopped what they were doing to watch.

Mom hung her head below her shoulders, her weight on her elbows. She stepped her legs even wider. Lars fucked his fingers in and out of Mom's pussy with wet slurping sounds that were drowned out by my mother's increasing cries at each thrust of Lars Dierich's wrist.

"Awohh... AuwUHh... AUwuOGH... AUwUGH... AUWOUGHHH!... "

The girl Mom had been helping, stared into Mom's flush face while my mother rocked back and forth in building ecstacy on top of her desk before her. The girl's name is Francis Titcomb, and she reached a hand down to capture one of Mom's full swinging breasts and found the hard nipple with the fingers of her left hand. Fran turned sideways in her desk and spread her own slim thighs wide. Her tiny uniform skirt rode to the tops of her hips leaving her naked below. Fran began to masterbate with her right hand. Another student leaned in and began feeling up Mom's other swinging breast too.

Duncan, who had been right across from Fran's desk, on the other side, stood up. The front of his thin uniform trousers pressed out in a tight point.

"I'm going to... um... have an accident, I think." he announced.

With that, he reached down and opened his pants. You could almost hear the cartoon spring over my mother's increasingly loud moans, as his hard-on sprung free in relief. He was aimed at my mother's face when he grabbed his cock and started jerking it. He stepped right up to Fran's desk, the head of his cock moving over her desktop and right for my mother's wide open, groaning mouth.

Mrs. Zaftig was there. "I can help with that.", But, just when she could grab the boy's erection, he started spewing. The whole class watched as his first big jet of sperm crossed the three inches of distance to my mother's face and splashed through the ring made by her crying lips, and into the back of her throat. The white seminal stream cleared Mom's lips without touching them, arched over Mom's tongue and caused her to choke on the unexpected gob suddenly coating her tonsils.

Mom closed her mouth to swallow and cough, catching more teen sperm across her brow and the

bridge of her nose. Mrs. Zaftig grabbed the boy's jetting organ and was on her knees tugging him into her mouth before I saw her move. Duncan's hips snapped back and forth and his eyes wrenched shut as he spewed out the last dregs of his orgasm into our principal's mouth.

Mom's own orgasm peaked and she filled the room with her screeching voice. This was the first time other kids, outside the girls who came over for fellatio lessons, had witness the intensity of my mother's climaxes. My cock sprung hard, from watching the whole thing across the room. I realized my now erect cock was half buried in the mouth of the girl I was handing a lab packet to.

I tore my eyes away from the sight of my mother, in the middle of class, cumming to one boy finger fucking her and playing with her clit, while two teenage girls felt up her breasts, and another boy shot his cum all over her face.

The girl I was standing next to had my cock in her fist, feeding it into her mouth. She had her eyes turned to watch my mother arching her back, shaking her naked hips and loudly orgasming among the desks on the other half of the room. The girl sucked on the head of my cock and felt the change in my hardness. She turned her eyes to look up at me and pulled her lips tight around me to smile. She winked and raised one finger to hook into a tiny wave. I gasped because she swirled her tongue over my cockhead. I dropped the whole stack of papers that were in my hand on her desk.

I know you're going to think I'm crazy here, but really. This was not a free sex for all, environment, not yet. Really. And, Mrs. Zaftig was here today, so I pulled my cock out of her mouth.

FUCK !

She frowned and leaned in for a quick kiss on my cockhead before I gathered up my papers. I left her one copy and moved, half-dazed, to Priscilla's desk. Now I was mostly hard again.

Mom recovered and pulled Lars's fingers out of her pussy, smiled at him and set his hand back on his desk. "Time to get back to work, Lars. Okay?"

He nodded with a big smile on his face. Mom had Duncan's jiz dripping down hers. Mrs. Zaftig straightened up and handed Mom some paper towels. We used a lot of paper towels in this class. Mrs. Zaftig then indicated where Mom had missed a couple of spots after she wiped her face.

Mrs. Zaftig turned to the class, wiping the tops of her naked breasts with another paper towel. "Work! A couple of minor problems and a little education in anatomy and physiology, nothing to halt lab work over. As you can see, even a fully grown, mature woman can be struck by intense sexual feelings. We are here to learn how to handle ourselves in situations like these, so take note, but don't forget, this is a physics class and we're in the middle of a physics lesson."

No one wanted to challenge Mrs. Zaftig. Everyone wanted to follow the bounce and swing of her magnificent breasts with their eyes.

"Ms. Dermis will explain the lab to you, so you can listen, now that the four boys in class have had a chance to... relax."

Everyone turned to look at me. I was usually the one shooting my cum in class. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis both had caught my loads in their mouths while the class watched. I'd cum into Priscilla's mouth and once, all over her tits after each of the girls sitting in front of her had "explored" my erection with their hands and mouths, and I'd gone off, one time in another student's hands and shot my cum across her desk the next row, to paint my mother's ass while she was bent

over helping Lars cum. I think the girl, Amy was her name, pointed me at my mother's ass on purpose. So it was unusual that I hadn't been the first to explode.

I was standing there with my hard cock jutting almost into Priscilla's face. I was suddenly self-conscious and lowered my eyes.

Fuck me, Priscilla Was playing with herself under her desk. She had one of those giant permanent markers that were bigger around than your thumb, and she was casually stroking it in and out of her pussy. Her meaty, muscular teenage thighs were spread out to either side of her desk. Only I could see what she had wedged between her wet pussy lips, but she made no secret that she was playing with herself. The tiny uniform skirt did nothing at all to cover her.

Fuckin' BOINGyingOinOinOinOing!

I almost groaned and Priscilla, seeing the effect she was having on me, smiled and licked her lips. I was reminded of her amazing tongue. Biggus Dickus was back with a vengeance.

I slapped her lab form down on her desk and told her, "The Library." She knows my schedule, so she'll be there third period.

I looked up and everyone was still watching me. "I'm fine. No need to get distracted. Right Mrs. Zaftig?"

That did it. Everyone turned back to their work. I wanted to just shove my cock down Priscilla's throat right then, but I didn't dare, even though I might have actually been able to get away with it.

Mrs. Zaftig answered, "Absolutely, don't get distracted."

Ms. Dermis straightened up, licked her lips and announced, "Okay everyone, listen up and I'll go over the lab with you."

I passed the rest of the forms out quickly and set the remainder back on Ms. Dermis's desk.

Mom came over to me, her naked breasts bounced into my chest. "Do you need to have an orgasm, Bentley? We can go into the equipment closet and I'll help you."

I really wanted to do that. It wouldn't have been the first time, but I wasn't sure, considering I'd just cum twice with Mrs. Zaftig during homeroom, and they were big orgasms too, if I could finish quickly enough to not be missed from class too much. Yes, I was hard, yes I was aroused, but the need wasn't really that intense. Should I go and let my mother suck me off in the back room, or should I tease her for a change and make her wait? Her hand falling onto my erection and stroking it, settled the issue. We headed to the supply closet.

Just as I was closing the door, however, Ms. Fellaicceo knocked and entered the classroom, looking for Mrs. Zaftig. "Mrs. Zaftig, you're wanted in the office. The Superintendent is waiting for you."

Mom and I didn't wait to see what was going on. The closet door swung back open just when Mom lowered herself to her knees in front of me. I could see the class turned to watch Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo bustle in and close the door behind them.

The two of them glanced at me and my kneeling mother. Ms. Fellaicceo nodded hello to Mom and glanced up at me very briefly before casting her eyes back down. Mom had her lips encircling my cockhead, but she nodded back without losing suction.

"What's this about?" Mrs. Zaftig asked Ms. Fellaicceo.

"Apparently the state inspector is coming in a few weeks and Mr. Crock is following up to organize the visit."

OH FUCK! That can't be good.

"I see. He could have done this over the phone. What's up with him making personal visits all the time lately? Never mind. Okay, I'll need my clothes. I left them in my office."

I was listening intently, but Mom was already licking down my hardened length and taking me into her mouth. I rested one hand automatically on the top of her head, but she paid more attention to sucking my cock than I did. I needed to hear what was going on.

"He's waiting in your office. Here, borrow mine. I'll stay and observe in your place." Ms. Fellaicceo started stripping while my mother was sucking on my cock. The vice-principal watched my mother's lips move over my shaft as she disrobed.

Ms. Fellaicceo is tall, but she is slimmer and much less busty than Mrs. Zaftig. She was wearing a deep burgundy dress that barely contained her generous breasts zippered up the center to an inch or so above her belly button. The bottom was opened slightly as a second zipper head rose to her crotch level. The hem of her dress was very high, the tops of her stockings weren't covered below where they clipped to her garter belt.

Ms. Fellaicceo unzipped down to her pubis and slipped the catch apart from behind her neck. Her succulent, firm breasts bounced and jiggled into view, restricted only by the small hidden shelf that supported and held them out. I pulsed in my mother's mouth, as I watched the show. I'm pretty sure my vice-principal undressed a little slower, with a little more wiggle in her narrow, sinuous waist, as she shimmied her dress down over her hips, because she knew I was watching.

If the dress had reached any lower than the tops of her thighs and the darker bands of her stocking tops, it might have been called a pencil dress, although it was backless. I'm not certain it was long enough to qualify as much more than an apron of red cloth that zipped together in front. Underneath, Ms. Fellaicceo was wearing another set of matching lingerie that consisted of a red, demi-cup, shelf-bra that framed and held up her full tits, but did nothing to hide them at all. Her nipples were slightly upturned and her fat round breasts held out from her ribs like two trophies being offered, to some would-be champion. The matching red garter belt was narrow and smooth, no lace. It arched up, just below her navel, in front, and down in a sexy, figure accenting curve to the clips stretched down the centerline at the front of each leggy thigh. It then came up high over her broad mature hips to circle in a narrow band across the small of her back. No stap or stocking clips to indent her posterior, in back. Nothing but the smooth tight round ass cheeks of a mature woman who likes to dance.

Her stockings were about two inches short of the tops of her thighs with a darker reinforced three inch band that squeezed the softest, meatiest part of her thighs over their tops. The body of her stockings were sheer and invisible, but threaded throughout with a red filigree pattern that really accented the curvy muscles of her dancer's legs. And, of course, red five inch heels with thin sandal straps that weaved their way up her calves almost to her knees.

Mrs. Zaftig struggled to squeeze into her vice-principal's dress. She is much bigger up top and her hips are wider, but her torso is not as long. To get the dress to fit, Principal Zaftig had to leave the zipper down, almost to center of her hairless pubic bulge. Her enormous breasts would have just hung out the sides while her broader hips would have broken the zipper. The bottom hem, which came down to a about four inches below Mrs. Zaftig's crotch was zipped open up to her protruding

labia minora. The two zipper heads, almost meeting over her clitoris, covered her in the centerline of her incredible body and straining across her hips, just below their widest part. Add that effect to the fact that the clip-behind-the-neck strap has to be adjusted longer to let the neckline drop lower to let Mrs. Zaftig's massive breasts show their top slopes. Something she seemed to insist on, even though the square front was left hanging wide open between her fat thrusting breasts. This left the inside edges of her rosy areolae well in view past the falling opened micro zipper. The lapels curled outward like two deep red scrolls. Each side fell away from the center, threatening to fall all the way open and let those heavy, lively melons of dynamic flesh free.

The back of the dress was almost nonexistent, hanging in a scoop to the top cleft of her large round ass showing off the two sexy dimples at the base of her exposed spine. The effect was awesome, giving the erotic vision of a mature, super busty..., 'slut' is a word with such negative connotations; there were no negatives from my point of view, but it was much more than just a, ...babe, ready to pop out of her dress at any moment. Besides her four inch heels, that was all Mrs. Zaftig had on.

Principal Zaftig looked down her barely covered body and commented, "I love this dress, it really does a great job of showing my body off. You'll have to tell me where you bought it."

Mom popped her mouth off my cock with a wet slurp. "It's a little tight, maybe, but you look great in it."

"Thank you. Okay, have fun, I have to go reassure the Superintendent."

Mom took my cock back into her mouth and sucked me down her throat in one deep plunge. I grabbed her hair and threw my head back, groaning out to the ceiling, while thrusting my hips against her face. Mrs. Zaftig watched for a moment longer, then turned and opened the closet door to the classroom, and bounced through, giving nearly the whole class a view through the open door before she shut it behind her.

Mom's throat wrapped around my entire length and worked against my cockhead. I was ecstatic, with pleasure shooting up the length of my cock and blasting out like Lazer beam fingers from the base of my spine. It felt so good, I would be happy if Mom just sucked on my cock like that forever, but I was not near an orgasm. My mind was too distracted by the impending disaster of an inspection by the state's Department of Education.

Mom expected me to cum more quickly and sensed my delayed condition. She started bobbing her head in long full strokes, taking my whole length down her throat with each drop of her head. Mom was getting incredibly good at deepthroat. She still practiced on me in bed late at night. Cecilia joined in once in a while, but mostly she just watched and let her mother and me have that time together. Cecilia tended to "hog" my cock during family TV time after dinner.

Mom backed off and I opened my eyes to look down into her flush, breathy, face. Her savory/sweet looking lips were swollen and bright red with the flush of blood.

"Are you okay Bentley? I can feel your need, but you don't seem any closer to orgasm. Am I doing something wrong?"

I shook my head and croaked, "NO Mom! You're incredible. Better than ever. I... It's just... I don't know. Mrs. Zaftig helped me twice, just before coming to class."

"Would it help if we did something different?" and Mom grabbed her luscious, amazing, full, breasts and leaned up to offer them for me to fuck.

"Can I help, perhaps?" Ms. Fellaicceo knelt down next to my mother. She reached up and cupped

my balls in one hand. Her eyes cut up to mine to check my reaction. I nodded imperceptibly to encourage her.

"Oh yes, he's very full." She said to my mother. "May I?"

Mom nodded, "Of course. Please."

Ms. Fellaicceo leaned in and her mind-curling tongue slipped out and wrapped halfway around my shaft, just behind my head. Her tongue reminded me of Priscilla's.

Now, you have to understand, by this time, Ms. Fellaicceo had demonstrated her incredible tongue and her cock sucking skills on me several times during homeroom period when Mrs. Zaftig was busy or they just took turns using me for work, or other things, in their offices.

Mom, however, had never witnessed Ms. Fellaicceo's tongue. "Wow, your tongue reminds me of Priscilla's tongue. She is the most amazing kisser, and her tongue feels incredible on my... well... I have taught some of Bentley and Cecilia's friends, so I have had the chance to feel her tongue while she practiced cunnilingus on me." Mom admitted.

Yeah, it's true, Mom spent a whole Saturday with Cecilia, Priscilla, Libbey, and Jessica teaching them cunnilingus. I was there too. I gave my expert male opinion of how everyone tasted compared to each other. I had to eat each one out until they came on my tongue. Then, Cecilia insisted on a retry, because I'd judged Mom's vagina the sexiest.

Honestly, I thought Priscilla's pussy was the sweetest, cleanest tasting one and Jess was definitely the wettest cummer. Mom's pussy was, in my opinion, the one that tasted the most like sex. It was rich and heady and her juices flowed thick on my tongue when I drove into her depths as far as I could, while she screamed out the most intense orgasm of all of them. It actually was surprisingly similar to Mrs. Zaftig's in flavor. Cecilia "came" in a close second, ha ha ha. Libbey was really different. Her pussy vibrated and squirted little jets of cum in my mouth, but she hardly made a sound and the strangest thing was how her excretions had a hint of strawberry to them. There wasn't a single one that I hesitated to dive into for a second round.

"Oh, of course, that's why Bentley is so good at that." Complimented Ms. Fellaicceo, after drawing her tongue up my length from ball sack to meatus. Yup, I'd had a chance to demonstrate what I learned, just two days before. I was in Ms. Fellaicceo's office for homeroom.

No wait, let me skip back to the day before that. It started out, just like most days, in the gym with Miss Crotchet and Priscilla and Coach Clidduris. It was pretty normal. If normal includes three women getting to take turns on deepthroating your cock both before and after the workout, with a lot of oral and other sexual fondling, in between. Miss Crotchet had come a long way. She went from joining us two days a week to five days a week. She participated in every exercise by this time. The woman had lost another sixty-five pounds and is looking amazing. She's still a little over weight, but, as she describes it, has a 'Mae West' figure. Even her double chin and RBF are gone. She uses more youthful makup colors. Her lipstick, for example, is always some very wet looking glossy shade. I really admire her for her achievements and commitment. It couldn't have been easy.

Well, she has been amazing, she facilitated a couple of other incidents that I had to thank her for. Especially with the calendar photo sessions. So, I thought I'd pay her back.

It was the middle of the day, she was enjoying her lunch in her room. I had been working on the newest sports news program on my usual computer in the library. I was broadcasting these programs to all our rival schools, along with commercials and had even managed to replace the

secondary school sports periodicals for their athletics departments. I was most pleased to fill uniform orders for three of our biggest rival teams. I made twenty percent on each order.

I wanted a break so, I walked down the hall and entered Miss Crotchet's room without knocking. My cock was already at full attention, just thinking about how I was going to repay Miss Crotchet for her help.

Miss Crotchet was behind her desk, reading one of my magazines, the Dear Lovelace Letters that now fully supported sex in school, with Q&As that illustrated incidents of sexual intercourse between students and teachers in every issue. The particular issue she was reading had a letter from a teacher writing in, asking about having sex with two curious and needy students at the same time, in the middle of class.

Mrs. B. B. Q. was worried that the other students in the classroom were too distracted from their work and unable to concentrate when she was bent over her desk and taking care of two boys at once. They took both ends of her between them. She noted that they had pumped out their needs slowly, taking up a full fifteen minutes of class time, in which they took turns switching places so they both got to experience pumping their erections into her mouth and her vagina.

"Dear Mrs. B. B. Q., I certainly hope your students were distracted. You presented your class with a valuable opportunity to learn. It may not have been the lesson plan for the day, but modeling generosity and dedication towards others, while enhancing your students' exposure to mature sexual experiences, presented by an emotionally and sexually mature adult, should always be part of the goal for every teacher. I applaud your openness and giving spirit. Keep it up. The interruption to their regular lesson was more than worth the sacrifice for both you and your students. They will always remember that day in your class."

Miss Crotchet had a fork laced with salad leaves halfway to her mouth while she read. She looked up, when I stepped in and closed the door behind me. I hit the lock button, just in case.

"Bentley," she smiled, "to what do I owe this pleasure?"

Oh, and her attitude has gone through some changes, as well. She is much more pleasant, especially towards me, but to everybody else, as well.

I didn't answer until I walked up to stand next to her at her desk. "I want to thank you for your help with the calendar photo shoot and everything. I really appreciate how much you've helped me, and I think I've figured out a way to show my gratefulness and repay you."

I was staring down into the largest set of tits, I'd ever seen. Her dress was amazing. It consisted of thin black leather straps that hung from a thick leather collar that supported a tight bodice of sheer black mesh hugged to her ribs by a series of three belts that buckled in back, just below her massive, ballooning over, tits. Those mountains of round flesh welled up and over the half cups of her bodice, leaving generous slices of wide, pink, areolae pinched in above the top edges. The cup material was wire supported, but a very thin silk that let the thumb sized buds of her nipples stand out behind the barely covering fabric. The bottom edge of that corset-style top was connected, a few inches below her ribs, to six straps that held a severely tight high waisted skirt up. The waist was reinforced with a wide, girdle-like, band to hold her greatly reduced stomach flat. There were small slits in front and back that revealed the very top of her inner thighs and the sheer nude stockings below. Her legs were incredible in those hose. She was getting muscular and I loved the little extra fat she still maintained. Sitting, I couldn't see her huge fat round ass, but I knew very well what Miss Crotchet now looked like in the nude. She was becoming a woman whose body I could really appreciate. I didn't even mind the stretch marks that zigzagged up her belly and over that big bubble ass, because they reminded me of who she use to be, and I was the one who'd

helped remake her.

"Well this is unnecessary, Bentley. It has been my pleasure, really. I have been finding my old self and you have been a large part of that; a very large part." she said, glancing down meaningfully at my bulging groin.

"Well, you have told me from the beginning that if there is anything I need, I should feel free to reach out and grab you. But today, I think it is your needs I need to grab you about." With that, I grabbed the collar around Miss Crotchet's neck and yanked as hard as I could to drag her across the top of her desk. Salad and fork went flying. Her enormous breasts slid up and over the edge, peeling back the little coverage her bodice cups provided, to squeeze naked beneath her.

Miss Crotchet grunted, then tried to push up and I slapped her full, half-bared ass cheeks as hard as I could.

"Stay!" I ordered and she gave a whimper and dropped her arms limp over the desk.

Our new uniform pants had a thin velcro fly and snap at the top. I'd taken my belt off in preparation, so it just took an instant to expose my hard-on. I swung around to the front of Miss Crotchet's desk and held my cock before her face.

"Suck it!" I commanded.

She craned her head up and looked at me for a second. Then a small, knowing, smile crept across her face as she scooted farther over her desk and sucked my cock into her mouth and straight down her throat.

"Don't let me cum. I'm going to take your whole next period and we've got a lot of training to get through." (Did you get the double entendre?)

Oh my God! She started to cum right then. I swear, I've never seen anything like it, before then or since. My cock was buried completely down her throat, yet she still made a loud mewling sound that vibrated the length of my shaft and her thick fleshy hips began pumping while her heavy thighs clamped together. She stretched her arms out and clutched at the ends of her desktop and her body bucked. I strained to hold my orgasm while her tight throat, wrapping itself around my hard shaft and swollen cockhead, rolled and rippled along its length. Her orgasm was so spontaneous, so instantaneous, I would have said it was impossible for that to happen like that. I pushed my cock as hard as I could, down her writhing throat, pulling forcefully on her collar. With my free hand, I reached over her body and yanked her skirt up and slapped her fully naked ass again.

"I said DON'T let me cum!"

I think Miss Crotchet's body vibrated even harder, but her throat relaxed around my cock.
Amazing, the control this woman has.

I let her settle down, then I sawed my cock in and out of her throat a few strokes, giving her a chance to breath. I explained to her, while I throatfucked her, how it was going to go.

"I realized what you needed, almost from that day over a month ago, that I came in your fat tits in the teachers lounge. You are the only teacher who uses the slang words, instead of the scientific ones, around her students.

"I waited so long because, I'm not really into this..." I stabbed my cock hard into her throat with each syllable, "B... D... S... M... BULL... SHIT!" I went back to "normal" (ha ha ha ha) throatfucking. "...so it took me a while to decide I was going to try it, just to make you happy."

I heard her give a whine around my cock and she sucked a little harder to let me know she understood.

"That means, you are mine. I am claiming you and if you don't obey me, or you displease me, I... will... punish... you! Do... you... understand?"

I pulled my cock out of her mouth.

"Augh, yes..."

I slapped her face. "Master!"

She smiled, "Yes Master!"

I don't, for a second, believe she forgot how this game is played. She was just testing me.

"Good. Now strip." I let her get up. Incredible. She was beaming with delight as she made a show of removing her clothes.

I walked around and sat in her chair to watch.

My wet cock stood straight up, pointing with a slight curve, towards the ceiling.

"I like the collar, leave that on. But, from now on, you wear collars with a ring on them, so I can clip your leash to it. You got me?"

She seemed to shiver again, "Yes Master. Forgive me Master, but this collar is part of the dress. I can't detach it."

"Give it to me." I suppose I should have called her "Bitch" or "slave" or something derogatory here, but I hate the term "bitch"; It's not me. I plan to dominate her, not insult or belittle her. I'll play the game of dominating and humiliating her, if that's what she's into, but I refuse to be disrespectful. In some ways, I've actually fallen in love with Miss Crotchet. She truly is a great teacher.

(I don't care what the fuck you think, I can still respect my submissive. You don't know).

I reached into the desk's pencil drawer and there were a pair of heavy duty scissors. Snip snip snip snip snip snip.

"Here you go, put this back on."

"Thank you Master. What do I do about the dress when my last class starts?"

"Wear it. If it falls down in front of everyone, ignore it unless it starts to fall off. Then, you may pull it back up. You may not fix it, however. Give those kids a good look at your fat tits. They'll love it."

"Yes Master."

This "Master" thing is a little too much for me. But, I'm doing this for the experience and for Miss Crotchet, so I guess I'll live with it.

After she rebuckled the collar around her neck, little metal swivels with cutoff leather scraps dotted six points around it, I told her, "get on your desk and kneel so I can inspect you."

She followed my instructions and even laced her fingers behind her head. Holly Fucking Shit, did that position make her giant tits stand out.

They had lost a little of their incredible size and fullness with her weight loss, and without the bodice to support them, they hung pretty low, but even that change wasn't enough to bring them down out of their own league. The way Mrs. Zaftig's breasts were in a league above everyone else, including my mother and Ms Dermis, Miss Crotchet's massive tits were way above our principal, in a much higher league, completely by themselves.

I reached out and felt them. I weighed them, I squeezed them, bounced them up and down, squeezed them some more. I knocked them side to side and bounced them into each other. I squeezed them some more. My large hands sunk deep into them and could disappear between them. I tweaked her big, tight, erect nipples and they grew a darker red, sticking out even farther. I rolled those downward turned nobs and picked up Miss Crotchet's massive breasts by those stiff sanguine protrusions. Miss Crotchet's breasts were very heavy; I could have used them to do curls. I twisted her nipples and shook her massive tits, watching how the jiggling waves of tit-flesh rippled across their swollen surface. I let go with a snap to watch those gigantic mammaries fall and bounce and knock together.

Miss Crotchet squeeked a tiny winch, but she held her pose.

"Your tits are incredible. I have to applaud you, Miss Crotchet. You have really turned yourself around. You're a beautiful woman."

I paused, as I just had a thought. "You must have saved copies of those Bustler magazines you posed for. I want to see them. Bring them in and keep them in this bottom drawer, along with any other photographs you may have from your time at the Bustler Beach House."

"Yes Master. I'm just concer..."

SLAP!

I slapped Miss Crotchet's right tit, knocking it hard into her left tit and setting both wobbling. "Ask for permission to speak, if you have anything more to say than, 'yes Master'."

Miss Crotchet's body shivered.

"Yes Master. Permission to speak, Master?"

"Okay, go ahead." I reached down between her legs and began exploring her bald vagina. She was not that tight, having lost a great deal of weight recently and being the oldest teacher in school. On the other hand, she was tighter than I would have thought. When, I wondered, was the last time she'd had a cock inside her?

"Thank you, Master. I have been candid, about my past as a Bustler Babe, only in the last month or so and only to the immediate group of teachers involved in the calendar shoot. I was not open about my time as a Bustler Babe when I applied for a teaching position here. I'm concerned that if the pictures of me fucking and sucking in the pages of an adult magazine were to be seen by the members of the School Board, or some student were to tell their parents about them..."

I stopped her there and jammed three fingers up inside her. "IF... they saw those pictures, I'm sure they'd just think you are a woman ahead of your time. Mrs. Zaftig has already talked to Mr. Crock about adding adult entertainment to our vocational program. Bring them in and keep them from being seen by others or proudly show them off. But, you will bring them in for me. Now, get off

the desk and bend over it. I'm going to fuck my property."

Miss Crotchet bust into a giant grin and said, "YES Master!"

She climbed down off her desk and was bent over, laying on those massive breasts in no time. There was that giant bubble ass. I couldn't help but give it a swat.

"It's still a little too big, but you have a really nice ass Miss Crotchet. Your morning workouts are paying off."

"Thank you, Master, but if I may. It's your ass now."

I slapped it again and watched the flesh ripple and come back into shape.

"Ha ha ha. Yes, that it is."

I stood behind her and had the head of my cock pressed to the pillowy pink cleft at the base of her ass cheeks. I was just wedging her pussy lips open, when I stopped.

"On your back. I want to watch those amazing tits bouncing while I fuck."

Miss Crotchet gave a tiny cry. Excitement maybe? But, she rolled herself over onto her back, her hips at the edge of her desk and I stepped between her spread legs again. My cock throbbed when I scanned her mature, very curvy body. She had a woman's shape, made even more exaggerated by her broad rounded hips and huge breasts. She weighed about thirty-five pounds less than I did, by then. I was close to the two hundred mark; maybe one ninety-five.

I rested my shaft into the pliant notch of her labia majora and scanned her body. On her back, her tummy looked flatter, her breasts swung out, but didn't seem to sag as much. She slid her arms, which showed muscle in place of flab, down to caress her hairless pudenda, her inner thighs, and my cock. This brought her upper arms together and lifted her mountainous breasts even higher. Her nipples stood up pointing straight at the ceiling, making me think of strawberries sitting on top of giant mounds of Jello.

I hooked my hands under her knees and spread her meaty thighs back and open as wide as I could.

"We're going to have to work on your flexibility more." I told her, spreading her legs apart and letting go. She held them there on her own.

I grabbed her wrists in my hands, and brought them down her hips, between her thighs. I yanked hard on them to pull myself into her. My hard cock sank all the way inside her in one hard thrust. Those massive breasts, squeezed up between her trapped arms quaked, bouncing up to Miss Crotchet's chin and rolled back down with delicious quivers. The English teacher cried out.

"AUUHHGYESSSSSS BENTLEY! Fuck me! Make me your BITCH!"

I slammed into her again.

"OUuggoOHHH! Your cock feels just like I imagined it would. I'm a SLUT for big cock."

I pulled out and watched her inner pussy lips stretch out away from her vagina, trying to hang onto my retreating cock shaft. Her pussy felt fantastic. It felt a lot better than I thought it would. I slammed her again, stuffing those dark pink lips into her tunnel around my hard shaft.

I looked up to watch her gigantic tits dance again.

"YES! You are my master! Fuck me anytime you want!"

I started to really fuck her.

"Use my cunt. It belongs to you, Master! OHhheeEYEEeesSSSS!"

I picked up speed. Her arms were trapped in my straining grip and I used them for leverage to throw my hips against her harder and harder. I fucked her faster. Her large body quaked back and forth on the desktop. I throbbed inside her cunt while I watched those gargantuan fleshy peaks bounce below her chin. My cock sawed back and forth in her hot and slippery depths.

"I... OUughHH... Bennnt...LEEEEY yYES!"

Miss Crotchet swung her head back and forth. Her hips arched against my thrusts. She pulled against my grip, but I snapped her hands back against her spread inside thighs. I trapped them, locking her hands in place on either side of my pumping hips and fucked her harder. I loved the way her entire body jiggled with every lunge I made between her legs.

I growled at her, "Hold still! I'm fucking you."

The older teacher screeched and bucked.

"I'm CUMMMMINGGGGG!" she cried out.

Miss Crotchet's large fleshy naked body heaved and fell to the desktop and just started to quiver. It was like she'd been attached to electrodes. I could feel my own climax start building inside her zapping twat as it vibrated to her own inner electrochemical dynamo.

"AwEeeeyYAWwaEeeeeyYAAAAHHH!" Miss Crotchet just seemed to chatter with her mouth wide opened. I held still, my cum waiting impatiently for the start gate to swing free.

I watched those pillowy mountains upon her chest roll and jiggle, and held my hips tight to Miss Crotchet's vulva. She finally slowed down her breathing.

"Thank you, Master." She whispers with closed eyes, laying back and growing more relaxed around my cock.

I let go of her wrists, they were ringed in red impressions of my fingers. She raised her freed arms lazily over her head. The pose pushed her incredible tits up in the most marvelous way. I reached out and grabbed her nipples in each of my hands.

"Clench your pussy, because I'm not done!" I ordered harshly and I snatched her nipples downward against a sudden pull of my hips and slammed against her as hard as I could.

"OHWEEE! MASTER! FUCK ME!!!" she screamed out.

I did.

I pumped into her again, wrenching her big, hard, juicy, strawberries-sized nipples against my thrusts. She brought her hands down to grab at my wrists. I twisted her nipples harder. "Get... Uhgh... YOUR... HhGH... hands... UhgH... Back... UuGh... OVER... URGH... YOUR... UOGH... HEAD... !" I yelled at her. Miss Crotchet's hands snapped back to clasp each other over her head again.

I... was... almost... there... "AUEeeeEEYAhhhh!"

I started cumming.

My sperm nearly hurt, cumming out, it bust so violently, to paint the mature depths of my old English teacher's womb. I grabbed giant handfuls of pliant jiggling tit-flesh.

My cock swelled as hard as it could get and I stabbed in and out of Miss Crotchet's cunt until I pulled out at the end, and blew a last gob across her gravity flattened belly.

I was exhausted and I fell across that fat, cum speckled stomach and rested my head on a mountainous tit. I pulled the opposite globe of boob-flesh over and sucked its nipple into my mouth.

"Ahh, thank you, Master." Miss Crotchet whispered again, but kept her hands over her head.

I chewed lightly.

"Next time," I said, lifting up off her large body, "bring something for me to tie you down with."

I straightened up and got off her.

"Yes Master. Permission to speak." She asked. Her hands were still locked together over her head.

"Granted."

She took a deep breath and I felt an internal response when I watched her huge tits rise and fall.

"I have a pair of hand cuffs in the desk and a length of rope in the supply closet."

"And your dog leash?" I asked.

"It's still in my purse, along with the three collars."

"Get the big collar now." I instructed.

"Yes Master." replied Miss Crotchet, then she rolled off her desk and bent under it to fetch her purse.

I took the bag from her and looked inside. There they were, along with a cock shaped dildo. This was no Mistress-O-Matic. It was as big a my cock and looked real.

I fished out the collar and leash.

"Put this on instead." I commanded and handed her the large dog collar she'd worn at the calendar shoot.

I sat in her chair again. I looked at the clock on the wall, fifth period had already started. We'd never heard the bells ring.

Miss Crotchet buckled the black dog collar on and I told her to kneel in front of me.

"Hands behind your head. Keep those tits thrust out."

I then snapped the clip at the end of the dog leash to her collar.

I bent down to pull out that rubber cock. It felt so weird, almost as if I was holding my own cock,

but it wasn't attached to me.

I rolled it over and there was a little suction cup on the bottom and a button, I depressed the round bump. It started vibrating. That thing had some power.

I leaned down and stuck the suction cup to the tile floor, between Miss Crotchet's thick thighs.

"Spread your legs wider, until the head spreads your pussy open. Then hold that position while we talk." I ordered her.

Miss Crotchet opened her knees wide and dropped herself over that vigorously vibrating realistic rubber cock until just the head was between her cum dripping pussy lips.

I told her, "You have permission to speak openly."

"Thank you, Master. I love what you are doing. You're a natural. I could always see that in you."

I asked, already knowing the answer, "And you are a natural submissive?!"

"Yes." she nodded, keeping her fingers laced behind her head and her awesome chest thrust forward.

The buzzing of the vibrator was a little distracting.

"How could you tell I was a natural Dom?" I asked.

She smiled, "You're precise, careful and respectful, but independent. You don't prefer to follow. You could have been a puppy following behind Priscilla, because you've always liked her, but that wasn't you. You lead or go your own way. I can always tell when someone is a natural dominant or a submissive."

What about Priscilla? Is she submissive or dominant?" I was quite curious about what she thought of Priscilla.

"Priscilla is a dominant."

"Really?" I said with surprise. "She has been following my lead and doing just about everything I tell her to do, lately."

Miss Crotchet explained, "She's an independent, strong and capable woman who happens to be in love with you. She shows strength in her ability to set her dominant nature aside for you, but it won't last if you try to dominate her like this." Miss Crotchet looked pointedly down at the leash I held connected to her collar.

"I can see that, and that's exactly what attracts me to her. I have no interest in dominating anyone; especially her." I tugged her leash, giving it a little snap. "You're a special case because I could tell you were very interested in being dominated. I feel I owe you for Ms. Dermis, and Coach Clidduris, and the others. I wanted to pay you back and this seemed like the best service I could do for you."

Miss Crotchet actually blushed. "Thank you Master. You have no idea."

"Yes, well, I'm not going to do this forever, but perhaps until the end of the school year."

"Thank you Master."

I reached down to turn the buzzing off, but the fake cock didn't turn off. Instead, it stopped buzzing and started moving up and down, in and out of Miss Crotchet's cunt, spilling my semen all over its length. I hit the button again and it kept pumping, but it started buzzing again too. I hit it a forth time and the damn thing began to spin as well.

Fuck me! That thing was awesome. Maybe there should be a Mistress-O-Matic II? It really looked like my cock. It shut off on the next push of the button.

I sat back up and asked my... slave, "what about my mother? What's she?"

"Neither. Same with your sister. Not everyone is either submissive or dominant. Most people are followers, but that's not the same as submissive. The same with leaders. Not all leaders are dominants. Your mother, I suspect, is a leader, but she's not a dominant."

"I told you, you have to work on your flexibility. Spread your legs wider and take as much of that toy into you as you can."

"Yes Master." She smiled, then strained as she struggled to comply. Her knees walked a little wider out, but she couldn't get much farther than about a hundred and ten degrees of spread to her thighs. Just seventy degrees more to go.

"Hold that, then tell me about Ms. Dermis."

"Ms. Dermis is not a dom, but she is a leader. Same with Mrs. Zaftig. Now, Ms. Fellaicceo is a sub."

"What?" I almost shouted in surprise. "I would have certainly pegged her for a dominant. Those outfits, the stockings and garter belts. The blood red and black clothes? She looked like a Tango dominatrix looking for a thorny, but clipped rose to sink her teeth into."

"That's what identifies her. She knows she's a sub, on some level, and it frightens her, so she dresses the part of a dominatrix. You watch her around authority. She's the vice- principal, but when I insist or Ms. Dermis tells her how things should be, she bend over backwards to help make it happen. Mrs. Zaftig only helps if she already believes in it."

I felt my cock pulse at that thought. As Miss Crotchet was explaining her logic, I could see it clearly.

"You could take her, make her what you've made me. I promise you." She said.

"I didn't make you anything you weren't already." I countered.

"True, but you did take me and make me yours. I'm yours, not someone else's, no one is going to come along and take me and make me theirs while I am yours. That was all you."

"She's married." I countered.

"Have you met him? He's a submissive too. Ms. Fellaicceo doesn't want to admit she's submissive, so she married a submissive who would never bring her submissive side out of her."

It made so much sense when I thought about it.

"What about Mr. Shill?" I asked.

"Neither."

Her body was beginning to shake, kneeling so long over that dildo.

"You can come up a little, now."

She breathed a sigh and lifted herself most of the way off the rubber cock. Just the tip of the head stayed nestled between her nether lips.

"Who else on the teaching staff are dominants?"

Miss Crotchet didn't hesitate. "Miss Cunny, Nurse Head, and Mrs. Bustier in the cafeteria."

"Mrs. Bustier? Which one is she?" I asked, surprised by her list. She didn't mention any of the male faculty.

Miss Crotchet told me, "She's the head cook, the one with the giant tits, almost as big as mine."

I knew who she was talking about.

"Any other submissive?" I asked.

"Certainly." she said. "Ms. Cumming and Ms. Schluttie are submissives."

"I know Ms. Cumming is the home ec teacher, but I've never had her for class." I told Miss Crotchet."

"I don't know her well either, but you should try ordering her around when you have her for the calendar shoot. I believe she, Mademoiselle Derrieret, and Miss Cunny are the only one you haven't posed for photos with. I'll be there if you need me."

"Just start ordering her around? Does that work on all subs?" I asked.

"Of course, but conditions have to be right for it. No teacher is going to just let a student order her around unless circumstances allow them to ignore the student/teacher relationship. High school kids are assholes. They are always playing control games they don't fully understand. If a teacher just caves everytime some baby boy just out of diapers says, 'Hey Teacher, flash me your tits.' She won't be a teacher very long. No, you have to set it up so it's okay to be submissive. That's why the photo shoot is a good place to order your teachers around. It worked for me, of course, but also Ms. Schluttie, right?"

I had to admit, that did go surprisingly easy once I got frustrated and pushed her against a bookshelf and ordered her, "Bend down. Spread your legs wider. Keep your knees straight."

She tried, but kept bending her knees. I grabbed her hips from behind and aimed her towards the bookshelf's bottom shelf.

She was only wearing a micro skirt that didn't have a prayer of covering her broad mature ass nor her pussy, when she stood straight up even.

Priscilla snapped a couple of pictures with me standing dressed in the school uniform behind her, but my cock sticking out and up from the open fly.

"Straighten your knees and shelve the book on the bottom shelf." I directed.

She tried, but again, her knees bent. I knew she was flexible enough. I'd seen her shelve some books like that, just the other day while I was in the library working. That was where I'd come up with the idea for the pose we were trying to get right. This was a little more extreme, but I was

certain Ms. Schluttie was capable of bending lower with her knees straight.

Miss Crotchet was there, along with Nurse Head. Miss Crotchet glanced at Nurse Head and said to me. "If she bends her knees again, slap her ass, Bentley. You're in charge. Let her know it."

I thought, 'what the fuck. I'm not doing that.' Then Ms. Schluttie buckled her knees again and I just swatted her naked ass. It gave a loud sharp percussion, and left a red hand print on Ms. Schluttie's ass cheek.

Click click click. Priscilla caught the slap in blurred action and the red hand pattern afterwards.

Those knees came up straight and Ms. Schluttie gasped, "Sorry M... Bentley."

I was done. I just gave her orders, after that. "Hold still, Priscilla is trying to get a picture of you taking a student from behind while you are doing your duties.

With that, I saw the gleam of wettness flood out of her naked cunt.

"Tilt you ass up and push it out."

She complied.

"Look to the camera." I ordered. "And smile."

Ms. Schluttie cocked her head around to smile at the camera.

Click click click.

"On your toes so I don't have to squat."

Ms. Schluttie was distracted by Priscilla crouching for a new angle. I slapped her ass again. "Pay attention. Up on your toes."

Click click.

"Now look back and ask me to fuck you." I ordered her.

"Please fff... f... fuck me, Bentley." the librarian begged, craning to look back at me.

I lined my cock up with her perfectly presented cunt and stuck my cock into her. I slid in to the hilt in one wet plunge, and I fucked the librarian of our school openly, right in front of everyone. Priscilla took the pictures, Miss Crotchet gave Ms. Schluttie encouragement and Nurse Head watched with a small smile on her face.

Click click click click click...

"DON'T LET GO OF THAT BOOK!" I ordered.

She didn't.

Ms. Scluttie stayed bent over, moaning and arching her head up, to look at Priscilla and her camera. She strained to smile, as I slammed my cock into her bald pussy. Priscilla moved to a new angle and Ms. Schluttie dropped her head. I grabbed her hair with my left hand and pulled her up and twisted so her face was looking at the camera. I didn't pause in my pumping of my hard cock in and out of her.

Click click click.

Ms. Schluttie started to cum, both hands were down, holding onto the spine of the book she had wedged between the other books on the shelf. I held her hair like the reigns on a horse in one hand, and gripped her naked waist, above that tiny bouncing skirt with my other. Ms. Schuttie had a pretty narrow waist, so my right hand looked very big wrapped half around her torso.

Priscilla managed to capture Ms. Schluttie, hanging upside down, bent over at the waist, her hair stretched back into my fisted left hand, her weight half supported by her hands hanging onto the book, and my right hand clamped around her bare hips. Her naked, hanging, breasts were stretched mid-bounce, frozen in their soft pliable swing by the camera. Her four inch blue heels were off the ground, just the pointed tips of her toes were kissing the carpet. The exposure was perfect. Priscilla had captured, Ms. Schluttie's body in clear frozen focus while my hips, driving into her from behind, were a blur of back and forth action. The thick shaft of my cock disappearing in double exposure between the lips of her widely stretched pussy.

"Wow, Diana. That is one of the sexiest poses we are going to have for the calendar." spoke up Nurse Head. "I think for my pose, I'm going to have Bentley impale that big penis of his into my vagina too."

Yes, Miss Crotchet was right. I came all over Ms. Schluttie. I started inside her, but I'd pushed her off of my cock and spun her around and covered her face in cum. She started a new, prolonged orgasm, just as her previous one finished.

Nurse Head, undaunted, jumped in and half directed me to fuck her for the camera, before I could go soft. That had worked, too. I stayed hard enough to fuck her to two orgasms before I started to cum again. She preferred to lay me back on a table we'd made up to look like an infirmary cot, then straddle me and ride my cock herself.

I said to my new pet teacher, "Okay, I'll test it out. Just to see if what you say is true, but I'm not really interested in dominating my vice-principal."

Miss Crotchet, kneeling on the floor before me with her hands clasped behind her head and a rubber cock about the same size as my real one, nestled between her parted labial lips, warned me. "You can't do it while Miss Cunny is there."

"I thought you said she was a dom too."

"Yes, that's partly why you can't dominate Ms. Fellaicceo when Miss Cunny is in the room. Even with the control you have from the photo shoot atmosphere, Miss Cunny is Ms. Fellaicceo's subordinate. She can't afford to let a natural dominant see her boss as a submissive. It could become very difficult to be an effective vice-principal if Miss Cunny tried to start ordering her around."

I was impressed with how smart Miss Crotchet really was. I had seriously miss judged her.

That was what lead to the next morning in Ms. Fellaicceo's office.

It was Ms. Fellaicceo's turn to use me, for homeroom period work. And my head was still spinning with the idea that Ms. Fellaicceo was a submissive. I needed to figure out a way to test that without having it backfire and getting me in trouble.

So, when I closed the door to her office, shutting Miss Cunny outside, I stopped and waited, watching Ms. Fellaicceo. She looked up from her desk.

"Good morning Bentley. Are you ready to start?"

"Good morning Ms. Fellaicceo. Yes. Let's get started." But I didn't move from the door. Instead I watched her in silence. My erection was starting to become more obvious as I thought about what I was about to do.

"I have a whole stack of printouts that need to be collated and stapled. So you think you can do that for me?" She asked and looked back up at me still standing there by the door. "Is everything alright, Bentley?"

This was it. The big chance to see what Miss Crotchet had been telling me about. I took a slow breath and committed myself.

"You're dressed." I pointed out.

Ms. Fellaicceo glanced down at herself. "Yes." She responded with a question in her tone.

"Stand up. I want to see your outfit this morning." I directed.

Ms. Fellaicceo paused. Considering how many of these mornings ended, this was a bit forward, but it wasn't too outrageous a request. She had made it clear early on that she was trying to provide me with stimulation, as per the agreed upon treatment for my condition. Finally she put her pen down and stood up. Spectacular, as usual.

Ms. Fellaicceo was wearing an off the shoulder, peasant style blouse, in red and black, that stretched very low across her generous and high cleavage. The edges of her aureolae were visible over the top and the material provided a pretty clear view of the rest of her breasts. The black wire shelf-bra was hidden and strapless, so her nipples could be seen through the sheer fabric that didn't come down to the bottom of her ribs. She wore her skirt high, cutting barely below her navel and the wide black leather belt pinched her narrow waist in. The skirt was slit up both sides and the soft bulge of the tops of her inner thighs were exposed all the way up to their juncture. Her usual garterbelt was hidden by the skirt, but the clips, shaped like silver roses, came out below that high hem. Her stocking were black, but sheer as could be. The skirt was red and the tiny roll of deep pink inner labial lip that hung barely low enough to be seen while she was standing, almost got lost in the skirt's color.

"Walk out in front of your desk and do a slow turn so I can see you. I always look forward to seeing what you are wearing for me each day." I said.

I was hoping this would put it in her mind, remind her, that I was the one she was dressing for, putting me in the position of control. She, as I already stated, had said she was trying to wear clothes that offered me visual simulation, so my statement wasn't out of line.

Miss Fellaicceo pulled her bright, glossy, red lips into an odd smiled and walked on her high heels around her desk to its front and center. Her full breasts bounced deliciously and the slits in her skirt flipped open and closed, flashing her hips all the way to the black garter belt she had on underneath.

I didn't want to push to hard too fast because, as Miss Crotchet had pointed out, she was well aware of her position as my vice-principal. If I got too demanding, too fast, she would back off and treat me like a spoiled teenager who was getting too contemptuous. Then she'd feel like she needed to stop me.

"You are a beautiful woman, Ms. Fellaicceo. Hold your arms out and turn around so I can look at

you." I asked. I tried to keep the demanding tone out of my voice.

"Thank you Bentley. I was hoping you would like it."

I wondered if Miss Crotchet wasn't the only one who had a sense of who was a dominant.

She stretched her arms straight out to her sides and did a slow pirouette.

When she came back around, her eyes were down cast and I followed her gaze to my enlarged erection. Her long, lithe, body was extremely hot.

I looked back up at her and said, "You can take it out."

"What?" She asked, looking up at me.

"My erection. You've made it hard. You can take it out. I give you permission."

Ms. Fellaicceo got a quizzical look on her face, for a second.

This was pushing over the line only a tiny bit, considering how our mornings usually ended with her stripping and sucking my cock, lately. The whole idea was for her, and Mrs. Zaftig and others, to stimulate me, then tease me a little, before bringing me to relief. It was just an odd way to put it.

However, she finally stepped up to me and reached down to undo my fly and let my cock out. Her fingers, with their bright red, lacquered nails, curled automatically around my shaft.

"Don't touch it. I'm not ready yet. Step back and do another turn for me. That was good."

Ms. Fellaicceo let go as soon as I said, "Don't touch it." She looked up at me with concern in her eyes. After I told her to do another turn for me, she relaxed and gave a breathy chuckle. "Sure, Bentley. If that will help you."

When she got in position and started to raise her arms out to her sides, I said, "behind your head."

"Pardon?" she asked, freezing in place.

I huffed a little with mild frustration to let her think I was getting annoyed, but not enough for her to call me out for it. "Put your hands behind your head. I like the way it makes your back arch."

She stared at me as she slowly raised her arms farther, then brought her hands together behind her head.

"Thank you. Your body is incredible. Hold it like that." I stepped forward brought my hands up to lift her blouse up to her chin. Her naked breasts, held out on the serving tray of her bra, jiggled with the shift of thin fabric over their erect peaks.

My cockhead pressed into Ms. Fellaicceo's stomach.

Then I reached down, unhooked her belt and skirt and tugged Ms Fellaicceo's skirt down her legs. She broke her pose to stop me, but I said, "Don't! Hands back. Step out of your skirt. I want to watch you naked until the bell rings."

I made sure there was no question, no pleading, no doubt in my voice. I expected her to do what I asked. She did.

Ms. Fellaicceo put her hands back behind her head and let me strip her.

I dropped her skirt and said, "Step out of it."

Hands locked behind her head, those marvelous tits, lifted high by her shelf bra, her height in those five inch heels and with her elbow up over her head, her bared nipples were not that far below my chin. They stood out, pointing upward, fully erect and dark with arousal. I was starting to smell her arousal by that time.

It was still too early to just act like her master and treat her like a slave. At this point, she could still tell herself she was just playing along for the sake of my treatment. But she had to be almost there. I was waiting for some indication that she was ready. I wasn't exactly sure what it would be, but I figured she had to be the one who would show me.

Next, I peeled her blouse off over her head. She unclasped her fingers and let me lift the small top over her raised arms. She was really tall in those heels and I had to press right up against her, on my toes, to get her top off. My erection slid along the soft channel up the middle of her abdomen up to the notch of her sternum. I could feel the silk of her bra against the underside of my cockhead. Her garter belt pressed against the base of my cock and her bald pubic mound pushed my testicles back through my fly.

I looked down at her face turned slightly up to me, as I lifted slightly above her on my toes. Her eyes where closed, and I wanted to kiss her deeply. Those moist, bright, full, red red lips wanted something between them. I stayed on my toes against her as I slid my hands down to her wrists. I took her bare arms in my grip and directed her hands back behind her head. Then I pushed my thumbs and fingertips over her skin to trail under her raised arms to the swollen sides of her breasts and I squeezed them firmly. Her breathing grew deep and husky.

"Ms. Fellaicceo, Miss Crotchet was wearing these rubber bands around her nipples when she came in for the calendar shoot, a couple of weeks ago." I stayed right up against my tall vice-principal, still slightly above her. I let my fingers wander over her nipples. While I talked. Her eyes opened and she looked at me with surprise. I let my fingertips gently cradle those hard aroused buds.

"She said they kept her nipples erect, so they looked good for the camera. I thought she was right. Have you ever worn something like that? Miss Crotchet referred to them as nipple clamps."

I kept circling and rolling her naked nipples gently with my fingers and stayed with my cock against her stomach.

Ms. Fellaicceo never took her eyes off me. "No Bentley. I've never done that before. I'll do it for you, if you would like it." She cleared her throat, "AugGh hugm... if you think it would help."

Was that it? Was that the sign I was looking for?

"Only if you think you would like to, Ms. Fellaicceo. It was your choice to try and be sexy for me. I think you are sexy just as you are, but if you would like to do more, I want to see you do it." I said.

She stayed there, hands behind her head, looking at me for a couple of seconds. "Tell me what to do." It was almost a whisper.

That was the sign.

"You may drop your hands, Ms. Fellaicceo. Then get some rubber bands out and give them to me."

She did just that. My cock throbbed so hard, I thought the fly of my pants was going to tear.

I watched Ms. Fellaicceo walk naked, but for her shelf bra that hid absolutely nothing, and sheer black stockings held up by a garter belt, all in black. Her high heels and her bright lipstick matched both in color and in gloss. Lots of both.

She came back and had picked out two matching red rubber bands. I held my hands out and she dropped them on my palm.

"Hands back behind your head." She complied. "Stick your tits out." Again, perfect cooperation. I grabbed her left breast. The wire support of her bra pressed hard under my pinky.

"Take the bra off. You don't need it. Your tits are great."

I stepped back and watched. Ms. Fellaicceo actually clamped her thighs together as she worked the catch on her bra and let it drop off of her. Again, I stepped up. This time, my cock stabbed her lower abdomen, just over her pubic bone. I buckled my knees slightly and tilted my hips until the head was captured in the juncture of Ms. Fellaicceo's thighs.

"Loosen up, so I can step closer." She relaxed her legs and I slid partway between them. With her high heels on, the angle was perfect.
I stopped when I felt her hairless labial lips part over the back of my cockhead. She was soaking wet. I again grabbed a fat wobbling breast and plucked her left nipple out, pulling it long and upward. Ms. Fellaicceo gasped and grimaced.

"Hold still. This won't hurt once it's on." I then hooked the extended nipple with the rubber band, gave the rubber band a half twist and lassoed the hard nib again. I grabbed the tip to keep the rubber band from slipping off, while I twisted one more loop into it and snapped it into place. "OW!" She chirped.

"That's it. See? That looks very sexual. Hold still for the other one."

Her hands had slipped from behind her head. Since I had her right nipple pulled out with my fingers, I gave it a hard squeeze and a slight twist. "Hands behind your head!" I commanded firmly. My cock slid deeper between her legs because I pushed against her with my hips in counter to pulling on her nipple.

Her hands snapped back into place and Ms. Fellaicceo's hips twitched back and forth, sliding over the hard rod of my shaft. I could feel the first stirrings of an eventual orgasm, since my workout twenty minutes earlier.

We have left the land of 'Pretend this is all for Bentley's Treatment,' and entered the land of D and S.

I bent and sucked on Ms. Fellaicceo's right nipple to sooth it after pinching and twisting it. My cock slid backwards against her splayed pussy lips and slipped upwards, having cleared her inner labia. My cockhead caught in the cup of her clitoris hood. The vice-principal let out a soft explosion of air from her lungs at the stimulation of her clitoris. I straightened, grabbed her full right breast and quickly gave her right nipple the same treatment that I gave her left one. My erection pushed hard against her clit when I pulled on her nipples again. I finally stepped back and felt the slap of my hard-on hit my stomach.

"There, that looks sexy. I wish I had a camera. We could take more pictures with you like this. Hey, do you have anything to tie your wrists with?"

Ms. Fellaicceo snapped her eyes open with a worried look. "Tie my wrists?"

"Yeah! I know we already took some pretty hot pictures for the calendar, but we could have another, private shoot, right here in your office. I was thinking how hot it would be to have pictures of you with your nipples clamped in these rubber bands," and I hooked one with my nail and stretched the rubber out, then let it snap her nipples when I let go again.

"Oh OW... Bentley, that... that... aUGhhh... I can't believe how that felt."

I put my fingers down where my cock had just been nestled. "Wow, Ms. Fellaicceo. You are really getting into this. I am so glad." I was looking her right in her deep brown eyes and she struggled to not look away. Her face flushed in embarrassment and she rolled her bottom lip between her teeth. Those lips looked delicious.

"Okay, I can tell you like this, so hands down. Now put them behind your back and turn around."

Ms. Fellaicceo gave an indistinct little cry of protest "aughNnoaahh..." from the depths of her throat, but she clamped her thighs tighter together, bouncing slightly from her knees, and did what I ordered her to do.

She presented her back to me. I took her hands and grabbed the back of her garter belt. I pulled the tight elastic black waistband out and trapped her wrists in the small of her back with it. Her shoulders strained against the restraint, but she wasn't able to make herself pull her wrists free. She could have, easily.

"Bentley, let me g..."

Swat! I spanked her tight, round, muscular ass. The full, bubble-like cheek jiggled and turned slightly pink. I didn't hit her hard.

"Stop struggling and bend over your desk and spread your legs. I have been staring at your beautiful, kissable red lips since I got here and it has made me hungry for your other lips. Don't fight, just follow my orders and I'll make you cum."

Ms. Fellaicceo vibrated, her legs snapped together again like she was clicking her heels to attention in the army. Her breath expelled with a husky groan. Then she took half a step to her desk, her hands held in their inadequate restraints, and she leaned over until her weight rested on her tits and her cheek.

Another gentle slap on the ass and I ordered her, "Spread your legs wide."

Ms. Fellaicceo stepped her long, gorgeous legs opened until her hips dropped slightly lower than the desktop. This spread her completely opened; her red heels placed about four feet apart. She was oozing juices down her inner thighs. The smell was spinning my head around.

"Good, Ms. Fellaicceo. Stay like that."

I trailed my fingers over the curves and contours of her ass cheeks, her vulva, her inner thighs and reached through to her swollen clit. Ms. Fellaicceo whimpered.

God, I was hard.

Back up to Ms. Fellaicceo's sopping pussy, I pushed two fingers easily into her.

"Oh Bentley!"

That was all she said. She held herself perfectly still while I explored her. The skin is so soft

between a woman's legs. I had to drop down and taste her.

I've had the chance to taste my vice-principal before, even made her cum while she was sucking my cock on her desk, but never like this. I reached my hands up to feel the tight band across her captured wrists and moved my face into the garden of sexual delight she was presenting me with. Oh! Those thick, rich, heady juices were a sensation on my tongue.

I couldn't believe, reflecting back, that the first time I did this, I was a little grossed out. I love the taste and feel a woman's vagina over my tongue. To use my mouth to make a woman orgasm is the very definition of erotism.

I leaned back out of her and said, "I'm sorry you can't experience what your tongue would feel like down here, Ms. Fellaicceo. You would love it." I leaned in and slidded my tongue into her slippery, pink, hole. I scooped my cupped tongue around all her sides, top, left, bottom, right and sucked her ribbon of darker pink lips into my mouth. Her ass cheeks quivered against my face cheeks and her spread thighs began to shake on her toes.

"Oh Bentley! That feels so good." my vice-principal gasped.

I pushed my tongue down to her clit.

"UoougHhhh!" she groaned.

I love the slick glossy texture of the skin around and over a woman's clitoris. I really let myself explore Ms. Fellaicceo's pussy and drew laps around her clit, down the sides of her labia minora, inside her labia majora, and up the other side. I let go of her wrists and grabbed the tops of her thighs, just below her ass cheeks and pushed my thumbs into the tender, yielding flesh on either side of her vulva. Then, I pressed in and peeled outward, pulling her engorged nether lips wide open. Again, I wedged my tongue inside my vice-principal. I opened my mouth wide and sucked my lips against hers. My tongue explore her depths as deeply as I could reach.

Her thick juices coated my tongue heavily and I slurping against Ms. Fellaicceo's feminine opening. Ms. Fellaicceo started to squirm. I jammed my tongue in and out of her and her legs started to shake more.

She groaned aloud.

I scraped her inner vaginal walls with my tongue and brought more of her fluids out of her. I sucked down her sexual nectar and reached back in for more. She began vibrating and I felt her pussy contract around my tongue.

"Oh Bentley... augh huhh huhh... I'm getting close." Ms. Fellaicceo groaned.

I moved back over her clit and danced circles around that slick, swollen nub. Her hips started to pump against me. Ms. Fellaicceo's breathing grew harder and faster.
I stopped. I grabbed at her twisting wrists, still caught in the back of her garter belt and I said, "Tell me what you want, Ms. Fellaicceo."

"Bentley, I want to cum."

"No, Ms. Fellaicceo. Tell me what you want me to do." I said, groping her trapped wrists tighter.

"Aughh!" Her hips bounced up and down.

"I want... I want you to make me cum, Bentley."

That was almost what I was looking for. I leaned back in and teased my vice-principal's clit again, then I pulled away again.

"What do your really want, Ms. Fellaicceo? What do you really want from me?"

Her hips were quaking and I had to use more strength to hold her down by her wrists. I dragged them back into the small of her back when they nearly escaped their restraining belt.

"AUGHAAA! I want you... I... I want you... to... "

I let go with one hand and swatted her naked ass in front of my face. The smack was loud and stung my palm.

"AuUgGHHAAA!" she writhed and I watched the spot I'd spanked turn red.

"Bentley, I want you to take me. Oh Bentley, make me... FffFUgHh, make me... "

I thought she was trying to say, make me cum, but she surprised me.

"Make me yours, Bentley! Fuck me. Make me yours. PLEASE! Fuck that huge cock of yours inside me and make me... make me cum. I'm yours, take me."

Oh Fucking, Holy Christ be damned! I couldn't believe it. My cock almost felt numb from how tight and hard it suddenly got.

I stood, grabbed her wrists in my hands and fucked my hard cock straight into her from behind.

"AUWWWAUGHH!" She started to cum and I was just four hard, slamming strokes behind her.

I fucked powerfully into my bent over vice-principal. Her pussy felt incredible. She was tight, but easy to press into. Her vaginal walls sucked around my cock like they were made just for me. She was my fucktoy at that moment and I wanted to play with her.

I came. I thrust into her wet, hungry, blushing pink cunt and fucked four hard strokes while her vaginal canal clenched, contracted, writhed around my shaft and my blood swollen cockhead. I fucked in and out, nine and a half inches to each stroke, plunging into her pussy four deep mighty strokes, before my own orgasm started. I felt my fluids start to pump into her deepest places. I stabbed my cockhead into her cervix and painted it with my spewing teenage sperm carried by the contents of a fire hose worth of semen. I thought, remembering in a flash what Miss Crotchet had said about Ms. Fellaicceo's husband and feeling how tight my vice-principal was wrapped around my pistoning cock; is she even on the pill? What if they don't even have sex together? I thought about getting her pregnant with my child.

Fucking Hell! I did not want to have a child.

That didn't stop me from pounding into my orgasming vice-principal. I slammed my climax driven hard-on in and out of the gorgeous, mature, symbol of authority who was begging me to make her mine and I felt like a god with her impaled on my cock.

I neared the end of my orgasm. I could still feel the cum leaking out of me and every stroke of my massive cock into the exhausted woman, with her arms trapped behind her back, was sweet and sensuous and painfully sensitive, but I didn't want to stop. I stabbed into her one last time and laid across her back, pressing her arms between our bodies and I nodded her tight hair bun to one side, so I could press my lips up to her ear.

"You're mine now. You will be mine from now on and I will have you any time, any where, and any way I want you."

OH Shit!!!

Her pussy just slammed tight around my motionless, fully sheathed cock and spasmed out another, smaller orgasm.

She whimpered, but didn't say anything intelligible, as her body quaked.

I waited to catch my breath before I pushed myself back up. I pulled myself out of that wonderful sex palace between those amazing dancer's legs spread out below me, and put my hand in the middle of her back to keep her down.

I walked around to the other side of the desk and presented my vice-principal with my still hard, cum dripping cock, slathered in her own juices and said, "clean it off."

She opened her mouth to do so and I spanked her naked ass. "Say yes sir or thank you sir. Let me know you would love to do it for me."

Ms. Fellaicceo cried out, in what almost sounded like a giggly high school cheerleader getting to pet a puppy. "Yes... yes sir. Thank you sir." Her body shivered with those words and I tilted my hips to let her suck my cock clean. I loved that tongue of hers almost as much as I loved Priscilla's. I was going to have to get them together.

So, when we were in Ms. Dermis's supply closet and she was trying to help my mother suck me off, I simply reached down, grabbed her by the shoulders, pulled her to her feet, turned her around facing away from me, and pressed her to bend over until my cock found the soft, moist juncture at the top of her thighs and between her ass cheeks. In I slid.

Mom gasped, "Bentley, you can't..."

Ms. Fellaicceo arched her head back up finishing a deep long groan from accepting my big cock inside her. She put a hand out to catch my mother's knee. "It's alright. I am happy to do this for Bentley, if that's what he needs. We both know... Uhughh! ...Bentley has powerful needs."

From my angle above her back. I started to pump my cock back and forth, ignoring my mother's reaction. I could see the red flush of Ms. Fellaicceo's embarrassment washing down the back of her neck and over her shoulders, but she let me take her in a classroom closet, with a class going on and my mother right there with us. I was in actual Fucking Heaven.

That's why Mom thought I'd had sex with three women. She was there for my first, Ms. Dermis and was there for Nurse Head, when I fucked her, and she was there, the second time I took Ms. Fellaicceo.

Mom hadn't heard about Miss Cunny or Miss Crotchet yet, nor did she know about my fucking Ms. Schluttie or Ms. Cumming. Ms. Cumming was another photo shoot conquest.

Don't worry, I'll tell you all about it, and others. For now, I have been very much concerned about this upcoming state inspection. That was a real disaster.

Chapter 15

Ad Window - Chapter 15
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

I had been probing around the State Department of Education Website and managed to find out who the State inspector was that would be coming out. I actually found that out from Mrs. Zaftig. I just asked, and she told me without even thinking about it.

Mrs. Zaftig had been trying, for whatever personal reasons she had, to learn to keep my cock in her throat for as long as possible. In the mornings, she'd sit me in her desk chair, gets on her knees or lays back across her desk and hangs her head over the end or just kneels down in front of me while I stand, then takes a few deep breaths to blow off some excess CO2, looks at her watch and engulf me in one quick plunge. I'd be sitting there in the principal's chair, the principal on her knees in front of me and my cock just sheathed in her now expert throat, waiting for her to run out of air and come back up. She liked it when I flexed my cock in her throat and made little pumping motions to challenge her, but she didn't want me pulling out or really fucking her throat until she was ready.

My favorite was the time before last, when she laid on top of me in a sixty-nine position, but she said, afterwards, that she couldn't relax and hold her breath as long, while I was sucking on her clit or drilling my tongue into her pussy. Those are my words, by the way, she was more clinical, but just as descriptive, when she told me.

"I don't think I can improve in that position, Bentley. I'm sorry. It is too difficult to calm my heart rate and relax my body when you are performing cunnilingus on me. When you apply suction to my clitoris or insert your tongue inside my vagina, I loose my mind. It just drives me bonkers. Do you mind if we get my practice in at the beginning of homeroom and we can finish the period with your practice on me? You are getting incredibly good at that and I don't want you to have to miss out because of my desire to get better at deepthroat."

She could get over a minute and a half of time with my cock in her throat before she had to come back up for another breath. Sometimes she'd do it as many as four times before letting me throat fuck her to orgasm. So, I had time to talk to her while she listened. I would also play with her naked breasts, kneading them, flicking and gently pinching and rolling her nipples, hefting them, squeezing and caressing them. On occasions, she'd get worked up enough to let me suck on those big, rubbery nubs.

Mrs. Zaftig had mentioned the preparations for the state inspection, so I just fondled her breasts and talked, as casually as I could, posing questions for when she came back up off my cock.

"... So, the state inspects schools!? I guess that makes sense. I wonder what kind of things they look at? ...Do thay do fire safety inspections? ...How often do they inspect a school? ...Do you think they will be impressed that we have a school uniform? ...Could I help, in any way? ...I think it would be interesting to see how that whole process went. ...Do you know who the inspector is? ...Have they been here before? ...Oh! what are you doing with your vocal chords? That really makes me want to ejaculate. ...UgHHhhaaa. Wow! Can you do that again?"

You know, just idle chit chat from a curious student with his cock buried in his principal's throat.

However, my poking around in the DoE's system paid off with access to their Web-based inspection schedule and I made a change to it. I made it look like a different inspector, other than

agent Harden Reemer, had already done the inspection at the beginning of the year, so we shouldn't be due for another four years. Just in case, I arranged a bus out to their offices. I got Miss Crotchet to organize a day trip to our Capital and take a small group of Seniors to visit the state offices, where the DoE is located.

You are probably wondering about the clash between how students and teachers dressed from our school and the employees at the state offices. This had been a challenging expedition to organize, because the natural inclination was for everyone to dress in, and proudly show off, our new school uniforms, but I presented some "research" that showed a specific dress code for visiting the Capital Building and Public Offices.

"Miss Crotchet, I'm sorry, but we may have to postpone our visit. I just pulled this notice to visitors off their Website. Our new uniforms won't pass their dress requirements when visiting the State Offices."

Miss Crotchet turned from talking to a student about extra help with a writing assignment she'd given out the last period. I'd just walked into her room talking, without realizing she was with another student. Her massive breasts pendulumed back and forth freely with the turn, more than half out of her dress top. Both the Junior asking for help and I watched those behemoth globes of tit flesh until they settled down.

"Uhm... sorry to interrupt, but we are suppose to leave tomorrow and I thought this important. It was not easy to refrain from just goggling at those incredibly massive tits practically hanging out like that. Her junior student couldn't.

I winked at Miss Crotchet, knowing she'd get my message and willingly play along. "Miss Crotchet, I'm afraid you're dress has slipped down only a little. Here, let me help. Hold still; if you move, it could fall all the way down." Another wink.

Miss Crotchet looked down at her giant tits. "What? Oh?! Oops." And with that, she brought her arms straight up so they raised right out of the lowered shoulder straps that were sitting "unnoticed" around her elbows. The other kid wasn't saying anything to warn her. I wonder why?

I made to lunge forward and grab at the slipping dress. One hand I placed firmly under her nearest breast. I managed to slip between her loosened dress and her bare flesh, hefting that breast's heavy weight while my other hand darted out behind her back and found the bow of the string that cinched the dress snug around her waist. I pulled the bow loose and pushed the dress the rest of the way down her body.

The other student just watched my hand squeeze his teacher's enormous naked breast and didn't notice what I'd done behind Miss Crotchet's back. Miss Crotchet stood, her arms raised in mock surprise while her two students gawked at her body. She had on a nude colored corset underneath, curved under her heavy breasts, holding them up just enough to make them look even more incredibly full and fat, but it didn't cover any visible part of her amazing mammoth breasts. The corset also pulled her shrinking tummy bulge in and accentuated her mature womanly hips. It pulled the naked flesh of her denuded pubis smooth and tight, highlighting her exposure. She wore nude colored stockings that attached to the six garter straps hanging from the bottom of the corset. The two in front framed her bald pussy and the two in back dented deeply into her fat round ass cheeks, while the pair tracing the wide curves of her broad hips accentuated her female shape. Her legs were thick, but her workouts with me in the mornings really made them look toned and shapely. In her four inch high heels, she was a surprisingly sexy vision.

"Oh, Miss Crotchet, I'm sorry, I tried to warn you." I stumbled a little and pushed her to one side so she stepped one leg clear of her dress pooled on the floor. I still held a huge tit in my hand.

I didn't know the other kid, but for some reason, I found it was fun to play with Miss Crotchet and force her to strip in front of one of her students. I knew she would be all for it and she played along perfectly.

"Don't worry Bentley, it wasn't your fault." Miss Crotchet said, raising her arms up so her giant tits stood out high and proud, right in the other boy's face, while she pulled her hair back out of her own face.

I should mention at this point, Mrs. Crotchet had always worn her hair short and permed, but she had been letting it grow out and it hung to her shoulders in a soft steel gray wave. It looked a whole lot better than the red/brown die job she'd always worn before. She was a whole new woman and I could tell that I wasn't the only one in the room that appreciated the amazing metamorphosis she'd gone through. The velcro fly on the Junior's uniform was cracking open with his erection.

I let go of the English teacher's breast and put my other hand on the top of her ass. I pushed down, trying to signal her to drop to her knees as I lowered myself to pickup her dress.

"I'll help you. I know you don't want to drop down to you knees so, I'll do it for you. Just..." and I pushed down on the back of Miss Crotchet's hip while I grabbed her dress and swept one leg, when I tugged the dress she still had one foot in, up off the floor.

Miss Crotchet went down, much harder than I had intended her to, but she reached out and grabbed the other boy by the shoulders and landed on her knees right in front of the confused kid. Her massive naked tits squashed into his stomach and dragged hard down his front, over his hips. I heard the faint rip of velcro parting and his cock emerged from between his English teacher's huge boobs, completely out of his fly. The snap gave way and Miss Crotchet's enormous tits dragged his pants down to his knees.

"AuOHHH..." Miss Crotchet cried out with wide opened mouth. That's when I stood back up, noticing the other boy was completely surprised and totally focused on the sight of his erection emerging from the deep soft cleavage of his teacher's legendary tits. I just leaned a dress filled hand against the back of Miss Crotchet's head and made as if to catch my balance.

Miss Crotchet's mouth engulfed him.

"I got it... OopS!... sorry." I stumbled again and grabbed the other boy's shoulder for support, while my hips, directly behind Miss Crotchet, pushed her head and her face, hard up against the boy's stomach.

He started to fall backwards and reached out automatically and caught the top of Miss Crotchet's head, adding his hands to the pressure forcing his cock into her throat. He arched into the motion and I watched his eyes roll up and his eyelids flutter when he turned his face to the ceiling.

"AHUGHAAAA!"

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry, Miss Crotchet. Here, let me help." I shouted in feigned concern. I reached down and tugged Miss Crotchet's head back by the hair on the back of her head, but when I got her most of the way off her student's erection, my foot "slipped" and I leaned forward again to catch my grip. This shoved Miss Crotchet's mouth back down over her student's cock again.

"AUWGHHH!" cried the Junior.

I made to pull Miss Crotchet back by her hair, but I "lost" my grip on her hair only halfway off the

hard, young, cock stuck in her mouth, and her head snapped forward again.

"FooUUCKkkK I'm CUUMMGGGGG!" Miss Crotchet's student called out and he started pumping his hips against his teacher's face. His hands curled into her hair and he lost control, and just started fucking out his orgasm into Miss Crotchet's mouth and down her throat.

I leaned to the side to look at Miss Crotchet's face. The kid had his eyes screwed shut so tight, I could relax and just enjoy the show without giving away the game. Miss Crotchet curled the corners of her spread lips up into a smile and rolled her eyes around to look at me, then winked.

"Oh! Miss Crotchet! I'm... I... I... I'm SO SORRY!" the now fully relieved student said when he finished spewing his cum into his teacher's mouth. "It was an accident. I... I... you... you fell... and and and... I don't know, I just... I didn't mean to..."

Miss Crotchet swallowed and finally let her student's erection slip from her lips. She held his softening organ in her right hand. "It's okay, Jerome. It was an accident. I promise not to tell anyone that you shot your cum down my throat. Here, help me up."

Miss Crotchet pulled hard on Jerome's still mostly swollen cock and reached up with her other hand to catch his shoulders. He staggered and brace his hands on both of his teacher's huge naked breasts for balance. I helped too and we got Miss Crotchet's feet under her. Jerome got lost in Miss Crotchet's bottomless cleavage while she struggled to straighten up. Jerome's head reappeared, a fat nipple dragged across his face and wedged between his lips. It made a wet 'pop' sound coming free a moment later.

"Oh! Jerome? Now I'm not so sure THAT was accidental." Miss Crotchet said with a mild warning in her voice. I wanted to laugh because it definitely wasn't an accident. It's just that Jerome had nothing to do with it.

"NO! Miss Crotchet! I swear, I didn't mean to..."

"It's alright Jerome. I get it. A lot of boys your age develop infatuations with their teachers. I'm flattered, but let's just leave it at that. You run along and remember, pay attention to your tenses. It will make your writing easier to follow. You write well, but you have to remember you're writing so other people can read it."

Jerome was all too ready to get out of there. He pulled his satisfied penis back into his pants, grabbed his books and flew out the door.

I turned back to the stacked English teacher and said. "I could tell you were having fun. Now, I want to go on this little day trip to the State Offices, but we can't go if we dress like this." I held up her dress. "We... you need to tell the other kids to come to school dressed to satisfy the State Offices' dress code. Apparently they haven't caught up with the times, but they are very strict about it."

"Why do you want to go so badly?"

Slap! Her fat naked breasts went swinging and my hand print turned the side of her right breast bright pink. She yelped. I grabbed her collar in my right hand and her nipple, giving it a hard pinch and a twist with my left hand. I then dragged her by both to her knees.

"Yes Master, or permission to speak Master. I know you understand this game better than I do, so I assume this is what you wanted me to do. Am I right?" I said calmly, giving her nipple another firm pull.

She grunted when she hit her knees and the pain flew from her eyes to be replaced by a smile. "Yes Master."

"Good girl. Open your mouth." I let go of her nipple. I pulled my cock out and moved my left hand to her hair. I simply pushed myself to the root, right down her throat. Oh! That felt good.

Holding my erection all the way in, I explained. "At first, I was just curious about the field of education, but now that I've read what they have to say about their own dress code, and I know they're going to be inspecting our school in a couple of weeks, I'm concerned about passing their inspection. This is my school and I love it. I don't want to see anything go wrong, especially over something as silly as a dress code."

I finally pulled my cock out of Miss Crotchet's mouth.

"You have permission to speak now."

I swear that woman enjoyed every second of my abuse. Her smile was a flash of wonder when I let her go. Lost, was the resting bitch face of yore.

"Thank you Master. I don't think you have anything to worry about. We've always scored well and our performance evalls have been great. The difference in dress codes between the State Offices and our school shouldn't have any bearing. Schools are given the latitude to write their own codes as long as they are done with their community input. That's why the School Board has both parents and business community members on it."

I stuck my cock back in her mouth and began fucking it in and out.

"Interesting. Thank you. I feel better. So, I still am interested in a field trip. I'm willing to wear appropriate attire. If others still want a trip outside school, make sure they understand they need to come to school in their retro-style clothes so we can tour the State Offices."

I kept up a steady pumping in and out of Miss Crotchet's mouth while I talked.

"For now, I'm going to fuck your throat and cum on your tits. I want you to wear my cum. For the rest of the day."

I lengthened my strokes, pushing my cock deeper into the teacher's throat until I was driving my whole length in and out between her lips.

"If a teacher asks about it, you will tell them you helped me get relief and hadn't given it a thought. If a student asks. Tell them you hadn't had been able to clean it off since one of your students had an accident across your tits. Then, you will uncover your tits in front of them and do a thorough job of cleaning them while your student or students watch."

I pulled my cock out of her mouth.

"Yes Master."

I shoved my cock back down her throat and fucked her face until I finally pulled out and blasted my cum across the tops and in the deep canyon of her massive breasts. I got some up her collared neck and on her right cheek too.

I left Miss Crotchet to get dressed and went to work on some content for the officers of the Department of Education. I would print out a whole bunch of advertisement posters, as well, and see if I could discover something about their shopping and commuting habits so I could place them

effectively. I had plans for a round of professional magazines, and other mail, to further immerse them into the new culture that was centering around "best practices" in: adolescent development, sex education, anti-bullying strategies, improving body image, reducing teen suicide, and the global trend for Nude Teaching to prepare students for mature interactions with the opposite sex and a part-time vocation in the sex industry.

I felt I needed to be prepared in case my rescheduling tactic didn't work.

At the beginning of the tour, I pulled Miss Crotchet into a stair well we were passing, lead by a guide who met us in the lobby. I made the heavy English teacher bend over the railing in the empty stair well, while I spanked her for wearing panties.

SPANK!

"I know underwear is the dress code."

SPANK!

"... but you're a teacher."

SPANK!

"No one is going to check a teacher..."

SPANK!

"... for underwear."

SPANK!

"I expect to have complete, and..."

SPANK!

"...unobstructed access..."

SPANK!

"...to your pussy..."

SPANK!

"...at all times."

SPANK!

"Am I clear?"

SPANK!

I had torn her panties off and let them drop down the open center of stairwell and held her bent over the rail with her giant tits handing out of her dress and her ass fully naked, thrust out below her raised dress hem.

She answered back from her inverted position, "Yes Master."

"Good, now I'm going to show you why." and I pulled my cock from my slacks and shoved it into

my large English teacher from behind. Fuck, but It was thrilling to fuck my teacher in a public building where anyone could have come through the door on the landing half a flight above or below, and seen us. I slammed into my teacher hard and fucked her against the metal railing until I came. I'm not sure, but I think Miss Crotchet came when I first penetrated her. Then, as I was getting closer and closer to my own orgasm, we heard the echoing clink and thud of a door being pushed opened somewhere above us. Miss Crotchet's pussy clenched around my hard cock and spasmed with the metallic catch of the latch as the door closed somewhere over us. I paused briefly, but began fucking hard into her quivering tunnel, pumping each stroke in time with the reverberating steps we heard of someone's hard soled shoes echoing closer on the stairs. I pulled out and pumped hard back into her with each descending step. There were 36 steps before the clack of a door handle, the squeek of unoiled hinges and the BANG of a heavy door slamming shut, one and a half flights above, that sent Miss Crotchet into another orgasm on my cock.

She struggled to keep quiet and that's when I let my sperm loose.

"UhHaughhHAA!" I wasn't as successful as she was at being quiet.

When I finally let her come back from hanging over that rail and clean me off with her mouth, I told her. "That's why you don't wear underwear. Now, we shouldn't be seen together, in case someone heard us. You catch up to the group and I'll find my way back a little later."

"Yes Master. Thank you Master. That was fun."

I went looking for the Department of Education after Miss Crotchet left.

In the DoE's office, I cataloged the professional periodicals they had in their reception area. I got lucky, because their inter-office mailboxes were open cubbies on a wall right behind the pretty, young, receptionist. I noted names on the mailboxes and recognized most of the magazines and publications stuffed into them. I simply told the receptionist, who's outfit, looked tame compared to someone like Miss Cunny, but was actually surprisingly advanced for someone outside my hegemony, I told her that I had applied to a degree program in communications and wanted to find out if I might be more interested in going into education administration. I hoped to see what kind of intern programs I should look for.

I engaged her in talking, since it was a slow Tuesday. She was showing her generous chest off to the bottom of her sternum and didn't have a bra on. It excited me to find out that the receptionist actually watched both, of my versions of 'Hard Law' and 'Surf Beach High.' I sounded like a real teen fluff-head knowing all about every episode like some soap opera addict. She used her cousin's subscription to get the channels that were more progressive and mature. She also shopped at our mall. Turned out she commuted in to work, and had recently discovered The Big Rack Fashion Shack, as well. They now advertise all over nearby towns, and their styles have really embraced the latest trends that had become so popular.

That was a good start. Did she also watch my version of the news? Nope, but maybe her boss did. Who knows. They are in a different school district than my school, but I'd pushed my sports and limited education programming out to schools across the state. The people here must be getting exposure to some of it.

So, my trip was informative and, I got to talk with Mr hardrod, the Secretary of Education. We chatted in his office and I glanced down at his desk blotter before I took a seat to ask a few questions about a career in education administration. That look had revealed his computer password scrawled in ball point pen on the edge of his blotter and his calendar for the month. I also learned that his daughter went to high school only ten miles away from where I lived. He was divorced from his wife and his daughter lived with her mother. I am probably already providing

them with their entertainment and news programming, which means the new teen and mother's fashions shouldn't be unfamiliar to him.

I needed to enculturate Mr. Hardrod and his staff more deeply, but I wasn't starting at ground zero. It appeared that his ex and his daughter were already well along. He'll be getting some new professional materials in both his work mail and his email regarding the nude teaching initiatives that are being embraced across the globe. There were going to be some extra pop-up ad windows in his browser too. I was hopeful that the inspectors would also be getting new ads on their work stations. I needed to revamp some of my old news shows on The News at 8. Secretary Hardrod also seems to be a fan of a program called, 'The Show Tonight' with some guy named Johnny Coxson. I'm sure we can get to nudity and pornograhic uniforms in public education, with a late night show like that. I just needed to find his internet-based media feed. If I could get a tour of his server closet from his IT director, I'd get their router addresses and maybe get lucky enough to find out the administrator password.

I was very disappointed to find out Mr. Hardrod was still on cable at home, with a television subscription. I'd have to get some ads going to sell him on the reduced cost of Internet-only streaming. He kept his current subscription as a legacy customer. I have to admit, it's pretty cheap that way, but streaming was still cheaper. I'd see if I could bump into their IT guy, and casually bring up the fact that his boss didn't stream his content at home. Or, maybe the IT guy was a girl, I didn't know.

I had to say thanks to Mr. Hardrod and rush off to catch my group, before too much time passed.

I caught up with our group, just, as luck would have it, they were passing the main server closet. It had a high security key code on the door and a warning about the halcyon fire suppression system. You don't want to get locked in the server room with a fire. Good bye oxygen. Electronics saved, the computer tech, not.

A woman in a nice short, hip hugging skirt stepped up to enter the room.

I broke from the group. "Are you the IT manager?" I asked.

She looked around at me. Nice body and she was dressed to show it off. "Yes I am. Director of Technology, actually."

"I see. Well I'm Bentley. I'm here with our school doing a tour of the state offices. I would love to see your computer setup. Are you running Unix or are you using an NT system?"

She said, "Neither, actually. We are running our network on Novell. We're about thirty years behind the times. Come on in, if you can get away. I'll show it to you."

I turned and shouted to Miss Crotchet, "Miss Crotchet. Is it okay if I take a tour of the IT department. It will only be a few minutes."

Miss Crotchet replied, "Does anyone else want to see the computers?"

Most of the kids were English students from Miss Crotchet's class and had little interest in computers, but I thought, having another couple of students to distract the Director would make things easier, so I was cool with letting other kids come along. No one did.

"Bentley, meet us in the lobby in thirty minutes. It's almost time to go."

I waved good bye and turned to follow the woman into the server room. I wish I could report that we had sex in there, but no. She showed me their bank of routers, fiber optic modems, their central

server and their RAID storage setup with their backup tape system. Tapes? What decade were we in?

"I told you we were about thirty years behind." She said apologetically. "My name Chastity Brooke, by the way. It's nice to meet you, Bentley."

"Very nice to meet you too, Ms. Brooke. Looking at your backup system, I'd say you're more like forty years behind." I answered. "Any plans to upgrade?"

"Actually, yes. Novell doesn't exist as a company, but their product has served us, hassle free, for well over five decades. However, we can't leverage the power of the current generation of computers and its getting worse, so there are plans to make the switch to a newer NT-based system..."

The tour went like that. However, I got a quick look at her procedures guide and log book as well as the model, make and MAC numbers for most of their routes. I have an eidedic memory, so I left with the information I thought I needed. I did not get a chance to find out Chastity's password. I'm not sure I'll need it, though.

I had to do some research on IPX protocols.

I promised that I'd tell you about Mrs. Cumming.

You remember, Miss Crotchet had told me about Mrs. Cumming being a sub and that I could just order her around during the photo shoot, if I wanted to see for myself. I did have that photo shoot. Miss Crotchet was unable to make it because she had a parent/teacher meeting that she couldn't put off.

Priscilla was there and so were Mademoiselle Derrieret and Miss Cunny. Of course, my throbbing erection was also at the party and Miss Cunny was the first to notice.

"Hi Bentley. I'm glad to see you're doing well. Miss Crotchet showed me the pictures you took for her calendar page. They looked like you guys had fun. I also liked Mrs. Zaftig's pictures." She was talking almost directly to my erection.

'Hey, my eyes are up here.' Ha ha ha. Just kidding. I didn't say that to her. She was the third woman I'd had sex with and my cock was eager to carry on a conversation with her; so it's no wonder she spoke to my twitching erection instead of me.

Miss Cunny reached down and stroked the front of my pants. "It's good to see you again too, big boy."

Mademoiselle Derrieret came in. The last bell had rung and the school was emptying for the day. We were setting up our lights and staging in Mrs. Cumming's room. Home Economics was a big room. The large space was divided into three sections. There were rows of kitchenettes for twelve pairs of students, as well as eighteen sewing machines, and regular desks to handle twenty-four students.

"Bonjour Bentley, bonjour Mademoiselle Tease, bonjour Mademoiselle Cunny, et Bonjour Madam Cumming."

I waved at Mademoiselle Derrieret and went over to give her a kiss on each cheek. I haven't spent any time telling you about her nude teaching of her French 4 class, but it was a lot like Ms. Dermis's. There were more boys in her class by two and less girls by three, so the mix was a little more even. However, my mother wasn't assisting, so there was only Mademoiselle Derrieret and I

in the class that were naked.

The first time Mrs. Zaftig left the class to just us, Mademoiselle Derrieret asked me if it would be best for me to start with a little relief. Class hadn't started yet. Students were still arriving and she offered to help me in the supply closet, if I felt I needed to orgasm before class got started.

Up until then, Mrs. Zaftig had taken me into the back at various points during class, so I had plenty of opportunity to see my beautiful French teacher naked, but hadn't gotten to cum with her before.

"If you think you can handle it on your own." I had said. My cock was fully erect inside my slacks and was threatening the integrity of the velcro fly in front.

I hadn't meant my words to be a challenge to her. I was only trying to tell her she didn't need to do that if she didn't feel comfortable doing it without Mrs. Zaftig there or if she didn't want to. But, she leveled her gaze at me and said, "No! J'ai sucé plus gros que toi. Tu n'es pas grand. Do you not believe me, no?"

Then she grabbed my hand and dragged me into the back supply room and practically slammed the door. She was on her knees and tearing open my fly before my eyes could focus in the dim light.

"OHhhhOuiiii !!!" I grunted when her mouth slid over the head of my cock. Her teeth scraped the flair of my corona, then my shaft entered between her lips. She clamped her lips tight around the middle of my shaft and sucked hard.

"AaAUGHhhh!"

I dug my fingers into the French woman's light brown hair, displacing one of two barrets, which she wore to hold her medium length hair back. Mademoiselle Derrieret swirled her tongue over my swollen gland and got me wet with her saliva, then she began bobbing over the end of my cock. Her right fist clenched my cock's base tightly. Oh Man! Her mouth felt fantastic. I could never say she didn't know how to 'French' my cock. That's for sure.

Her lips kept tight and she held onto the suction while moving her mouth back and forth over the first five inches of my organ.

I felt my finish building quickly, but I didn't want to cum that fast. I clenched my pelvic floor muscles.

Miss Crotchet had been teaching me and Priscilla and Coach Clidduris the benefits of working on strengthening our pelvic floor with Kegel exercises. She had us laying back on the weight bench in turn and clench our pelvic floor muscles, while one or another of us gave oral simulation to enhance the effectiveness of the exercise. I have become very familiar with my coach's vagina, and Priscilla's too. I have also enjoyed, very much, the rich, almost bitter, taste of the older English teacher's thick lipped cunt.

Priscilla was a problem at first, because Priscilla didn't know how to hold back that tongue of hers. Both Miss Crotchet and Coach Clidduris reached several orgasms before they could complete the Kegel sets. I usually didn't have such a problem with Priscilla sucking on my cock while I performed the sets and clenched my pelvic floor over and over, because someone of our group had already sucked me off before we started.

Miss Crotchet had taken Priscilla aside for personal coaching. She had her student eating the overweight English teacher out for two whole workout sessions, until Priscilla learned not to let Miss Crotchet cum before the exercise routine was done. I spent a lot of time with just Coach

Clidduris, she spotting me and I spotting her, while those two were locked in a sixty-nine tutorial on a mat to the side. In the end, Priscilla returned and sucked on Coach Clidduris's cunt while Coach went through her Kegel exercises and Priscilla hadn't let Coach Clidduris cum once in three sets.

Coach finished that first three set routine so worked up, that before Priscilla could pull her face from between her coach's legs, Coach Clidduris reached down and grabbed the back of Priscilla's head, snugged her student's face hard against her pussy and cried out, "DON'T STOP! Make me cum, Priscilla! Sink that tongue all the way in me!"

Priscilla seemed happy to cooperate, and was soon trying hard to hold herself between her coach's swinging naked thighs, while boring her amazing tongue as deeply as she could into the orgasming young coach's cunt. Miss Crotchet said to me, while we watched Priscilla bringing our Coach to orgasm after the exercise was done, "I know how Rosey feels. Your girlfriend's tongue is incredible."

Yes it is.

So, in the closet of the French class, that first time, I clenched my pelvic floor and humped my hips against Mademoiselle Derrieret's lips.

"OhhH... Mademoiselle Derrieret, that... feels... amazing. AUGH! Where did you learn... Ugh! Where did you learn to do that?"

My teacher came up off of my cock and worked her way down the left, then the right side of my cock with her tongue. That helped to give me a moment to calm down.

"Merci, Bentley." She dragged her tongue around my pulsing gland, then cupped my balls with her free hand.

"In University, I spent a year in Tangiers as an intern. I dated a local teacher. He was over thirty centimeters long."

Mademoiselle Derrieret got me thoroughly wet from head to root. Her fingers rolled my testicles. I felt my immediate need recede until she said, "His brother and father were just as grand." Then she plunged back over my cock and I felt a stop at the entrance to her throat before she swallowed and down I plunged.

"OoOHH!!!!!" I cried out.

Her small, freckled, nose burrowed into my pubic bone.

"Bordel de merde!" I cried out.

I grabbed the sides of my French teacher's head; both barrets clicked free of her hair and went flying, and I fucked my cock in and out of her throat.

"AuUGHh OuUIIII! I'm CuUMMMMiinggGGGGHHhAUGHhHhH!"

Mademoiselle pulled off of my cock, just when I shot the first load of cum into her face. I held her in place and emptied my sperm all over her. She had her eyes plastered shut. I ejaculated my cum across her upper lip and up her nose and sprayed a thick strand over her forehead and up into her hair. Gobs of my cum dripped down her face. Some even made it into her right ear and ran down her long, slim, neck and into the hallow of her firm shallow cleavage. I didn't leave much skin uncovered on her face. She opened her mouth wide, just to breath. My last weak lobbs of

semen spurted out over her tongue.

"OhHu...uahk!" She had to swallow to talk. Her eyes were still glued shut with my cum. "Waouh! Bentley, c'est beaucoup plus!"

"Pardon, Mademoiselle Derrieret. I really needed that. Merci."

That was an incredible sight to look down and see my beautiful, young French teacher looking up at me from her knees in front of my wet, semi-hard cock, her eyes closed and my milky semen coating her whole face. I am not sure I'd ever seen what I produced in one orgasm, entirely displayed like that. Almost every other time, someone has swallowed at least part of it and much of it went flying, spreading out over more areas or down, out of sight between Miss Crotchet's massive tits.

The last echos of the bell to start class were still in the air when I came out of my ecstacy and Mademoiselle Derrieret reached up to squeegee my cum out of her eye sockets with her fingers. She had nowhere else to put it, so she guided the biggest gobs into her mouth to clean her fingers off.

When she could finally open her eyes, she saw the paper towel I grabbed off the shelf, that Mrs. Zaftig had kept supplies of, and took it gratefully from me.

"Bentley, ma chérie, that was the biggest orgasm I have ever seen. I don't think all three Moroccans had covered me with so much as that at once."

She busied herself with cleaning up and didn't notice the large bounce in my flagging cock her words elicited. Had she actually taken on two brothers and their father at one time? Well, sex has definitely become casual in my new world. Talking casually about such exploits to a student who had just covered you with cum, probably didn't seem so egregious any more.

"Get undressed, Bentley. Class has already started. She quickly shucked her tiny sheath dress off and we both walked naked out of the closet and into French 4. Mademoiselle Derrieret still had a little of my cum in her hair and a drop rolling down her neck.

After that, Mademoiselle Derrieret took care of me every class, on occasion, twice in one period, and she never hesitated to bend over a male student's lap and offer him oral relief if he looked like he needed it. Many of the other students took such opportunities, to fondle her fine, tight, round, ass, when it was up in the air like that. I even took my turn and finger fucked her to orgasm while she was bent over blowing one of her student's. She smiled at me, when she finally 'came' back up.

Mademoiselle is very throaty in her groans of ecstasy. In the middle of the French class, her naked hips bounced in a tight vibration up and down. She lifted high on her toes, when I braught her to orgasm in the middle of class. The French teacher's climax lasted almost two minutes with her face buried in the lap of the boy she had just sucked to orgasm himself. Her slim, sinuous, torso writhed like a snake and she lifted out of that boy's lap to clutch the student's desk to either side of her young male charge, then head-banged her sexual release out, inches in front of the stunned, but relieved teenager. When she finally rose from her erotic mort petite, the whole class erupted in applause. She smiled at me while clipping her hair back up into a bun. Her entire naked body glowed with a flush of that incredible orgasm.

The day of the photo shoot in Mrs. Cumming's classroom, Mademoiselle Derrieret was dressed in a black and white striped sheath dress that was stretched tightly over her body, from crotch to nipples, with a large hole cut out to show very nice, firm, neathage. The stretchy material was thin and the dark small circles of her nipples were easy to see through the cloth. The tops of her thighs

swelled slightly over the band of self-support white hose with little La Chatte Noire designs down her luscious, shapely legs. She also wore a black garter with white lace, around the top of one thigh, and shiny, white, high heeled, stiletto pumps that had sharply pointed toes. The stripes accentuated her sleek feminine curves and her nipples stood boldly erect, keeping the straining dress from falling down off her pert, medium sized breasts.

Miss Cunny was the most junior member of faculty in the room, but she seemed to take over. She started laying out an idea she had for a simulated "hen party".

"Bentley, before you start getting undressed, run down to the gym and see if you can get Coach Clidduris to loan you the mascot costume. We'll especially need the head, if you can't get the whole outfit."

I was intrigued.

Coach was in her office. "Bentley, you're still here. Did you need something? I think I have a few minutes if you were looking to get some relief before heading home.

WOW! Someone enjoys their job.

"Thank you Coach, but I'm about to start the last photo shoot for the calendar. Miss Cunny wanted to borrow Woody the Woodchuck."

Coach Clidduris chuckled. "What's she want to do with Woody?" She rose from behind her desk to get the costume from the closet.

"I don't know exactly, but she said something about a hen party."

Coach stopped and looked back at me. "That sounds like fun. I haven't had a chance to have my picture taken yet. Come on. I'll join you."

We both went back to Mrs. Cumming's room to find my mother and my sister were also there. Miss Cunny had arranged a semi-circle of chairs and benches and all the women, plus one I didn't know at first. It was the hugely stacked lunch lady, Mrs. Bustier. I recognized a gift from Miss Crotchet when I saw it.

Mrs. Bustier is older, around fifty, but not as old as Miss Crotchet and not as heavy as the English teacher use to be. Very womanly in her build. She had a lined face that told of years bent over a hot stove, and she had that extra padding most mature women put on, but her hips and especially her breasts made her waist look slimmer than it was. She had thick upper thighs that squeezed out of the tops of overly tight white stockings and she still wore her chef's smock with the double breasted front gaping wide open. Nothing else seemed to be worn underneath.

That made Mrs. Cumming, Miss Cunny, Mademoiselle Derrieret, Coach Clidduris, Mom, Cecilia, and Mrs. Bustier, seven women, to take seats on the arranged chairs. Priscilla had the camera ready and Miss Cunny again jumped up, her sheer, see-thru dress bouncing above her naked pussy, "We need music. Be right back. Oh, Bentley, strip and get into Woody."

She left and every woman there watched me strip naked, and then step into the soft woodchuck costume. It had a separate belly piece that zipped down from each side of the chest and the two zippers met in the center at crotch level, making it easier for the wearer to go to the bathroom without having to fully undress. The center piece was pink and soft and furry, while the rest of the costume was more of a velour of medium brown. The short bottle brush tail was also very soft. The head went on over the top and the wearer looked through the mouth, past two oversized buck

teeth. The sides of the mouth turned up into a goofy smile and the big eyes rolled with the head movement. The cheeks were a lighter brown and extra fuzzy to match the small ears on top. There was a control in the left glove that made the nose, with long black whiskers, twitch.

Miss Cunny burst back in with a small 'Boazz' speaker off her desk, and Ms. Fellaicceo and Mrs. Zaftig in tow. That brought the number up to nine women.

"Alright, let's get this party started, ladies!" the recent college graduate called out, as she lifted the small music speaker into the air. All the women sitting, clapped and cheered. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Fellaicceo found seats at Miss Cunny's direction.

"Okay. I've seen all the pictures Priscilla and Bentley have taken so far and there are only twelve months. , but there is also a cover, an inside cover and the back cover. I thought some fun group pictures can also be included. So, I had this idea of a hen party with our school mascot as the male stripper. Nurse Head, Miss Crotchet and Ms. Schluttie can't be here, but I think we can get Bentley to edit them in later.

"So, the idea is that, once Bentley strips down to just Woody's head, he dances and teases and strips us in turn. We should relax and just play with it. Priscilla should be able to get lots of sexy photos to choose from." Miss Cunny explained.

There arose a general murmur of agreement, but mostly I thought the group of women looked patient to see how it went.

"I've picked out some music from a couple of my sorority parties that I thought would work. I've put them ona loop. Bentley, just move with the music and do what comes natural. Don't forget to strip slowly. You have to tease. Then, play a little bit while you help each of us strip."

Miss Cunny turned to Priscilla. "Your pictures are great, Priscilla. Get lots of group pictures, but don't forget the closeups either. Some of us haven't had an individual photo shoot yet."

Miss Cunny faced the collected faculty of seven other women, including my sister. "Are you ladies ready tooOOO PARRRTY?"

She was so energetic and enthusiastic that everyone, including Mrs. Zaftig, burst into cheers and raised their hands to clap over their heads. Lots of swinging, bouncing, nearly naked, breasts aimed at me standing in the center.

Miss Cunny took her seat and tapped the screen of her phone.

BOOM BOOM BOOM oontz oontz oontz oontz Boom oontz boom oontz...

I'm not a dancer and have almost no experience dancing in any context. However, I've spent time studying and modifying the dance acts on the show, 'God Given Talent', as well as a similar show called 'Star Studded Dancing'. I've had to step my 3D models through a few unique routines, in order to more fully sexualize the dance acts. I'm familiar with the rhythms and the steps. I've just never done them myself. I started with something salsa-like based upon what I knew of a cha cha cha and the rumba. Lots of hip movements and sensuous torso serpentining.

With Woody's full costume on, my body didn't really show much movement, so I started exaggerating my hand and foot motions. Ms. Fellaicceo giggled, but everyone else seemed enthusiastic. I went up to Ms. Fellaicceo first and swung my hips directly in front of her.

She laughed and clapped her hands in rhythm, then swayed her shoulders and waist in tune, to sort of illustrate how it should be done.

DAMM! But she could move with amazing sexuality. I enjoyed the jiggle and sway of her generous breasts for a couple of stanzas. If that woman wanted to make a living as an exotic dancer, she'd be raking in the tips. I reached out with my woodchuck paws and clamped the sides of her head and pulled her forward into my rhythmically pumping hips. Her hands went to my fuzzy hips and she let me hump against her face.

I was really getting hard inside my suit. I let her go and moved down to dance my improved moves in front of the principal.

"WHOOHOoOO!" she shouted, raising her hands in the air. The suit was now held out in an obvious tent at my hips. Ms. Fellaicceo left a lipstick ring over the point of my furry tent. Mrs. Zaftig reached her hand out and felt my hardness, letting everyone in the room know it was there.

Boom Boom Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

My mother was next. I'm a little embarrass to report that my mother had apparently lost twenty years of maturity in five minutes, because she acted like a teenager at a rave.

"Swing those hips, Baby! Show me your moves!" She cheered and then stood up against me and started twerking.

I didn't even know my mother could twerk. My hard-on bumped repeatedly against her groin and she brought her hands down from over her head to glide sexily over her body; her huge breasts flashed out of her dress top. Mom's hands traced her curves to her skirt hem, slid in a smooth caress over the tops of her spread and shaking, thighs, almost to her knees, then moved up and in towards her twerking center, her skirt rucking up and out of the way, and my fur covered cock bounced against her exposed vulva. The fading, smeared, red, circular stamp of Ms. Fellaicceo's lips pressed into the fur, transferred to my mother's bald pubis right above the pink glint of her clit.

"Yeah, Woody. DO ME like that!" she hollered.

Click, click, click. Priscilla captured the moment in digital high definition. The pictures showed my sister sitting in the background with her palms hiding her face in embarrassment. There was a great closeup of my mother's exposed crotch making contact with my fur covered erection and between the gap above, Cecilia, slightly blurry, was peeking through her spread fingers at the sexual action. Her cheeks were red. Ha ha ha.

Boom Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

Cecilia was next.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz Boom Boom Boom...

I thrust my cock at my sister's face and she screamed. Then she became her mother. Cecilia grabbed my cock through my costume and jerked it back and forth. She leaned in and stretched her lips around the furry rod, chewed a couple of times, and jumped up to hump against me, twerking just as expertly as her mother. The lipstick ring was washed almost completely away, by then.

Priscilla ran around to the otherside and took a picture of Mom with her daughter's hips humped against mine in the foreground. Then Cecilia dropped and grabbed the head of my cock with her mouth again, through the fur.

Click click.

Mom's face was cheering on the other side of her daughter's face stretched over her brother's cock

tent of fur.

BOOM Ontz Boom Ontz Boom Ontz...

I moved across the circle of seats to Mrs. Cumming. She is a very pretty woman, in a very wholesome way. Her medium brown hair was worn in a soft fall over the back off her neck, tied by a ribbon in a poneytail and pulled up into a loop held tamed by a yellow scarf. Her short 'A-line' dress had ruffled cap sleeves with a low square neckline just above her erect nipples. Her breasts were enough to leave no doubt as to her gender,and a plunging center notch in the middle of the square edged neckline, allowed the sides of her starched looking yellow bodice's lapels to flip open and show off the soft swell of pale breast flesh between them. The flaring bottom of her dress rode just below the round firm swell of her full ass. She wore simple bone white round toed pumps with three inch heels and no panties. Although there was a bra strap indentation under her slim arms, I saw no indication of a bra between her smallish breasts. I could see the bare, bald swell of her naked pubis peeking out under her skirt, where she sat primly with beautiful legs crossed at the knees.

I danced over to pump my hips in front of her.

Boom ontz Boom ontz Boom ontz ontz ontz ontz...

She smiled and clapped along with everyone else, but she wouldn't look up and make eye contact. She would glance at my large bulge and flutter her made-up eyelashes and glance bashfully around at the others in the room.

Everyone was clapping to the rhythm and acting encouraging.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

I did a little upward rotation with my paws to raise her excitement level, as well as everyone else's. Clap, bounce bounce bounce, "Come on, come on, come on." I twirled my hands at her to encourage her, my palms turned up, twerling higher. Everyone picked up their cheering and clapping a little more.

She was having fun, but holding back. I reached out and took her hands in my woodchuck paws and curled her fingers around my bulge.

"YEAHHH! Go Millie!" Thay all cheered when her fingers wrapped around my furry cock.

I held her around me and pumped my hips to the rhythm, fucking her two hands for a few beats. Then I let go and she started to pull away. I shook my head 'No' and grabbed her, pulling her hands back onto my erection again. Then I held up one finger, as best as I could in Woody's mittens, and wagged it at her while she blushed, but kept her hands on my shaft.

I put my arms out to the sides, palms up, and mimed for more applause while I fucked my hips back and forth into Mrs. Cumming's two hands.

She laughed and leaned into Mrs. Bustier sitting next to her, "I don't think my husband would like this." However, she didn't stop.

The noise grew with all the cheering and yelling of, "Pump, pump, pump, pump..." the ladies were chanting.

I reached down and patted the Home Ec. teacher on the head like a good pet, and moved on to Mrs. Bustier. She was definitely not worried about what her husband would think. My fuzzy erection

got captured and stroked and fondled. She leaned her prodigious chest forward and rubbed my bulge between her enormous tits. Her chef's smock parted more, and large dusky pink nipples sprung out.

All the ladies were really getting into this show. Priscilla was racing around the outside of the circle of chairs to get different angles. I felt it was time to start stripping. The paws had to come off first.

BOOM Ontz Boom Ontz Boom Ontz... I peeled each glove off while I danced over to Miss Cunny's chair. She sat next to Mademoiselle Derrieret. I got each mitt off and Miss Cunny grabbed my bulge. She stroked its length, tracing my length back and forth through the fur. Mademoiselle Derrieret leaned in and joined her hands to Miss Cunny's. I took a moment to slide my bared hands over the young college grad's breasts, over her sheer t-shirt dress. After a moment, I freed my right hand for a down blouse feel of Mademoiselle Derrieret's chest. Both women seemed to be getting into the spirit and I toyed with the nipples of two separate pairs of modestly proportioned breasts at the same time.

Someone yelled, "Strip Bentley! Let's see that big dick."

I didn't catch who yelled it from inside my woodchuck suit, because a burst of chanting erupted from all the women at once.

"WHOOHOOOO... Strip... strip... strip... strip..."

Okay, I know when things are about to get ugly. I reached down to pull the zipper up my left side. The bare side of my left hip came into view, then my left laterals and half of the six muscles that popped out in bold relief when I did situps.

I spun away from Miss Cunny and did a hip rolling turn so everyone could watch and see. The zipper raised all the way to the outside of my left clavicle and I pumped my left pectoral muscle until the small nipple that sat on the outside peak, danced out into the open. I left the last inch of zipper closed, so it didn't fall free, and did a turn in front of Ms. Fellaicceo. She raised her hand up and ran her fingers inside the open half of my costume to caress her fingers over the bumps of my abdominals.

Her hand went up to catch at my nipple and gently pinched it. Whoa! That felt intense. Then, she trailed her fingernails downward to the V-shaped gully of skin that guided her hand in towards my naked erection. I danced away and over to Mrs. Zaftig before Ms. Fellaicceo could get her lacquered fingers curled around my cock and pull it out.

'Tease them', that's what I thought. Mrs. Zaftig pressed her own hand against my bare flesh and did an exploratory circle around my abdominals, then up to my pecs. She acted like she hadn't felt every inch of my body almost every school morning.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

"Don't hog him. We all want a share." I think that was Mrs. Bustier. I danced across to her just as my principal was also heading for the rod at the bottom of the open zipper half.

Mrs. Bustier really enjoyed herself on my torso. She fished her hand up, deeper inside my furry costume and found my right nipple. She latched onto my hardened bud and tugged, leaning her face in until she could put her tongue flat against my stomach.

In the lunch line, Mrs. Bustier didn't look like much. The hair net, the apron with food stains, the

clear plastic gloves and being the second oldest in the group of white clad ladies. She was fairly homely, but seeing her outside of the institutional context of a cafeteria lunch line, her face didn't seem so old and her hair was much silkier then it looked tucked up under that hair net. It flowed free over her shoulders in gold and red highlights to fall in feathered waves to the tops of her prodigious breasts. She had a dark golden tan that softened the look of her skin when up close, instead of how the cafeteria lighting and the glass drool guard, over the trays of food, just made her look dark complected. I couldn't see her below my mask, while she buried her face into the opening in my costume and started licking my stomach up to my left nipple, but there didn't appear to be any tan lines over her huge golden brown tits, as they jiggled into the open, earlier.

I knew Ms. Dermis had joined a nudist group and laid out at their nude beach. I'm sure others have been inspired to do a similar thing. In fact, come to think of it, I can't recall seeing much in the way of tan lines on anyone in the last couple of months of school. Mrs. Bustier just happens to have a deeper, darker tan than most. Ms. Fellaicceo also had a dark sun kissed Mediterranean complexion and no tan lines, but she always had a dark tan.

Oontz Boom... Oontz Boom... Oontz Boom...

I writhed my torso against the older woman's tongue and the whole room cheered and applauded. I hadn't been on the receiving end of a tongue over my nipple before. I had suckled on a few under a handful of opportunities when I wasn't just getting my cock sucked, and I loved fondling and licking and sucking on breasts. This was so different. I really enjoyed it.

I reached my ungloved hands down and pushed Mrs. Bustier's chef's smock opened to fill my hands with tit. She was huge. Her breasts were as big as Mrs. Zaftig's, maybe even slightly bigger. They felt fantastic. I squeezed and kneaded them while her tongue teased and pulled and flicked across my left nipple and her hand, inside my furry costume, pinched and pulled on my right nipple. Her own nipples poked into my palms until I caught them and pulled. I felt the hot breath of a groan against my chest and she worked her tongue down my torso again.

Priscilla was clicking away with her camera. The group of mature professional women rooted Mrs. Bustier on. Her fingers let my right nipple go and my hard cock was suddenly caught in her grip.

I let go of Mrs. Bustier's nipple and giant breasts to pump my arms out and upward. I encouraged everyone to cheer louder. Then I reached under my costume head to tug the half opened zipper back down, closing it almost to the bottom. I adjusted the other zipper and my hard cock was free of Woody's furry suit and wrapped in Mrs. Bustier's stroking hand. I stood back so everyone could see their school mascot with a hard thick erection jutting out through the fur being jacked-off by the overly busty Lunch Lady.

"Hey, Woody's got wood!" shouted Miss Cunny.

I pulled, reluctantly, back from Mrs. Bustier, to let others participate. She leaned quickly forward and captured my cockhead between her maroon painted lips for a quick, but deep, kiss to say good by. I paused and shook from the sudden, intense, pleasure and reversed my direction. I buried five inches of hard cock into her mouth and let her suck on me for a minute. She went to town, bobbing her head in a fast rhythm over me. Her hand came up again and fished out my balls.

Click click click, went Priscilla's camera. She got a good pulled-back shot that showed Mrs. Bustier, her huge tits hanging completely out of her smock, leaning forward, almost off her chair, her lips wrapped around a thick cock jutting out from between the furry legs of our school mascot. The group of excited, cheering teachers egging her on, were also captured in the pictures.

Oonz ontz Oontz ontz Boom boom boom boom...

I popped my cock out of that moist soft suctioning orifice and moved on to my mother. She didn't hesitate to show off her extreme deepthroat skills. Down I went to the depths of my mother's throat in front of everyone.

A great cheer of approval errupted. Mrs. Zaftig started to count while I undulated my hips against my mother's face buried in the soft, extra fuzzy belly of Woody Woodchuck.

After Mrs. Zaftig reached six. Miss Cunny joined in the count, followed by Ms. Fellaicceo. By the count of fourteen, half the room was counting.

"Fifteen seconds, sixteen seconds, seventeen seconds, eighteen seconds...

At twenty seconds, everyone was counting the seconds my mother held me down her throat.

Twenty-six seconds, twenty-seven seconds, twenty-eight seconds, twenty-nine seconds...

I tried to keep up my dancing, but my mother latched onto my hips to hold her face into my groin. I helped by putting my hands over her head and held her tight against me. My mother worked her throat over my shaft and I felt her tongue stretch under my root and reach for my balls.

Click click. Priscilla hadn't missed the shot. It was a crisp closeup of the tip of my mother's tongue extending out over her widely stretched lower lip and pushing its way into the wrinkled and yielding skin of my ball sack; she half buried her matronly tongue into the soft velour fur between Woody's legs. It really looked like Woody Woodchuck had an erection and my mother's lips and tongue were working like a pro to make Woody cum.

"Thirty-seven seconds, thirty-eight seconds, thirty-nine seconds, forty seconds..." The chanting went on.

Mom settled down with her inner oral massage on my cock, because I was trying to hump harder against her and she could feel me start to twitch and my balls pull up slightly. She didn't want me cumming so soon. The break allowed me to settle down a little myself.

"Forty-four seconds, forty-five seconds, forty- six..." That was it. Mom came up off of my cock with a gout of saliva and deep gasping breaths. Everyone burst into cheers and my wet, bouncing cock got several hands reaching out to massage my mother's saliva along its length.

"Wow! That was amazing!" Mrs. Bustier shouted. She had not been witness to her fellow faculty sucking on my cock before and was unaware of the deepthroat lessons most of them had been learning. Although, I'm sure Miss Crotchet told her about them.

I danced over to Mrs. Cumming and let my big wet hard-on bob in front of her face. She was grinning self-consciously and looked away every few seconds, but there was an obvious fascination in her eyes. Mademoiselle Derrieret leaned over and grabbed my shaft and stroked my mother's saliva into my shaft in front of the Home Economics teacher.

"Monsieur Bentley has a beau penis, no?"

Mrs. Cumming glanced at Mademoiselle Derrieret. She nodded her head, returning her gaze to my pumping erection.

"You should try it. I have the pleasure to enjoy it every day. Here, take it." Mademoiselle Derrieret guided Mrs. Cumming's hand to my cock. Mrs. Cumming didn't resist and ended up holding my hard cock after the French teacher let go.

Click click click. Priscilla was right there with the camera.

Ontz Oontz Boom Ontz...

I danced and fucked my hips back and forth and the teachers all cheered, but Mrs. Cumming just stared and held my cock in her hand, not doing anything more.

I was about to test Miss Crotchet's theory about Mrs. Cumming being a submissive when Priscilla was faster to take over.

"Suck it, Mrs Cumming." Priscilla waved her camera at the shy teacher to indicate she wanted pictures.

Mrs. Cumming blushed, but made no move to either lean in and suck my cock or let go.

A chant started, "Suck Woody, suck Woody, suck Woody..."

Mrs. Cumming whined, "I... I don't think my... my husband..."

She trailed off and just stared at my pulsing cock in her hand while I danced and shimmied and rocked my hips to the music.

Boom Ontz Boom Ontz Boom Ontz...

"Go ahead, we've all done it. It's for the school calendar." Ms. Fellaicceo said helpfully, from across the circle.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

Mrs. Cumming turned scarlet and still made no move to pull away or follow through.

Priscilla leaned into the Home Ec. teacher and said firmly, "Open your mouth."

Mrs. Cumming's red painted lips parted.

"Good job! Now suck." Priscilla directed, but when Mrs. Cumming hesitated, Priscilla gathered the frozen teacher's hair under her yellow head scarf and pushed the older woman forward. Priscilla held the camera to her eye with one hand and guided Mrs. Cumming's mouth over my cock with the other.

Click. She caught the teacher's whole face, the moment just the tip of my purple swollen gland passed between the mature woman's parted red lips.

Click. Priscilla snapped a picture with my cockhead inside Mrs. Cumming's open mouth. The edge of my helmet flair still visible.

Click. Priscilla took the next shot an inch deeper in the teacher's mouth. I jerked slightly at the brush of teeth scraping over my sensitive ridge.

Click. Half my shaft was buried in the woman's mouth and I could feel the touch of molars on either side of my head. Her tongue rested, unmoving, under my rod.

Click. Mrs. Cumming buck slightly when my cock hit the back of her mouth and pressed into her tonsils. She hadn't resisted, but she made not effort to help either.

"Close your mouth, Mrs. Cumming." Priscilla instructed firmly while holding the teacher over my

erection.

The music kept pumping. Oontz Ontz Boom Ontz, Oontz Ontz Boom Ontz... But, I stilled my hips while the Home Ec. teacher closed her lips around my shaft. I felt a nervous swallow in the back of her mouth. I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from disturbing her stunned mind with moans of pleasure.

"Very good, Mrs. Cumming. Now do what I told you. This is my shoot. I'm in charge, as Bentley has pointed out before; so suck on Bentley's cock, like I told you to. I need to get pictures." Priscilla pulled and pushed Mrs. Cumming's mouth off and on my cock, forcing the reluctant woman to bob her head over my shaft.

"Keep it up. Don't stop until I tell you to." Priscilla ordered. Priscilla let go of Mrs. Cumming's hair and the woman kept bobbing her mouth over my cock as directed.
"Excellent Mrs. Cumming. You're getting the hang of it." Priscilla encouraged.

Click click.

Ontz Ontz Ontz Boom Ontz Boom Ontz...

The music pulsed in time with the rhythm of Mrs. Cumming's sucking. Everyone cheered for the shy teacher. I felt her start to warm to the task and her technique became more purposeful. The group took up their chant again, "Suck Woody, suck Woody, suck Woody..."

Click click click.

"That's it. I can see you're getting into it now. See if you can take him deeper." Priscilla requested, and moved around for another view.

I could feel Mrs. Cumming's mouth enclose my shaft more firmly, and her tongue started to explore me. Mrs. Cumming slid off her bench and grabbed the root of my shaft thrusting out of the fur of my costume and into her mouth, with a small fist.

She picked up speed and applied more suction. Everyone chanted faster, dropping the mascot's name, "...suck, suck, suck, suck..."

I felt my need stirring.

Then, Priscilla dropped the camera and reached out to feel my balls. Her hand flew to the back of Mrs. Cumming's head and she yanked her by her hair, off my cock.

"I didn't tell you to make him cum." Priscilla chastised severely. "Bentley needs to last."

Priscilla was talking down into Mrs. Cumming's face, which was turned up from where she knelt below me, her head held back by Priscilla's hand pulling on her hair. The look in Mrs. Cumming's eyes was one of shock.

"I... I'm sorry Mis... um... Miss Tease. I was just trying to su... suck, like you told me to."

Priscilla let go of Mrs. Cumming's hair, allowing the older woman to straighten her neck. Priscilla gently stroked some of the tangle out, dislodging the yellow scarf. "I know. I could tell Bentley was close and I thought you'd be able to tell also. It's alright. Bentley is still good. No harm. Here, pose with Bentley's balls in your mouth and his shaft stretching across your face. Stay on your knees, like that. That's good."

"Thank you." Mrs. Cumming whispered to Priscilla. My cock sprung iron hard. DAMN!

It was a sexy picture Priscilla took of Mrs Cumming's wholesome looking face with my cock laid out across it and one of my testicles pulled between the teacher's red lips. Priscilla had Mrs. Cumming hold my large shaft down with one lacquer nailed hand along the side of her small nose and over one closed eye, my cockhead laid on a bed of her soft hair over her forehead. It was a really slutty group of pictures, if I care to use that word without any of the negative connotations. There was even a glossy streak of my pre-cum painted across her cheek and clinging to a few whispy stands of her bangs at the tip of my cock.

Priscilla looked up at me, after a few
pictures, and indicated with her eyes that I should resume my stripping. I raised my hands and everybody whooped and hollered their approval, when I began dancing again. My cock slid in and out of everyone's mouth, in turn. My sister snarfed my cock down to its root like she was starving. Then, Priscilla handed the camera to Cecilia and took her seat so she could have her turn. Cecilia did a good job of capturing Priscilla's amazing tongue wrapped around my shaft, just behind the flair of my corona. The whole room quieted down to watch. Ms. Fellaicceo had an odd look in her eyes as she studied Priscilla's tongue action on my cock.

When I've just orgasmed into Coach Clidduris's mouth before a workout, or Miss Crotchet's or Priscilla's, I can let Priscilla suck on my cock, deepthroat me or even tit-fuck her incredible breasts, all the rest of the workout, but if I'm worked up and haven't cum recently. Priscilla can hardly keep me from cumming in her mouth when that tongue of hers wraps its way around and down my hard shaft and across my turgid head. She practiced and practiced on Miss Crotchet to hold back making another woman cum with that tongue of hers, but she can't help but bring me to the edge in moments, even under the best of times, unless I've recently orgasmed. I held on as hard as I could until I thought I'd have to yank her off me by her pigtails, the way she just had done to Mrs. Cumming.

I managed to pull out and moved on to Mrs. Bustier.

Oh God! That woman was hungry.

I pulled out after less than thirty seconds and danced a relief round in front of her while I began to strip in earnest.

The zipper on the woodchuck is a two part zipper that runs in a 'U' down and around the belly panel. It separates on either side at the neck so you can step out of it, or even remove the belly panel completely. I unzipped both sides to expose my abs and let the women fondle and rub my stomach and chest while my hips waved my hard cock around in the air. I tossed the furry belly panel aside, leaving my own stomach and chest to fill the opened middle.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

Most of them took the opportunity to grab and stroke and suck on my cock too. I didn't let them spend any time with me in their mouths or I would have been spewing in no time.

Mrs. Zaftig was the hardest one to get my cock out of her throat. She was trying to go for a countdown, but I couldn't handle thirty seconds down her throat after all those mouths and hands had been teasing me for the last fifteen minutes. I had to push her forehead back with my hands. The sound of suction breaking could be heard over the music. Ms. Fellaicceo was the other determined woman to suck my cock. I got an idea of what that odd look was on her face when Priscilla was showing off her tongue work. Ms. Fellaicceo was jealous. She matched Priscilla's tongue massage lick for lick.

Oontz Boom Ontz Boom, Oontz Boom Ontz Boom...

...And Priscilla caught a great series of pictures of the struggles with each of these women, on camera. They really made it look like our school's principle was fighting hard to force my cock into her mouth while I was stripped half out of Woody Woodchuck's costume trying to fend her off. Ha ha. It looked like Principal Zaftig was trying to mouth rape her student with cheering faculty in the background. You could almost hear the teachers yelling, "Suck Woody, suck Woody, suck Woody..." when looking at that picture.

Ms. Fellaicceo's pictures were like an X rated carnival sideshow with her tongue curling over my shaft. Priscilla caught plenty of closeups with just tongue, lips, and cock meat filling the pictures. I was definitely going to have to get those two together.

The costume finally came off and Miss Cunny stood up and called into my ear, as best as the giant woodchuck head would allow, "keep Woody's head on. But, you have to strip us next."

I nodded my woodchuck head in response, and grabbed her to dance for a minute in the middle of cheering teachers. She rubbed my naked body and bounced her fingers over my abs, up to my pecs and pinched my nipples. I returned the favor, then reached down to the hem of her see-thru t-shirt dress and peeled it up over her head. Besides her heels, that was all Miss Cunny had on.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz Boom Boom Boom.

Miss Cunny dropped her hands to my bouncing erection and stroked it from root to tip, directing it to the juncture between her legs. She arched her hips forward and tugged my cock downward. She's a small woman; even in her heels, I had to bend my knees to allow her to tuck my hard rod between her thighs. I slid into the channel created by the fleshy tops of her thighs and I immediately felt her slick wetness between her legs. I had fucked Miss Cunny in the Infirmary. She was pretty aggressive about it, but I was not objecting at the time. Those memories came back to me, of taking her on the cot. So, I was not in unfamiliar territory between her legs.

Click click...

I didn't enter Miss Cunny from that standing angle, in front of everyone, but I was surrounded by her flesh and her well lubricated labial lips parted over and straddled the back of my shaft, as I pushed deeper between her highs.

We fucked our hips against each other to the music.

Boom Ontz, Oontz Ontz, Boom Ontz Oontz Ontz, Oontz Oontz Oontz Oontz...

I straightened my legs and Miss Cunny's feet left the ground. My hard cock supported her against me like she was straddling a tree branch and she was fucking the trunk.

"WhoOOoo!" She shouted and all the women whooped in turn and cheered. Mrs. Bustier leaned out of her seat and reached between Miss Cunny's flexing ass cheeks and grabbed the wet head of my cock thrusting out behind the young, hanging, receptionist.

I felt the renewed stirrings of my reviving need and pulled out, dropping her to the floor again.

Slap! My cock hit my stomach and I felt the coolness of moisture on my abs.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz Boom Ontz Boom Ontz...

Miss Cunny reached around and took Mrs. Bustier by the hand and pulled her to her feet and

handed the older, busty woman to me. Miss Cunny sat back in her chair. She was smiling hugely, and she resumed her enthusiastic and vocal support of the hen party.

My cock bounced and I stepped into Mrs. Bustier with my left foot while taking her two hands. She gave way with her right foot and I pulled her back in as I stepped my left foot back out. Our hips collided and the heavier older woman came up against me. She too was short and she didn't have heels on. They wouldn't work in a commercial kitchen.

Click click.

My cockhead found her cleavage, just touching the bottom of her heavy breasts. We tangoed a few steps, then I broke away and twirled her with her right hand held high over her head. I found her bottom button and let her double breasted smock unwrap as she spun.

Applause erupted when her arms both came back behind her and I peeled her chef's jacket off. She had a strapless underwire shelf-bra of white on and a tiny white skirt with a garter belt that held her white stockings up by the front and outside but no straps over her fat round ass cheeks. She was on the heavy side, heavier than Miss Crotchet had recently worked her way down to, but Mrs. Bustier still had a very nice feminine shape. Her waist was indented and her hips were broad. Her skin was smooth and clear, only a small amount of dimpled cellulite on her thighs.

I was dancing behind her, so I humped up against her and cupped her massive breasts, lifting those heavy juggs out of their support. My cock pressed into the small of her back and I fucked it up and down along her spine.

My cockhead caught on the clasp of her bra, so I unsnapped that next. She held her arms up over her head and those giant tits swung free and out. They were impressive and larger than Mrs. Zaftig's, but hung lower and not as firm. Still, I'm into large breasts of all persuasions, so I thought they were incredibly sexy. Her nipples were down turned, but big, and tight, and hard. I threw the bra across the room and grabbed her tits from behind again. This time, I concentrated on teasing her nipples. She ground her fat ass against my hard shaft while she let me shake and jiggle her hanging tits by those engorged nubs.

Click click click. Priscilla captured it all.

Oontz Boom, Oontz Boom, Oontz Boom...

The ladies cheered. Mrs. Bustier swayed her hips and shook her tits. She leaned back into me, and shimmied her shoulders, jiggling her heavy globes at the ceiling. She kept shaking them as she rocked forward until she was hanging those quaking mammaries right in my sister's face.

Click click.

I stood dancing behind her and I traced my hands over her fat ass. Her large ass really thrust out and back towards me. My hard cock stood proud, right over that deep crack. If she had been on five inch heels instead of wearing sneakers, I could have lined up easily. Instead, I pressed my shaft down into the groove of her naked ass and sawed my cock back and forth in her fat tushy cleft. I love the way fat women jiggle. Having a little extra padding is very erotic, I think.

Mrs. Bustier straightened up and turned around with a big smile and a hand for my cock. She bent over and half crouched to guide my erection into the small space between her pendulous tits. I fucked them to the pulsing rhythm of Miss Cunny's music.
Oontz Oontz Oontz Oontz, Ontz Ontz Ontz Ontz...

Priscilla captured the action. Click click click click.

I wanted to paint those huge juggs in my cum, but I danced her back to her seat. She sat down and grabbed my cock, leaning in to suck it into her mouth. I let her for a few short seconds, then I finished stripping her stockings and garter belt off, tossing them away too. I moved on.

Ms. Fellaicceo was my target. It was dangerous, but I needed to get to her early or I'd be too horny to stop myself from fucking her right there in front of everyone. However, she would be great to strip down to that borderline fetish wear she favored under her tiny dress. Her heels were especially high today, too. I thought that might play well with the giant woodchuck head.

I held my hand out and took her out of her seat and pulled her into a tango step. She was so natural. Amazing. I would love to watch her on a real dance floor. She had told me she was part of an amateur ballroom dance club. They entered local competitions and I have no doubt she was one of the favorites. Her height, she said, was what really held her back because it just looked weird to have a male partner shorter than her. The judges unconsciously marked her down for the aberration. I'm tall for a high school kids, but she's only an inch or so shorter. In heels, like what are required for ballroom dancing, she is usually taller than her partner.

I pressed my naked body up against her and pulled her hard against me. I heard the tango beat in my head and picked it out of the throb of club music Miss Cunny was playing. Wow, Ms. Fellaicceo even made me feel like I knew how to dance, she was so good.

BaA Dum da dA DUMP Ontz ontz Boom...

I clicked my furry heels together, the Woodchuck feet and the head being all that I wore, and arched my naked hips into the vice-principal's hips. Her heels and long dancer's legs made her crotch, just behind the super high hem of her red micro-dress, the perfect target for my bouncing cock to javelin into. I was sheathed in her thigh gap and my cockhead pushed the back of her dress out behind. She arched her hips against me and her full breasts pressed into my chest. I put my left hand out and she rested her right hand into it while we each placed our other hand on the other's waist.

I lifted and stepped with my right foot and turned my cheek to the left. Her right cheek pressed against it.

BaAA Dump Da da DA Dumm! '... and we DANCED... to the Masochism Tango!' sorry, an old song I once heard on a comedy show.

We stepped and turned shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, opposite hands clasped and thrust out before us. My naked erection sprung free and wagged. Then we switched directions.

Click click click.

After two long tango strides, I turned her towards me and slipped my cock home between her thighs again. Then I kissed her lips. The crowd of teachers went crazy with whooping and clapping.

I hooked my arm around the small of Ms. Fellaicceo's back and bent her over, kissing my way down her neck with Woody's cartoon lips, to her upturned breasts. I reached for the dangling palm control and wiggled Woody's nose and whiskers against her hardened peaks.

Her dress was clipped around the back of her neck, her black hair pinned up in a tight bun and I pulled the pins. Her bun fell out as we leaned deeply back. Ms. Fellaicceo's hair fell below the

middle of her back, when it was down. The woodchuck head stopped me from capturing a nipple with my own lips. I had to content myself with teasing her nipples with Woody's automatronic nose.

My cock pressed tightly between her hard ass cheeks. She kicked her left leg up behind me. Her tight ass rested over my hard shaft. I slid my hand behind her neck and ran my fingers down the cascade of thick black hair. Then, I slid my fingers into the hair at the nape of her neck and released the strap, clasped there.

While I held my vice-principal arched backwards, I tugged her dress down her body. Her nipples were hard and pointed and uncovered by her quarter cup bra; another strapless affair. I ground Woody's buck teeth against one of Ms. Fellaicceo's nipples and wuffled it again with his nose.

Click click click. Priscilla's camera followed my hand caressing it's way down the revealed bare skin to pool Ms. Fellaicceo's dress below her hips where my hips and her bald crotch joined. I really was in danger of just fucking her right in front of everyone, especially knowing she would willingly submit to it.

I brought my vice-principal up and spun her. She executed a gorgeous pirouette that let her dress slide to the floor in a red ring around her spinning feet. High high heels, fishnet stockings, garter belt, and a strapless quarter-cup bra was all she had left besides the deep red lipstick. I grabbed her in another tango embrace and she kicked her lost dress out behind her so we could take another turn in the center of those cheering teachers.

Click click. The camera loved it. Ms. Fellaicceo has a very sexy body. She's tall, but well proportioned, and with that huge woodchuck head on, I looked taller than she did with her heels on. Her nipples stood out, her flat belly curved in to brush my abs and our hips made love on that hen party stage while everyone had a great time. However, I couldn't keep it up or I'd be spraying whomever sat behind Ms. Fellaicceo as we danced while I came from the feeling of her net covered thigh tops pumping against me.

I gave my vice-principal one last twirl and dipped her into Mrs. Zaftig's lap. Then I returned her back to her chair. My erection was like concrete, it felt so hard. It also glistened with moisture from both, Miss Cunny and Ms. Fellaicceo. I let Ms. Fellaicceo's large tits free and slapped my cock across them before I dropped down to peel her stockings off each leg. I had to pick someone next that wasn't going to set me off right away. Mom was definitely out. She was so hot, I could cum just from hugging her in the morning. Granted, she and I were both usually naked and she hadn't been doing much lately to stop my cock from touching her anywhere it wanted, but here, in front of all my favorite teachers and faculty, with my cock like it was, I could cum just from thinking about stripping my Mom's perfect body in front of an audience.

Cecilia wasn't a good choice either because she would push the boundaries just because there was an audience of teachers, and it would turn her on to think she was the one who stole my cum from them. So no, not Cecilia. Ms. Dermis was a no, as well. I've already told you how hot I was for her and just the memory of being inside her has brought me to orgasm before. Mrs. Zaftig, maybe. I'm very familiar with her body and she's not going to rush in and make me cum just to see if she can, but those tits are incredible. They will always get me going. That settled my choice.

I danced over to Coach Clidduris. She wasn't really much better. Her athletic body was nearly perfect, but I knew it very well, and that would help.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz Boom Boom Ontz...

I wagged my cock in her laughing face and pulled back, just as she opened her mouth to capture me

with her lips. Her eyes widened in surprise and I let her reach for my cock again with her mouth. I yanked back and her mouth snapped shut on empty space. Everyone laughed and Coach Clidduris gave Woody an evil stare. She made to open her mouth a third time, but before I could yank back to tease her some more, she grabbed my testicles and held me still. I almost exploded sperm all over her from that, but I groaned through gritted teeth and held on.

She laughed up at me when I froze with my balls held tightly in her hand. She leaned lazily forward and slowly pushed over me until her nose hit my stomach. Coach had gotten very very good at swallowing my hard-on. With her hand around my testicles, she knew how close I was and relented. She came back up and flattened both hands over my naked abdominals. I executed a serpentine wave up my torso, starting with my hips. My hard cock stabbed into her half naked cleavage, leaving the valley of flesh between her firm breasts wet. My stomach rolled up against her hands. I straddled her lap and she pressed her tongue out to follow the crest of the wave up my sternum and over my naked pecs. My cock pointed up into the wet slot of her cleavage as I rocked to the side, my right then my left nipple went in between Coach's lips.

Click click click.

I danced over Coach's lap and slid my hands down to her cropped tank top. Up came the inverted garment, up came Coach's arms and down dropped her full tits right back around my erection.

Our audience applauded and I swung my bare hips back and forth, slapping the coach's exposed tits with my turgid male bat. Coach's tits went into a wild set of warmup movements.

SLAP BOOM Slap Oontz Ontz Slap Ontz Slap Oontz Ontz...

I cupped her newly bared breasts together around my cock and pumped into her naked cleavage.

Click click.

I let go and reached for Coach's hands to dance her to the center of her fellow teachers. She was all smiles and came with me easily. Only my mother was more familiar with my body than Coach Clidduris.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

I reached down and lifted the back of Coach's micro-skirt, flashing her firm, toned, muscular ass at the people behind her.

"WhooHOO!" they cheered.

I brought my hands back to rest high on my coach's exposed hips, holding her skirt up, and danced her naked ass in a circle so everyone could see.

More whooping and cheering. Cecilia leaned out of her chair and gave her coach's bare ass cheeks two spanks. Mom grabbed her daughter's wrist and turned red with embarrassment, but everyone else burst into excited laughter. Then, Miss Cunny spanked at Coach Clidduris's ass, and Mrs. Bustier. Mrs. Zaftig spanked her coach's right ass, and I turned Coach Clidduris's hips so Ms. Fellaicceo could get in a couple of swats. The group cheered and laughed with each playful punishment. Coach, too began thrusting her reddening ass out for the next hand to smack her.

I aimed Coach's ass at Ms. Dermis, then my mother who had let go of her daughter's wrist, but realizing the way the "wind" was blowing, grabbed Cecilia wrist again and used my sister's hand to swat Coach's naked ass cheeks dancing in front of her, then she dropped Cecilia's hand and gave Coach a few playful slaps herself.

I finally turned to Mrs. Cumming and her cheeks went redder than Coach Clidduris's ass cheeks were. Priscilla clicked away with her camera. Mrs. Cumming held back and kept her hands on her lap.

Priscilla finally shouted at Mrs. Cumming, "Give her a spank, Mrs. Cumming!"

Mrs. Cumming turned even redder and looked down. Priscilla reached out and spanked the young coach to show Mrs. Cumming what she wanted her to do. Everyone was getting very giggly, especially Coach Clidduris, who bent over against me and thrust her ass towards the bashful teacher.

I peeled Coach's skirt off and she stepped out of it for me. Still no spank from Mrs. Cumming. Priscilla dropped her camera and reached for the Home Economics teacher's right wrist. Coach held still while her best student used the other teacher's hand with which to spank at her rosy ass cheeks. Mrs. Cumming covered her eyes with her other hand and let Priscilla spank the coach's naked bottom with her right one.

"The chanting started, "Spank, spank, spank, spank..."

They weren't hard spanks. None of the spanks were hard. Everything was in fun and the group of teachers were just in an excited and playful mood. But, Mrs. Cumming was having a hard time with the pseudo-sexual contact, even after she had sucked on my cock. I stopped Priscilla and danced our naked coach around the room a little more.

Boom Ontz Oontz Ontz Boom ...

Coach stroked my erection and wagged it around in a couple of fellow teacher's faces, then I sat her back in her seat. Mrs. Cumming was next and it was going to be hard on her.

Ha ha, get it? "Hard-on"? Oh forget it, you're right, it was dumb.

I danced over to Mrs. Cumming and held my hands out to her. She had a choice. She could do this the easy way, or she could do this the hard way. Mrs. Cumming stared at my swinging erection only a foot in front of her face. She made no move to take my hands. I waved my hands in front of her face and she broke eye contact with my cock.

The teacher's gaze turned to my hands, back to my dancing cock, then up to my woodchuck face. Her blush grew deeper. She tried to wave me off. She ducked her head and muttered something about her husband. She was going to do this the hard way.

Her fellow teachers leaned towards her and started clapping in rhythm with the music.

Clap clap clap clap...

Priscilla said, "Dance with Bentley so he can take your clothes off."

Ms. Dermis said, "It's just for the calendar pictures. You told me your husband was okay with that."

Mrs. Zaftig reassured her reluctant teacher, "It's okay, we're all with you. You said you wanted to strip for the calendar."

Everyone started shouting, "Strip strip strip strip..."

Mrs. Cumming looked at my cock again and reached a tentative hand out to touch it.

The room cheered, but the shy teacher pulled back. I took her hands. She looked up at me watching her through the mascot mask.

I ordered her, "Stand up or I'll have to spank you."

Her eyes opened wide and she seemed to quiver. She took my hands and started to stand. My cock hit her between her medium sized tits and dipped down into her exposed cleavage. She was showing her trim body off as well as anyone. The neckline plunged nearly to her navel, the flaired A-line skirts hovered around the tops of her thighs. A sliver of bare, full, ass cheeks peaked out behind, when she stood straight. But she was hesitant to strip for the camera.

Click, Priscilla caught a picture of my hard-on bent down into her half bared tits. Mrs. Cumming balked and sat back down.

"Alright, it's a spanking for you." I joked in a loud woodchuck voice. I reached for her hands again and pulled, twirling her out of her seat and taking the chair myself.

"Spank spank spank spank..." The chant started.

I pulled her between my legs, my cock pointing up between her closed thighs and I tugged the shoulders of her dress down her arms.

Click click...

Her dress caught at her waist and I had to pull the bow apart at the small of her back. This loosened her dress and I opened my knees and guided Mrs. Cumming's dress past my erection, to fall at her feet. She wore a yellow strapless quarter cup underwire bra that left a deep notch between her breasts open, so it wasn't visible between her modest cleavage. She also had on a matching yellow thong. It was a very tiny thing that sank between the lips of her denuded vagina. It was incredibly sexy.

Mrs. Cumming just stood frozen and let me strip her. Her bared thighs, clamped at the knees, cradled the underside of my erection in the cleft they created, to point straight up at the lips that were swallowing her little thong.

"What's with the underwear, Mrs. Cumming?" I asked in my woodchuck voice (not a very good imitation of any woodchuck I knew, not that I knew any woodchucks). "Are you having your period?" I reached up her back and found the clasp of her bra.

If sexuality and related subjects were going to be openly discussed, I wasn't going to let Mrs. Cumming think periods couldn't be openly and freely talked about either. There should be no reason to be embarrassed. However, Mrs. Cumming shook her head 'no'.

"Oh, you naughty girl. You need to be spanked for wearing panties to school." I teased, her breasts dropped and jiggled into place when I released them. She has firm, upturned breasts with small pointy nipples.

"That's double the punishment. Now you've earned ten spanks." I told her sadly.

I got a very definite shiver out of her from that and she bit her lower lip and whined faintly.

"Please, B... Bentley." she whispered in a little girl's voice.

"Spank spank spank spank..." her colleagues started their chanting up again.

I dropped the bra and sat with my thighs spread. I guided her backwards so I could close my legs. My cock stood erect out of my lap. I held her by her left wrist, and I pointed for her to lay down.

She looked so worried. Her eyes were glued to my cock. She shook her head 'no'. I gestured again, more harshly.

"Spank spank spank..." The chanting grew louder.

"Lay down!" I ordered and she dropped slowly to her knees and took my cock in her hands. She offered, "I'll suck your penis for you!?"

"Spank spank spank..."

I shook my head 'no', but I said, "Yes, you will. Now lay across my lap for your punishment first, then you will be ALLOWED to suck my cock."

She crawled slowly, pushing my aching hard erection downward and bent herself over my lap. Her naked body rubbed across my cockhead, and I nearly came all over her tits and stomach as she settled over me. I was so primed, I needed to be very careful.

Click click.

"Spank spank spank..."

When she was settled into a drape over my thighs, I waved miss Cunny over. "Hold her hands."

Miss Cunny hurried to position her self, legs braced wide, in front of Mrs. Cumming and secured her hands. Chairs screeched across the floor to make room. If Mrs Cumming lifted her head and looked up, she would be face deep against Miss Cunny's bared pussy.

Click click click.

"Spank spank spank..." The chanting grew eager.

I smoothed my hands over the firm round swell of the thirty-something year old teacher's bared ass cheeks arched up over my lap. I slid my right hand down and pushed her slim legs open. She let me, helped me. I smoothed my hand up the back of her thigh and traced her ass crack down, hooking two fingertips under the tight string that disappeared into its depths. My fingers slid under the panties and over the puckered anus it didn't adequately cover. I slid down to Mrs. Cumming's pussy and followed the tiny scrap of yellow fabric into the opening of her vagina.

Mrs. Cumming mewled and her hips shook. Her legs tenses up, but they remained opened. She was so wet, I had to be careful My fingers didn't just slip inside her and disappear. I hooked the cloth out of the teacher's vagina and yanked, tearing Mrs. Cumming's thong from her hips.

"OhHHEAAH!" Mrs. Cumming yelped and shook on my lap, but she stayed put. Her whole body seemed to shiver for a few seconds and her naked hips humped against my pinned erection underneath her.

Click. Priscilla's picture captured a woman who looked like she was trying to cum against my lap from the odd position, facedown. Mrs. Cumming's face turned up towards Miss Cunny's crotch, her mouth was wide opened only an inch from the receptionist's erect, pink, love button, and her eyes were screwed shut in either intense pleasure or pain. If I had realized what that picture had captured at the time, I would have stuck two fingers up into Mrs. Cumming's vagina to see if she was contracting in orgasm, because it sure looked like she was.

"Spank spank spank..."

The continued chanting of the teacher's around me reminded me of what I was doing. I slid my hands over her round, full, naked ass again, and gave her smooth cheeks a squeeze each. She had a fantastic posterior.

SLAP!!!

The thick gluteal muscle deflected and rippled.

"AUoeEOHhoHhaHaugh!"

I rested my left hand in the small of Mrs. Cumming's bare back and gave that mature, round, ass a hard slap with my right hand. Her toes came up off the ground and her head jerked against Miss Cunny's crotch. Her whole body spasmed and quivered over my lap for a few seconds.

"One!" everyone shouted together.

I had to give the Home Economics teacher a few moments to settle down. Her hips danced, pumping against my lap for about ten seconds after the initial quaking.

SMACK!

"AuUGHh hu hu huh!" Mrs. Cumming shook.

"Two!" came the responding chorus from the watching teacher's.

My cock was a rock underneath that lithe naked mature body.

SMACK!

"AUgHhugh!"

"Three!" shouted Mrs. Cumming's fellow teachers.

Mrs. Cumming spread her legs wider and humped her hips up and down. She was stretched out, pulled, arms over her head, by Miss Cunny who stood with legs widely spread, back arched in tension, naked hips thrust against the helpless teacher's upturned face. Miss Cunny looked like she was enjoying herself immensely.

Click click click... Priscilla caught some great angles.

SMACK!

"MOwEEhOMHhann!" Mrs. Cumming's yelp was muffled by Miss Cunny's pussy pressing hard against the trapped teacher's face.

"Four!" Cheered everyone.

I felt a hot gush of fluid against my leg and I looked down between Mrs. Cumming's spread thighs to see a clear jet of fluid pulsing out of her swollen labial lips. She was most certainly having an orgasm. Her hips rolled and humped and she kept her legs wide open. Oh, but I had to wait a few long seconds, just so I didn't go off after watching that.

I took a deep breath to calm myself and...

SMACK!

"FIVE!" everyone shouted.

I paused again while my naughty teacher writhed. Her ass cheeks were now bright red and I smoothed my right hand over the bubble curve of her near cheek. I walked my fingers down into the exposed juncture and slipped three fingers into Mrs. Cumming's pussy to my last knuckles. She started cumming all over again. I felt my balls swimming in a pool of her ejaculate underneath her. The walls of her vagina grabbed me in a vice, let go, then grabbed and squeezed again and again. I held my fingers in her until she settled down and her pussy stopped pulsing so intensely.

When I slid out of her, she keened a high pitch sigh in between Miss Cunny's spread thighs. Was that regret at the exit of my fingers?

SMACK!

"SIX!" the group got more excited.

"UgHHhhaaa!"

Mrs. Cumming grunted and her hips quivered, but it was more subdued, this time. It was Miss Cunny's groan that I heard the loudest.

SMAACKKK!

"AUOEEEEOHHH!" I let her have a hard one. My palm stung from that spank.

My victim's naked hips danced over my lap again. She bucked up high, cumming up onto her toes and my erection sprung upright below her hips. Miss Cunny held on tight and Mrs. Cumming screamed her cry right into the receptionist's pussy. Miss Cunny gasped bucked her own hips and smiled.

Click click click.

Priscilla froze the moment on film. Mrs. Cumming's hips arched high over my lap, my thick, long cock pointing straight up at her vagina, her long legs splayed wide and up on her very tiptoes. Mrs. Cumming's neck craned backwards with her face buried between the tops of Miss Cunny's parted thighs while the young secretary leaned way back, stretching the tortured teacher out by her captured wrists.

Then, Mrs. Cumming's hips came down on my cock and I bent almost in half before I sprung straight, right up against the teacher's glistening, wet pussy lips. When she settled down, the angry purple head of my erection was parting the teacher's ass cheeks to poke up into the open above.

"SEVEN!" all the teacher's chorused.

Click click...

SMACKKKK!!!

I got her again, hard, but I hadn't realized where my cock was and I slapped my cockhead along with my teacher's blood-flushed cheeks.

Everyone hollered, "EIGHT!"

"OwWEEHHhOHhhh!" "AuGHhhEEaughhh!"

Both Mrs. Cumming and I shouted. The naked and captured woman started fucking her hips up and down again and my cock sawed back and forth against her parted labial lips. She was extremely well lubricated and my shaft sank like a large sausage in a bun filled with condiments, to the bottom of her warm, yielding, vaginal cradle. My swollen gland disappeared between her fat ass cheeks and reappeared again. I clamped my pelvic floor muscles as hard as I could, but semen started leaking out. It was more than clear pre-cum. I couldn't do this again.

Mrs. Cumming was gushing fluids into my lap and her mouth was wide opened in orgasm against the younger woman's vagina. Miss Cunny gasped deep labored breaths,and struggled to hold on to the writhing teacher. I gritted my teeth hard and squeezed my pelvic floor.

SLAP!

"Nine!"

SLAP!

"TEN!" Everyone cheered for the final spank.

I had to deliver the last two, one after the other, because I was cumming. My hand stung and Mrs. Cumming started orgasming all over again. My sperm spewed up and arched across the naked teacher's back. I leaned backwards in my chair and thrust my cock up between Mrs. Cumming's spread and kicking thighs. She cried a muffled gasp deep into Miss Cunny's pussy and Miss Cunny bent back with her own ecstatic climax. Her back arched and she thrust her vagina against the Home Ec. teacher's wide open mouth and groaned long and full, up towards the acoustical ceiling. Mrs. Cumming's naked body was held trapped between me fucking my hard cock up and down in the groove of the woman's spread vulva and Miss Cunny driving her own naked clit against the teacher's widely stretched lips. Mrs. Cumming jerked and humped her hips, she scissored her thighs open and closed around my shaft and her hips bounced uncontrollably along its iron hard length.

Click click click click click... Priscilla went snap happy taking pictures of the three of us orgasming in the middle of a circle of clapping teachers. My cum splashed high and reached the ends of a few escaped stands of Mrs. Cumming's hair, in the middle of her back. Her scarf had fallen off six spanks ago. We took almost a full minutes to settle down until Miss Cunny let go of Mrs. Cumming's wrists. And I just sat back, my softening organ laying thick and wet in the cleft of Mrs. Cumming's ass cheeks.

Mrs. Bustier started the clapping. Mrs. Zaftig picked it up and called out a cheer. "You did it. That was the most incredible thing I've ever seen. Wow!" Soon everyone was clapping and cheering for Mrs. Cumming.

Mrs. Cumming, for her part, dropped her wet face from the young secretary's crotch and hung her head, breathing deep breaths. She lay collapsed across my lap. I stared at the white spunk beading her back and red ass. My cock rested, satisfied, between the soft swell of her two crimson cheeks.

The entire group came out of their chairs and crowded around. Mrs. Cumming was caressed and embraced. She winced when a hand would slide over her ass cheeks. The weary teacher was stroked and the semen across her back was rubbed into her skin. Mrs. Bustier reached down and spread my cum over my shaft, between womanly thighs that were coaxed open again. The lunch lady slipped her fingers, coated in sperm, into Mrs. Cumming's vagina. I heard Mrs. Cumming moan from within the circle of caring women.

It was actually a very emotional scene and I rubbed tears from my cheeks before someone saw. It

was my sister who noticed and patted my back.

"That was so exciting and fun Bentley. I think Mrs. Cumming liked it. She sure came hard. So, don't feel bad. You were perfect." Then she leaned into my ear and whispered, "Of course, that doesn't mean I'm going to let you spank me like that, but if you need help spanking Mom..." and she winked.

Priscilla clicked pictures and commented. "Wow! I don't think anyone is going to have a sexier month than yours, Mrs. Cumming."

Mrs. Cumming rolled over in my lap and sat up, very carefully. I opened my thighs, so she could sit on her legs instead of her ass cheeks. After my experience with Miss Neezlaucht at church, I knew how she felt. She turned into me, wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed my lips.

"I promise to be better, Bentley." she whispered in my ear. Then, she tucked her head under my chin. My cock twitched despite having just completely emptied my balls all over her back and her ass. I woke up enough to think about having to strip the remaining women and not having a hard-on anymore. I sat and let my hands caress Mrs. Cumming's naked body for a minute.

I still had the three sexiest women to strip. The atmosphere was so sexuality charged, that I was sure, I just needed a little time. I had an idea.

I kissed Mrs. Cumming on the cheek and told her, "You really are amazing, Mrs. Cumming. I'll stay and help you clean up after. Then we can talk."

I lifted her out of my lap and let her settle herself carefully into her chair. I spied someone's sewing project over by one of the sewing machines. It was a pillow. I stopped Mrs. Cumming from sitting, then raced over to grab the pillow. I patted it down, looking for any hidden pins, and set it into Mrs. Cumming's chair as a cushion. Mrs. Cumming smiled a 'thank you' from her red and wet eyes. Her makeup was going to need some serious work.

"Mom!" I shouted. "You take the camera. Priscilla's next."

That made four more women to strip, and the best chance for my cock to revive before I finished them. I could feel myself tightening, just thinking about taking Priscilla's virginity in the middle of everyone sitting around us, cheering us on. I didn't get hard right away, however. There were times I could stay hard through two, even three orgasms, but I've been getting off so often during the school day, lately, that I rarely had two in a row anymore.

Priscilla handed the camera to my mother and gave her a quick lesson in how to work the camera. Mom snapped a couple of experimental shots of the group of teachers and a couple of Cecilia and me. She put us standing beside each other and arms around the other's back. Woody's head stayed on, but my long thick cock, held in Cecilia's other hand, left no doubt it was her brother under the Woodchuck head. Cecilia posed in a few sexy positions against my body and played with my wet, but limp cock while Mom got the hang of the camera. That was a good break, but I had to get back to "work".

The music pulsed and I swirled my hips and twirled my softened cock in several faces. Mrs. Zaftig grabbed at me and sucked me into her mouth. I felt her tongue explore every inch of my satisfied appendage, eagerly lapping up any remaining cum still clinging to my skin. I suddenly realized that my principal didn't just want to get better at deepthroat, but when she sucked my cock during homeroom and in the nude teaching classes as well as other various times, she actually liked the taste of my cum. I danced my hands over her head and rocked my hips against her face while she cleaned me thoroughly. Her mouth and tongue worked diligently to get every last drop of my

sperm and I thought of Mademoiselle Derrieret's quickness to suck a needy student off at the first sign of an erection. I relived some of the times Ms. Dermis took my cock down her throat first thing in class and then again near the end of the same class. I thought of Coach Clidduris hungrily practicing on me and sucking me off before a workout, then spending the whole rest of the workout, teasing and working my cock back to erection to finish me again at the end, and I couldn't get it out of my head that these women genuinely wanted my cum to swallow. Mom and Cecilia had both commented on how good I tasted. Miss Crotchet told me I had the best tasting cum she'd ever swallowed. I felt a renewed stirring inside Mrs. Zaftig's mouth at the epiphany.

Mrs. Zaftig sucked harder when she felt me swell a little, but I finally pulled myself free, perfectly clean, and danced over to Priscilla. She giggled and I slid a hand around her narrow teenage waist.

Priscilla has been joining my morning workouts since the beginning and it has had a real effect on her. Her body was tight and athletic looking. Her huge breasts became firmer, but not much smaller than before she started. However, I actually missed the little extra fat on her. Her breasts were still the most impressive juggs in school, other than a couple of the faculty, but her body didn't bounce and jiggle the way it use to. I'm not really complaining, just explaining that I don't mind a little extra bulk, either. I find heavier women just as sexy as skinny and athletic women. Priscilla is still gorgeous and I wouldn't ask her to change. I just have great memories of the sensuous shape and movement of her softer figure too.

I danced Priscilla into the middle of the circle of women and twirled her. Her school uniform skirt twirled out high on her waist and she exposed herself completely underneath. Her white socks came up above her knees and her sheer blouse let her massive breasts lift and come half out. I brought her in to hug her hips, her tiny plaid skirt caught up in my hands while I pressed against her back. My cock hung swollen, but soft in between the tight round cheeks of her ass.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz Boom Ontz...

I danced Priscilla around to show her bald pussy off to each of her teachers. Cecilia sat next to where I held Priscilla between the knees of Mademoiselle Derrieret, and she reached over and slid her fingers between Priscilla's wet labial lips. Priscilla bucked and Mom got the shot. I held Priscilla, swaying her hips between her French teacher's knees.

Click. Click.

I swayed with Priscilla to the music and Mademoiselle Derrieret followed Cecilia's example and reached out to feel between Priscilla's muscular thighs. Priscilla gasped quietly against Woody's fuzzy cheek. He French teacher laughed and pushed two fingers all the way inside her student's wet cunt.

I moved out from between the French teacher's knees and saw her fingertips nearly dripping with Priscilla's juices. I lifted Priscilla's hands above her head and shimmied her blouse up over her as we danced to the music for our audience.

Oontz Ontz... Boom boom... Oontz Ontz... Boom...

When Priscilla's huge breasts dropped and bounced back into place on her naked chest, she kept her hands over her head, bent her knees and twerked her hips with the beat. Her twin red pigtails whipped and her glasses bounced on her freckled nose.

Oontz Oontz Oontz Oontz Oontz...

She arched her back, thrust her wide muscular teen ass out behind and her massive breasts danced

wildly upon her chest for everyone to watch. The tiny school uniform skirt bounced high over her ass in back. I reached out and slapped the waving hem of her micro skirt upward on either side of her. She rolled her hips and twerked and undulated in a full circle to give all the ladies a view of her body from every side.

I grabbed at the light belt in front and deftly flicked the buckle loose, pulling it free of the skirt's loops.

"WHOO Hooo! Take it off!" shouted my sister.

"Spank her!" shouted Miss Cunny.

Everyone laughed. I saw Mrs. Cumming go red again.

I was standing there with Priscilla's belt in my hand, getting ready to toss it aside, when I folded it into a loop and grabbed her right breast with my free hand and pulled her over to bend at the waist. She looked at me with a concerned look and I smiled and winked to reassure her. I don't know if she could see that inside the woodchuck head, but she didn't pull away.

Click.

I lined up and swung the belt lightly.

SLAP!

Click.

"OweHWEeee!" Priscilla straightened up and I let her go. She turned and I handed her the belt. She took it. I showed her my naked ass and she reached out and grabbed my cock to hold me sideways to her.

SLAP!

Click.

"YeOWeEEE!"

Everyone laughed, including me.

That was enough of that. I took the belt back and tossed it.

Boom Oontz Boom Ontz... Boom Oontz Boom...

Down came Priscilla's skirt. I then danced her, as I had before, from behind, around to each seated woman and let them admire her fantastic body. Priscilla giggled and shook her giant teenage tits in everyone's faces. I thought I'd grow hard and fully recover when Mrs. Zaftig reached out and felt Priscilla's breasts up. When Ms. Dermis squeezed them and pinched her student's nipples, I actually did get a little harder.

I danced with Priscilla up to Mom. I pushed Priscilla's chest towards the camera and shook her big breasts into the lens. Mom took a picture of her own hand filled with teenage tit. Mom actually was very familiar with Priscilla's breasts from her kissing/make-out lessons.

"Okay, you're next." I said and traded Priscilla for Mom. Priscilla took the camera back and hopped on her toes, her huge tits dancing for a second when I slapped her naked ass to scoot her on her way. She snapped a look back at me, but smiled after a moment when the surprise wore off.

Oontz Ontz Boom Boom Boom...

Mom and I danced, my half erect cock poking against Moms short Summer dress. She held her hand over her head and twerked her hips against me again.

"WHOOHOoOO! Shake it, Mom!" Cecilia shouted, and everyone joined in with, "Shake that money maker. Ha ha ha ha."

Mom didn't have much for clothing on, just heels and a sheer Sun dress. I reached out and yanked it up and over her head. Mom's body is amazing. She does aerobics and is naturally busty. My cock tightens every time I look at her body. Dancing with her in front of these excited women after cumming all over one of them, was no exception. I grabbed her in a bear hug and picked her up. My cock wedged between her naked thighs and she opened her legs to hook them around my hips, except...

Mom is not a small woman, but she's not that big either and I workout with weights to build muscle, so I had no problem picking up a woman who weights no more than a hundred and fourteen pounds naked, and she was naked.

I grabbed her by her waist, but before she could lock her legs around my waist, I spun her over. I turned my mother upside down, and held her by her hips up to Woody's buck toothed mouth and pressed the furry costume head between Mom's widely spread legs. I had caught the dangling palm control in one hand to make Woody's nose wiggle like he was sniffing at Mom's naked pussy.

"OUaghh!" My cock was pulled into Mom's mouth almost before she settled against my chest, while I made as if Woody was smelling her, then eating my mother out.

Click click click. Priscilla was back in action.
Everyone clapped and whooped.

"Suck him... suck him... suck him..." they all chanted while my upside down mother bobbed her mouth over her son's growing cock.

Mom sunk my whole length down her throat.

I twirked my own hips. It wasn't intentional.

"Two seconds... three seconds... four seconds..." Mrs. Zaftig began the count. Mom buried her face against me and worked her throat muscles along the shaft of my erection. I grew more.

"Ten seconds... eleven seconds... twelve seconds..." Everyone had joined in the encouraging chant.

Click click click.

Boom Ontz... Oontz Ontz... Boom...

I held my inverted mother with her thighs stretched around Woody's huge head and danced with her among the seated teachers. I had a closeup view of Mom's sopping wet pussy and moved Woody's oversized cartoon head until his buck teeth pushed against Mom's soft and yielding pussy lips. My cock, down her throat was getting me ramped up again.

"Twenty-seven seconds... twenty-eight seconds... twenty-nine seconds..."

I rocked my hips in front of Mrs. Cumming. She was blushing neon red, but she could not take her eyes off the sight of a naked mother deepthroating her son while a room full of rowdy and horny school teachers clapped and jiggled and danced and chanted in their chairs around her, "thirty-four seconds... thirty-five seconds... thirty-six seconds..."

Click click click.

Mom's face was glued to my crotch, my hardening cock stretching and swelling deeper into her throat.

I danced over to Mrs. Bustier next. She clapped excitedly, then she spread her legs and actually began finger fucking herself, while she watched me roll my hips around and hump back and forth against my mother's vacuum glued lips to my bald pubic bone. Mrs. Bustier reached out with her other hand and clutched her fingers into the loose silky hair hanging from the back of my mother's head. Mrs. Bustier pulled and pushed my mother's head back and forth against my hips.

Click click.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

"AuUGHh!" I groaned aloud and humped my hips up against my mother's face.

"Forty-eight seconds... forty-nine seconds... fifty seconds..."

I could feel Mom working her throat and tongue and pulsing the suction in her mouth over my cock's entire length. I was getting hard again. Really hard.

Fifty-nine seconds... sixty seconds... sixty-one seconds..."

"AUuOOOe!" I arched back and my cockhead seemed to almost sting with intense sensation as Mom worked her throat over me. She was doing something with her vocal chords or something that directly stimulated my blood filling gland.

I danced, partly to keep up the show, partly to relieve the sensations that were pulling at my cock and partly because I just couldn't hold still.

Everyone clapped in rhythm with the music.

Boom Ontz... Oontz Ontz... Boom Ontz...

Mom felt like she was pulling my balls out through my cock.

I shifted my grip on her hips and leaned back, pulling Woody's buck teeth away from Mom's cunt, where I had been swirling those plastic teeth in circles against her, and I lifted. My cock came an inch or so out of Mom's throat and I dropped her back down over me. I repeated, fucking up into my mother's mouth.

"Sixty-nine seconds... seventy seconds... seventy-one seconds... seventy-two seconds."

Mom arched up and took a deep breath. Saliva rained down on the floor. Everyone burst into applause. I held Mom upside down and brought Woody's teeth back into contact with her vagina and her clit. She quivered and I knew I had hit the right spot and technique. I made Woody's whiskers twitch.

"AuUGHh hAk HAk!" Mom groaned and coughed.

I watched my mother's pussy lips part around those white plastic incisors and I held her upside down and teases her pussy and clit against them. Mom was near the edge. I wouldn't stop and she hammered her fists against my thighs. I stabbed my cock at moms mouth again and touched her clitoris directly against Woody's cartoon mouth.

"MoUOoohmmgnm!" Mom moaned around my stabbing cock in her mouth.

I felt the quiver in her thighs begin. I changed to circling her clit with the blunt plastic teeth.

"WOOhummfuerrrmmm!" Mom hummed around my cock.

Her hips started rocking and she opened her mouth wide around my cockhead.

"AUgHhmmOUghHFF!"

I rocked Woody's head to force my mother's pussy lips apart and nawed into her groove with one tooth while rocking the other tooth directly against her clit. Mom's hips began bucking. Her back pumped, forcing her hips up and down against the Woodchuck costume head.

"AwWAHH! I'MmmMM mMMmm cUUAHH UummmMMINGggGgGgG!!!" Mom shouted around my rejuvenated erection.

I worked back and forth with the costume head and worked her hips in my grip to drill her with those plastic buck teeth.

"EeEeEeEeeeYAAHHH!!! OhhhhhH mMmMmmm!" I tilted my hips and shoved my cock deep into her mouth as she screamed out the last of her very noisy orgasm.

"OaAUG...gummMMmoughhhh!"

Click click click. Priscilla loved capturing pictures of my mother cumming.

I felt my mother go limp in my grip as I held her upside down. I pulled back out of her mouth and she mewled a soft, satisfied, but sad sound, giving my head one last pull with her lips as I popped free. I felt a kiss on my balls. I wanted to just fuck Mom's throat until I came but I still had other women to dance with and to strip. I planned to finish on Mrs. Zaftig. That put Mademoiselle Derrieret next in my sights.

Mademoiselle Derrieret has a fantastic body and her Parisian style shows it off magnificently. She has great legs and soft hips, a prominent butt, a narrow waist and firm, but smallish breasts with nipples that stand out. Her neck is long and slim and she wears her hair at a medium length, swept to one side and often plaited with a couple of small silver barrets to hold it in place. Her makeup is subtle and expert with lip gloss instead of the bright colors of Ms. Fellaicceo or Mrs. Cumming. She is small and, in heels, medium height. I very much enjoyed my time in her class.

I danced over to her and she took no time to grab my cock and take it into her mouth. Mademoiselle Derrieret loves sucking cock and usually gets every boy off in class at least once, using her mouth. My cock was very much at home between her lips, as she sat forward and bobbed her head over my length. I grooved to the beats before her chair and let her suck me for a minute.

Boom Oontz... Oontz Ontz... Boom Oontz... Oontz Ontz...

I cupped the back of the French teacher's head and fucked my cock in and out of her mouth while all the naked teachers, and my sister, and principle chanted, "Suck him... suck him... suck him..."

She did her best to suck her student's cock while her co-workers, boss, one of her students cheered her on and another of her students took pictures.

Click click click...

Mademoiselle Derrieret was very good at deepthroat, even before having so much recent practice on my cock in class. I bounced up and down to the music with her expert lips working over my hard shaft. I put my arms out and motioned for everyone to get louder. Then, I motioned for everyone to watch. I pointed two fingers at Woody's eyes, then turned them down to where Mademoiselle Derrieret's lips worked my cock and pointed. I grabbed both sides of the French teacher's head and slid my cock almost all the way out, then pushed slowly in. The motion was smooth, and easy. I kept disappearing more and more until my teacher's face was against my lower stomach and everyone cheered. No one else had known Mademoiselle Derrieret was good at that.

Click click...

I then fucked long, nine inch strokes, in and out of her throat about ten times.

Click click click...

I sprung out of her mouth and my erection hit my stomach with a wet slap. It was time to strip my French teacher naked. I started with a little waltz around the circle. My hard-on was pressed into her stomach and we did a passable job of waltzing to the club music.

Oontz Oontz Ontz Ontz...

Then I dipped her, bending her way back, into Miss Cunny's lap. The secretary spread her naked legs wide and the top of Mademoiselle Derrieret's head touched the bare seat of Miss Cunny's chair. The upside down French teacher looked straight into the young woman's pussy. Miss Cunny laughed and tilted her hips until her wet, pink neather lips met the French woman's soft frosty pink lipsticked lips. The young secretary cupped the back of the arched woman's head and Mademoiselle Derrieret "frenched" Miss Cunny's opened and aroused sex tunnel.

"OAughOH YES!" cried Miss Cunny, humping her cunt against the teacher's mouth.

I held the pose, my hard rod pressed across the inside of Mademoiselle Derrieret's naked thigh and against her bald pubic hood. Her sheath dress rode up nearly to the top of her upward arching hips as she folded herself backwards in my embrace. She brought her outside leg up in the air, across my naked hips. I held myself in check when I looked down and realized I could move my hips just two inches and I'd line up with Mademoiselle Derrieret's wet and ready vagina, to enter her. I didn't think it would be a good idea to just start fucking my French teacher right then, without first asking.

I bent over her slim torso and slid my hand, supporting her back, up to the top of her dress behind her. I found a tiny hidden zipper between her shoulder blades and pulled the zipper slowly down. I watched Mademoiselle Derrieret's tongue slither back and forth in and out between the pliable pink lips of Miss Cunny's spread open pussy. Miss Cunny was loving the treatment and Mademoiselle Derrieret seemed to be into eating out the younger woman, just as much.

I stretched my other hand back and caught her raised ankle and lifted it up high in the air, straightening her leg out as I bent over her. Mademoiselle Derrieret's hands helped support her backwards dip by holding onto my shoulders.

Oontz Ontz, Oontz Ontz...

Click click. Priscilla caught several pictures of the pussy 'frenching', then moved around, taking pictures from every angle.

I slid my raised hand down the inside of my French teacher's leg while I drew the micro-zipper down her dress to her ass. The zipper kept going, so did my fingers. I softly traced the inside flesh of my teacher's bare thigh, up to her denuded juncture. My other hand brought the zipper all the way down to the bottom hem and her dress fell apart.

I found her vagina sopping wet and I went to my last knuckles with two fingers up inside her.

"MmmMMUUUM!!!" She hummed into Miss Cunny's crotch. Her raised leg twisted and her thighs opened even wider. I pumped my fingers in and out of her. I crooked my thumb to trace its pad over her bulging clitoris and peeled her dress off her with my other hand. She had nothing else, but her five inch heels on.

Click click.

"ENnmMMugh MMuUGH uUUumFF!!!" she squealed a muffled cry against the cunt she was licking.

Miss Cunny arched back in her chair and stretched her legs into the naked lap of Ms. Fellaicceo on one side of her, and Mrs. Zaftig on the other side. The receptionist groaned out her own, undampened moans of approval. Her two bosses caressed her naked thighs while they watched the sexy lesbian act being performed between them.

"OH! Yes, that is so GOOD!"

This wasn't the first time I'd fucked Mademoiselle Derrieret with my fingers. I'd brought her to orgasm several times in class while she was sucking some other student off. The last time, she was actually sucking one of the girls to orgasm, while I brought the French teacher to a muffled climax in the middle of class. My sister and Priscilla are both in that class as well. Mademoiselle Derrieret had brought both of them to orgasm just the week before. I had even been letting Priscilla suck my cock while she did it. The class really loved that one.

"MmMMM MMMM! M! M! M!!!" Mademoiselle Derrieret cried into Miss Cunny's cunt.

AuUGH!!! i... I'M CUMMMINNNGGGG!!! AUghOH YES! Lick my CUNT!!!" hollered the young receptionist.

Her hands trapped the French teacher's head between her spread legs. Miss Cunny's right calf chafed across Ms. Fellaicceo's naked pussy and her left leg was peeling Principal Zaftig's skirt up to her belly and rubbing between her naked thighs. Both women reached in to pull their secretary's labial lips wide open.

Miss Cunny cums with her whole body. I really loved how her pussy started clenching my cock when I fucked her. Then, her body began to rock spasmatically beneath me until her legs, clenched around my hips, and her arms wrapped around my neck, pulled and shook and pulled and shook with her humping hips and writhing back, as she started to orgasm around my pumping cock. I couldn't hold back any longer and struggled to hold onto her small body, as I fucked out my own orgasm on the infirmary cot, that day in the nurse's office. I filled the young faculty member with my sperm and hadn't ever consider whether or not she was on the pill.

Miss Cunny began to shake and Miss Zaftig was looking concerned. I couldn't tell her not to

worry, because I was busy bringing my French teacher through her climax with my fingers. My own cock strained across her naked pubis and I let go of her body to hold itself arched between the edge of Miss Cunny's chair and my hips. I grab a hand full of Parisienne tit. Her nipples drilled into the palm of my groping hand. I squeezed and pinched her nipple into the curl of my fingers.

Click click. Priscilla raced around for different angles. She got a beautiful shot down the length of Mademoiselle Derrieret's naked body from right over Miss Cunny's left thigh. It showed the French woman's mouth opened wide and glued over the young, hairless vagina she was lapping up, along her lithe neck to my hand squeezing the shit out of her soft, yielding, left tit, her hips, slightly out of focus beyond, with my hard log of cock meat, pressed into the smooth bulge of pubis skin. My left wrist was a blur between her spread, naked, thighs opened to either side of my bare torso. The wide angle captured Woody's head above, and out-of-focus and naked teachers cheering in the background. A close look at my cock revealed a bead of my precum leaking down and wetting the soft hairless skin it pressed into. The picture screamed sex.

When both women were done shaking and coming down from their orgasms, I practically carried Mademoiselle Derrieret back to her seat. Cecilia was in my view when I turned from settling the exhausted teacher back in her chair. Okay, she wasn't really part of the calendar shot, but she was here and I loved playing with her. So...

Boom Oontz Boom Ontz, Boom Oontz Boom Ontz...

I danced in front of my sister and thrust my hips in a twerking motion at her. I held my hands up and behind my head and just fucked the air in front of my sister's face.

"WHOOOoooo!" Cecilia yelled and put her own hands behind her head. She lifted her ass off her seat and tilted down to her knees. She opened her mouth wide and twerk her shoulders (can shoulders twerk?) directly in front of my hard cock. She circled her lips wide around my bouncing cockhead and let me fuck her mouth.

Click click.

Priscilla took a couple of pictures, then reached out and grabbed a hand full of hair and Cecilia's wrists behind her head in one hand and took pictures with the other. Priscilla caught a fast succession of shots that made it look like my sister was being forced by Priscilla's hand to suck me deeper and deeper into her mouth until Cecilia's face was being squashed against my lower stomach. My sister was, I think I can safely say, more practiced at deepthroating my cock than even my mother. She was, by this point, spending almost all of our family TV watching time, practicing sucking my cock and recently started joining Mom in our midnight practice of 69. I don't know what position you'd call it, but the three of us spent hours on Mom's king sized bed "practicing" giving each other orgasms. Cecilia and Mom traded between deepthroating my cock and eating the other out while I simply switched between sucking on my mother's delicious pussy and my sister's. A few times, they have both laid opposite each other across me and traded my cock back and forth from one mouth to the other. I would usually use a Mistress-O-Matic on each of them while they did that. I never lasted long in that position.

Cecilia didn't go for any timed throat filling. I pulled out and brought my hands down to peel Cecilia's blouse up and over her head. She has magnificent breasts and they lifted and dropped in that adorable sexy bounce, as she knelt in front of me. I tossed her blouse to Mom and rolled my hips back and forth in front of Cecilia. I stopped her from leaning in again to capture my cock, and I bent down to slide my hands over my sister's fantastic tits.

Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz...

I bounced those fleshy, jiggly orbs to the music, then I lowered my hips and angled my cock between them. I pulled her nipples together, wrapping her full breasts around my shaft, and tit fucked my sister to the cheering group of teachers and the snap of Priscilla's camera.

"Oh Sis, your tits are so fuckable." I said in my terrible woodchuck voice. Mom laughed, right along with Cecilia and the teachers who could hear me.

I followed the rhythms, Oontz Ontz Oontz Ontz... then a bridge in the music came and the beat double timed for three stanzas.

Ontz Ontz Ontz Ontz Ontz...

I fucked my cock hard and fast into the cleft of my sister's naked cleavage. She had to take her hands from behind her head and grab my elbows for support. She also was quick to spit into the skin channel my cock moved back and forth in.

"WhOOOOO! Fuck those titties, Woody."

I think that was Miss Cunny, but it could have been my mother or even Mrs. Zaftig. It got even more slippery between my sister's large boobs. I was leaking more precum.

I stopped. I helped my sister to her feet and then squatted down in front of her to work her skirt off. She ended up in white thigh- highs and saddle shoes, and nothing else. I buried Woody's face in my sister's naked crotch. Woody flicked his nose and my sister giggled uncontrollably.

Click click click.

Cecilia got past the giggles and hammed it up, grabbing the sides of
Woody's head and arching her hips into those buck teeth, throwing her head back while yelling in ecstasy.

"AUOHH!!! YES, Woody! Chuck me out! How much cum can a woodchuck make me CUM, if a woodchuck could make me CUM?"

Everyone laughed and Priscilla got the best pictures.

I backed off, giving Cecilia's nipples a couple of playful tugs and danced a round until I was a little calmer. It was time to strip my principal naked.

Boom Ontz Boom Ontz Boom Ontz...

I didn't let Mrs. Zaftig stand. Instead, I grabbed at her knees and stepped my way between them. My hard cock bounced off my principal's exposed cleavage and up to her chin. I kept back from letting her engulf me in her mouth and lifted her knees to either side of me, forcing her to fall back in her chair. The tiny business skirt she wore rode up her hips, leaving her practically bottomless.

Click click...

I found the small buckle of her belt and undid it. "Strip her Woody!" called Mrs. Zaftig's secretary.

I pulled her belt out of their loops and made a playful slap at my principal's huge tits with the tiny leather strip.

"Ha ha ha! The principal needs a spanking." joked Cecilia.

Oontz Ontz Boom....

I tugged her blouse out of the waist band and pushed the front of her barely covering blouse to the sides, and exposed those incredible juggs. Mrs. Zaftig's nipples were rock hard.

"OH!!!" Mrs. Zaftig yelped and hopped in her seat, when I snapped her belt across her aroused and bared nipples. I snugged her knees up higher and her bald pussy turned up towards my cock as I danced between her legs. I pulsed hard and quite visibly when I thought about just sinking my erection into my sexy principal right in front of her teachers and staff. As far as I was aware, Miss Cunny was the only one that knew Mrs. Zaftig and I had already fucked in her office.

Mrs. Zaftig got a worried expression on her face. She thought I was about to do it right here, in public. I tilted my hips down and we were lined up perfectly.

I noticed her skirt was gapped over one hip and just a short zipper held it around the waist of the powerful leader of our school. I paused and yanked that zipper down and her skirt fell apart. She is an extraordinarily beautiful woman. I admired my principal's body for another few seconds. This allowed me to calm my straining cock a little more.

Click click. Priscilla was seeing the same thing, bottomless, bare thighs spread open, knees up, her upper body leaned back against the chair back, clothes pulled open with giant tits hanging out. Her glossy lipstick popped on her full lips and made her dark brown hair look rich and deep and soft, flowing over her shoulders. She was in position to fuck.

I leaned back in, tilting my hips back down and my cockhead caught on her perineum for a second. She tensed. I bent my knees and angled more. My erection sprung downward and my hips met hers.

"OUOHHH!" Mrs. Zaftig sang out in surprise.

The crowd of mature women burst out in a surprised chorus.

"Oh my goodness!"

"Wow!"

"Fuck YEAH!"

"Go for it!"

"Shit! You shouldn't..."

"Bentley, NO!"

"Go Bentley!"

"That is SO hot!"

My cock slid along the groove of her fat round ass, against the wooden chair seat under her. Woody's head rocked against the left side of the principal's head and I whispered in her ear. "Don't let me cum."

She nodded, a subtle rocking of her chin and relaxed, put her arms around my neck. I grabbed her waist and fucked my cock back and forth against her ass. It looked just like We were fucking.

Click click click click.

Then I straightened up and everyone could see my cock pointed underneath, the head buried between the cheeks of Mrs. Zaftig's fine fat ass.

A collective gasp of disappointment seemed to burst from the group, except from my mother, who cried out a clear, "Thank God!"

I stood, my erection bounced in front of Mrs. Zaftig's face. I pulled my principal to her feet. Her lips kissed my cockhead, then she thrust her massive tits out to drag them up my hips on either side of my rod.

Click click click.

When she stood before me, I bent my knees and thrust my hips into hers. My cock plunged between the thick tops of Principal Zaftig's thighs and I fucked her thigh gap for a few beats of the music.

Boom Ontz, Oontz Ontz, Oontz Ontz, Oontz Ontz...

Then I pulled back and caressed my hands up both sides of her body, lifting the bottom of my principal's blouse tight up under her jutting breasts. I held onto her by her huge breasts.

Click click.

She was wet between her thighs, in the extreme. My cock slid back and forth and I had to lean back to be able to see and be sure I hadn't slid into her. I was only concerned that my mother would object. At that point, I hadn't told my mother I had already fucked our wonderful principal. Mrs. Zaftig had asked me not to say anything.

Monogamy was already a pretty fluid idea in my ads and programming. It was aimed mostly at improving tolerance for the sexual development of the young, but the idea that a marriage partner may "experiment" outside the marriage and enjoy him or herself has also been lightly touched upon. That's why this hen party was even considered. Miss Cunny's suggestion hadn't come out of the blue. The teachers on SBH had thrown one where two of the senior JV players were working as strippers for a part time jobs. The party was a celebration for one of the teachers getting their PhD. I did another one on 'Hard Law'. The Judge allowed it right in the court room after hours. I knew Miss Cunny watched SBH and there was plenty of sex on there with married teachers having casual sex with their students and spouses being aware and supportive.

My mother, on the other hand, didn't watch SBH or Hard Law, and only a small percentage of the commercials treated extra-martial sex as perfectly normal. Her morning shows each addressed the issue, as well, but only peripherally. The hosts were all married and had sex occasionally with guests on the show or talked about having sex with their kids, even their kids' school friends. But I think my mother is still worried about her own son fucking his teachers because I had the incident with Coach Clidduris early on. Also, when I fucked Ms. Dermis, It hadn't been with my teacher's agreement before hand. Mom doesn't want to go through that whole thing again. Fucking Nurse Head as part of a "medical" assessment wasn't a problem.

Mrs. Zaftig was very hyped up and held her hands over her head and met my thigh fucking, thrust for thrust. I actually think she would have let me fuck her in front of everyone, if I'd pushed her a

little. She had enjoyed our sex enough that she'd ask me if I might like another "lesson", three days later. She came just as hard the second time we fucked. I think she wanted to make it a regular part of our homeroom period, but she had another agenda that got in the way.

Leaving my cock nestled where it was, my cockhead peeking out behind. Principal Zaftig's heels allowed me to stay between her legs while I took her waist in my right hand and her right hand in my left. I lead with my left foot to dance her around the circle of howling teachers.

ONTZ Oontz Oontz Oontz Oontz ONTZ Oontz Oontz Oontz...

I worked Mrs. Zaftig's blouse up over her head while we danced. I gave her a twirl to release her garment from her raised arms. My cock slapped my stomach loudly when it popped from its home in the gap of her thighs.

Click click...

I really loved the pictures.

Then, I stepped up to Principal Zaftig and faced her. My cockhead lightly touched her lower abdomen. I leaned forward and said through my Woody head, "don't let me cum." Then I put one hand on the top of my principal's head and pushed her slowly to her knees in the center of the teacher's circle.
I slid to the hilt in one smooth, practiced motion and pointed at my mother with a flourishing twirl of my wrist and a thrust of my finger.

"One second!" Mom shouted.

Mrs. Zaftig kept her hands back behind her back and her nose against my pubic bone.

By four seconds, everyone was counting.

"Five seconds. Six seconds. Seven seconds. Eight seconds. Nine seconds."

Mrs. Zaftig swallowed around my cock and I contracted my back muscles and tightened my pelvic floor.

I let go of my principal's head and held my hand out with fingers extended to count, by tens, the seconds the teachers were shouting out.

"Fifteen seconds."

I held up five fingers.

"Sixteen seconds."

I lifted my right hand up from resting again on the top of Mrs. Zaftig's head, and raised a sixth finger.

"Seventeen seconds. Eighteen seconds. Nineteen seconds. Twenty seconds. Twenty-one seconds."

I closed my ten fingers, I held up, and dropped my right hand to Mrs. Zaftig's head again. I raised one finger to start the count again, at twenty-one.

My cock was in heaven. It was completely enveloped and bent amazingly downward into my principal's throat. She rested her teeth very lightly against the root of my shaft and held her head

still, her eyes closed, trying to relax with my thick shaft stretching her esophagus and blocking her airway. We were playing out a scene that happened almost every school morning in her office, in front of seven women who worked for her, and they were cheering her on.

"Thirty-four seconds. Thirty-five seconds. Thirty-six seconds. Thirty-seven seconds."

Mrs. Zaftig was doing a great job of holding still and minimizing the stimulation from swallowing my erection down her throat, so I played a little. I pulsed my cock inside her throat as hard as I could. I felt my principal moan around my shaft, in response. Her shoulders lifted and she adjusted the angle of her neck around my cock.

"Forty-two seconds. Forty-three seconds." Everyone counted.

"AHHH!" I groaned when she swallowed, rolling her throat muscles along my shaft. Her throat gripped my throbbing gland in a tight grip. I grew even bigger and cupped the back of her head with both hands on the count of, "Fifty seconds. Fifty-one seconds. Fifty-two seconds. Fifty-three seconds."

I turned Mrs. Zaftig's head left and right in small shifts and felt my iron hard cock slip another half inch deeper into her throat. The stimulation was extraordinary, but steady, so I was able to hold it together a little longer.

"Fifty-nine seconds. SIXTY SECONDS!"

I raised my hands again, extending all ten fingers.

They all cheered for a few seconds and continued counting.

Sixty-four seconds. Sixty-five seconds. Sixty-six seconds."

Oh God, it was getting hard not to spew.

Priscilla had stopped taking pictures and joined in on the counting. Every woman in the room was naked now and just having a great time dancing in their seats and counting out Mrs. Zaftig's deepthroat time. I had mentioned, early on, in a tiny segment of the news program, that Mrs. Zaftig watched, about a Sex Olympics being held at some University in the mid-West and the record for longest time a penis was held erect, fully sheathed in a sex athlete's throat; yes, I called them sex athlete's; was two minutes and fifteen seconds. It was just a quick aside as part of a much more in depth article on universities teaching courses in the sex entertainment industry. It was many months ago and I hardly can think it was notable by anyone on a lasting level. Still, Mrs. Zaftig seemed to have an interest in being able to hold a cock in her throat for some record amount of time.

"Eighty-nine seconds. Ninety SECONDS!"

"WHOOHOOOO!" Mrs. Bustier and Miss Cunny cheered. Everyone else followed with their own encouraging praise.

"ONE HUNDRED! You can do it! Keep Bentley's cock down your throat for just forty more seconds!" cried Mom. "Hang on Bentley. Don't cum yet. You're doing great."

What?

Mom was in on this? What are they doing? Is this just a test of my staying power? Do they remember the news reference?

I clenched harder, because realizing my mother knew about Mrs. Zaftig's goals around trying to keep my cock down her throat, suddenly increased the erotic sensations two fold. I held perfectly still and stopped playing around with pulsing my cock and pumping it in small strokes in the depths of Mrs. Zaftig's mouth. I strained not to cum.

"ONE HUNDRED ONE SECONDS!" everyone chorused.

I clenched my teeth and dug my fingers into my principal's hair. I wasn't going to make it.

"A hundred six. A hundred seven. A hundred eight. A hundred nine."

I could feel Mrs. Zaftig having to strain. Her throat clenched and her teeth clamped down around the base of my shaft. She swallowed.

"AHUGHAAAA!" I leaned back and yelled. I was going to blow my load. I could not hold it much longer.

"One hundred fourteen. One hundred fifteen. One hundred sixteen."

This was it. I wanted to save my orgasm, but I couldn't. My principal's throat worked the whole length of my turgid shaft and clenched, unclenched, and clenched again over my hyper-sensitive gland. Her shoulders were bucking and moving her neck around my cock.

"One hundred nineteen."

She came up.

Oh God!

I held out. My cock bounced and vibrated and my hips pumped in empty space. Saliva poured from Mrs. Zaftig's gasping mouth and dripped from my coated erection. I was leaking cum, but I didn't spew. The tingles running up my neck came directly from my balls.

Mom was on her knees, hugging Mrs. Zaftig.

"You were amazing. You almost made it. Next time. I know you'll do it." Mom assured her boss.

Then she stared at my throbbing cock, dripping saliva and leaking cum, inches from her face. She licked her full motherly lips and looked up at me. "You did great, Bentley. I'm so proud of how far you've come."

My cock jumped. I could have coated my mother's face in a gallon of cum, but I held on still.

"Take a minute to calm down. This was so good for you."

So that's what this was all about. I know my mother had also been practicing holding me longer in her throat, but she wasn't as good at holding her breath as my principal was. This must have been some private arrangement between them.

Mrs. Zaftig stood up and helped me lift Woody's head off. She then came in for a hug.

"Your mother is right. You are doing very well. We are all proud of you."

Mrs. Zaftig looked down at a my pulsing cock. "Would you like me to help you take care of that?"

I gave my principal a quick kiss on the lips. I let one hand rest on the naked side of her huge right

breast. I answered, "No. Thank you, but that's all right. I think what Mom was saying about taking a minute to calm down is what I need to do. But I'll be in for your help in the morning."

It was SO hard not to say, "YES PLEASE!"

"I'll take the time to clean up, then I'll get some help." I gave Priscilla a glance to let her know I was thinking of her.

She smiled, then whipped around and looked at The clock on the wall. "I have to go. Mom is picking me up for a doctor's appointment. Bentley, are you okay to pickup by yourself?"

Cecilia joined in, "I got it, Priscilla. You get dressed and go."

After that, everyone got dressed and said their goodbyes. Mrs. Bustier came over to hug me and say how much fun she'd had. I was sure to squeeze and feel her massive breasts while she did.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bustier. I had fun too. I have to say, you are going to be great in the calendar. You're a very beautiful woman. I'm glad you agreed to help."

I smiled and leaned in to speak quietly in her ear. "Truth is, I'm a bit of a breast man and I really love that you're part of this project." I gave both of her nipples a gentle pinch and winked at her. My cock throbbed with my boldness.

Mrs. Bustier laughed and replied, "It was my pleasure. You have a lot to offer, yourself. Maybe, if you ever need help in the cafeteria, I could lend a hand or, whatever." and she reached down and stroked my hard-on for a few pumps.

"AuugH." I groaned. Again I clamped down.

"Uh, yeah. Of course. Thank you." I had to turn away from this woman quickly or I'd be cumming all over those amazing tits of hers.

Miss Cunny had to give me a hug and pushed herself up and over my cock so she straddled it. Her toes barely brushed the floor. I held her up by my hard-on again. She seemed to find that hilarious and got some of the other teachers laughing. I had to lift her off or risk cumming again. I was in a bad way, but I managed.

"Morning workout, right?" called Coach Clidduris with the furry mascot costume draped over her arm.

I gave her a thumbs up and she headed back to her office with a giant woodchuck head riding on her back. Her skirt flipped and her bare ass cheeks flashed below it.

Soon, it was just Mom, Cecilia, Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Dermis and Mrs. Cumming.

Mrs. Dermis gave me a hug, we were both still naked and my cock had settled down a little, but it was still hard. Her body pressing against me didn't help.

"Thank you Bentley. This was fun and you did a great job. Your control and stamina have really grown." She glanced down between our bodies and reached for my cock. "I know you are going home with your mother, so I won't worry about you, but don't wait too much longer to get relief. It's not good to stay hard too long."

I closed my eyes and enjoyed Ms. Dermis's hand moving along my shaft for a second. "Thank you Ms. Dermis. I'm sure it won't be much longer."

I leaned in and kissed her on the lips. "It has been my biggest pleasure to get to help you in your morning classes. Thank you for the best senior year. And, don't worry about me."

"Ha!" she said, "You are the one student I have that I don't have to worry about. See you in the morning." Ms. Dermis actually leaned down and kissed my cockhead before turning to gather her clothes.

Mrs. Zaftig was talking to my mother, asking her if she could meet quickly with her and Ms. Dermis before she left.

"Certainly." my mother answered. She turned to Cecilia. "Cecilia, can you bring the car up to the circle and wait for us there? I don't think I'll be long."

It didn't take long for everyone to get dressed and head for the principal's office.

"I'll finish here, Sissy. I told my sister and grabbed the last of the light stands from her.

"That's alright, bro. It's on the way to the car. Help Mrs. Cumming straighten up. I'll see you in the car."

And I was alone with Mrs. Cumming, helping her straighten up and move the chairs back. The pillow project went back to the student's workstation. There was a large damp stain in the middle of it.

"Bentley?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cumming?" I answered.

"Um... I... I wanted to say... well... I had a good time. And... I'm... I'm sorry I had such a hard time in the beginning."

"It's alright, Mrs. Cumming. It was just in fun. I could tell you were having fun by the end. I didn't mean to ejaculate all over you, but it's not the first accident I've had. You were there when I shot my sperm in Miss Crotchet's breasts. I thought I was going to die of embarrassment, but everyone was so understanding."

"Yes!" Mrs. Cumming, who had pulled her dress back on, said with wide open eyes. "Miss Crotchet is a little scary. I was afraid for you."

I moved the last chair back to its station and lead Mrs. Cumming to her desk. "She has been great." I said about Miss Crotchet. "Did you know she's actually a submissive?"

"Whaa... what? Wh... what do you mean? You can't say that about... about a teacher."

I turned to Mrs. Cumming and looked her intensely in the eye. "It's alright. She has taught me so much about what that means. She knows she's submissive and taught me how to be a dom to her sub."

A very subtle shiver overtook the teacher's body. I continued, "She loves it. You might talk to her about it sometime. She has a lot of experience that you might find helpful."

"Why... why would I find it help... helpful?"

I answered, "Miss Crotchet said you are a submissive. She was right about others and I could see she was right about you, today."

"I am not submissive. I'm a teacher." she said, puffing her chest out. Her dress was gaping wide open and the nipples of both her firm breasts jiggled into view.

"It's alright, Mrs. Cumming." I told her with confidence. "It isn't anything to be ashamed of. Some people are naturally submissive and other people are naturally dominant, most people are somewhere in between."

"Yea... yeah... but... but... but I'm not... not... not. I let my husband... it's just how a marriage is... um... is suppose..."

"No!" I interrupted. "A marriage isn't suppose to be the man is domineering and the woman submits. Mrs. Cumming! I hope you don't teach that to your students. Some marriages work like that, and that's fine, but if you try to treat a marriage like that when the two people aren't naturally like that, then it won't be a happy marriage. Are you happy in your marriage, Mrs. Cumming?"

"Yes... yes, of course."

Is your husband dominant or do you just want him to be?

Silent.

"Mrs. Cumming. Come here." I ordered gently.

She came over, but she wouldn't make eye contact.

"Be honest, Mrs. Cumming. Your husband acts dominant because you insist that he does. He may take the lead, but it's at your insistence?!?" I asked firmly. I had a very strong suspicion that Mrs. Cumming wasn't all that satisfied in her marriage.

Mrs. Cumming nodded.

"You had an orgasm while I was spanking you."

She looked up at me with moist eyes and opened her mouth.

I stopped her by taking her hand.

"That wasn't a question. You did. I think you had more than one."

"Five." she whispered.

I leaned in and kissed her cheek. "I know. I felt them. I enjoyed bringing you to orgasm. I don't really enjoy being domineering, but it feels right when I'm with the right person. It felt right with you."

She sniffed, but she didn't seem to be too distraught.

"Mrs. Cumming."

She looked back up at me.

"Drop to your knees and suck my cock."

Mrs. Cumming looked down at my cock and froze.

I had not gotten dressed yet, so my half swollen cock, hanging between my thighs, was right in

front of her. It thickened while she watched.

"I told you before, you will suck my cock, now do it, or you will get more spankings, and they won't be playful ones." I warned her.

She shivered and stared for half a second longer and dropped slowly to her knees. I hardened and began to rise before she opened those lush red painted lips around my cockhead. Her hair had fallen partially loose from her ponytail, the yellow head scarf was long gone. She started working her tongue tentatively over my sensitive gland, but didn't take more than the head between her lips. I reached down and slid the elastic out of her hair and her soft brown hair fell in a feathery wave across her shoulders as I looked down at her head.

"Get my whole length wet." I ordered her, and ran my fingers in her hair.

The teacher obeyed me. She pulled her lips off of my swollen gland and began to lick down the length of my thick shaft on one side, then on the other. I let her tongue bathe my cock while I stroked her soft hair for half a minute. Then, I dug my fingers in her hair, reached down to knock her hands away from my shaft, taking the base in my own fist, and pulled her head back to line my cock up with her mouth again.

She opened and I sat the head of my hard organ on her bottom lip.

"Do you know how to deepthroat, Mrs. Cumming?" I asked.

She was looking up at me with big watery eyes, her markup a huge mess from the photo shoot earlier. I almost relented, she looked so vulnerable kneeling before me. Her cheeks were flush, her lips so plump and moist. The tip of her tongue absently pressed out and tasted the bead of precum welling out of the end of my cock, while I looked down at her face. I saw excitement behind the trepidation in her face.

She shook her head 'no'.

"You will have to learn. Miss Crotchet will teach you." and I shoved my cock into her mouth, pulling her head over me until I bottomed out in the back of her throat.

She gagged. I pulled her hair to back her head off, but not all the way. I let go of my cock root and grabbed both sides of her head and pulled her slowly over my cock once more until I sat against her tonsils again.

I didn't force it and just held her mouth over me to get her use to my presence in the back of her throat. Her tongue pulsed.

"AuUGHh! Mrs. Cumming, that felt good. You have a beautiful mouth."

She had swallowed her buildup of saliva and rubbed her throat over my cockhead.

I backed her off again, to let her breath, and pulled her back over me. She gave no resistance. Her hands rested on my thighs as she knelt before me, with my cock in her mouth.

Then, her classroom door opened and my mother stepped in.

"Bentley, are you ready to..." Mom stood watching from across the large classroom. I held the back of Mrs. Cumming's head firmly in place, against her straining to pull off of me when the classroom door opened. I tightened my fingers in her hair and didn't let her push my cock out of her mouth with her tongue.

"UhHaughhHAA!" I groaned, closing my eyes for a second against the stab of pleasure her desperately shoving tongue was bringing me by sliding harder over my pulsing cockhead.

I opened my eyes again. "I'll be just a few minutes, Mom. Meet you in the car?"

Mom looked at me for a second, then down at Mrs. Cumming on her knees with her back to my mother, and my cock buried to the back of her throat. Mom smiled up at me and nodded.

"No problem. Take what time you need."

She looked back down at the home economics teacher and said, "Thank you for all you are doing for the calendar and for my son, Mrs. Cumming. I had such a wonderful time. Bentley is very lucky to have your help. Well, see you tomorrow." and Mom left, closing the door behind her.

I pulled my cock out of Mrs. Cumming's mouth and she took a deep, shivering breath and gulped saliva. Her shoulders heaved with her deep breaths.

"Bentley... I... I don't know... I don't know if I can do this."

"You are doing it, Mrs. Cumming." I said in a reassuring tone. "I won't let you get hurt. But it's obvious you need someone to take control of you. I have decided to be that someone for you. At least, I'll help you understand yourself before the year ends. Now get up and strip. I want to see that beautiful body of yours."

The teacher stood and took her dress off. She was very good looking. She had soft lines and a slim waist. She must have been athletic in high school or college, but her body spoke of feminine, middle aged beauty, not hard athleticism and 2% body fat.

"Mrs. Cumming. I'm going to take you. You will be mine when at school. I will help you, but you need to talk with Mrs. Crotchet. She will help you to understand, the best. For now, all you have to do is what I tell you to do and you will get what you need. I'm not going to force you. You are free to say no, but you know that's not what you want."

I guided her to her desk.

"Say no and get dressed, and I will leave. Or, bend over your desk and spread your legs. I need to cum and I'm going to use you to dump my cum into."

I swear she had a small orgasm just standing there, when I said that about using her to dump my cum into.

Mrs. Cumming rolled her lip in her teeth. She looked at her dress lying in a pool on the floor. She had a very worried expression on her face. She could have said, "Fuck you, Bentley" and simply refused to do anything. She stood doing nothing.

I grabbed a nipple and tugged her to the edge of her desk. "I said, bend over so I can fuck you until I cum!" I demanded in a calm, but firm voice. "Do as you're told." I twisted her nipple and slapped her naked ass when she half turned to follow her stretched nipple.

She yelped and her hips jerked. I could feel her body quiver, then she took a deep breath and bent over.

I spanked her again. "That's for not following orders right away."

SLAP!

"When I give you an order, there will be no hesitation. You just do it."

"OWUOOOE!" she yelped again and she bounced on her toes a dozen times, her hips dancing up and down. Her ass was still slightly red from the earlier spanking. My hand left a clear imprint in her pale skin.

I immediately stepped behind her and guided my cockhead to her sopping wet entrance. My blood filled gland parted her yielding pussy lips, and I sunk into her carefully. I didn't want to hurt her, not really.

HOLY FUCK! her whole vagina was spasming from the moment my cockhead first spread her pink lips through most of that first stroke. By the time I was six inches into her, she clamped down hard around me.

"OOOOOOOH!" she cried. "Bentley, I'm cumming... AGAINNNNNN!"

I held myself all the way in her and just let her body shake and her pussy grab and work my cock all on its own.

"FffffuuuUCK!!!"

That's what I wanted to shout, but she shouted it first.

FUCK was right!

I was so primed. I thought I might lose it before I started really fucking her sweet, tight pussy.

When she finally settled down around my cock, I realized, she was very tight. Did her husband and she even have sex? She was much tighter than any of the other women I'd fucked.

I held still, all the way in her for a minute.

"Augh, Bentley. You are too big for me. I... I can't. Please! Please pull out."

I held my position for a few more seconds and then started to back out.

"Slowly. It's too much."

I slid smoothly out of her. She felt incredible. My cock slapped my stomach when the head cleared her dripping wet vagina.

"OhH!" she yelped when I snapped out of her.

"I've never had anything that big, in me. My husband is the only one I've ever... I... I've ever had... sex with. You're... you're over twice his..."

She started to stand, but I pushed her back down.

I slapped her sexy ass with my free hand while holding my other hand in the middle of her back.

"I didn't give you permission to get up."

I ran my hand over her smooth bubble ass cheek. She held still while I felt her up. I ran my fingers down her ass crack. She was damp, even in there. At her entrance, she was flooded in her juices. I pushed two fingers into her.

"Like I told you. You are mine now. I took you and I'm not done taking you. I felt you needed a break, but I'm still in the middle of fucking you, so hold still."

Those tight vaginal walls surrounding my fingers clamped around me at my words.

"See? This is what you need. This is what you crave. Here at school, you are mine."

Mrs. Cumming held still while I worked two fingers in and out of her cunt. She let out a little groan that almost sounded like a 'no'. But, her pussy cried a very different plea.

"I'll prove it to you. Then you tell me who you belong to."

I pulled my fingers out of her and lined my cock up with her cunt again.

She let out a long mewl, but said no words of protest as my head slowly parted her pussy lips again. I didn't slam into her. Like I said, I didn't want to hurt her. I wanted her to enjoy it. I wanted her to realize that this was who she was, because it felt right, not because she had no choice. I eased my cock all the way into her, taking several seconds to sheath my full length in her tight pussy, and she mewled her feelings out loud the whole way into her again.

"I'm very close, Mrs. Cumming, so this won't take long."

I began a slow withdrawal, then reversed about half way out and pushed myself back in.

"OAuuUGH! You're so biggggg!"

Mrs. Cumming reached out and grabbed the far edge of her desktop. I saw her knuckles turn white with the strain. I hit the bottom of my teacher's pussy again and pulled out more quickly, until just my cockhead spread her labial lips. Then I pushed firmly back in.

"OOuaulll!" she grunted.

I held myself in her and leaned over her back. I spoke softly in her ear.

"How often do you have sex with your husband?"

She lifted her head and said, "I don't think I should be..."

SPANK!!!

I straightened up, my cock ramming hard against her cunt and I slapped her left Ass cheek.

"You will answer my questions when I ask them!"

I punctuated my demand with a fast withdraw and hard fuck back into her.

"AUUGHH!" she grunted.

"Sorry!" Mrs. Cumming cried. "A few times a year, may...maybe four or five. He doesn't really... he's not romantic, like that. I want him to, but he doesn't... t... take... take me like I want him to. Like... like you are doing."

I slid half out of her and leaned back in, resheathing myself.

She groaned and I felt her pussy grasp at me.

"You've had a chance to get use to me. I'm going to fuck you now."

Her pussy began to vibrate again.

I clutched at her naked hips and fucked out and in, hard.

"AUuogHUuooO!" she cried and her vagina spasmed.

I fucked her again, out and in, out and in...

She was cumming again and I just kept fucking her through her orgasm. Her pulsing cunt and my pumping cock and her flood of female ejaculate gushing from her, running down both our legs brought me quickly to the edge.

"OoOH! Mrs. CUMMING, I'M CUMMING!" I told her through my grunting, gasping, humping, fucking, of her bent over naked body that I took from behind.

I let loose, just as she was coming back down, off her own Big 'O'. In that moment of ecstatic teetering, just before my brain lept out into the heavenly abyss of another incredible mindless orgasm, I had a thought.

I ran my thumb down along the edges of her stretched and glazed labia, scoping up a heavy gob of lubricant and I shoved my thumb in her ass.

She arched up and yelled, "IeEEyYYaaAHHUuugHH!"

The violent quaking deep from the bowels of her wonderful naked body, began all over again.

I spewed and screwed and pumped out my sperm all the way into her while she shook and clutched at her desk beneath me. Her legs shot out and her feet came up off the floor and I continued to ram into her over and over with my hard, giant cock.

I felt, almost afraid, that I'd never stop cumming and it seemed she was going to be there crying out her orgasm forever, right along with me.

I collapsed on top of her. My cock was done. It slid all the way in her and I just rested on her back. I felt the last little pulses of her climax trailing away against the still thickened sides of my shaft. Somewhere, deep in her pulsing canal, one final clench around my cockhead caused me to moan and jerk my hips.

"oh my god." I heard her whisper as she lay limp underneath me, her cheek turned against the desktop, in a slick puddle of her drool.

I pressed my lips to her ear and kissed her. "See? This is what it's like to submit to me. You're mine. When you're at school, you're mine."

I felt her pussy clutch at me again.

"Yes!" was all she said.

When I got to the car, Mom smiled at me. "That took a nice long time. You really are getting better."

She never realized why it took so long. I didn't enlighten her to the fact that I'd just fucked another teacher.

Cecilia pouted. "I wanted to suck your cock on the way home."

I said, "Sorry, Sis. If you want, you still can. I'm just not likely to respond for a little while. Unless you're REALLY good." and I winked at her.

"Is that a challenge?" she asked.

"If you want!?" I intoned.

There was a click of her seatbelt and she slithered into the back seat. "I'll take you up on that."

She quickly got my cock out and plunged her mouth over me before Mom was out of the parking lot.

My flaccid cock was pulled between her lips for a second, she swirled her tongue around my still sticky, but fully satisfied orgasm. Cecilia paused, then she spit my penis out and looked up at me.

I stared back and gave her a smug look.

She went from questioning to wonder to laughing excitedly, then bent back to her task of bringing me back to life.

Chapter 16

Ad Window - Chapter 16
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

"You guys," Mom announced, while driving home from Church, "I invited Priscilla and her mother over for dinner tonight. So don't make any big plans, alright?"

What? Shit! My cock throbbed at the mention of Priscilla coming over. That usually meant some fun, but I'd never met her mother. It was my understanding that she was kind of hands-off about her daughter, giving Priscilla a lot of independence. Priscilla's mother was never at school for parent teacher conferences, and Priscilla always was by herself for school events. I thought her mother owned a yoga studio or something, or was she a lawyer? I never paid attention before; it was very unlike me not to simply remember.

"When did you invite them? They don't go to our church or anything." I said.

"Actually Mom," Cecilia interrupted, "that works out perfectly, because I already invited Priscilla and Jessica and Libby over tonight. I'll just call and tell them to come for dinner too, if that's okay."

That sounded like a far less interesting time.

"I'm not sure this is a good night for that, Honey." Mom answered Cecilia.

"But Mom..." Cecilia started to protest.

"Mom." I asked, my thoughts a little preoccupied, "What did you mean about teaching me more about sexual intercourse? When would you do that?"

"Not now Bentley." Mom turned her attention back to me, to address my question.

"Why can't they come to dinner too? It's just two more..." whined Cecilia.

"I have to give it some thought. I was just watching a program on parents teaching their children about sex, but I'm not sure you're ready for..." Mom tried to answer me.

"Mom!" Cecilia got insistent. "I promised them we could..."

Mom patted her daughter's bare thigh in the passenger seat, and gave it a squeeze. "Cecilia, I'm talking to Bentley right now. This is important."

"So are my friends. They were coming over to practice..."

"Fine, darling. They can come to dinner too. Just let me finish talking to your brother."

We were entering our neighborhood and my preoccupied mind turned to my other preoccupation of late, I needed to work on my programming for the DoE.

It has honestly been difficult to find time,when I had my sister interested in sucking my cock half of the evening after dinner, and Mom practicing her technique and "teaching" me more about oral sex for half of the night, after bedtime. I was just glad I was able to automate most of the visual

changes and simply paste in the literal content that I created at school. Even at school it was getting hard to carve out free time. My three subs, as well as my other growing relationships, required more of my attention.

I was worried about what could happen if an outsider reported what was going on in our school. I could be responsible for a lot of people getting in big trouble. It was like I had a sixth sense of the impending disaster. I was pushing too hard and too fast to enculturate the State Offices and it felt destined to fail. But I remained hopeful and optimistic, so I had to try. The thing was, The programming I was working on was my backup plan; I still felt I needed to start considering a backup plan to my backup plan. I had nothing, so I had to just keep working at the current plan.

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The News at Eight: "Sex in our high schools." announced the young woman reporter with an upbeat tone. "That's what this next report is about. A prominent high school has been charged with teaching and practicing sex in school.

"We've all had sex education classes in school, but one high school has apparently taken the ultimate plunge and has been practicing a more hands-on approach with their students.

"The public school sex education curriculum has been criticized for failing to teach teenagers about the realities of sex. This school's board has charged their high school with completely overhauling their education program and making sex education an integrated part of their students' everyday curricula.

The young reporter was showing a great deal of skin, her micro skirt was barely covering her lap, so that a sliver of bald flesh was visible between her thighs at the bottom of the screen. Her anchor jacket hung open, showing her belly button and her firm round breasts swelled out, holding the unbuttoned lapels apart. The pink edges of her nipples lifted and swung into view with each breath she took to read the teleprompter. When she shifted, to cross her sexy bare legs, both nipples flashed fully for a brief instant and her vagina tilted up above the bottom edge of the screen, before a thigh blocked the view.

"Clyde Maxwell High School is among a small, but growing group of schools leading the thrust into integrated teenage sex education. They have worked their sex education goals into every class and have cross-trained their teaching staff in advanced sex education techniques."

The sexy reporter turned to look at another camera, flashing a new angle of her jiggling tits, "Ultra-conservative religious activist groups are up in arms about the new program."

I cut from the news reporter in the studio, to a scene of a group of protesters picketing outside a high school. Over the heads of the protesters could be read the school's sign. A cluster of protest signs, held up by the group, blocked the last four letters of the school's name.

"Celibate celibacy!" some of the prim, overly dressed, protesters were chanting out the hand scrawled messages on their signs. Others called out, "Sex is for after marriage!" While a third slogan went, "Madonna was a virgin, our teens should be too!"

I wanted an extreme view to solidify an emotional move to the counter position.

A male field reporter was on the scene.

"Teaching sex in school has always had its controversies." he stood across the street with the protesters and the school sign in the background. He spoke into his microphone with the insignia,

'N@8' around the mic. "Radical religious organizations have opposed the teaching of contraception and the distribution of condoms in school. Even the subject, as a simple discussion, has always had its opposition. But there are a growing number of high schools who are taking a more practical and hands-on approach to the subject." The field reporter led into his segment.

The camera again cut to the field reporter standing in a typical school hallway, with a large, authoritative looking, older man to his left. The words, 'Principal Longshaft', appeared at the bottom of the screen.

The reporter asked, "Principal Longshaft, your sex education program takes a practical and applied practices approach to help your students better learn about sex. What were the factors that led your school board to institute this approach?" The reporter tilted his 'N@8' mic towards the school principal dressed in a navy blazer and grey and blue striped tie.

"The high incidents of teen pregnancy has been a national concern and here, in our own community, we have spent millions of dollars just providing for the medical care and living expenses that these needy, unwed, families require. When we did more in-depth research into the effects of improved sex education, along with the outcomes of providing free birth control to the younger segment of our community, we found that the research supports what we have observed, reduced overall expenditures on social services. But most interesting was the connection to other social improvements.

"The high school drop-out rate is reduced to near zero, and there is a greater sense of community as a result of being more proactive around young adult sexuality. Giving our developing adolescent population a better understanding of sex as well as, healthy outlets, directed my mature educated adults, results in things like, more time in school and improved body image. There is greater participation in, sports programs, cleaner, healthier lifestyles, school and community programs, and stronger support and loyalty. As a result, we have seen much less bullying and greater academic participation. The problems of self-mutilation and teenage suicide, that comes along with social stigmas related to the pressures of sex, nearly disappears. Everyone bonds more fully into a larger community family. And, we have absolutely seen our students support each other as one big family. These changes can be directly attributed to the practice of a strong progressive sex education program."

The man turned to a classroom door. "Let me show you how it works."

He opened the door to a classroom. "This is a senior history class where the nude teaching program has been in place since last year. Mrs. Ready is teaching a section on women's suffrage."

Inside the classroom no one was in their seats. The scantily clad students were all crowded around the teacher's desk. A pair of feet in black heels was sticking up in the air above the students' heads and rocking back and forth.

"Uoughh! Now these women... ungh... would take... take their demands to... oOUgh... you're doing grEAT... Paul..., like I said.... Ugh... Ugh... UghhH... they demanded the right to... to... uhg... to vote. Oh... that's it Paul... long steady strokes..."

The camera crew followed the Principal and the reporter over to the desk. A few students stepped aside to reveal the view of a middle aged, naked brunett, with cat glasses partly askew and bouncing on her nose. She was laying on her back on top of her desk. She braced herself up on her elbows, a string of pearls swung just above the rhythmic bounce of full womanly breasts. Her hair, falling out of her bun, hung down almost to the edge of the desktop. At one end of her desk, was a muscular male student with his pants open and falling half down his hips. He had his arms braced around the outside of the mature teacher's upward pointing thighs. Her bare knees rested against

his shoulders, and he gripped her hard by her wide and naked hips. The student's hips were pumping in a powerful rhythm back and forth against his teacher's naked ass cheeks, causing them to ripple and shake with each pounding impact.

"Are... UUugh... are you... getting... close?"

The older woman threw her head back for a moment. Her full breasts bounced and jiggled in the grip of several other students' kneading fingers. One girl's hand had plucked at her teacher's hard nipple and pulled it out a couple of inches.

"OoHH! It feels like... you're getting close... Paul. Uhg... ugh... ugh... remember... what... I told... you! Ugh... OhHh... Paul!"

The boy had picked up speed and was slamming into his teacher's pussy with hard grunts and wet resounding slaps of his hips spanking against his naked teacher's bald cunt. The camera tilted in, between a couple of students, a girl and a boy, to show the boy's hard cock pistoning in and out of his teacher in a frantic fucking of the mature teacher's denuded pussy.

The history teacher put out a hand against the horny, cum approaching student's chest, and pushed hard. She scooted her hips back and the young man's cock sprung free of her vagina. It slapped loudly against his shirt covered stomach. He took two steps back to catch his balance.

"Now STOP!" the teacher ordered.

The boy looked frantic.

"What is your position on women getting the right to vote? What does your prompt say?" She sat up on her desk. Her vagina was wet and drooling between widely spread thighs. Several of her students' had caught those naked thighs and held them open while they explored between their teacher's legs. The camera pulled back, along with most of the other students. The boy who had been fucking her was panting, his pants had fallen all the way down to his ankles. His erection looked angry and wet and pulsed up and down in need.

He stood at the end of her desk and took a deep breath. "It said I was against women voting and I have to say 'no'."

"Right. However, if you change your mind and tell me I can vote, that women should have an equal right to vote, as men do, I'll let you finish in me. Okay?" She looked pointedly down at the young man's bobbing erection. It dripped and glistened with her juices and strained towards the teacher's open cunt.

"Really? It... but won't it affect my grade?" He shook his head and stepped close to the teacher again."

The teacher said, "I'm just interested in the vote. That's a choice you have to make. Tell me you support my right to vote and I can finish teaching you about sexual intercourse. Otherwise, you can't have sex with me for the rest of the year. You'll have to just learn by watching your friends have sex."

He blinked a stunned look.

"Kyle, what prompt did you get?" The teacher asked the boy bent over her chest on her left.

Another boy straightened up from where he had bent over to suck on his teacher's left nipple. The wet smack of suction release preceded his answer, "I'm suppose to be against women's right to

vote."

The teacher reached down and felt the front of Kyle's tented pants. "If you support women's right to vote, you can have the rest of Paul's turn practicing between my legs."

Kyle nodded his head in agreement and started undoing his pants.

Paul jumped forward and thrust his naked cock easily into his wet and ready teacher again. "I... AuGHAAH... I change my vote." He sunk all the way to the hilt in his teacher's pussy.

The teacher arched back in surprise and let out a deep grunt, "OoOHH!"

The boy skewering her between her legs, grabbed at her thighs again, and bent them back, reaching around to grab her naked tits out of two other students' exploring hands.

"Let me finish and I'll vote for women to get the vote. Okay?"

"Okay Paul. You can finish, as long as you promise to cast your ballot in favor of women getting to vote. AUoOHH, YES. Faster."

The boy started hammering away between the teacher's legs. Her whole body rocked on top of her desk while the teen fucked her.

"You... Ah... you see... uh... ! Wom...men... used the... Oh... the bedroom to... to... oAugH! That... feels... good... HuOaUgh, Paul... they used the... bedroom to... influe... influence... their... hus...band...ssss... AND.... loAUVers."

Paul was obviously very close. He was in a frenzy of fucking, his fingers dug deeply into the pink skin of the History teacher's nipples.

"That's IT, PAUL! CUM in me!" the middle aged woman demanded, and Paul came.

"AaAUGHhhh!" he yelled while his classmates clapped him on the back. He arched and rammed his cock all the way in his teacher and pulsed out his seed deep into her womb.

The teacher also let her head drop back and her eyes closed while she shook and braced herself up on her arms behind her, until she flopped back, flat on her desktop.

Paul dropped over her naked belly for a second, then, helped by a couple of girls, straightened back up and pulled his dripping cock out of the well fucked teacher. A little milky semen dripped out of the older woman's canal and the camera caught the contraction of her pink opening, squeezing another dollop of cum from inside her.

The teacher smiled, then rolled her head over to look up at Kyle. She placed her fingers over his bared cockhead, "You want to change your vote too?"

The boy nodded eagerly. "Excellent, you get to be next. Just like we learned. Start slowly and take it gently. Make it last."

Soon the second boy was in Paul's place between the teacher's legs and pumping gently between her experienced pussy lips. The history teacher braced herself back up to talk to the class again.

"You... see? Very nice Kyle. You see? Women have always... haaa had influence over how men... OooOE... voted on political... issues. ...Oh... that's good, Kyle. The sexual revol... Uution and Women's Suffrage Movement... had the effect of ...Uoughhahhh... of decoupling MEN and

women from... from their re...RE... uUgH... relationships aw... around political... differences. OH... Yesssss. Keep it like that, for a minute, Kyle. So..., in a sense, the sex... sexy... ahhh... sexual revolution didn't just... OooUgh... free women; it freed men from their... from their bonds to women... to women telling them... uH... telling them how to... how to vote, as well... AUghHH. Women had... had less interest in using sex... ugh... oh... that's it. I'M READY, Kyle. Do me harder!"

Kyle began fucking harder into his teacher while the class watched. Hands, again reached out to feel and probe the History teacher's body.

The rocking teacher tried to conclude her lesson, "Women... no longer... needed... to... AHHH... use... SEX... to... TO HAVE... their... voices... voICES... HEARRRD!"

The reporter turned to the Principal. "Very interesting, the way both sex education and History are being integrated."

The reporter tilted his microphone, again, at the Principal. "That's what our program tries to do. Every teacher in school is trained in this technique. Sexuality no longer becomes a stigma to fear, or a badge to show off. Children learn to do it right, be respectful of their partners, adult or peers, and they feel better about their lessons, about school, and the larger community, but most importantly, about themselves. They gain confidence that they would not likely be able to achieve until later in their adult years."

The reporter made another observation, "I noticed the students weren't asked to use condoms. How does that calculate into a program that is trying to teach the proper use of contraceptives and safe sex?"

Mrs. Ready, like all our female teachers and staff, is on the Pill. In her case, her tubes have been tied after having two children of her own. You are seeing the advanced class. They have all had plenty of practice with the use of condoms and other forms of contraceptives. The boys are taught to properly place female contraceptive devices such as diaphragms. They pair up and practice on each other, then switch partners several times. They always start and finish practicing on a teacher. The same with the girls learning to put condoms on boys. The girls start with practice putting condoms on male teachers, they help the teacher come to orgasm, then practice the safe and appropriate disposal of the used condom. After doing this over a dozen times with their classmates, they will demonstrate their mastery on another teacher before moving on to the next level."

"I see." said the reporter with a flick of his mic towards his own chin.

"Mrs. Ready is one of eight advanced level teachers who are responsible for preparing her student's for real world sexual activity."

"Principal Longshaft, sorry to interrupt, but..."

The principal stopped talking to the reporter and gave his attention to a young senior girl with glasses who looked panicked.

"I'm a little behind on my oral assignment. All the boys in class just relieved themselves in Mrs. Ready, so none of them can help me. I wonder if you would stay and let me practice my assignment on you? I won't interrupt, I promise."

She blinked and fluttered her lashes, rocking her scantily covered hips back and forth nervously.

"Of course, Emma, I'm happy to help." The big man answered.

"Oh thank you Mr. Longshaft." The little senior girl bounced excitedly on her toes, looking much relieved of her stress. The maneuver caused her tiny skirt to flip up over her round bare teenage ass. No underwear was to be seen.

The camera followed her down to her knees in front of the older principal of her school, and she reached up and deftly unzipped his fly. She moved her head right in and Principal Longshaft spoke down to her. "You're forgetting your technique. What's the first thing you want to do?"

"Sorry." The girl said, up to her principal. She turned back to his crotch and ducked lower, revealing the stiffening cock she'd just let out. She turned her face up to lick along the length of a very generously proportioned erection. She let out a giggle and worked her way along the erection with her tongue.

The Principal watched her with a smile, then looked back up to the reporter. "Shyness is one of those traits we try to teach our student to grow past. They learn to be... AuUGHA!... Teeth, Emma. You know better than that. AHhhh! Yes, that's very good... As I was saying, our students have become much more self-confident and outgoing, since we... since... aH... we started this program."

The Principal closed his eyes for a moment and the sound of sucking filled the silence. The camera pulled back out to show the young girl's head bobbing vigorously over the principal's crotch.

"And... I have to say... uOH, the difference... from the... from the first time Emma... performed fellatio... fellat... UhaA... sSUugd... on me... an... and her technique NOW..., is like... like... night and... UgHHhhaaa... day."

The girl pushed, just when the camera came around to capture the principal's vainy shaft stretching her lips open. The four inches of exposed shaft disappeared as those youthful and expert lips slid all the way to the open fly of the principal's dress pants.

"OHHHHOUI!... I forgot that's what unit you are working on. Ugh... Emma, you are doing very well."

The reporter turned to the camera standing next to the Principal getting deepthroated by a senior girl and Mrs. Ready in the background being pounded by a third boy between her legs. She had flopped back and another boy had his cock out, just stepping up to her upturned face and pressed the head of his cock between her lips, at the other end of the desk.

"This is Thaddeus Horn for the News at Eight."

-

In my room, my computer dinged.

Cecilia was online.

Invite from Chill_C.

MadJane_7 joined.

LittleDebbie123 joined.

PrinceKilla170 joined.

Just1Jess joined.

Chill_C: "Hi guys"

MadJane_7: "hi chill, hi LD, Killa, Jess."

PrinceKilla170: "Hi everyone."

Just1Jess: "hi."

LittleDebbie123: "Wow! Everyone's here. Lib on too?"

Chill_C: "haven't seen her"

Just1Jess: "her mom took her to get a new pair of shoes 4 graduation."

PrinceKilla170: "Only four weeks away."

Chill_C: "think she'll be able to come to dinner tonight?"

Just1Jess: "she said she was coming over. u doing dinner 2?"

Chill_C: "yes. Killa, ur mom is coming 2."

PrinceKilla170: "Yes. Your mom called her to invite us. I'm surprised Mom said yes."

LittleDebbie123: "You guys have been practicing on Chill's brother a lot, haven't you? You think you can still do that with Killa's mom coming over?"

Chill_C: "no :.("

PrinceKilla170: "Sure, why not? I've been wanting to show Mom how good I've gotten."

MadJane_7: "Your mom's cool with it?"

Just1Jess: "I would b 2 embarrassed 2 show my mom. Ive already showed dad."

LittleDebbie123: "Maybe that's what Chill's mom wants to do?"

Chill_C: "doubt it. she was talking this afternoon about teaching Bentley 2 have sex."

Libby_Major_A joined.

Everyone said hi to Libby

Libby_Major_A: "sup guys. u should see my new shoes 4 graduation. they r 6in high."

PrinceKilla170: "Awesome. You'll be like a real grownup ;) JK. I'm jealous. Can't wait to see them."

Libby_Major_A: "lol. yeah. if u don't have heels on, I'll b able 2 look u in the i. 8)"

Libby_Major_A: "what's up with u guys?"

MadJane_7: "Chill's mom is going to teach her brother how to £ucl<."

Libby_Major_A: "for real? ¡-p"

Chill_C: "real."

Just1Jess: "ur mom is going 2 let Bentley £ucl< her?"

Chill_C: "I didn't say that."

PrinceKilla170: "He can practice on me. Mom took me to get on the Pill, 2 weeks ago."

Chill_C: "I started last month. Really helped my periods."

Libby_Major_A: "mine were the worst until mom took me 2 get them my sophomore year."

Chill_C: "r all you guys on the Pill?"

Just1Jess: "yes"

MadJane_7: "Of course."

LittleDebbie123: "Yup"

Chill_C: "what do u think about sex with family, like with ur brother?"

LittleDebbie123: "I've been doing it with my brothers for almost a month now."

Just1Jess: "u £ucl< ur brothers?"

LittleDebbie123: "yes"

MadJane_7: "Chelsea is doing it with her brother on SBH. So is Kelly."

Libby_Major_A: "been considering it"

Just1Jess: "ur brother is hot Lib, & in college. Mine is a gross little freshman."

Libby_Major_A: "lol"

MadJane_7: "I say, go for it, Chill. You said ur brother's built like a horse."

Just1Jess: "OMG! is he ever."

Libby_Major_A: "mor like an elephant!!!"

PrinceKilla170: "Maybe a small horse."

Chill_C: "he's big and i can't say i haven't wondered, but u don't think it's gross?"

LittleDebbie123: "A kawk is a kawk. Does it matter? If it feels good, and believe me, it feels good... It's not like you're going to have his baby."

Chill_C: "GROSSSSSS!!!!!!! NO!!!"

Chill_C: "I don't even know what Mom has in mind."

PrinceKilla170: "Maybe we'll find out tonight. See you at dinner. GTG."

Chill_C: "Can't wait. See u guys there. Sorry u don't live nearby, Deb, Jane."

LittleDebbie123: "I am too. You're going to have fun. SYL."

MadJane_7: "Yeah, wish I could be there. GTG2."

I signed both my aliases off and got back to work.

Later, in the kitchen, "Bentley, I'm glad to see you're done with your homework. Our guests are going to be here in less than an hour. Can you... AHUGHhh!"

Mom was wearing her Summer dress that she'd worn to and from school. Her apron was over that. Normally, lately, she stripped when she got home and I would have found her working in the kitchen in nothing but her apron, her giant tits stretching out the bib to bounce and jiggle out to either side of the small square upper piece. Mom was chopping celery at the counter and looked over her shoulder when I walked up in just a t-shirt to reach around her and grab gently, but firmly at her breasts. I wrapped my arms around her, kissed her behind the left ear and fit my half erect cock into the cleft of her ass cheeks just peeking out below the high hem of her light skirt. I easily tugged her lapels wide and reached up and rolled her nipples into my fingers. Mom hadn't stopped talking to me until I gave those large, expanding reddish nubs a firm tug out and up.

"Oh, darling. I can see you're in need of some release, but now's not... uUAuGHH! Careful, they're sensitive."

I've felt up my mother's incredible breasts before, but usually as an aside to our other activities that center around my cock. I was really feeling like I haven't had enough time getting to know my mother's, or any woman's breasts enough. I stood behind Mom, bent my knees to aim my cock into the tunnel created by her round, soft ass cheeks and the tops of the back of her thighs. I pushed my hardening cock deeper and stepped up right to my mother's back, while I began exploring her huge tits.

I let her nipples go and she sighed softly and set her knife down on the cutting board. Mom leaned back against me and lifted herself up on her toes to better guide my cock. She arched her head back, when I dug my fingers into the soft, jello-ey flesh around her pebbled areolae and hardening nipples.

"Baby, that feels good, and I want you to feel free to explore and learn, but I really have to get dinner going. OooUHH! Be gentle, Sweetheart. That's good."

I kneaded Mom's fat, rolling breasts and lifted them, feeling their weight. Her dress gaped wide open, the deep cleavage of her naked tits crumpled up the bib of her apron between them. I watched over my mother's shoulder as I pawed and squeezed those sensuous bouncy milk bags of flesh. My cock hardened between Mom's legs and lifting her left breast up high and in towards the center, I could look down her slim figure and see the front of Mom's apron tent out over my cockhead protruding from between the tops of her bare thighs.

Mom really seemed to be enjoying the caresses and kneading of her big tits. She let out another gasp and dropped her right hand down to hook her fingers under her apron and the hem of her skirt, to capture my pulsing gland. I watched her lift the material out of the way and look down her own body to see my flared head and an inch or so of cock shaft spreading her labial lips to sit like a saddle across the back of my erection. Her breathing got harder and her fingers started working over my sensitive tip. She pulled me up against her aroused clitoris. I found her nipples again, rolling and tugging on them a little harder than before.

"Oh Bentley. You are really distracting me. AuUgHHH! I felt that stab me right in my clit."

"Mom, I felt it too. Your vagina felt like it grabbed right ahold of me."

I played with Mom's tits, watching them compress, distort, stretch out by their nipples. I jiggled them and made small fucking motions against Mom's ass, driving my cockhead into her caressing fingers in front. The movement cause small ripples to play across the smooth fleshy curves of her boobs.

Cecilia walked into the kitchen. "Hi guys. When is everyone coming over?" She acted like my feeling up Mom and stabbing my cock between her legs was perfectly normal. Cecilia opened the refrigerator door and pulled out the pitcher of iced tea.

"OuahUh... Honey. Help me with your brother, will you? I... uohh... I need... need to get dinner ready."

Mom arched back harder against me and more of my cock filled her hand. "Bentley, sweetheart, let your sister help... help... you."

I didn't stop. Instead, I looked up at my sister and darted my eyes downward towards my cockhead and Mom's caressing hand at her crotch.

"Oh yeah, Sissy, can you help Mom out here? She needs to finish quickly before company gets here." I tugged Mom's nipples harder than ever and she gasped and rocked her hips back and forth over my shaft and pulled my cock up to press against her bright pink clit. I could feel the flood of Mom's lubrication surround my rod. Mom was tipping past the point of return.

Cecilia understood my meaning. "Yeah, sure. I would be happy to help my mother and my brother."

I felt Mom's body relax for a second in my arms, then Cecilia dropped to her knees. I turned our mother half around to face her daughter's eager face.

"AUWGHHHAAAAA!!!" Mom cried when Cecilia swallowed the tip of my cock, thrusting out for Mom's labial lips. She swooshed her teenage tongue around the sensitive flesh that straddled me. I cried out too. I couldn't help it. My sister has a magic mouth.

I sank my fingers into Mom's yielding breasts and rolled her nipples. Cecilia attacked our mother's tumulscent clitoris with her tongue. Mom arched against me and braced a hand on the top of her daughter's head.

"Oh God, Cecilia. UgH... Make it quick."

I squeezed and pushed Mom's tits around on her heaving chest. I felt Cecilia's tongue working over my engorged gland and slather her saliva and Mom's juices into the juncture where my cock spread Mom's labia and pressed against her clitoris. Mom jumped in my arms and I pulled out on her hard nipples.

Mom reached out with her other hand to brace herself, trying to open her legs wider, but there was nothing for her to grab other than Cecilia's head. I hugged her tighter and her heels left the floor. Mom was arching back against my chest and pushing her ass into my hips. Her legs bent and I felt her hook her feet behind my knees. She let go of her daughter's head and grabbed at my wrists. This gave her the leverage to bounce up and down and turn her hips downward against my shaft to press her clit against her daughter's tongue harder.

That's when Cecilia reached up between Mom's legs and hooked her fingers around my thick, tight, shaft and wedged her index finger up into Mom's drooling opening.

"OAHHOO!" Mom cried and bounced herself harder against my supporting cock and my hands

holding her up by her giant tits.

Cecilia's mouth closed over my cockhead again and she drove a second finger into her mother's cunt.

"AuUGHh! I'm... SO... CLOSE!" Mom yelled.

Then I cried out when I felt my sister yank hard on my cock. Mom had bounced upward against me, tightened her legs against my thighs, while I felt-up her huge breasts and hefted their full weight. My hands sunk into Mom's full, round tits, and brought them up almost to Mom's chin. Mom started to the vibrate and wail as she slid up and down over her daughter's invading fingers.

"AaAUhhUGhhHAaAaAaAa!" Mom voiced the beginning of her orgasm into my right ear. Her head rocked back onto my shoulder.

Then, Cecilia grunted and bent my blood stiffened cock, popping the head out of her mouth. It hurt. Her upper teeth scraped the head. My cock was released from the painful folding Cecilia forced into it, and the pain was replaced by the ultimate in soft moist surroundings.

Mom screamed almost directly into my ear.

"auUHAUGHH!!! OHHH CECILIAAAAA! NNNOOOOAUGHH!!!"

My mother's shaking body turned into a full-on earthquake. Cecilia had just stuck my cock inside my mother. I stumbled back, trying to hold my quaking mother up in my arms. Her body snapped back and forth violently. At the same time, my cock shot ripples of electric, ecstatic, shock waves up my spine, across the back of my head, and down over my face, slamming my eyes shut in absolute bliss. The pleasure enveloping my hard organ consumed me.

I was, FUCKING, INSIDE MY MOTHER'S PUSSY!

I vaguely remember hearing my sister gasp in her own sexual pleasure, then laugh and giggle with mischievous glee.

Mom jumped her ankles up to lock around my waist, her insteps caught over my flexing gluteus maximus, and she lifted herself up my body. Her hands flailed out and caught the edge of the counter our contortions had turned her towards. My cock slid out of her wonderful vagina, and every cell along my shaft tried desperately to cling to the inside walls of her spasming birth canal. Then, my mother drove herself back down onto me again.

"AWwWHOUGHH!!!" we both cried out together.

Mom yelled out, "IT'S SO... BIG!!!"

I clutched at her hips before I'd even realized I'd let go of her naked tits.

Cecilia stood up and caught Mom by the swinging breasts I'd just abandoned. Mom swung her hips up and down against me and cried a series of hot gasps and sharp, high pitched grunts. She was actively fucking herself up and down on her son's cock, on my cock.

I struggled to hold my mother up until Cecilia leaned into me and whispered sharply in my ear, "Fuck her, baby brother!"

I hardly registered the words, but they galvanized me to action and I started pumping.

"UhHuH... OUGH... IT'S... SOoOHH... AUWWW... FUC... KING... AUOGH... Bii...iii...gGGgggGGgggGGGG!" Mom began chanting loudly, as I fucked into her from behind. Her hips rolled and her knees flapped and Cecilia teased our mother's swinging nipples, while Mom threw her head back and forth, whipping her dark hair around.

I was simply a fuck machine. There was no thought, barely any consciousness at all, as I held my mother's shivering, humping, hips; her dress rucked up to her waist, and I slammed back and forth, nearly nine inches, in and out of my mother's pulsing cunt. Fucking, fucking my mother, felt like what I was meant to do. Fucking my mother felt like who I was meant to be.

I... was... a... MOTHER... FUCKER!

Mom arched out from my pumping hips, bouncing up and down In the air, her hands came up off the edge of the counter and she cried out at the ceiling, "I'mmmMMM CUMMMING AGAINNN!!! YYEEESSSS!!!"

My mother brought her hands down to shove her daughter hands off of her pendulous, bouncing tits and she grabbed at her own nipples and yanked them out hard.

"AWUUUGGGG!!!"

I felt mom's cunt slam tight around me and that did it. I drove my cock into her clenching vagina and forced my hungering manhood as hard into her as I could. I shot my sperm. My balls pulled up. My shaft throbbed tighter and my cockhead tried to push all the way into the womb that gave birth to it and the body that carried it around. Semen flushed from my balls and carried my sperm, in its rocketting flood, to the chamber of my origins. The prodigal sons returned.

I cried out. Mom kept crying. I fucked into her. Sissy stood back in astonishment and reached behind the hem of her tiny skirt. I felt Mom fall forward and it pulled me instantly out of my ecstatic fog so I could catch her body just before her head hit the counter.

HOLY FUCKING MARY, MOTHER, ON A STICK!

I mean that more than literally. I just fucked my own mother and she hung impaled on my still hard rod, limp and almost babbling incoherently. Mom tensed again, finally. I bucked when her pussy clenched around me with her movement.

"I love you Mom!" I said quietly. I lifted Mom up and slid my cock out of her body, then set her down on her feet. I had to hug her to me to hold her steady. Her knees buckled and Cecilia rushed in to help hold our mother up.

Mom purred softly and said, "I love you too Bentley." She twisted her head around and kissed my jaw until I looked down and pressed my lips to hers.

Cecilia said, "That was more amazing than Ms..." The doorbell rang.

Mom came to life. "Go get dressed, Bentley."

Mom looked her daughter up and down. She was dressed, at least as much as people in our school dress these days. "Cecilia, go get the door. I have to get dinner ready and it's going to be later than I wanted."

Mom flipped her dress back over her fantastic breasts, and grabbed a dish towel from the counter. She stuck it between her legs. I hurried to my room, while Sissy headed for the door.

I saw my mother slouch against the counter for a second before picking up the knife again to finish chopping the celery.

Mrs. Tease was a lawyer who practiced yoga. She looked like Priscilla, in that she has red hair and wore glasses, she was about the same height, and now that Priscilla had lost weight from working out with me every school morning, they were both just as slim, but Priscilla's mom didn't have Priscilla's giant breasts. She was well built, but nothing on the scale of her daughter or my mother. She wore her hair short, in a longish pageboy haircut and dressed in a stretchy, body contouring cotton mesh tank dress. The softly flaring skirt danced around the tops of her shapely thighs and the thin shoulder straps stretched over the firm globes of her middle to large-sized breasts, with no bra underneath. The see-thru mesh left no room for doubt about her eschewing underwear. Her nipples stretched the tight sea-foam green fabric around them. They pointed straight out from the center of her well shaped mammaries. I might have guessed her high, jutting breasts to be fake, except Priscilla once told me her mother hated all things artificial, never died her hair or wore makeup, and only wore natural fiber clothing. She wore a chic, cowel necked overcoat, which my sister took and hung in the foyer, before I got back from my room. Priscilla's mother also wore natural rope fiber sandals with modest three inch cork heels that did great things to her calves. She was a stunning woman with her daughter's same green eyes and sprinkling of freckles across her cheeks.

Cecilia invited Mrs. Tease in, along with her daughter, and hurried to make them drinks after taking their coats.

"Mom wanted me to ask if you wanted something a little harder than a glass of wine." Cecilia said, coming back out to the living room with two glasses of white wine.

"Oh, no thank you Cecilia. Maybe we can open the claret I brought, for dinner, but I don't often have anything stronger. I'm just not use to it and I have to drive home." Mrs Tease answered. "But please, don't let that stop your mother from enjoying something else, if she wants to. It won't bother me."

Mom came out from the kitchen, just after I came from my bedroom. I smiled at Priscilla. Really, my heart skipped a beat when I saw her. She had her hair out of her braids and was wearing a hint of lip gloss and, maybe, some eye shadow and light mascara? Her clothes were a little more formal and feminine than I was use to seeing on her, and she wore heels, high heels. Fuck! Was she stunning. I noticed her missing glasses right away and concluded that she'd got contacts. She didn't appear to be struggling to see.

At first, I hadn't recognized her and I tried to recall if she'd ever mentioned an older sister who was a high fashion model or something, but the recognition in her eyes clued me in; that and her amazing tits. Only Priscilla had those tits. I mean, DAAAAAMN!!! FUCKING DAAAAAMN!!!

I nearly tripped running up to hug and kiss her. I pulled away and turned towards her mother.

"You are Priscilla's mother. I'm Bentley. I'm so glad to meet you finally. Priscilla talks all the time about how amazing her mother is." I let my gaze scan up and down her body. "I can see you are every bit as amazing as she has said." I tried to compliment her, holding my hand out to the beautiful, mature, redhead. She clearly chose clothes that forced men to notice, and I was noticing.

The woman smiled and ignored my hand and came in for a hug.

"Bentley! You are a charmer. Priscilla hasn't stopped taking about you since you started high school four years ago. She says you're the smartest person she's every known, but she didn't tell me you were so charming. I should have guessed it, however." Mrs. Tease glanced at her

daughter with a smile. Priscilla was looking a little uncomfortable. Her mother turned back to me. "I am very happy to finally meet the boy that opened my daughter's eyes to something more than her books."

I put my arm around Priscilla. "That's what she's done for me, among other things."

Changing the subject, I smiled towards my mother. She untied her apron and was a vision of flush cheeks, bouncing tits, and freshly brushed hair. "I know you've talked on the phone, but you've never met my mother, have you?" I held my hand out and brought Mom closer.

Mrs. Tease went in for a full hug with Mom too. Her see-thru tank dress showed off her yoga fit body against my mother's very skimpy sundress. I enjoyed the way Mom's huge breasts squished into Priscilla's mother's full, but smaller chest. The bare tit-flesh squeezing out the sides made my cock tighten slightly.

Priscilla introduced Cecilia as her "best friend" and, again, the tit squishing was worth charging admission for the show. Mrs. Tease's breasts were, maybe just the slightest bit smaller than Cecilia's; still generous and womanly. I noted how stiff her nipples were after she broke the hug with my sister.

Our new guest turned to my mother, "Thank you so much for the phone call and the invitation. It means a lot to me that you wanted to include Priscilla and me in your plans."

Plans? What plans? I was having some very interesting thoughts about what this sudden social streak of my mother's was all about. My cock pulsed with the memory of being inside Mrs. Bacchanal and the good father's request that led Mom to suggest I needed lessons in fucking. Mom didn't waste any time. I don't think she had planned to let me fuck her, but she sure enjoyed letting it happen once my sister shoved my cock into her.

"Of course. I didn't even need to think about that. Priscilla is such an impressive young woman." my mother replied.

The doorbell rang again and Cecilia hurried to let Jessica and Libbey in. Mrs. Tease gave my mother a questioning look.

"Cecilia had already made plans with her friends that included Priscilla, so I let her keep them. They are the girls who have been taking lessons together."

Mrs. Tease lit up. "Oh, you must be Jessica and Libbey." The woman said as she approached the two new girls. "Priscilla has told me how much she's enjoyed your group sessions. Let me guess, you are Jessica Flirty." Mrs. Tease said to Jessica. "I can tell because you look like you should be on the school television network. Plus I've tuned in a couple of times."

She gave Jessica a hug before the surprised girl could get her bearings. More impressive tit-flesh squeezed together.

"... and Libbey O'Majorah. I can just picture you at the top of a pyramid of beautiful cheerleaders. I am delighted to finally meet you all. My name is Regina Tease, Priscilla's mother, but you can call me Gina. I don't usually get the time to meet Priscilla's friends."

"Hello Mrs. Tease." answered Jessica.

"Gina, please." the beautiful redhead directed.
"Hello... um... Gina." Libbey greeted. "We... didn't know anyone else was... " Libbey glanced at Cecilia and Priscilla, then back to Priscilla's mother. "It's great to meet you."

"Well," Mrs. Tease said, "you'll have to tell me all about your practice sessions. Priscilla has told me a little, but honestly, I just haven't had the time to really listen."

Mom stepped in and said, "I'm running a little late getting dinner on the table. I got interrupted in the middle of chopping vegetables." Mom directed a significant look at me, then turned a very severe look at Cecilia. "I hope you don't mind, but it's going to be about thirty more minutes."

"Well, let me help you. I love to cook and I rarely get to." offered Priscilla's mother.

Mom smiled and turned back to the kitchen. "Priscilla says you're a lawyer. Do you have a specially?" Mom stopped and looked back at us kids. "Why don't you guys set the table and fill the water glasses? Gina and I will call you for dinner, after that."

"Okay Mom." I answered.

Mrs. Tease answered, when Mom turned back. "I normally do family law. You know, divorces, estate planning and wills, primarily, but I've been working on my passion of environmental law against a giant mega-corp, lately. It is so much more rewarding..." they disappeared into the kitchen and Cecilia and I led our friends to the silverware sideboard in the dining room.

Libbey wanted to see my cock as soon as the parents left the room.

Cecilia said, "He just got off not five minutes before you guys got here."

Libbey looked at Cecilia with a jealous glint, "You are so lucky."

"It wasn't me." Cecilia reassured her.

Everyone nodded understanding.

"No guys," Cecilia explained. "Bentley f..."

"Cecilia." I interrupted. "I don't know if..."

Cecilia said, defensively, "You can't not tell them."

Priscilla filled her hands with silverware from the drawer and turned, "Tell us what? We pretty much know everything."

Cecilia and I looked at her.

"Don't we? What more is there to know? I know he's even had sex with Ms. Dermis. I was there. I have pictures."

Cecilia couldn't help herself. She leaned in to Priscilla and whispered loud enough that everyone in the room could hear. "He is going to be having sex with the pastor's wife to help her have a baby."

"Cecilia! That is something only she gets to tell. I can't believe you just did that." I was pretty angry about her betrayal of trust.

Cecilia had the grace to look sorry and blushed deeply. "Sorry Bentley. I... I didn't mean..."

I rounded on the other girls, "You can't talk about this to anyone. You shouldn't even know. It could really hurt the church. You understand?"

Priscilla nodded. Jess and Libbey agreed, but I wasn't so sure they understood the gravity of the

situation.

Libbey asked, "Why? What's wrong with father Bacchanal? Can't he have kids?"

I looked at Libbey with a question in my eyes.

"Mom use to take us to your church too. We just haven't gone in a while."

I hadn't thought about it, but Mrs. O'Majorah use to sing in the old choir too. That means she knows a lot of people from our church. This could be bad. I needed to distract them from asking more questions.

"Cecilia wasn't talking about that. She was referring to my just having had sex with my mother." I admitted.

"You what?" Priscilla barked.

I looked at her trying to judge how she'd take this news.

Cecilia picked it up, "Yeah, Bentley just fucked Mom before you guys arrived. She promised to teach him about sex and I... um... sorta. How do I say it?"

Cecilia looked to me for help. I was not incline to giving her help after that, but I couldn't let it get worse, and she was my sister and I love her.

"I was hugging Mom and Cecilia and it just got more intense than we expected. Before we knew it, Cecilia was trying to help Mom reach an orgasm and guided me into Mom. I couldn't stop, after that; I was too worked up."

"Wow so cool!" was all Jessica said.

Libbey said, "I wish I'd been here. Is your Mom going to let you do that again? I mean, if she's going to be teaching you. You've got to practice on someone."

"Actually, Gina and I are talking about asking Priscilla if she would like to help." Mom answered, walking into the dining room with a hot dish of chicken parm.

Priscilla blushed but her head nodded. She looked to her mother. "Is that okay? I do want to know what I'm doing and if Bentley's mom is going to be teaching me, I would love to do it."

Mrs. Tease answered, "We have talked and I feel it would be beneficial. But, I will leave it up to you. I know how you feel about Bentley and I think you're ready."

Libbey said, "That is so cool. I am going to have to talk to my mom too. Do you think I could also join you?"

My cock was already swelling listening to the direction this conversation was going. It was almost like I wasn't there, the way they were talking about teaching me to fuck.

Jessica blurted out, "Did you really have sex with Bentley?"

Mom turned towards Jessica Flirty and took a moment.

Mrs. Tease answered that question for her. "Yes she did. Bentley has unique needs and his mother is very concerned that he learn sex from caring, mature people who have his best interests in mind. We have been discussing this very subject in the kitchen and I think you girls have been fortunate

to be part of Bentley and Cecilia's education. If you wish to continue, you need to learn to act more mature. There are people involved who's rights to privacy can be threatened by childish behavior. I hope you girls are beyond such indiscreet behavior. You don't want to be sued for violating anyone's civil rights."

Libbey and Cecilia both clammed up. Obviously my mother had confided in Mrs. Tease and asked her legal opinion.

"Yes ma'am." Answered Jessica. "We understand, and no one will be talking about what we do here."

Mom stepped in, after putting her serving dish on the table. "I don't know how much you know about what happened today, but it is not our place to disclose other people's affairs and this issue involves other people who have trusted us, trusted Bentley, to respect their privacy."

I stepped forward. "Mom, they know about Mrs. Bacchanal's wish to have a baby and my promise to help her. It just slipped out. I have sworn them to secrecy and told them she is the only one with the right to talk about it. I'm sorry. It won't be a problem; they won't tell anyone; they get it. But, if Mrs. Bacchanal needs to find someone else, I'll understand."

Mom took a deep breath. My cock couldn't help but pulse at the sight of her prodigious chest lifting half out of her dress. She was losing patience and I couldn't tell on my sister.

"I'm disappointed in you Bentley. Maybe you are too young."

Cecilia interrupted. "I was the one who told. Bentley would never do that to Mrs. Bacchanal. I'm sorry, I don't know why I told them. I just felt proud that my brother was... was so... trusted by Father Bacchanal. I wanted to brag on him."

"Cecilia!" Mom said harshly. She took another captivating breath and said, "Okay. Thank you for telling me. We will talk more about this. In the mean time, dinner is on the table, so take a seat everyone.

Dinner was good, but a little quiet. There was a small amount of conversation about the fellatio and cunnilingus lessons. That was sort of surreal. I liked Priscilla's mother. She was beautiful and friendly and full of good advice and very smart. She asked me a lot of questions about my senior project. I gave her the usual line about marketing and the last frontier being the human mind. She understood everything I said. That was pretty rare. Since Priscilla was the only other person I'd met who could stay up with me, I wasn't surprised. Her body was fantastically displayed throughout the entire visit and I was hard as iron by the time dinner was over. I even found myself thinking about ways in which I might be able to fuck her. I was getting pretty use to having sex with adult women.

Priscilla interrupted my musings after we finished taking our plates to the kitchen.

"Mom, I want to show you what I've learned to do. Is that alright with you Bentley?"

Mrs. Tease and Mom exchanged a look. I nodded agreement and felt my cock lock into position. Priscilla was seriously interested in showing off her deepthroat prowess to her mother. How awesome is my new world?

"Okay Honey. If that's okay with Bentley and his mother." Mrs. Tease answered.

Mom just directed everyone to the living room.

"We have been working on technique, of course," explained my mother, "... but care for the feelings of our partner and a mature, serious approach to sexuality are just as much the goals. The girls have been the models of respect and devotion to their partners. Bentley has earned their respect and I think they are all having a great time learning about this adult subject."

Mom crouched down in front of me and gently worked my pants open, after everyone sat. "Even now, we spend most of the time reinforcing the basics, but everyone has requested that we learn the more advanced techniques of deepthroat." Mom turned to address Mrs. Tease directly as she reached into my pants and fished my hard cock out. "Bentley is very well endowed, as you can see, and really a perfect subject for the girls to practice on."

Mom, crouched in front of me, stroked my erection, and moved aside so Priscilla's mother could see. I watched Mrs. Tease's eyes grow wide at the sight of my nine and a half inches.

"Oh my!" was all she could say. Her right hand pressed to her mostly naked chest.

Mrs. Tease licked her lips and swallowed. She finally turned to her daughter. You can handle that... penis? All... all the way... down... ah... your throat?"

Priscilla nodded. Mom got up and Priscilla took her place, kneeling in front of me while I finished stepping out of my pants.

"Yeah Mom. Hard to believe, right?"

I looked down on Priscilla while she curled her right hand around my throbbing organ and she leaned in to start licking my shaft. Augh! That was an amazing feeling and an amazing sight to watch Priscilla's incredible tongue reach around my vainy, blood filled muscle, and work its way along my length, while her mother watched. Mrs. Tease stared at her daughter's tongue massaging saliva into my shaft.

I tried not to groan out loud, but sound still escaped when Priscilla's tongue hugged my girth to her lips and she pulled, dragged, moving her soft mouth back up to my turgid head.

"Oh my goodness!" Mrs. Tease gasped when her daughter fitted her lips around the plum of my head and engulfed me to my root.

"AUGggguAHHH!!!" I cried and rammed my hips against Priscilla's face. I caught the top of Priscilla's head. My entire length slid smoothly, easily into the depths of Priscilla's throat. Her beautiful face pressed out of sight against my lower abdomin.

Priscilla held me deep in her throat and stretched her lips open wide until her tongue slipped out and wriggled against my naked balls.

"Priscilla! I... I... I am amazed!" Mrs. Tease was nearly on her knees, half slid off the couch, leaning forward to get a closer look.

I opened my eyes to see what Mrs. Tease's reaction might be. The woman seemed completely enraptured. I pulled back out of her daughter's throat untill my cockhead sat in Priscilla's mouth, then I reversed and sank my cock easily back to the full depth in her throat. I fucked my hips back and forth and my cock throbbed harder when I heard another gasp from the sexy middle aged woman.

I felt the pull of Priscilla's expert and very practiced mouth begin to coax the contents of my balls to overflowing. Priscilla felt it too. She reached up and cupped my balls to roll them and feel them, then she popped off of my erection.

"See Mom? A month ago, I could'nt do that at all."

I let go of Priscilla's head. I hadn't even been aware that I was hanging onto her hair. Priscilla got up, but she kept her fingers curled around my shaft. "Would you like to try?" she asked her mother.

My cock jumped at that suggestion. Mrs. Tease never took her eyes off of my cock.

"What? Oh, ah... I didn't think... "

Priscilla stroked me some more and turned to look at me with a pleading expression. "You're okay with that, aren't you Bentley? I'm not trying to disregard your feelings. You don't have to say 'yes'."

The look in her eyes said I shouldn't say 'no', not that I was even close to considering that option.

"Of course." I told Priscilla. I then turned to Mrs. Tease, Priscilla letting go of my cock so that it waggled at her mother, "You are welcome to suck my c... um... perform fellatio on me, Mrs. Tease... um... Gina."

I then thought I might add a subtle challenge. "If you don't know how, Mom is a very good teacher."

She finally looked up and met my eyes when my cock pulsed upward once.

"That's very sweet of you, Bentley. You are very big, though. I do have experience with fellatio, but not on anyone as big as you."

She glanced back down at my cock again. I'd taken a half step towards her.

Mrs. Tease looked towards my mother, "However, if you need another helper teaching Bentley about sexual intercourse, I think I have more to offer in that area."

Mom smiled at her new friend. "Absolutely. I can't ask to borrow your daughter for my son's education and say no to your kind offer. What dates would be good to start, for you?"

"How about right now?" Mrs. Tease said and reached down to peel her dress up and off of her body.

I nearly groaned with the pleasurable, painful, snap of my cock. It actually popped up and bounced against my shirt.

Cecilia had seen it and reached out to catch my granite hard-on. Her face flashed a surprised delight when her fingers squeezed my tight, rigid girth. I don't think I have ever been harder. She didn't say anything, but I could tell she was thinking of a hot, snarky, comment.

Mrs. Tease reached out and took my cock out of my sister's grip. "Wow!" she said, cutting her eyes over to my mother. "Your son is the hardest man, I've ever felt. And so thick too."

There was a huskiness in the older woman's voice that I hadn't noticed before.

Mom smiled indulgently at our bold guest. "Bentley has unusually strong needs." replied my mother.

"Well then, this will probably be a very quick first lesson, if I know boys Bentley's age."

Priscilla spoke up, coming around to sit on the couch next to her mother. "The teachers at school

and his mother have all been working to help Bentley with that. He's been doing a lot better, lately." She joined her hands to her mother's and felt the hardness of my cock too.

"Well that's good to hear." Mrs. Tease said. She gestured to my mother. "What is your plan? You know where Bentley is at, better than I do. Do we need to cover the basics first?"

My mother was looking a little tense. I don't think she appreciated Mrs. Tease just taking over like that. I tried to think of what I could do to fix that, but I wanted to be careful that the whole evening didn't fall apart, either. I was really liking where this all seemed to be going.

Mom moved to the couch too. Mom raised her hand to cup my testicles. "Bentley is a little past that. He's actually had experience with a few teachers. I just want him to start learning some of the more refined and subtle techniques."

"Oh really? How many teachers have been helping him?" Mrs. Tease asked.

Mom looked at me for confirmation, "I know Nurse Head, Ms. Dermis and Ms. Fellaicceo have had intercourse with him and a couple of others have confided their involvement to me, but I suspect there are a couple I haven't heard about. So, maybe five or six?" Mom looked to me to confirm her estimate.

I ran through all the adults I'd fucked, in my mind: Miss Crotchet, Miss Cunny, Nurse Head, Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Fellaicceo, Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Bacchanal, Ms. Schluttie, and now my mother. I counted them up.

"Seven teachers, not including you or Mrs. Bacchanal, Mom."

The room was silent for nearly a full minute while everyone digested that news.

WELL I WASN'T GOING TO LIE TO MY MOTHER. Okay, so I do practice a little deception sometimes, but I try not to do it just to avoid a little discomfort or embarrassment. Besides, fucking my teachers isn't, in itself, wrong, in the new culture.

My mother turned back to Mrs. Tease. "I guess we aren't starting with the basics."

Priscilla let go of my cock and stood up to me. "Have you had sex with any students?"

"No." I assured her. "I have only had sex with teachers who were trying to help me out or as part of the calendar shoot. ...And you were there for all of those."

Priscilla visibly relaxed and move back a little. She didn't see sex with an educator, as part of an education or a treatment, as something to get jealous about. SBH treated such things as both normal and discrete from high school relationship sex.

Priscilla's mother moved things along again. She never paused in her steady caressing of my erection. "Okay, I think we should see exactly where we are starting. Why don't we have Bentley demonstrate. If it's okay, I'll be happy to be his partner. Then, if he's still up for it, Priscilla could use a lesson too. How does that sound, Priscilla?"

Priscilla looked around at her friends. I could see she wanted to do it, but was concerned about alienating Jessica and Libbey.

Jessica understood, "That sounds great, Priscilla. I am so jealous, but Libbey and I will have plenty of chances. Someone has to go first. Besides, Libbey and I are already having sex with our boyfriends. You and Cecilia don't have boyfriends to learn with.

I interrupted, "I'm Priscilla's boyfriend."

Priscilla whipped around on me. This was the first time the words had been spoken, but we both knew it was true.

Mom slid her hand up from my balls to join Mrs. Tease in slowly stroking my rod, and stepped into that. "Yes. I think that has been obvious to most of us here for quite a while now. That's all the more reason that Gina and I want to make sure the two of you have all the tools you need to do it right."

Mrs. Tease was nodding agreement. Her hand squeezed my cock and she and Mom absently moved their hands back and forth along my shaft.

"Okay, I think we need to agree on a schedule, if everyone wants a chance to learn right along with Bentley and Priscilla." offered my mother.

Mom checked everyone's reaction, then snapped her fingers. "I know. Cecilia, run and get our Mistress-O-Matics. I think it would be helpful if the girls were to experience both sides of the sexual partnership. Don't you, Regina?"

Mrs. Tease stopped stroking me and turned her full attention to my mother. "Oh, what a wonderful idea. Yes, of course."

Cecilia returned with the two strap-on toys. My sister had stopped to strip and put hers on. She carried the other dildo and harness, which she handed to Libbey, who had immediately stepped up to intercept it before Cecilia got to our mother. Mom didn't object.

"Okay. Gina will help Bentley first, then Priscilla will be next, of course." My mother explained. "After that, it will be... who has a pref..."

"Oh, me! I want to be next, after Priscilla." jumped in Libbey excitedly.

"Okay Libbey, you're next, then Jessica."

Mom stopped there, but Cecilia raised her hand. "Can I have a turn? Besides Priscilla, I'm the only one who's never done it before. I'm taking the pill now, so it will be safe."

Mom glanced around and her eyes landed on Mrs. Tease. I saw Priscilla's mom look to her daughter, and Mom turned to her, as well. Priscilla was unconsciously nodding her head in agreement. My cock was also nodding in agreement, but nobody could tell with Mrs. Tease's and my mother's hands tugging on it back and forth.

"Alright, Cecilia. You need to pay close attention to what Priscilla's lesson will teach, because you two are virgins and that can make having someone as large as Bentley, for your first one, very painful if you don't do it right. You are aware of that, right?" Mom asked her daughter, but she also included Priscilla in her warning.

"I... I understand that, Mom. I will listen to your instructions."

"Good! Now, before we all start getting into our own pairs. Let's pay attention to Gina and Bentley. Then we'll have some idea of how to proceed with the Mistress-O-Matics' aid."

Mrs. Tease took over from there.

"Bentley, why don't you remove your shirt too so everyone can see. I'll try to get you ready with

my mouth."

I watched Priscilla's mother lean in and take the head of my cock in her mouth. I felt her tongue, wet and soft, push saliva around and over my aching gland, before I followed her suggestion. The shirt went over the back of the couch, and I was standing naked in the middle of our living room, surrounded by six women with my girlfriend's mother naked and sucking on my cock. Libbey soon stripped out of her clothes too and fiddled with strapping my mother's Mistress-O-Matic on.

Mrs. Tease wasn't bad at sucking cock, but she was having a little trouble keeping her teeth from scraping my coronal flair. The mother of my girlfriend took a few moments to get use to my size, then pushed herself deeper over my shaft. I rested my left hand on top of her head. It felt good and I pushed, with deeper strokes, into Mrs. Tease's mouth.

Regina Tease worked her jaw wide and finally brought her tongue into the action.

"OAUGHOOOH! That's good, Mrs. Tease."

I felt her mouth clamp tight around me and hum a protest. That felt good too, but I didn't miss her meaning. "AughH... I... mean, Gina."

Gina Tease came up, off of me. My hips pumped empty air with the sting of stimulation from a last scrape of teeth over my cock's flair.

"Okay, Bentley is... Wow!" Priscilla's mom stretched her jaw opened and worked it back and forth. "That's the biggest cock I've ever sucked. This is going to be something."

She said that last to herself, almost under her breath. With one last stretch of her mouth, she looked around.

"This is going to be especially important with a... penis like Bentley's. You want to be sure you're ready. Oral stimulation. Can save you a lot of pain."

Mrs. Tease said all this, kneeling naked in front of me with her hand stroking my cock and looking up as all the girls gathered around her. Two of them were wearing plastic green or blue strap-on cocks pointing at her from their crotches. Everyone had stripped. What a sight.

"Bentley, lay down on your back. You are so big, that I think it will be important that the girls start out on top until they get use to you. How practiced are you at oral sex?"

Mrs. Tease asked this last question as she moved to straddle my face. "I want you to do what you can to stimulate me with your tongue and draw more of my lubrication out of... UgHHhhaaa..."

I pulled her mature hips down to my face and went to work on her swollen neather lips. I wedged her labia minora open with the tip of my tongue and traced the point up to her clitoris. I didn't touch her clit directly at first. I pushed my tongue rigidly around to circle the inflamed nub a few times before I flattened my tongue directly over her ecstasy button. Then, I pushed on it hard.

"OoOHH! You are goOod at... THAT, already! AUugggg!!!"

I couldn't see, with my face buried between the beautiful woman's thighs, but I could picture my mother puffing up with pride.

"He has been practicing that with me and his sister. I have been teaching him what I can, but he really is a natural." said my mother.

"OHhhhOu! YeaESSS! Your WORK is... paying OFF! BENTLEY, STOP!"

I pulled my tongue from drilling her depths and relaxed my grip on the tops of her thighs.

Mrs. Tease fell forward, onto her hands above me and breathed.

"I was... getting... too close... to orgasm." She explained. I don't want to start too early or, I'm afraid I will be too sensitive to take that giant cock... ah... penis inside me."

She pushed herself back up and sat on my chest. Her pussy was so sexy. I could see her juices were really flowing.

"I was already ready before." She breathed deeply and exhaled. "I just wanted to take the girls through the right steps." She filled her lungs and let out another breath. "For their own education." She paused and looked back at my ready erection. "Okay. Everyone, pay attention. You will want to take it slowly at first, then let your natural feelings tell you where to go from there."

Mrs. Tease scooted backwards and positioned herself up above my groin. She reached between her legs and brought the head of my cock to her vagina.

"You should be able to tell that I am well lubricated and excited. You'll notice how erect and swollen my clitoris is." She dragged the head of my cock across her dark pink nexus of pleasure to show everyone. Her hips jerked and she expelled a quick puff of air from the sudden stimulation.

"You will feel like you are ready, when its your turn, and want to impale yourself on this thick hard rod and just start Ff... ah... bouncing. I caution you to take it slow at first. Especially if you are a virgin." and she looked at her daughter when she said that. "It's important to exercise self-control in the beginning."

I felt the soft, smooth glide of the middle-aged woman's labial lips part around the crown of my cockhead, as she levered my rock hard rod back into the entrance of her pussy. Her hips settled me into place at her entrance.

"OoHh! He is very thick." She said to no one in particular. "Take it slow. Give your body a chance to adjust. You want this first experience to, not just last, but be pleasurable instead of painful."

She started lowering herself over my iron cock while she talked. Her breathing got shorter and sharper until I was buried half inside her body.

"UuoOHAH! Give me a second guys." requested Priscilla's mother. She concentrated on sitting all the way down on my cock until she was fully filled. Her breathing grew heavy for a moment and she sat still, catching her breath, before she smiled up at everyone.

"Just take a minute to get use to it. This is not a race, so relax."

She was not as tight as Mrs. Cumming, but her pussy was clearly not as use to large cock's as Miss Crotchet's either. I had just been in my mother and that would be the closest comparison. But this situation was completely different. There is less frenzy and more premeditation. That effects the entire dynamics of sex.

I laid underneath Priscilla's mother and rested my hands on her naked hips while she settled down over my hard-on and tried to advise the watching high school girls on how to fuck a large cock. I felt her pussy clench around me as she lowered herself initially over me. Her pussy was very wet and ready, but she was tense and cautious. I could feel it in the way her cunt tightened, then tried

to relax and tighten again.

She started to relax a little after she made it fully over me so I flexed my cock hard inside her.

"Priscilla, you especially will... OaAUgH!"

Mrs. Tease snapped her eyes down to me and rose a few inches off of me when I did that.

"Ugh. Bentley, you are the biggest co... penis I have ever had in... UGHHA!!! Do you think you can stop doing that for a minute? I can't conCEAAHH..."

"I'm sorry Mrs. Tease... Gina. Your vagina feels too good." I said with all earnestness.

She had set herself back down on my hips and I felt her cunt clench from my compliment.

"What? What is he doing?" asked Libbey. She dropped to her knees beside Mrs. Tease and was staring at the junction where we were joined. I felt someone else push their fingers between my thighs and I cooperated by opening them wider. It was my mother. I would know her fingers wrapped around my balls anywhere.

Mrs. Tease answered Libbey. "The stimulation of our... joining, is making him pulse his erection. It feels even big... UOaOH! Bigger like that. That causes me to be distracted by the sudden stretch and stab of... pleasure inside me." Priscilla's mom looked down at me. "Bentley, try to relax and hold still for a moment. I wanted to say something to the girls. Okay?"

I nodded my head, looking up at this woman sitting astride my cock like it was the most normal thing in the world. "Yes... Gina. Sorry. You just feel so good."

She smiled at me, for that.

"Anyhow,... What was I saying?"

Priscilla reminded her. "You said it was especially important for me to take it slow and relax."

I struggled not to respond to the clenching around my hard member.

"Yes. Exactly!" Mrs. Tease replied.

She added nothing more and started a slow lift to about halfway up my cock before lowering herself experimentally back down again. She sat for a breath then repeated.

"You are doing well Bentley. I half expected you to go off by now." She said to me.

She fucked herself slowly up and down again. My cock throbbed with sensitive desire as it slid against the walls of this mature woman's cunt. I fought to hold still.

"See girls? Start with control or you'll regret it the next day." Priscilla's mother breathed. "I have to admit, Bentley's size feels much better than I expected. I think we are ready to pickup the place."

She looked back down at me, her hands braced to either side of my ribs. "Bentley, don't let me do all the work. Feel free to participate. A good lover should never be passive."

I nodded and squeezed her hips and pulsed my cock deep in her tunnel.

She started to move. Oh God! That feeling is never going to get old or bland. I could almost feel

the flair of my cockhead drag upward along the inside walls of her wet pussy when she lifted her hips. Then, when she rode me back down, I wanted to plunge into her forever. I pushed up to go deeper after she seated herself all the way back down. Her succulent tits bounced with both of our movements.

Mom had pulled her hand out, once Mrs. Tease started fucking herself on me, but I hadn't notice when from the intense sensations driving along my cock.

I gripped the smooth skin of the woman's wide hips and helped pick her up again. I drove into her, waiting for my entire shaft to come out of her and plunged my cock up into her while I dragged her down over me.

"AuHhOHH!!! Bentley!"

I fucked her up and down over me again.

"OWUeeewW! FFFUOGHHH!" she shouted incoherently.

Her head whipped back and that red hair blurred around her face.

"WwWHaUGHH! FuoUGGNN... Biiiigggggg!"

I fucked her again and again. Her legs lost their strength and her knees slipped against my hips, skidding and lifting as I pumped her up and down over my erection.

"OHh... MYEeeee... CUUUNnYAaahESsSsSs!"

Who was the passive participant now?

I took over completely and fucked her until I felt her pussy clamp hard around me and electrical contractions massaged my hard rod. She just arched her back, her tits thrust, bouncing, jumping up and down on her chest, while the top of her head bent back and I could feel her hair whip softly back and forth across my knees. Her mouth gaped and a piercing, high pitched keen emanated from her throat. Her legs twisted open wider until she was doing a full split over my hips. My own back arched up under her and came down and arched back up. I lifted her by her hips and kept her moving up and down, up and down, over my cock. The scream seemed to ascend the scales beyond human hearing and she was silent in her ecstacy, but she looked like she was giving voice to her soul as she strained to ride her orgasm over my huge, straining, cock.

When I felt her body soften and the tension start to fall out of her spine, I slowed my fucking and pulled her back up, forward, over, down to me. I stopped and let her just lay breathless on my chest. My cock was still a thick iron pipe holding her stretched out pussy wide around me.

I wrapped my arms around her and kissed the top of her head. She held her eyes closed and whispered to herself. I couldn't make out what she was saying. I heard the her call me 'Baby', I think.

"Mrs. Tease?" I stroked her hair. "Was that good?"

She giggled.

"Mom!" Priscilla knelt next to her mother and rested her hand on her back. "Are you okay? Did you have an orgasm?"

Priscilla's mother giggled even more.

"Mumm hummM! I sure did." the mother of my girlfriend said lazily.

Jessica slid a hand flat along the top of Mrs. Tease's right thigh, up to where her hips tilted against mine. "That was so great to watch. I can't wait for my turn to try it."

I felt fingers over my balls and exploring the exposed root where my rigid shaft disappeared into Mrs. Tease's stretched cunt. I could tell there was more than one set of fingers. I tried to glance down and I think it was Mom and Cecilia both feeling Mrs. Tease and me up.

Priscilla jumped in on top of Jessica's statement. "I'm ready, Mom. I am ready to let Bentley practice on me. I'm ready to lose my virginity."

I looked up and smiled at Priscilla. She had stripped, at some point, and her giant tits were swinging over my face. I reached up and caught them both between my hands. Her nipples were hard. My hands sank deep into their squishy sides. I reached my tongue out for the nearest nipple.

Priscilla adjusted her kneeling position and brought her lips to mine. I kept kneading her massive tits, rolling them back and forth in my palms. I met my gorgeous girlfriend's tongue and pumped my hips, pushing my cock in slow shallow strokes in and out of her mother.

"Oooo... gently... yYESssss... that feels... good." Whispered Regina Tease from where she lay beneath my chin.

Libbey was the one who said it. "Cool, Bentley's making out with his girlfriend while he's fucking her mother."

Everyone stopped to look at her.

She sat up in surprise. The green plastic cock she wore bobbed in front of her.

"Yeah, I guess I am." I said, and pulled Priscilla back down by the grip I had on her giant tits and pressed my lips to hers again, while I resumed stroking my cock gently in and out of her mother. No one interrupted again.

I was feeling so good. Mrs. Tease started clenching her vaginal muscles around me again and I thought I'd better move things along or Priscilla would start to resent her mother.

"Give your mother a kiss, then let her show you what to do." I instructed Priscilla.

I saw my mother smile at me. Priscilla pulled her tongue out of my mouth and turned down to her mother.

"Thank you, Mom, so much for this. I love you."

And, just as I hoped, Priscilla met her mother's lips in a soft kiss. Mrs. Tease levered herself up, my cock sliding deeper into her, and her mouth opened in a gasp into her daughter's mouth. I caught a glimpse of Priscilla's incredible tongue pass into her mother's mouth before their lips sealed tightly against each other.

Mrs. Tease didn't seem in a hurry to end the incestuous kiss, nor get off my hard cock.

A motherly hand slid over Priscilla's ribs and caught a fat, wobbling left breast. The slim, yoga practicing, fingers of her right hand squeezed the yielding flesh of her daughter's beautiful tits and found the hardened nipple capping its peak.

Mrs. Tease finally broke the kiss and slid slowly, carefully, up my shaft. Her other hand went out to brace against Priscilla's right thigh.

"You're sure you're ready?"

Priscilla's mom slid her right hand between her daughter's legs and teased her fingers into the juncture of Priscilla's thighs.

"Oh, yes you are." the older woman announced when her fingers slipped easily into Priscilla's vagina.

"Well, be grateful you don't have to worry about your hymen." the concerned mother advised.

"I don't have my hymen?" Priscilla asked her mother.

Mrs. Tease responded, "Well, I assumed, since I bought you a Mistress-O-Matic, that you didn't."

Priscilla's mother shifted her hand and reached deeper. "Oh my goodness, you still have your hymen. Haven't you been using your vibrator?"

"Yes, but only on the outside. I... I wanted to... I guess it's stupid, but... I wanted Bentley to take it."

"Darling!" her mother said. "That is a beautiful thought, but he is so big, you are not going to enjoy it. Maybe you shouldn't do this now. Bentley is too big to lose your virginity to him like that."

Mom looked at Priscilla with a wondrous look in her eyes. "Your mother is right. It is very romantic, but it will hurt too much. When I lost my virginity to a boy who didn't even notice, I cried from the pain and it took me almost a year before I had sex again."

Priscilla took her mother's place straddling my hips. She fixed a determined expression on her face. "I want to do this. No one else, not even a piece of plastic is going to be my first. I understand it will hurt the first time. I'll get over it."

Wow! That was humbling, as I lay, diamond hard, under the most beautiful girl in the world getting ready to give herself to me.

Both, her mother and my mother reached in between my girlfriend's spread thighs and grabbed the shaft of my hard-on. Gina from in front, Mom from behind. I saw a tear roll down Mrs. Tease's cheek. My own mother's eyes looked wet too.

"If you're sure?" both mothers said at the same time. They worked together to set the head of my erection against the entrance to Priscilla's pussy.

I can't believe how excited I was. I have been wanting to fuck Priscilla since the day I met her on the first day of school my freshman year. I hadn't even hit puberty then. Almost four years later and I'm about to be her first cock.

Her labia spread around me and she had to lift her hips up to fit me. Even though I was soaking wet from just fucking her mother, I felt her juices flow down, over my cock. She was ready. Her opening felt tight, even before I started to really enter her.

Priscilla looked at me and smiled. "I want to do this." she announced with finality.

I said, "I love you, Priscilla."

She dropped her body over my cock and cried out a screech of pain, but her pussy sheathed itself over me, and her hymen tore around my plunging head, and our two mothers were forced to take their hands away, and I was all the way in her. Priscilla threw her head back and yelled. I grabbed her hips and clamped her in place. I didn't let her move. Her massive tits bounced and shook. I tried to hold my vibrating cock as still as I could. That took an enormous effort.

She bent forward after a few seconds and I reached up and pulled her down to my chest. I kissed her. She kissed me back. I wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"I got you, Priscilla. I'm never letting you go."

She looked up at me. I concentrated on not flexing my cock inside her.

She whispered, "I'm afraid. You have so much experience now. What if I'm not good enough at sex for you?"

I heard a sniff. It was Mom. "Don't even think that, Priscilla. There's no one else, but you, good enough for Bentley."

Suddenly I had a pile of naked women surrounding Priscilla and me. My cock flexed. I think I felt a couple of hard, blunt, plastic objects push against my hips.

"UhHaughhHAA!" Priscilla groaned.

"You okay?" I asked Priscilla. "Do you want me to pull out?"

Priscilla clenched her pussy around me. "Don't you dare!" she said.

"AuUGHh Whoa!" I grunted. She was so tight. I had thought Mrs. Cumming was tight, like putting on a pair of shoes a half size too small. But, Priscilla felt at least two sizes too smaller around my cock.

I felt kisses on my cheeks. Both Mom and Mrs. Tease were laying against us on either side. Cecilia and Jess were draped over them. Libbey had climbed on top. She was so light, I only noticed when I looked up and saw her leaning over Priscilla. Where, I wondered, was she sticking her strap-on?

Priscilla kissed her mother on the lips and I watched a little tongue action for a couple of seconds before she turned and repeated the kiss with my mother.

Jess said, "I wish my boyfriend and I had had this when we first did it."

Libbey leaned down and said, "You guys are so lucky to have moms like yours."

Priscilla lifted her head from my chest and said, "Thanks guys. I love all of you. You're the best. I... I hate to stop laying here, but I think it's time. I'm ready to keep going."

I kissed her and helped her sit up. We went slowly. My cock felt blissful ecstacy as it rocked back into Priscilla's soft depths again. I gasped.

"Take your time, Darling." Mrs. Tease said.

I dropped my hands to Priscilla's thighs and caressed her smooth skin.

She breathed deeply. My heart and my cock pulse at watching that.

Priscilla smiled at me and slowly lifted her hips up an inch, then two, then three. She stopped and took another breath. I resisted reaching out for those magnificent tits.

She sat gently down again.

"UhHaaaa." she breathed out.

A half smile and she closed her eyes and lifted again.

Priscilla fucked herself over my cock for two more slow strokes. She opened her eyes again and looked at her mother. Everyone was watching in silent anticipation, unsure of what to expect.

"I think the stinging is going away. It actually feels amazing to be filled by Bentley's penis."

Both Priscilla's mother and my mother, stroked Priscilla's hair. Mrs. Tease said. "You're doing everything just right. Just, don't let yourself get carried away too early. Ride Bentley's erection another minute or so, just like you're doing. Your body was designed to do this, but the psychi sometimes needs more time."

Priscilla pumped slowly over my cock some more. I groaned with her tightness. The drag of her inner walls up and down over my cock felt like a massage with hot oil and hard hands. It was so good.

Priscilla picked up the pace and I moaned. It wasn't just the feeling of her tight pussy working my cock like the left hand of a guitar master on the neck of a tightly string guitar. The sight of Priscilla's giant tits was mouth watering. Her boobs started to swing and bounce with sensuous promise.

Normally, Priscilla's nipples turned ever so slightly upward and out, when she stood straight, but she hunched over me as she worked her hips up and down, her hands braced on my ribs. This caused her breasts to press together and those delicious nipples to turn down so they pointed straight at my mouth. They seemed to be telling me to open wide and they would fill me up.

I started to caress her thighs. Her pussy grabbed at me. That tunnel of love worked my hard staff with warm passion and I lost myself in the experience of my girlfriend's body for the first time. I felt like I was the one losing my virginity. I started moving my hips in time with hers.

"OAwHAAW! UghhH! OHHH yYEASssS!" One or both of us started voicing our passion.

My hands went to Priscilla's narrow, toned waist. Up and down, up and down, I pumped her, helping her ride my cock in longer strokes.

"AuGH... UGHHH... AWwhah... OOhH..."

She felt so good wrapped around me, like a heavy velvet blanket. I slid my hands up higher and caught her breasts. They were heavy, and soft, and warm, and smooth. Her hardened, erect nipples, surrounded by their rubbery, wrinkled areolae contrasted perfectly as their compliment against the palms of my hands. I squeezed her fat, full breasts and bent my fingertips into their peaks. Her flesh sank deeply, welling out around my fingers.

"UughH... FfffuuugG... UmmMNG... AHhhh..."
We kept fucking and I forgot completely that we were in the center of five other women.

I cupped Priscilla's giant, bouncing, tits and rocked and bounced them up and down while we fucked. My hands sank wonderfully into their soft, yielding, depths. Then I caught at her nipples and pulled gently against them.

"YeEEAHAww... UWEeeAH... GRRRR..." Priscilla got louder. I saw her mouth stretch wider with her ecstatic exclamations and I had to kiss her. I drove her, hard, down onto my cock, grabbed her around her waist and pulled her face to mine. I opened my mouth against her widely stretched lips and fell into her further than I would have imagined possible.

I was going to cum, but my spirit didn't want to finish. Priscilla and her body was my whole universe right then. I entangled my body in hers and fucked. The Cosmos fell in upon itself around the two of us at its center.

Her tongue felt no different from my tongue in my mouth, in her mouth, in our mouth. Her tongue was mine and my tongue was hers. The intense gravity of our passionate joining pulled everything in existence in upon us. My hips pounded. Her legs locked around me. My cock hammered back and forth. Her hips thrust against my loins over and over. The pressure from the Universe's collapse around us, built higher and higher. We fucked and the increasing pressure threw us closer. We spun together in a wild orbit around each other, our attraction to the other inexorable. We collided; we felt so dense that it was impossible to maintain our dimensions. We started to collapse, right along with the Universe.

Just as it seemed we'd lose ourselves completely; become a single dimensionless point...

We exploded!

My being poured into my cock.

I poured into Priscilla.

"RAWWWWWWW!!! AW... AW... AW... AWWWEEEEE!!!"

My cock swelled with the Big Bang of cumming back into existence again. The substance of the Cosmos spewed forth into the womb of the Universe and, after our vocal chords expanded to their maximum dimensions, our energy began to disapate and our expansion slowed; our World woke up.

I opened my eyes and found myself laying on top of Priscilla. My naked hips rested between her spread thighs. Her arms and legs were wrapped around me as tightly as her cunt was wrapped around my cock. I could feel the gentle ooze of semen leaking its last drops into the most amazing woman I have or will ever know.

I started to laugh, while tears spilled from my eyes.

"I love you Priscilla. You are the most incredible girl in the world." I did not expect to feel like this just from fucking Priscilla. Nothing like this feeling consumed me when I fucked anyone else. I would have done anything for the girl that lay gasping and crying beneath me.

She tightened her arms and lifted up to glue her mouth to mine. She kissed me deeply, her tongue swept through my mouth before she pulled back and locked her green watering eyes to mine.

"I love you too, Bentley. That was the most amazing experience I've ever had. I don't ever want to stop."

We heard more crying and looked over to see both my mother and Priscilla's mother in tears. My

sister wiped her own eyes and everyone fell, as one, upon us.

"That was the most beautiful thing I've ever witnessed. You two belong together." said Mrs. Tease. "I am so grateful to have been part of this."

Mrs. Tease stretched her hand out to my mother, on the other side of us and said, "I can't thank you enough for calling me and including me in this."

My mother and Priscilla's mother reached across my back and hugged each other. I think I heard the moist sounds of their kissing too.

I kissed Priscilla some more.

We didn't do much more that evening. I was truly spent and Priscilla and I couldn't leave each other's side, or arms, or lips, the whole rest of the evening until Priscilla and her mother had to go home. I think even Libbey forgot about the dildo she wore until she redressed to go home.

The next morning, in school, I fucked Coach Clidduris, but that's not what I remember that day for.

Chapter 17

Ad Window - Chapter 17
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

"Order! Order in the court!" shouted the judge. Her generous bust was nicely displayed between the deep and opened lapels of her judicial robes. They bounced heavily with the swinging of her gavel on the sound block.

"Mr. Limp. Please refrain from making inflammatory accusations. You are leading the witness and inciting outrage without offering any reasonable arguments. I'm surprised your opponent hasn't objected before now." The judge looked at Ms. Pulltrain to give her a chance to respond.

The pretty, young, female prosecutor, Ms. Pulltrain, stood up on cue from the judge, her busty cleavage jiggled boldly. The tops of her bare thighs dented against the table edge, the hem of her tiny skirt stretched tight across her shapely hips, just above the exposed thigh gap. She leaned forward slightly, causing the back of her skirt to slide over the shapely curve of her round ass cheeks. She rested her knuckles on the table. Her upper arms squeeze her generous breasts out of her open lapels until the aureoli of her large diameter nipples threatened to pop fully into view.

"I thought Mr. Limp's impotent hyperbolic statements were so transparently an appeal to emotion, that it was best to just let him plunge deeper into his hole before I objected, your honor. I want to show..."

The prosecutor was dressed in a micro-mini skirt and semi-transparent blouse. Her generous breasts jiggled, but were held up by an undersized little shelf-bra, visible through the sheer material of her light blouse, and didn't come anywhere near covering her erect nipples or their surrounding coral colored halos of pebbly skin.

The defendant's attorney stood, to defend his actions, interrupting his opponent. he had a small, but noticeable erection in his trousers.

"Your honor, if I may. I was, in fact, using an appeal to emotion as an example of the climate under which my client was unduly influenced by an environment of fake news; news that centered around the elections. His alleged voter fraud was a defense against the belief that the ballot system had been tampered with and he was only trying to offset what he perceived as unfair cheating by the other party."

The pair of half naked breasts bounced more as the gavel banged again. "Mr. Limp, if you interrupt again, I will have you held in contempt. Please wait your turn, which means allowing your opponent, as well as me, to finish what we are saying."

"Yes, of course, your honor."

"Stay tuned. Hard Law will return in a moment." announced the serious male voice over the frozen scene of the courtroom.

There were six new commercial spots that played along with several older ones, for the audience of Hard Law. They were designed to enhance and more deeply embed the acceptance of the nude teaching culture, and that of showing off more skin, and accept family sex as common and

reasonable. One of my favorites was an ad I created for the Bord Motor Corp's four-door short bed pickup truck, part of the Milford pickup line of AWD full cab trucks.

A woman in her middle years pulls up to pick her kids up from school. Two teenage sons and a teenage daughter, all older teens. They are wearing school uniforms. The white tops are very thin and their skin tones can be made out underneath. The boys both look handsome and muscular, the girl has nice, full, firm teenage breasts. Her nipples are visible through the gauzy fabric. She shows off her freely bouncing breasts, even more, by leaving the blouse unbuttoned to her flat stomach and inney belly button. The plaid skirt leaves a tiny slice of round, tight, ass cheek below the high hem. Her socks come up over her knees, leaving her muscular thighs bare, and she is in three inch, black and white saddle patterned heels.

The mother, in a sheer mini-dress that displays her fit body even better than her daughter's tiny uniform, gets out of the driver's seat, her long bare legs stretch for the ground and four inch black heels. A brief flash of bald labia lets it be known she is without panties.

She says to her youngest, "Hop in. Your driver's test is next week, so I want you to get as much experience as you can. The Milford pickup line of family trucks is perfect to learn on."

The boy gets into the driver's seat and Mom tells her daughter to get in the front passenger seat. They all load up and Mom says, "Bord Motor Corp. didn't put heavy duty, 'Comfort-Click' seat belts in just because they look good, so buckle up."

The click of seat belts choruses from the vehicle.

"Now, you are in the safest vehicle on the road. The Milford is tall, so you should have great visibility. You can see and you will be seen. Who doesn't love to be seen?"

The camera pans for a moment to the back seat where the mom is wearing a stunningly sexy outfit, then to the front seat to admire all the skin the daughter is showing off.

The driver puts his hands on the wheel and adjusts the rear view mirror to spy on his mother's fabulous tits.

"Now's not the time to let yourself get distracted, son. Adjust those mirrors properly and look before you pull out into traffick." the mother chastises with a pleased chuckle.

The Milford truck's blinkers come on and the vehicle pulls out onto the road.

"That was so smooth, son. Thanks to the precision steering system and heavy duty suspension system as well as ride smoothing qualities of the patented Dynamic Track Steering. You're doing a great job. I feel very safe with the passenger and driver-side airbags too."

The truck pulls to a stop at a light and signals for a turn onto the highway.

"Very good. With the on-demand all-wheel-drive and cruise control, you can maneuver with confidence on or off the highway. Did you know the Milford pickup line of trucks are the best selling trucks in their class? They really are built tough."

The truck with the mother and her three teenagers heads down the highway.

"Now concentrate because your sister is going to try and distract you. The comfortable all leather bucket seats makes it easy to lose yourself in the sensuous feeling of driving..."

The boy's sister smiles and peels her uniform blouse off just before the head of the happy teenage

girl in the front passenger seat drops into the boy's lap. The sound of a zipper and the satisfying gasp of a teenage boy fills the cab.

Mom comments, "You can thank Bord Motor Corp. for that ride smoothing dynamic track steering too."

The truck continues rolling smoothly down the road even while the driver moans in pleasure and a muffled, wet, giggle leaves his sister.

In the rear window, as the truck proceeds down the road away from the camera, the mother and older son are sitting side by side in the back seat until the mom ducks her own head down into the older boy's lap too. The sound of another zipper and satisfied groan of the older brother follows his mother's last comment. "This Milford AWD truck gives me peace of mind, so I can relax and enjoy attending to all my childrens' needs, guilt and worry free." The oldest son's head tilts back against the rear cab window.

Wet sounds of cock sucking precede the tag line, "BORD MOTOR CORPORATION. WE WANT YOU TO FEEL THE LOVE."

Since taking Priscilla's virginity, I spent half the night chatting with her online. We arranged for her to pick me up for a ride to school in the morning. Mom and Cecilia would get to leave a little later, because they didn't have to get a workout in first thing.

So, early the next morning, that Monday, Priscilla pulled up in her cute little lipstick pink G-Spot and we rode together to school. Priscilla was, as usual, in her intrepid school uniform that clung heroically to her massive and freely jiggling chest. She had her hair back in her two long pigtails, but she no longer wore her glasses. I kind of missed them. They made her unique among the school's most beautiful girls.

The first thing I did after giving my new girlfriend a long deep spine arching tongue hug, was to pull her blouse opened and feel those succulent melons of bliss. She smiled at my focused attention for her big, beautiful, boobs. I bent and drew the nearest nipple into my mouth.

"Oh WOW! That went straight to my clit."

I sat up and buckled in. Priscilla pulled out and drove us to school. I finger fucked her while she drove. At a stop light, I bent down under the steering wheel and wedged her naked thighs apart and worked my tongue into her slit and over her budding red clitoris.

Priscilla gasped in pleasure and after a while I realized this was the longest light in history. Ha ha ha. It's a good thing it was 4:30 in the morning or people would be leaning on their horns like crazy. Priscilla had let the light go through two full cycles by the time I sat up to see what was happening with the light.

"Oh God!" Priscilla gasped with her head back and her eyes closed. The lights were green and a car just pulled up to the intersection on the road to our right. It was a cop car. The light immediately changed to red and he drove through without stopping to see what was up with the car sitting through the lights. He must not have seen us before his light changed to green. Whew!

We made it to school, but Priscilla's driving was a little shaky with my tongue glued to her clit the rest of the way. I took a quick break from clit sucking to do a little nipple sucking, once in a while.

Coach Clidduris had given Priscilla a key to the locker rooms and the weight room, so we were

already stretching out in the nude when Coach came in and began to undress.

"Good morning." Coach greeted us. "You guys are getting an early start."

"Good morning Coach." Priscilla and I answered back.

I was mounted above Priscilla, helping her do a hamstring stretch. She was on her back and I knelt over her right thigh while stretching her left thigh up and back, trying to touch her knee to her shoulder. This put me in a perfect position to fit the head of my cock between her stretched opened labial lips. I was buried an inch past my cockhead into Priscilla when Coach Clidduris walked in. I'd pulled out, at the opening of the door, but I decided we might be able to get away with fucking each other, because Coach already knew about Priscilla practicing oral sex on me with my mother. Coach, Priscilla, and Miss Crotchet all did that for me at either the beginning or the end of our workouts. Now that Priscilla was officially declared my girlfriend and taking lessons in sexual intercourse from my mother, I was sure our fucking in the weight room before school wasn't going to seem so egregious an activity.

I released Priscilla's left leg and shifted so I was between both of my girlfriend's thighs and lifted her right leg, the one closest to our stripping coach, and opened Priscilla up to Coach's view. My hard cock pulsed over the space above Priscilla's spreading labia.

I leaned forward against the back of Priscilla's thigh and responded, "Yeah, Priscilla and I have decided to carpool, since we are now, officially date..."

The door opened again, just as the head of my cock parted Priscilla's already wet and engorged pussy lips. I didn't back out, this time.

"Good morning, Miss Crotchet. I greeted the older teacher, drawing her attention, purposely to Priscilla and me. I pushed several inches of my cock into Priscilla while our English teaching partner turned to greet us in return.

"Oh, good morning Bentley, Priscil... um... Priscilla."

Priscilla arched her back, pushing her hips against me when I slid more than halfway into her. I didn't want to seat myself all the way in, because the image of my cock thrusting into my partner's pussy might not come through as well.

Priscilla gasped out a breathy "good morning... Uohh." in return.

"That looks like an effective stretch. When you're done with Priscilla, I would like you to do that to me... for me too. You think you'll still be up for that, Bentley?"

Priscilla groaned loudly and I sank all the way into her, pushing her right knee down against her shoulder. I had to shift over and sit on Priscilla's inner left thigh to keep it from raising up. This actually improved my angle, when Priscilla's hips tilted sideways, for sliding my cock into her.

"Yeah, sure Miss Crotchet. I'd be happy to. Coach." I turned to her as she stared.

I waited for Coach Clidduris to blink back into the present.

"Do you want me to stretch your... hamstrings for you? Priscilla and I were planning on doing legs today."

"Oh... ahhh... Leg Day. Yeah sure. It's been a few days, so... um... okay."

I bounced Priscilla's knee against her shoulder lightly, then let it come back and my nine and a half inches slid reluctantly out of her.

I switched legs again, very blatantly aimed my cock for Priscilla's wet pussy, and drove into her.

"UuoOHAH!!!" Priscilla groaned. She let me sink my cock into her without protest. In fact, her hips tilted up to meet me.

Miss Crotchet tapped Coach Clidduris on the arm. Come on. I'm next. Help me out of these stockings, will you please?"

Coach Clidduris turned to look at the ever slimmer teacher with the giant tits, and closed her hanging open mouth. "What?"

Miss Crotchet said, "It's leg day. I need to stretch and Bentley said he'd be happy to get between my legs and spread them for me like he's doing for Priscilla."

Miss Crotchet looked at the slightly stunned expression of our coach, then at me and Priscilla, where I was very openly fucking my sexy new girlfriend, and Priscilla was getting a little louder in her groaning. Miss Crotchet winked at me, then turned to the naked female coach. Miss Crotchet took a seat and helped Coach Clidduris unclip her stockings from the corset pinching Miss Crotchet's waist in severely.

"You were here first. I'm being rude jumping in front of you. Don't let me... Oh, thank you. The other stocking, please?"

Miss Crotchet sat back on the weight bench and raised her other leg up for the coach to unclip and roll the second stocking down and off her leg.

Wow! I watched, all the while straddling Priscilla's left leg and fucking my cock slowly in and out of that tight cock glove of hers. Miss Crotchet was really slimming down. Her legs looked incredible for a woman who was almost sixty; maybe she was sixty already, I would have to find out when her birthday is. These workouts and the diet she'd been sticking to, had really changed her completely.

"Bentley, don't spend yourself just in... on Priscilla. We both want your big long... ah... strong hands to spread... stretch us open too.

"If that's alright with you, Priscilla?" Miss Crotchet caught Priscilla with her question, just when I sank a long full thrust into my girlfriend, and I pinned her knee all the way back against her shoulder.

Priscilla arched her head back and opened her luscious mouth wide in a deep groan. "AuUGHh YESSSS! OHHH..."

"Excellent. You look well stretched out. I'll wait my turn. Bentley should do Rosy... ah... Coach, before he expels all his... energy."

I slid out of Priscilla and let her leg come back down. She was drooling between those muscular teen thighs.

Miss Crotchet, wearing nothing but the collar she has made a standard part of her wardrobe, led the younger woman to the mat next to Priscilla and helped her lay down on her back.

I bent over and kissed my girlfriend. I love that tongue of hers. "I'm thinking this is going to be

the best workout we've had all year." Priscilla giggled. "Too bad I left the camera at home today."

I rolled off of Priscilla and my wet and slippery erection bounced against Coach's naked hip. I staddled her left thigh and caressed the young coach's right quads up to her hip. "Relax Coach. Priscilla's mother and my mother have just started teaching us about sexual intercourse, so I'm trying to learn still."

I moved my hand over my coach's denuded pubic mound.

"Priscilla and I need all the practice we can get. So, thanks for the help."

I traced my thumb down the center of Coach Clidduris's labial lips. They flexed open as my thumb moves over them.

Coach moaned softly. "Uhuummm... I... uhhh... yeahhhh... Please, just go slow. I... I've only had my high school boyfriend and... um... my college... boy... um... fiancé."

Shit! Fiancé?

"... and, neither are more than, five or six inches." she told me.

Coach held her head up, her eyes stayed locked onto my pulsing, wet, erection hovering over her bald pudenda, while she spoke.

I pushed my thumb inside her. She was growing damp and her vagina clenched around the end of my thumb.

I asked seriously, as I gently worked my thumb in and out of the entrance to her pussy. "You want to help? I love our workouts together and helping you learn deepthroat, but you don't have to help me practice this. I have other teachers who will help, if you don't want to."

Coach Clidduris never moved her gaze from my jutting cock. "No Bentley, I'm... I'm happy to help you and Priscilla. In fact... um... I have to be truthful, like the new lesson outlines emphasize; I've been interested in... um... knowing what your... um... co... co... penis would feel like inside me. I get real pleasure myself. I want to do this."

Priscilla, bless her beautiful heart, leaned in and gave Coach Clidduris a hug. Her huge naked breasts squishing against the side of Coach's cheek. "Oh my God, Coach. I just lost my virginity to Bentley and that magnificent cock of his, last night."

I could hardly believe Priscilla used the word "cock".

"It hurt at first, but he was so gentle, his cock felt incredible inside me. If it felt that good for me, and I was a virgin, you will love it. My mom and Bentley's mom really appreciate everything the teacher's and staff at school have been doing to help. I'm glad Bentley has people like you to teach him."

The media, by this time, was filled with the subject of teacher's fucking their students as part of a normal, healthy, education. The coaches in Coach Clidduris's sports magazines and on the news made constant references to, and showed, sex between high school athletes and their coaches. Coach Clidduris had no hesitation around stripping and sucking my cock, or even letting me or Priscilla eat her out. I'd even heard she'd sucked off a number of her star players, both girls and boys. She showered with the boys, and treated these things, just like all my other amazing teachers, as part of the curriculum. Even Priscilla wasn't incline to be jealous of the adults who were having sex with me. This was all due to the messages relayed constantly through my ad campaign. There

was just real concern, by Coach Clidduris about taking my oversized cock inside her pussy.

"This is why I need to fuck you." I told my coach. I was levering my cock down to seat the head into her entrance. "Sorry, have sex with you."

Coach waved her hand dismissively, but I was briefly distracted by the big smile that stretched across Miss Crotchet's slimming face. I noted she no longer had a double chin and her dog collar looked loose.

I explained myself. "I need someone to instruct me. I need you telling me when to stop, when to go, how fast to... ah... er... fuck you, or to slowdown. You're my coach. Coach me and I will follow your instructions, because I want to be as good at this as you can make me."

Coach arched, craning her neck back, lifting her shoulders off the mat and gave a silent gasp, because I had pressed the wide, flared head of my cock between her pussy lips while I talked.

I stopped, holding the entire head of my cock and about two inches of shaft inside her neather lips. "Are you okay, Coach? Tell me when you want more."

I purposely made the assumption that she was going to want more, and didn't offer to back out.

"OHHhh... Bentley, that feels.... More! Go slow, but you can... give me more."

I felt the slick, warm, tight, muscular envelope of Coach Clidduris's cunt surround me. Another half inch, another. I don't know if it was her limited experience with smaller cocks or the pelvic floor exercises Miss Crotchet led us through four days a week, but Coach, Rosy, was fucking tight. Not Priscilla tight, but the next tightest pussy I'd slid my cock into. She was on a par with Mrs. Cumming. I pushed another half an inch into her.

"AuUGHhhhh!" Coach gasped huskily when I was half way in, almost five inches of thick, engorged cock was inside her. "Stop Bentley!"

Only three inches to go.

Miss Crotchet moved to Coach's opposite side from Priscilla. "Stimulate her, Priscilla. Take a nipple and suck."

The larger, older teacher captured a full jiggling tit firmly in her hand and bent down to purse her lips over Coach Clidduris's erect nipple, to demonstrate. Priscilla followed the English teacher's example.

"AWeahh... that's goOod." Coach groaned and arched her hips up, taking another inch of me into her.

"DO IT Bentley!" she cried.

I hesitated. "It", what exactly did...

"FUCK ME! Do it NOW!"

Oh yeah, of course.

I drove into my sexy young coach those last two inches and scooted her ass almost a foot across the mat.

"AWwWHOUGHH!"

I pulled out and plunged back in. Both Priscilla and Miss Crotchet had to dive forward to recapture the nipples that had been popped from their suctioning lips.

"UuoOHAH!"

I fucked my hips against my coach again. Her cunt felt incredible.

"AM... I... DOoo iNG... IT... HOW... YOU... WANT... IT? UhHaughhHAA... UghhH... Ugh..."

I fucked my cock in deep, long, firm, strokes because it felt like her body was reacting to my thrusts with intense pleasure. Her vaginal canal opened to receive my cock and closed, in tight contractions around its girth, with every withdraw. Her hips rocked up to meet me and her thighs, lost from my grip, wrapped around my pistoning hips to keep me from pulling out. I felt her fingers dig into my back and her nails, short though they were, scratched into my bare back, just below my shoulder blades, and felt like they wanted me to pump even deeper into her.

"AUGGGGUAHHH... Bentley, you... you're... YOU... ARE... DO... DO... OHHH... YOU... ARE... DOING... MEEEEE..." Her voice raised another octave, "JUST... RIGHT... OH! YOUR... COCK... FEELS... SO... GOoOD!"

Coach Clidduris was not an inactive participant. She fucked back at me as hard as I fucked into her. Priscilla and Miss Crotchet both gave up on sucking Coach's nipples and contented themselves with squeezing and kneading her full, dancing breasts and pulling on those hard, dark pink, buds with their fingers. Priscilla matched Miss Crotchet's strong tugs and vice-like grip. It wasn't long before they gave up on that and I glanced up to see the bustiest teacher in school, locked into a tit sucking 69 with the bustiest student in school.

My mind was centered on the feelings engulfing my pumping cock, but I was only inches away from the sight of the my young redhead girlfriend's and the older mature teacher's huge, full tits being stretched and abused by their captured nipples from groping hands, sucking lips and biting teeth. I was getting close.

I felt my cock swell even bigger and Coach cried out.

"Oh GOD! It's... even... bigger... then... BEFORE!" Her whole body arched up, lifting my nearly one hundred and ninty pounds off the floor. "HARDER... Bentley! GO... deeper!"

I grabbed at Coach's hips in an iron grip. Her nails stung, raking down my back to the top of my thrusting ass. Her own ass lifted high and I straightened up, onto my knees, and held her hips in the air before me. I held her rigid and fucked into her. Her tits swelled and bulged up nearly to her chin. Priscilla and Miss Crotchet returned to play with Coach's bouncing breasts. They dragged their fingers over those juicy, jiggly globes, and tugged Coach's nipples towards her opened lips.

"AUggggGGGGuuuUAHHH! I'm... CLOSE... COACH!" I gunted out.

"Bentley! CUM! I'm... cum... CUMMMINGGGGGG! FUOUGGK... UuAuGgGhHHHH!!!"

I was kneeling upright, pumping my cock into my Coach, and on the edge of exploding my cum inside her when her cunt clamped down harder than ever and Coach drove her hips onto my cock like she was trying to eat it with her pussy. Her tight, flat stomach tensed and her individual abdominals popped out in bold relief before she did a midair situp, her hips held by my hands and my impaling cock. She dragged her bouncing tits out of Miss Crotchet's and Priscilla's hands, grabbed my trapezoids on either side of my neck and started fucking herself up and down, up and down, on my cock, like a mad woman.

"UhHaughhHAA FuuUUCK... I'm CUMMING!" I shouted.

My cock blew up.

Coach Clidduris bounced frantically up and down on my pole. I spread my knees wide to keep my stance and her full tits, their deep red and pink nipples standing out longer and angrier than I'd ever seen them, dragged up and down over my face. Her breasts, beat against my chin as she lifted herself up on my cock and smashed against my forehead as she slammed herself back down over my hard, spewing erection again and again and again.

Semen rushed into my coach's depths. My sperm filled her, my cock was like a cannon's ram, driving, pounding the powder down the muzzle and into the breach. I ejaculated more. Then I fell backwards and Coach rode me down until she sat, straddling my hips, my cock buried fully inside her cunt and she braced herself, breathless, against my chest. Her pussy squeezed and my cock answered with a last small load of cum.

Coach's short hair hung damp around her face. Her eyes slowly opened and she looked at me, laying below her. She took another deep breath and her pussy squeezed me again. I didn't respond, but I didn't go soft, either.

"Bentley." She took a moment to catch her breath a little more. "Bentley, you are... doing well... but... I think... you're going to... need... much more practice." I saw it in her eyes. The clench of her pussy around my cock was not autonomic. She squeezed me with her pussy very intentionally, that last time.

"Ha ha ha, I think you're right, Coach." I answered.

"WOW!" Priscilla declared. "Coach, that was amazing. Even I want to fuck you, after watching that. I'm learning a lot."

Coach chuckled, "It's easy when you have good material to work with."

Miss Crotchet said, "I couldn't agree more. Priscilla's comment has got me thinking though. Just a second." and the increasingly sexy, giant titted, mature English teacher went over to her bag and pulled out that large dildo, I'd used on her before. She bent back into her bag and came out with a set of straps. That realistic fake cock was also a strap-on!

"Here Priscilla, put this on please."

Priscilla reached automatically for the offered items. They were not unfamiliar concepts to her. Priscilla had even fucked my mother with the Mistress-O-Matic before, and Jessica a couple of times, while Libbey or my sister were taking their turns with my cock down their throats.

Coach was still sitting astride my hips and I still hadn't started to go soft. There was a small movement, back and forth, of Coach's hips, starting up again. She was watching Priscilla strap herself into that big, realistic, rubber, cock.

Miss Crotchet directed, "Okay Rosy, if you want to continue your... um... lesson, with Priscilla, she's ready."

Miss Crotchet playfully tugged on the jutting fake cock standing out from Priscilla's hips and the thing started to buzz.

"Oh!? Wow! This thing feels amazing." declared Priscilla.

Miss Crotchet smiled, "Wait 'til you actually use it. If Rosy isn't ready to keep teaching, I'll be happy to step up, so to speak. This device can give a real strenuous workout, in its own way."

My cock slapped wetly up my stomach, splattering my milky semen across my abdominals, when Coach stood. "Sure, I can continue the lesson with you, Priscilla."

My cock felt cold and abandoned. I watched my sexy coach position herself under my girlfriend, as the sexy redhead was getting ready to fuck her naked coach with a realistic strap-on cock. I still thought that thing looked uncannily like my cock. I wanted in. I just came, but the whole situation was so exciting and stimulating that I wasn't even close to being done. I was getting the feeling there wouldn't be much weight lifting happening this morning.

I looked away from the scene when I felt the warmth of Miss Crotchet's mouth engulf me.

"OUWGHH AHhh!"

She had really changed from the beginning of the year. Miss Crotchet had lost an enormous amount of weight in the last few months and the regular morning exercises have tightened and toned her body, where simply dieting would have left her skin loose and wrinkled and covered in stretch marks. Granted, she still had a little of all of that. She was around sixty years old, but she looked dammed good for a sixty-year-old woman who'd lost about a hundred and fifty pounds.

And, God DAMN! Could she suck cock.

She was on hands and knees over me while I was still laying on the exercise mat. She was bobbing up and down in full length, throat filling, strokes. My submissive teacher plunged all the way down until my hips stopped her lips from descending any farther. I could feel her tongue stroke me from head to balls and back, then she lifted up until just my tip was clamped between her lips. I reached out and sank my fingers into the deeply yielding flesh of one of her enormous breasts. Those massive pendulous melons hung heavy and very full beneath her as she knelt over me and deeply engulfed my whole cock again and again.

Miss Crotchet's amazing, fat, heavy, hanging tits were an eighth wonder of the world. I hefted and swung them back and forth. I squeezed and furrowed my fingers deep into their soft flesh. I found her peaked, thick, rubbery, nipples and pulled. I twisted them and clamped them hard.

Miss Crotchet hummed around my cock when I started to abuse those buds of sexual nexus. I felt the vibrations of her throat along the length of my cock, like a Magic Fingers Massage bed. Then, she took a break from slotting me down her thoat to lick at my abs and clean up all the sperm that had dripped from my cock and Coach Clidduris's vagina.

"UuoOHAH!" Coach Clidduris grunted and I looked over and watched Priscilla's wide muscular teenage ass sink between her coach's up raised legs.

I leaned in to Miss Crotchet, who had worked her tongue up my stomach to my left pectoral and was tracing a path around my small nipple. I said, in a commanding but quiet tone, "Go hang your tits in Coach's face and suck on Priscilla's nipples."

"As you wish, Master." She said back to me.

You know, my cock pulsed when she called me Master, but at the same time, I didn't really like hearing it. It made me self-conscious and feel a little skeevy, if you know what I mean.

On the other hand, Miss Crotchet crawled over to where Coach Clidduris was getting slowly fucked with a large vibrating dildo by her female student, and the English teacher did exactly what

I told her to do. The very mature woman positioned herself over Coach Clidduris so one massive, mature, tit hung over the young coach's face and guided a thick, hard, nipple between the coach's opened lips. Then she leaned her own face towards Priscilla's bouncing and jiggling oversized boobs, and latched her lips over Priscilla's right nipple.

Coach's face practically disappeared beneath the jello-ey flesh of an enormous breast. Priscilla gasped with the oral pull on her own nipple and sped up her careful hip thrusts into her coach's pussy.

They continued fucking and sucking without missing a beat. I rolled up to my feet and walked around to stand with my erection jutting out over Miss Crotchet's big ass. I gave that ass a swat.

"MmMOOmgh!"

Priscilla groaned, "AUWGHHH!" Her hips stabbed hard into Coach.

Miss Crotchet ground her teeth at the bite to her nipple.

Ha ha ha. Like domino's. I swatted that big naked ass again.

Miss Crotchet jerked against Priscilla. Priscilla stabbed harder into her coach. They each groaned one after the other.

I knelt down, behind Miss Crotchet and jammed my cock straight into Miss Crotchet's cunt from behind. Another round of groans filled the weight room, starting with my own.

From my kneeling position behind my English teacher, I could see her giant, fat, right tit, dragged backwards as she rocked forward against Priscilla's chest, from my thrust. Coach Clidduris was biting Miss Crotchet's nipple and holding on. I drilled into the wide, mature hips to my full length, and began to fuck Miss Crotchet.

Miss Crotchet may not have been as tight as a number of other teachers I've fucked, but those pelvic floor exercises have really paid off. I felt every inch of the inner walls of her vagina slide along my still turgid, hyper aroused shaft as I fucked her.

Miss Crotchet had reached that condition where she was just a little heavy still. Her hips and thighs were thick and softly rounded, her stomach hung just enough that every stroke of my cock sent her soft flesh into a rolling dance of sensuous ripples and tiny jiggled. I loved it. I started jabbing my cock into her, just to watch her body quiver in sexy waves of mature womanly flesh.

Priscilla began fucking her coach faster and reached up to cup the back of Miss Crotchet's head. She quickly shifted her grip however, to hold the teacher by the D-ring of that dog collar, to keep her tighter to Priscilla's large breast. Everyone was getting into the sex. There was no attempt to act like we were doing anything but fucking each other for the shear decadent pleasure of having sex. I pulled out of Miss Crotchet, after a couple of minutes, and moved her over from on top of Coach Clidduris. I cupped the massive breast that was clamped by coach's teeth to her face and wrenched the nipple out of her mouth. Both Miss Crotchet and Coach Clidduris spasmed in pleasure.

I gawked for a few moments, my fingers sink deeply into the giant mound of tit, watching Coach Clidduris's lean, tight body shake in rigidity. Her eyelids fluttered and I could see her eyes rolled up into the top of her head. She was orgasming again. Priscilla didn't pause in her fucking of that big rubber cock in and out of the young coach.

When Miss Crotchet looked back at me, pulling away from Priscilla's nipples and Coach relaxed

her climaxing body a bit, I told Miss Crotchet, "Feed my cock into Rosy's mouth."

Miss Crotchet moved quickly to follow my order and had my shaft in hand, guiding it down into our coach's opened mouth.

Coach didn't even open her eyes. She groaned the last tendril of climactic tension from her body and stretched her lips around my cockhead. She started working her mouth over me while Priscilla yanked Miss Crotchet, by that D-ring, back to her engorged breast and blood red nipple, and continued to piston in and out of Rosy Clidduris's pussy.

Coach's tongue went on a journey of exploration along my pulsing shaft. I let her get me wet and move her mouth deeper and deeper over my cock.

"AhUhuoggg!" It felt so good. Coach was rocking back and forth over my organ from Priscilla pumping her hips against her coach's stretched cunt.

I tugged on Miss Crotchet's nearest nipple to pull her head away from Priscilla for a second. I leaned in to the side of her head.

"Make Priscilla cum!" I said quietly into the mature English teacher's ear.

My cock slid all the way down Coach Clidduris's throat. Miss Crotchet moved around behind the two copulating women and got down on her back. Priscilla had to pause with her strap-on half buried in Rosy Clidduris's pussy while the older English teacher wedged her head between Priscilla's knees. I could see, with my own cock buried between Coach's wide lips, Miss Crotchet move her mouth up to the junction between Priscilla's legs.

Priscilla vibrated when her English teacher pushed her tongue up behind the buzzing pubic plate of the strap-on and started lapping over Priscilla's labial lips that were being squeezed and framed by the leg straps. Priscilla fell forward, stabbing her electric rubber cock all the way into Coach Clidduris's pussy. My pubic bone made hard contact with Coach's lips.

"OhHAuH!!!" Priscilla and I were both groaning. We were the only two who's mouths weren't occupied. I leaned towards my girlfriend to change that situation.

I cupped the back of Coach Clidduris's head and rocked my hips back and forth, feeding my cock in and out of Coach's mouth while Priscilla dragged her pussy over Miss Crotchet's sucking, licking, lips and tongue, over and over. Priscilla opened her mouth against mine and pulled her long tongue in between my lips to roll around with my tongue. She stabbed her false cock between Coach's spread thighs, again and again uninterupted. I felt Priscilla's breathing catch, then increase. Her hips pumped harder between Coach's naked thighs. Her tongue stabbed at the top of my throat.

I reached my free hand out and caught Priscilla's big, bouncing, swinging, left breast. Priscilla's breasts are amazing. They are as big as my mother's with the firmness of a teenager. I squished my fingertips into their doughy flesh and pulled my hips into Coach's opened mouth by that jiggly melon of tit flesh. Priscilla jabbed her hips forward to follow my pull. I caught her nipple with my thumb and distorted her breast, forcing the erect, rubbery, nub upward while my fingers, curled into the cushion of flesh above, tugged downward.

Priscilla gasped into my mouth, and fucked still harder into Coach Clidduris. Coach tried to call out around the girth of my shaft, but she made no attempt to pull off of me. I felt the shaking of her voice box across my cockhead. She took me in full length strokes.

Priscilla started to swing her hips spastically back and forth. She dragged and shoved that giant, vibrating, rubber cock in and out of Coach's cunt with a blur of hip movement. Priscilla arched against my grip and her coach's naked hips and turned her head up to the ceiling, breaking the seal of our lips.

"UhHaughhHAA..." She plunged forward and sank all the way into her coach, and found my mouth with her mouth again. She grabbed the back of my head and drove her tongue down my throat like a cock. I sucked on it and pushed my own tongue into my girlfriend's mouth. Her body was shaking. I could see over Priscilla's shoulder and the curvy, womanly, naked, body of Miss Crotchet laying on her back under the tight ass of my girl. The English teacher clawed her fingers into the smooth pale flesh of Priscilla's shaking hips. Priscilla groaned, mouth opened wide, into my mouth. Her orgasm was intense and electric and she voiced it down my throat.

Once Priscilla finally settled down and broke our kiss, Miss Crotchet rolled out from under her and came to kneel back at my side. Miss Crotchet's face was a wet mess. Mascara smeared down her cheeks and her lipstick needed renewing. It was an enormously exotic sight.

Miss Crotchet watched with an excited smile on her blurred face, until I reached my free hand out and grabbed her huge right breast. Both hands kneaded and pushed and pulled on two very different, but enormous tits. Miss Crotchet's breasts were not as firm. They were certainly bigger.

In the dark, with my eyes closed, someone plunging their super long tongue down my throat, while two other women took turns deepthroating my cock, all the while I could be spun around in circles, and I'd still know those two huge pair of tits apart from each other.

Miss Crotchet's tits were simply gigantic. They hung heavy and fat and swung easily. Their flesh wasn't as tight and her nipples stuck out twice as far as Priscilla's. Priscilla's breasts were higher, they bounced more than swung and my fingers sank deep into their soft flesh, but only half as deeply as my fingers could probe into the older English teacher's tits. If that wasn't enough, Miss Crotchet loved to have her massive tits abused. She would groan in ecstacy no matter how hard I pinched or twisted her nipples. Priscilla loved having her nipples played with, but she had limits, where her pleasure turned to pain, and she did not like the pain. Pain did not add to Priscilla's sexual experience.

I played with Priscilla's tit, gently pinching and rolling the nipple. I'd push the limit of pain, then back off and caress and knead her breast. My cock pulsed in Coach Clidduris's mouth with excitement when I squeezed that soft, sexy, melon of flesh under my hand, and I felt the hardened nipple drag against my palm. But, my other hand dug roughly into the deeply yielding pillow of Miss Crotchet's giant tit. I would practically claw my fingertips into the fleshy depths. I would grip the big rubbery nipple and twist it hard. I clamped onto her engorged nub and pulled. I lifted the entire weight of that fat heavyweight hanger and jiggled and shook it. Miss Crotchet would practically swoon in ecstasy. Then Priscilla would wince. Not because I would get confused and start treating her breast the same way, but because Miss Crotchet had a hold on Priscilla's other breast, and she'd start abusing Priscilla's giant tit in equal measure. I'd have to back off to get Miss Crotchet to be gentle with her student's huge breast.

It all excited me more. I leaned over and captured Miss Crotchet's mouth with mine, forcing my tongue into the older woman's mouth. She took my advance eagerly. I fucked my cock into Coach's throat faster, shoving her body back onto Priscilla's pistoning hips harder. Priscilla picked up her own pace even faster. She scooped her arms under her coach's raised knees and brought them up high. Her hands reached out and wrapped around the jumping flesh of her coach's own full naked tits.

Coach Clidduris clamped down on my cock hard. Her teeth pressed lightly into the hard muscle of my shaft and her throat pulled on my cockhead. I watched her body arch up and I could see her third orgasm build to its peak again. She went tight and just vibrated in sync with the giant dildo pumping in and out of her pussy. The young high school coach then began driving her hips back against Priscilla's thrust. Her bald pussy spread wide around the realistic and vibrating cock strapped to Priscilla's hips. She massaged my cock's full length with her spasming throat.

It was fantastic. I felt my cum building and building and building.

FUUUUCKKKK!!!

Coach Clidduris finally finished her orgasm just as I was close to exploding.

She came up immediately off of my cock. Her breaths were harsh and desperate. Saliva dripped copiously from both my thrumbing erection and Coach's bright pink, engorged, lips. She had to slurp a viscous gout of spittle back in.

"I'm... DONE... Huh huh huh. I... I can't take... more."

My cock leaped against my abs. It screamed a needy protest.

FUUUUCKKKK!

The bell rang for school to start. How long had we been lost in our orgy? Over an hour and twenty minutes.

FUUUUCKKKK! DAMN!!! I NEEDED TO CUM.

"Oh! No time to shower. Get dressed and get to homeroom. I have to get the gym ready for girls Volley ball first period." announced Coach Clidduris. "I'm sorry to leave you in such a state, Bentley. If you have time after first period, I'll finish you, if you need me to."

Fuck yeah, only I'm already thinking about fucking Mrs. Zaftig in about three minutes. I can wait that long, I guess.

"Thanks Coach. It's no problem. After all, look how long I lasted. I'm making progress."

Priscilla came over and put her arm around me. She had already pulled her tiny uniform skirt up, but her huge tits were swinging and jiggling completely free and exposed. "I'll help you first period, Bentley. I'm sure your Mom and Ms. Dermis will be fine with it."

Priscilla ran her hand along the length of my hard cock. It was shaking like it had the DTs. I closed my eyes and breathed out to keep from shooting my sperm all over the weight room. I didn't want to loose it like that from something as simple as Priscilla's hand when my principal was waiting to fuck.

I kissed Priscilla and cupped a full breast. Then I backed off to get dressed and keep from cumming on her hand. "That would be great." I said.

Miss Crotchet was dressed, but fucking WOW! Her students must think they are on the set of a porn photo shoot. Her skirt was tiny and strained to hold together around her womanly hips. The bottom of her big, round ass checks did more than just peek out. The garters were longer than her skirt. The bustier was low and tight and squeezed her massive tits until they looked like the toothpaste at the top of a tube that had been strenuously squeezed in the middle. She regularly bounced out of her top while teaching class, lately. I understand that she took her time noticing,

too.

If my cock wasn't already rock hard and humming to cum, I'd probably jump to attention from the hot, sexy, female flesh everyone was showing off, even dressed.

Priscilla and I walked quickly down the hall together, my hard cock tented my thin uniform slacks and more than one girl reached an appreciative hand out to stroke my rigid bulge. Priscilla seemed to beam with pride every time some girl would lick her lips at the feeling of my barely covered erection under her passing hand.

It was so common now to see girls wearing their uniforms to show their bodies off that I hardly reacted to the exposed pussy flesh and teen nipples bouncing out between opened uniform tops. (get it? 'HARDly'. Ha ha ha, oh go fuck yourself, it was funny). I wasn't the only one being fondled and a number of boys and girls boldly cupped bared breasts or tweeked stiff nipples also, as they passed each other in the halls. Smiles were the predominant response to such trespasses. My campaign focused a lot of material on how much fun it was for a girl to be openly appreciated for her sexiness and her body. I could see the success of my efforts in the way all the females, students and teachers, loved to be looked at and touched sexually.

I glanced down to where Priscilla's hips swayed next to me. Her luscious, pale, lightly freckled thighs flashed above her knee socks all the way up to where she had adjusted her own skirt to ride well above her bald pubis. Some lower classman smiled at her and reached a middle finger out to slip it into the exposed groove of Priscilla's pussy as we hurried by. Priscilla just giggled.

Fuck me. Maybe I'd gone too far.

Then, I saw Mrs. Cumming heading to her homeroom class. Her own breasts were bouncing clear of her obscenely low bodice and the flared skirt flipped up to show her round naked ass with every step of her long bared legs atop strappy three-inch blue heels. When her skirt wasn't flipped up, her labial lips were still just visible below that high A-line blue and white dress, from a distance.

She had her arms filled with a small stack of cookbooks and some papers on top, helping to push her firm tits up and out of her bodice. A young male student with an obvious bulge straining the velcro fly of his thin trousers, gallantly held the door for her. She thanked him and passed through the opened doorway. She almost dropped her stack, however, when the cheeky youth grabbed her bare ass cheek and squeezed it deeply. She stopped and tried to recover her balanced books, allowing the boy to wedge his fingertips deeper between her legs.

Mrs. Cumming paused and actually stepped her legs wider. She twisted to look back at the boy and gave him a meek smile. After allowing him a few more seconds to explore under her dress, she finally said, "Thank you for getting the door for me, but you're going to be late for homeroom." Then she sqweeked a half yelp and went up high on her toes, coming back down when the smiling boy pulled his hand from between her legs. His fingers glistened with moisture and he brought them to his mouth.

"No problem, Mrs. Cumming. I'm happy to help."

He stuck his wet fingers in his mouth and walked off towards his homeroom. Mrs. Cumming glanced up and saw me looking at her as we walked by. She gave me an odd, embarrassed nod, dropped her eyes, and hurried into her room.

We passed Mr. Shill's room and I could see a group of teenage girls in their tiny school uniforms standing around his desk. I could only see the top of his thinning haired head over their shoulders where he sat in his chair. I had heard that he was treated daily to a group of flirty teens all asking

him to inspect their uniforms to see if they were in compliance with the simple new dress code. The boy who mentioned it was laughing about how they only used it as an excuse to all but undress in front of him and get an erection out of their teacher that would last the rest of the day.

'You're welcome, Mr. Shill.' I thought.

"Well, I'll see you first period, boyfriend." announced Priscilla. She hugged my arm and kissed my cheek. Her huge bouncing juggs pressed against me and popped completely out of her top. Her hand went down to my erection, which had started to part the velcro of my pants.

"Yeah, first period. I can't wait." I said in return and cupped her naked right breast as I felt the head of my hard cock push out between my fly, encouraged by Priscilla's slim fingers.

Then, in the middle of the hall, right in front of Ms. Dermis's classroom, Priscilla bent down and talked to my cock. "And, I can't wait to see YOU first period, either." She finished the conversation when she sucked the head into her mouth and flicked her long tongue under my shaft for a second.

FUCK YEAH!

It was really hard not to spew right there in the middle of the hall. More than one student turned to watch.

We parted reluctantly and some little freshman walked by and reached out and grabbed a handful of Priscilla's right tit. I wanted to break his fingers. But, I couldn't or all those cultural changing stories on SBH and Hard Law and other popular television shows that I had been busily creating to make casual sexual contact between high school students and family members and teachers and others perfectly normal, would all go out the window and I'd be the one in trouble, not that kid. Priscilla smiled at me, as if reading my mind and gave a shrug that said, 'oh well' and I felt better. She entered Ms. Dermis's classroom. My mind turned to fucking my hot, mature, huge breasted principal.

As always, Miss Cunny was practically naked in her see-thru dress.

"Good morning Bentley. I see you're peeking out of your uniform a little. I feel it is not only my duty to point that out to you, but, to be xenial, I would be happy to help relieve your problem."

I smiled at the sexy young administrative assistant. My eyes couldn't help but wander down and back up her body. She held still for me while I surveyed her.

"Thank you, Miss Cunny. I would love that, but I don't know what Mrs. Zaftig has planned this morning."

Miss Cunny rolled her chair over towards me as I came around the counter. She reached a hand out and caught the head of my cock.

"WwwHHhooOOoohhhh!" I shivered from both my heads down to my toes at the contact. It was a herculean effort to hold on to my cum.

"You're not with Mrs. Zaftig this morning. Ms. Fellaicceo is waiting for you today."

Her hand began stroking my cock, pulling it all the way out of my slacks by doing so.

"The inspector from the state is here." With that stunning news, she leaned in and fit her lips over my cockhead.

I looked up, distracted from the incredible feeling engulfing my cock by the news Miss Cunny just gave me, and a young female lowerclassman was at the counter. She was obviously late for school. The second bell must have just rung, and the girl needed Miss Cunny to approve her parent's note before heading to class.

I tapped the top of the executive assistance's head. She was already leaned in and sucking the crown of my erection into the back of her mouth. Half my cock was in her mouth. Miss Cunny stopped sucking and looked up at me from her bent forward position on the edge of her chair.

"There's a student waiting with a note." I informed the hot, nearly naked receptionist, when our eyes met. My cock remained half way in her mouth.

Miss Cunny didn't take me out of her mouth, but angled her eyes over to the counter to see the fresh young face leaning over it, watching.

I quivered when I felt the secretary's warm tongue swipe across my gland. She mumbled something unintelligible and sucked more of me in. I tightened my pelvic floor until I thought I might be in danger of pulling a muscle.

"What? I'm late, but I have a note." clarified the young student.

I couldn't see a lot of her, but with her leaning over the counter and her elbows squeezing her smallish tits together half out of her sheer uniform top, I could see she wasn't very tall. I could also tell she had a nice figure from the slim shoulders and arms. She was cute in a lower classman sport of way.

Miss Cunny popped off of me with a quietly explosive, wet pop. Again, I shivered and strained.

"I said, give me a minute." replied the receptionist. "I'm helping a student ahead of you."

I said, very very reluctantly, "It's okay, I'm sure Ms. Fellaicceo will take care of me. I don't want to get in the way."

Alarms had been ringing through my head ever since Miss Cunny had told me about the inspector, and cumming in Miss Cunny's mouth was not, oddly enough, at the forefront of my mind. I couldn't interrupt Mrs. Zaftig, so getting in to find out what was going on from Ms. Fellaicceo was the second best option.

"You're not, Bentley. You were here first." Miss Cunny persisted. She was stroking my length while she talked.

"Still, I feel a little guilty keeping another student from getting to class. I promise to stop and take advantage of you... I mean, take you up on your offer, later today."

"It's okay, Miss Cunny." spoke the young girl. "I don't mind waiting." Then the girl looked at me and down at my huge erection in Miss Cunny's hand. "You're Bentley, right? I heard you had a really big... um... uh... thing. Wow, it's even bigger than I had thought."

Miss Cunny smiled indulgently at the girl, then looked around at me again. "You better. Okay, just a second."

She sat up in her chair and rolled back behind her desk. She hit the comm switch, "Ms. Fellaicceo, Bentley is here for homeroom. Sorry, I was the one who kept him past the bell, but he's still good to go."

Ms. Fellaicceo's voice came out of the tinny sounding little speaker. "Thank you, Ms. Cunny. Please send him in."

I never heard the second bell go off. I was really distracted that day.

I let myself into Ms. Fellaicceo's office thinking about what might be going on with the inspector, and what I might learn from the vice-principal about it. Then, I forgot all about the inspector as my mind glitched and tried to reset. It was taking forever coming back online.

Ms. Fellaicceo was kneeling, head down, arms behind her neck, on the floor naked in front of her desk, except for a complicated series of leather straps that laced over her body, hiding nothing and cupping and holding everything. The body harness connected by three chains to a heavy leather collar around her neck. Two lighter chains connected to her collar on either side of the center front harness chain that ran down between her full breasts, to pull tight against small nipple clamps tugging her engorged and inflamed nipples upward slightly. A short leash hung by the center D-ring to dangle its wrist loop to the top of Ms. Fellaicceo's bald pubis.

I clenched my pelvic floor muscles as hard as I could to stop from jetting my cum straight into her turned down face.

On closer inspection, I could see her wrists were hand cuffed together through a loop on the back of her collar.

I stared for a moment, my hard hard HARD cock thrusting out from my pants.

She looked up only slightly and whispered, "Master, permission to speak."

I blinked and finally responded, "Okay." That was intelligently given.

"Would it be okay Master, if you shut the door?"

I blinked again. Huh? Not what I was expecting her to say. Oh wait!

I turned, and I had left the door opened when I came in. I shut it. The girl at the reception counter had left, but the desk area she had been leaning over was in a clear line of sight to where Ms. Fellaicceo knelt. Miss Cunny looked up at me when I closed the office door. I don't think she saw, but...

I wanted to cum just from the thought that we had been seen.

There was no inspector, no inspection or survey or board of education or anything else in the Universe, but this tall, sexy, naked, chained up, school administrator, waiting for me to order her to fuck me.

GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!!!

"The key is in my desk drawer, Master. There's also a paddle in there too."

FUUUUCKKKK!!!

I took a deep breath. "You have talked to Miss Crotchet."

"She gave me the bondage corset and handcuffs. I... I bought the paddle myself after our talk."

I walked around her and just soaked it all in. There was a small chain connected to the bottom of the corset in back. It ran down between her full muscular ass cheeks where I could just make out a

black rubber object anchoring the other end between her cheeks.

"What's this?" I asked, reaching down and tugging on that chain.

My vice-principal lifted her ass up off her heels in response and I couldn't fully understand what I was looking at. Was that thing coming out of her anus?

"It's a butt plug, Master."

I knew intellectually what a butt plug was. Seeing one in use and in person was very weird.

"Miss Crotchet showed me how to use one and..." She trailed off.

I tugged on the chain again. Up came her ass again.

"And, I enjoyed it."

I came back around in front of her. I let my hard cock brush across her lips.

"Do you want me to fuck you in the ass?"

She didn't answer, just lowered her head against my shaft and brought it back up once.

I knew there was more.

I had to lean down, "but I'm scared of how big you are." She whispered almost too quietly to hear.

I reached down and grabbed the collar. I lifted it, along with her face. God she was hot. Her lips are amazingly full and that bright, glossy, red lipstick was such a turn on. I just wanted to plunge my cock between them.

I watched the chains pull her nipple clamps tighter and lift her full wobbling breasts by those sensitive nubs. She gave the slightest of winces.

"I won't ever do anything to hurt you. You're mine and I take good care of my things. If you need to be spanked, I will do that. If you need to be gently forced, I can do that for you. If a little pain will help, I guess I can do that too. And, if you want me to fuck your ass, but are afraid, I will be sensitive and I won't ever hurt you, not really. I will wait until you are ready."

Ms. Fellaicceo looked at me and the trembling fear in her eyes was replaced by a slight smile and moisture.

"I trust you, Bentley... Master."

"Bentley works just as well for me." I said. " 'Master' is just a game we can play, if you want, but I don't really like it." I explained.

Ms. Fellaicceo spoke up a little louder, "That's why I trust you, Bentley."

I leaned up and over her; my hard cock pressed against her lips and she opened them. I was SO on the edge, it's a wonder my cum didn't just fill her mouth right then.

I was reaching for her hair bun, not trying to feed her my cock, but the feeling of my cockhead sliding over her lips into her mouth was intense. I grabbed her bun and jambed myself into her face. I stopped in the back of her throat and held myself, fingers locked onto the tight coil of black hair on the back of her head. I was waiting to settle down a little before I moved.

After a second, I searched out the pins that held Ms. Fellaicceo's bun together and removed them. Ms. Fellaicceo had thick, dark hair that fell surprisingly long down her back. It was nearly to her ass when fully released. Even longer than Priscilla's red hair. I grunted in the effort to hold onto my cum when the vice-principal's tongue moved against me.

"Stop!" I ordered, "I'm too sensitive right now."

Ms. Fellaicceo's tongue pulled away.

I slid out, brushing that jet black cascade of luscious hair back and fanned it out.

"Get up and bend over your desk. I need to fuck you right now."

Ms. Fellaicceo rose smoothly from her knees to her feet, her hands still chained behind her head.

I love how tall she is. Her dancer's body is incredible. The way she moves is something special.

"Wait. I want to look at you while I fuck you. Your body is fantastic and I want to enjoy what's mine, so just a second."

I walked, my big, hard, aching erection bouncing the way ahead of me, around to the drawer of Ms. Fellaicceo's desk. I pulled it opened and saw the key. That's what I was going after, but there were a few other things I stopped and studied.

Ms. Fellaicceo also had the paddle she'd mentioned. It was a long skinny wooden paddle with leather faces and a leather wrapped handle. Next to it was an adjustable leather strap that had a buckle on one end. In the middle was a rubber ball. A ball gag? She must have spent a long time talking to Miss Crotchet, because there was also another one of those huge rubber dildos with the hip harness.

I grabbed the key. I thought about the ball gag, but then I thought, 'I don't want to overwhelm her right at the start. I grabbed the paddle and set it out on the desk.

My cock was starting to settle down a little. All the interupted stimulation and the cold air from Ms. Fellaicceo's evaporating saliva was starting to have their effects on the hardness of my member.

I walked back around to stand in front of my waiting slave/school administrator. She had been staring at the paddle I'd pulled from the drawer. I'm really not into pain in my sex. Sure, there's a small feeling of eroticism about the idea of it, but I don't like it and I have no interest in inflicting it. However, it might help my submissive to know the paddle was waiting right there within easy reach.

I reached up and around her to pull her magnificent hair aside while I unlocked the cuffs. Ms. Fellaicceo breathed a tension releasing sigh and shook her hands and shoulders out.

"Give them back." I ordered, indicating her hands. The cuffs hung from her left wrist. She brought them up. I clamped them together in front of her.

"On the desk and spread your legs."

I had to wait for her because she had to be careful of the butt plug. We were both new to this, although I have been learning from both Miss Crotchet and a little reading online. Most of it was too extreme for my tastes. I was just interested in learning a little about the concept and being able to be who my four submissives needed me to be. The psychology of it was fascinating, but I

suspect most of what I've been reading was pure fantasy written by people who only imagined the subs got off on pain more than they really did. It was more likely the loss of control gave the submissive some freedom to just experience wanton sex without the feeling of responsibility for their own decisions. I don't know. I'm making this shit up. I really don't like the idea of hurting women. It blows my mind that some people might actually like pain during sex.

Ms. Fellaicceo sat on one ass cheek, but couldn't lean back on her hands to take some of the weight off the object stuck in her ass. I stepped between her legs and grabbed the leash hanging down between her exposed breasts. I rolled it around my fist in a wrap. Ms. Fellaicceo breathed a little louder when I did that.

"Okay, I think this will be better with your hands behind your back." I told her, thinking again. I let go of the leash.

Like I said, I'm just learning too. I unlocked the cuffs again and leaned against my vice-principal's body to push her arms behind her and close the cuffs again around her wrists, but this time her hands were behind her, in the small of her back. She was very yielding to my demands.

My cock stabbed against Ms. Fellaicceo's vagina and her stiff nipples, clamped in their hard metal clips, jiggled against my chest as I worked. My lips were right against her right ear and her full lips were against my own ear. I paused a moment to lick the tip of my tongue behind her earlobe.

I whispered in her ear as the cuffs ratcheted together, "Because you belong to me, I'm going to fuck you. You have no choice, but I know you love having my cock pounding into you. So, I'm not going to do it until you beg me to fuck you. Tell me how much you need my cock, and only my cock, inside you."

I bit her earlobe, then I backed off to look her in the eye. My cockhead nestled against the moistened lips of her fantastic, slippery wet, vagina.

Ms. Fellaicceo looked down at our intimate contact and blushed. It was hard to see under the makeup, but she definitely blushed. Her eyes were riveted to the sight of my cockhead, purple with engorged blood, and lightly pressing her own sanguine lips apart. She rolled her plump lower lip between her front teeth.

She whispered something. I didn't hear it, but it sounded like, 'I can't say that.'

I straightened up, the head of my cock parted her labial lips a little more. I leaned to the side to pick up the paddle. I brought the wood and leather thing around in front of her and used the flat of the paddle blade to lift her right breast onto its face. I hefted the full jello-like orb up and down against the little silver chain that connected her nipple to her collar.

"I'm afraid I didn't hear what you said. Speak up so I know you want my cock inside you, fucking you."

I let her right breast drop off the paddle face and gently flicked the end of the paddle across the clamped dark red bud of her left breast. She quivered and gave a little hiccup.
"I... I don't know if... I can say that." She pleaded a little louder.

I switched and weighed her left breast with the paddle.

I picked her left breast up on the paddle face and lifted it high. The way that jiggly ball of tit flesh squished flat underneath against the paddle face and was pushed up to her collarbone with the loosened chain draping across her tanned skin, was intoxicating and provocative. Any looseness

that had crept back into my erection, sprang back out again.

I pulled the paddle blade out from under that big tit and let it drop back down and dance into place. The chain snapped tight against Ms. Fellaicceo's clamped nipple and she gave a hissing gasp through clenched teeth.

"I know, and you know, it's true. You want my big cock pounding your pussy right now. I can see the moisture coating your thighs. I can feel it on my tip. If I have to, I'll make you say it, but I really don't think I'll have to do that, will I?"

I swung the paddle sideways and patted the side of my vice-principal's fat left breast meaningfully, setting it in motion.

Ms. Fellaicceo may not be built like her boss, Mrs. Zaftig, or my mother, or Ms. Dermis, or Priscilla, but in any other company, her breasts would still be very large and they are high and firm for a woman of any age, especially one older than mid-thirties. My painfully hard erection nearly cracked with fullness as I watched the way the vice-principal's left breast swung, almost suspended by its deep red nipple on a chain hanging from her collar, and knocked into her right breast. Both breasts virtually did a little Rumba shimmy across her chest. I clenched my pelvic floor. I could feel it; I would be sore the next day.

'Settle down', I told myself. I wanted this to last and I was primed to geyser any second.

Ms. Fellaicceo looked down and watched her own breasts being pushed into motion by the thin wooden paddle against the side of her left breast, and shivered. Her hands cuffed behind her back made those pillows of flesh stand out even more boldly where the black leather straps of her bondage bodice were holding them.

She finally turned her eyes up at me. "Please Bentley, Master." She swallowed and those bright, glossy, moistened, lips forced images of cocksucking, and deepthroat spank my mind.

She continued, "I... I need you to fuck me. I want cock... only your giant cock, pounding into my pussy. Please Master. You can do anything you like to me. Just fuck me."

Her voice started out quietly, but she was speaking very clearly by the end.

My control amazed even me when I didn't ejaculated instantly at her words. I held myself back and didn't plunge deep into my vice-principal's ready cunt and empty my balls into her womb.

"You did it. Now, lift your legs up and spread them as wide as you can." I put the paddle back down on the desk.

Holy crap! Ms. Fellaicceo leaned back on her hips and opened her long sexy legs in a full on split. Her pussy pushed against my cockhead and opened fully around my throbbing member, engulfing it until the crowning flair disappeared inside her. In the plane of Ms. Fellaicceo's spread open thighs, her pudenda thrusted out farther than her widely split legs, she opened her legs impossibly wide.

I had to push the tip of my cock part way into her, just to hold my erection down at an angle that I could fuck her in while we stood facing each other and talked; Otherwise, my cock would have just been pointing straight up at my face, I was so hard. When her lubricated cunt tilted up, as she rocked back onto her desk, I stepped forward, just to stay lodged between her lips, but as she spread her legs all the way open, she surprised me by swallowing my cockhead completely with her cunt.

I groaned, "uUaHhHh!" My voice quivered with the strain of holding my cum in. My hips jerked,

stabbing another inch into my vice-principal, then her pussy lips snapped back, popping my cock out of her pussy. My cock shot upward, as I lost control, and my cock also shot its load. I blasted my cum in a thick milky arc over Ms. Fellaicceo's body. Large drops of cum dotted a path across her bald pubis, up her tight stomach, over her sternum and a big gob hit her on the chin. Another pulse and I grabbed my out-of-control organ and took aim. I pumped my shaft, something I rarely did myself anymore, and I splattered semen across my vice-principal's full tits.

Her bellybutton filled with thick whitish goo and the soft mounding slopes of the underside of her upward pointing breasts ran with rivulets of sperm from their peaks to the lean ribs her large breasts sat on. The white cum contrasted on her darkly tanned skin, but stood out even more boldly against the black leather strips that crisscrossed her lithe torso.

I didn't want this to end like this. I didn't want this to be over before I fucked Ms. Fellaicceo, so I pushed my cumming erection down, aimed, and rammed my cock straight into my vice-principal's prone body.

"AUGGGGGGGGUUUUAHHH MAAASSSTERR!" she shouted when I entered her violently and easily.

She was so wet, I was also coated in my semen and her cunt opened around my plunging cock with a desire of its own. I didn't stop when I sank to the bottom. She arched, laying back on her handcuffed arms, and her knees came up. I grabbed her hips and started to fuck.

"UhHaughhHAA!" she groaned loudly again with my second stroke out and back into her body again.

I set up a fast rhythm, trying to keep the stimulation on my cock so I would stay hard as long as possible. The black rubber plug slapped my balls as I pistoned my hips between her thighs.

"Ugh ugH uGH UGH..." I pumped violently into her.

Her thighs pulled up, forcing me to let go of her hips. I thought, 'do something, Bentley, to raise the level or lose your erection.'

I reached out and slapped Ms. Fellaicceo's right breast hard with my left hand, and grabbed her nipple clamp. "Spread... UGH... your... legs... open... ugh... ugh... AND... KEEP... them... there!" I demanded and tugged on her nipple clamp.

Ms. Fellaicceo's legs shot back out in another split. I stabbed my huge cock in and out of her. I was staying hard. Her body bucked with every fuck into her. Her breasts bounced, the side of her right breast burned with a bright red hand shaped blush from my slap. The jerking leaps of her big tits up and down against her nipple clamps was an incredibly erotic sight. I pulled too hard on her right nipple and the clamp came off in my grip.

Ms. Fellaicceo cried out, "OWWEEEAuUGHFUCKMEMASTER!" and her pussy clamped around me and she came.

She twisted across her desk, her right nipple looked almost deformed in its dark red and swollen state. Her fat right tit, freely bouncing with my thrusts, knocked into her left tit, still caught in its clamp and tugged forcefully against the collar chain with every buck of my hips.

I felt the thrumming contractions of her vagina all along my pounding log. She rolled her shoulders, her large naked breasts rolling from side to side.

"OHHHH I'm CUMMMINGGGGGG, Masterrrr!"

Ms. Fellaicceo wasn't usually a loud climaxer, but she was more turned on than I'd ever seen her and the slap on her tit and the hard snapping release of her tightly clamped nipple sent her to the stratosphere.

I stayed miraculously hard. I, of course, wasn't going to have another orgasm right away, but as long as I kept fucking that mature and hungry cunt of hers, I was staying hard. I kept fucking.

My thick cock appeared and disappeared in and out of her bald vagina. I felt her orgasmic spasms slow, then stop, and I just kept pumping. I simply wanted to fuck. Specifically, I wanted to fuck this mature, chained up, symbol of school authority. She was an amazing woman who, before all this change in her culture, few students even realized what a hot body she had. And, I was the one fucking her. I had fucked my vice-principal several times by this point and it never got stale. I fucked her and I reveled in my luck and circumstances that allowed me to take this mature, married, school administrator as my submissive.

I thought about fucking Mrs. Zaftig, her boss. I had fucked my principal even more times than I had my vice-principal. I fucked my physics teacher, the hottest teacher in school , that first time during the calendar shoot, but twice, recently in the supply closet during class; once with my mother leaning in to check on us, because we were taking so long. Mom was perfectly fine with it. I thought about fucking my coach for the first time this morning. I had fucked the librarian and found her shelving books in the back of the stacks three other times and simply told her to bend over and spread her legs. She did. I even stripped her once, completely naked while students studied, two shelves over, and I fucked her over her book cart. I fucked Miss Crotchet regularly and I had fucked Miss Cunny, who was obviously interested in doing it again. I had even been back twice to let the nurse "assess" my progress by fucking on her gurney, in her office. The last time, she shoed a student out of her office telling her, "Bentley is here for his biweekly assessment, so unless you plan to watch us copulate for as long as he can last, you will need to go."

No really, she told the student exactly what we were going to be doing. Then she had to tell the student to go, she hasn't really meant there was an option to watch.

It was getting hard to think of who among the teachers and faculty, I hadn't fucked at least once. Most of them seemed to be happy for seconds or third.

Ms. Fellaicceo had settled down while I fucked her, so I unclamped her other breast.

Ms. Fellaicceo yelled again. Maybe I should have grabbed the ball gag. I had heard that it was often more painful to release nipple clamps then to put them on. In fact, I remembered Miss Crotchet saying as much, once.

I fucked Ms. Fellaicceo's body while she winced from the pain and her pussy grabbed my pumping rod hard. She started to cum again. I kept pounding. My breaths were growing harder and my heart raced.

Fuck, but that was so hot.

My cock kept moving and I wasn't anywhere near another orgasm. The feeling of Ms. Fellaicceo's vaginal walls trying to "milk" My still hard cock was out of this world. Not having the impending feeling of orgasm upon me, allowed me to really experience my partner's orgasm, I could really concentrate on the feeling of Ms. Fellaicceo's vagina wrapped around my member. I loved the feeling, the clenching, the arching, the rippling muscles surrounding me, pulling on me. I watched her awesome body rock before me. I studied the way her large breasts oscillated back and forth up to her chin, then back down, rolling from side to side in an elliptical orbit around come central spot on Ms. Fellaicceo's beautiful chest.

I could feel my cock start to pulse with renewed desire. I think, even if I had pulled out of her, I wouldn't have gone soft at that point. I pressed my left thumb against her swollen clitoris and began to massage it while I fucked her. She started to shake again. I could tell, however, that she wasn't having another orgasm. She was simply responding to the greater stimulation.

I rammed my big, thick cock into her harder and rubbed her clit faster. She arched and the handcuffs stopped her from reaching around to do something like grab my wrists. Ms. Fellaicceo started to moan rhythmically and groaned with every thrust of my erection into her. Her stretched split started to fall. I slapped my vice-principal's left breast.

"Keep your legs open!"

She launched into still another orgasm.

Wow! She really got off on pain.

"OWWWaUGHhhhuuu!!!" she screeched, and snapped her legs back out into her split. I continued banging into her.

Her body arched across the desktop and her widely stretched out legs in their split bounced, held open by her alone, stretched even wider. Her beautiful legs stretched into a shallow, inverted 'V' until the sharp points of the toes of her five inch cherry red heels turned downward and pointed past the ends of her desk. I slid my hands up from her hips to encircle her narrow waist. The sticky semen I'd coated her in let my palms glide over her skin. My balls kept slamming against her butt plug, even harder. The legs of her desk gave small, sharp screeches across the floor.

I could almost touch my fingertips and thumbs together around her waist, she was so slim. Her wide hips, muscular thighs, and large breasts made her look much fuller bodied, but she had no fat at all on her. Her skin was tight and tanned. No ripples or waves of flesh rolled across her as I fucked into her. I loved watching the ripples under a woman's body roll out from my pounding hips when I fucked a woman, but she didn't have that. She really was special; and I got to fuck her whenever, wherever, and however I wanted to, while we were in school.

I rolled the idea around my head, of visiting her outside of school too. Would she still be my submissive, if I knocked on her door? I wouldn't do that to her. I would never disrupt her life like that.

FUCK, but it was good to fuck her like this.

I plunged into her over and over. She had come back down from her latest orgasm and I kept fucking. I smoothed my hands up over her skin, tightly strapped into her bondage bodice and cupped both her cum glazed breasts. They were the only areas of flesh on her body that would jiggled as I fucked. I palmed them. I squeezed them hard. My fingers trenched deeply into their generous mounds. I felt the contraction of Ms. Fellaicceo's pussy around my pumping cock when I clamped my hands over them energetically.

I thumbed her very hard, pointed nipples. They were still fully engorged in the blood that rushed back into them when her nipple clamps were removed. I leaned my body over her, as she lay prone, her arms pinned underneath her. I felt the smoothness of her skin. I kept pumping my giant cock in and out of her helpless body and worked my spilled semen deeply into her skin.

I ran my hands up to her collarbone, rubbing my sperm into her pores. I pushed my cum into the flesh of her straining shoulders. I rolled a sticky, viscous, congealing gob of cum up her neck to her thick leather collar. My cock pounded her while I scooped that milky pile up.

I reached my other hand out and under Ms. Fellaicceo's head hanging off the other side of her desk while I fucked her, and I gathered her long black hair in my fist and pulled her head back. Her parted lips gaped open. I continued to pump my cock in and out of her while I fed that scooped up gob of my sperm into her mouth.

"Suck my cum off my fingers!" I ordered her.

Her body began to shake again as I reached my index, middle, and ring finger deep across her tongue. I let go of her hair and she brought her head back up to close her lips around my cum slathered digits. I grabbed the back of her head to hold it up and pushed my sperm covered fingers deep to the back of her mouth.

She started to cum a fourth time.

This time, however, I suppressed her cries with my hand in her mouth. I bent down, without letting up on my fucking, and found her left nipple with my mouth. I pulled with strong suction to draw her blood filled bud deeper between my lips. I flicked at her peak and she arched and writhed under me. She wrapped her long muscular legs around my hips and fucked me back. Her throat vibrated at the tips of my invading fingers. She strained to keep from biting me. I did not.

I pressed my teeth against the base of my vice-principal's swollen nipple and pulled it up and out from her body. I kept my cock pumping and arched my neck and back to tug harder. Her pussy spasmed around me and her sharp stiletto heels stabbed into my clenching, pumping, ass. Her hot breath exploded past my fingers in her mouth while I held both of us together with my other hand around her narrow waist again.

I felt my own need begin to finally build. I was going to cum inside Ms. Fellaicceo. I picked up my pumping rhythm and slammed myself against her cunt, over and over and over. She snapped her back up and down and drove her heels against me until she just crossed her ankle together and held me to her as tight as she could.

I let go of her nipple to groan out loud. My rhythm started to get erratic and I felt a swelling. It was going to be soon. I was starting to feel the fatigue. I didn't know how long I had been fucking Ms. Fellaicceo, but I had never fucked for this long before.

I thrust hard and the desk screeched again. Ms. Fellaicceo's head came up against the back of her office chair. The office chair was against the wall.

Thump, thump, thump, ... we fucked.

I grabbed at Ms. Fellaicceo's bouncing tits again. I pulled on her nipples, like I was tugging her onto my cock by them.

She moaned louder, then I groaned. I sped up.

Thump thump thump thump...

I was going to cum

The office door swung opened.

Thump thump THUMP THUMP...

"UGH UGH UGH UGH..." I grunted in my effort to cum in my vice-principal.

"OHah... OhAh... OHaH... oHAH..." Ms. Fellaicceo groaned louder and louder. I was so near...

The door slammed shut.

I ignored it and continue fucking my vice-principal.

"Ms. Fellaicceo. The surveyor is asking what's going..."

Miss Cunny stepped into my view. I kept fucking. Ms. Fellaicceo pulled back and tried to roll off her desk. I grabbed her freely swinging leash and twisted it around the knuckles of my left hand, and pulled her back into place.

"Stay!" I ordered and kept fucking.

She rolled back into position with a little cry of worry, and began to cum a fifth time.

I detonated!

My sperm began to rocket out of me. It was so hard in coming. I built and built and built, thinking I would cum any second, but I just kept fucking the vice-principal and my need to shoot my cum kept growing like an asymtote, getting closer and closer, but always approaching with more and more difficulty. Miss Cunny locked the office door and came around to her boss's head, up against the chair, up against the wall.

"I'll help." Was all she said before leaning into her administrator's face and opening her own mouth over Ms. Fellaicceo's open mouth, cutting off her vocalization of her fifth climax of the morning. I shifted my hands down to Ms. Fellaicceo's hips and Miss Cunny reached out and replaced my hands on the vice-principal's bouncing tits.

I, of course, did actually reach my limit and jetted more cum into my writhing submissive.

Miss Cunny kept Ms. Fellaicceo's head from hitting the wall by way of the chair back. The secretary lifted herself up and stepped onto the chair. She staddled her boss's face and I watched her bring her young cunt in contact with her boss's opened mouth.

I blasted another load and rammed myself into Ms. Fellaicceo. Miss Cunny gasped appreciatively and braced herself on Ms. Fellaicceo's large, jiggling, breasts.

Ms. Fellaicceo seemed to start up all over again with her cunt's contractions around my pumping cock. She squeezed me and I felt another small load of sperm milked out of me. Ms. Fellaicceo's thighs constricted and my pumping was limited to short thursting, Ms. Fellaicceo's body partially held down by Miss Cunny's body, moved back and forth by a few inches. My nine and a half inches drove into Ms. Fellaicceo's depths and she held me in her and didn't let my cock move.

"Oh! Yeah, I could cum pretty quickly like this." giggled the young receptionist.

I was done, though.

"MOTHER FUCKING HOLY MULTI-CLIMAX!" I grunted to myself as I collapsed on top of Ms. Fellaicceo.

Miss Cunny stood up. "I think she's passed out."

Ms. Fellaicceo hadn't passed out, but she was looking pretty out of it.

I grabbed the key from where I'd dropped it and rolled her over to unlock her wrists.

"Wow, Bentley. That's... that's so... sexy."

I looked up at Miss Cunny. I had to shake the fog out of my head. "What did you say about the survey?"

"Oh yeah, The surveyor wants to know what's going on in here. She is really pissed about something and I think she called the police."

Ms. Fellaicceo sat up.

"The police? It's not because I was having sex with Bentley, is it? Teacher's teach their students about sex all the time." Ms. Fellaicceo said.

"No." reassured Miss Cunny. "She doesn't even know about that. It's so odd, but I think she's upset about the dress code. Look, she insisted I put this jacket on. I can't show my body off to the students if I'm wearing this thing."

I hadn't noticed until then, but Miss Cunny was wearing a long rain coat over her see-thru dress.

"Anyhow, she heard the banging through the wall and wanted me to find out what was going on." Miss Cunny headed to unlock the door again. "Now that I know, I can just let her know you were engaged in helping Bentley work on his ejaculation problem."

"Wait!" I spoke up. "That may not be a good idea."

"What? Why not?" Both women asked.

"You said she was upset about the uniforms and the way you are dressed."

"Oh, not just me. She was tearing up one side of Mrs. Zaftig and down the other, too. You know she has never heard of the Nude Teaching Initiative?"

"First," I interrupted, "I thought the surveyor was suppose to be Mr. Harden Reemer, not a woman; the Superintendent told me when we visited his offices, and second, I didn't think we were scheduled for the next couple of years. If this surveyor is here and not Mr. Reemer, and upset about the way everyone is dressed, she has to be new to the area. She hasn't ever heard of the Nude Teaching Initiative and has called the police because of the way you and Mrs. Zaftig are dressed.

"I don't think it would be a good idea to tell her we were having sex in the vice-principal's office." I concluded.

Both of the adult women stared at me for a second. Miss Cunny asked, "What should I tell the inspector that you were doing in here that made such a racquet?"

"Tell her Ms. Fellaicceo was disciplining a student."

I turned to Ms. Fellaicceo. "Ms. Fellaicceo, you need to get dressed. Cover up as much as you can."

Ms. Fellaicceo started to protest. I just picked up the paddle laying on the desk next to where she sat dripping with my sperm, and slapped her right tit. "Do as I told you." I ordered. She hoped up immediately and started to get dressed. The "Yes Master." was very quiet. I don't think Miss Cunny noticed, but her eyes went huge and round when I turned back to Miss Cunny.

"I take it you had the rain coat hanging in the corner. Do you think there is anything in the lost and found that will cover a little more of Ms. Fellaicceo's body than her micro skirt and see-thru top?"

"Maybe. There is a trench coat that I was thinking about taking home if no one claimed it by the end of the year."

"Go get it, and tell... what's her name?"

I was pulling up my uniform pants. I still had everything else on.

Miss Cunny answered, "Ms. Anisia. Agnes Anisia. Can you imagine growing up with the name Agnes?"

I went on, "Tell Ms. Anisia that I was in trouble for talking back to a teacher and Ms. Fellaicceo has no tolerance for insubordination. Calling the police is serious. We can't let this get out of hand. You got me?"

Miss Cunny jumped to follow my directives. It's funny how people in a time of emergency are quick to take any authoritatively delivered direction.

Miss Cunny unlocked the door and bustled out. She closed the door behind her and I spun around to Ms. Fellaicceo. She was mostly dressed, but it really wasn't much better than her being naked and wrapped up in fetish wear.

"You remember how the year started? There have been a lot of changes to how this school does things since then." I pointed out.

Ms. Fellaicceo nodded, but added, "I know this is a different year then past years, but nothing we are doing is outside the accepted and approved new teaching standards. Everyone is doing what we are doing. Well... well... maybe not this... this morning, but... It's not wrong to enjoy the lessons and... may... maybe this... um... ah... this mas... master... thing is a... ah... a little... beyond... um... the intent, but... we are just playing a little... um... have... having some fun. You're alright with... with this? Your mother even... well maybe not the... um... hand... um... handcuffs, but the pictures in the calendar..."

I cut her off, as I thought, 'Fuck! The calendar!' The finished publications, forty copies; I just delivered them to Mrs. Zaftig last Friday.

"Yeah, we are great. Just enjoying our lessons and it has been very therapeutic. It has helped me tremendously and my mother knows how much we owe you and the rest of the faculty at school. But, it is not like this everywhere. I... I was just reading about several states, and private schools, who are steadfastly holding on to the old, ultra-conservative ways. If Ms. Anisia is from one of those states, she might have a very different idea of what is good teaching."

"Just wait and watch and listen. Let that be the guide. I'm sure the police aren't..."

Miss Cunny came back in with the coat.

I told both of them, "Don't give away any information until you've had a chance to read the room. Let's see how..."

The door opened again and a short, stocky older, effeminate man entered. Then I realized it was a woman with her grey hair up in a bun and wearing a light blue pant suit. It had been so long since I had seen a woman dressed in pants that I first took her for a man. She entered, just ahead of Mrs.

Zaftig who was flanked by two police officers.

I swept the handcuffs off the desk before anyone could see them and walked around to the back side of the desk to, "get out of everyone's way." I casually closed the pencil drawer after pocketing the ball gag and cuffs. I couldn't fit the dildo down my pants. Well, I could, but not without making it obvious.

The woman, Ms. Anisia, scanned Ms. Fellaicceo's too short overcoat up and down. Her expression was of severe disapproval and anger. Ms. Fellaicceo was all legs, and God, were those some legs.

"I'm closing this school down right now, and having the administrative staff and teachers arrested, pending an investigation into sexual misconduct. I have never seen such blatant pornograghic and sexual abuse of power in my life."

She shook her hand out and in it was a copy of the calendar. The front cover showed the whole group of participating teachers, completely naked, gathered around a muscular male model wearing the head of Woody the Woodchuck. Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis were kneeling on either side, giving his huge, hard cock a double blowjob. Woody had his arms around my mother on the left and Ms. Fellaicceo on the right and was squeezing both of their tits.

"Ms...?"

"Fellaicceo." supplied the stunned vice-principal.

"Ms. Fellaicceo." Ms. Anisia held the calendar up to scan the cover, then she leafed through the pages and dropped, September open. Ms. Fellaicceo was bent over her desk, her mouth stretched wide around my... ah... some muscular young stud's massive cock, while another naked, pale, freckle skinned, woman spanked her upturnned ass. (Priscilla used a tripod for that one). Only the young woman's tight body from full underboobs down to groin, was visible. Her bare hips were half hidden behind Ms. Fellaicceo's naked ass. The other woman held her paddle in her right hand, poised to make corporal contact against the vice-principal's upward tilted posterior. The mystery woman held the administrator steady with her left hand griping the handcuffs that locked Ms. Fellaicceo's wrists into the small of her back as she lay face down across the desk.

"It looks like you won't mind joining your principal in handcuffs." She made room for one of the officers to scoot past and lock Ms. Fellaicceo's hands behind her back.

Agnis Anisia turned to Miss Cunny, "Where's the PA system? And, get the busses back here, school is over. It is your duty to call all the parents and tell them they need to come pickup their kids from school."

Then, the woman turned to me. "You are a student. Have the teachers..., has Ms. Fellaicceo been abusing you in any way? I'm told you were being punished." Then the woman spied the paddle sitting on the desk and picked it up.

I quickly answered, "I have not been abused. I was being punished for talking back to a teacher and using foul language. Ms. Fellaicceo keeps the paddle just as show. Everyone knows she would never use it, but when she's angry, she has been known to slap the wall with it to make her point."

"So," the woman glared at Ms. Fellaicceo, who was now standing with Mrs. Zaftig. I could see that both of them were in handcuffs. "You use psychological torture on these poor children."

Both administrators looked wide eyed, "NO! NEVER!" they cried together.

I understood then, this wasn't going to be something we were going to talk our way out of. Ms. Anisia was a crusader. Anything we said would be construed as supporting her beliefs and her sense of righteousness about whatever evil she thought was going on.

I tried to play the ignorant and naive school boy. I raised my hand for a turn to speak. "Um... Mrs.?"

She looked at me. "Ms., Ms. Anisia. What class should you be in right now?"

I shrugged. "I spend homeroom with either Ms. Fellaicceo or Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Anisia, Ma'am.

She informed me that first period had already begun.

"My first period class is Advanced Physics with Ms. Dermis, then I have French 4." I explained.

"That's where this 'nude teaching' is going on?" Ms. Anisia turned to Mrs. Zaftig to get confirmation.

Mrs. Zaftig spoke up, "It was just an experiment based on..."

"Enough!" shouted Ms. Anisia. "I don't want to hear any more about this abominable "program"." and the angry woman made air quotes to indicate what she thought of calling it a program.

I couldn't help it, I had to know.

"Ahem... Ms. Anisia?" I got her attention. "We had a class trip, a while back, to the State House, and I met the Secretary of Education. He told me that we weren't scheduled for a survey for three more years since Mr. Reemer had just done it. Why are you breaking from the schedule?"

"Is that what Secretary Longrod told you? Well there was a mixup, apparently. I just moved here from Ohio a month ago and the first thing I did was copy the schedule to my laptop, and since I'm taking Agent Reemer's assignments while he's on leave, I now have the distinct pleasure of surveying the worst school in the state. So I can tell you this, the Woodchucks were definitely scheduled for today. And it's a good thing."

She turned, when a very pretty woman, in her late twenties, walked into the office wearing a jaw dropping, sexy, police uniform. Her full breasts were captured in a lacy shelf-bra with quarter cups, visible behind the sheer white uniform blouse. Her nipples were covered only by the extra fabric of breast pockets. Her badge pinned just above her right nipple. The front was opened below her sternum. The utility belt hid her belly button where her micro skirt started high on her round hips and fell in navy blue to the tops of her bare thighs. She wore sensible black shoes with low anckle booty socks to prevent chafing. The whole look reflected the uniforms worn by the female police officers on my version of Hard Law, Surf Beach High, and the News. Ms. Anisia, of course, had called our local police. That was a positive note.

I hadn't had occasion to meet a police woman from our local force, recently. But I did remember filling a large uniform order for the town. I had laughed to myself about it, thinking they were just having fun at some private stag party, but it should have clicked that the order could have only been placed by going through my Website. That meant they would have seen it as a legitimate, commercial uniform supplier. Of course, most of our county was watching and reading and seeing my ads all over town, and in the Mall and watching my version of the news. The police looked like they were fully enculturated in my 'show it off' culture.

The pornographic police woman spoke quietly to our persecutor. "We have checked and there was only one classrooms with full nudity, a teacher and her assistant, but we did arrest two others.

They're waiting outside before we take them to the station.

I pushed past the crowd in the doorway. Two officers tried to grab me, but I stepped behind Miss Cunny to get out past them. They had no orders to detain students, so they didn't bother to pursue.

The hall was filled with students and teachers and the blue hats on the heads of several police officers. I spotted Mom. She was being held, naked, handcuffed against the far wall, right next to Ms. Dermis, equally nude. There were two officers flanking them. A woman, dressed exactly like the police woman in the office, stood by Ms. Dermis's elbow and a male officer with his hand around my mother's upper arm. I noticed his knuckles sinking deeper than necessary into the side of Mom's huge breast. His attention was fully on my mother's naked body.

I started to make my way to Mom when Cecilia grabbed me through the milling crowd.

"Bentley, they are arresting Mom. Something about her being naked in front of minors. Come on, this is school. She's just educating us."

I was scanning the hall and saw Mademoiselle Derrieret being escorted out of her class too. She wasn't naked. She didn't strip for class until second period, but she was pretty well displayed and the two officers escorting her were not shy about pushing her against the wall in the hall, making her spread her legs, and then patting her body down thoroughly. Her dress was up around her waist and pulled down off her firm breasts before they were satisfied she wasn't hiding a weapon. They told her to stay nearby to watch her class until the kids could go home. They did not cuff her.

The real show was when Miss Crotchet was escorted out of her English class in cuffs. Her giant tits were fully out of her top and bouncing prominently upon her chest with her arms pulled back behind her by the police cuffs. Both a male and female cop escorted her and she smiled and winkled at me as they marched her over to stand by Ms. Dermis and my mother.

I heard a cop comment, as the English teacher passed by. "Those are some fucking tits. I certainly wouldn't have been skipping so much English, if my teacher were built like that and happy to show those puppies off."

The lady cop he was with pointed to Coach Clidduris being brought down the hall in nothing but handcuffs, a tiny pair of transparent nylon shorts that disappeared into the cleft of her tight round ass in back, and the parted lips of her bald pussy in front, an open mesh crop-top, and sneakers. Her top was an ultra-short, cropped, mesh, tank-top that left the bottom half of her firm jiggling breasts bare and nothing to the imagination. Her stiff nipples poked out fully through the large holes of the open mesh material. She looked incredible. Heads just turned and followed her fantastic body as she walked by in nothing but, that outfit and a coating of sweat.

I finally turned my attention to my sister. Her own breasts were mostly out of her top too.

"The DoE inspector is new and from Ohio. She doesn't get it. We'll get mom out. I'll fix this whole thing." I said.

I scanned the crowd, looking for red pigtails.

"Over there, go get Priscilla. She needs to call her Mom right away." I ordered my sister.

Cecilia left to catch her friend, my girlfriend. I was getting an idea. First, however, I had to keep my mother from being taken to jail.

I went up to my mother. The cop was just moving his hand up to get a good feel of her naked breast. He pulled back when I stepped up.

"Mom, why are they arresting you? This crazy woman from Ohio is ordering our police around, like she runs the town. She's not even a police officer."

I made sure the cops, all within hearing, understood that they were following the instructions of a woman who wasn't even from here, nor had any real authority.

"Who's going to take care of me and my sister if they take you away?"

Sure, I can play the sympathy card. From what I could see of the police, they had all been exposed to my ad campaign. I may be muscular by high school standards, but I still looked younger than most.

"I can't even drive, Mom!" trying to press it home, how young I was.

The woman looked at her partner across Ms. Dermis and Mom.

I could see their shells soften a little.

Mom tried to hug me, but her arms were trapped by the cuffs. "We'll be alright, Bentley. This is just a mistake. We weren't doing anything wrong. You need to be strong for your sister. Okay?"

I was glad Mom hadn't said, "older sister"; it was exactly the right tone I was looking for.

I turned to the woman officer, "You can't just let them stand out in the hall where every student can see. Only advanced seniors were suppose to be allowed inside the classrooms. None of these other kids have their mother's permission to be part of the program. Their clothes are in the classroom, at least let me get those for them."

The mid-thirties officer in her incredibly sexy and abbreviated uniform turned to look towards a man in a tan coat. "Captain, we need to let these women cover up, there are children here."

The older plain clothes captain nodded.

I headed to the captain while Ms. Dermis and my mother were led back into the classroom to get dressed.

Priscilla and Cecilia intercepted me. Cecilia told me, "Priscilla was already on the phone with her mother."

I hugged Priscilla, "Thanks. Is she on her way?"

"Yes. Mom says not to worry, and don't say anything until she gets here." Priscilla confirmed.

"I agree with your mother. Go tell Mrs. Zaftig, if you can get to her. I'll meet you guys by the main doors to wait for your mother." I said.

We paused while the inspector's voice came over the PA. "Students, school is closed, you need to collect your belongings and call your parents. The busses will be here shortly to take everyone home, or your parents can come pick you up."

I walked up next to the captain trying to look like I was looking for a friend. I called to my sister down the hall. (Clue, she wasn't down the hall, she had gone with Priscilla and wouldn't hear me).

"Hey Sis! They have Mom in cuffs, we are going to be home alone, if we can even find a ride. Have you heard what they are being arrested for?

"Wait a second, I can't hear you. I didn't think the police would just take a mom away if there wasn't another parent at home. I'm a little scared to be alone, aren't you?"

I spotted Libbey. Perfect. She was better even. I ran up to get her. Libbey was so small, she looked younger than most freshman.

When I was out of ear shot from the captain, I hugged Libbey to me and spoke quietly that we needed to go ask the police captain to let our mother come home. She indicated that she was willing to play along. I kissed her cheek. It was a good brother/sister show for the captain's benefit.

I was wondering if Libbey should have been more covered up, but considering the official police woman uniforms I'd just seen, I don't think he'd bat an eye, except of course, to get a better eyeful of Libbey's compact, athletic body. That is, if anyone can wrench their gaze away from Miss Crotchet's enormous and still naked tits. I think she must have nearly been having multiple orgasms in the hall, the way she forced those cops to man-handle her.

"Excuse me, you're the police officer in charge?" I asked. "Or is that woman, telling the police who to arrest, in charge?" See what I did there?

He took his eyes off of the bounce and jiggle show our English teacher was putting on.

"Captain. I'm a captain, and I'm in charge. You and your sister will need to stay back while we finish our arrests and investigation."

I visibly pulled my courage up with a deep breath. "But... um... my my mother is over there and we can't go home without her. What's going to happen to her?"

We had his full attention now.

"She is being taken down to the station while we investigate the school. You will be given a ride home, if you need one. Why don't you call your father to come pick you up?"

I tried to look extremely distressed. "We don't have a father. He died a long time ago. It's just Mom and us. Do you have to take my mother away? Are you arresting her because that woman says to?"

He looked to the office where the state inspector was, then down at me and Libbey. "We are investigating. You and your sister will be seen to."

"Can't you investigate first, then decide on who to arrest afterwards? No one here has anywhere to go except to their homes. You know where everyone lives. They are just teachers and mothers and fathers and family. We're all from here. That state inspector isn't even from here. She said she's from Ohio."

The captain was quietly staring at the office door through which Ms. Anisia was yelling at Mrs. Zaftig, who was still in cuffs. The woman was waving Ms. Fellaicceo's paddle around in the air. She looked a little crazy; more than a little.

I added, "She doesn't know how we do things here. No one was trying to break any laws. Please, let our mom take us home until you've finished your investigation."

I really didn't expect it to work. People in positions of authority very much live by the referee's code. Once their call is made, that's it; the call stands no matter what. In fact, I've noticed, the worse the decision an authority makes, the stronger is their response to being questioned about it.

However, Priscilla's mother showed up. Mom drove us home.

Gina Tease came in like a litigious tornado of flashing yoga toned legs, bouncing full breasts and swirling locks of vengeance red hair, and had everyone let loose from their handcuffs and sent home pending formal charges by the prosecutor, who wasn't on hand. I fell in love with my future mother-in-law all over again. Yes, I planned to marry Priscilla, but let's not jump ahead of things yet. That was likely a few years away.

At home, Priscilla and her warrior mother gathered in our kitchen to discuss strategies. They were talking charges of sexual abuse, contributing to the delinquency of minors, lewd and immoral activities, and dereliction of duties as public servants. Luckily no one was in the middle of having sex when they were discovered. Still, the threat of being charged with sex crimes involving kids under the age of eighteen was a serious danger.

"I just don't understand how this woman can come into our school and try to have everyone arrested for something as commonly accepted as the Nude Teaching Program?" my mother complained.

It should be noted that she was currently naked as she spoke. Everyone had stripped as soon as they got inside.

"Our strategy will revolve around the common and accepted practice of nudity in school." noted Gina. "From what I've been watching on the news, there are lots of schools involve in this program from France to the West coast and beyond. They have no grounds for these actions except,"

Gina paused for effect, but the doorbell rang before Ms. Tease finished her sentence.

Mom looked at me, "Bentley, pull some clothes on and see who is at the door."

My clothes were draped over the kitchen chair I was sitting in, since I had been the last to get undressed.

Mom added, just before I disappeared through the doorway to the living room. "We are busy, so send them away as quickly as you can."

"Of course." I answered.

It was Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Fellaicceo, and Ms. Dermis.

Mrs. Zaftig said, "Hi Bentley, Ms. Tease asked us to meet her here. Mademoiselle Derrieret is right behind us, and Coach Clidduris said she would also be here. Has she arrived yet?"

"Not yet. Is Miss. Crotchet also coming?"

I guessed everyone who was being immediately charged with something was coming to talk with the lawyer, and Miss Crotchet was arrested for being topless in class.

"I'm afraid not. Didn't you hear? Miss Crotchet resisted the police when they tried to take her out of her cuffs. I don't know what she thought they were trying to do, but she panicked and ended up hitting one of the officers, knocking him down when her... ahem... rather large bosom smacked him in the side of his head. They arrested her for assaulting an officer."

I couldn't help it. I smiled. Mrs. Zaftig took on a severe expression and started to say, "this is very serious. You shouldn't..." Then she laughed too. "It was funny. But still, she's one of our best teachers and a big advocate of yours. You shouldn't laugh."

I said, "Sorry. She'll get out of it though. No police officer wants it on the news that he was knocked down by a giant boob."

She and Ms. Dermis laughed. "Oh Bentley. Stop that."

Soon everyone was inside and taking off their coats. Mademoiselle Derrieret quickly clicking up the walk in her heels at the very last.

I led the ladies into the kitchen and before I knew it, everyone was stripped naked.

Ms. Tease gave a quick recap and finished with, "I looked it up and it is still, amazingly, against the law, even for teachers to expose themselves in front of their students. I'm sure that is the basis of this case."

Mom stared at Priscilla's mother for a couple of seconds. "You are telling us, we have been breaking the law by stripping for our students?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Zaftig spoke, "I just assumed the popularity of all the new changes in helping to teach our students about respect for the sexes, sexuality, and all the body positive benefits of it have been accompanied by changes in the law. Why would everyone be doing these things if they were still illegal?"

Ms. Tease told us, "I'll do a little research around that question. It would help to bring in a couple of expert witnesses from other pioneer schools, in this program."

Mrs. Zaftig mused, "A number of the teachers and I were working on a whole new sex education program for next year. My goodness, it's probably a good thing the inspector came as early as she had or Bentley and I might have been in the middle of having sex."

Ms. Fellaicceo blushed and cleared her throat.

I know it wasn't appropriate, but it had been almost three hours since I'd cum inside my subservient vice-principal, and I was getting hard again with all these naked women surrounding me in my own kitchen. Priscilla noticed at the same time as my mom.

"Bentley, are you okay?" Mom asked. "Maybe you and Priscilla, and Cecilia can go play in your room. There's no need for you guys to be here. We're just talking about our legal defense."

Priscilla hugged me. "Yeah Bentley. I want to help as much as you, but there's not much we can do right now."

Cecilia stepped up, at the mention of her name. "I think it's interesting. Don't you want to..." Cecilia's voice fell off when Priscilla pointed at my growing erection.

"Oh, yeah. Let's do that. Mom will tell us what's going on afterwards."

I didn't argue. I had things to do on my computer, but, fuck... Priscilla and Cecilia together, naked, in my room, paying attention to my erection? Yup! My idea needed a little prep time on the computer. But this was important too.

Do I need to describe what happened in my room with my sexy girlfriend and equally sexy sister or should I just say "it" happened and move on to tell you about my idea?

Yeah, my idea can wait, but Cecilia couldn't. She was on her knees with her mouth around my cock before Priscilla could close the door. Priscilla lept to join her and never actually did close my door.

Both gorgeous babes were kneeling naked, taking turns popping my cock into one mouth, smoothly throating me balls deep, then releasing me to swing my hard shaft over into the other's hot mouth. I had the back of a head cupped in each hand as I groaned in heavenly ecstasy. Then Cecilia turned to start kissing Priscilla. Both girls bracing themselves with one hand still holding my cock.

"This is so fun." declared Cecilia. "You keep sucking Bentley. I'm going to go get my Mistress-O-Matic. Be right back."

Cecilia jumped to her feet, young, full, tits bouncing wildly, and turned back, just before passing through my bedroom doorway. It was hard to pay attention, because Priscilla's tongue was slithering around my cock in the most amazing way.

"Don't let Bentley cum before I get back." and she was gone.

My cock also disappeared, but into a completely different place. Priscilla was as expert at sucking cock as Miss Crotchet could make her. With those morning lessons in the weight room and her practicing with Cecilia and Mom in the evenings at least twice a week, she has become the best of anybody I've had.

The way she can use her tongue to grab the root of my pulsing shaft when she's got me all the way down her throat, feels almost like she's licking, tonguing, and pulling on my organs way beyond my hard cock. I could feel it viscerally, in a very real sense. Lately, she's been taking my whole cock down her throat, and snaking her tongue out to lick my testicle. Without using her hands, she curls her tongue around, behind my balls, and pulls on my entire ball sack.

"UuoOHAHGoD!"

My balls strained as she tugged with her tongue, then... 'Pop'. They were both inside her mouth along with my deeply embedded cock. Miss Crotchet hadn't even been able to do that. The cocksucking professional of an English teacher had talked about it a few workouts ago, but she said my shaft was too thick for her to do it.

I felt Priscilla's teeth press into the top of my shaft at its very root, and my balls had scraped hard across her lower teeth, but once they were inside her mouth, Priscilla kept them back to just soft contact underneath.

"UhHaughhHAA FFFUCK!" I groaned and clutched at the pigtails on Priscilla's head.

Priscilla has a lot of hair. It isn't just long, nearly to her round teenage ass, but it is full. When she had worn her hair out, it was wavy, I presume from spending most of its time in braids, but it was full and fluffed out making her head look as big as her shoulders. It was a puffy, fluffy, mad mass of beautiful fiery red hair that made me want to wrap myself up in its sensuous soft cloud of fine silk and go to sleep with it wrapped around me. So, when I grabbed her braids, my cock and balls all buried in her mouth, those ropes of hair were thick, substantial reigns that I could just get my fingers around. They were as thick at the top of their braids as my cock was, exploring the dark, wet, luscious depths of her throat.

I held her substantial braids in my fists and arched my hips against her face and...

"I said, don't let him cum yet!" called Cecilia from the door. She wore the neon blue dildo as a

strap-on and, again, left the door wide open as she hurried to kneel down next to my throat impaled girlfriend.

"Holy shit! She's even got your balls in her mouth. That's amazing."

"PwaHHH!" Priscilla pushed against my grip on her hair and came off of my cock with a loud wet gasp.

Priscilla giggled after catching her breath. "Cool, huh? Not even Miss Crotchet can do that on Bentley. She tried, but said he was too big around."

Priscilla glanced at the Mistress-O-Matic jutting out from Cecilia's hips.

"Oh, I like where this is going."

Priscilla pulled on my cock, to guide me down to my knees. She then positioned herself on hands and knees and spread her thighs a few inches apart. Her hips tilted up in offer to my sister, and she leaned in to catch the head of my cock in her mouth again.

Cecilia didn't hesitate to kneel behind Priscilla, and guided that blue plastic cock partway into my girlfriend from behind.

Priscilla sucked and swirled her tongue around the swollen gland of my erection, and I jerked and caught myself with Priscilla's pigtails again. Cecilia reached down between herself and Priscilla's full round ass and twisted the vibrating feature on.

"AaAUGHh!" I cried, when Priscilla's mouth clamped right around my cock and she rocked back against Cecilia.

The suction pulled me back with her. I opened my eyes to look into my sister's. She was smiling and gave Priscilla's rump a swat, then grabbed her by those beautiful pale hips and began to fuck my girlfriend with that plastic cock. My own cock pumped back and forth along Priscilla's throat with my sister's movements.

"You... uh... uh... know... uh... uh... ba... bee... uh... bro... ther... uh... uh... . I... all... ways... uh... uh... uh... thought... uh... uh..., when... uh... you... uh... uh... fine... all... ee... uh... uh... got... ah... a... ah... girl... friend..., I... uh... thought... uh... I... would... wouldn't... uh... wouldn't... uh... like... uh... her. Uh... uh... uh... uh... . But, uh... uh... I... UH... I... think... uh... UH... UH... I'm... UH... IN... UH... LOVE... UH... WITH... UHHH... PRISCILLA... UH... UHH... JUST... UH... AS... UH... MUCH... UHHH... UH... as... uh... UH... UHHH... YOUUUU!"

Cecilia was pounding harder and harder into Priscilla from kneeling behind my girlfriend. My cock sheathed and unsheathed into Priscilla's hungry throat with my sister's increasingly powerful thrusting. My head was swooning at both the building feelings between my legs and her surprising words.

Priscilla was moaning deep in her throat and the wet hucking sound of my iron hard shaft pistoning back and forth from just inside Priscilla's lips to the depths of her throat and back out, turned into a deeper, moisture laddened, throaty moan. The vibrations from her muffled vocalizations stimulated my already intensely pleasured cock even more. The pressure in my heavy, swinging balls, rapping repeatedly against Priscilla's chin, started to build higher.

I pulled on Priscilla's pigtails and fucked myself into her stretched mouth to help. Then, Priscilla stopped. She pulled herself off of both me and my sister. My cock snapped up and slapped my stomach hard. Priscilla whipped around on my sister.

"Oh Cecilia, I love you too." my girlfriend declared and threw herself into my sister's arms and drove her full, blood red lips against Cecilia's. I had a stab of jealousy thrust up my spine, until Priscilla reached one hand back behind her and found my hand. She pulled me in against her back, never breaking the deep open mouthed kiss she and Cecilia were locked into. I knee-walked up behind Priscilla and wrapped my arms around both Cecilia and my girlfriend. My cock was pressed against Priscilla's lower back and my balls were wedged into the bottom of her full round ass.

Priscilla and Cecilia broke their kiss.

Priscilla said, "I love you both, so much. I am so glad you two are my best friends. I can't imagine going back to a life without you two."

I caressed Priscilla's arms, wrapped around my older sister, until my hands slid up to where Priscilla's giant breasts squashed against my sister's own large tits.

"I love you Priscilla. I think you've always been the one for me, but I'm glad you and Cecilia are lovers too. I love her so much. I wouldn't be able to be with a girl that my sister didn't like. You're prefect."

Cecilia nodded her head.

"I agree. We are more than family. We always will be."

Priscilla craned her head back to look at me without letting go of my arm. My hands were both exploring the swell and softness of the two magnificent pair of tits mashed against each other. I wedged my fingertips in between them to find their hardened nipples trying to "French kiss" each other deep in the center of all the jello-ey tit-flesh.

Priscilla hoarsely requested, "Fuck me from behind with that big magical cock of yours, Bentley." She then turned back to lock her lips to Cecilia again.

I reached down and grabbed my aching shaft and angled myself down into the tunnel at the base of Priscilla's naked ass. She was incredibly wet and slippery down there. My cock encountered the hard plastic Mistress-O-Matic filling Priscilla's thigh gap from the other side.

I pushed and pulled on Priscilla's and Cecilia's tits with my other hand and leaned against them until Cecilia lay back on the carpet in the middle of my bedroom floor. Priscilla followed her down and I leaned on top of both. Cecilia had her legs closed with Priscilla's spread to either side of my sister's thighs. I lifted up and aimed my cock. I had to move the blue plastic cock aside, and I wedged Priscilla's pussy lips apart with my cockhead. I was in.

I heard Priscilla moan into my sister's mouth.

I sank all the way in. Another, back arching, ass lifting, moan from Priscilla. The plastic, vibrating dildo felt so strange poking into my balls. I took a couple of experimental fucks in and out of Priscilla. That vibrating toy slid along the underside of my throbbing shaft.

"BrrrRRUUgGH! Fuck!" I couldn't help but express the electric chill, the feelings from my cock sent to my brain.

Cecilia and Priscilla continued to make-out while I fucked Priscilla in slow strokes, letting the vibrations from Cecilia's Mistress-O-Matic send its seismic stimulation into Priscilla's cunt, through my lip stretching cock shaft.

Priscilla groaned again, and arched her ass against me. Her hands moved over my sister's big tits, while Cecilia played with Priscilla's enormous breasts, in turn. I reached forward and joined my fingers with theirs in squishing, and kneading, and squeezing, all the incredible flesh. My mind was focused on the feelings concentrated in my loins and my fingertips.

I was feeling close. I didn't want to finish, just yet. I stopped. I pulled out of Priscilla. The two girls locked in a lesbian lovefest, broke their lip lock and Priscilla gasped, "Don't stop!"

I said, "I'm not."

I then, reached down to my sister's hips underneath Priscilla and fumbled for the buckle of the straps holding the Mistress-O-Matic around Cecilia's hips. Before I could get a grip on the buckle, I watched my sister hump her hips back and then, drove them up. The neon blue phallus stabbed into the spread center of my girlfriend's parted thighs.

"Uhuummm!" hummed Cecilia's red headed lover.

I knelt behind them both, transfixed by the sight of my sister fucking her dildo up into my girlfriend's bright red lipped cunt above.

Two strokes, three strokes, four strokes, five, six, seven... I was immobile with fascination. It was so hot. I wanted to get a camera and record it.

I shook myself and reached again beneath my sister and found the buckle. Off came the straps, out slid the Mistress-O-Matic from inside Priscilla. I reached out and hooked Priscilla's knees and pushed them foreward and out. I then positioned my sister's knees out so she was spread to either side of Priscilla's thighs.

Their pussies lined up and they could grind their clits together easily, which they did immediately. It also lined those two beautiful, hairless cunts up, one above the other, Priscilla's directly above Cecilia's. I moved in to press my cockhead against Cecilia's sopping wet entrance.

"OooOHHYEESSss!" My cock slid home into my beloved sister's vagina, and it was fantastic. Cecilia was every bit as tight and soft and delicious as any pussy I'd been in.

FUCK! But she felt right to be fucking.

"AuUGHhhhh!" Cecilia cried out. "Fuck me baby brother! Kiss me, Priscilla. Your tongue feels like another cock in my mouth. Give it to me from both ends."

I pumped my cock into my sister for the first time.

Holy Fuck, but she felt good wrapped around my cock. She was every bit as tight as Priscilla and it was such a relief to finally have my sister impaled on my erection. She had been wanting this so hard and for so long, that I didn't even realize how much I have wanted to fuck my sister too.

I pressed my hips against Priscilla's round, toned ass and fucked my sister, as she lay pinned underneath.

"GhuUODD you're SO BIG!" Cecilia grunted, pulling her mouth half out of Priscilla's mouth.

I slammed my cock back into my sister and pushed the back of Priscilla's head down to help drive Priscilla's long tongue deep into Cecilia's mouth. I knew, from kissing Priscilla, that her fantastic tongue was long enough to reach past my sister's tonsils.

I pumped several times more into my sexy sister, then I straightened up, on my knees, and pulled out. I could hear the moan of regret in Cecilia's throat, even with her lips sucked tight to Priscilla's opened mouth.

I reached down and grabbed my thick, throbbing shaft and guided my cock into Priscilla, only an inch above the luscious, wet and hungry cunt of my sister's. In I slid to the hilt. Priscilla moaned deep into Cecilia's open mouth. It was so fun to do that.

I pumped half a dozen, long, easy, strokes into Priscilla, then pulled out and arched my hips down to take aim at Cecilia's pussy. Six or seven strokes, and I switched pussies again. I worked on a rhythm. Fuck Priscilla for six pumps, out and aim down to fuck my sister for six strokes, then back up to the tight pussy above for six strokes. I started to pickup the pace. My aim got better, until I didn't need to guide my cock shaft. I could fuck and switch and fuck and switch pussies without slowing, and without hands.

The two stacked girls before me rocked and kissed and fondled each other's large tits. They each moaned into the other's mouth when my cock entered them. I'd pull out and stab into the other one with no delay. I shortened my fucks to three pumps in my sister's cunt, then three pumps into my girlfriend's cunt. I moved a little faster.

I kept a hand on the back of Priscilla's head, holding her and my sister together by their lips. I shortened my fucking to two pumps into my sister, then I'd pump my cock twice into Priscilla, before I was out and back into Cecilia.

When I stabbed my cock into Priscilla one hard thrust, she groaned into my sister's mouth. Without hesitation, I was out and into Cecilia. I thrust as hard as I could and my sister filled Priscilla's mouth with her moans. Again, I stabbed into Priscilla.

I had it aim and the rhythm going so smoothly that I was down to a deep hard thrust into my sister's wet pussy, out and into Priscilla deep and hard, out again, and into Cecilia as hard as I could. Repeat, repeat, repeat...

I wrapped both of Priscilla's long, loosened pigtails around my fist and placed my hand back onto my girlfriend's head. My other hand reached around and found Cecilia's left tit, jiggling out from under Priscilla's right breast. I used my sister's hard, exposed nipple and Priscilla's braids to hold them steady as I plowed into the cunt above, then the cunt below, then the cunt above again and fucked faster and faster into both.

I wanted to fuck my cock into both girls at the same time. I wanted to hear them groan simultaneously into the other's mouth. I wanted to feel their naked bodies writhe together when they felt my thick, turgid cock enter them, stretch their vaginas opened, push to their deepest spots and pull back out again, only to stab into their cunts again, over and over.

I moved my cock in and out of each girl hard and deep and fast, and slid back, almost instinctually, into the other girl. I moved as fast as I could, grunting in louder, huskier breaths, the pumping of my cock and my heart in synchronized timing. Both girls grunted, groaned, and moaned into the other in constant, entwined, passion. I felt powerful as I fucked both of my girlfriends, both of my sisters, both of my other halves with all of that power.

That's when I felt it. First Cecilia tightened and I felt her vagina resist as I thrust deep into her. I put an extra heave into forcing my cock all the way past her clamping vaginal walls. Then I felt my own need as I thrust into Priscilla. My cock swelled even tighter and my balls clenched. I was back into my sister by shear momentum and I had to drive forcefully to get my engorged cock in past my sister's contracting inner-walls. Her cries into Priscilla's mouth increased and she lifted

Priscilla up in the air with her arching hips.

I nearly missed Priscilla's cunt with my next thrust. Cecilia ground her swollen and spasming clit against Priscilla's erect womanly bud and before I started to spew my own orgasm, Priscilla was moaning her own back into Cecilia's gaping mouth.

I shot my first drop of cum into the back of Priscilla's pussy, but before the second load, before, even the first one was finished, I was back inside my sister's clenching cunt.

"AHUHUOGGG I'MMMMCUUUUMMMMINGGGGG!"

It was automatic, habit, instinct; I kept switching as I lost control and fucked one pussy to shoot a gob of cum into it, then put my bubbling cum in the other, shooting off another massive shot of my sperm. My eyes screwed shut and I jerked my hips into a pussy, blasted a load of semen and stabbed into another pussy to blast a load of more semen. I lost track of who's cunt I was in. I just felt my next wad coming and I switched cunts to shoot it into. Cecilia's and Priscilla's cried grew louder and became the backdrop for my own exclamations of ecstasy. Both girls ground their clits together. Both were orgasming. Priscilla tumbled over the edge into bliss right along with my sister and me.

I finally stopped cumming. In the end, I was pulsing out the last drops of my sperm inside my sister's vagina. We all three fell completely limp in a pile. I was having a hard time catching my breath, my heart didn't realize the race was finished.

I breathed into whichever ear was closest, "I love you both."

Then, clapping.

Miss Crotchet was standing in the open door. "That was the sexiest, most beautiful, amazing, erotic thing I've ever seen. I've seen and been a part of some very amazing sex, and you three were truly moving. Maybe I could be a part of that sometime."

I was unprepared for the feelings of relief that zapped through my chest when I saw Miss Crotchet. I pulled out of my exhausted sister and was hugging Miss Crotchet before I felt myself stand. Priscilla, then Cecilia were equally passionate in their hugging of our amazing English teacher.

I kissed Miss Crotchet on the lips, she kissed me back and I asked, "Are you okay? What happened? How did you get out?"

Miss Crotchet smiled at me and the moisture that came to her eyes when she looked at me, somehow brought moisture out of my eyes too. Miss Crotchet chuckled.

"It was nothing, really. I had fun, actually. Spent most of the day naked, after they decided to give me a full cavity search. I gave them such a hard time, they left me in handcuffs, chained spread eagle to the bars of my cell. It was very exciting. My cell mate and the three officers seemed to enjoy it too."

Miss Crotchet stuck her lower lip out. "But, all good things must come to an end and the officer I knocked down refused to press charges after they held me for most of the day. Imagine having to explain to a judge that you were laid out by a giant tit!?!"

"You need to talk to Ms. Tease about how you were treated. Cecilia demanded.

"I most certainly will not. What if I find myself back there again? They might decide its not worth the legal hassle to abuse me again. Where's the fun in that?" She winked at me and Priscilla

looked confused.

I whispered into Priscilla's ear, "I'll explain later."

Priscilla laughed, "Oh, I get it. Wow, somethings are starting to make sense. No need to explain." Priscilla reached out and hooked her finger into the D-ring on Miss Crotchet's collar and gave it a tug. The dog collar and her high heels were the only clothes she had on. Miss Crotchet looked to me to see how I reacted. Priscilla noticed and said, "Holy cow."

"What?" my sister asked.

Mom and Mrs. Zaftig came into the room. Ms. Tease was right behind them.

"We've got a plan. But there's a small problem." Mrs. Zaftig announced. Her eyes went from looking at my wet, dripping and drooping cock, to the obviously well used junctures between Cecilia's and Priscilla's thighs. Both girls had generous amounts of my milky fluid running down the inside of their legs.

Priscilla's naked mother stepped into my room. "Priscilla, I need you and Bentley to do a little research for me. We need to gather statements from other schools who have been using the Nude Teaching program. I want you to find out if there is a list of clients you can get from the company, before I have to subpoena them for it. Mrs. Zaftig has their Website address and contact info.

"We can beat this. That woman was being totally ridiculous. She is probably just looking for a promotion or something."

Gina Tease glanced down at my cock. It was hanging mostly limp and a drop of semen fell from its tip. Gina glanced over to her daughter's dripping pussy, then to Cecilia. I had cum a lot, in both girls.

"It looks like you girls both need to go clean up." She leaned around to spot Ms. Fellaicceo standing just outside my door.

"Go get a couple of warm wet face clothes, will you? Then, we'd love to stay for dinner." Priscilla's mother finished, turning to my mother. "Thank you for the invitation. We don't want to be any trouble."

Over dinner, we discussed where Priscilla, and Cecilia, and I planned on going to school. I hadn't realized that Priscilla had already been accepted at Harvard. I wasn't a big fan of cities, but Boston wasn't the worst of them. Cecilia was going to Cornell with me. Maybe we could room together?

Gina had graduated from Harvard Law, so there's that appeal for Priscilla.

Priscilla was going to study both Physics and Astronomy. I lit up at that. Cornell has a great Space studies program. That was my leverage to get her to join me at Cornell. We could all room together.

My sister surprised me with an interest in teaching and French. She wanted to model her career after Mademoiselle Derrieret.

Dominique Derrieret smiled across the table from my sister and said, "You would make a wonderful teacher. Your students will be very lucky to have you."

Mom seemed both unusually excited to have all the teachers over for dinner, and distracted by the legal problems they were all facing. The rest of the evening was surprisingly tame. No all faculty

orgy. Sorry, that's just the way it went.

Gina Tease broke it up early, by saying she needed to get home to start on the case as soon as possible. She hugged me, pressing her impressive breasts into me and reaching down to wrap her fingers around my half recovered cock. "I'm sorry Priscilla and I can't stay longer. We both very much enjoyed the lesson, the other night. Perhaps we'll be able to have some more practice soon."

I felt the moisture, when she tugged on my shaft and lifted my cockhead up between her legs and into the soft, hairless groove of her vulva. I responded, of course, but not enough.

"I hope so. Priscilla and I want your help whenever we can get it." I kissed my planned future mother-in-law on the lips and did a quick trade of tongue. She kissed great, but she didn't have her daughter's amazing lingual attributes, either.

I ended up hugging and kissing all my teachers goodbye in a very similar fashion. Ms. Fellaicceo was the best, because she's tall enough, that by the time I'd been hugged to Mrs. Zaftig's huge tits and stroked while kissing her, Mademoiselle Derrieret had Frenched, my mother, my sister, and me, then bent down to pop my cock into her throat for just a moment, and Coach Clidduris had pressed her naked, athletic body against me while pushing her tongue into my mouth and groping my renewed erection, my cock was so hard and ready, that I just slid right between Ms. Fellaicceo's naked thighs stretching tall atop her five inch heels.

I gave her a stern, commanding look and said quietly, so only she could hear and read my lips. "Open your legs... now!"

I grabbed her hips tightly, reached up slightly to capture her mouth, and pushed my stone hard rod right into her, in front of everyone. I straightened up, and my cock seated into her to the root. Ms. Fellaicceo had been forced to spread her legs opened, just as I'd ordered and I couldn't help but groan right along with my vice-principal.

"Oh my!" gasped Ms. Dermis. "Now that's how to say goodbye."

The room was silent as I boldly fucked my tall and accommodating vice-principal in front of everyone. Everyone was dressed in their usual micro mini-skirts and sheer, low plunging blouses. A few had overcoats on, but I could have easily thrust my cock into anyone of them, the way they were dressed.

I thought the strong public demand made upon my submissive vice-principal would have an effect on her. It did. I was getting so much better at lasting, and decided, after Ms. Fellaicceo, shook and threw her head back in an orgasm around my pumping cock, that I wouldn't have everyone stand around watching, while I finished inside her. That could take awhile.

When Ms. Fellaicceo was done groaning and quivering on the hard, demanding shaft of my cock, I pulled out and kissed her goodbye. Not to be left out of the festivities, Miss Crotchet stepped up and hugged me. She reached back and caught and held my elbows in her hands when I placed my hands on her broad, rounded hips. Then she lowered herself down making it look as if I was pushing her to her knees. She dropped her massive boobs around either side of my pulsing cock. I stabbed my pussy juice lubricated rod up into the deep, soft, boob-tunnel of the English teacher's gigantic tits. She guided my hands up to either side of her magnificent breasts and pushed those massive melons of flesh together around my shaft.

Miss Crotchet looked around at everyone watching, when she reached her knees,"Bentley is getting so masterful. I simply can't help myself when he is so commanding, and gently forceful."

Miss Crotchet looked directly at the slightly dazed, but satisfies, Ms. Fellaicceo. "You know what I mean. Sometimes, it's like I'm his slave, and if he were to order me around, I'd have to say, 'Yes Master,' and do what he demands of me. I just can't help myself. He has grown so mature in this last year. I even think his cock has grown bigger since we have all started helping him."

Those great, magnificent tits just went up and down around my cock and I couldn't help myself, I squeezed my hands deep into their sides and fucked my submissive, mentor's tits. It had been a little while since I'd done that to her. I saw Ms. Fellaicceo nod in agreement, out of the corner of my eye. Everyone else seemed to look a little uncomfortable. Everyone except my mother, who almost puffed her still naked tits up with pride.

Mom said, "You know, I think you're right. Bentley has grown a lot in this last year. All of you are responsible for that and I can't thank you enough. Bentley and I owe you so much."

That allowed everyone to step back into their comfortable teacher shoes and just watch me tit fuck my Huge breasted English teacher.

I had to laugh though, when Ms. Dermis pulled a three sided precision architect scale from her purse. "I think you're right. Bentley has grown in these last few months. Here, let's measure him."

My super hot physics teacher bounced to her knees next to where Miss Crotchet's enormous tits stretched up and down around my pumping cock. She reached out and grabbed her coworkers massive left breast by its stiff, erect peak and stopped the older woman.

"Just for fun, I happen to have one of our lab scales in my purse. Let's measure him." Miss Crotchet stopped and knelt back onto her heels.

Ms. Dermis took on her teacher's voice, as if she was in class. "Anyone," she asked, while grabbing my cock, "care to take a guess? What's your hypothesis about Bentley's growth. We know he was nine and a half inches long about four months ago."

She looked up at me for confirmation. "I think I remember you saying that earlier in the year."

This was so surreal. My incredible, super hot, student advisor and physics teacher was kneeling before me with my erect cock in her hand, surrounded by my family and five other mature women from school, plus my girlfriend and her lawyer mother, all staring at my erection, getting ready to measure it.

Ms. Dermis turned to Priscilla, "Priscilla, would you care to make an estimate of Bentley's length? Come over and let's see how accurate your skills are." Then, Ms. Dermis leaned in and took my cock into her mouth.

Ms. Dermis had sucked my cock a lot, since the Nude Teaching program started and has, like everyone else, gotten very good at deep throating me. She sank her lips right to my root and held me in her mouth while rolling her eyes up and around. I felt her throat and tongue work along my length and she finally made eye contact with me. Her nose was pressed right into my bald pubis while she slithered her tongue along my shaft buried completely in her mouth and down her throat. Then she came off of me with a wet and satisfied gasp. She smiled a little, coy smile at me.

"I would estimate you have grown at over half an inch, more like three centimeters." I'm going to say you are ten and a quarter inches."

Priscilla grabbed at my root from where she now knelt next to her sexy advisor. "Oh, this is a fun exercise. I think you are under. Bentley is almost eleven inches." Then she leaned in, displacing

Ms. Dermis and swallowed me to my hilt.

"AhUhuoggg!" I grunted when Priscilla snaked her tongue around my shaft from head to base and then licked my testicles.

Miss Crotchet clapped. "Oh excellent, Priscilla. I'm very proud of how well you are doing at deepthroat."

Priscilla pulled off with a lick and smack of her lips. "Yeah, maybe ten and a half inches."

"What do you think, Ms. Fellaicceo? I was just inside you." I asked the tall administrator I had just fucked to orgasm in front of everyone.

Ms. Fellaicceo blinked from staring at my cock coming out of Priscilla's mouth. Miss Crotchet had effectively sucked all of Ms. Fellaicceo's fluids off of me, but the thought that my cock had just been buried inside the vice-principal's cunt and then in Priscilla's mouth helped keep me hard as a rock. Not that I could have willed myself to go soft at this point, no matter what.

"Um... I... You're... you are very big." She stammered.

"Take a guess. Get down on your knees and suck me. Then take a guess." I ordered with a demanding look in my eyes aimed just for her.

Ms. Fellaicceo dropped to her knees immediately and I grabbed the back of her head and simply fed my cock into her mouth. Everyone stayed silent as I slowly sank into my vice-principal's mouth and into the back of her throat.

Ms. Fellaicceo wasn't as practiced at deepthroat as some of my other teachers. I had learned that she hadn't really ever given head except a few early experiments with her husband and a boyfriend in high school. Don't get me wrong, she, with that incredible tongue of hers, was fantastic at sucking my cock and had been from the beginning. It's just that she didn't have the experience that most of my other cock sucking tutors had. However, She had been practicing on me for a while now, and I knew she could take my whole length down her throat by this time. It just wasn't as easy for her as it was for her boss, for example.

Knowing this, I grabbed her head with both hands, gave her a second to realize what I was doing, then I shoved. I pushed my cock hard into the bend of her neck and sank slowly down her throat until I was seated all the way in. She tried to swallow and her neck muscles contacted around me, but I didn't let her cum... um... come up.

"So, feel my length all the way down your throat and tell us if you think I go any deeper now, then when you first swallowed me all the way." I instructed her while her face was pressed against my naked stomach.

I gave a few short pumps as deep as I could, then I let her come back up.

"Huauwkk!" she gaged slightly.

"What do you guess?" I asked.

Ms. Fellaicceo looked only at me and answered, "I... It felt like you have... huoawk... like you have grown about... a half an inch."

I looked to Ms Dermis, "Ms. Fellaicceo says I'm an even ten inches."

My mother, interestingly enough, was the next to try an estimate. She, unlike her departing guests, was still naked. I enjoyed watching the bouncing bobble show when she dropped to her knees. Ms. Fellaicceo stood up to make room and Miss Crotchet also stood back. My sister, however, stepped forward and cupped the back of our mother's head. As soon as Mom opened her mouth around my cockhead, Cecilia shoved.

Mom took me down her throat as easily as Miss Crotchet had. She practiced just about every night and got at least one deepthroat in during class, most days. Ever the good mother and hostess, Mom came right back up, to keep things moving, and let her daughter take a turn.

"Priscilla's first guess is right. Bentley is at least eleven inches."

That's a mother's love for you.

Cecilia had knelt next to Mom and when Mom came off of me, she simply passed my cock over to my sister and repeated what Cecilia had done with her. Mom put her hand on the back of her daughter's head and shoved my sister onto my cock.

"AOuOHHYessss!" I hissed, as my erection slid out of Moms throat and plunged down my sister's. Cecilia really tried to make me cum. She worked her throat around me, attempting to swallow around my swollen gland. Her hand came up and squeezed my balls and I even felt a fingertip find the entrance to my anus. She was pulling out all the stops. I had to grab her by her ears and pull her off with a loud pop of decompressing air replacing the vacuum of her mouth.

"Whoa Sis, you almost made me cum!" I warned.

Cecilia smiled and winked before standing up. "Well, I had to be sure you were as big as you could get."

Miss Crotchet asked, "anyone else want to guess? Coach? Mrs. Zaftig?"

Ms. Tease said, "Well, I don't really have a baseline for Bentley, but I'll hazard a guess."

Priscilla's mother put her briefcase down and knelt in front of me. She grabbed my cock in her right hand and stroked the saliva and foreskin back and forth over my sensitive head. She licked her full red lips to a glossy wetness and leaned in. I tried to really concentrate on the feeling of Ragina Tease's mouth engulfing me. I watched her glossy lips part over my cockhead and slide to the corona. She squished her tongue around and backed off to lick my hard length. Once she covered me in her saliva, she returned to take me into her mouth to half my length. Her hand jacked my exposed shaft and the suction made my mind swim.

"OoHHWwoah!" I had to grab at the top of her head just to keep my balance.

Priscilla's mother knew how to suck cock. I found the whole situation so exhilarating that I felt every little wiggle of her tongue against my penis. I felt the flat of her tongue cradle my head as it slid into the back of her mouth. The gentle ridges across the roof of her mouth grated softly over my turgid corona. Her cheeks sucked in around me and pulled with suction on my shaft. Her hand groped and pumped. My sister did her best to suck my cum out of me on purpose, but Gina was going to make me cum without deepthroat and, it felt, without even intending to.

I gasped out, my hand griping her flaming hair, "RrrREADYYYYyyyyTO... FEEL..." I put my other hand on her head. "...how LONG I AM?!?"

Before she could shake or nod, I shoved. The timing felt right. Her saliva had built up. I was covered in mucus. I ordered, without thinking this fully through, "SWALLOW!!!"

I pulled the older woman's head towards me with force. I felt her swallow just as my cockhead lodged into the top of her throat. My cock hung up for a moment at her entrance, then I was down, and I felt her freckled nose hit my belly.

"Ohhhh..."

"You did it, Mom." Priscilla called encouragingly.

I came!

Ms. Tease got a hard shot of my cum straight down her throat and she gaged. She came up off my erection in a drooling, wet, white, bubbly gush. My second shot splashed across her face and into her eyes. Her hand went up automatically to try and control my cock and she pulled upward from root to head, squeezing another huge load of semen shooting up in an arc to land in her hair and drip down over her forehead.

"UuoOHAH... Ms. Tease! That FEELS GOOD!" I cried. I had a two handed grip on her head and I turned her face up and unloaded another blast across her nose, coating those beautiful freckles with a glossy, milky layer of sperm. I was surprised at how much I had to cover her with. She scrunched her eyes shut and a thick gob of cum blasted up across her upper lip to block her nostrils. She opened her mouth wide to breath, and I directed my cock back in between her gorgeous lips. I fucked her face as more semen dribbled out. I was so sensitive from my orgasm that I bucked my hips hard, thrusting my cock in and out and back to the back of her throat.

Finally I finished cumming and Priscilla's mother swallow the last dregs in her mouth. My hips jerked and my cock sawed back and forth in between her lips again.

"I am so sorry Ms. Tease. I didn't mean to do that." I said.

Still on her knees with my cock in her hand, she looked up at me. She couldn't open her eyes from all the ejaculate covering her eyelids. She said, "You just covered my face, nearly my whole head, in your sperm. I think you can call me Gina. Just, someone, lead me to a washroom."

My mother stepped forward to help her guest to her feet. Mom's naked right breast became coated in my cum from where it dragged through my fluid painting Gina's face. That was an arousing sight, but I was done for the moment.

Mrs. Zaftig looked let down.

"Eleven and a quarter." called Gina, as my mother lead her back to the kitchen to clean off.

Ms. Dermis came to life at that and dropped quickly to her knees in front of me. She pumped my cock almost frantically, to keep it hard, and slapped her scale up against my member.

"I think you're still hard enough to get an accurate measurement." She laughed. "I get... exactly... she let the tension build for a moment. "Ten and a quarter inches. You were the closest, Priscilla."

"Other than you, Ms. Dermis. You said ten and a quarter." Priscilla said back.

Everyone was chuckling and gave a mild applaud for their star student, Priscilla Tease. The party finally broke up and I kissed Priscilla and guided her close and tight. I didn't want her to go home, but I needed to get to work.

Over the next couple of weeks, Gina Tease worked on the case. She took depositions, the teachers answered opposing council's subpoenas to depose. Gina came over to see how we were

progressing with her request and Priscilla and I had to tell her there was no Nude Teaching program that we could find. I watched our lawyer's face go from hopeful and determined to surprised, then confused, and finally defeated.

She said her case was falling apart because she couldn't find one other school that had implemented the Nude Teaching Program.

Meanwhile, (yes, I wrote 'meanwhile'. There are appropriate time to use cliques.). Meanwhile, I had been working late, fucking both my mother and my sister. My sister seemed insatiable. Even Mom commented, when she came into my room at about midnight, for the third time in a row, and found Cecilia bouncing away on top of my cock.

The school board had to divide the students up into neighboring schools and worked out a home tutoring program to prepare their seniors for a graduating final exam to factor in so we could get our diplomas and enter college the next year. I had my senior project all wrapped up in the appropriate standards and both Mr. Shill and Ms. Dermis signed it as finished. Mrs. Zaftig also signed and before I knew it, the trial date was upon us.

"Order! Order in the court!" shouted the judge. We all settled down in the gallery and the judge, a man, directed the proceedings.

Gina Tease stood up. Her outfit was hot. The court was, at my urging, in a local venue, so Gina's deeply displayed cleavage and micro short business skirt wasn't completely out of place. I need to point out that it had been excepted that they understood, by this time, that the pornograghic fetish wear that everyone had embraced was all a fake. They no longer had the social movement to dress in revealing close. In fact, I had stopped the TV feeds, the posters were never renewed, and the computer ad windows stopped popping up with examples of highly sexually active examples of a world of common pornography. Consequently, blouse were not left unbuttoned and worn in see-thru material. Panties showed back up under skirts, heels got lower and a number of people I knew walked around in a state of embarrassment.

It made the real, national news, that our town had gone astray and started acting like the set of a porno movie. However, many, including Ms. Tease and others, never fully reverted. They had great bodies and still, truly enjoyed the feeling of showing off their assets and being appreciated by the opposite sex. The way the popular high school beauty may never change her hair style, no matter where future trends go, some of those I have influenced had simply become comfortable in revealing clothing. If you hadn't seen how they dressed at the height of my project, you wouldn't realize just how conservative Gina Tease's dress was in the courtroom. Her blouse wasn't see-thru, but it was thin and the neckline plunged to mid sternum. Her braless breasts bounced freely and her nipples stood easily visible against the lightweight material. Her skirt was above mid-thigh and slit up to her hips. I knew, she wore no panties. But the world was slowly going back to normal.

"If I may address the bench, your honor?" Gina paused to let the judge nod while his eyes took in the sight she presented. All of the defendants were equally worthy of a slow, thorough, visual study. "Some new evidence has come to light that we need time to explore."

The judge finished letting his eyes wander over the sea of large breasts only partially covered and came to rest on Miss Crotchet's massive pair. I had ordered her and Ms. Fellaicceo, Ms. Schluttie, and Mrs. Cumming to dress in highly revealing clothes and to act like they were appropriately dress, no matter what. They were embarrassed to do so, and the fact that the world hadn't actually embraced a free to enjoy sex attitude allowed them to try and resist, but, like Miss Crotchet, who was the one who had no trouble continuing our D&S relationship, pointed out, they were natural

submissives, and in the end, did what I ordered. Ms. Fellaicceo was also completely committed to me, by then.

The judge barely flicked his eyes back to Gina when he asked, "And what is this new evidence?"

Gina was in a very good mood and when she had come over to our house to share her news about a conversation she had with an FBI agent who had contacted Secretary Longrod at the DoE. She was in such a good mood that she ended up staying to give me another "lesson" in sexual intercourse. She had four orgasm on my cock before I had actually held on through fucking Gina Tease, and finally cum in my mother, while I was eating my girlfriend's mother out at the same time. I ended up sucking and licking Mom's pussy, later that evening, and I could still taste my semen inside her. I really didn't mind the taste of my own cum, if it meant being able to suck on Mom's, or even Gina Tease's pussy. It wasn't really that bad. Both Cecilia and Priscilla had taken a turn at sucking on Priscilla's mother just before me. Gina had a total of seven orgasms before she and her daughter left for home.

"Your honor, I have just spoken to the FBI and they have informed me that our little school district has been under cyber-attack and the victim of fake news by a foreign power, for the last two years. The results of this attack are directly responsible for the mistaken changes Ms. Anisia is bringing charges for."

A murmur erupted from the prosecution. Ms. Anisia shouted, waving her accusing finger at Ms. Tease. "This is outrageous! You are blaming the Russians for your own Obscene behaviors?"

"Order! Order in the court!" demanded the judge, pounding his gavel. "Ms. Anisia, you will refrain from interrupting again."

Chapter 18

Ad Window - Chapter 18
Written by Serious Mistake (seriousmistake@protonmail.com), reposted with permission

"All rise!" Called the stocky, balding, bailiff.

Everyone stood.

"Court is now in session, the honorable Judge Straitin presiding."

We watched the judge enter the courtroom and take his seat at the bench.

The judge surveyed the court, adjusted his seat, glanced up at the local news cameras in the gallery and then did a slow survey of the front row and the defendants. He adjusted his seat again.

The judge banged his gavel and said, "You may be seated."

After the charges were read, Judge Straitin asked the prosecutor for opening statements.

"Your honor," started the female prosecutor. She didn't seem to have been enculturated into my new local social values, as had most of the others. Considering the police uniforms and several of the desk workers I'd passed, I would guess it was more of a tactical move to dress so conservatively. She had been working closely with our accuser and was trying a case about indecent exposure, sexual misconduct contributing to the delinquency of minors, and publicly lewd behavior. They wanted to try for a pornography charge over the calendar, but Gina Tease took that off the table when she pointed out that producing pornography wasn't illegal in itself, and there was no evidence of any plans to make a profit or distribute to minors. No one asked about the male model, and no one volunteered that information. Consequently, the prosecutor, who's name was Ms. Flaunting, oddly enough, wore a relatively conservative skirt to mid-thigh and an opaque blouse that showed only a small amount of cleavage. Her medium breasts did bounce freely when she moved.

"We intend to show how the school board of directors and the faculty, lead by Principal Zaftig, Vice-principal Fellaicceo, the Physics teacher Ms. Dermis, as well as others, are guilty of sexual misconduct, indecent exposure, and contributing to the delinquency of minors under their care."

Prosecutor Flaunting addressed the jury, walking on four inch heels the length of the jury box.

"The evidence is clear about all of these charges, but further evidence will indicate an organized criminal intent to traffick in the sex trades with under aged girls."

Before Prosecutor Flaunting could go on, the older retiree woman in the jury box, whom the prosecutor made her statement directly to, gasped and glared at our table. The audience in the gallery reacted with less restraint. A heavy pen hit Mrs. Zaftig in the back of the head. The camera man from the local news directed his camera at the face of the juror and someone exploded with a shout, "Satan walks among us!"

I almost laughed when I recognized Miss Neezlaucht's voice and I turned to find her severe glare directed at the back of my principal's head.

"Order! Order in the court!" shouted the judge. We all settled down in the gallery, and judge Straitin directed the proceedings to continue.

"Ms. Tease, you're response?"

Gina Tease stood up. Her outfit was hot. The trial was in a local court, so Gina's deeply displayed cleavage and micro short business skirt wasn't completely out of place. (I need to point out that it had been excepted that everyone understood, by this time, that the pornograghic fetish wear that everyone had embraced was mostly a fake. They no longer had the social pressure to dress in revealing close. In fact, I had stopped the TV feeds, the posters were never renewed, and the computer ads no longer popped up with highly sexually active examples of a world where pornographic behavior was acceptable and common place. Consequently, blouses were not left unbuttoned and worn in see-thru material. Panties started to show up under skirts, heels were getting lower and a number of people I knew walked around in a state of embarrassment. However, the general population still displayed a comfort level with exhibitionism and body confidence that went well beyond pre-ad campaign times. Everyone was having a hard time finding the old conservative style and behaviors without the strong influence from the more recent "social normalcy."

Our trial made the real, national news. The world was interested in how our town had gone astray and started acting like the set of a porno movie. Many, including Ms. Tease and others, never fully reverted. They had great bodies and still truly enjoyed the feeling of showing off their assets and being appreciated and admired by the opposite sex. The way the popular high school beauty may never change her hair style, no matter where the future trends go, their greatest social successes had, in fact, prevented future growth, in a way. Many of those I had influenced had simply become comfortable in revealing clothing.

If you hadn't seen how everybody dressed at the height of my project, you wouldn't realize just how conservative Gina Tease's dress was in the courtroom. Her blouse wasn't see-thru, but it was thin and the neckline plunged to mid sternum. Her braless breasts bounced freely and her nipples stood easily visible against the lightweight material. Her skirt was above mid-thigh and slit up to her hips. I knew she, at least, wore no panties, but the world was slowly going back to normal.

"If I may address the bench, your honor?" Gina paused to let the judge nod while his eyes took in the sight she presented. All of the defendants were equally worthy of a slow, thorough, visual study. "Some new evidence has come to light that we need time to explore."

The judge finished letting his eyes wander over the sea of large breasts only partially covered and came to rest on Miss Crotchet's massive pair. I had ordered her and Ms. Fellaicceo, Ms. Schluttie, and Mrs. Cumming to dress in highly revealing clothes and to act like they were appropriately dress, no matter what. They were embarrassed to do so, especially Mrs. Cumming. The fact that the world hadn't actually embraced a free-to-show-it sexual attitude allowed them to try and resist, but like Miss Crotchet, who was the one who had no trouble continuing our D&S relationship, pointed out, they were natural submissives, and in the end, did what I ordered. Ms. Fellaicceo was also completely committed to me, by then. I was sure that was about to end in the next sixty seconds.

The judge barely flicked his eyes back to Gina long enough to watch her jiggle her way up to the bench, when he asked, "And what is this new evidence?"

Gina was in a very good mood when she had come over to our house to share her news. She'd had a phone conversation with an F.I.B. agent. The agent had contacted Secretary Longrod at the D.o.E. and had called Gina as a courtesy. Gina gave us a vague explanation, saying this information made

our case. Priscilla's mother was in such a good mood that she ended up staying to give me another "lesson" in sexual intercourse, dispite the new information I knew she held.

She had two orgasms on my cock before I had actually held on through fucking Gina Tease, and finally cum in my mother, while I was eating my girlfriend's mother out at the same time. I ended up sucking and licking Mom's pussy, later that evening, and I could still taste my semen inside her. I didn't mind the taste of my own cum, if it meant being able to suck on Mom's, or Gina Tease's pussy. It wasn't really that bad. Both Cecilia and Priscilla had taken a turn at sucking on Priscilla's mother and Mom, just before me. Gina had a total of seven orgasms before she and her daughter left for home. Then she told us a little bit more of her news.

Even though she had walked up to the judge's bench to talk in private, we could hear what she was saying. I believe that was on purpose, she wanted the jury to hear before a ruling could be made about its allowance.

"Your honor, I have just spoken to the F.I.B. and they have informed me that our little school district has been under cyber-attack and the victim of fake news by a foreign power for the last two years. The results of this attack are directly responsible for the misguided changes Ms. Anisia is bringing charges for."

A murmur erupted from the prosecution. Ms. Anisia jumped up and shouted, waving her accusing finger at Ms. Tease. "This is outrageous! You are blaming the Russians for your own obscene behaviors?"

Funny, because I made sure the prosecutor got the same phone call, yet...

"Order! Order in the court!" demanded the judge, pounding his gavel. "Ms. Anisia, you will refrain from interrupting again."

"Your honor," continued Gina, as she tugged absently down on her blouse to pull the wrinkles out from where her top had settled higher on her bobbling breasts while sitting at her table. The judge's eyes followed the movement, right before his desk, and almost forgot what he was there for. Gina Tease pressed on, only this time at a normal volume, since the "news" was out.

"Evidence, which the F.I.B. is sending to the prosecution and to my office right now, shows that the media feeds in our school district, and to a lesser degree, the surrounding ones across the state, have been hijacked. We have been the subject of an experimental cyberattack designed to undermine and change fundamental social values at their core. We are simply victims of fake news and what we all believed to be a widely embraced cultural and social norm. Even the education organization that supposedly researched, marketed and provided materials for the Nude Teaching program was fake."

The courtroom broke out in a cacophony of low comments and conversations between neighbors. The News Station's field anchor turned to her cameraman and spoke into her microphone to recap what Gina had just said.
I had spent the last couple of weeks before the trial, redirecting and routing my media feeds through a series of anonymous servers in Eastern Europe. I hacked into several I.S.Ps to forge traffic history logs that showed heavy streams of data coming from these overseas servers and I used my voice generation software to inform the F.I.B. of the Internet security breach coming out of the Eastern Block countries. I also made a disquised call, "from the F.I.B.," to D.o.E. secretary Longrod, and manipulated him into calling the school's acting attorney, Gina Tease, and the prosecutor, Ms. Flaunting,with this information.

Gina Tease took advantage of the disruption and confusion to address the whole room and make a

statement to the jury.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. We have all been victims of a vast, coordinated, psychological attack on our society. My clients have always had the welfare and healthy development of our community's children at the center of their hearts.

"The adoption of a school uniform, at its heart, is a well researched and effective practice that has been a great success across the globe. The catalogs and literature available to our school district had been subverted right along with the professional magazines, the television programming, even what we believed to be 'live' news reporting," Gina Tease looked pointedly at the very beautiful and sexily dressed news reporter, "have been corrupted to the point that what we all accepted as conservative expressions of our own wholesome family values, were in strong conflict with what the outside world believed. In our isolated media bubble, it was impossible for us to behave in any other way.

"Look to the changes in your own lives. Most of you have been part of this attack. You've seen it, you've been affected by it. We can not be expected to act any better than the examples of behavior society holds up as a model for us to conform to. Look around you. Are the styles and attitudes towards your bodies, and modes of dress today, what you would have considered normal even as recently as last year?

"These women, who have been given this sacred duty, a duty they hold tight to their truest hearts, have kept our children safe. They have consistently treated their students with respect, and made no decisions that weren't intended to build the character, confidence, and abilities of their charges. And, they have succeed in turning our children into strong confident adults. My own daughter is a shining example of the great job they have done. I would trust her growth and development to no one else. No one could have done a better job in the false environment of lies they had been caged in by our enemies.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, your honor, Ms. Prosecutor, Ms. Anisia, these women are heros and valiant casualties of war, not sexual predators."

Gina delivered her inspired speach like the flaming haired Valkery of Justice that she was. She stood before the judge's bench, feet braced wide, fists on hips like a superhero, the long sexy curves of her bare legs exposed from her high heels up and up and up, nearly to the top of her hips, the slits on either side of her mini skirt parting to show her smooth sensuous skin the entire way up. She thrust her generous chest out and the thin material of her blouse pulled tight against her aroused peaks and her collar gapped wide between those freely jiggling globes.

There was applause from our section of the balcony. My mother shouted, "Amen!" and leaned in to hug Ms. Dermis appreciatively.

I looked around at Miss Neezlaucht. I caught her eye and she turned her severe face to me. She got up from her seat and moved to sit in the sparsely occupied row behind me. I waited while the judge banged his gavel again.

The older woman leaned into my ear from behind. "Bentley, I know you are a good Christian boy. The Devil has been beaten out of you, so you are just being misguided by those around you, whom Satan still has ahold of. I also know what you are doing to help the good father and Mrs. Bacchanal. I am here to help you if I can. Their lawyer is right. Mrs. Zaftig and the others are good at heart. Just casualties in the war between Heaven and Hell. Perhaps when this is over. We can talk about your helping me like you are doing for Father Bacchanal and his wife."

What the...?

I nodded and smiled and said, "When this is all over. I'll have to talk with Father Bacchanal, and my mom, of course."

She sat back with a tight expression. I noticed out of the corner of my eye, that her skirts were rather high, her knees and some of her thin thighs even showed below the hem. Father Bacchanal was actually in attendance with his wife. They were seated way in the back and he watched Miss Neezlaucht closely. Wierd. I hadn't even had the chance to think about fucking Mrs. Bacchanal.

The judge banged his gavel again.

"Ms. Flaunting, do you have any thing to add? Are you aware of the F. I.B's findings?"

Ms. Flaunting stood up. "I have spoken with an agent over the phone. I don't believe it has any bearing on the charges."

The judge banged his gavel again, he seemed to like banging his gavel. "We will recess until this time three days from now. I think a call from the F.I.B. deserves a little consideration."

The judge dragged his eyes over the impressive display of breasts on our side of the room.

"Ms. Tease, you have until Thursday to explore your new defense. Good luck."

Bang!

"Court dismissed."

"All rise!" shouted the bailiff.

At home, Mom was grilling Gina Tease. "What does it mean, we are the victims of false news? I know you said something about fake news the other night when you told us about the phone call, and you said it made our defense, but this is a lot more than just a defense strategy. You're saying we have been completely fooled, and manipulated into acting like it was okay to be having sex with my son and my daughter? All the information, the radio, and those morning shows, the news programs on T.V., that said a good mother should be teaching her children about sex, were all lies?"

Gina explained in detail, what the F.I.B. agent and the secretary of the D.o.E. had said on the phone.

"Our town, according to the agent on the phone, has been in a nearly complete information bubble. Your morning shows, my yoga programming, the school's professional development media, the news, all of it had been hijacked and controlled by enemies of our government. There is no way you could have thought anything, but what we have all been doing was right. It was all meant to make us think stripping naked for your children and your students, teaching our daughters to deepthroat, teaching your son how to have sexual intercourse by having sex with him yourself, were all the right things to do. All of it was expertly designed to make us believe that doing these things was how a good mother and teacher should behave. We all followed along like puppets."

It should be noted here, that my mother, Gina Tease, Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Dermis, and Ms. Fellaicceo were all in our kitchen having a glass of cold white wine and wearing all their clothes. This was the first time in many many months that my mother didn't strip down almost as soon as she got in the door. My sister started to, but Mom stopped her and sent her and Priscilla off to "play" in Cecilia's room. I was invited to go too, but Mom shook her head 'no' to that also. Besides, I needed to hear and possibly influence Gina's strategy.

I grew hard watching these incredibly sexy older women. They still wore hot, revealing clothes and let their "assets" swing and bounce and jiggle freely. But I was destined to be frustrated in my needs. If Ms. Crotchet had been there, I'm certain it would have had a different ending.

I volunteered, in the end, to do more research on the computer to find out if other towns had suffered similar attacks.

By the close of the evening, and after Gina Tease finished her third glass of wine, my mother was on her second and Ms. Dermis and Mrs. Zaftig had just poured their third ones, Ms. Fellaicceo only had the one; the conversation turned to the real benefits they believed they had seen in the growth of Cecilia, Priscilla, Jessica, Libbey, and me, since Mom and Gina had become actively involved in our educations. Maybe incest was really still incest, but everyone agreed that our last year, under the media deception, hadn't been completely lost. They noted the complete absence of a few bad behaviors among the students, including skipping school, rudeness that would get them sent home or kicked out of class and sent to study in the principal's office. There had been almost no backtalk and the students were not nearly as handsy or inappropriate as the teachers had feared when they first talked about trying the Nude Teaching Program.

They all had their last drink and hung out for nearly two more hours, having a slice of carrot cake and coffee for dessert. They talked more about some of the issues and successes and joys they'd had to deal with that year, until they felt like they were clear headed enough to drive home. Cecilia invited Priscilla to sleep-over and Gina seriously considered my mother's offer to stay, because she'd had the most to drink. Gina said she was fine and had work to do first thing in the morning.

I still hugged everyone goodbye and kissed them all too. However, it was much more chaste than it would have been before Ms. Anisia. What a let down. I actually went to bed that night with an unsatisfied erection. I would have masturbated, I had lots of awesome material on my computer, pictures of incredible sex with all of my sexy teachers and my mother, but somehow, it felt a little pathetic to jack myself off after the last few months I'd enjoyed.

I had a dream. I was laying in a hospital bed. I was in traction, my hands were wrapped in bandages, and my advisor came to tell me I failed my Senior Project. I wasn't going to get into Cornell. Then she tried to console me by pulling my covers back and bending over my hips to suck my cock into her mouth. She worked and worked and worked my erection down her throat, but had to come up, in the end, not having been able to make me cum. Mrs. Zaftig was there and said, she could get me to cum. With that, my naked principal crawled up over me and slurped my huge erection, over a foot long, right down her throat and held my cock buried while my mother counted.

I ran my tongue into Mrs. Zaftig's bald pussy and worked my tongue into her. In the dream, I had Ms. Fellaicceo's tongue. I could feel my principal's cervix.

Five seconds, six seconds, seven seconds,... counted my mother.

I reached my hands down to play with my principal's incredibly large breasts. (It was a dream, so my hands missing their bandages and being able to push and knead jiggle those giant orbs of luscious flesh was no surprise). I found Mrs. Zaftig's nipples and went to pull on them.

Twenty one seconds, twenty two seconds,...

My mother yelled, "OWW!" because it was her breasts that I had a hold of, somehow.

Mrs. Zaftig tightened her throat and used her tongue to stroke my cock without taking me out. Miss Crotchet said, "Now you have to start the count over. Here, spank my tits to keep track of

the count."

She handed my mother a paddle, but it was Priscilla who held the paddle and slapped the giant tits of the English teacher. Mom called out, "...thirty nine seconds..."

SMACK!

"Forty seconds..."

I pulled on my mother's and Mrs. Zaftig 's massive breasts again and made them both jiggle in synch with Miss Crotchet's mammoth quaking juggs. Miss Crotchet just arched her chest forward, kept her hands locked behind her neck, closed her eyes and smiled when Priscilla swatted her fat, swinging, pendulous, tits again.

SMACK!

"... forty six seconds..."

SMACK!

"... forty seven seconds..."

I pumped my cock back and forth in the depths of my principal's throat.

I looked over at my girlfriend and her mother was pumping a large dildo in and out of her daughter from behind. Gina Tease would rear back, just the tip of that thick plastic cock, that looked just like mine, holding Priscilla's wet labial lips open, then Gina gripped her daughter's hip hard with her hands and thrust with her hips and drove that huge cock home.

SMACK! rang out Priscilla's paddle.

Miss Crotchet moaned with pleasure and Mom bent over to suck on the teacher's stiff, swollen left nipple. Miss Zaftig sucked harder on my cock without taking me from her throat and I felt the vibration of a slight gagging.

Miss Cunny was there to hold Mrs. Zaftig steady and let me fuck my cock into that wonderful, magical throat. I could feel my semen building.

I snapped my fingers away from the two sets of engorged nipples I had been using to tug my hips deeper into my principal's throat, and grabbed Miss Cunny's hands on either side of her boss's head. I thrust hard against those lush, mature, widely stretched lips.

SMACK!

"Ninty nine seconds."

I fucked into that throat.

SMACK!

"One hundred seconds."

Ms. Schluttie popped her red lipped mouth off of Priscilla's huge swinging breast and whispered into my ear. Her own nipple dropped between my lips; it had a metal ring pierced through it and it clicked unpleasantly on my teeth.

"You're choking your principal. You need to pull out."

SMACK!

"One hundred-ten seconds."

I was going to cum and I didn't want to stop, but I didn't want to choke Mrs. Zaftig, either.

I fucked my cock hard to the deepest depths of her throat and it wasn't Mrs. Zaftig I was throatfucking, it was Mrs. Cumming. Mrs. Zaftig was crouched behind Mrs. Cumming's ass, where Mrs. Cumming bent over to suck my cock down her throat, and my principal had her face pressed deep between the Home Ec teacher's pale round cheeks, eating her pussy out. I looked behind where Mrs. Zaftig was bent into Mrs. Cumming's ass and saw Miss Cunny eating the sexy school head out. Behind the young secretary was Mrs. Bustier. The lunch lady's enormous breasts were strapped in tight leather bands and held out as if being served for a meal.

Then I felt my cum teeter on the edge of orgasm and my mother yelled, "ONE HUNDRED-TWENTY; TWO MINUTES!"

Mrs. Cumming jerked up and off of my cock and Coach Clidduris climbed onto my cock in her place. She reached down and stuffed me into her sopping wet cunt while Mom held me by one arm and Gina Tease held me by the other, stretching me out so I couldn't move. My legs were pinned down by naked bodies. I knew without seeing them, it was Jessica and Libbey holding each leg.

Coach began fucking herself on my cock in a fast, deep set of twenty reps while she held her fingers laced behind her head, breathing out the count of her reps, practically doing squats over me.

"AuOWw!" I gasped when I felt a hard pinch and pull on both of my nipples.

Miss Neezlaucht was punishing my right nipple and yelled, "Let the Devil out of you!"

Mrs. Bacchanal was giving my left nipple a similar treatment.

Coach pumped her cunt up and down on my cock and the two religious women flicked my nipples with little riding crops. I heard Father Bacchanal shout, "Expell Satan, my child! Release his hold on you and banish him into the depths of Hell!"

I arched my head back and the pastor was kneeling above me, his own hard erection pointing out right above my face. I couldn't move and he aimed his pulsing, vainy erection down towards my gaped open mouth.

"Release Satan, my child, as I will release the love of God into you."

The head of that male organ pushed between my lips and I felt the foreign smoothness of Father Bacchanal's holy gland slide over my tongue and into my mouth.

My cock started to burn, I was cumming.

My hands were free and I grabbed Coach Clidduris's naked hips and pumped her up and down frantically. Coach began yelling.

I shook, my body thrust up off the bed and I jetted more cum, more sperm, more semen than humanly possible into my Coach's cunt.

No one else was in my dream but the woman I was fucking and my cock burying over and over and over into her.

I was at the height of my amazing orgasm when I woke up. I was arched over my mattress, my cock spewing. I was buried deep in my sister who was having her own moment of wild abandon.

I spewed more and fucked my sister for real.

"Oh Wow! Bentley, I'm going to wake you up like that from now on." Cecilia finally breathed out, once she'd caught her breath.

Priscilla bounced onto the bed. She was as naked as my sister. "I sucked you a long long time, but you didn't start cumming until I gave up and your sister slid onto your cock."

"Ha ha... I can't imagine why not. I was so much in need." I answered.

"We could tell." giggled Priscilla, slapping my wet and semi-hard cock. "You were laying on your back trying to fuck the ceiling in your sleep."

I asked, "Why aren't you two trying to get back to normal, now that you know we've all been fooled into thinking open sex was okay?"

My sister looked very serious, "Priscilla and I have spent most of the evening talking about that. We decided that sex is okay. We have both enjoyed this year far more because of our openness around sex, and especially sex with you."

Priscilla leaned in, "You were my first and only. I love you."

Cecilia picked it back up, "You were my first, I love that. I loved that Mom was there to help. I love your girlfriend and I love you. I've said it before, and I meant it, 'I hope it can always be this way."

I reached up and hugged both naked girls to me and caught a shift in the shadows outside my bedroom door.

"Mom!" I called.

Everyone turned to see my mother, dressed in a night gown that she hadn't worn in almost a year, step into my bedroom.

"You and your girlfriend were very loud." Mom said softly, apologetically.

Mom was struggling again.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I know you want things to go back to how they were before, and..."

"It's alright Bentley." Mom stopped me. I wouldn't expect you or your sister to find it easy to learn our whole view of the world has been a lie. What took two years for some evil force to change us, isn't going to reverse itself overnight." Mom had clearly been crying.

I scooted up against my headboard and my two naked girls made room.

"Come and sit with us. We need to talk about that." I said.

Mom glanced at both her naked daughter and Priscilla. Then she closed her eyes and tried not to stare at my naked cock laying wet and thick across my thigh. She came and sat primely on the

edge of my bed.

"Mom, you heard what Priscilla and Cecilia were saying?"

Mom nodded.

"I feel the same way. This has been the best year for our family. We are closer than ever before, we have learned more than we ever would have about our bodies, sex, and ourselves. You've let us know that your love for us is absolute. I know we were doing all that we did because of a lie, but I'm glad we did it. I would never want to change that, unless... unless I knew it hurt you or Cecilia, or Priscilla, or any one of my teachers and friends."

I grabbed my mother's hand in mine. Cecilia joined me, Priscilla did too, once I directed her with my eyes.

"I never thought you or anyone else wasn't enjoying themselves."

Mom looked up sharply, "Of course I enjoyed it. You and your sister, your friends and your teachers are such caring and thoughtful people. I have to admit, I think you're all very sexy too. It's just, that's not the point. What we have been doing, thinking it was normal and acceptable, was wrong. A mother shouldn't have sex with her children. I don't even know if it is okay to even talk about it. I'm so confused."

"Mom," Cecilia spoke up. "I think it's important to realize that there is nothing 'wrong'," and Cecilia made air quotes, "with what we have been doing. It is just a random rule society made up. Look at us. We are fine. We're better than fine, in fact. I don't think you should beat yourself up over it. You did what you did because you thought it was the best thing to do. The fact that you enjoyed it too is just a side benefit. I mean, I know we were kind of tricked into doing it, but don't you think it's like tricking a kid into trying a food that's good for him? You know, he thinks it will taste awful until you trick him by telling him it's a dessert, or something. Then, once he's tried it, he loves it."

Priscilla added, "I was talking about this with my mother last night. She said she doesn't regret anything we did together and thought that if it hadn't happened, Bentley and I might have continued to act like we hated each other even though we have probably always been in love. I feel closer to my mother than I ever could have before.

"She also said," Priscilla hurried to add, "that she can't fault something that brought her a new friend like you. Mom really likes you." and Priscilla slid her arm across my mother's torso and pulled her in for a hug. I watched Priscilla's hand glide up under my mother's heavy breast and give it a firm squeeze. Mom didn't pull away, instead, she put her arms around Priscilla and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Thank you Priscilla. I really like you and your mother too. I wouldn't give up my new friend either. I just feel so selfish and guilty because I did enjoy it and I am worried that I allowed myself to be led astray because I wanted it, not because I thought it was the best thing to do."

I threw myself into the pile that we were all forming on my bed, "Mom! Cecilia and I both know you couldn't do anything that you didn't first believe was for our benefit, no matter how much you wanted it for yourself. You just don't have it in you to put your kids second." I reassured her.

"Bentley's right, Mom." Cecilia agreed.

Priscilla sat up. Her bracing hand rested directly on top of Mom's heavy right breast, the stiff nipple pushed out against the light nightgown material even more boldly when my girlfriend's

fingertips absently stroked across the pebbly nub. "You know what I think? I think whoever did this inadvertently did us a favor. We've learned that what we have always taken as a clear good or evil can really be nothing more than our response to something we only imagine our community values. We've learned social values aren't some absolute. Just think how freeing it is to realize that we get to decide on our own what is important? We can be who WE think we should be. Our eyes have been opened. It's our choice to act like everyone else or define our own values. That's what my mother was saying. She was very excited. She told me that before this case, Mom never realized how much of what she thought was good or bad was really her blind reaction to a baseless social tradition. She said she felt awakened by all this. I don't think she is planning to go back to just following some blind sense of social expectations."

I watched Priscilla's finger thoughtlessly trace the contours of Mom's erect nipple through her thin nightgown.

Mom smiled at Priscilla. "I think your mother and I will always remain friends after this. She's a smart, beautiful woman. I love you all, and I guess I shouldn't spend my energy in regrets about things I can't take back. Honestly, I feel lucky to have had these experiences with my children. Being a part of my son and my daughter learning about themselves and even losing your virginity, Cecilia... ahem... was one of the most beautiful things I could imagine."

My erection was starting to come back and I let it press against my mother's thigh. Mom didn't realize she was doing it, but her leg began moving in small motions back and forth against my hardening cock.

Priscilla nodded and suggested, "Let's just let ourselves adjust slowly. I have a good feeling about the trial. Why don't we allow it to play through before we start pounding ourselves back into the social mold we have been freed of."

Cecilia noticed my erection and reached a hand out to take it by the shaft.

"I agree. We shouldn't be forcing ourselves into blind obedience when there's so much to suck from life." Cecilia adjusted herself down and lifted the head of my cock into her mouth. Mom watched in silence for a few seconds while her daughter, laid half across her mother's lap, started noisily sucking on her brother's cock.

I reached out intentionally and grabbed a handful of my mother's left breast and squeezed. I threw my head back in pleasure from my sister's mouth and dragged my mother's nightgown opened to bare her giant breast and pull her back on top of me.

"Oh! Bentley... Cecilia..." my mother screeched. Her half stripped body pressed down on her daughter's head, driving Cecilia's mouth deeper over me. I let Mom lift herself back up and she grabbed the back of her daughter's bobbing head.

"Cecilia..." I acted lost to the pleasures of my sisters mouth and twisted to tilt my hips against Cecilia's face until my own face came in contact with my mother's exposed left nipple.

"UuoOHAH! Mmmmm..." I groaned until Mom's naked peak filled my mouth.

I was almost on top of my mother fucking my cock in and out of my sister's mouth. Mom tried to drag her nipple out of my mouth and I stretched her huge breast way out until I let it go with a sharp smack of my wet lips.

"AuUgh!" Mom gasped. She reached down and grabbed the root of my cock with her other hand and pried my cock out of her daughter's mouth.

"Cecilia, STOP!" Mom cried.

Cecilia finally sat up and smiled a grin that was filled with mischief. "That is so fun. But okay, it's your turn, Mom. I know I already had mine." and Cecilia laughed at her treasing joke.

Mom gave Cecilia a severe look. "It's not a joke. I just need to think about all this. Until the trial is over and we have a clear idea of where to go from here, I'm calling a stop to all this."

Mom still held my erection in her fist and was stroking me without even thinking about it. She lifted my cock and wagged it at her daughter.

I arched into Moms fist and squeezed her naked breast again.

"Aughhh! Mom, can you just suck it one more time? I'm hard as a rock right now."

I gently pinched Mom's nipple, then dropped my hand to push her night gown up and expose the juncture of her soft, luscious thighs. Mom held my cock and looked down at it. She swallowed and tipped her tongue out to moisten her lips.

"Oh Bentley. I... I... would love to... um... suck... I mean, I love sucking your beautiful co... penis. It's... um... you under..."

I didn't wait. I slid a finger between my mother's pussy lips and scooped a drooling gob of her juices up and pressed the slick flow over her clit. I then roled up onto my knees so my erection was less than an inch from Mom's lips. I cupped the back of Mom's head and gently encouraged her forward. Her lips parted and I slid in.

"Auaaghaa! That feels sooO..."

"No! I'm not doing this. As much as I want to, sweetheart, we can't do this. It's not right."

Mom pulled herself off of my cock and rolled to get out of my bed. She stood up and took Cecilia's hand when my sister ducked back in to take Mom's place with her mouth over my cock.

"Cecilia, listen to me!" demanded our mother. "Go to your own room and get dressed, we can discuss this further over breakfast, but for now, stop it."

Cecilia took my cock all the way down her throat for an instant before she finally complied with our mother's demands.

"You want me to just leave my brother hanging there in need like this?"

Cecilia waved my thick, wet erection up and down. Mom took a deep breath watching her daughter's hand shaking her son's hardened cock up and down. Mom's nightgown was opened down her front and those massive, perfect breasts rose and fell deliciously between the thin material.

"Priscilla is here. She should be... uh... suuu... um... fuUuuum... helping your brother, not you." Mom retorted.

Priscilla took that as her queue to move in and take my cock away from my sister. I put my hands on Priscilla's massive tits for a second and rolled her onto her back. I staddled her while I listened to my sister argue with Mom.

"I can't just stand here and watch, Mom. I want to help too." Cecilia whined.

"That's my final decision, for now."

Mom ordered, but she watched very closely as I knelt up over my girlfriend's amazing, naked chest, and wrapped those soft, jiggling, squishy melons of tit-flesh around my cock. I began tit fucking Priscilla right there, in front of my family.

We were not going to revert back to the "old ways" easily. Mom and Cecilia paused to watch as I slid my cock in and out of Priscilla's naked cleavage. I spit into the groove of Priscilla's tits and worked my erection back and forth, fucking those beautiful, perfect tits, trying to make a sexy and open show of getting my cock off before Mom left the room and dragged my sex-crazed sister out with her. Maybe Mom would break and jealousy would make her want to join in.

Priscilla cooperated by pushing her own massive breasts together around my cock. My cock may have grown to exceed ten inches , but I think Priscilla had also grown a little in the last few months of school. I recalled the first time I had tit fucked her.

She was actually yelling at me for being a pervert and acting like it was all an accident. She accused me of having a one-track mind, and that her soap covered tits were not there for my cock to cum into. Ha ha ha.

Cecilia leaned in and added her saliva to our sex. Then, she bent down and latched her lips around Priscilla's nearest nipple.

"Cecilia!" Mom called a warning.

POP! Cecilia released Priscilla's tit.

"I'm just helping to stimulate my best friend. I'm not sucking my brother's cock, Mom."

Mom rolled her eyes.

"Be down at breakfast in ten." and Mom slid off the bed, her own huge breasts bobbling and swinging delightfully. She didn't bother to cover them up until she was out through my bedroom door and heading for the kitchen.

Things began to return to normal.

By normal, I mean the cultural behaviors started to balance out with the rest of the nation based upon a return of control over the media to the traditional national sources. However, I have noticed that our local news team and, to some extent, the popular programming of the rest of the country seemed to have been affected by my little "experiment". The women on the local shows had adopted the local styles. Stores like Jill's Big Rack Fashion Shack and Minnie's Skirts for Less had become very popular because of my advertising campaign. I had, not only run my own version of ads that promoted their shops, as well as others, but the styles I promoted had grown in such popularity, that those stores had changed their stock to match the demands I had created for exhibitionist and erotic fashions. They were not quick to change back, counting on their unprecedented success that had led to better growth, to keep them profitable and stay with the trend of improved income. Thus, even though it was all over the news how the local population had been manipulated, the current trends in fashion continued to push in the direction of revealing feminine clothing. That meant the local anchors all bought their wardrobes locally and perpetuated the styles I had established. After all, their viewership was higher than ever. Business was still good for these specialty boutiques and it looked like the association between our court case in the news was not effecting the fashion of the day that much. Our rather it was, but in a more positive than negative way.

On the other hand, Mom stopped stripping down at every opportunity and she no longer came into my room at night to "practice" sucking my cock or let me "practice" fucking her. Cecilia, however, continued her midnight adventures, but she was more than happy to be sneaky and secretive about it. I came at breakfast from her giving me a handjob under the table while our mother discussed Gina's latest strategy. I was about to explode under the table when Cecilia dropped her fork and dove under the table to fetch it. Her mouth caught every drop and she came back up smiling with the recovered fork in her hand before Mom realized what had been going on. The best one was when Cecilia joined us on the couch while watching the new season's opening auditions of G.G.T.

Cecilia continued to push the dress code at home and her see-thru negligee became something of a struggle between Mom and my sister. Mom tried to get Cecilia to be more modest in her evening wear around the house and Cecilia kept on about how light and comfortable her transparent nightgown was. Mom had to admit that Cecilia was right when my sister pointed out that, "everybody's seen me in this a thousand times before. It's not that big a deal to wear around the house."

Mom would say, "Well, at least put underwear on."

Cecilia would pout and say, "What's the big deal. Bentley's seen a lot more of both of us than me without underwear under my nightgown. I'm just more comfortable like this."

It would go on, and after a few nights, Mom gave up trying. Her own around the house evening wear started to get a little more sexy again and I noticed Mom's bras never returned under her blouses or nightwear.

So, the new, unadulterated, season of God Given Talent was starting up and we all sat on the couch to watch the first day of auditions. I sat with Mom on my right and Cecilia came in wearing her skimpiest, most transparent little nightie and stood in front of me to wave me to move over. I was staring right at my sister's freshly waxed pussy with just the lightest of transparent, flesh colored gauze draped over it. The hem hovered less than an inch below. I turned to see our mother eyeing her daughter with a disapproving look, but she said nothing, this time. Mom's own outfit seemed to be slipping back into her recent norm. It wasn't see-thru, but her body was easily appreciated underneath.

I scrunched over, my loose boxer shorts allowed for a lot of contact with my mother's thigh. I also wore an oversized T-shirt. I had gotten into the habit of just letting my erection show, and I saw every reason to continue with that, even if I had to drape a loose pair of cotton boxers over it. However, at that moment, I was not hard. The "real" G.G.T. wasn't going to be as stimulating as last season.

"Oh, I am so stiff. It will be nice when school opens back up again and I can get out of the house more." Cecilia announced, arching back in a stretch right before both Mom and me. Her nightgown lifted in front and I was staring at my sister's naked vulva like she was begging me to stick my tongue out and eat her.

Mom watched a perfectly normal commercial not about the Master-Matic, or Mistress-O-Matic, or anything else that encouraged family sex. She avoided looking at her daughter's erotic display and said, "School's over for the year. Hopefully, you and your brother will be starting college in the Spring. Now, sit, and watch the show."

Cecilia sighed and flopped down on the other end of the couch. Her gown blew up to her waist as she did. Mom tried not to ruin the evening by saying anything, but her breathing told me she was getting tired of her daughter's games. I turned to my sister and tried to warn her, shaking my head and saying with exaggerated lip movement, 'Stop. Mom's getting upset.' but I don't know that my

sister had been able to read my lips.

She leaned into me and pressed herself against my side, taking my left arm in her hands. She wiggled her body, moving her breasts against me and turned to watch the T.V.

G.G.T. came on and the sexy MC came on with all the exuberance and excitement she could bear, but I thought it fell flat because her great tits and beautiful legs were so covered up, she made me think of Miss Neezlaucht. Funny, but I would have grown hard from her outfit just a year ago. Now, she just looked like a kindergarten teacher. Cecilia yawned.

"This is nice. Don't you guys think? It's like we are getting back to normal." Mom said. She patted my thigh affectionately, and very platonically.

Cecilia yawned again, "YYYEAHhhh! This is nice. So relaxing. I love just sitting with my Mom and my Big Baby Brother, just chillin'." Another yawn.

She scooted her hips over against the arm of the couch and commented. I think I'm going to close my eyes. These first auditions are usually pretty lame. And," Cecilia said, as she dropped her head down to my chest and tucked my arm down along her half naked torso, "besides, it's just not as good as the fake one, for some reason."

Cecilia yawned again and turned her head down and hugged my arm. My hand ended up pressed against Cecilia's naked vulva. She reached over and grabbed my opposite hand and held it in my lap.

Mom finally turned to look at her two children. "I know it was a strange year, but I feel so lucky to have two wonderful children who get along so well. I guess I can't really complain about that."

Mom rubbed my thigh and reached up to run her fingers through Cecilia's loose hair. Cecilia snuggled into me a little more and I felt her breathing against my lower abdomin. She had lifted my shirt up somehow and her cheek was pressed on bare skin. I started to grow. Her knuckles pressed into the thickening shaft of my cock.

The first act came on. Some singer with a horrible voice. She talked herself up so much, you could tell she was going to be terrible. She didn't even have a good sad story about bullying in school or anything.

Cecilia shifted and her breathing grew more relaxed. I felt a wash of moist breath on the head of my cock. Her hand, clutching my hand, had somehow dragged my waistband back and exposed my swelling cockhead.

Her lips hung loosely open and just touched the tip of my cock. Mom was watching the second act being introduced. I shifted my arm and tried to cover my exposed gland. Cecilia wriggled again and my head flaired with pleasure when it slid easily between my sister's lips. She gripped my fingers a little tighter and pressed her own hand against the top of my shaft. I checked to be sure my cock was hidden from Mom's view. Mom's fingers continued to play absently in her daughter's hair.

I gasped when another inch of my cock slipped deeper into my sister's mouth and I felt her tongue swipe a circle around my pulsing and sensitive gland.

FUCK, but that felt good.

I tried to subtly slouch down a little and turned my hips up slightly higher against my sister's mouth. I slid another inch deeper between my sister's soft lips.

"Yeah Mom. This feels really good like this. I love getting into spending... um... time with my sister and... ughhh..."

Cecilia sucked and another two inches were pulled into her mouth. Cecilia's tongue began really working my cock.

"... and you... on the... couch... just like this."

Mom shifted her hand down to my thigh again and I caught a glimpse of Cecilia snapping her eyes shut when she felt Mom move her hand. I checked and my cock was out of sight, half buried in my sister's mouth. Our hands, fingers interlaced, rested directly over the view of my thick shaft stretching up past my waistband and disappearing between Cecilia's full, soft, lips. Hadn't I done a scene on Surf Beach High like this?

"Well, I'm proud of how close you two have become and how you are holding everything together after finding out how we have been manipulated. You're both, all three of us, are going to come through this just fine."

I unlaced my fingers from my sister's hand leaving her fingers to curl directly over the swell of my turgid member, and leaned into my mother. I reached my freed arm around her and pulled Mom into a hug against my side. This kept her from getting a view from a more forward angle so all she could see was the back of Cecilia's head. It also allowed me to stretch back a little. I let my fingers drape around Mom's neck and very gently caressed the bare flesh at the very top of her right breast. I kissed her, to distract her from what I was doing, and was able to push the lapel of her nightgown away from the peak of that fat breast. While I was doing that, I dragged my other arm out of Cecilia's body clench and grabbed Mom's hand to hold it. I squeezed Mom's hand to tell her I loved her, before I placed her hand palm down back on my sister's head.

This all gave me a chance to shift and settle so that I could push my hand onto the top of my mother's hand while I fucked my hips up and down four times in and out of my sister's busy mouth. When I felt I'd pushed it as long as I could, I leaned in and kissed my mother's cheek again, while I pushed her hand down hard on the back of Cecilia's head until my cock slipped into my sister's throat. I seated my cock completely down her throat and settled against my mother while I pinned her hand down on the back of her daughter's head.

"OHHhhh!" I groaned and realized how that sounded. I kept talking. "I feel Cecilia's... um... Cecilia, when she says these... uh... first auditions are not as... GOOD, but... OHhhh, I like this... uh... um... routine. It's... DEEP. You know, from the heart. Like she... really wants it. Don't you think, Mom?"

I tried to shift in tiny fucking motions inside my sister's throat while I encouraged Mom to pay more attention to the performance on the screen. Her skin felt hot and smooth and soft under my fingertips. Mom leaned into me harder and my hand slipped lower over her breast. I could see her nipple only a couple inches below my fingers. Her nightie saged open more and nothing was hidden. My head felt giddy and began to swim with the electric sensations I was being subjected to. It was weird how it all felt freshly taboo again. Just a few days before, I would have been openly fucking my sister's mouth and sucking on Mom's large naked breasts as if it was all perfectly normal. Now, I had the added erotic stimulation of sinking my cock down my sister's throat while trying to keep my mother from catching us. Yet, here my sister was, getting her naughty on, as if we hadn't simply fucked each other with our mother, many times before.

I felt my seed begin to build in my balls. Cecilia moved her throat against my shaft and squeezed my balls through my shorts.

"I'm going to cum... I... I mean... I'm going to always come to... to be with you guys."

FUUUUCKKKK! I hope my slip didn't alert Mom.

I hugged my mother again and kissed her cheek. My fingers stretched a little closer towards her exposed nipple.

"I love BEing in... Cecilia's ...AND your ...family, MOM!" I held my cum back as hard as I could and tried to figure out how to signal my sister to pull off. She had to be running out of breath. Cecilia clamped harder around me and I started to spew.

AH FUUUUCKKKK!!! It felt SO GOOD!

Cecilia shifted in her "sleep" and lifted partway up. Half my shaft appeared from between her lips and my sperm started to fill her mouth. I could almost hear the gulping through the vibrations traveling up my shaft from my sister's eagerly working throat.

Mom patted the back of Cecilia's head.

"Hey, wake up, sleepy head. You should see this act. This guy is doing the grossest sword swallowing routing. His wife, I think, almost perforated his bowel. But, you will appreciate his makeup. It's like Halloween and 'Star Travel' had a baby."

Mom sensed Cecilia was waking up from her nap and tapped her head a little harder. Cecilia was busy trying to keep up with my bubbling cum filling her mouth.

I groaned. "Don't make Cecilia... get off... um... get up, just for this... act." I was breathing pretty hard and trying to appear calm

Cecilia couldn't continue to fake sleep anymore. She was clearly awake now, but how to hide the fact that she had been sucking my cock. Cecilia was trapped. I felt her lick the last swipe around my cock head and she just came up, off of my cock, with a loud, wet, and satisfied smack.

"Oh my God, Cecilia. I told you to stop that behavior. It is not proper."

Cecilia licked her lips, "I know, Mom. It's just... My brother is the best. I feel so close to him when I have his cock in me. How can that be bad?"

Mom took on a softer look in her eyes, "Yes, well. I understand that. Don't you think I have the same feelings about our... um... experiences together? It is hard, but we can't allow ourselves to give in..." Mom was staring at my thick wet cock in her daughter's hand. She licked her own lips. "We have to return to normal, now that we know we have been led down the wrong path." Mom turned back to the T.V. Some young interpretive dance couple were just coming onto the stage, a brother/sister team. Their routine was an interpretation of a love story, two lovers who were torn apart by war and reunited after they struggled to find each other again. The story, as it was told, knowing it was a brother/sister team, gave it a different feeling and all three of us could feel that comforting difference.

Cecilia held my cock for the entire routine and Mom actively avoided looking down at my lap.

The credits came up and scenes for next week's auditions flashed past.

Mom hopped up, her right breast remained exposed. "To bed. Tomorrow, we'll see how our court case is going. Gina sounded positive, so I'm hoping we will get through this soon. Then, you both need to get serious about college. Make sure this case doesn't change your status with Cornell."

Mom turned to face us. Cecilia sat all the way up and let go of my cock. "Okay Mom. I will follow the rules, for now."

Mom didn't say any more about it. We both stood and took turns hugging Mom. Cecilia kissed Mom on the lips and Mom opened her mouth and let her daughter push her tongue inside without thinking, before our mother stepped her daughter back and leveled a warning look at her.

"Good night Mom." I stepped in to interrupt before Mom's restrictions raised her disapproval level too much higher. My cock was still sticking out of the top of my boxers. Mom made a distinct effort to ignore it when I pressed myself, including my satisfied bare member against her stomach. I kissed her on the lips, although I didn't try to use my tongue like my sister did. It was Mom who tipped the end of her tongue into my mouth. It was a reflex. She pulled back with a blush of embarrassment, but acted as though nothing was wrong. She even studiously left her naked right breast exposed, acting as though she hadn't noticed. I can't be absolutely sure, maybe she hadn't.

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"Miss Tease. I hope your three day break has given you adequate time to prepare your case."

"Yes your honor. Thank you, your honor." Regina confirmed."

The trial ended shortly after with Priscilla's mother calling, as an expert witness, a clinical psychologist. The judge interrupted the psychologist's confirmation and explanation of how human beings were socially tethered to the group.

The expert was saying, "Our values and behaviors are as tied to our perception of group motivations as they are to our immediate family and our personal communities of friends and associates. We are even more strongly influenced in our adoption of those community values than we are by personal experiences and rationales."

The psychologist was immensely convincing and understood all the psychological principals I had applied in my campaign. It was clearly a killing blow to the prosecution.

The judge leaned over his desk and signaled the psychologist to stop. "You are making a good arguement to the innocence of your clients, Ms. Tease, and I sense you are leading into your final arguments here, but before you do, I think it would be remiss of me, as well as the prosecution," and here he leveled a shaming look at the prosecutor, as if he felt she had failed to bring every arguement she could. "to not attempt to understand the exact nature of this Nude Teaching Program."

The judge turned back to the psychologist, "If you would please explain the rationales and possible benefits these teachers were acting to promote, while we are treated to a demonstration by the teachers involved."

There was a murmur in the courtroom and the judge banged his gavel.

"The teachers are certainly comfortable with public nudity, and I will have the courtroom cleared of the news cameras, but I would like to see what exactly I have been asked to render judgment on."

Another outburst from the public brought the gavel down on the sound block repeatedly. The bailiff had the camera crew take their cameras out of the courtroom. All of them came back in without their equipment. In fact, I think more returned than left.

Gina Tease asked for clarification and Ms. Flaunting asked for a rational about the need to make the women actually strip in the courtroom.

"Ms. Flaunting, I want to judge for myself, the impact a teacher standing naked before a group of senior students might have. While I've got the good Doctor here to offer an educated commentary and answer any questions I or the jury might have, I think it would be unreasonable not to try and understand the actual situation."

It was clear that the judge was not happy with the prosecutor's questioning of his proceedings. She was perceptive enough to see that also.

Finally, Mrs. Zaftig, Ms. Dermis, Ms. Fellaicceo, my mother, Mademoiselle Darrierett, and Coach Clidduris were directed to get up and strip before the bench. It was dead silent in the courtroom while all six women followed the judge's directions.

Once all three had stepped out of their clothes and straightened up, they carefully laid their clothes on the defendant's table. Judge Straitin leaned forward, one arm dropped below his bench, to study the six naked women more closely.

"I presume you walk around among your students. You don't just stand there. Please, move around the courtroom as if you were in a classroom with students."

The incredible, beautiful, bare naked teachers began to walk, on their high heels, back and forth in front of the jury box and judge's bench. It was dead quiet except for one soft release of someone's breath from the public gallery. Four of the six women were extraordinarily busty and the parade of jiggling, naked tit flesh sent twitches through my loins. I could only imagine what they were doing to everybody else. Coach Clidduris, while not the specimen of buxom bodaciousness, that my mother or others were, was nicely built, as well and her tight, muscular, athletic body was a sexual show unto itself. Not to take anything away from my French teacher. She looked like a runway model walking the highest level Milan fashion show, only without a stitch on. Her ass, alone made me want to sink my cock between her perfect buns. Her hourglass shape was not diminished in the least by her pert, if smaller breasts. Her nipples only looked that much bolder due to the smaller mounds of bouncy, quivering mammaries that held no signs of age. She was all woman in her quaffed hairdo and perfect, glossy lipstick coating her full, succulent and very talented lips.

Finally, Mrs. Zaftig stopped, her huge tits quivering and swinging for a minute longer. "Your honor, shall we act out a lesson, or something? It wasn't like we just paraded around for our students to ogle."

The judge was staring, almost bugeyed, at the bobbling dance right before his bench and didn't answer for a few moments after Principal Zaftig's amazing breasts settled down.

"Oh, yes. Yes, that sounds like a good idea. Do you need... um... a chalkboard or anything?" asked the judge solicitously.

All six naked beauties lines up in front of the judge. It reminded me of beauty contestants lining up to be judged after the bikini segment, only, of course, no bikinis or anything else but high heels, hairless pussy, erect nipple, and round, mature, well exercised gluts. They were an incredible sight, and I think I heard the quiet, artificial click of a camera phone somewhere behind me.

Mrs. Zaftig led her five subordinates in a mock tutorial of advanced anatomy. She went through the outer parts of the breast. Ms. Dermis acted as the model. Her lesson took them into the inner milk glans and a little about the role of stimulation in milk production.

Mrs. Zaftig addressed the jury, does anyone have a question? We are all trained to answer any question about sex education and relationship and family psychology you may have.

An audience member raised his hand. I remembered he had a television news camera before. Mrs. Zaftig ignored the audience. The jurors remained quiet. However, the judge raised a hand.

My mother, not to be excluded from participation, moved to the judge's bench and called on him. "Your honor, you have a question?"

"Yes. It is my understanding that part of this program allowed for the students to touch and feel your body parts. It that true?"

Mom nodded. "Yes, we did not encourage touching, but the lesson plan's philosophy was, as long as the student wasn't actually hurting you, it was healthiest to allow physical exploration, to both satisfy the student's natural curiosity and further educate them as developing adults. It was suppose to be important to treat our students as adults who simply may not have had the opportunities to learn adult lessons from mature and educated adults rather than leave them to learn these critical lessons from each other." Mom shrugged and the effect was... jubilant, might be a good word. "It all seemed to make sense at the time. I remember having heard almost the same thing on my morning life program, as well as on my Christian radio show."

"May I?" asked the judge, getting up from his chair and stepping down from behind the bench. "I want to get an idea of what effects, if any, this might have had on your students."

The judge pantomimed feeling my mother's breasts.

Mom swallowed and looked around at Mrs. Zaftig, then to our lawyer, Gina Tease. Gina nodded.

"Of course, your honor." Mom answered.

The judge took two handfuls of Mom's massive tits and began kneading them. Mom stood dutifully still while the older man's fingers explored and dug deep furrows onto my mother's tits. He found her nipples and rolled and pinched them gently. He plucked them and tugged those aroused points out. Then he dropped his hands from her breasts and began gliding them along Mom's body while we all watched in silent fascination, and maybe a little jealousy. His right hand followed the curve of Mom's back down to her firm, full rear end and he squeezed a cheek deeply. His other hand caressed its way down over the smooth hairless pubis to dip his fingertips into the soft cleft where my mother's wet and obviously aroused clitoris protruded.

Mom squeaked and came up onto her toes, taking a wide step outward when the judge traced the moist furrow of my mother's labia majora back between her legs and, at the back, he pushed upward until two of his fingers disappeared. Mom's outer lips squeezed opened around the older man's index and middle fingers.

Judge Straitin looked up at my mother and asked, "You had students who were inquiring enough to explore this in depth, I take it?"

Mom bit her lip and nodded quickly.

The judge moved his fingers in and out until my mother braced her hand on his shoulder for balance and began to breath heavily.

He paused again, but kept his fingers inside my mother. "Did you demonstrate climax, for your students?"

Mom's eyes were watering and her lower lip was turning flush with the intense biting she was doing to it.

"Um hum!" Mom nodded frantically at Judge Straitin.

He turned back to finger fucking my mother while everyone in the courtroom watched. I heard another quiet electronic click. It was very difficult to take my eyes away from what the judge was doing to my mother, but I looked around and saw, nothing. Someone was being very sneaky about getting pictures.

Mom gasped. Her knees buckled and her hips started to rock against the judge's pumping hand.

"OoOH!" Mom groaned loudly.

The judge shifted his stance so he was partially crouched as he worked his fingers inside my mother's pussy. He raised his free hand up to capture one fat bouncing breast and caught the hardened nipple between finger and thumb.

"AUuaUGHhhhhhh!" Mom groaned out her arousal. She was gripping the judge's shoulders in both hands and her light makeup started to run slightly down her eyelids.

"Huh... huh... huoh... huoH... huOH... aaAUGHH!" my mother arched her back and craned her face up towards the paneled courtroom ceiling. Her lips opened wide and she began to keen louder and louder.

"OAUGGHHii I'MMMMM..." Mom yelled. Her naked body shook and her giant, perfect tits lept up and down. Mom's full ass tightened and she began to fuck herself against the judge's pistoning hand. I could see that he had fit three fingers inside my mother as his narled digits flashed in and out of my mother's drooling, wet cunt.

"I'M CUMMMINGGGGGG! AUuuUuuUUuuUUgGHAAAA!"

Mom was as loud as ever and her fingers rucked hard into the black fabric of Judge Straitin's robes across his shoulders. He let go of my mother's heavy, quaking breast. He leaned to Mom's side without stopping his other hand from punching in and out of Mom's clutching cunt, and slapped his freed hand hard against the jiggling flesh of my mother's naked ass. He wasted no time in finding his way between those full, succulent cheeks and stabbed one moistened finger into their deep rear center. Mom jumped, her back snapping backwards. She nearly pulled the crouching judge over and his bald head collided with her lower stomach.

"OHHHGGGAWWDDDDyYYEEESsSsSsS!"

Mom writhed and fell to her knees, her hands grabbing at her suddenly empty cunt, because the crouching man had to stand up to keep his balance. My mother stroked herself until her body stopped shaking, while the entire courtroom watched.

Finally, she could take normal breaths and looked up from her knees at the judge standing before her.

The judge asked, "was that typical of what happened in your classroom?"

Mom shook her head 'no'. "Huhh... huhh... huhh, no, not... huhh... huhh... huh, typical."

"I see, but you did have a moment with your students like that?"

Mom nodded in the affirmative.

The judge reached down, as he stood before her and hooked his fingers into the front of his robes,

"Did you have occasion to, orally relieve any of your students?" He started to pull the front of his robes upward to expose a pair of charcoal slacks beneath. "I read the lesson material, and it sounded like a teacher was encouraged to teach various mastabatory techniques as well as help overly aroused students get relief, including by fallatio."

Mom watched the swollen crotch of Judge Straitin's slacks come into view before her face, and shook her head in the negative and answered honestly, "No. I never did anything like that."

The judge got a pained expression of disappointment on his face and dropped his robes back down.

"I see. Well, I just want to know how it must have felt for the students under your charge. Thank you for the demonstration."

He looked up and surveyed the six naked women. "You may get dressed now." He looked to the defendant's table, "Ms. Tease, I think I've seen enough. I'll need a twenty minute break, then you may give your closing arguement."

"All rise!" the bailiff shouted.

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"There was no possible way, these teachers could have made the judgment not to follow what they were led to believe was a near universally adopted set of values, as their constant media exposure told them." Gina rephrased what the expert psychologist had just finished saying. She was a sight, standing before the court in her four inch high heels, micro miniskirt and her sheer, plunging, silk top. "Instead of looking at punishing these amazing and dedicated servants of our community, they should be praised in honor of the sacrifices they have been willing to make for all of us. The virtual act of war perpetrated upon them makes them, in my mind, war heroes, not criminals."

In the end, it wasn't the judge who made a decision. It was the prosecutor and Ms. Anisia who dropped the case. The judge merely wrapped up the proceedings with the reassurance from Mrs. Zaftig and Gina Tease, that the administration and staff of Randal Hardwood High School, and the hard charging Woodchucks, would return to a more normal and wholesome curricula. No one wanted to punish a whole school of teachers and administrators for honestly trying to do what they believed was the best thing for their students.

The psychologist had pointed out in his testimony, "The psychological damage the students would suffer from learning they had been tricked into bad behaviors would be deeply compounded by the public condemnation and punishment of their mentors for a mistake everyone, including themselves, had made. The young students would be left drifting in doubt and intense quilt about their own behaviors for the rest of their lives."

Back at home. Mom made Cecilia dress in more conservative clothes again. She continued to allow my sister to go braless because she, herself, seemed to prefer that state, but Mom tried hard to let us know the "show" was over.

That's when the phone rang.

"Oh, hello. Thank you. It is such a relief to finally have the trial over." Mom listened on the phone for a second.

"No. I don't think so. The whole reason I even took the job was to teach what I thought was a missing element in their sex education program. And now I find out it was all a lie. I feel like such a chump."

Mom paused, "Oh thank you. I can't tell you how good it is for you to say that."

Another brief pause.

"Yes, he's here."

Mom held the phone away from her and turned to me. "It's Mrs. Bacchanal. She wants to talk to you."

Yeah, I thought she'd be calling. She sat through the whole trial and I figured she'd be calling to cancel our plans about now.

I took the phone from Mom. "Hello Mrs. Bacchanal."

"Bentley. I'm so glad everything worked out for your school. I'm sure your mother must be feeling the weight of heaven coming off her shoulders."

I assured her, "Yes. Mom is finally relieved to be able to go back to normal."

"Of course. We all are. What an ordeal. Anyhow, I wanted to call about our, um... our arrangement."

I smiled a sardonic smile to myself. "Yeah, I was expecting to hear from you after the trial."

"So, Bentley. I hope this isn't too soon after, but I'm... ovulating, and I was hoping you could come and spend some time with me. I'll come and pick you up if you need a ride."

Huh?

My brain shut off and rolled over dead for a second. My body jumped in with a couple of paddles from an A.E.D. machine. "CLEAR" my body shouted and hit my brain with ten joules of electricity.

"Ahhhh... Yeah, of course. Oh, yeah, I'll need a ride. If that's okay."

Of course, that's no problem. I can't thank you enough. See you in about fifteen minutes."

I was shocked. I assumed it was all over. Everything would come to a dead stop, now that the trial had exposed the false messages. I mean, yeah my sister wasn't ready to stop, but that was not the same. Maybe, or was it? Did my mother really want it all to go back to normal? What about my teachers? I was pretty sure I could call up Miss Crotchet and she would still be my sex slave, but Ms. Fellaicceo or Mrs. Cumming? What about fucking Coach Clidduris or Ms. Dermis or Miss Cunny? Yeah, Miss Cunny probably. We all had so much fun together. It wasn't like they didn't want to have sex. My programming had made it possible, even essential that they be honest about their enjoyment of sex. They had been very clear that they wanted to have sex with me. Why would all their desires go away just because they found out it wasn't okay to do what we had been doing?

The door bell rang. That was fast. I hadn't even had time to hand the phone back to my mother. It was Gina Tease and Priscilla.

Gina was as sexy as ever. Even more, now that she'd won our trial. That woman was my hero. Her daughter promised to be everything her mother was and more in the strong women department. I felt myself responding down low, just thinking about it.

Mom took in her new friend's continued exhibitionist clothing without comment. "Hi Gina. It is so good of you to stop by. Can I get you a drink?" Mom asked.

"That would be great. Thank you. Well, you must be feeling better now that it's all over. Are you getting ready for next year? They are going to still need good teachers, you know."

Mom spoke over her shoulder as she retreated to the kitchen for the drinks. "No. I'm giving my notice on Monday. Bentley and Cecilia will be in college, I hope, so I'm no longer motivated to continue. Besides, I don't really have anything to teach anymore. As it turns out, I just wanted to teach kids about sex and that doesn't really work anymore."

Gina followed Mom into the kitchen while I hugged and kissed Priscilla. I could hear their conversation as I pressed my super hot girlfriend's body to me.

"Ha, yeah, true." agreed our fiery savior, "That's why I'm here. I thought, just because you can't do it in school anymore, doesn't mean we can't still teach sex to our own kids."

Mom was silent for a minute. "What are you talking about?" she finally asked.

I'm talking about how good it all was before someone had to call shenanigans on us. You had fun; I had fun. I wasn't lying in the courtroom when I talked about how much our kids have grown and benefited. I really believe that. I've been thinking about this quite a lot.

"Priscilla has been the best sounding board to help me work through this. I think we shouldn't give up on what we are doing if we really benefited in so many ways from it. Just because someone lied to us, doesn't mean it was all a lie. Actually, it was so effective because it contained so much truth. Seriously, all they really did was open our eyes to other possibilities. We don't have to blindly follow the rules all the time. That's what I'm saying."

I looked at Priscilla. "Your mom wants to keep having sex together?"

Priscilla smiled, "not just Mom." She nodded her head until those thick red braids gently whipped at my chest and arms.

I said, "Mrs. Bacchanal just called. You know our agreement, right?"

Priscilla looked serious, "Yeah. I remember that I'm not suppose to know, also."

"Well, she is on her way over to pick me up."

Priscilla opened her eyes wide.

"You okay with this?" I asked.

She hugged me. "Of course, Bentley. She is so lucky. Don't let her down."

"I love you Priscilla." I locked my lips with the beautiful woman in my arms. I couldn't believe the heaven I was in.

Then Cecilia stepped in. She put her arms around me and Priscilla. "You know, there's no reason you have to leave. I'm sure Mrs. Bacchanal can get pregnant here as well as at home. You should invite her to stay. Use Mom's room."

I blinked. Fuck!

"I don't think Mom would go for that."

Cecilia just said, "Ask her. What harm could that do?"

I replied, "It could freak Mom out and she could put a stop to the whole affair."

Yeah, I know. And, I used the word 'affair' on purpose. That's what it was.

"Oh come on. She didn't stop us from having sex last night, and she knew we were fucking."

"No she didn't. She was asleep" I countered. "You snuck in after Mom went to bed."

"Oh you are so sweet Bentley. I walked right past Mom's bedroom and Mom saw me go naked into your room. When she didn't immediately kick me out, I knew she wasn't going to stop us. I just thought it would be fun to make you think we were sneaking sex behind Mom's back."

"Why would she do that?" I asked in real confusion.

Cecilia shrugged. "I don't know."

Priscilla tried, "Maybe she wants to keep going, and just needs the right justification? You should fuck Mrs. Bacchanal here, if you can. That might help your Mom."

I couldn't believe Priscilla. The goody goody darling of the teachers, whom I use to call 'Prissy', was trying to help me keep fucking my mother. Fucking WOW!

Priscilla explained, "Your mom respects Father and Mrs. Bacchanal. She looks to them to help set her moral code. If it's alright for a married woman of the church to fuck a teenage boy of..."

The doorbell rang just as Mom and Mrs. Tease came back out of the kitchen.

"Bentley, see who that is, will you?" Mom asked.

"Probably it's Mrs. Bacchanal." I processed everything Priscilla was saying and suggested, "I think I need to tell her that Priscilla and Gina know about her trying to have a baby with me. How can she trust me if I'm not truthful with her?"

Mrs. Tease smiled at me. "Very admirable, Bentley. Is she coming over right now to try?"

I nodded and huried for the door, having left Mom and Gina with the suggestion of Gina's question, that we would be having sex right here.

"Hello Bentley." Mrs. Bacchanal greeted me when I opened the door.

"Hi Mrs. Bacchanal. Please come in." She looked very good. Her clothing was a bit more conservative since the trial began, but her dress was still micro-mini short and her freely jiggling breasts let me know she wore no bra under the very light weight material. Her nipples were prominent and obvious through the Summery cloth. I responded, just thinking about fucking her again.

"Bentley please, you can call me Wanda. I would like that better, coming from you."

"Of course," I said. I put my arm around her and kissed her cheek. "That would be much nicer, Wanda."

I offered her a drink. "Let me get you something to drink."

Mom and Gina Tease came out into the kitchen where I was opening the bottle of white wine my

mother keeps in the refrigerator.

"Oh, hello Mrs. Bacchanal." greeted the redheaded lawyer.

My mother also said 'hi'.

"Hi Ms. Tease. I wanted to congratulate you on winning your case. You were brilliant. That closing speach was so passionate and heart felt." Wanda Bacchanal praised our school's savior

"Thank you so much. I meant every word. It's always easiest to win when fighting for something you believe in."

Mrs. Bacchanal nodded, her beautiful, full breasts bounced slightly with the movement. They were about the same size as Gina's breasts.

"Hallelujah!" Mrs. Tease said.

Gina asked, as I handed them both a glass of wine. "Bentley wanted to talk to you about something. She looked at me, "has he had a chance to yet? I'm afraid it involves both me and my daughter, so I am interested." Gina kept talking after seeing the answer in my eyes. "It's Bentley's place, and I can see he hasn't had the chance to, so I'll just try and back out as gracefully as I can, now."

Mrs. Bacchanal turned to look at me.

I put my thoughts together quickly, "Right. Yes. Before we get further with our plans, I wanted to come clean and tell you that Gina and Priscilla, her daughter and my girlfriend, already know about our... um... arrangement. I certainly didn't mean for them to find out, but before you continue to trust me, I wanted you to know about your secret having been... um... com pro mised?!"

Wanda stared at me. She lifted her glass to her lips, took a small sip then asked, "Are you saying I can't trust you, Bentley?"

"No!" Gina Interjected with feeling. "He is not saying that at all. Bentley has been the model of respect and discretion. Your plans have reached my ears from other sources, which Bentley had tried to prevent, but what he's actually saying is he feels it is important that you know, before moving ahead. As a lawyer, I will not be discussing this with anyone and neither will my daughter, but I'm sorry to say, we are not the deadend to your secret. Bentley just felt it was his obligation to tell you that your secret has been let out past your circle of influence."

"That's right." I finished, "I didn't want you to act upon our agreement not realizing that other people may know what you are planning."

Wanda took a bigger sip of wine.

My mother stepped up. "I'm so sorry Wanda. I was the one that told Gina, because, I'm embarrassed to say, my daughter was the one who talked about it with Priscilla and two of her other friends during a lesson in sexual intercourse I was giving them. They all have been admonished and talked to. I let them know how vital it was to keep it a secret. I made sure they understood it was your secret, not theirs to tell. I just needed someone I trusted who could give me advice and Gina was there for me. I trust her."

Wanda Bacchanal reached out and hugged my mother.

"I understand. You did the right thing. I am so impressed with you. You always focus on the

right thing. I know it turned out to be false, but it is more than obvious that your work at the school was because you thought it was the right thing to do. I remember your anxiety when you came to discuss it with the pastor and me. We certainly were fooled enough to support your decision to teach those kids about sex. We know how you struggle with the moral question a lot. Father Bacchanal and I really admire that about you."

"Mom," I interrupted, "maybe Wanda would feel more comfortable using your room instead of going back to where she lives with her husband, or somewhere strange, like a hotel room."

Mom looked at me with serious consideration. "That is a good thought, Bentley."

Mom turned to Wanda Bacchanal, "of course you are welcome to use my bedroom. In fact, I think Bentley's suggestion is a very good one. We just want you to be comfortable. You shouldn't have to be reminded of your husband, even if he's fine with all this, and you shouldn't have to feel like you are hiding some illicit love affair by going to a seedy motel."

Wanda Bacchanal smiled a warm appreciative smile. "Thank you so much. I don't want to impose any more than I already am, but you are exactly right. Those ideas have been in my thoughts. I also want Bentley to feel comfortable, so maybe that is for the best. Thank you so much for the thoughtful offer."

Mom smiled and said, "That's wonderful. Let me show you the way. Follow me and I'll make sure you have everything you need, especially privacy."

Wanda and I followed my mother into her bedroom. Mom showed her friend the en suite bathroom, and the side drawer where her Mistress-O-Matic was. I was surprised to see it wasn't the only dildo in the drawer. There was another one of those big realistic vibrating fake cocks of wonder that looked so much like my own erection. Wow, Miss Crotchet must have an investment in the sex toy company.

"Just let me know if there is anything at all I can do to make you more comfortable. Otherwise, I'll leave you two alone."

Mrs. Bacchanal didn't say a word. She smiled a slightly strained smile, her eyes looked like they were getting moist, and she grabbed my mother in another hug.

Mom broke the hug after a moment and stepped over to me. "You be a perfect gentleman. I have faith in you, so I'm not worried. It's just my duty, as your mother, to caution you."

Mom kissed me on the lips and huried out. It looked like she was about to cry when she turned to close the door behind her.

"Well Bentley, this is new to me. How do you think we should pre..."

I stepped into her space, slid my arm around the small of her back and pulled her in against me and pressed my lips against hers. We kissed. She did not pull back, and after a moment, began to relax into me. I explored her lips with mine. I brought my other hand up to the back of her arm and encouraged her to put her arms around me. Her tongue slipped between my lips.

We felt the inside of each other's mouths until I pulled back and took a breath.

"Sometimes," I said, "It's better to just start instead of standing here feeling awkward."

We hugged, I slid my hands down to her round, broad, ass and gripped her, pulling her hips into me.

"I think you are wise well beyond your years, Bentley, but please be gentle."

I kissed her full, mature lips and said, "That's how I like it best. You can control the pace. Just tell me and I'll stop, no matter what. You are important to me."

We kissed again. I slid my hands around to cup the swell of the sides of her breasts. Her dress left them bare.

I found the peaks of her soft, full tits and swept my thumbs over their aroused points. I slid my lips away from hers and whispered in her ear, "Take my pants off. Let me out."

She followed my advice.

Wanda's fingers worked my button open and she slid my zipper down over the hardening bulge of my erection very slowly. Her knuckles dragged over my stiff mound and I felt the confinement around my cock release.

I started on the front lacing of her deeply plunging bodice. Her breast easily fell out and I slid the shoulder straps from her shoulders.

"You can take me out, Mrs. Bacchanal. Um... Wanda." I kept my tone quiet and gentle.

Her fingers found my shaft, and, I don't know why, but it was almost like she was the first woman to touch my cock. I felt the shock of secret pleasures ripple up to the back of my head. I wanted to cum, right then. I didn't, but it felt so new, almost forbidden, when her fingers curled around me and began to explore my length. I think it was because I could feel how vulnerable and new it was for her. It was like the first time I'd kissed Priscilla. I wanted to protect Wanda from everything. Even though Father Bacchanal had described Wanda as abused by her ex-boyfriend, I sensed her innocence to this type of sex, sex with someone she chose herself and wanted to be perfect for. My job, I realized, was to convince her that she was perfect.

I made an effort to switch my attention to my hands, catching and kneading her bare breasts. I took my tongue out of her mouth again and dropped to suck on her left nipple. I squeezed her right breast in my hand and her stiff bud thrust deeper against my lips. Her hands stroked my cock. I helped her other hand to push my pants down to my ankles. I kicked my pants off while she gripped my cock and I suckled her nipple. Her breathing got deeper and she started to stroke my shaft faster.

This went on longer than I thought it should have. Wanda made no move to take the next step. I decided to push a little. I pushed her dress down over her hips and squatted in front of her, following her dress down her body. She had a very nice body. I kissed my way down her sternum, over her abdomin and down below her naval until I kissed her directly on her hairless pubic mound.

"Step out of your dress, Wanda."

She did. I used my hands to direct her to keep her thighs opened once she was free of her pooled garment. I kissed her from down on my knees, and moved my mouth over her slit. She was so fresh smelling. Her skin was perfectly smooth. I slid my tongue over her, avoiding her inflamed and erect clit for the moment.

"OHHhhh Bentley!" she groaned and braced her hands on the top of my head. Her knees bent and I reached in between her pussy lips with my tongue.

"Oh God, Bentley."

I had to stop and guide her to sit on the bed, because she nearly fell over.

"No one's ever done that for me before."

I stopped and crawled up on the bed. "You're serious?" I looked her in the eye from less than a foot away. "You taste incredible. So fresh and sexy. I can't believe you don't have men following you around like puppies with their tongues hanging out, just to get a taste of you."

She blushed and looked away. I said, "Just give me a few more minutes to enjoy this, then, I promise, we will finish what you came here for. I... I just don't want this to end too soon."

I elbow walked back to the soft, smooth, cove of flesh hidden between her inner thighs.

"AUuaUGH!" Her back arched and her legs spread when I pressed the flat of my tongue directly over her clit. I pushed against her with my tongue, but kept my tongue from sliding across her sensitive button.

"UuoOHAH!"

I moved down to her opening and penetrated her with my tongue. Her body shook. Her fingers wound into my short hair and she pulled on me.

"AuoUgH fFFUUCKKKK!!" the pastor's wife cried out. I pumped my tongue in and out. She pulled on my hair. I swished my tongue against the sides of her inner labial lips. She wrapped her legs around my head. I gently scraped at her clitoris with my front teeth, then soothed her with suction by locking my lips over her. She screeched.

"AWWWBENTLEeeEeeEeeYyYyYyY!"

Mrs. Bacchanal's hips pumped into the air and she came when I flicked the tip of my tongue across her swollen button and stabbed hard against it. "I...I...I'M...I'm cuUMMINnnGGG! Bentley! My... GOD!"

the thirty-something married woman shook uncontrollably on the bed and I sucked my mouth onto her clit and held my grip, driving my tongue directly over her clitoris. I pushed two fingers as deeply as I could into her vagina, and she started to shake all over again. Her pussy clutched in a pulsing grip around my fingers. It lasted for over a minute with her body writhing in orgasm.

"OH MY HOLY SAVIOR! Bentley, you... you... you..."

She had to stop to catch her breath. Her fingers finally relaxed in my hair. I didn't realize how tightly she held on until she let go. OUCH!

"Bentley, your tongue is divine. It must be blessed by God himself."

I smiled and stood up, my erection thrusting out before me. I said, "I loved doing that to you. You taste like Heaven, Mrs... Wanda."

She finally sat up from her flopped back position. Her eyes went straight to my cock. I didn't let it sit there and waste time. I hooked my fingers into her hair on the back of her head and said, "Here, suck on it for a few minutes." And before I finished saying, "get it nice and wet." I fed my cockhead into the father's wife's mouth.

"MuOmph..." she mumbled around my cock. Her teeth scraped my coronal flair, but I pushed past. I worked myself back and forth inside her mouth. I felt the head of my cock gliding over her

tongue, against the roof of her mouth.

"That's it. Suck on it. OH! That feels sooO good. Yes, use your tongue. Exactly like that."

It felt good. Wanda seemed to know what she was doing. Her cheeks sucked in and I felt the insides of her mouth adhered around my cock muscle. She was massaging my cockhead with her tongue on the way out, and gliding her tongue under my shaft, pushing me against the roof of her mouth, on the way in.

I looked down and it looked like she had a pained expression on her face. Tears were welling up over her half closed eyelids. I pulled out.

"What's wrong Wanda?" I dropped to my knees and wrapped my arms around her waist. I was kneeling between her spread knees.

She shook her head 'no'.

I said, "Wanda, you are so beautiful, you are perfect, but it doesn't look like you are having a good time. Something is wrong. Am I hurting you?"

"No Bentley. It's just..."

She dropped her gaze and shook her head. "I am having... um... a good time."

I shook my head. "You're not. If I close my eyes, it feels like you are, because you're very good at this, but I can see something is wrong. Father Bacchanal said you were in an abusive relationship. Does that have something to do with it?"

She was silent.

I got up. "Wanda, wait here. You are safe. I'll be right back."

I walked naked out of Mom's bedroom, and found Mom and Gina in the kitchen. I had a raging erection, wet with Wanda's saliva. Both mature women directed their eyes straight to it.

"Mom. I think Wanda could use your support. She's having a little trouble feeling... I don't know. I think it's her past boyfriend, something, but maybe she'd relax better with you there."

Mom didn't ask anything. She just got up and said, "Of course."

Mom turned to Gina. "You okay? I think Wanda needs a little support from someone she knows. Please feel free to pour yourself another drink, anything you want; this is your home too. I don't know how long I'll be."

Gina waved a hand at Mom, "Oh, don't worry about me. This sounds important. I'll be here when you get back. Maybe I'll check in and see what the girls are doing."

Back in Mom's room, Wanda hadn't moved.

"I'm fine, really." Wanda Bacchanal sat up. She was as naked as I was, except she still had her heels on.

Mom sat next to her on the bed and put her arm around Wanda. "Bentley is concerned you are feeling old memories from your early relationships. I just want you to know we are all here for you and we all love you. You don't need to feel trapped or threatened. Bentley only wants you to feel safe."

"I know that." said Wanda. "I guess I was remembering my old boyfriend. He use to make me... make me suck him. At first, I just wanted to make him happy. I didn't really like it much, but it was okay. Then he made me..., he... made... me... do it to his friend. After that, he had a new friend over every weekend, and... I... I guess I just don't... I'm so sorry."

Mom leaned in and hugged Wanda. I sat next to my beautiful Sunday school teacher on the other side.

I told her, "I wish you had said something. If you don't feel good doing it, it's not sex. Honestly Wanda, I don't want to make you, or anyone else, do something you don't want to do."

Wanda reached over and hugged me, but she kept Mom's hand locked around her waist too.

"Thank you so much. You two are a godsend."

Wanda reached down and grabbed my half hard cock. All that emotional hugging had started to take the mood out of my burning erection.

Wanda looked up at me. "Bentley, I'm so sorry. I've ruined the mood for you."

I reassured her, "Don't worry about that. If you need something else more than that right now, I'd rather help you with that."

Mom looked down at my cock, thick and long, but curving in a relaxed bend over Wanda Bacchanal's small fist. My mother shifted and stretched her own fingers out and around my cock, just above the church woman's grip.

"Here, let me help with that."

Mom let go of me and stood up. She pulled her phone out of her pocket and tapped a few buttons. A speaker on her dresser announced, "Connected to Bluetooth." Then a smooth jazzy saxophone started to play against a slow walking bass and a snare.

Mom positioned herself in front of the two of us, guided me to sit next to Mrs. Bacchanal, and gave me a sultry look. I had never had her look at me like that before. Her chin dropped, her shoulders rolled slightly and she gazed at me in a come hither stare. Then, she started to move with the sultry saxophone music. Her hands slid sensuously up the sides of her body and she rocked her hips in a slow, rolling rhythm, punctuated by the tom drum. Mom cupped both heavy breasts and arched them towards me. Her massive, perfect breasts looked like an offering being presents just to me. My mother dropped her head until her long dark hair cascaded down to cover her face. She smoothed her hands over her bare thighs, then whipped her luscious middle-of-her-back length hair up and back out of her face. Her hands brushed the hem of her short skirt up to reveal a pair of pink thong panties that didn't even cover half way up her pubic mound. The top edge of that patch of silk barely came up above her clitoris hood.

I hadn't realized that Mom was wearing panties. They actually had more effect on me than if she had been without. They created a camel toe that left the soft swelling outer edges of her labial lips squeezed sexily out on either side of the tiny, wedge shaped gusset. It was just a flash, but it left me wondering why Mom even bothered, if she was trying to dress more normally. Repressed desires?

The bridge came and the beat doubled. Mom flung her hair in a half circle and shook her incredible tits at me. She twirled and her perfect ass, left bare by the tiny thong and the twirling skirt jiggled to a stop before me. Her skirt kept spinning around her hips and wrapped itself

around her waist, leaving me staring at her tight, full, mature, mother's ass. I was recovering my erection again.

The break gave way to another slow, smooth, sax melody and Mom walked a long legged step around to face me. Her dress had fallen back down into place. Her eyes zeroed in on my erection and she looked like she was stalking me, one heeled foot setting down on the outside of the other in a slow seductress' walk. She stepped two slow cross legged steps to that walking bass to stand close between my knees again.

When she reached me, she bent, raising her eyes up to look me deep into my soul. Her long, slim fingered hands braced on my knees and she stepped her legs very wide. She broke at the waist, her knees straight, her fine ass, thrust back and up. She whipped my chest and hard cock with her hair, three times to the beat of the song.

I mean, FUUUUCKKKK ME!

Mom ran her hands up my bare thighs and her thumbs pressed into my balls, between my legs. She opened her mouth in a wide, wonton groan and leaned in to touch her lips to mine. She just barely made contact, then her tongue slither out to follow the curve of my upper lip. Mom whipped my face with her hair, shook her huge breasts and caressed her hands back down my legs to my knees. She straightened, standing a tongue's length away, between the knees she had pushed farther open when she stood upright.

Mom arched. She put Cecilia's little T.V. time stretching show to shame as her prodigious chest nearly scraped their obvious peaks against my lips. I was way too stunned by my mother's performance to catch the opportunity to lean in and take a nipple with my mouth.

Mom arched again, her arms stretching over her head. Then her hands fell back behind her neck and under her hair. She lifted her hair and stretched her lips opened, in a move that made me believe she was having an orgasm. Instead, when her rich silky hair tumbled back into place, Mom had the ends of her dress's neck ties in her fingers. She had pulled the bow loose and was holding her light dress up, just by the unfastened little straps. Her braless breasts were nearly exposed.

The snare hit hard with a change to a rhythmic brushed snare and cymbal rhythm. It held a glorious sense of suspense in that quiet, subtle tattoo. Mom's lithe body serpentined, her hips gyrating in one direction while her shoulders rolled in the other. Those fantastic, quivering, and swinging breasts moved behind the small swatches of cloth that she held up and slightly away from her full tits. She made me believe those fantastic breasts would flash out and into view at any moment. Miraculously, they remained hidden, barely. It was SUCH a tease.

A change in the music and Mom dropped her dress. It slither down her well toned torso, caught briefly on her hips, then pooled around her heels, on the floor. Mom held her hands to hide her peaks, partially covering her breasts. Her bottom half was obscene. That tiny scrap of silk that broke its promise to cover Mom's pussy, was soaking wet and very transparent.

I reached for it.

Mom twirled away with a flirtatious smile. She danced between my knees for a moment, turned and bent, giving me a perfect show between her spread legs from behind. Mom's wet pussy swallowed the gusset of her thong completely. The tiny string barely wide enough to hide the little, puckered center of her anus.

Mom shook her ass at me, then stood and turned around to face me again, uncovering her cum inspiring tits. She raised her arms up and fluffed her hair again. This time she locked her fingers

behind her head and bent towards me from the waist.

OH FUCKING, HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD!

Mom's mouth fell right over the head of my rigidly humming cock and she licked with the lightest touch of her tongue, along the channel under my head. I could almost feel her lips encircle me, but her lips never made contact. My erection snapped and she straightened up.

Fuck ME! I wanted to cum, but Mom timed it perfectly. I was ready to fucking just grab her and sit her down on my cock when my almost naked mother spun and writhed out from between my knees and into the stunned presence of Wanda Bacchanal.

Wanda couldn't take her eyes off of my mother. Mom worked her body between Wanda's partly spread knees and dance her seductive strip tease less than half a foot from her friend eyes. My mother offered her naked breasts. She bent with her hands on Wanda thighs and rolled her hips and swung her enormous, pendulous breasts. All the while, my mother held Wanda's gaze locked deep into hers.

Another break and a bridge. Mom straightened and snaked her body right up to Wanda. She faced the stunned woman sitting naked on the bed, and hooked her thumbs into the nearly nothing of her pantie waistband. Mom pressed her pubis forward, lifting herself up even higher than her four inch heels and almost brought her bald pussy up to the pastor's wife's face. Wanda was inescapably captivated. She stared down at that smooth, swelling pudenda as millimeter by millimeter, my mother slowly dragged what little covering she had on, down her long, shapely legs. The thin, silk swatch inverted and the moist material peeled away with great reluctance to lose its intimate contact with my mother's sex. At last, just the tiny vertex of the little silk equilateral triangle and fine string was caught between the swollen lips of my mother's vagina. Mom held her legs open wide enough to hide nothing, but closed enough to be able to peel her miniscule garment down her legs. The last stitch of material, wedged inside my mother, eased out and let go with a quiet, wet, squelch that I could just hear over the music.

Wanda's fingers flexed and her tongue came out to moisten her lips so she could swallow. Mom had the younger woman in a spell. Wanda unconsciously moved her own fingers between her legs. Mom bent and kissed the woman. I watched, my cock vibrating with desire, as their tongues wrestled. Mom caressed her friend's smooth thighs until her lacquered nails gently scratches along Wanda's labial lips. Wanda dipped her own manicured nails into the wet, ruddy pink folds of her own cunt. There was no resistance. Wanda was ready; as ready as I was.

Mom bent and kissed Wanda again. She clasped the naked woman's head between her hands and held their lips together. Mom thrust her hips backwards and stepped sideways, towards me. They continued to swap tongues inside their interlocked mouths while my mother pulled Wanda along with her by the entranced woman's face.

Mom stepped past my knees to the opposite side of me. She stretched across my lap, my stone hard member, pressed hard into my mother's naked bellybutton. Wanda had to half turn and sit sideways on the bed to stay connected to Mom's lips. She appeared like she wanted nothing more in that moment. My mother bent her legs and lowered herself to her knees, pulling Mrs. Bacchanal down from the bed until she was kneeling on the other side of me. The two gorgeous, mature women made out over my impossibly aroused member. My cockhead caught under my mother's chin after it popped with resistance, out from between my mother's full, naked, hanging tits.

Mom shifted, Wanda followed. My cock slid between their two chins and my mother allowed my pulsing head to pry between those two pairs of flush, hungry, attached lips. Mom grabbed Wanda's hand and guided it gently to my shaft without breaking contact with my cockhead captured between

Wanda's and her lips.

Once Wanda was holding my cock in her hand, her lips still, barely pressed against my cockhead, Mom backed off and lifted, just enough to fit her lips around my crown. Wanda didn't let go of me, but she pulled back to watch from her kneeling position on the other side of my lap, while my mother began to suck my cock for real.

"AhOHhOWOW!" I couldn't hold back my groan.

Mom bobbed up and down my shaft, licking me with her tongue, moving in deeper and deeper strokes, until her lips met Wanda's slim fist trying to close around me. I wasn't sure what the best thing to do was, but I couldn't help putting my hand on the back of my mother's head and encouraging her mouth to descend lower over me. Wanda had to stroke me lower down.

UugHHUuugh Mom, that feels... UoOHYyeaAHH!"

I took Wanda's free hand and placed it on the back of my mother's head, replacing my hand. I encouraged Wanda to push my mother down until Mom swallowed my huge cock completely.

"Oh my God! You can take that monstrous thing all the way down your throat?" Wanda Bacchanal exclaimed, saying something for the first time since Mom started the music.

That seemed to queue the music to stop and the room went silent. Mom came back up and my hips bucked. My head stabbed my hard rod back into my mother's mouth several times before I could stop, or let my mother come all the way up from my hand on top of Wanda's hand.

Mom gasped a breath and smiled a huge, canary eating grin and laughed.

"Yes. This is what I've been doing almost every night with Bentley. I really wanted to get good at sucking coc... ah... preforming fellatio. I learned how to deepthroat my son and I have to admit, the accomplishment feels almost as invigorating and fulfilling as the joy I get from actually sucking on Bentley large penis.

"Here, let me show you. Just follow me. There will be no abusive boyfriend forcing you or questioning you or ordering you. This is just for your pleasure."

Mom reached out and gently cupped the back of Wanda's head and brought her lips together with Mom's. Then, Mom dropped both of their mouths down until my cockhead was between them. I groaned loudly and fell back on the bed.

Two pair of mature, full, sweet lips worked either side of my gland. I clenched because I felt like cumming. Then my mother slithered her tongue out and around my cockhead to feel the edges of Wanda's lips. Wanda started to match my mother's sexy movements.

"UgoOOooohOH!" I moaned.

I resisted catching the backs of both of their heads and pulling their lips tighter around my cock. I wanted to fuck their lips together. My hips began to move dispite my efforts to not be forceful.

Wanda had a very nice tongue. She felt around my cockhead. At first, she matched my mother, meeting Mom's tongue around the same side, but after a short while, she slid her tongue across the smooth and sensitive head of my cock to the opposite side. She began to explore, tracing the tip of her tongue under the ridge of my corona to follow the coronal sulcus channel to my meatus. She washed my hypersensitive gland clean of my leaking precum and spun the end of her tongue back and forth into my urethra. She really did know what she was doing and I was afraid we wouldn't

get the chance to fuck. I held on, squeezing my pelvic floor as hard as I could.

Mom moved her mouth down my shaft to lick around my base, leaving Wanda with my head all to herself. Then Mom caught my right testicle between her lips and sucked me in.

Whoa, FUCK! I nearly lost my concentration, because Wanda had just engulfed my head again.

"AuwUOOghahH! Wanda, I... I'm almost there. Maybe... maybe you should... AUHhhhuu... maybe back off... a... little?"

Mom popped my testicle out of her mouth. She curled the fingers of one hand around Wanda's fingers, keeping her from pulling away from my shaft.

"It's alright Wanda. Let him cum if you want to enjoy his sperm in your mouth. He won't be long to build back up. Bentley is very recuperative. I love swallowing his cum so much."

Wanda lifted her mouth off of my head and listened to my mother. She looked down at my cock and back up at my mother.

"I suppose, if I make him cum with my mouth first, he'll last longer inside me as well." she speculated.

Hey, I'm right here, you know, the PERSON, you're talking about as though he were just an object? Fuck it. I didn't give a shit, just fucking keep going. This small break was enough to reset my need a little. It was sounding like Wanda was a lot more into the sex than I initially had thought. I guess she just needed to feel safe.

Wanda sank her mouth down around my cock again. It felt so different then when she'd been sucking me before. She was very good the first time, but her heart, besides her mouth and lips and tongue, were really into it this time. Wanda swallowed me until my sensitive gland bumped into the top of her throat.

This time, I didn't restrain myself. I placed a hand on the back of Wanda's head and helped her swallow me. Her throat opened up and I felt her neck muscles gulp as I moved into her throat fully.

"AuoUgH UagGHwWAUNdaAHHh! OhHhThat feels SO GOOD!"

My Sunday school teacher didn't keep me down her throat for long. She popped up and came all the way off of my shaft with saliva and mucus dripping over my aching erection.

Mom had stopped her tongue work to watch.

"Excellent Wanda. You did it, and surprisingly easily. Do you feel the satisfying sense of accomplishment, like I do everytime I fit that monster down my throat? It always gets me right in my center." And Mom pressed her right hand down between her legs and pushed her middle finger up inside herself. Her left hand went out to glide down over Wanda Bacchanal's stomach down to her junction.

Wanda grinned and nodded. "Yes, I know what you mean. I've never taken the time to think about it beyond the torture of being forced by my old boyfriend, but I have always felt a little pride in being able to do that. Bentley's giant cock is a real challenge. I can hardly believe I was able."

Wanda looked up at me. "Thank you Bentley. I am so grateful for you and your mother."

Wanda didn't wait for a reply and bent to swallow my shaft again. I fell back into the mattress once more. Fuck, but her mouth felt good.

Mom sucked my testicle back in between her lips and I could almost feel the two older women's lips come together around me.

I couldn't hold it; everything was so fucking sexy.

I ejaculated.

I began before Wanda pulled back up and my first jet of semen shot straight into her stomach.

I wound my fingers into Wanda's hair and cried out, "AWWEEYEmMCumMINGGG!"

My violent blast down Wanda's throat caused her to lift up, but I held her head in my hands and I followed her up with my arching hips. My second cannon shot also fired into her stomach before she popped up completed free of my jetting cock, and took my third full load across her nose and cheeks.

Wanda screeched in surprise, but she also coughed and giggled, all at the same time. Her mouth hung wide open over me, and my mother, who had pulled back to enjoy the show, recaptured my cock and aimed me at Wanda's opened mouth.

My sperm cut off Wanda hiccupping laugh and Wanda quickly clamped her mouth back over my head. My sperm continued to bubble out of me, but the strong ballistic cum bullets were expended.

"Uhuh! Oh... uhuh... Awhuh!" My cockhead was very sensitive and I bucked against the married woman's tongue with every swipe she gave me. She seemed to be having a good time, causing me to spasm like that.

"Ha ha ha ha, Wanda. You should see your face. It is a mess." my mother teased.

Wanda grinned, but had to quickly catch a bubbling drip of my sperm spilling out of her mouth.

The younger woman smiled after she swallowed again, "I have never had fun like this before. I am so glad Bentley thought to get your help. I hope there's more, a lot more."

Wanda looked down at my cock filing my mother's first. Wanda Bacchanal reached out and captured my slick cock just above my mother's hand. The giddy woman stroked my softening organ and rubbed my sperm and her saliva into my cockhead. My hips spasmed and my cock twitched and jerked.

"He he he, I wish I were dressed so I could try doing what you did to bring this beautiful thing back to life."

Mrs. Bacchanal bent down and kissed my cock. I wasn't soft, but most of the tension had gone out of my large organ.

I reached out and captured Wanda right breast. She didn't have my mother's breasts, but she had very nice tits and I certainly enjoyed looking at them. Now, I wanted to enjoy them a little more.

I gave the soft full breast in my hand a squeeze and said, "Wow! That was incredible. I have always thought you were a beautiful woman, Wanda. Just being able to look at you, as you are now, will be enough to keep me ready."

My fingers sunk deeply into her soft flesh. I found her nipple and strummed my finger tips across the rubbery bud. I reached up with my other hand and scraped a gob of semen off of her nose and presented it to her lips. She pulled back to look at what I had, then she smiled and caught my finger in her mouth. Her tongue worked me clean. I went for another load to feed her. She giggled and swallowed that too.

Mom scooted over and slid an arm around her friend, then leaned in and started licking up my sperm from the other woman's face. I reached down and caught Wanda's left breast in my other hand and pressed the two milk jugs together to see enough cleavage form that I could titfuck her.

"Wanda, come kneel here, between my legs." I suggested.

Mom kept licking, working her way down, following a drip of cum that ran down Wanda's neck. I captured both of Wanda's nipples and gently tugged on them. Wanda arched into my pull and knee walked towards my open thighs. I rolled the stiff nubs. Wanda let out a small gasp. Mom moved along with her and I let one of Wanda's nipples go so I could cup the back of my mother's head and guide her down to find Wanda's abandoned nipple with her mouth. My mother cooperated and was soon latched onto the Sunday school teacher's full and aroused tit, drawing on her hardened nipple. Wanda moaned some more.

I pushed on the breast I still held and pulled against the large handful of squishy flesh. Then I guided my mother over to give that nipple equal time. Mom was wonderfully eagar to follow my lead. Wanda was equally happy to participate. I gave her breast a squeeze that reshaped the jiggling swell into a longer, pointier shape, pressing Wanda's nipple deeper into my mother's suckling mouth.

Mom pulled against Wanda's aroused milk gland and Wanda groaned again, arching her chest into the stimulation. I moved my hand to her free breast and enjoyed watching my fingers dent deep into the soft flesh.

"Mom." I directed, "go lower. I want to feel her breasts around my cock."

Mom understood me perfectly and she dropped to her hands and knees, and started kissing her way down Wanda's naked belly. When she got to Wanda's pubis, Mom dropped farther and pulled on Wanda's left leg to lift her knee up and over Mom's face as my mother rolled onto her back. This put my Sunday school teacher on spread knees, facing me, right between my own opened thighs. My cock stood half erect, and leaned against Wanda's sternum, my wet cockhead pressed between her full, firm breasts. I closed those pillowy orbs around my blood purple gland.

Wanda bucked and came up high, popping me back out, below her beautiful tits.

"OHHhhh!" she exclaimed. Mom had done something down below. I looked down and saw the sexiest sight I could imagine. My mother had her mouth wide opened and glued firmly between her naked friend's spread thighs. She followed Wanda up with her mouth attached to the vagina she was sucking on when Wanda bucked. Mom locked her eyes onto mine and grabbed Wanda's thighs with both hands. She pulled the mature woman back down until Mom's head sat on the ground again, with Mom stretched out on her back behind. My cock slid back up between Wanda's delicious breasts. Wanda put her hands against the sides of her full breasts and squeezed me into her cleavage. She gave me an appreciative smile then spoke down to my mother.

"Oh Lord! Your... tongue is... transcendent. UoAHGHhhhh!"

I fucked my cock up into the cleft of Wanda's tits. Wanda began rocking her hips back and forth across my mother's face. Mom worked the religious woman's widely spread pussy lips and her

tongue against the other woman's clitoris. Wanda started breathing harder and pushed her tits up and down around my shaft.

UhHaughhHAA AHH... AHH... HuawGH... Ffffff... FoouUGK!" the sexy mother-to-be screamed. Her body bent. I lost my seat between her full breasts and those luscious globes bounced violently against my hardened shaft until she threw her face to Heaven and cried out her exultation.

I bent forward and pressed my own lips against Wanda's left nipple. It was hard to capture, but I managed to pull the rubbery pebble into my mouth and seal my lips over her blushing, rosey, aureola.

Wanda shook, and her hands grasped at my mother's head, pulling Mom's face hard against her orgasming juncture. Waves of naked flesh rippled across Wanda's bare hips and thighs. She was having a true religious experience.

I looked up when something caught my eye, and saw the bedroom door was cracked. I guessed that Cecilia couldn't control herself and had to have a look after Wanda screamed. There was a slight scuffle and the door cracked open wide enough for me to see Gina step in and grab my sister by the wrist. The lawyer glanced in as she pushed Cecilia away and stopped, stunned at the vision of Mom laying naked, on her back, hungrily going to town between Wanda's bare ass and opened thighs. Wanda was at her peak of rapture and I had just lost my suction on her leaping left tit, and sat upright on the edge of the bed.

The door quietly closed after Wanda started to come back down from her holy ascension. My cock was, of course, without a doubt, fully recovered.

Wanda grabbed me in a hard embrace. Her eyes filled with tears and she laughed. "I have never had anything like that happen to me before. I feel... I... feel like... like... like I want to be filled up completely by you two."

Her words trailed off and her mouth pressed to my neck. Then she broke our embrace and she reached down to gather my mother up off the floor. You two were truly sent by God. God bless you, both of you."

Wanda took a deep breath and reached over to grab at my cock. She smiled up at me and said, "You look as ready as I am, Bentley. I have to admit, I was more than a little afraid and unsure, but now, I'm really looking forward to this. I hate to say, I want more, but you feel so good, it's never been so fulfilling. Could there even be more?"

I leaned in and kissed her, then I kissed my mother. "Wanda, how can we make this the best for you? Do you want me to lay back and you can get on top? Do you want to do it yourself or is it better for you if Mom or I guide you and do a little more of the work?"

Wanda stroked my hard cock and considered. "I don't know. I've never been on top before."

I skooched up on the bed and lay on my back with my shoulders braced up on Mom's pillows. My head was held up against the headboard.

"Mom, come here and straddle me. Show Wanda how to do it."

This was just a little B.S. It wasn't like Wanda would have any trouble figuring out how to sit on my cock, but I wanted Mom to take my cock again. I could hold on for that.

Mom didn't wait for a second offer and was soon sitting across my lower ribs. Her bare knees bracketed my chest and I reached up and pushed my fingers across the soft, doughy flesh of my

mother's huge tits. I'm being realistic when I say, my mother really did have one of the best pair of tits I know. I think Priscilla's are perfect and Mrs. Zaftig has truly incredible breasts that are both huge and firm. They are in the running for the top tit trophy. Miss Crotchet simply has enormous mammaries. I have studied her amazing breasts from the old magazine photos of when she was in her twenties, and fuck, but those were incredible on almost a cosmic scale. Now as a sixty year old woman, they may not be what they once were, but few on this planet can measure up to those bouncing, swinging, quaking, melons of delight. However, there is a point at which larger isn't better, and Miss Crotchet skates that line.

I played with Mom's tits and she bent forward and planted a deep, tongue drilling kiss over my mouth. As she sucked on my tongue, she reached back between our bodies, between her legs, and lifted my erection up to fit the head into the hot, wet center of her womanhood.

Mom broke away to look at me. "I love you Bentley." Mom thrust back and groaned as my cock stretched her out and she drove herself down, over me.

Mom's fingernails dug into my clavicle and my mother gave out a grunt when she seated herself all the way down over my tightly swollen erection.

"AuGH, MOM! I love you so much."

Mom sat up over my hips and I felt every cell of the walls of my mother's birth canal slurping up snug around me. Mom took two deep breaths and turned to look at Wanda who watched in wonder.

"It's as simple as this." Then, my mother turned to look down upon me and ordered in a husky voice, "Don't cum inside me. Save it for Wanda."

Mom lifted up and just before I popped out of her, she dropped herself back down over me hard. We both moaned aloud. She did it again, faster. Mom began bouncing on me and her hands slithered over her own body while she fucked herself on my cock. Mom found her breasts, her slim fingers dug into her succulent tit-flesh as deeply and fiercely as any mauling abuse I had subjected them to.

"Augh... augh... AUgh... AugH..." Mom fucked.

She pulled on her own nipples and fucked.

"Oooo... huh... huh... aUhh... huh... huh..."

Mom was really going to town, fucking my iron hard cock, until I felt her slippery and hot cunt contract around me. She plunged down, and a deep vibration started in the depths of her vagina.

"OHHhhh GawD Bentley! I'm CuUMMINnnGGG... aL... READY! AuEyYESSS... YESSSSS!" Mom started pumping her pussy over me while her head whipped her lustrous hair around.

"D d... don't... ugh... cum... AuAUgh... in... Augh... MeeEEeee..."

Mrs. Bacchanal jumped quickly up behind my bouncing mother and grabbed Mom's giant tits from behind. Mom arched and kept bouncing out her orgasm. Wanda found Mom's nipple and pulled and twisted. Mom yelled out at the top of her lungs.

FFUU...UUU...UCKK...UHK... mMEEE... BEN... ENT...LEEEYY! OaUGH... GIVE... MEEEE... YOUR... Giii...iiANT... COaaAWKkkkK!"

I felt the flood of Mom's juices burst open around my throbbing shaft. Suddenly the texture of my mother's inner canal grew smother and more slippery then before.

Her nipples looked tortured by Wanda Bacchanal's white knuckle grip. She stretched Mom's huge breasts way out from her chest.

Mom shuddered and slammed down around my cock. Wanda relaxed her grip and Mom grabbed at her nipples as they were refilling with blood.

My mother flung her mass of hair up and over one shoulder. Her smile was marred by a little drool running from one corner of her wet lips. My mother lifted off of me and kissed me on the lips as she pushed herself up and off.

"Your turn Wanda. I think Bentley will last. After all, that was the point of all our work under the fake media attack. Bentley might not have ever gotten past his problem of premature ejaculation, if it hadn't been for that programming."

Wanda had already scooted up to take my mother's place on top of my erection. My blood heavy shaft was lifted and fit to my Sunday school teacher's entrance.

I dropped my hands to her hips and gently slid my cockhead wholly inside her.

Wanda moaned.

I waited and her vagina clenched. After a moment it relaxed and another two inches slid in. I took a breath. Wanda tensed her shoulders and arms. She pushed another inch lower.

She was tight, so tight. Wanda struggled to release her muscles and her vagina opened up a little more. I was three more inches inside her. Just two or three more inches left. I fucked upward and ground her hips downward.

"UOooAuFF!" Wanda released her breath and arched her hips against mine.

"That's it Wanda." Mom encouraged.

My Sunday school teacher was fully impaled over my ten and a half inch cock. Her body tried to remain still, but waves of tension washed back and forth along the length of my completely enveloped shaft.

"Are you okay?" My mother leaned forward and looked up into Wanda's face. Wanda seemed to have trouble focusing her eyes. She nodded 'yes' and lifted about an inch. She sat back down with a puff of breath.

Oh she was tight. Not quite like Mrs. Cumming, but her vagina took a few moments to accommodate me.

Wanda lifted and dropped again. She was loosening up. I'm not talking about her pussy, but her sexuality. Wanda was visibly more into our sex then she had been earlier. There was a unmistakable smile of contentment, mixed with a look of desire and yearning for more, in her half hooded eyes.

"UhughhH!" she grunted, leaning forward to brace against my chest. She began lifting and lowering her hips over me in deeper, fuller strokes. We were fucking in ernest. I grabbed my mother's thigh and pulled her closer and up until I could guide her knee over my head. I had to skooch down and Wanda followed my cock.

I pressed my mouth to my mother's opened pussy lips. I really love cunnelingus. I especially love doing it to my mother. When she is nearing her orgasm, she really looses control. I often have to use a considerable amount of strength to hold her down. It's awesomely arousing to experience the effects of my efforts in momentarily turning a woman into a wanton slut for my tongue.

I love the deep, tender, indents at the tops of a woman's inner thigh. That area is so soft and smooth, and it frames the puffy labia majora. I like to push a woman's thighs open as wide as I can, and caress my fingertips into those hollows and delve my tongue into them, while holding her legs splayed open. It drives the highly aroused women I have done it to, crazy that I'm not that close to their clits, but they feel me so intensely. I teased my mother like that while her best friend from church rode up and down on her son's giant cock right in front of her.

I pushed Mom's legs opened as wide as I could. I wanted Mom to feel herself opened and exposed to her son, as if she had no choice but to accept the position I put her in. My hands gripped the thick swell of her inner thighs and I pressed my fingertips into those hollows. I pulled Mom's labia opened even farther by doing that, and I slopped my tongue along her opened tunnel before I shifted to slather those sexy indents to either side of her pussy lips with my tongue.

Mom squirmed and rocked her hips, trying to bring my tongue closer to her center. I rolled my tongue side to side and licked her inner thighs to get them wet. That fleshy bulge, just below where those indents quivered and I turned my head to press my teeth into the thick, yielding flesh at the top of my mother's inner thigh. Mom whimpered.

I pushed her wider and shifted to bite at her other side. The whole time, Wanda Bacchanal was fucking herself on my cock, moving her hips up and down faster and faster, taking longer and longer strokes.

I flicked my tongue downward, across the swollen bud of my mother's pleasure button. She helped and tilted her hips to give me a better angle on her clit. I ignored it and went back to screwing my tongue tip into her hollow spots. Mom jerked and seemed to buck with a little tantrum.

"Bentley! Stop doing that and lick my clit."

I swiped her clit fast and hard. Mom grunted and jerked. "YYYEAHhhaUGH!"

Then, I bit her inner thigh harder.

Mom bucked again. The pleasure in my cock was so distracting, pumping inside my sexy Sunday school teacher. Wanda was really getting into fucking me.

"Do you want me to make you cum, Mom?"

Duh!

"OHHhhh Bentley, make me cum."

I was laying on my back being fucked by a beautiful late twenties or early thirties woman and my tongue was exploring my Mom's delicious pussy. Yet, I thought I could do more. I wanted to push as far as I dared.

"Go get Gina Tease, and I'll make you cum. I think Wanda needs her to help too."

Mom looked down at me with a sobering look. Wanda was still bouncing on my cock and I could hear and feel her approaching another orgasm.

"Go Mom. I think we need a fourth."

Mom looked confused, but she got up.

"You better make me cum when I get back."

Mom left the room without putting any clothes on and I concentrated on pounding into Wanda. Her pussy was contracting and I could feel her lubrication increasing. Wanda groaned, her eyes closed while her breathing got very hard. She moaned loudly and held her breath. I grabbed her waist and helped lift and drop her body over my cock. I speared up into her with every plummet of her naked body.

"OHHhhh... aAuGh... HuH... ffFFffuUghh!" she started to chant faster and harder.

Her eyes snapped open and her pussy grabbed me hard. "Bentley! AUGH... AUGH... AUGHHH... aUI'MmmmMmmm... AUUGH... CUUMMINNNGGG!"

I bounced my hips up off the bed and fucked harder and deeper into her while she went rigid. Her voice went high and quivered with a vibrato. She held my wrists and I picked her up and drove her down over my cock.

Wanda Bacchanal doubled-over backwards and shook. Her speechless keening rose higher until she fell forward again and collapsed, exhausted, across my chest. My hard cock was still buried deeply in her, and her vagina contracted and pulsed around my shaft.

I looked and there was Gina and my mother, standing in the room, watching. They had forgotten the door in Mom's hand and both Priscilla and Cecilia were in the hall, looking in.

I ignored the opened door. "Mom, get your Mistress-O-Matic and that other dildo. I think Wanda needs all of us to help her keep going. I'm not going to last much longer, I think she would enjoy more than I can give her on my own."

Actually, I was feeling pretty good and was hoping to fuck this woman to at least two more orgasms.

Gina and Mom moved almost on auto pilot.

I looked to Cecilia. "Sissy, I didn't see a harness for the other dildo, so would you go get yours?"

I pulsed my cock inside the resting woman on my chest. She moaned sensually and indulgently. She arched like a stretching cat, but made sure not to pull off of me. Wanda was feeling very good.

"Priscilla. Pull me out. I think Wanda would love to feel your tongue for a little bit, until she wakes all the way back up."

Everyone was just following my instructions. Don't ask me why. I think they were hoping things would continue, and I was the only one driving that, at that moment.

I looked around and Mom had the Mistress-O-Matic strapped to her naked hips. Gina was naked and held the giant, realistic dildo. Cecilia came back in and handed her harness to Priscilla's mother. Gina took it and started to put it on.

Priscilla crawled up and hooked a finger around my hard shaft and tried to pull me out of Wanda's cunt. Wanda protested.

I whispered in Wanda's ear. "Let me out. I know you're going to like this."

Wanda lifted her naked hips without raising her head from my chest. I loved the smell of her hair. Priscilla pulled me free and took a moment to suck on my cock.

"AwWOHhhh... that's... goooooood!" I grunted.

Priscilla let me go, then bent down between Wanda's large, full ass cheeks from behind her.

Wanda finally looked up. Her eyes pierced into mine with a questioning look.

I just said, "My girlfriend has the most incredible tongue."

Wanda gasped and whipped around to look where Priscilla was tongueing the woman's opened vagina. I could only imaging the feelings charging through Wanda's body. Priscilla's tongue was like something alive pushing into Wanda Bacchanal's pussy.

Mom and Gina were ready.

I didn't know if my mother would cooperate. Maybe I should have had Cecilia wear the Mistress-O-Matic.

I gave Priscilla a little more time to work on Wanda's vagina, then I said, "Priscilla, get her rear entrance ready."

Would Priscilla go for that?

Wanda had laid her head back down on my chest. Again, she lifted her face to stare at me once more. Then, she turned to watch Priscilla tongue her anus and work it into Wanda's backdoor.

I heard the moisture sloping from Priscilla working her saliva thickly onto that puckered opening.

"Cecilia," I said, "get Mom's toy wet."

Mom took on a worried look, but she let it happen when her daughter knelt before her and began sucking on that plastic phallus.

Of course, the next step was to have my mother replace Priscilla's tongue with her Mistress-O-Matic. Who couldn't see that coming? (Ha ha, a tiny joke. Yeah, you're right, very tiny).

"Mom!" was all I said and my mother crawled up behind the collapsed woman laying with her hips high in the air so Priscilla could use her incredible tongue on that pussy and ass. Priscilla crawled out of the way. Mom positioned herself behind her friend's ass. The Mistress-O-Matic glistened with saliva and so, I imagined, did Wanda's pucker hole.

Mom didn't wait and pushed her phallus down to aim herself at Wanda's ass. Wanda came up off of my chest for a third time.

"WhaAH? UhHaughhHAA!"

"Hold still, Mom."

"Trust me, Wanda. I'm sure you'll like this." I reassured the surprised woman. I caressed her cheek and leaned up to kiss her full, lipstick smeared lips.

The Mistress-O-Matic isn't very big around. It is designed to provide sexual stimulation without

stretching a woman out and making her crave larger cocks. The length is about what an average man has, but it's circumference is narrower and the slick plastic sides should be very gentle on Wanda.

"Priscilla, get me wet again and guide me back into Wanda."

I felt Priscilla lick me with her incredible tongue from tip to root and back up. I could be happy with just that for the rest of my life. Priscilla is amazing. Then, I was plunged down Priscilla's throat and massaged by her lips, tongue, cheeks, and neck muscles for my whole length.

"UuoOHAH!" I grunted and flexed my hips up to try and follow her receding mouth.

Priscilla grabbed me and pointed my steel hard cock into Wanda's vaginal entrance.

"Rock back, Wanda."

I put my hands on Wanda's shoulders and gently guided her backwards onto my pulsing and hungry member.

OH Holy...! I could feel Mom's hard, straight phallus buried in Wanda's ass through her perineum wall.

Wanda moaned, but her face looked serene and content with her eyes half closed and her face turned up in gentle pleasure. I pushed her back slowly and easily, until I was all the way in her.

Wanda and I both let out a contented breath.

She looked at me. There seemed to be a look of wonder in her eyes.

"Oh Bentley. I've never been made to do this when it didn't hurt like Hades, but this feels... delicious." she purred.

"That's what I want you to feel. If it stops feeling good, we stop. I just got the sense that you really enjoyed greater simulation, from the way you were riding me before."

Wanda leaned down, without pulling herself off of either my cock or Mom's dildo. She pressed her lips to mine and we kissed. I fed my tongue into her mouth and she eagerly sucked on it. This was working. My instincts were exactly right.

When we broke the kiss I turned my head to Gina Tease. She was standing next to Cecilia, watching our little sex show. Cecilia's harness was strapped in place and Gina had attached that huge rubbery phallus to the pubic plate. It was so heavy that it hung downward between Gina's naked thighs. She had a look of wonder on her face.

"Gina, come up over me and give Wanda your cock." I told her.

No hesitation. Gina stretched her leg over my head and faced my mother at the other end of the pastor's wife. She reached down and lifted that massive fake cock and wagged it in front of Wanda's face.

"Here Wanda, suck on this."

Wanda opened her mouth. Gina tilted her hips. I watched Wanda's lips stretch around that uncanny cockhead and suck the giant, vainy, thing in.

I moved my hips slowly, pulling out a few inches, then I pushed back in. Wanda rode me forward

and took half that ten inch rubber cock into her mouth. I held still and felt Mom move. Her smaller dildo gently began to pump in slow, short strokes. I fucked myself in and out again. It was the weirdest sensation to feel another cock inside Wanda, along with me.

I thought, 'This isn't going to be the last time I do this.'

Wanda couldn't moan or groan or cry out with Gina's big rubber cock filling her mouth, but the back arching stretch and her hands digging into my ribs let me know she was feeling it. I looked up, as best as I could from between Gina Tease's thighs, to see Wanda's lips clamp tightly around that vainy, ersatz, cock shaft. Her expression looked relaxed around her closed eyes, but her jaw was gaping wide. A little drool beaded up on her bottom lip when Gina pulled her hips back until just the head was still in Wanda's mouth.

I fucked her again. Mom kept up a steady, gentle pumping and Wanda reached her lips out to suck that giant rubber phallus back into her mouth again. I pushed back into her,and Wanda swallow the cock in her mouth all the way to Gina's pubis. Gina put her hands on the sides of Wanda's head and moaned, herself. That pubic plate had a little stud that pressed against the wearer's clitoris, so Gina was getting sexual stimulation, just like Mom was. Her hips moved in small humps against Wanda's mouth.

Cecilia stared for a moment, watching us four on the bed get into our sex. Wanda was being fucked in all three holes and loving it as much as I thought she would.

I was hit with my inspiration when Wanda was building up to her second orgasm on my cock. She and Mom had talked about how important their feelings of accomplishment were to having sex and she had certainly learned very quickly to enjoy sucking my cock with my mother. Gina had also become a trusted person, with her winning the school's trial and being a friend of my mother's, so when Wanda was clenching my cock with her pussy so hard as she stared to cum, I realized she was ready to move ahead. She also was much more comfortable being surrounded by other women. Wanda knew she could trust they were going to help her take another step in her hopes to get over her fear of sex. I had, at some point, realized that having a baby was important to Father Bacchanal, and probably her, but her real motivation was to get past her fear of sex and intimacy with a man. There wasn't going to be a more perfect setup to help her accomplish that. Now, the challenge was to push her past her comfort zone without hurting her or breaking her trust.

I fucked a little faster, but I tried to be gentle. Mom was perfect. She never waivered from her steady careful strokes in and out of Wanda's full, sexy ass. That's when Cecilia decided she wanted to make this foursome a fivesome.

Priscilla was already kneeling at the foot of the bed. Cecilia chirped, "I want to do it too, and she lifted her hand out from behind her back. She had her Mistress-O-Matic, without the harness.

Cecilia said to Priscilla, "get under Mom and stick your tongue in her. I'll use this."

Mom stopped fucking Wanda's ass for a moment to look around at her daughter. Our mother breathed a huff of exasperation, and started pumping again. This time she was going a little faster. I could feel Wanda's cunt begin spasming and clutching at me. Mom seemed to be working a little harder also. Wanda was starting to approach another orgasm.

Priscilla giggled her agreement with my sister and sat backwards on the foot of the bed between Moms feet. Then she arched back and lowered herself, face up, to below my mother's hips and scooted up to line her mouth up with Mom's pistoning vagina. The Mistress-O-Matic's harness left Mom's pussy exposed, so it was easy for Priscilla to snake that amazing tongue of hers out and wedge my mother's labia minora apart. I felt Mom miss a beat, fucking her dildo in and out of her

friend's anus.

Mom missed two beats, while she let Priscilla get settled and push her young, but extra long tongue into Mom's depths.

It was a little awkward, I'm guessing, because I couldn't see, with my own tongue exploring Priscilla's mother's vagina. Gina's heady, delicious slit of ecstacy was moving slowly overhead, to Wanda's cues, in and out of Wanda's mouth. She would hold still while Wanda slatherd her tongue around the head. Wanda could do it very well, but she didn't take my cock down her throat as easily or for as long as my mother or my sister. Every half dozen strokes or so, Gina would encourage Wanda to swallow that long realistic cock's length all the way. Then, Gina would bring her clit against that pubic plate. My tongue got trapped a few times when I was reaching up under the leather plate to flick at Gina's clit. It really sent Gina higher, when that happened.

Cecilia crawled up next to her mother's rhythmically pumping hips. I was matching my fucking of Wanda's pussy to my mother's pumping. Mom drove her small strap-on all the way in, I pulled most of the way out. We reverse so that I was buried balls deep while Mom just kept the tip of her plastic cock holding Wanda's sphincter opened. Then, out of timing, Mom slammed her fake cock into Wanda's bowels while I was still plugged all the way inside the religious woman.

"AuAHHffffFUCK!" Mom yelled. I heard a harsh explosion of air around the rubber shaft that was unceremoniously buried to Gina's pubic bone down Wanda's throat. Gina groaned at the sudden slap of that harness stud against her clitoris and my tongue was trapped in a vice-like pinch under the leather. Cecilia had sucked on her dildo to get it wet; she wasn't satisfied and pulled a tube of moisturizing lotion out of Mom's bedside stand. That fake neon blue cock slid so fast and hard into Mom's ass, because Cecilia didn't expect the lotion to work as effectively as it did. She pressed the coated tip to Mom's anal entrance and pushed with enough force that her fist nearly punched her mother into Wanda, and Wanda fully swallowed Gina's huge rubber cock. Her face plastered against the pubic plate, driving the little metal stud hard against Gina's engorged and swollen clit.

Cecilia told me later that she almost lost the vibrator into Mom's ass. The thing was, Cecilia had turned the vibrator on, full power. The buzzing made it harder for Cecilia to keep it from slipping from her fingers. This stunned our mother, who cried out.

"AuAHHffffFUCK!"

Then Mom quaked as her orgasm hit her with a slap to the pussy. We lost our rhythm and Mom's hips fucked Wanda in syncopation to my cock working in and out of Wanda's cunt.

Wanda began to respond and she fucked her hips back against both of us. I felt every tortuous, blissful, rub of intense fleshy friction and the hard bulge of that plastic rod working against the underside of my throbbing shaft. I couldn't help but fuck with more intensity into the tight heavenly glove of sex my huge member was surrounded by.

Wanda opened her mouth wider; wide enough that her lips released their seal all the way around that giant shaft down her throat. Gina bucked, then tried to back off and give Wanda a chance to breath. However, Wanda had other plans. She reached up and grabbed ahold of Gina's bare hips and clamped her mouth around that cock. Her left hand pulled away from Gina's hip and she clutched at Gina's realistic dildo and started sucking harder. She held that rubber cock still, while she drove her mouth and her body back and forth.

I don't think Wanda knew about how that big rubber dick worked, but her fingers around the base, hit the activation button and the big cock started buzzing and flexing back and forth over Wanda's

clamped tongue. Priscilla took it all in and laughed.

"Awesome!"

Somehow, Priscilla managed to reach in between my mother and Mrs. Bacchanal. I felt Wanda's entire cunt come to life when Mom's dildo was clicked on.

Oh HOOOO... Fuckin... Holy Hell, but the electric shock I got from that buzzing sent me into high heat. My cock swelled and it felt like it lengthened to reach depths inside Wanda Bacchanal that I never imagine existed.

Wanda managed to groan out loud, even though there was a giant rubber cock in her mouth. Her body began buzzing almost as if electrodes had been touched to her clit. Her inner walls clutched and released, clutched and released. My cock was being milked as if it was in an industrial dairy milker.

Mom was still cumming and Wanda writhed, bound at three points, on her own plane of pleasure. Mom was singing her orgasm in typical, overwhelming Mom fashion. Gina and Priscilla and Cecilia laughed and kept pleasuring my mother and Wanda.

I was about to cum and I sank my cock all the way in my Sunday school teacher, and fucked her in short, quick, tight pumps. Priscilla spanked Wanda's upturned ass spread open in front of my mother. I felt Wanda's body react. I started to spew my sperm into the preacher's wife.

It was not a quiet chorus of climaxes. The three of us cried out and arched against each other and thrashed and fucked. Even Wanda, with her ravenous swallowing of the cock in her mouth was making a respectable volume of noise.

I hope any hotels these women goto to have sex, have thick walls or there will be a lot of jealous women and unhappy men in the surrounding rooms. They sure knew how to advertise their pleasure.

"I'll have what she's having." Ha ha ha. Yeah yeah, I know. It's been over done.

My cum succeeded in filling my pastor's wife, as planned and I flopped back a moment after Wanda collapsed on top of me; my sperm still gurgled into her depths. Mom pinned her friend down with the Mistress-O-Matic wedged deep into Wanda's ass and Gina tried again to pull her own strap-on out of the exhausted woman's mouth, but Wanda sucked on the head and held it firmly with her lips. She 'mMM'ed' in protest and Gina stopped pulling away. I kissed Gina's pussy, which I had forgotten to pay attention to as soon as all the Big Os started.

"Well, this is a sight for starving eyes."

I slitted my eyes opened and tried to look past Gina Tease's naked thigh, at Mom's opened bedroom door. There stood Miss Crotchet. Behind her was Mrs. Zaftig and Ms. Dermis.

"Sorry, we knocked and rang the bell and knocked some more. We could see you were home with your car in the garage and Ms. Tease's in the driveway, so we let ourselves in." Explained Mrs. Zaftig.

Miss Crotchet said, "I'm so disappointed in these two," indicating with her head, nodding back at her companions. "We would have been here half an hour earlier, but they just HAD to swing by the school to get your things from your lockers. I told them it could wait."

Ms. Dermis said to the room full of naked, exhausted and satisfied women and me, "We'll just wait

in the kitchen. I'll make coffee."

We were all getting up and Miss Crotchet followed the bounce and waggle of the heavy rubber cock hanging from Gina Tease's hips. "I'll stay here. It looks like a couple of you, at least, could use a hand getting... up."

She's a funny woman.

***

So. This is the end of my story. After that day, my mother was not hesitant to explore her sexual desires, nor to care for mine or my sister Cecilia's. We remained the closest of friends with all my sexy teachers and even Mr. Shill, who I found out later, had been sucked off by my sister and her group of friends, Priscilla excluded. Other than being best friends with my sister, Priscilla wasn't really part of the "in click."

Apparently, it became a thing for the girls at school to sneak under Mr. Shill's desk before class started, and try to catch him by surprise when he took a seat as his class of Maths students were filling in. He never outed them, but was not very good at hiding his reaction to suddenly having his zipper tugged open and his cock pried out and popped into a young woman's mouth. Cecilia said he'd actually slammed his free hand down on his desktop and shouted, "YES YES YES, I'M CUMMMINGGGGGG. . ." His other hand was under his desktop, cupping the back of Cecilia's head, holding her in place with his whole cock in her mouth and in the top of her throat.

He, I guess, opened his eyes to see his whole class staring at him. He didn't let Cecilia go while she worked at swallowing all his semen that was still leaking out, but he adjusted his seat, bumping my sister's head on the underside of his desk, and said to his class in a breathless voice, "I'm coming to the answer... um... of a math problem I've been... uh... trying to solve. It's been a real... suck on my... um... time and... I'm blown away by how... ah... hard... it has been... to finish while teaching class at the same time."

Cecilia said she'd almost spit his cum back up when he'd said that.

I never did get a calendar made for the senior girls, but I did have a couple of photo sessions with the school goth psycho, Kat Frigg and her two, what, gang members? Turns out they were all very familiar with each other's bodies, but no experience with the male anatomy. They just wanted lesbian photos. Priscilla did talk them into posing with me, or my cock, really. Kat actually agreed to hold my cockhead in her mouth while laying in a sixty-nine on top of me and her two friends; I don't think they ever told me their names and I didn't care enough to ask; each laid on either side of me with their tongues pressed against the side of my shaft. Kat made a show of spitting me out as soon as Priscilla said she got good photos, but she stayed still long enough for me to finish bringing her to orgasm with my tongue. She actually tasted really good, a lot like Libbey.

When she finally tumbled over the edge into her Mort Petite, she caught my cock back in her mouth and sucked me hard, her short black hair bouncing from her frenetic bobbing. I didn't cum because Kat spit me back out as soon as her orgasm subsided, but I did love the deepthroat Priscilla performed on me once the three hoodlums got dressed and left. Priscilla is so much better at that.

Mrs. Zaftig and her teachers redesigned their sex education program to be a better fit for the larger community outside the town, but it was still far more progressive than anyone else.

Miss Crotchet choose early retirement. It was too bad. I know when I first started writing about my project, I was not kind about her teaching abilities, but I admit I was wrong. Miss Crotchet was, just as Mrs. Zaftig had said, one of the school's best teachers. She found an Internet

pornography company that runs a site called BOMB.com for Busty Older Mature Babes or 'bombs' for short. She has reignited her porn career, and become the site's biggest money maker. The corporation I now work for acquired the porn company shortly after I was hired. That was a nice coincidence ;-}

Coach Clidduris got recruited to a college position where she started coaching the men's basketball team. I heard she still showers with her players sometimes.

The rest of them stayed on to teach many more years for the hard charging Woodchucks. I use to drop in to see them sometimes. They were always glad to see me.

I did get into Cornell and now work as the CSO, Chief Strategy Officer, for the largest entertainment corporation in the World. I've been subtly working my ideas from my senior project into the ads, the movies, the television, their growing Web site based content, and the streaming all over the World. We did a movie you may be familiar with about a young mermaid that is sexually attracted to an older guy and defies her father's orders, to run away and have sex with the older man.

We weren't so far into my new campaign that we could be so blatent, but there was a clear sexual undertone in the plot, including a sexual fixation between father and daughter. The funny thing was, we took public flack for some hidden messages in the animation of the waves, referencing sex. There was a subtle reference, but not to anything sexual. The message wasn't even in words like everyone seemed to see. It was an Easter egg animation that actually referred back to some of our early classic movies.

It just shows how insidious my psychology-based messages are that they brought to mind, sex, but people didn't actual understand where the real messages were hitting them from.

Just look around at all the open sexual diversity we enjoy today. That's all me, with the help of a mega-media corporation.

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One last note before I go. I have received a lot of fan mail during the relating of my story. I have read and enjoyed every one of them. They were highly motivating, but most of you seem to think this is just a story and not true. Well, that's okay. I actually expected that to be the case. No one likes to think they are so easily manipulated by the media. That's why I feel so comfortable being candid about it. However, I can't answer questions or address plot elements of what happened if I was not present to witness or, in most cases, cause it, but if any of you out there remember that year at Randal Hardwood High School, and have another perspective to share, I invite you to write about it and share. No one will believe it really happened, so you're safe to tell all.

Thanks for your indulgence, it has been a pleasure.

Yours truly, Serious Mistake (Bentley).

P. S.: I did marry Priscilla and couldn't, after thirty-five years of marriage, be more happy. She is an incredible woman, as also remains my mother-in-law.

Oh yeah. One more thing. Mrs. Bacchanal got pregnant from that session, even though we made sure it took with over twenty more sessions together. We did, at one point, have sex at her house with the good father preparing his next sermon in the office on the other side of their bedroom wall. The headboard banged directly on the wall between. Father Bacchanal made no comment when I finally walked out of his bedroom, zipping my pants back up. He just said, "see you again

tomorrow?" Oh yeah. Of course. My son's name is Damian, and he runs his own church in the next parish, where he can visit his mother often.

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