

After-School Special

by The Sinner

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Part One

Sylvia shuddered as she saw the boy looking at her. It wasn't that she was unused to being looked at; her trim figure and long blond hair had attracted plenty of pleasant attention over the last few years. It was the way he was looking at her... as though he was inspecting her like a piece of meat. Not that that hadn't happened to her before, either; but previously only lecherous old men sitting on park benches or standing at street corners had stared at her body so brazenly. Never a boy of... fourteen? fifteen at most... in the middle of a crowded school hallway. Nervously, she made eye contact with him; that was usually enough to scare off a hormone-charged dweeb. But the boy didn't flinch; he just met her gaze and slowly smiled.

Sheepishly, Sylvia broke eye contact and turned back to her locker, pulling out textbooks for the evening's homework as she tried to put the creepy boy out of her mind. Back at home, the episode wouldn't have bothered her. But that wasn't home anymore, she reminded herself. This was supposed to be home now; her new hometown, her new school. She'd been here a week now, and it didn't feel like home yet. Sylvia glanced at the picture she'd taped to the inside of her locker; her friends back at her old school... back home. She hadn't made a single friend here yet.

"Hey, Sylvia!" She turned to find herself face-to-face with a trio of girls. She recognized them, struggling to put names to the pretty faces. "How you doing, girl?" asked the stunning redhead in between licks on a bright red sucker.

"Um... I'm okay... Katrina," Sylvia blurted, remembering the name of the cheer-leading captain she'd auditioned in front of the previous afternoon. The girl she'd made an ass of herself in front of. "Uh... what's up?"

"Oh, we just came over to tell you that you"—Katrina pointed the sucker at Sylvia for dramatic effect—"made on the squad."

Sylvia blinked. "You're kidding. Really?"

Katrina grinned. "Really. Are you surprised?"

"Well, I just thought that I blew the audition," Sylvia said, flustered. She could still feel the sprain in her ankle from the muffed backflip.

"Oh, all that athletic stuff isn't important," the Hispanic girl on Katrina's left said. "All we really have to do is show some T&A for the boys." The three girls giggled at that, with Sylvia joining in belatedly as she struggled to remember the girl's name. Mary? No... Maria, that was it.

"Anyway," Katrina continued, "I'm having the squad over to spend the night tonight. Nothing special; we're probably just going to watch some TV. Can you make it?"

"Yes, I'll come!" Sylvia exclaimed, grinning happily. Finally she had friends! She realized belatedly that she probably sounded over-eager.

"Of course you'll come," said the tall black girl, her mouth widening in a knowing grin as she glanced down at Sylvia's body.

The other two cheerleaders rolled their eyes. "Don't scare the poor girl, Heather," Katrina chided before addressing Sylvia again. "Anyway, be at my place at eight. We're going to have a great time." She patted Sylvia on the shoulder before turning to walk off down the hall, trailed by Maria and Heather. Sylvia watched them go, nervous but excited.

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Sylvia rang the doorbell, fighting down the butterflies in her stomach. Her chance to belong, her chance to *fit in* was tonight. She ran one hand through her hair as the other nervously squeezed the handles of her overnight bag. She hoped that the hour she'd spent in the school library looking over the cheerleading squad photos in last year's yearbook would allow her to recognize the rest of the girls.

The door opened, and Sylvia's mouth fell open in shock. "Hi!" gushed the gorgeous twenty-something blonde on the other side. "You must be Sylvia! I'm Tiffany Young. Come on in!"

Sylvia fought to keep her composure as she stepped inside, but she was unable to stop herself gawking at the woman's attire. She was dressed like... well, Sylvia might've said that she was dressed like an airline flight attendant. Except that flight attendants usually wore skirts that did more than just barely cover their asses. And Sylvia had never seen a stewardess showing quite so much cleavage, or wearing quite so much makeup. The uniform wasn't made out of any sort of ordinary fabric, either; it was shiny all over, like some sort of plastic. And the way it clung to the blonde's well-proportioned body made her look like something straight out of a porno magazine. "Umm... those are interesting clothes, Ms. Young," Sylvia blurted, not sure what to make of them.

"Oh, don't mind the outfit! I'm just about to leave for work," Tiffany replied, as though that explained everything.

"Oh... um... I see."

"Well, the rest of the girls are in the den," Tiffany said matter-of-factly as she closed the front door. "Let me show you." She turned and walked down the hall, balancing expertly on a pair of spiked heels that Sylvia was quite sure would be impractical on an airplane, her round buttocks shifting to and fro under the tight, shiny skirt. Still confused, Sylvia followed the blonde down the hall.

They walked past an open doorway leading into a kitchen, where a small boy was fixing a sandwich. "Oh!" Tiffany exclaimed, stopping. "This is my brother... I mean, Katrina's brother Alex. Alex, this is Sylvia."

The boy looked up, and Sylvia recognized him immediately as the creepy kid who'd been looking at her at her locker that afternoon. He was giving her the same look. Undressing her with his eyes, really. "Hi," he said simply.

Sylvia shivered, but tried to keep her voice calm. "Hi."

He smiled briefly before going back to making his sandwich. "Oh, Tiffany," he said casually, "stop by my room before you leave."

The blonde smiled at his words. "Yes, Alex" she purred. "Come on, honey," she said, returning her attention to Sylvia. Too confused to do anything else, Sylvia followed her down the hall. What the hell was that?

"Here she is, girls," Tiffany said, ushering Sylvia into the cozy den. The room was dominated by a large-screen TV on one wall. Arranged around it were a couch, love seat, and easy chair. Between them, the three pieces of furniture somehow contained seven teenage girls. A chorus of greetings issued forth as Sylvia nervously entered the room.

Sylvia looked around for a place to sit. Everything was so crowded. The love seat, for example, which had clearly been designed for two occupants, now held three. Heather lay stretched out along its length, her tight black curls cascading over one end of the plush mini-couch. Sitting on her lap was Brittany, a pale blonde girl, her head resting on Heather's ample chest. Their legs, intertwined in a mixture of chocolate and cream-colored skin, rested across the lap of a third girl, a trim beauty with shoulder-length hair and a Mediterranean complexion whose name Sylvia had trouble recalling. Debbie? Donna? Yes, that was it. Donna's hands rested casually across the other girls' bare feet. And yet, despite the crowding, the three girls looked more than comfortable on the love seat, with Heather's arms folded protectively around Brittany's waist.

"You can sit here, Sylvia," said Maria, the statuesque Latin girl who'd been with Katrina and Heather in the hallway that afternoon. Maria patted a space next to her on the large couch. Her other arm rested casually on the leg of Audrey, the pretty brunette sitting next to her. Audrey, for her part, was curled up against Maria, her thick brown hair pillowed against the taller girl's shoulder.

"Th-thanks," Sylvia stammered, still not sure what to make of the situation. She set her bag down next to the doorway and walked over to take the proffered seat, making herself comfortable next to the arm of the couch. Sylvia ran one hand nervously along the length of her blue jeans as the girls began chatting with each other. She'd been worried that she'd be underdressed in her jeans and T-shirt. However, it looked like the opposite was more likely the case. Most of the girls were wearing cutoffs or short shorts coupled with tank tops or tight cut-off T-shirts. Sylvia glanced over at the easy chair, where a petite Japanese girl—her name was Kim, Sylvia remembered—sat on Katrina's lap wearing nothing but a hot pink string bikini.

"Well, if you'll excuse me, girls, I have to go make sure Alex is taken care of before I leave," Tiffany announced, giving a sly wink before walking away down the hall. For some reason unfathomable to Sylvia, this caused a lot of giggling among the girls.

"Well, everyone's here, so let's get started," Katrina announced. Sylvia looked over at the easy chair. Katrina was wearing a pair of tight, skimpy lycra shorts and a cut-off T-shirt that barely covered her chest. Her boobs, though somewhat flattened by Kim's head, still looked quite proud under the shirt, and shifted noticeably as the redhead picked up the remote and turned on the TV. The lights in the room dimmed as the television sprung to life. *Neat effect*, Sylvia thought.

The show had already started, but Sylvia had no trouble picking up the storyline. She'd never seen this episode, but she'd seen plenty of *Richfield High* before. It wasn't like the show had an incredibly complicated plot or anything. Sylvia turned her attention to the TV, trying to ignore all the odd things going on around her.

It was only five minutes later that Sylvia became aware of a creaking sound coming from the ceiling above her. She looked up, her brow furrowing in puzzlement. The creaking had a regular rhythm to it, perhaps one beat per second. "Uh... Katrina?" she asked. "What's above us?"

The redhead's eyes never wavered from the TV set. "Um... just Alex's room," she said distractedly.

"Oh." Sylvia cocked her head, trying to hear what was going on up there. Aside from the creaks, she thought she could almost make out... what? Moaning? Screaming? And then, suddenly, the creaking stopped. Sylvia thought she could make out the other noise—the screaming or whatever it was—for a while longer, but eventually it too died out.

Perhaps ten minutes later, Tiffany reappeared in the doorway, her face flushed. "Um... okay, girls," she said, breathing heavily. "I've... um... taken care of Alex for awhile, so everything should be all set." She was patting her disheveled hair with one hand while the other hand worked at straightening her stewardess uniform. "I'm going to w-work, okay? You... you girls have fun!" She waved as she backed away down the hall, stumbling a bit in the spiked heels.

"Goodbye, Ms. Young!" "Have fun at work!" The girls waved back as the apparently-disoriented blonde stumbled away down the hallway. Sylvia blinked, trying to make sense of what she'd just seen. That woman couldn't have just... no, it wasn't possible. Not her own son, for crying out loud. She turned back to the TV, trying not to think about it.

"Oh God, Katrina," Sylvia heard Donna say from the love seat, "that is just so cool that your mom is a stripper!" A chorus of agreement came from the other girls as Sylvia fought not to show her shock. A stripper! Well, at least that explained the outfit she'd been wearing.

"Does she ever, like, show you how do it?" Audrey asked. "Have you ever, you know, done it yourself?"

Katrina giggled. "Well, I won't be legal until April. But yeah, she's taught me a thing or two."

"Oh, wow!" Audrey exclaimed. "That is so cool!" Sylvia recalled the big story she'd seen on the news last year about the cheerleader for a pro football team that had turned out to be a call girl and a stripper. She couldn't remember the name exactly, but "Tiffany Young" was starting to sound familiar. That couldn't be her, could it? Sylvia tried to focus on the TV.

The girls watched the show in silence. Sylvia found the show almost intoxicating, and kept her eyes glued to the set. There was something odd about the show, but Sylvia couldn't put her finger on what it was. The girls on the show were so... attractive? Pretty? Gorgeous?

Sexy.

Yes, they were sexy. Sexy girls wearing sexy clothes.

I'm a hot, sexy babe. The thought popped into Sylvia's mind almost out of nowhere. And yet it was true. She knew she was a babe. A fox. She was a cheerleader, after all, wasn't she? And cheerleaders were always sexy babes. Like Maria had said, their job was to show the boys some T&A. Sylvia squirmed a bit in her seat.

Sometime later, just as one of the characters on the show was trying to decide which guy she really loved, Sylvia heard a soft moan coming from the love seat. Startled, she looked over to see Heather's deep-brown hand gently rubbing Brittany's pale abdomen. In fact, the tips of Heather's fingers seemed to have slipped under the waist of the blond girl's shorts. Sylvia watched in fascination as the long fingers flexed slowly, drawing forth another moan from Brittany. How long had this been going on? And... how deep did those fingers go? Had Heather been fingering Brittany throughout the show? The whole show? Not even stopping for...

Suddenly, Sylvia realized what was so strange about the show. "Katrina?"

"Mmm-hmm?" the redhead murmured, her eyes never leaving the screen.

"There are no commercials."

"Mmmm... yeah... special cable channel... satellite dish..." Katrina appeared to be preoccupied, the fingers of her left hand gently stroking Kim's breast through the thin material of the bikini top. It was difficult to tell in the dim light, but Sylvia was willing to swear that she could see an erect nipple under the pink fabric.

Staring would have been rude. Sighing, Sylvia leaned back in the couch and returned her attention to the TV. The plot was getting quite interesting. Something about one of the characters trying to decide exactly who she wanted to sleep with.

Half an hour later, during a lull in the onscreen action, Sylvia realized that someone was pressed up against her left arm. She looked over to see Maria snuggled up against her. The pretty Hispanic girl was gazing rapturously at the TV, and seemed unaware that she was resting on Sylvia. *Well, no big deal*, the blonde thought. *If it means she's accepting me as part of the group, I'll put up with it.* She squirmed a bit, returning her attention to the show.

Shortly thereafter, the main character decided which of the guys she wanted and seduced him. It was so sweet. Sylvia heard the other girls sighing happily as the romantic scene played out. She was about to wipe a tear from her eye when she realized that Maria was holding her left hand.

It was a casual thing, really, and the olive-skinned girl seemed to be barely aware of what she was doing as she stared at the TV screen. Sylvia felt a bit irked at the presumed familiarity, but she let it slide. If she was going to be friends with these girls, she'd have to be somewhat intimate, after all.

The girls sat still until the episode ended, the new couple kissing onscreen as the show faded out. The credits rolled up the screen, and Sylvia sat up, stretching her free arm. She looked at Maria. "Would you mind if I..."

Maria was smiling at her. A welcoming, friendly smile. No one had smiled at Sylvia like that since she'd arrived in town. She felt an instant warmth toward Maria.

"If you what, Sylvia?" Maria asked sweetly. Her voice was melodic.

"Um..." She'd been planning to ask for her hand back, but she realized she didn't want it. She wanted to be close to Maria, to be... friends. "Uh... Would you mind if I lean on you for awhile? My arm is getting kind of sore."

"Sure," Maria laughed, sitting up and presenting her shoulder to Sylvia. Sylvia hunkered down on the couch, snuggling up next to Maria. She felt the other girl's arm extend around her shoulders, and sighed as she felt long fingers softly stroking her bicep. Sylvia looked up, into Maria's warm brown eyes. A friend. The two girls exchanged a smile before turning back to the TV.

The next episode of the show followed right on the heels of the first, and Sylvia found herself rapidly absorbed in the plot. Well, not the plot, exactly. More like the overall atmosphere. The girls on the show were just so damn sexy, running around in those tight, revealing clothes. Sylvia wondered how she'd look in a halter-top and a pair of hot-pants like that blonde girl on the show was wearing. And she knew the answer—she'd look pretty fucking hot.

She became aware that Maria had guided their clasped hands into her lap. Sylvia smiled as she felt the back of the other girl's hand brushing her inner thigh. *Maria and I, she mused, must look pretty hot together on this couch.* The thought was delicious. Sylvia snuggled up against her new friend's flank, her head resting against Maria's ample breast as she felt her whole body tingle pleasurably. Once again Sylvia lost herself in the show, admiring the well-proportioned girls on the screen, enjoying their playful antics.

Her jeans had just begun to chafe when the second show ended and the lights in the room came back up. Sylvia sat up, blinking. She and Maria exchanged a smile as the group of girls stretched and started chatting again. "You like the show?" the Hispanic beauty asked.

"Uh... yeah, it was... fun," Sylvia replied lamely. It had been more than fun, but she didn't really feel comfortable telling Maria how... interesting she'd found the girls on the show. Besides, it wasn't like she was really interested in that sort of thing, anyway.

"We've got an hour to kill before the next episode," Katrina announced. "But I think I know what we can do in the meantime," she said slyly.

"Let Donna entertain us with her tongue?" someone asked, drawing a flurry of laughter from the group. Sylvia looked over at the love seat, where the Mediterranean beauty had extended her rather long tongue and was wiggling it playfully.

"No," Katrina chuckled, "We can go into my mom's bedroom and try on some of her clothes!"

Squeals of excitement from the girls indicated the suggestion was heartily approved. Within seconds, Sylvia found herself being pulled to her feet by the excited Maria and swept down the hall in the middle of a herd of giggling teenage girls. As they passed the bottom of the stairway, Sylvia caught a glimpse of Katrina's brother on the landing at the top, a smile on his face as he watched them go by.

The gaggle swept down the hall and into the master bedroom. The spacious room was dominated by the largest bed Sylvia had ever seen, a huge thing covered by an expensive-looking faux fur zebra-printed bedspread. The wall opposite the bed appeared to be one massive, multi-paneled mirror. A third wall featured a huge makeup table with not one, but two stools in front of it. A dizzying array of cosmetics lay on the table.

Katrina made a beeline for the mirror-covered wall. The mirror panels were actually sliding doors, which the redhead slid aside to reveal a large walk-in closet. "Katrina, are... are you sure we should be doing this?" Sylvia asked. It didn't seem right to be going through someone else's personal things. "Doesn't your mother..."

"Don't worry, babe," Maria said to her left. "We do this all the time." The Latin beauty smiled and Sylvia felt instantly at ease, her worries seeping away as she met her new friend's gaze. "Katrina's mom has the *sexiest* clothes," Maria gushed. "You're going to look so hot, honey." The vague sense of discomfort Sylvia felt was overshadowed by the rising excitement in her belly.

An array of transparent garment bags hung on the closet racks, and the girls surged forward and began sifting through them. Each bag had a white label attached to the front. "Cheerleader" read one—Sylvia could see a multicolored vest and skirt inside, and a pair of pom-poms. Another one, labeled "Lifeguard" contained a tiny swimming suit, some sort of flotation device, and a big silver whistle.

Sylvia stood back nervously as she watched the other girls rummage through the outfits. Kim came out first, carrying a bag that read "Scientist". Sylvia watched as she carried it over to the bed, unzipping it excitedly. The trim Asian girl pulled out a white lab coat. Almost jumping up and down with excitement, she stripped off the pink bikini, rendering herself fully nude without a trace of hesitation.

Sylvia watched in fascination as the pretty Japanese girl donned the outfit she'd chosen. Kim put on the lab coat first, closing only a pair of buttons in the front. The coat fit her quite snugly, leaving little to the imagination, barely concealing her crotch and the tips of her pert boobs. A pair of white shoes with almost impossibly high heels went on next, accentuating the curves of Kim's tan legs (which the too-short lab coat did little to hide.) Kim pulled her lustrous black hair up behind her head, deftly pinning it up. A pair of glasses from the bag went on next, and a clipboard and a brace of pens placed in the pocket of the lab coat completed the costume.

Scientist, indeed. Sylvia watched in fascination as Kim strode over to the makeup table, the high-heeled shoes causing her ass to sway invitingly under the coat. The outfit was clearly designed to titillate—and to come off with a minimum of effort. So Tiffany really was a stripper. Sylvia's mind boggled as Kim sat down and began applying makeup.

"Sylvia, could you help me with this?" Maria asked. Startled, Sylvia turned to see the gorgeous Hispanic girl struggling into a pair of cutoff denim shorts. Aside from that, Maria was nude. Sylvia looked in wonder at her new friend's shapely body. Smooth skin... taut stomach... full, firm breasts... dark, round areolae...

"The problem is in back," Maria continued. "I'm having trouble getting them up over my ass." She turned around helpfully, giving Sylvia a good look at the round globes of Maria's backside. "Just pull them up, okay?"

Fighting to stay calm, Sylvia reached forward to grip the waistband of the shorts. She pulled upward on them, her fingers sliding smoothly across Maria's supple skin as the cutoffs nestled into place. The shorts rode obscenely high, exposing most of Maria's delightful derriere. Sylvia absently let her hands slide across the smooth buttocks. God, Maria was so sexy.

"Mmmm, that feels good," Maria cooed, causing Sylvia to jump back. Had she actually been... touching Maria like that? She felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. Maria turned back around, smiling. "Thanks, Sylvia," she said. Her look turned to one of near-horror. "Where's your costume, Sylvia? Oh my God, you haven't even picked one out yet! Come here, girl," she said, turning and walking into the closet. Maria seemed oblivious to her own semi-nudity. Sylvia followed meekly, trying not to notice as Maria's breasts jiggled saucily on her exposed chest.

Maria sifted through most of the rack before triumphantly pulling a bag free. "Nurse!" she exclaimed. "This one is *you*, honey." She took Sylvia's hand and led her out of the closet. "Now get those off," she said, gesturing to Sylvia's shirt and jeans before opening up the bag and pulling out the contents.

Swallowing, Sylvia pulled her T-shirt off and began unzipping her jeans. It was silly to be nervous about this—she'd been naked around other girls plenty of times before. But she'd never been this... *excited* before. The thought of dressing up in these sexy clothes was, quite frankly, arousing. For the first time, Sylvia had realized what a hot babe she was, and she wanted to show her luscious, sexy body off.

Sylvia got her jeans off just in time to take the nurse's uniform Maria was handing her. It was made out of a tight, shiny material. "Slip it on, honey," Maria instructed. Sylvia complied, slipping her arms through the appropriate holes and trying to pull the front of the outfit closed over her chest. Maria assisted by pulling and tugging strategically on the slick fabric until Sylvia was at last able to pull up the oversized plastic zipper. "Thanks, Maria" Sylvia said. Sylvia slid the zipper up until the uniform closed over her cleavage. Then, grinning playfully, she slid it back down, exposing the inside curves of her boobs. The tight fabric caused her bosom to squeeze upward, giving the appearance that the rubbery uniform was on the verge of bursting open. The oversized plastic zipper seemed to be practically begging to be pulled down by some eager onlooker. Sylvia grinned as she eyed herself in the mirror.

Maria continued her efforts, running her hands over Sylvia's body, smoothing out the slick plastic uniform. Sylvia gasped as Maria's hands ran over her plump breasts. The blonde leaned back, sighing as she felt Maria's ample chest pressing into her back. Maria was such a good friend.

"Now stand upright and let me finish dressing you," Maria said. Sylvia acquiesced, keeping herself still as her new friend placed a white nurse's cap atop her head, securing it with bobby pins. Maria then hung a stethoscope around Sylvia's neck, tucking the head into the blonde's already-tight cleavage (and thereby causing Sylvia to sigh in pleasure again).

Finally, with Maria's assistance, Sylvia stepped into the high-heeled white shoes, shaking a bit as she fought to keep her balance. "Now go put on some make-up," Maria said, "and give me a chance to finish getting my costume on." Sylvia walked unsteadily over to the makeup table.

"Oh, you can sit here, Sylvia," Katrina said, standing up from one of the stools. "I was just finished." The redhead was apparently dressed up as a cowgirl. A plaid sleeveless blouse was tied off just underneath Katrina's generous breasts, showing off her tight, smooth stomach. A short white leather skirt hung around her waist, its fringed hem barely covering her ass. Her lustrous red hair spilled out from underneath a large white cowboy hat, and high-heeled black leather cowboy boots encased her feet. The finishing touch was the lariat she held in one hand. Sylvia watched as she sauntered over to the far corner of the room, where Audrey was putting on an Indian brave costume, fastening a bone-and-hide vest around her ample tits. Still a bit stunned at all that was going on, Sylvia sat down in front of the makeup table and began looking for familiar colors.

It didn't take long to find what she needed. Considering that only Tiffany used this makeup table on a regular basis, it was surprisingly well stocked with a wide assortment of lipsticks, rouges, blushes, and other necessities. "You look so *fuckin' hot*," Sylvia whispered to her made-up reflection in the mirror. And she did. The makeup was a little thicker than she usually liked it, and the lipstick was a shade or two brighter than her norm, but under the circumstances it seemed appropriate. She was, after all, a hot babe.

Her work complete, Sylvia got up from the makeup table. She caught sight of Maria standing in front of the mirrored doors of the closet. The Hispanic girl was now fully dressed as an auto mechanic. In addition to the tight denim shorts, she sported an oversized sleeveless white T-shirt. The shirt was cut off raggedly above her stomach and featured several large rips, through which pleasant portions of Maria were visible. She wore tight black high-heeled boots on her feet, and her shiny black hair flowed out from underneath a red baseball cap.

In one hand she held a large silver wrench and an open can containing some sort of black makeup; with the other, she rubbed small splotches of the makeup on various parts of her body. Sylvia hesitated briefly before approaching. "Um... I-let me do that," Sylvia said nervously. She was uncomfortable being so forward, but... but God, Maria looked so *hot*.

"Thanks," the brown-skinned beauty said. The smile she gave Sylvia made the blonde almost weak-kneed with relief and delight. Maria stood still as Sylvia smeared the fake grease onto various parts of her body. Maria purred happily when Sylvia reached under the T-shirt to rub a few splotches onto her round tits. Sylvia grinned at her own audacity, feeling a warm glow in her stomach from having made Maria happy.

When she was satisfied that the Hispanic girl looked sufficiently grimy, Sylvia closed the can and stood next to her friend as they looked at themselves in the mirror. The bright, clean white of Sylvia's obscenely tight nurse uniform contrasted sharply with the grimy, dirty appearance of Maria's mechanic outfit. Maria slung the wrench across one shoulder, prompting Sylvia to dig the stethoscope out of her exposed cleavage and hold it in one hand. "God, we're sexy," Maria breathed. Sylvia could only nod in agreement as she felt her pulse quicken.

The two girls turned to face each other, and Sylvia found herself drawn to Maria in a strange new way. Her new friend's eyes were filled with longing, longing that Sylvia knew was mirrored in her own eyes. The two girls leaned forward, their lips parting ever so slightly...

"Alex!"

Donna's joyful shriek startled Sylvia. She jerked back, feeling her cheeks flushing. Had she really been about to kiss Maria? Sylvia turned her attention to the door, avoiding Maria's eyes. Everything was so confusing!

Sure enough, Katrina's brother was standing in the doorway. Several girls had run up and thrown their arms around him, plastering him with kisses. Tiny little Kim had jumped onto his chest, wrapping her legs around his waist and her arms around his shoulders, her face buried in his neck. Sylvia was bewildered. The kid was a creep. Why were these girls so excited to see him?

Alex took it all in stride, chuckling as he gently pushed the excited girls away. "Please, girls, not now." He lifted a small camera. "I just got myself a new camera, and I was looking for something to try it out on..."

The response was immediate. "You can try it on us, Alex!" Donna gushed, jumping up and down excitedly. The other girls followed suit, shouting animatedly and begging Alex to take their pictures. Sylvia couldn't believe that these gorgeous young women were so interested in the scrawny little creep. Still, she had to admit that the idea of being photographed was exciting. Especially in a tarty little outfit. Sylvia shivered at the thought.

"All right, all right," Alex said, smiling good-naturedly. "Let's see what you have for me, girls." The girls immediately began posing and preening as Alex started snapping pictures. He focused his attention on Donna first. The stunning Italian girl appeared to be dressed as a teacher. A tight white blouse clung to her torso, with several buttons open down the front, allowing a nice view of her cleavage. The blue skirt was cut obscenely short, and as the brunette pranced around on the black high heels, various parts of her ass popped in and out of view. A pair of wire-rimmed glasses and a long stick completed the ensemble. "What do you teach, Donna?" Alex asked as he snapped picture after picture.

"I teach the three T's!" the girl replied exuberantly. "Tits!" she said, leaning toward Alex and cupping her generous boobs through the nearly-transparent blouse. "Tush!" she added as she turned around, thrust her barely-concealed ass toward the camera, and pointed the stick at it for emphasis. "And twat!" she finished excitedly, facing the camera. Sylvia gasped as Donna lifted her skirt to display her bare crotch to Alex, leaning back as he snapped the camera appreciatively. The girls laughed at Donna's display. Sylvia felt her face growing even redder.

Alex shifted his attention next to Kim, who was making creative use of a test tube. Sylvia was bewildered by the girls' behavior. And yet she found the whole scene somehow... exciting. She remembered as a little girl how she'd played dress-up with her friends. It was exciting to put on clothes and see how she looked. The little girls would run around pretending to be fashion models. This was like that. Except that dressing up had never gotten her so *horny* before. And the pictures... She realized that she desperately wanted Alex to take pictures of her.

Her chance came when Alex had finished shooting his sister posing with the lasso. "Take some of Sylvia," Maria shouted. Sylvia swallowed as Alex turned to face her, bringing the camera up. She smiled, trying to hide her nervousness, did her best to look sexy for the camera. *I like to show off my body for the camera*, she thought. She didn't know where it had come from, but it was undeniably true. She cupped her tits through the thin plastic as the camera flashed.

"Wow, you're a real babe, Sylvia," Alex commented. Sylvia smiled at the remark. That was odd, she thought. Normally she would have slapped him for saying something like that. But now... well, she *was* a babe, wasn't she? *I want everyone to know what a hot babe I am*, she thought as she turned around and thrust her ass at Alex's camera. Her sexy little ass. She purred happily as she heard the camera clicking softly behind her.

Sylvia sighed as Alex shifted his attention to Audrey and her Indian-squaw outfit. She watched as the brunette showed off her luscious body.

"It's so hot, isn't it?"

Sylvia jumped as she heard Maria's voice behind her. "Y-yeah." She turned to face the Hispanic beauty, remembering the awkwardness of their almost-kiss earlier. The two girls smiled at each other, and Sylvia felt the warmth of their... their friendship. Right. Sylvia leaned forward and gave Maria a quick peck on the cheek, just to show there were no hard feelings. She felt her pussy grow warm as Maria kissed her back. *Just friends, though*, she reassured herself.

Alex had moved on, and was now taking shots of Heather and Brittany. The former was wearing a skimpy vest of thick black leather festooned with numerous chains, studs and buckles. A matching pair of shorts clung tightly to her crotch and stretched to contain her sculpted ass. Her legs were encased in black boots with metal spikes on the heel, while studded leather cuffs encircled her wrists and neck. Her thick black hair fell over her shoulders in a mass of tight curls, seeming to flow into the black leather and contrasting with her chocolate-brown skin.

The tall, black biker-chick looked down sternly at the petite blonde clinging to her left leg. Brittany was dressed as a French maid—a tight black satin teddy with white lace trim struggled to contain her disproportionately large tits. Fingerless gloves of white lace adorned her hands, and black fishnet stockings ran down her legs to the shiny black pumps. After inspecting the other girls' costumes, Sylvia was hardly surprised to see that the heels of the shoes were obscenely long spikes. Brittany was half-sitting on her knees on the floor, and half-leaning against Heather's leather-encased leg.

Alex was snapping pictures of the two beauties, but unlike the rest of the girls, they seemed oblivious to him. Brittany was staring up at Heather with what looked to Sylvia like fawning adoration, while the dark-skinned girl gazed down at the blonde with a slight scowl on her face. "Wh-what's going on with *them*?" Sylvia whispered to Maria as she watched the pair.

"Oh, it's just a little game they play," the Latin beauty replied nonchalantly. "They like to kid around."

Sylvia nodded as she continued to stare, but the expressions on the two girls' faces looked quite serious to her. "Now do your cleaning, little maid," Heather said firmly. Brittany nodded meekly, lifting the feather-duster she was carrying in one hand and beginning to shake it back and forth against Heather's slick black boot. "Not like that," Heather admonished, causing the blonde to stop and look up questioningly. "You know how you're supposed to clean," Heather scolded.

Brittany nodded meekly, setting the duster down. Leaning her head forward, she extended her tongue and began to lick the leather boot. Sylvia's eyes grew wide as she watched. The blonde worked her way across the boot, licking eagerly. "That's it. That's my good little slut," Heather murmured, reaching a hand down to tousle Brittany's blond mane affectionately. Sylvia stifled a gasp at the crude language, but Brittany merely gave a shudder and continued using her tongue to polish Heather's footwear. "Yes..." Heather murmured, running her hand through Brittany's hair. "Good little slut..." The blonde's body shook again, and Sylvia realized Brittany was getting aroused by the treatment. Most of the visible parts of the boot were now shining with Brittany's saliva. Sylvia wasn't certain what was going on, but it was clear that both girls were taking this very seriously.

Sylvia turned to ask Maria another question, but the Hispanic girl started speaking first. "Help me take my shorts off, Sylvia. I want Alex to get some shots of us together." Maria turned to face away, bending a bit at the hip to push her tight behind toward Sylvia. The blonde wasn't quite sure how those two concepts were interconnected, but she sank to her knees anyway, bringing her hands up to the waistband of Maria's tight denim cutoffs. "Oooh! Oooh! Smile for the camera, Sylvia!" Maria exclaimed.

Sylvia turned to see Alex aiming at them, and put on her brightest smile as he began rapidly shooting pictures. Then she reconsidered. She was a hot babe. A sexy babe. Sylvia wiped off the broad grin and replaced it with a look of smoldering lust. Eyes hooded, she pursed her lips for Alex's camera. That's what a hot babe was supposed to look like. She placed her hands flat on Maria's ass as she leered obscenely at the camera. *We're a pair of hot babes*, she thought.

Maria turned around, placing her crotch in front of Sylvia's face. Sylvia looked up to see her new friend smiling down at her, bringing her tan hands down to rest on Sylvia's shoulders. Sylvia smiled back as she unzipped the cutoffs and began pulling them down. *God, we must look so fucking hot*, Sylvia thought as Alex continued to snap pictures. *He's probably about to cream his pants*, she thought as she slid the cutoffs down Maria's legs.

Sylvia gasped as her cheek brushed against Maria's skin. It was... smooth. She looked up to see that Maria's crotch was devoid of hair. The smooth skin seemed to almost shine in the light. Sylvia couldn't keep herself from staring at the smooth curves of Maria's mons.

"Do you know how to tell if it's close enough?"

Sylvia turned, startled, looking for the source of the question.

"You know... a close enough shave," Kim said, smiling mischievously behind her lab-technician glasses. "Scientifically speaking, of course," she added, drawing a chorus of laughter from the other girls.

"Um... n-no..." Sylvia stammered, feeling the color rising to her face.

Kim's grin grew wider. "With your tongue, honey." She opened her mouth and wagged her tongue for emphasis.

Sylvia looked away, feeling her cheeks burn with embarrassment. The other girls were giggling uproariously, and Sylvia fought to stay calm. Her instincts were telling her to leave, to snatch her bag and run home.

"Sylvia?" She looked up to see Maria addressing her. Her friend had a sympathetic look on her face. "Would you check it, please?" she asked softly. "For me?" Sylvia closed her mouth and nodded. Maria had been so good to her. She leaned forward, bringing her tongue out to touch Maria's shaven mons.

It was smooth, incredibly smooth. And sweet. And.... sexy. Sylvia stifled a groan as she inhaled the sweet odor of Maria's sex. She took another lick, savoring the taste of her friend's sweat. Her hands came to rest on Maria's hips as she continued to lick, and she felt a pair of hands resting lightly on the back of her head.

"You go, girl!"

Sylvia jumped away, stumbling to her feet in embarrassment. It was Audrey who had spoken. The girls erupted into a fit of laughter again as Sylvia blushed fiercely. She turned away, taking a step toward the door.

Maria's hand on her arm stopped her. Sylvia turned to look at the beautiful Latina. "It's all right, Sylvia." Maria took her hand and began gently stroking it, leaning forward to whisper in Sylvia's ear. "We all do that, babe. It doesn't mean anything." Sylvia blushed even harder, but felt relieved at the same time. She turned and watched as Alex snapped pictures of Donna and Kim showing off in their teacher and lab-technician outfits. Donna was using her stick to point out various interesting parts of Kim's anatomy while both girls put on naughty expressions for the camera.

The two bespectacled girls had fallen giggling onto the bed and were playfully jousting for access to each other's crotches when Alex lowered his camera and smiled ruefully. "I'm afraid I'm out of space in the camera, girls." Eight female voices whined in dismay, including, Sylvia was surprised to note, her own. "I'm sorry, too, but there's nothing I can do about it," Alex sighed. "Why don't you girls go back out to the den and watch some more TV while I go process these? I'll show them to you later on, all right?"

Disappointed, but somewhat mollified, the girls trooped back out to the den, where they fell seemingly at random onto the various pieces of furniture. Sylvia found herself on the left end of the couch again, but this time Katrina was sitting next to her, with Audrey on the far side. Heather was sitting in the easy chair, with Brittany snuggled into her lap, her head resting against Heather's leather-clad bosom. The remaining three girls—Donna, Kim, and Maria—were cuddling up with each other on the love seat.

Sylvia's attention was drawn to the TV as the lights went down and the show came back on...

Part Two

The next episode picked up right where the previous one had left off. Sylvia found herself getting rapidly caught up in the plot. If possible, the show seemed even more captivating than it had been previously. The girls on the show seemed like walking sex-bombs. And the guys... Sylvia found her pussy growing warm as she looked at them.

Perhaps an hour later, her attention wandered briefly when she noticed Heather lifting Brittany off her lap and getting to her feet. The short blonde girl looked questioningly at her friend. "Wh-where are we going?"

"We're going to the bathroom to take a shower," Heather replied curtly. "Now get my bag and come on." The dark, statuesque girl strode confidently out of the room while Brittany snatched up an overnight bag from the pile by the door and hurried to catch up.

Sylvia's brow furrowed as she thought about what was going on, but just then one of the male stars appeared onscreen, and Sylvia found her eyes drawn immediately to his crotch. It struck her as odd that she was reacting so strongly—hell, this was actually the scrawniest, geekiest character on the show—but her curiosity was pushed away as she felt her pussy beginning to warm up.

Ten minutes later, Sylvia was dimly aware of the three girls on the love seat getting up, giggling, and walking out of the room. Donna was talking about making a banana split or something, but Sylvia was wrapped up in imagining the geek's banana splitting *her*.

Sylvia jumped out of her reverie when the image on the screen changed to a solid blue color. What the hell? She turned to look around the room, feeling her neck creak. She was alone in the den. How long had she been sitting there watching TV? She could vaguely recall Katrina and Audrey walking out of the room hand-in-hand. That had been... what... five minutes ago? Fifteen? Thirty?

Sylvia stood, stretching her legs and arms. The tight, shiny nurse's uniform stretched with her, still feeling incredibly sexy. All she really wanted to do was sit and watch more of *Richfield High*. Sylvia set off down the hall, hoping to find someone who could fix the TV. The faint sounds of giggling came from the kitchen. Sylvia stuck her head through the door, opening her mouth to speak.

She closed it as quickly as she'd opened it, stunned by the scene before her. Kim was lying on her back on the sturdy table, her blue-black hair fanned out across the shiny, polished wood. Maria was kneeling above the naked Asian girl, holding a brown jar. Sylvia watched in fascination as Maria dipped a spoon into the jar. The spoon came out covered in a what Sylvia now realized was chocolate sauce. The Hispanic beauty grinned playfully as she dribbled the sauce from the spoon, allowing it to fall several feet before hitting Kim's exposed boobs. The sauce must have been quite warm, because Kim gasped as it made contact with her light brown skin. "Mmmmm, I just love chocolate-covered tits," Maria said huskily as the thick brown sauce ran all over Kim's chest.

"Hey, Sylvia, you hungry?" With a start, Sylvia looked at Donna, who was sitting in a chair in front of Kim's exposed crotch. Like Maria, Donna was nude. The Italian girl seemed to be decorating Kim's lower abdomen with vanilla ice cream and strawberries. "We're making a Kim sundae. You should try it!" Kim was lying with her eyes closed, breathing heavily, and seemed to be struggling not to flinch as Donna placed another scoop of ice cream just above her crotch.

The whole scene looked like something straight out of a porno movie. Sylvia felt a warmth stirring in her crotch as she took it in. She found herself wondering whether she was more interested in eating the sweet desserts being ladled onto the sexy Asian girl, or in having her own body used as a serving dish instead of Kim's. Really, she just wanted to belong. She wanted to fit in. She wanted to be in the porn film.

But as appealing as she found the scene, it didn't seem like it was quite what she wanted right now. "Um... m-maybe later. I w-was looking for someone to fix the TV..."

"Try upstairs," Maria replied. She had set the chocolate sauce down and was now vigorously shaking a can of whipped cream. "But don't stay away too long," she continued slyly. "Once little Kimmy gets going, the ice cream tends to melt awfully quick."

Sylvia found herself moaning softly as Maria sprayed fluffy white cream onto Kim's boobs, eliciting a shriek of pleasure from the petite Asian girl. "I think it's time for dessert," she exclaimed, setting down the can and bending forward to lick the various sweet substances off of Kim's tits. Donna, too, began to eat, licking and sucking at the ice cream adorning Kim's crotch. The petite Asian began to writhe and squirm under the assault of the other two girls' tongues, soft moans of passion escaping her lips.

Sylvia chose this moment to move on down the hall, leaving Donna and Maria to their carnal feast. Upstairs, Maria had said. Sylvia found the staircase and began to climb. Walking up stairs in the spiked heels of the nurse costume was a formidable challenge. Slowly, carefully, Sylvia took one step at a time, holding onto the handrail as she did so.

She was puzzled over her reaction to the scene she'd just witnessed. Sylvia had never found other girls sexually interesting, but for some reason seeing Donna and Maria licking Kim's tight little body had started her quivering inside. She'd been on the verge of jumping in and joining them, but she'd held back, confused by the suddenness of her new urges.

The sound of a running shower was clearly audible from the top of the stairs. A nearby door was open, and thin clouds of steam were blowing out of it. Curious, Sylvia took a few steps down the hall and peered into the bathroom.

The shower was indeed running, with the glass door slid wide open. Through the mist, Katrina could make out Heather's shapely ebony body leaning back against the far wall, her jet-black hair plastered to the white tile by the moisture. Her eyes were closed and her mouth hung open, her chest heaving as she took heavy breaths. Between Heather's widely-spread legs knelt a pink form that had to be Brittany. The smaller girl's back was facing Sylvia, and her face was buried in Heather's crotch. Brittany's legs were spread far enough apart to give Sylvia a view of her bare pussy. The shower spray drizzled onto both girls, rivulets of water running down their naked bodies.

Sylvia stood transfixed in the doorway, unnoticed by the two girls. Heather's brown hands rested on Brittany's white shoulders as the taller girl murmured to her lover in a voice just loud enough for Sylvia to hear. "That's it... eat your mistress's pussy like a good little bitch..." Heather moved her hands to Brittany's head, lifting it away from her crotch for a moment. "Does my little slut want her mistress to fuck her?"

The blonde quivered in obvious pleasure, her small body shaking in Heather's hands. "Y-yes, mistress. P-please... p-please fuck my pussy..."

Heather's lips curled upward in a smile. "Soon, slut. Soon." With that, she pushed Brittany's head back down between her legs, gritting her teeth as the blonde went back to work.

Sylvia felt herself flushing with embarrassment. She'd guessed that Heather and Brittany were lovers, and she'd even figured out that Heather was the dominant one. But this... Sylvia had never imagined anything like this was possible. And yet, her pussy trembled as she watched. *What if someone were watching this?* she wondered. The thought made her knees buckle.

Sylvia ducked out of the doorway so that Heather and Brittany wouldn't see her collapse against the wall. Gasping for breath, she felt her whole body shaking with arousal even as her brain fought to understand what was happening. The idea that what Heather and Brittany were doing was... some kind of *show* to entertain someone had hit her like a freight train. Why? Why? Sylvia fought to control herself. Even as she stood there, moaning softly, trying to regain her balance, it occurred to her that it would be wonderful if she was being watched right now. The resulting quiver of delight caused her to slump against the wall again, groaning in passion as she felt her pussy begin to drip.

Three minutes later, she had regained enough self-composure to continue down the hall, struggling to balance on the heels. "The TV," she said to herself, trying to put a note of determination in her voice. "All I'm looking for is someone to fix the TV."

The sound of giggling voices came from another open room. Sylvia looked inside to see what appeared to be a teenaged girl's bedroom. Katrina's, obviously. A bureau and vanity mirror stood to one side of the large canopy bed, and numerous posters adorned the walls.

It was the two girls in the room that captured Sylvia's attention, however. Audrey was leaning her back against one of the bedposts, her generous curves barely hidden by the skimpy Indian-brave outfit she wore. Katrina stood in front of her, still dressed in the cowgirl outfit, wrapping a thick rope around the brunette girl's slim torso. Audrey's hands were already tied behind the bedpost. Neither girl appeared to notice Sylvia standing in the doorway.

"Well, it looks like..." Audrey began, then bit her lip. "I mean, um... you... uh... okay, let me start over," she stammered, before drawing a deep breath and speaking again in a deep voice. "Paleface girl catchum brave warrior. What you do now?"

Katrina smiled and replied, a twang in her voice as she tipped the cowboy hat upward on her head. "I reckon I'm going to find out your plans to attack the fort."

"No tellum," Audrey replied, her expression mock-solemn.

"I have ways, Chief," Katrina drawled, extending a hand toward Audrey's mid-section.

"You no makeum proud warrior talk," Audrey said stoically, as Katrina brushed her hand across the tan skin of the brunette's abdomen.

"I said I have my ways, Chief," Katrina replied as she reached under the bed. The redhead's grin grew wider as she pulled out a metal bowl, showing the contents to Audrey.

The brunette's face paled as she looked at the contents. "Chief n-no talk," she stammered.

"I reckon you'll sing like a bird when I get through with you, Chief," Katrina gloated, lifting an ice cube out of the bowl. Delicately, she opened the tiny bone vest covering Audrey's chest, revealing the brunette's erect nipples. Smiling, Katrina pressed the ice against one brown areola. Audrey let out a long, shuddering gasp. "You feel like talking now, Chief?" Katrina asked playfully.

"Ch-Ch-Chief n-no... oh, god!" Audrey yelped, breaking character as Katrina moved the ice cube to her other breast. "N-no talk," she groaned as Katrina brushed her tongue around the brunette's free nipple. Sylvia began to tremble as she watched the lewd show.

A show. The thought struck her again, and she felt her knees go weak. *Hot babes love putting on shows.* Again, Sylvia ducked out of the doorway to avoid being seen as she nearly collapsed to the floor. Where had *that* come from? Sylvia had never felt even the remotest urge toward exhibitionism before, but now...

Fix the TV, she forced herself to think. Just concentrate on fixing the TV. Sylvia stumbled down the hall toward the last remaining door. Surely there would be someone inside who could help her.

Sylvia walked through the doorway into a large, cluttered bedroom. Every horizontal surface in the room was covered with some combination of computer components, books, disks, and clothing. The ceiling lights were turned off, the only illumination coming from a trio of computer monitors against the far wall. The glowing screens were arranged in a semicircle, in the middle of which sat Alex, his back facing her.

Sylvia took a tentative step into the bedroom, looking down at the floor, taking care to place her spiked heels where they wouldn't damage anything on the floor. "Alex?"

"Yes, Sylvia?" he replied, still facing the screens.

"Um... I was wondering if you could help me with the..." She looked up at that moment, and got a good look at the monitors. Each was showing multiple windows. One window was showing video of Katrina in her cowgirl outfit licking the stomach of the tied-up Audrey. Sylvia started as she realized it was the scene she'd just been looking at. "Oh my god! Is that..."

"Yeah, they're really getting into it, aren't they?" Alex remarked. Indeed they were. Audrey was writhing sinuously in her bonds as Katrina's tongue dipped lower and lower, sliding underneath the skimpy loincloth the brunette was wearing. "Audrey just loves a good pussy-licking."

Sylvia looked at the other windows, her breath quickening. Most of them showed empty rooms—there was the den where the girls had watched TV, and the master bedroom where they'd dressed up. But one window showed Heather and Brittany in the bathroom, and another one gave a nice view of the three girls in the kitchen. Sylvia swallowed, feeling her pulse quickening. "Y-you watch ev-every-thing?" she asked. She didn't know whether Alex's voyeurism offended her... or whether it just made her horny as hell. Actually, she realized she *did* know.

"Oh, yeah," the boy replied, grinning. "The girls just love putting on these little shows for me. I guess they all harbor dreams of being porn stars someday or something," he chuckled.

"Oh, fuck!" Sylvia gasped, stumbling against Alex's chair. She wanted to be a porn star. She wanted to put on shows for Alex. She wanted him to stare at her sexy body, ogle her naked tits, leer at her juicy pussy. She gripped the chair tightly for support as she stared at the luscious babes in the kitchen scene. Maria had just finished slowly peeling a banana. Sylvia watched raptly as she licked it a few times before sliding it into Kim's ice-cream-covered pussy. The Asian girl lying on the table shrieked in ecstasy as the long, moist fruit penetrated her snatch.

"Oooh, I gotta save this one!" Alex exclaimed. "The girls sure are in a frisky mood tonight." He began typing on the keyboard in front of him. "So you were saying you needed help with something, Sylvia?"

"Um.... I... um... the TV... stopped working..." the blonde teenager gasped, trying to keep her breathing under control. She didn't really care about the damn TV anymore. She just wanted to put on a show. She wanted to be on camera, with Alex watching her.

"Oh, the blue screen. It does that sometimes between shows. Don't worry about it. In fact, I think you should go back down to the den now. There's a special show that's going to start in a few minutes, and I think you'll really enjoy it. He was looking at her, smiling.

Sylvia swallowed. What she really wanted to do was just go and join some of the other girls so she could show off her body on camera for Alex. But there was something about him that made her want to do as he suggested. "O-okay, Alex," she responded. "Th-thanks." She struggled unsteadily to her feet and stumbled out of the room.

As she passed by Katrina's bedroom, Sylvia glanced inside. Audrey was still tied to the bedpost, but the skimpy bone vest and loincloth she'd been wearing before were gone now, leaving her shapely body exposed. Katrina was kneeling on front of her, one hand on the brunette's bare pussy.

With her free hand, Katrina picked an ice cube out of the metal bowl next to her, and held it up in front of Audrey's face. Grinning, the redhead brought the shining cube down on her captive's left nipple, eliciting a loud moan from the brunette. Katrina proceeded to rub the cube over Audrey's boobs, getting both of them wet before sliding it down across her taut stomach. Then, in one smooth motion, the cowgirl lifted her hand from the native girl's crotch and pushed the ice cube between the glistening lips of Audrey's cunt. Sylvia heard a clicking noise as the cube rattled against another piece of ice already inside the brunette. Katrina quickly replaced her hand on Audrey's mons, holding the ice inside. "Well, that's four now, Chief," the redhead drawled. "I don't reckon you can take much more."

"P-paleface girl n-no makeum brave warrior t-talk," replied the trembling Audrey, her chest heaving.

"Well, then," Katrina twanged. "I reckon you want number five, then." She lifted a fresh ice cube from the bowl, holding it up in front of her prisoner's face. The brunette girl shuddered, moaning in passion.

Sylvia moved shakily onward. Alex had told her to go back to the den, and that was what she was going to do. Even if it would be fun to be tied to a post with ice cubes being shoved up her pussy. And to have Alex watching... No, she had to go back to the den.

But her progress was stopped again as she heard a moaning coming from the bathroom. She peeked inside. The shower door was closed, and the fogged glass made it impossible to see what was going on inside. The moans were high in pitch—obviously Brittany's. "P-Please, mistress!" she cried. "I need it so bad!"

"Then get the toy out of the bag and put it on your mistress," came Heather's commanding voice.

Brittany squealed in pleasure as Sylvia saw the shower door open a bit. The petite blonde clambered out of the shower, her body glistening with droplets of water, her blond hair matted to her back. Her pert nipples jiggled excitedly as she stumbled to the counter and fished inside the overnight bag that lay there. After a few moments, she pulled out a large black dildo, with leather straps hanging from it. She hurried back into the shower.

"No, slut," Sylvia heard Heather say, "the *big* one."

"Y-yes, mistress," Brittany stammered. Sylvia watched as she hurried out of the shower again, clearly trembling. She replaced the black shaft in the bag before pulling out an even larger phallus, its black plastic surface rapidly moistening from the steam in the room. The buckles on its straps tinkled merrily as the excited blonde jumped back into the shower and closed the door behind her.

"Very good, bitch" came Heather's approving voice. "Now put it on me."

"Yes, mistress," Brittany replied breathily. Sylvia bit her lip as she heard the sounds of snaps closing.

"Now take your position, whore." Sylvia saw a pair of white hands over the top of the shower stall, spread wide, the fingers clinging to the metal runner at the top of the doors. A moment later, a larger black hand eclipsed each white hand, gripping the tiny white fingers, holding them firmly in place. "Now beg for it, you horny little slut. Beg for your mistress to fuck you."

"P-please mistress..." Brittany wailed. "Fuck me... fuck my pussy..."

"Your *what*, bitch?"

"I m-mean, f-fuck my slutty little pussy, mistress! Fuck my whorish cunt!"

Sylvia heard a loud grunt coming from the shower. A moment later, one side of Brittany's face was pressed forcefully against the glass door. Her cheek, forehead, and part of her red lips appeared where they made contact with the steamy glass. Below her face, two large breasts appeared as giant pink pancakes, each with areola and nipple visible in the middle. The blonde shrieked in passion as she was mashed against the shower door.

Sylvia felt her heart racing as she watched Brittany's body slowly peel away from the glass. Then there came another forceful grunt, and Brittany screamed again as her face and tits were pressed hard against the glass. The cycle repeated itself, the glass door shaking with each thrust. Brittany's boobs never quite made it all the way off the glass; the nipples always remained at the end of each cycle, so from Sylvia's point of view, the two enormous mammaries seemed to pulse with each of Heather's thrusts.

"You like that, bitch?" Heather growled. "You like it when your mistress pounds your slutty little pussy? You like getting your brains fucked out?"

"Yes, mistress! Yes!" Brittany wailed. "Harder please, mistress! Fuck my cunt! Fuck my cunt!"

Sylvia rolled out of the doorway, leaning against the wall as she struggled to catch her breath. *Back to the den*, she told herself. *Back to the den*. She stumbled down the stairs, clutching desperately at the handrail. *Fuck, I'm horny!* At the bottom of the stairs, she turned down the hallway toward the den. She steeled herself to avoid looking into the kitchen. If she stopped, she'd be overwhelmed. She couldn't look. She couldn't. She... well, one little peek...

True to Maria's earlier promise, a good portion of the idea cream had melted, leaving Kim's stomach and crotch covered in white liquid. The chocolate sauce and whipped cream on her chest had become similarly messy. Sylvia watched as Maria crouched on hands and knees on the table, licking Kim's topping-covered tits and eliciting animal-like cries of pleasure from the Asian girl.

Actually, there was no way of knowing whether Kim's excitement was due more to Maria's tongue on her boobs, or to the attention Donna was paying to her pussy. The Italian girl had her face buried in Kim's crotch, her hands holding Kim's tanned legs apart. Donna's black tresses bobbed excitedly as she worked on Kim's snatch. The petite Asian girl bucked her hips excitedly into Donna's face. "Oh, god... oh, fuck that's good!" she yelled as the other girls ravished her body.

Donna poked her head up from Kim's sex, a mischievous grin on her face. "Well, the banana's in there nice and tight. Time to turn on the masher!"

Maria lifted her head for a moment, looking Kim in the eye. "Come on, honey, we're ready for the main course. We're just waiting for you to make it for us!" With that, she and Donna went back to licking their respective parts of Kim's body at an increased tempo.

Sylvia watched in awe as Kim began to shudder on the table, her screams growing louder and more incoherent. Finally she exploded, her back arching, her legs convulsing spastically, her hands reaching down to grip Donna's head tightly. "Oh fuck!" she screamed as her whole body shook.

A few moments later, she collapsed on the table, spent, her tits heaving as she fought for breath. Donna smiled as she looked down at Kim's crotch. "Perfect. Mashed banana, coming right up!" With that, she dove between Kim's legs, her face all but disappearing. A moment later, she came up, her long tongue extended and carrying a load of mashed golden pulp. She climbed onto the table and embraced Maria. The two gorgeous girls kissed passionately, and Sylvia could see the fruity mush transferring from Donna's mouth to Maria's. Kim looked up at them, a dazed expression on her face.

After a moment, the kissing beauties pulled away from each other, their mouths working as they tasted their dessert. "Mmmmm..." Maria groaned as she savored the mashed fruit.

"Oh, wow, this is good," Donna commented, talking with her mouth full.

"Yeah," Maria replied, breaching etiquette in similar fashion. "It's the Kimmy juice that really makes it special." She swallowed her mouthful. Then she caught sight of Sylvia. "Hey, babe! Welcome back! You're just in time for dessert!"

Sylvia jumped, startled. "Um, n-no, I was just h-heading back to the den."

"But you really have to try this. It's so... hey, wait! Sylvia!"

But Sylvia was already running down the hall, ignoring the girls' pleas. She had to get back to the den. She had to. Alex had told her to.

Trembling with lust, Sylvia ran into the den, lit only by the glow of the television. She tumbled down onto the thick fur rug, curling her knees up to her chest, staring into the warm glow of the blue screen, waiting for the show to start. The show was very important.

She stared into the unblinking television, her mind racing. The other girls had looked so sexy playing their games... their scenes. Sylvia desperately wanted to be part of that. She wanted to fit in. Even if Alex was watching everything the girls did. No—her pussy clenched—*especially* if Alex was watching. She wanted to be in a show for Alex. A sexy show. A dirty, nasty show. She wanted to show off her hot, sexy body for Alex. Sylvia closed her eyes and moaned in need. She spread her legs, sliding one hand down to rub her crotch through the tight, slick fabric of the nurse outfit.

"Sylvia," came a soft whisper at her ear. It was Maria. The Hispanic girl was kneeling beside her, one hand resting lightly on Sylvia's shoulder as she whispered in her ear. "Are you ready, babe?" Maria reached down to rub Sylvia's leg.

Sylvia turned her head to look at Maria. She looked so gorgeous in the soft blue light of the television. "M-Maria..." she moaned. Maria leaned forward, her lips rubbing against Sylvia's. The blonde girl returned the kiss eagerly, melting into her friend's arms. When their lips parted, she felt light-headed. "I'm... I'm w-waiting for the show to start."

Maria smiled, her hand sliding up the inside of Sylvia's thigh. "The show's already started, honey. And you're the star." She pointed over to the doorway, where Katrina stood, pointing a small video camera at her. "Smile for the camera, honey," Maria whispered in Sylvia's ear before nibbling on her earlobe.

Sylvia moaned as she felt Maria's hand rubbing her pussy through the plastic outfit. She hoped Alex was watching! She could picture him in her mind, sitting up there in his room watching her on his computer. She turned her head to kiss Maria again, sliding her tongue eagerly into the other girl's mouth as she reached up to cup Maria's breast in her hand. She wanted to put on a good show for Alex. She wanted to make a good movie for Alex. A hot lezzie scene he could stroke his cock to.

"That's it, honey," Katrina enthused as the two girls kissed. Sylvia was aware of Katrina moving around in front of her as she kissed Maria. "Turn towards me a bit, girls. Open up and let the camera get a good look at your bodies." Sylvia moaned into Maria's mouth as she twisted her torso, spreading her legs. She felt the Latin girl's hand sliding up her body, squeezing her tits through the thin material of the blouse. Sylvia brought her own hands up to squeeze Maria's soft boobs. "That's it, Sylvia," Katrina cooed, "Play with those titties. That'll have Alex stiff in no time." Sylvia felt her pussy tremble at the thought of Alex watching her make out with Maria.

As she reached down to rub her hands over the crotch of Maria's shorts, she became aware of the other girls entering the room. "Well, well, you two seem to be having fun," Donna chuckled as she strode into the room. Sylvia wrestled her attention away from Maria to look at the Italian beauty. The teacher costume Donna had been wearing was glistening with sweat, the blouse pulled wide open to reveal her generous chest. Behind her came Kim, her petite body still dripping with ice cream and chocolate sauce.

Sylvia felt a wetness on her nipple and looked down to find Maria kissing her left breast. The Latin girl had pulled Sylvia's tight plastic blouse down off her chest and was eagerly lapping at her rock-hard nipples. Sylvia closed her eyes, groaning with need. "Arch your back, honey," Katrina instructed, shifting her position to get a good view of Maria's mouth. "Show off those beautiful tits for Alex." Sylvia complied, feeling her face flush with the joy of putting on a show for the horny boy upstairs.

Sylvia gasped as she felt a soft wetness on her inner thigh. She looked down to see Audrey kissing her leg, her soft brown curls rubbing against Sylvia's thighs. Audrey looked up, a slow smile creeping across her face as she stroked her tongue across Sylvia's skin up toward her crotch. Sylvia gave a whimper of lust as Audrey slowly pushed the nurse's uniform up her legs, revealing her damp crotch. "That's it, Sylvia!" Katrina exclaimed. "Pretend this is all new to you."

Sylvia was about to protest that it was all new to her, but just then Audrey licked her pussy lips gently, sending an electric tingle up her spine. "Ohhhhhh..." she moaned, her hips flexing with a will of their own, pushing her crotch upward toward Audrey's mouth. Sylvia looked down to see Maria still licking her nipple, her soft, thick black hair spilling over Sylvia's pale stomach. *Fuck, that looks hot!* She looked up to see Kim standing in front of her, the gorgeous Japanese girl pointing a second video camera straight at her. "Is... is Alex watching?" Sylvia panted.

It was Maria who answered, lifting her mouth from Sylvia's breast and smiling at her. "Alex watches everything, honey. Isn't that so fucking hot?" Sylvia could only nod weakly as Audrey's tongue slowly teased her clit. "Let's show him the sexiest kiss he's ever seen, babe," Maria whispered, leaning in close. Sylvia closed her eyes as she felt Maria's soft lips on hers. Her whole body seemed to be on fire as Maria's tongue probed her mouth. Sylvia opened her eyes and looked at the camera in Kim's hands. *Look what a hot babe I am, Alex.* She let her lips part from Maria's, giving the camera a good view of their writhing tongues.

Sylvia felt Maria French-kissing down her neck back toward her pulsing boobs and leaned back on her hands, arching her back to make sure the camera had a good view of her chest. She flashed Kim's camera another smoky gaze, making sure that Alex would be able to see exactly how fucking sexy she was. Just as she was preparing to lewdly lick her lips for the other camera, she felt Audrey's tongue thrusting deep into her pussy. Sylvia shrieked in pleasure. She had the presence of mind to toss her head and send her long blond hair cascading to the floor before the orgasm overwhelmed her.

It was some time later that Sylvia became aware of Tiffany Young returning home. She had no idea how long she'd spent writhing on the floor with one or more of the other girls. After Sylvia's first three (or was it four?) orgasms, the pace of the sex had slowed down a bit. Sylvia had completely shed the nurse costume by this point, and was now lying on her back on the thick fur rug, her head resting in Maria's lap and Kim's tongue buried between her thighs, the Japanese girl's cute ass pointed up in the air. Sylvia was sure that the three of them looked super-hot on camera.

She wondered if maybe she ought to be worried that Katrina's mother was walking in on their orgy. None of the other girls seemed to care, though, and she didn't feel like leaving the comforts of Maria's lap and Kim's tongue. Besides, she was in the middle of performing in a hot, sexy scene for Alex. She glanced over at Brittany, who was holding the camera trained on the three girls on the floor. Heather was supervising Brittany quite strictly.

"Hi, Ms. Young," Audrey called from the couch she was sharing with Katrina and Donna. The three girls were lightly stroking each others' sexy, naked bodies as they watched Kim licking Sylvia's pussy. Audrey's greeting was followed by a chorus of hellos from the others.

"Hi, girls!" Tiffany replied, walking expertly in her tall heels over to the couch, where she perched on the arm next to Donna. She was still dressed in the clingy, revealing stewardess outfit. "Whatcha doing?"

"Making Sylvia a star," Katrina chuckled. "How was work?"

Tiffany grinned, pulling a thick sheaf of bills from her purse and flashing them at the girls. "There was a bachelor party at the club. A *rich* bachelor party."

The girls all seemed impressed, but Donna was positively wide-eyed. "Wow, Ms. Young... that's so cool that you're a stripper."

Tiffany smiled at that. "Why thank you, Donna. Say, this outfit is getting itchy. Why don't you come back to my room and help me out of it while I tell you all about being a stripper?"

"Oh, that sounds great Ms. Young," Donna exclaimed as she got up from the couch.

"Tiff..." Katrina whined, rolling her eyes, "we're having a party here."

Tiffany gave Katrina a scolding look. "Yes, and while you've been having your party, I've been out shaking my ass to earn money for this family. So if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go get out of this outfit and relax a bit. Come on, Donna," she said, turning and walking down the hall, the naked Italian girl hurrying after her.

Sylvia wondered if Donna was really just going to help Tiffany get undressed, or... but before she could put much thought into it she felt a fresh orgasm building in her belly. Kim had already sensed the mounting excitement in Sylvia's body and begun tonguing her pussy harder and faster. "Ohhhh god... lick me, Kimmy, lick me!!!" Sylvia shrieked. She knew it would make a sexier scene for Alex if she was talking to Kim like that.

"Zoom in on her pussy, slut," Heather ordered. Brittany moaned with pleasure as she obeyed her mistress's command, thrusting the camera closer to Sylvia's crotch. Kim's tongue was doing a considerable amount of thrusting itself, and Sylvia could feel her pussy pulsing with pleasure. She felt Maria clasp her hands as she came, her hips bucking violently against Kim's mouth.

Maria was gently stroking Sylvia's hair as the orgasm subsided. Dear, sweet Maria... her friend. "Aren't you glad you came, babe?" the Hispanic girl asked.

Sylvia smiled. "Yeah..." Then she giggled. "But I thought we were just going to watch TV."

Maria laughed, then got a thoughtful look on her face. "You know, we always *plan* to do that, but..." She shrugged. "I don't know. I guess the urge just takes us."

A shriek of pleasure came down the hallway. "Oh, Ms. Young, that feels soooo good! Is that something you learned from being a stripper?" The sound of a closing door signaled that the girls wouldn't be hearing the reply, and confirmed that they wouldn't be seeing Donna again until the next morning.

"Well, I think we've given Alex plenty of entertainment for the evening," Katrina chuckled from the couch. "How about a little more TV?" The redhead pointed the remote at the television and it flickered to life.

Sylvia lay her head back down in Maria's lap as another episode of *Richfield High* came on. She recognized it as the series premiere, the first episode about the new girl in town and her first day at school. Sylvia watched as the sexy babe made her way nervously through the school day. Sylvia wanted to reassure her, to tell her that everything would be all right, that soon she'd make some great friends that she could feel comfortable with, and before long the new town would feel like... Sylvia smiled.

It would feel like home.