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## Busty Young Teacher Gives Private Lessons

By billy69boy

Life was good, mused Diane, as she left the fertility clinic and headed to school. She was excited at the prospect of adopting twin 16 month old brothers, even though she was aware that they were going to be a handful. She had to give her husband Terry all the credit, though. After suffering the heartbreak of finding out they couldn't conceive a child of their own, it was Terry who suggested they adopt. She didn't mind her frequent early morning trips to the clinic to receive her hormone injections, so she could produce mother's milk for the twins. At first, she thought it a bit odd to breast feed two boys who were already that old, but the agency assured her that the boys would be grateful. It would calm them down, and it would provide a valuable bonding experience for the twins and their new mother.

In fact, she secretly got turned on by the procedure. Her breasts were already rather formidable for a girl of her short stature, and feeling them gradually fill up with mother's milk made her feel sexier, and well, hornier, if truth be told. When she bared them for the doctor's syringe, the rubber tourniquets that tightly bound her breast made her nipples hard and throbbing, even as she anticipated the sting of the needle piercing the very tips of her nipples and injecting them with whatever concoction it was that made them produce milk. She wondered to herself if the doctor noticed

how turned on she got, feeling his one hand cradle each of her swollen orbs, while guiding the lengthy needle deep into her nipples. Receiving the sharp, piercing in each tit took her breath away, and for some reason, got her moist between her legs. She only wished the handsome doctor didn't

insist on wearing those impersonal latex gloves.

As she drove towards school, she couldn't help fondling her aroused breasts through the thin material of her white blouse. She thought of her

horny young high school students, and she knew they would be staring at her firm tits during the entire class. She smiled to herself, and shook her head, trying not to think about it. Some of those boys were so hot, with their strong muscles and tanned bodies. She loved her job teaching English as a second language to her group of reform school bad boys. They were so willing to learn, and eager to master the language of their new country, she easily forgot that they were in reform school for a reason. They acted like they were so enthusiastic in her class, and she was delighted that several of the boys took her up on her offer to tutor them after school.

When the last school bell signaled the end of the regular day, she was pleasantly surprised to see that four boys remained in her classroom to receive extra instruction. She didn't mind staying late, because Terry didn't get home from work until 6:00 PM, or later, ever since he was promoted to warehouse manager. She adored her husband in most respects: he

was kind and gentle and attentive, even if he might be lacking in some...male qualities. What he lacked in balls, and in size, he more than made up for in sensitivity. But they both knew who wore the pants in the family.

She passed out worksheets to each of the four boys, who sat altogether so she could help each one if they had a question. She seemed oblivious to the fact that their eyes never left her bosom, full as her lactating tits were with milk. It didn't help that her blouse was unbuttoned enough to show off her lace bra and the tops of her breasts. When she would lean over one of the thug's...er...boy's desk, the view down her blouse left nothing to the imagination. Add to that her propensity for wearing tight short skirts, and she was an accident waiting to happen. Or maybe it wasn't accidental at all. While she acted innocent and naïve in front of them, she secretly lusted after her young charges. She knew it was risky to even think about them in that way, but she was confident that her secret desires would remain just that.

It all began rather subtly: she was bent over, resting her elbow on the desk, and explaining the worksheet to him. Innocently enough, his pencil eraser inadvertently grazed one of her breasts. She chose to ignore the

thrilling sensation that shot through her, sending tingles up her spine and to her head. As she continued with the lesson, the boy ran his pencil deliberately across her other engorged breast, and still she pretended nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. She shifted slightly back and forth in her heels, and another boy took her action as an invitation to gently let his fingers run up the inside of her leg and down the other one.

She was shocked, but mostly she was alarmed that his bold gesture had felt so good. Involuntarily, she found herself spreading her legs ever so slightly apart and leaning harder on the first boy's desk. Whether or not it was her intention, her message seemed clear to all: the second boy ran his hand up between her legs, right past her stockings, and directly onto the triangle of her thong. At the same time, the first boy brazenly began to unbutton more of her blouse buttons. Diane made no move to stop them, and the two other students stood up and surrounded her. A furtive glance on her part allowed her to see the growing bulges in the boys' pants, as they moved in and began to fondle her throbbing tits, and rub her ass overtop of her skirt. She was frozen in place, and said nothing. Inherently, she was aware that she shouldn't be allowing this sort of behavior, but she couldn't stop herself from reaching out with both hands and rubbing the front of the other two boys' pants.

At that point, it was game on: in a flash, her blouse and bra disappeared, and she could feel her thong exiting her body down her legs. She was already in a state of frenzy, as she felt strong hands squeezing her wanton tits, and none too gently at that. She felt a whoosh of cool air rush over her exposed bare ass, after her tight skirt was wrestled up over her waist. One of the boys grabbed her by her short dark hair with both hands, and he held her head down while he demanded that she unzip his pants. Diane was only too eager to comply, and soon his rigid erection was bobbing in front of her face: she needed no further instructions, and she took his young but fully engorged penis into her hot, willing mouth.

She groaned, as she could feel fingers probing her soaking wet vagina, and squeezing her ass cheeks. She stroked and pumped the two cocks that filled her hands, and squirmed underneath the boy who abruptly entered her

from behind. Desperate hands reached out and indelicately grabbed her tits, twisting her protruding nipples this way and that, and she loved it...she couldn't get enough of their rough treatment.

She was not happy when the boy who penetrated her had already pumped his load into her pussy, but she cooed when another knelt down, spread her ass cheeks, and began to drive his tongue deep inside her most private area. She could feel herself swoon, and her knees buckled under her. She needn't have worried, because he propped her up by plunging his thick shaft deep into her anal passage, at the same time the cock in her mouth exploded, and she busied herself with swallowing all she could.

As the sucked off boy stepped back, another raging hard penis took his place. She eagerly accepted his teen rod into her salivating mouth, and she sucked him fervently until he too blew his load down her throat. As the ass fucker gave his last groans and filled her ass with his hot jizz, she calculated that she had one more boy to satisfy, and she was right: but he was a bit more difficult to please, as she soon found out.

He calmly led her to her own desk while his compatriots sat and watched, exhausted as they were from their collective workouts with their sexy young teacher. He helped her up onto her desktop, and into a kneeling position. He slowly walked over to the classroom windows and yanked the cord down from one of the blinds. Walking back towards her with a sinister grin on his face, he made her put her hands up over her head and behind her back. There, he bound her wrists tightly, wrapped the cord down between her legs, splitting her ass and cunt, and ran the cord around her waist and tied it behind her.

His classmates watched intently, stirring in their seats in anticipation. Diane's pussy was dripping wet, waiting for his next depraved move. He stood behind her, and began fondling her firm breasts, bloated as they were with milk. He squeezed them simultaneously, and milk spurted out of each nipple. The boys gasped in unison, such was their surprise.

Meanwhile, Diane loved the attention her breasts were receiving. She showed no shame, only an eagerness to please. Her nipples throbbed as she waited for his next indignity.

He opened the skinny drawer to her desk, and produced a flat wooden 12" ruler. He moved around to face her, and motioned for his cohorts to join him up close. Her tits protruded proudly, and her pussy leaked with the thought of what was about to happen: they all knew it. There was no surprise. But it was oh so naughty and forbidden: WHACK! The first blow of the ruler landed, stinging and reddening in an instant. SLAP! The second tit jiggled in response, also showing a red mark where it met her tender flesh. Diane was at once appalled and turned on by the boy's boldness. She felt so vulnerable and helpless, being molested in front of her own students, yet she didn't protest, not even a whimper. She wanted more, and she got it: WHACK, WHACK, and WHACK! Her puffy tits swayed back and forth as the warmth enveloped her. SMACK, SMACK, and SMACK! Her head swooned, as she heard her students grow more frenzied watching her naked breasts being brutally punished.

The other boys clamored for control of the ruler, and they each took turns abusing her engorged tits until they were a bright pink in color and her nipples protruded proudly. One boy offered his fingers, but the cord prevented him from entering her. After a brief discussion, it was agreed that the cord would be removed. To no one's surprise, Diane didn't try to escape her molesters. She allowed the boy to penetrate her sopping pussy with as many fingers as he pleased, and encouraged the boys to suck her swollen tits and taste her milk. The leader who tied her up stood behind her and managed to violate her ass and quivering pussy with two fingers shoved deeply into each hole. Her body visibly trembled, as he pulled his stiff dick out of his pants, held her by her hips, and plunged wholeheartedly into her moist cunt. After several sharp strokes, he switched to her vulnerable ass hole, and drove his shaft deep into her dark passage. She released a quick shriek, as he steadily plowed into both holes, alternating back and forth, seemingly with no thought of ever stopping. She allowed herself to look around her classroom at the three

voyeurs with the wide eyes and slack jaws. They seemed absolutely mesmerized as they watched their teacher get pounded relentlessly by their classmate. Finally, she had reached the point of no return, and exploded in violent orgasm on top of her desk, just as her student pulled out and directed his considerable sticky offering all over her smooth ass.

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The next day, she taught her class without incident. There were no overt outbursts, although she seemed to detect a certain gleam in the eyes of the four boys who had so used her the day before. Still, none of them made a scene, for which she was grateful. When the last school bell rang, she sighed in relief, as she packed her books for the ride home. As she approached her car in the parking lot, she saw them: the four boys were all there, and even though her lusty heart skipped a beat, she was worried. What would they say to her, she wondered?

As they surrounded her, their ringleader explained quite politely that, even though they were all over 18 years old, they knew she would be in trouble if the school authorities found out what had happened in her classroom the day before. For a bunch of rough hoodlums, they could be pretty clever, she thought to herself. But, they went on to explain that from now on, Diane would be their sex slave, and would have to do whatever they say, or they would go to the principal and tell him that she seduced them all...and in her own classroom, no less!

Diane could feel her knees weaken, and her whole body shiver, as she realized she was being blackmailed by her students. They had her dead to rights: she knew it, and more importantly, they knew it too. Sweet innocent English Teacher Diane was shocked by her students' behavior and subsequent blackmailing of her. She felt dirty, used, and abused by the boys and what they made her do in her own classroom. Now they were telling her that they would be at her house this Saturday, to help with her "gardening". With that, they moved in closer, fondled her tits and pushed their fingers in her holes. She felt her thong slide down her legs and disappear into someone's pocket. Then they laughed and turned and walked

away. She sat still in her car. Now that they had coerced her to "invite" them to the privacy of her very own house, she couldn't help but feel even more violated. She was so ashamed to have to tell her husband about the blackmail, but she knew she had no choice. As she slowly drove out of the school parking lot, she resolved to tell Terry all that had transpired.

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Predictably, he met her news with anger and resentment initially. But he also realized that he couldn't do anything about the blackmail situation without Diane losing her job and her career. And now with the twins due to show up soon, they couldn't afford to lose Diane's salary. Hell, she may lose more than her job if the boys reported her: she may even go to jail, and Terry couldn't allow that.

So, it was settled: the boys would be welcome to show up on Saturday to help Diane with the "gardening". She pretended to be upset in front of her husband, even as she instructed him to stay inside the house while the boys were outside visiting. She allowed that he could watch from the upstairs window, but under no circumstances was he to intervene: the last thing they needed was for him to end up in jail for assault, or worse. They nodded to each other in agreement.

When Saturday arrived, Terry stayed in the house, and Diane went out to the garden to meet up with the boys. It wasn't lost on Terry that she just happened to wear her shortest miniskirt, and sheer halter top with no bra or panties. As angry as he was about these boys blackmailing his wife, he had to admit to himself that he was incredibly turned on by it. He felt his erection grow as he watched his young wife sashay out to the garden, trowel in hand, and kneel down on a cushion, facing away from the path where the boys were due to walk up any minute now.

The old farmhouse they rented wasn't much of a castle. It was run down, and hadn't been properly tended to in years. But, it boasted ten acres of land, and it afforded a great deal of privacy that the young couple cherished. So, it took some time for the boys to walk back to the house. Terry was enjoying watching his wife weed the garden, wearing next to

nothing. He could see her skirt slip up, but her face was towards him, so he could only imagine the view from behind. But the boys who appeared didn't need to imagine anything. The looks on their faces told Terry exactly what they were seeing. As anger welled up and jealousy filled his mind, Terry vowed to keep his cool, no matter what. He noticed his cock stiffening as the band of four opportunists approached his wife.

Diane could hear their footsteps behind her and their muffled chatter, but she pretended to ignore them, and concentrated on her weeding. She snuck a furtive glance towards the house, and managed to catch a glimpse of her husband peeking out the second floor bedroom window. She could feel her juices begin to flow, and she had to admit that she enjoyed the thought of being dominated and taken advantage of and being treated roughly by these nasty students of hers. She wouldn't dare let them, or her husband, know how she really felt about being coerced into committing unspeakable acts with them.

When the four boys got closer, they spied her kneeling on the pad in her mini skirt, which revealed the bottom of her ass cheeks. She was clearly wearing no panties. Her husband sneered as the boys exchanged high fives and smiled widely. They surrounded Diane, who seemed oblivious to their presence, until one boy reached under her skirt, and abruptly shoved two dry fingers right into her exposed, freshly shaven pussy. At the same time, the second boy yanked her head up by her hair, while the third horny attacker ripped open her skimpy top in one motion, and began to squeeze her bare breasts. By now, the fourth boy already has his hard cock in his hand, and he moved toward Diane and shoved it into her open mouth, and began to pump her face hard.

In the meantime, Diane's husband didn't miss a thing, and he was overcome with lust as he watched the young guns completely dominate his beloved wife. He resisted the urge to run to her aid, knowing he didn't want to do anything stupid that might jeopardize her career. He couldn't take his eyes off the scene below. He stroked his throbbing cock as he watched the boy behind Diane kneel down and slide her skirt up, and push his thick young cock deep into her soaking wet pussy. He pounded her so hard her knees lifted up off the ground with each new stroke.



By now, she had dropped her garden trowel next to her. One of the boys picked it up, spit on the smooth wooden handle, and tried to work it into her ass. It wouldn't go in at first, and he pulled her head back until his buddy's cock popped out of her mouth, and he shoved the trowel into her juicy mouth and worked it back and forth until he was satisfied it was wet enough. He pushed her head back down, and another boy took over fucking her throat, as she felt the trowel handle finally slip past her sphincter muscle, and drive several inches into her quivering rectum.

The boys worked her over, doing anything that came to mind. They marched her over to the bean poles and made her kneel down. They ripped a length of rough twine from the pole and tied her wrists behind her back. One of the other horny abusers yanked down another piece of the raspy, itchy twine, and wrapped it around and around her bouncy tits until they were bound tight and jutting straight out. They took turns slapping them back and forth unmercifully. Diane gasped at the pleasure/pain she felt, and her pussy stirred, and she ached for it to be used. The boys showed no restraint, and filled all of her openings with their young cocks full of spunk, causing her to climax several times over. After a full two hours of abuse, they finally had their fill, and could no longer produce a single erection among themselves. They further humiliated her by stuffing her cunt and ass with garden dirt and weeds that she had pulled, and then rammed them deeper into her body with the trowel handle, leaving it buried deep in her ass. It was their final act of depravity and mocking cruelty.

Ironically, she came at the same moment as her husband, who watched everything from the upstairs window.

The four intruders finally stood up, took a few more whacks at her tender tits, and then pushed her over sideways; her hands still bound behind her back. As they walked away, one of the horrible trolls turned towards her and wished her a nice weekend, while another cheerfully declared that they would see her in class on Monday...all spoken in perfect English.

After her violators disappeared from view, Diane struggled to her knees,

and managed to pull the trowel from her sore ass. She stood up and made her way weakly toward her house, weeds dangling from her pussy. Her husband ran to meet her halfway down the path. He untied her wrists and gingerly removed the twine from her swollen breasts, pulled the visible weeds out, and carried her into the house. She was exhausted, in an ecstatic sort of way, but she didn't want her husband to know how much she enjoyed the rough encounter with her students. She allowed him to fawn over her, draw a warm bath for her, and gently massage her reddened tits.

A

soothing nap followed, and they both awoke surprisingly refreshed.

Diane's meek husband literally glowed when their eyes met. She knew that he was in need of a proper strap-on session, and he told him to go get it out of the closet. He was only too eager to obey. She felt some contempt for him, even as she adjusted the straps, as she prepared to fuck his ass as harshly as she was used by those boys. She felt like she wanted to punish him for taking such pleasure viewing her discomfort, never mind that she secretly enjoyed every minute of it. Without fanfare, she plunged the black rubber strap-on dildo deep into his waiting ass, and pounded away for several minutes, until he groaned in orgasm, covering his hand in his own jizz.

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On Monday morning, Diane felt a bit melancholy as she drove to the fertility clinic for her last injections of hormones. The needles that pierced her hard nipples were so arousing; she knew she would miss the intensity of receiving them from. The twins would be coming soon, and she was totally ready for them. But, she wanted to have her last session with the handsome young doctor to be memorable. As he wrapped the rubber tourniquets tightly around her eager breasts, she asked softly if he wouldn't mind dispensing with the latex gloves, considering this would be her last session with him. He looked puzzled, but he immediately obliged. Heaven knows, he longed to cradle her incredible tits in his bare hands, and he was fine with her request.

As he got the syringes ready, Diane couldn't help but notice the outline

of his erection in his pants. She brazenly reached out and cupped his manhood in her hand. He stopped dead in his tracks, and slowly put the syringe down. He didn't protest, or pull away. Instead, he moved in on her enticing round bosoms, and covered each one with his hands. He squeezed them gently, and tweaked her erect nipples between his thumbs and index fingers. Oh, they were so wonderful to fondle, he thought, even as Diane's hand squeezed his stiff member through his scrubs. He got more excited, and began to rub and knead her willing tits, as she pulled his draw string and his trousers dropped to the floor. She dropped his briefs down, and his cock sprang free, waving and bobbing in her face.

She groaned at his deft manipulation of her orbs, and didn't hesitate to take the doctor's steaming rod into her mouth. He immediately took her head into his hands and concentrated on fucking her throat as deeply as she could handle. Her tits swayed back and forth as her head rocked in unison with his thrusting jabs. Just when it seemed like he would blow his load into her mouth, he disengaged completely, much to her dismay. He silently pushed Diane back in her chair, and placed her hands behind her head. He took one of the prepared syringes, roughly massaged her nipple, and pushed the sharp needle deep into her breast. She shook with pleasure. Her wetness between her legs was overwhelming. The doctor repeated the same procedure with her other nipple, and drove the second syringe deep into her other breast. She almost climaxed right then and there.

She was beside herself with ecstasy, but all the while puzzled by the doctor's actions. She yearned for his cock, as he helped her off the chair and directed her to the examining table. He put her feet in the stirrups, and turned to prepare a different syringe. She didn't know what liquid he drew into it, but the needle was long and ominous. She trusted him implicitly, but when he turned back to face her, he had a lusty smirk on his face. As he held the syringe high above her, he manipulated her labia with his other hand, locating her aroused clitoris, and pinching it rather roughly. Nevertheless, the stimulation was electric, and Diane felt herself getting even wetter with anticipation. She watched intently as the adorable man directed the third needle toward her now protruding clit. Her eyes widened as she realized what he was about to do. She was ready to

panic, but he shushed her and reassured her that she would enjoy it.

Her eyes pleaded with him for mercy, yet she didn't cry out. She realized she did bring this scenario on, so she felt like she had to see it through to the end. In addition, she was aware that she was experiencing a level of excitement that she hadn't previously known.

Her eyes were wild as she watched the doctor aim the needle directly at her throbbing clit, and then pierce it firmly and deliberately. She felt a pinch that was both sharp and exciting. She felt the liquid slowly fill her appendage. It was warm and irritating all at once. She didn't know whether to cry or scream with delight. After he drained the syringe into her burning clit, she jerked around the table as if she were having a spasm. The doctor laughed as he put the syringe down, and rubbed her liquid filled clit between his finger and thumb. Oh god, it felt so good, she thought. She instinctively pushed her pelvis up to meet his fingers, encouraging him to thrust two fingers deep into her eager cunt, and finger fuck her pussy relentlessly. She responded by groaning and wriggling around under his commanding control, helpless to resist.

Her clit had expanded to three times its normal size, and it responded positively to the doctor's increased stimulation. He pushed another finger into her writhing pussy, as she thrashed about on the table. Grinning at her, he finally replaced his fingers with his formidable cock, and plunged it deep into the school teacher's waiting cunt. He pounded her long and deep and with purpose. It was all she could do to stifle her groans and hold on for dear life. She closed her eyes, and saw stars bursting in her head, such was the intensity she felt from whatever it was that the doctor injected into her clit. She was overwhelmed when he squeezed and caressed her full breasts, as she exploded like never before, just as the doctor pumped her pussy full of his hot jizz.

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At lunch time in school, she went to the office to check the records of her four renegade reform students. As it turned out, they were in reform school because of various criminal actions they got caught doing as

juveniles. When they met with her after class for "tutoring" she confronted them: she walked around to each of the hoodlums, and quoted their transgressions to them in front of their mates. She emphasized her point by squeezing their balls, or choking them with both hands, yanking them around by their hair, or blatantly slapping their faces. Silence ensued. She berated them for blackmailing her, an innocent young teacher, when they were the true criminals who would stand to lose their freedom if word got out that they were sexually abusing their teacher...against her will! She smiled menacingly. More silence followed.

How dare they, she went on, take advantage of her gentle personality to threaten her with losing her job and career? She strutted around before them, irate and accusing. The boys were shocked...and scared. No one moved, or said a word. From now on, she commanded, they would do as they were told, she stated, now standing in front of the classroom. She slowly began to unbutton her tight fitting white blouse. As she removed it, she continued her unlikely sermon: I want you to continue you to abuse my tits, she said, as she flung off her bra and her milk laden jugs swung freely in front of their young eyes. I also want you to fuck my pussy and ass, and to come up with even more depraved acts to do to me, she ordered. But don't pretend that I am afraid of your threats to blackmail me...I have more incriminating evidence on you than you have on me, she reasoned.

The crude students were dumbfounded by the assertions of their "slave" teacher. For emphasis, she walked up to the first boy, grabbed his head, and buried his face between her tits, almost suffocating him. She turned around, bent over, and slowly slipped her thong off her ass and down her legs. A few gasps could be heard. She spun around, thong twirling on one finger, and approached the second boy. She silently held the pink lacy thong above his head, and he instinctively opened his mouth. She slowly and deliberately pushed her thong in and closed his full mouth. More gasps ensued. She turned and slowly sashayed up to her desk. She lay down on it and put her feet up on the edge, revealing her naked wet pussy and ass. She suggested that someone better get up there and fuck her. NOW! All four chairs screeched at once, and soon she was surrounded by her nasty boys who were eager to obey her terse orders.

When all were finally sated and relaxed, Diane told the boys that she wanted them to come next Saturday to help her in the garden once again. Only this would be their last time at her house: she reassured them that she still planned to continue her private lessons after school, but her twin adopted sons were due to arrive the following Friday, and she would no longer have time to accommodate her band of bad boys at her home. The chastised ruffians nodded their heads in agreement, eager to please their sex slave turned Mistress. As they walked her to her car, Diane warned them: This Saturday would be their last chance to express their depraved creativity, so they better come up with some good ideas.

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All week, the boys discussed their ideas and theories, like they were collaborating on a science project. They researched several possibilities: they agreed that their main objective was not to merely inflict pain, but rather to shock and stimulate their kinky teacher, for whom they had developed a genuine fondness. When the day finally arrived, they were giddy with excitement, and their animated conversation reached Diane's ears, even before they appeared before her in the garden. Several boys gasped when they laid eyes on Diane, dressed as she was in a pink string bikini that barely covered her voluptuous full breasts and tight round ass. She turned her back on her gang of teens, and quickly looked up toward the second floor window to make sure her husband was watching. When the group was within full view, she slowly and deliberately bent over and picked up her garden trowel. She turned around to greet them with a big smile, pulled her bikini bottom aside, and penetrated her wet slit with the trowel handle. More gasps ensued as she teasingly plunged the trowel in and out, delighting in the expressions on the students' faces.

When they gathered around her, she discarded the trowel on the ground, and asked them collectively what they had come up with for her. She was curious to know what they had concealed in the numerous bags they had with them. The ringleader took her hand and led her to the picnic table near the bean poles, stripped off her bikini top and bottom, and motioned for her to lie down on the table. He motioned to one of his cohorts, who

opened the first bag and pulled out several lengths of rope. The boys worked as a team, spreading her arms and legs wide, and binding them tightly to the picnic table. Satisfied that Diane couldn't escape her "captors", they proceeded to surround her, with lust in their eyes. They slowly began to fondle her naked body: eight hands roaming and probing and violating every inch of her smooth torso. They pinched and twisted her stiff nipples, and fingered her pussy and ass before shoving the same fingers into her mouth. As she enjoyed the attention, she wondered why they didn't blindfold her as well. Her head protruded off the end of the table, and she had to hold it up consciously, which was a little annoying, she thought. Invariably, the slapping of her tits and pussy followed, which had her reveling in the pleasure/pain syndrome that she so enjoyed. But, there was nothing happening that she hadn't felt before. Still, she said nothing to the boys. They did have other bags at the ready, but so far she had to admit to being a bit disappointed in their efforts; perhaps even a bit bored.

She was amused that they managed to tie her to the table in such a way as to allow her to glance up and see her obedient husband looking out the window, and watching the scene of debauchery unfold before his eyes. She admitted to herself that she got a special thrill knowing Terry was getting off seeing her body being ravaged by her youthful opportunists. She knew he would be stroking his cock as they probed her most personal places, with their own erections. Perhaps the boys thought that just teasing her would be enough, she thought to herself, frowning. Still, having four pair of hands fondling her body wasn't so bad. But, just as she settled into her state of complacency, she heard the rustling of one of the mysterious bags, and she lifted her head up in curiosity. Two rather large glass jars, with holes punched into the lids, were proudly presented to her wide eyes.

RATS!! One in each jar! How perverted, she thought...and how incredibly exciting, in a perverted sort of way. Two of the sick minded boys began to knead and squeeze her milk-filled breasts, as the other two boys slowly unscrewed the lids. Diane couldn't help but squirm around on the table, challenging her tight bondage, but saying nothing. She wondered if Terry could make out the jars' contents from the house. She didn't know these two rats were actually one of the boys' docile house pets, not the

dirty, diseased sewer rats that she envisioned, and she shuddered at the thought of what was to come next. As her breasts became drenched in the milky fluid, a jar was pushed against each of her tits, which were stuffed halfway into the jars' openings. She braced herself for what she was sure would be painful biting, but the rats were shy and a bit confused at first. They curiously nosed around her captive nipples until they realized they had discovered the source of the sweet milk they had tasted.

The entire gang watched in fascination, as the rats licked, then sucked, then lightly bit the tender flesh of Diane's supple breasts. Diane squirmed even more under the sting of their nibbling, and she felt the moisture of her arousal leaking out of her love entrance. One of the boys drove his entire four fingers into her cunt and worked it around roughly, covering his hand with her warm juices. He withdrew his hand, and spread her slick cream all over her smooth vagina until it glistened in the sun. Diane didn't quite know what to make of it until the fourth boy opened the final bag and slowly revealed yet another large glass jar. She recognized the label indicating it was an applesauce jar. She didn't understand at first, her concentration being on the rats nibbling at her now throbbing tits; and then she saw them:

ANTS!! OMG, there were hundreds, maybe thousands, of little black ants scurrying around inside the jar in a complete frenzy of activity. The boy held the jar close to her face, ensuring that she had a clear picture of her next depraved intrusion. He unscrewed the lid in front of her face in dramatic fashion, and she recoiled in response. Now she understood why they hadn't blindfolded her: they wanted to enjoy her horrified reactions, and she didn't disappoint. Before he took the lid off completely, he lined the jar up in front of her saturated womanhood, popped off the lid, and pressed the opening of the jar tightly against her quivering pussy. She let her head dangle off the table, as her antagonists riveted their attention on the jar of ants. In no time, the ants found her sweet nectar, which was apparently more appealing than remnants of old applesauce. They crawled all over her wet labia and clitoris. It tickled at first, but soon the amusing sensation gave way to outright biting, perhaps more powerful than the rats nibbling on her milky bosom. The intensity of the stinging caused her to produce more lubrication, which caused the ants to attack her



most vulnerable parts with a determined aggression.

She writhed and twisted against her ropes, and her perpetrators became more aroused as they watched her. At the cue from the ringleader, they took their places for the grand finale. They worked in unison, almost as if they choreographed the entire show. One boy held the two rat jars tightly against Diane's tits, while a second boy monitored the ant jar. The third boy stood at the end of the table, lifted Diane's head up to the proper angle, and jammed his now throbbing cock into her mouth, working it to the back, and then down her throat. The ringleader managed to get his cock below the ant jar, and bury it into her pulsating ass hole. Diane struggled to breathe as she felt the thick fluid slide down her throat, as her ass got reamed in piston-like fashion at the other end of the table.

In perfect unison, the boys switched places with each other, and again her two available openings were filled with young cock. As she endured more rough and abusive penetration, she could feel the ringleader reach under the ant jar with his thumb and finger, and deliberately spread her labia wide, stretching them open. He lost some of the ants from the sides of the jar, as they sped away to freedom, but other ants turned their attention to the warmer, deeper, softer flesh in her pink tunnel. Oh, did the ants enjoy biting her in there! The stinging was so intense, her body literally bounced up and down in protest, further enhancing the pleasure of the boy that was pounding her ass so vehemently. She would have yelled for them to stop, but her mouth was busy swallowing the last boy's considerable girth.

The intensity of sensations finally put her into an orgasmic eruption, the likes of which she had never before experienced. Apparently, her young lovers felt the same way. It seemed that they last two boys were intent on fucking her ass and mouth until sundown, such was the virility of the young studs. Diane came again, and for a third time, before she felt her ass being filled with semen, as she gulped down the last load of warm cum that had spurted into her mouth. Satisfied, the boys put the lids back on the rat jars. They pulled the ant jar back and placed it on the ground, allowing the ants to run free. They pried her pussy lips open to allow the trapped ants their freedom as well.

Diane lay breathless as they untied the ropes and helped her to sit up. Her nipples and labia were a bright pink from all the nipping and biting they had endured. The boys had the look of smug satisfaction on their faces. Diane had to admit that she was impressed, and they grinned from ear to ear. As they dressed and gathered up their bags, Diane had one last request: they all turned toward the house and waved to Terry, who was still peeking out of the second floor window. They said goodbye, as Diane assured them she would be conducting another private lesson after school on Monday.

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The ensuing week was exciting for the young couple. They busied themselves with getting the nursery ready for the twins, who were due to arrive Friday evening. Diane's breasts were bursting with fresh milk for the 16 month old toddlers. They bought baby food, children's books and DVD's, and even a Nanny Cam to use as a baby monitor. They couldn't imagine anything they'd forgotten. They were as prepared as they could be when the van carrying their two little prizes made its way slowly up the long driveway. Diane and Terry stood outside, arm-in-arm, so excited to finally meet their new family members.

The driver was the first one to emerge from the van. He strode up to the happy couple, clipboard in hand. His assistant busied herself in the back, likely helping the young lads out of their car seats. The driver handed the clipboard to the couple and waited patiently as they signed. He thanked them, and walked back to the van to help deliver his cargo. First, their suitcases emerged. Then, out stepped two children who were obviously identical twin boys, but they looked like teenagers, not toddlers. The couple's jaws dropped simultaneously.

Wait, they told the driver: there must be some mistake. The driver looked at his clipboard, and shook his head. No, there was no mistake. His papers described the delivery of twin boys, age 16 years old. No, no, no, the couple protested, laughing. They had agreed to adopt twin boys, age 16 months old, not 16 years old, they explained. The driver looked

again at his papers and shook his head. Sorry, he said, but he was only transport. He was just doing his job, and besides, they had signed the release forms, he explained, as he and his assistant got in the van. The couple was in a panic, as they continued to protest. As the driver started the van, he suggested they contact the adoption agency, first thing Monday morning. With that, he turned around and drove off.

The couple looked at each other in disbelief, then they finally turned to the two teens, who stood silently by, heads down. It was surely an awkward moment for everyone. Diane thought to herself that they were certainly good looking boys, at least: tall and lean and muscular. Terry was dumbfounded. He wondered what they were going to do with these two boys until they could contact the adoption agency on Monday. What a terrible tragedy, both for him and Diane, not to mention the boys. Remembering her manners finally, Diane suggested they take their bags inside. She was embarrassed to show them to their room, such that it was, with little beds and cartoon characters adorning the walls. Terry had presence enough to ask them if they were hungry, and they nodded in unison. He peeled away from the group to order some food for everyone, while Diane

led the boys upstairs to their room. As they plunked their suitcases on the floor, they each managed a grin, as the mix up in age finally dawned on them. It was then that they took notice of Diane's breasts, overflowing as they were with mother's milk. Their eyes widened, as their focus became less than subtle. Her tits were barely covered, after all, and were virtually exploding out of her thin halter top. One of the boys whispered out loud: are they for us? Diane couldn't help but appreciate the irony, and in a lighthearted gesture, she smiled, and playfully shook her chest in their direction.

The boys' laughter was rather strained and uncomfortable. Diane quickly realized she probably shouldn't have teased these two young teens, with their raging hormones, but it was too late to take it back. The boys moved closer to her, but she was afraid of reacting badly, so she stood her ground. The quieter of the two surprised her by reaching out and touching one of her firm, voluptuous breasts. She didn't flinch. Seeing her calm reaction, the other twin touched her other breast. She sighed deeply and

audibly. Just then, she could hear Terry coming up the stairs. She was facing the partially closed door, and saw him linger out in the hallway. The twins weren't aware of his presence. As the boys realized Diane wasn't protesting, they became more brazen with their fondling, and Diane was getting more turned on by their unexpected attention. As they began to untie her halter top, she noticed that Terry retreated to their master bedroom, and quietly closed the door. Of course, she realized, the Nanny Cam screen was in there. She looked up on the shelf and the camera was pointing right at them.

Diane stood calmly, and allowed her top to open freely, then to drop to the floor. The awed looks on the twins' faces were priceless. The sensation of having four eager young hands fondling her solid tits was exquisite, and Diane climaxed right there where she stood, unbeknownst to the boys. She looked down and could clearly see the erections straining against their shorts. She reached down and lightly rubbed each one, as they continued to explore her wondrous mounds. Instinctively, the boys leaned forward and each took one of Diane's breasts in their mouths. Diane gasped out loud, as they sucked her nipples, and allowed their free hands to find the wetness between her legs. She put a hand behind each of the twins' necks, and pulled them tighter towards her chest. She knew then that she had to have these two hot young boys. She guided them over to one of the little beds, sitting them down, and pushing on their chests until they were lying on their backs. She knelt on the floor, and deftly slid their shorts and briefs down their legs and onto the floor, revealing their quite sizable penises. She found herself salivating, as she gently stroked their rigid sex tools. She felt a rush of adrenaline as she knelt on the floor between them, slowly taking one cock in her mouth, as her fingers wrapped around the other. She was thinking all the while of Terry watching the action on the screen in the other room.

Diane calmly switched back and forth, licking under their purple helmets, and gradually accepting their shafts deeper into her hot mouth. She loved sucking young cock, and these were no exceptions.. She would have been content to have her mouth filled with their warm cum, but she was

pleasantly surprised when one boy slid off the bed and knelt behind her. He peeled her tight, clingy shorts down over her thighs and down to her knees. He found her soaking wet pussy, and pushed two fingers in, deeply and deliberately. She groaned her approval, even as she continued to suck the other twin's cock. She was ecstatic when the fingers came out and was replaced by the boy's sizzling cock. Oh my, it felt so good to be filled with such an eager and willing young stud's appreciative cock. As an added bonus, he stood up and straddled her until the angle of his cocked reached her G-spot. His brother continued kneading and squeezing her aroused tits, and he grunted and jerked, and pumped her mouth full of his teen cum. Diane eagerly swallowed every drop, even as she felt her own orgasm rise up deep inside her belly. Sensing her erratic movements under him, her young lover from behind held on tighter, and slammed his frantic cock into her lusty cunt until they both erupted in pure bliss.

Their reverie was broken by the front doorbell ringing. They heard Terry bound down the stairs, and a brief, muffled conversation followed in the foyer. The door closed, and there was silence once again: "Who wants pizza?" Terry yelled up the steps.

(Diane and Terry never got around to calling the adoption agency on Monday.)