

## STACY'S SENIOR YEAR

Neil was the one to notice it: Stacy Richards cheating on an examination! He nudged his friend Gary and pointed towards the front of the class. "Check it out," he whispered.

Gary saw, but couldn't believe what he was seeing. Stacy Richards - the ice-queen cock tease of the senior class at Greenwood High - was staring intently at a slip of paper hidden on her desk under the exam. Just then, Mr. Edgar, the teacher, coughed quietly and shifted position in his seat at the front of the class. Stacy quickly pushed the cheat-sheet back under the exam paper and looked up guiltily, her face flushing a pretty shade of red. If Mr. Edgar had glanced over at her at that moment he would certainly have known that something was wrong with her.

But why would he be checking out Stacy Richards, who had been getting straight A grades ever since she had begun attending Greenwood High four years ago? Instead, he turned his attention to Neil French and Gary Syms, who were the class trouble-makers: Neil with his long, greasy hair and semi-stylish ripped clothes and Gary with his cynical, cutting sense of geek humour. Sure enough, they were grinning and whispering together at the back of the classroom rather than writing the exam.

"French... Syms," he called out, drawing himself laboriously out of his chair and up to his rather unimpressive full height, "Front of the class."

No longer smiling, the two boys got up and walked slowly forward, the centre of attention, with everyone in the class looking up at them from their exams. Neil noticed Stacy smirking at him with her typical, haughty sneer. Bitch, he thought, we'll see who's laughing in a second.

"Mr. Edgar," he blurted as he reached the front of the room, "We saw..." He was cut off by Gary elbowing him subtly, but stiffly, in the side. He drew in a breath to continue speaking, but he was interrupted by the angry teacher.

"You two have been nothing but trouble since you started this class in September," Mr. Edgar announced, his full white moustache quivering with indignation. "I can no longer allow you to disrupt this class with your infantile jokes and games, particularly during exams."

Neil started to protest, but was again cut off by Mr. Edgar, who had worked up a full head of steam. "You have both failed this examination. You will apologise to the class for the disruption, and then you will leave." He glared at the two boys. "Do you understand?"

Both boys nodded a sullen 'yes'.

"Any further problems," the teacher finished his pronouncement of sentence, "And you will be removed from this class permanently. Perhaps you will be able to make up the course in summer school."

Gary didn't react, but Neil looked up in alarm. That was about the most serious threat a teacher could make, short of outright expulsion. Bakersville was a beach town in southern California, and summer was by far the best time of the year, particularly for the teenagers. Being forced to waste the summer months inside the stuffy high school while everyone else partied on the beach was about the worst fate a teenager

could suffer.

Apparently cowed, Neil and Gary turned around and stammered out an embarrassed apology to the class. A few kids giggled - Neil noted that Stacy was one of them - but most looked away, uncomfortable at the humiliation of their fellow students. The two boys then filed out of classroom and into the hallway.

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Stacy shrugged her blonde hair off her shoulder and looked back down at the examination as the class returned to normal. Thank god those two geeks were gone, she thought, and tried to put Neil and Gary from her mind. In her world, there were "people" and there were "geeks", and Neil and Gary definitely fell into the latter category. She wouldn't even have known their names except that Neil had spent the better part of the first term of the previous year following her about, and had even asked her out on a date. As if! She had refused in as cruel a manner as she knew how (which was pretty cruel), and had later asked Pete, her then boyfriend and captain of the football team, to beat Neil up, just to warn him off. Pete had dutifully administered the beating, and Neil had backed off. She had soon afterward broken up with Pete - he had lost his place on the football team that spring - and had put the entire episode from her mind.

Reluctantly, she turned her attention back to the exam. She frowned down at the test, as if she could intimidate the answers off the written page. Questions which had been easy for her a year ago now seemed impossibly hard. Stacy was quite intelligent, and had always gotten almost perfect marks at school, but lately the constant burden of socializing - cheerleading, beachparties, student council etc. - had left her little time for schoolwork. As a result, she had found herself approaching the first set of school exams of her senior year completely unprepared. And if she did poorly or - unthinkable - failed, she would lose her record of straight As, and would probably fail to be elected Homecoming Queen, the goal toward which she had been working for the last few years. Hence, she had decided to make a few crib notes to get her through the first round of exams. After that, she told herself, she would get back on track with the schoolwork. Looking around to make certain she was unobserved, she pushed the exam paper upwards to expose the notes she had written on the cheat-sheet...

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Neil smouldered with anger as walked down the hall with Gary. That had been the perfect chance to get back at that bitch Stacy, and Gary had blown it for him! Neil's thoughts lingered on Stacy as he grumbled to himself.

Stacy was one of those unattainable high school princesses who enjoyed showing herself off, but didn't put out. With her shoulder-length blonde hair, perfect face (large green eyes, pert nose and thick, pouty lips), and athlete's body (she was a member of both the swim team and the track team), she was easily the most beautiful girl in Greenwood, and every male student's dream.

But dream she remained for most. She moved exclusively in the highest high school social circles, and only went out with sports stars and the like. Neil had developed a crush on her earlier the previous year, and it wasn't until she had sent that football jerk to beat him up

that he got over her. The fact was, she only noticed guys like Neil (and Gary, for that matter) when they bothered her, and she had to put them off (or "...out of their misery..." as Neil had once heard her laughingly remark to one of her friends).

The two boys left the school by the side entrance and began to walk across the south parking lot. Finally, Neil could contain himself no longer.

"Why'd you shut me up in there?" he complained, "I had that bitch right where I wanted her. I owe her."

Gary just smiled at this, making Neil uncomfortable. Where Neil was loud and obnoxious, Gary was quiet and strange. Despite the fact that the two had been friends for a number of years, Gary was still capable of unnerving his larger friend with his strange smile and even stranger ideas.

"What's so funny?" Neil asked nervously.

"You're right," Gary answered quietly, "We do have her where we want her, but not in the way you mean."

Neil was puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"If you had told on her back in the classroom just now, Edgar might or might not have believed you. Probably not; you know he doesn't like us. And if not - if Stacy had managed to hide her cheating - we would have been kicked out of the class for good, and been stuck in summer school. And even if he had caught her, at most she would have failed the exam, if that. The teachers love her. Then she would set her friends on us."

"But..." Neil began.

"You remember Pete."

Neil could only nod glumly in agreement, recalling the beating he had suffered last year. Stacy had no shortage of friends on the football team. "So," he said finally, "You said we had her where we wanted her."

"Yes, I did," Gary agreed.

"How?"

By now, the two boys had reached Gary's car, a large, black Pontiac. Gary unlocked the doors before answering. "If she's cheating now on a math test," he explained, "she must be in trouble with her schoolwork. She's always gotten top marks in math."

"Yeah?" Neil was still confused. "So?"

"So," Gary continued patiently, "It's a pretty safe bet she'll cheat again. There's an English test coming up next week, and I don't think a little cheat-sheet will be of much use to her. You have to have read the material." He started up the car and began to pull out of the parking space. Neil thought this over as Gary manouvered the vehicle out of the school parking lot and onto the road.

"So," he asked finally, "What do we do about it?"

"I'll tell you when we get to Sharon's place," Gary answered, "We'll need her for what I have in mind."

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Sharon was Gary's friend and sometime girlfriend. Neil was never really sure about their relationship - he knew that they went out and that they occasionally had sex, but he also knew that Sharon did the same with at least a couple of other guys. Gary, however, didn't seem to

mind, so Neil had decided to take things at face value. He had even made something of a pass at Sharon at a beach party last summer, but had been rebuffed. He was philosophical about it; Sharon wasn't really his type anyway.

The girl in question appeared in the doorway, answering their knock. A year younger than the two boys, Sharon was short and heavy, with large breasts and curly, brown hair. Any suggestion of cuteness, however, was quickly dispelled by her hard face and small, piggy (Neil thought) eyes. If there was any beauty there, it was definitely in the eye of the beholder. She was smoking a cigarette as she answered the door. After a quick greeting (and an obligatory "hello" to Sharon's mother - propped up, as usual, in front of the television), Sharon led the two boys down to her basement bedroom, locking the door behind her (Sharon's parents were "progressive", and felt that she needed her privacy). Neil accepted a cigarette and flopped down into a chair while pulling a lighter from his jacket pocket. Gary, who didn't smoke, just leaned up against the dresser. Sharon lay down on the bed and propped herself up with a pillow.

"So," she asked, flicking some ash onto the dirty shag carpet, "What are you guys doing here? I thought you had math with Edgar until 3:00."

Neil grimaced. "We did," he answered, "Until he kicked us out."

"What?"

Gary took over the explanation and outlined the sequence of events that had led to their expulsion from the math class. Typically, Sharon immediately blamed Stacy.

"That cunt!" she swore angrily, "Cheating on the test and getting you guys kicked out. She's really asking for it."

"Yes, she is," Gary agreed quietly, "And I think I know how we can give it to her."

"What do you mean?"

"We know she's cheating on her exams, right?" Neil and Sharon nodded in agreement.

"I think that it's pretty likely she'll cheat again. I don't think that she's had to do it before, so she's probably way behind in her work. The fact that she's cheating - and that we know she's cheating - gives us a hold on her; a way of blackmailing her, but we need more."

Neil thought this over for a few moments. "Like what?" he asked.

"First, we need concrete evidence of the cheating. No one is going to take our word over Stacy's. That's where you come in, Sharon. Your dad lets you use his video camera and radio - microphone. We'll use that to trap her."

"And then what?" Neil was starting to become excited at the prospect of blackmailing Stacy.

Gary fell silent for a moment, looking at his two friends. "How much," he asked finally, his voice strained and odd, "How much do you hate her? I mean really. How much do you want to see her suffer?"

"Hey man," Neil answered uneasily, "I just want to get back at her for putting me down last year. I don't want to, like, beat her up or anything."

"Well, I would," Sharon spat out. "I hate the bitch. Always flaunting herself, and prancing about like she owns the whole fucking school. She deserves whatever she gets. I'll do whatever you want to help get

her."

Gary looked over at Neil, his eyebrows raised as if to ask 'are you in?'.

"Aw, fuck it," Neil said finally, "I hate the bitch as much as anybody.

I'm in all the way."

"Good," Gary nodded, "Cause when we're through with her, she'll be the biggest slut in the history of Greenwood High."

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The English exam was being held the following Monday, only five days away, so they had to move quickly. The first step was to get ahold of the exam questions beforehand, a proposition which might have proved difficult but for the advances in electronics technology which had culminated in the computer. Exam papers were commonly written out on school computers and stored in the school network, which allowed for "maximum flexibility within the school bureaucracy regarding application of secretarial assets". Incidentally, it also allowed someone with the appropriate equipment and skills to break into the system and download the required information without leaving any traces of his actions.

Gary, something of a hacker, had broken into the system a number of times in the past with his home computer and modem and was quite familiar with both the security measures and the layout of information within the network. In the end, it took him all of about twenty minutes to download the appropriate exam paper. Neil and Sharon were impressed.

"Jesus," she muttered, "I wish you'd told me about this before I failed my fucking history test last year."

Gary just shook his head. "I don't think this is the kind of thing you want to do too often. If I go in often enough, they'll figure out what's going on. I was saving it for a special occasion." He looked up at his two friends and grinned maliciously. "And I think this is it."

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Frustrated, Stacy slammed the book shut. The exam was coming up in just a few days, and there was no way she was going to be ready. She had done her best to catch up on the first two months' work in a couple of days, but it was almost impossible for her even to get through the material in time for the test, much less actually understand it. And there was impossible for her to cheat on this exam the way she had in math. In that class, she had gotten away with writing out a number of formulas and applications on crib notes, but that just wouldn't work for an English test. There was too much material to read and assimilate, and without knowing exactly what material the test was going to focus on, she was forced to try to learn it all in just a few days: a daunting task at best, and almost certainly doomed to failure. She was going to blow the test for sure! Stacy slumped back in her chair and stared at her pouting reflection in the desk mirror. It wasn't fair. How could she be expected to keep up with all of this classwork while at the same time attend all the student council meetings as well as the swim club practices each morning. It was impossible. They just expected too much of her! She felt her large, green eyes brimming with tears; she wanted to be Homecoming Queen so badly, and now...

She was interrupted from her self-pity by the ring of the phone at her bedside. Sniffing, she got up and crossed the room to answer it. "Hello?" It was Ashley, her friend from school. Careful to disguise her inner turmoil (Ashley, like all of the other girls in their particular clique, could smell weakness the way a shark smells blood; any hint of a problem and it would be all over the group by the end of the next school day, threatening Stacy's position), Stacy fell easily into the standard school banter of gossip, innuendo and casual put-downs of other students. Stacy was good at this, and Ashley sensed nothing out of place.

After a while, Neil's name came up, and Stacy happily recounted the events of yesterday's math test. Ashley had almost certainly heard about it by now, but the combination of a first-hand account together with Stacy's particular style of sarcastic humour made the story well worth hearing for a second time. The two girls were soon laughing together at what had happened.

"Well," Ashley laughed at the end of the story, "It does sound as if they made absolute assholes of themselves, alright. And that threat of summer school must have scared the shit out of them from what I heard."

"What do you mean?"

"I heard that Neil has got ahold of some of some of the exam papers coming up. I guess he wants to bring up his overall marks so Edgar can't fail him or something like that."

Stacy felt her heart jump a beat as her breath caught in her chest.

Neil had copies of future exams? "Where did you hear that?" she asked, trying to keep her voice casual. Evidently she had succeeded, as Ashley failed to detect the change of mood.

"Laura told me," she answered, "I think she heard it from Sharon, although why she was talking to that cow, I don't know. You remember Sharon? She was the one..." Ashley started to drone on about Sharon, who was definitely not a part of their exclusive clique, but Stacy wasn't listening. Neil had copies of some upcoming tests. And he was in her english class!

After a while, Ashley wound down, and Stacy let the conversation die a natural death. While she was careful not to mention Neil and the exam papers again, it was never far from her mind. Finally, the two girls said goodbye and Stacy hung up the phone. Thoughtful, she walked back to her desk and looked the pile of unread English books. Cheating was a serious matter at Greenwood (it had taken her a long time to screw up her courage enough to do it during the math test), but stealing exam papers was something else altogether. She remembered a guy who had been caught with a stolen paper about four years ago, when she was in her first year at the high school. He had not only been expelled, but the school had prosecuted him for breaking and entering and theft (they succeeded on the first count, but failed on the second). It had been all over the papers in Bakersville. She shuddered at the thought of that happening to her, but what was the alternative?

Besides, she thought, making up her mind, she wasn't going to get caught; she was too smart for that.

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It was all too easy!

Stacy had approached him the next day - just as Gary had predicted -

and, in the guise of sympathizing with him over his humiliation in Edgar's math class a couple of days ago, she had sounded him out about the papers for the upcoming exams. As Gary had instructed him, Neil pretended to be suffering from a bad cold and sore throat, and lowered his voice to a rasp. Stacy didn't seem notice; either she didn't care, or couldn't remember what he normally sounded like. Probably both. Enjoying the experience of Stacy being friendly to him (although aware that

Stacy had skilfully manipulated the circumstances of their "accidental" meeting in such a way as to locate it in the Study Hall, which was usually deserted), Neil drew the encounter out, repeatedly side-stepping her indirect attempts to get him to admit to having the papers.

Finally, she was forced to ask him directly: did he have copies of the upcoming exam papers? Seemingly reluctant, Neil eventually admitted that "yes" he happened to have some copies of future exam papers, and "yes", in particular, he did have copy of next week's English exam. "Why do you want to know?"

Stacy looked down and flushed. When she looked like that, Neil was almost willing to feel sorry for her. Almost. All he had to do to push back any feelings of affection was remember the bitchy way in she had rejected him last year and then gotten him beaten up. He knew what she was like.

"I want a copy of that exam," she admitted finally, "I need it for this weekend."

Neil pretended to be shocked. "Stacy, you mean you want a copy of a stolen exam paper so you can cheat on next Monday's English test?"

Stacy swallowed back an angry retort. Couldn't he be a little more subtle? Idiot! Still, there wasn't much she could do about it. "Yes," she admitted, "I need it to pass the exam." Neil just stared at her, not saying anything.

"I'll pay money," she added, "How about \$100?" Still nothing. She was almost frantic. "Please?"

"Alright," Neil relented, as if making up his mind, "I'll sell you the stolen exam paper for \$100." Stacy almost collapsed with relief. Everything was going to work out! "Will that be all, Stacy, or do you want any more exams? I can probably get whatever you want."

Stacy looked up, excited. This would solve all of her problems with the schoolwork. "That sounds great," she told him enthusiastically, "I'll buy whatever you can get for the classes I'm in. \$100 a paper."

"It's a deal." Neil could barely repress a grin of triumph. They had her! Now, only one more thing... "Meet me tomorrow after school in the woodworking shop. It should be deserted on Friday afternoon."

"Fine," Stacy agreed, "I'll be there." She turned to go.

"Don't forget the money," he reminded her, but by then she was gone.

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"Remember," Gary repeated for what seemed like the hundredth time, "keep your back to the wall and face slightly away from the closet. Make sure that Stacy is always facing you so that we get a good angle from where Sharon will be filming."

Gary and Sharon had cleared out one of the storage closets in the workshop, and Sharon was set up inside with her video camera filming through a knot-hole. Gary was set up with a still camera in the upper

storage area across the room. In order to cover the noise of the camera, he had turned on the rotation fans which were fastened from the ceiling; the resulting hum was more than sufficient to mask any noise he might make.

Satisfied at last that everything was in order and Neil knew what to do, Gary climbed the short ladder to the storage area and concealed himself behind a stack of wood. Neil watched him disappear from view. After a quick glance to make certain the closet door was properly closed, he sat back in a chair and waited for Stacy.

Stacy arrived ten minutes late, looking a little uncertain, but determined to carry through. She crossed the room as Neil watched in appreciation. She was wearing tight jeans and a white blouse which left her tanned arms bare past the shoulder. Bakersville was having an unusually long Indian Summer, and her clothing reflected the fact of this unseasonable warmth. Neil got hard imagining what lay beneath the blouse. Soon, he told himself as Stacy approached him, soon he wouldn't have to imagine. He stood up as she approached.

"Well," she asked as she got to where he was standing, "Do you have it?" She was more her usual bitchy self today, now that she was getting what she wanted.

Perfect, Neil noted silently. She's standing exactly where Gary wanted her to stand. "I've got it," he told her in the same gruff voice he had used the day before, "One stolen English exam paper for Stacy Richards." He held up the computer printout. "And my money?" Stacy reached into her pocket and pulled out the cash. Silently, she handed it over to him. Just to make her angry, he slowly and noisily counted the money, making a production of it. "It's all there," she said angrily, "You don't have to worry about that; now or in the future."

"Fine," he answered, handing over the exam questions, "It's all yours." In a hurry to leave, Stacy snatched the paper and quickly scanned the contents. As promised, the paper contained the four questions which would form the basis of next Monday's English class examination.

"Thanks," she said shortly, all business, and turned to walk away. "Good luck with the test," he called after her, but she ignored him and left the room.

The room fell silent for a few seconds, and then Gary popped up from behind the wood. "Looked good from here," he announced, "I think I got some good shots." He began climbing down the ladder as Neil walked over to the cupboard where Sharon was hiding. He opened the door and helped her out from behind the camera tripod.

"That was great," she chortled, "I got everything."

Neil reached into his jacket and pulled out the small radio-microphone.

He handed it over to Sharon who clipped it back onto the video camera.

"Well guys," Gary stated, "A little bit of editing, and I think we have her."

Neil began to get hard again, just thinking about what that meant...

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They waited almost two weeks before lowering the boom. By that time, the English exam had come and gone, and Miss Frankel had read out the marks in class. Stacy had received the highest mark ever given out in



Miss Frankel's English class, a fact commented upon several times by the impressed teacher. Neil, on the other hand, had barely passed. When his mark was announced, Stacy gave him a startled glance, but then quickly looked away. If he was so stupid that he could barely pass with advance notice of the questions, that was his problem. By that time, Gary and Sharon had suitably edited the video and audio evidence, and Gary had developed a large number of prints from his still pictures of the event. Gary still hoped that the audio tape would be enough on its own (he didn't want Stacy to realise the extent of the plot against her), but if not, the additional evidence was very convincing. Everything had turned out perfect: Stacy's actions and words were crystal clear, while Neil was unrecognizable. Between his disguised voice and positioning during the filming, there was no way to prove the identity of the person from whom Stacy bought the stolen exam paper. Gary thought that this, along with the fact that Stacy had done so well and Neil so poorly on the test, should serve to protect Neil from expulsion if they were forced to use the evidence. As well, Gary and Sharon were willing to give Neil an alibi. At best, it would be Stacy's word against their's, and, if it came to that, Stacy's word would not be worth much by then. So, it seemed that everything was in order. All that remained was to determine the method of delivery...

The small package arrived in the mail at the Richard household on the Friday almost two weeks after the English exam. It was addressed to Stacy. When it was opened, a cassette tape fell out along with a small piece of note paper. She picked it up and read it: 'SAT. MORNING: 10:00 AM STEWART PARK FOUNTAIN. It was written in clumsy block letters. Puzzled, she took the tape up to her room, slipped it into her walkman, put on the head-phones and hit the play button. Almost at once, her head was filled with the sound of her own voice: "I heard you have a copy of next week's English exam. Is that true?"

"Why do you want to know?" That was Neil! What was going on here? There was a brief hissing, then the tape continued, relentlessly. Stacy listened in panicked disbelief.

"I want a copy of that exam. I need it for this weekend."

"Stacy, you mean you want a copy of a stolen exam paper so you can cheat on next Monday's English test."

"Yes. I need it to pass the exam... I'll pay money. How about \$100? Please?"

"Alright, I'll sell you the stolen exam paper for \$100. Will that be all, Stacy, or do you want any more exams? I can probably get whatever you want."

"That sounds great. I'll buy whatever you can get for the classes I'm in. \$100 a paper."

"It's a deal. Meet me tomorrow after school in the woodworking shop. It should be deserted on Friday afternoon...

Don't forget the money."

The hissing stopped for a second as the tape fell silent, but before Stacy hit the stop button, it started up again, this time with a small humming sound in the background. The fans, Stacy realised, fighting down panic, the fans in the woodworking shop. Trembling, she listened as the voices began once again: "Well," her voice again, "Do you have it?"

"I've got it. One stolen English exam paper for Stacy Richards. And my money?"

There was a brief moment of silence, and then the sound of paper being crinkled.

"It's all there; you don't have to worry about that... now or in the future."

"Fine, It's all yours."

"Thanks."

The voices fell silent, and she heard a door slam: the shop door slamming when she left the room. The hiss slowly faded as the recording came to halt.

Hands trembling, she pulled the ear-phones off her head and sat still in stunned disbelief. This couldn't be happening to her! Her eyes brimmed over with tears as she picked up the note and re-read it. The writing blurred through the tears as she realised that she had no choice: she would have to go to the meeting tomorrow and see what he wanted. Neil checked his watch for the tenth time in as many minutes: still five

minutes to go before the 10:00 meeting with Stacy.

Part 2...

He paced back and forth on the path before the fountain, pausing only to push back his stringy, brown hair and survey the surrounding area for any sign of her approach. The park was empty, however, with the exception of a few joggers and the odd person out walking their dog. (At least, Neil thought they were odd; he hated dogs.) The area around the fountain was pretty much deserted, which made it perfect for the upcoming meeting. If, of course, that meeting ever took place. Despite Gary's repeated assurances, Neil was still not certain that Stacy would show up. He half-expected to see a police car pull into the parking lot or something like that. Gary, however, had been sure of their plan.

He argued that for someone like Stacy, social standing and reputation were all; she wouldn't put either at risk by taking any chances that the evidence of her cheating would get out. Sharon had agreed with him, but Neil was not so sure; it wasn't Sharon's or Gary's ass on the line out here in the park. Still, he thought, it was worth a try, particularly considering the potential prize at the end of the day! He checked his watch again: still a few minutes to go. Neil looked up and scanned the park - if she didn't appear soon...

There she was: large as life and twice as beautiful! Stacy was approaching slowly along the jogging path which led into the park from the beach; she must have parked her car in the beach parking lot, where it was much less likely to be seen. That made sense. As far as Neil could tell, she was alone, which eased his anxiety considerably. Maybe this would work after all. He stopped pacing and watched as she walked towards him.

As she drew closer, he saw that her eyes were red and puffy, as though she had been recently crying, or hadn't slept much. Maybe both. She looked scared. If anything, though, Neil thought it made her even more gorgeous. This is really going to work, Neil thought to himself, his heart picking up speed. Finally, she reached the circular path before the fountain and, after hesitating briefly, she walked up to him.

"Stacy," he greeted her...

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Stacy had indeed spent an almost sleepless night, tossing and turning in anticipation of what would happen the next morning. When she finally did get up, she was almost exhausted with apprehension. All she could think about was what had happened to the last person who had been caught with a stolen exam paper. The expulsion from school... the criminal charges... the public exposure! That was the worst. The thought of the humiliation made her tremble as she quickly got ready to leave for her encounter with the person who sent the note. A brief excuse to her parents at breakfast, and she was out the door and on her way.

Stacy was not surprised to see Neil standing at the fountain as she entered the park. The blonde teenager had quickly realized last night that the note must have come from him. He was the only person who knew about her cheating, and he was the only person who could have taped their meeting. The question was: what did he want from her to keep quiet about it? The answer, unfortunately, was not difficult to figure out. She could see the way he watched her as she approached the fountain. The way his eyes played over the curves on her body, undressing her. Stacy shuddered. She did not find him attractive - he was tall and painfully thin, with long greasy hair and an unpleasant complexion - but had made up her mind the previous night that she would do anything - almost anything - to get the tape back, including sleeping with him. Anything to keep him quiet. She was afraid, however, that this was exactly what she was going to have to do.

"Stacy," he greeted her as she approached. He was smirking.

"I thought it would be you," she spat out, unable to hide the anger and hatred in her voice. "What do you want?"

"Why, Stacy," he feigned surprise and hurt, "is that any way to greet your partner in crime? You seemed happy enough to see me a couple of weeks ago... when you needed the exam paper." The tall teenager sat himself down on a bench and patted the space next to him, gesturing for her to take a seat next to him.

"Fuck you," she blurted out. "I want that tape." She couldn't believe he had the nerve to treat her like this. She fought down the urge to slap that obnoxious smirk off his ugly face; there was time for that later.

Neil just smiled slightly and again patted the place next to him on the bench. "I don't think that that's a very helpful attitude," he said mildly. "Why don't you just sit yourself down right here, and we'll have a little chat about it."

She just stared at him angrily.

"After all," he continued, "it wouldn't do to be seen arguing in public.

Someone might ask why."

Torn between anger and fear, Stacy hesitated for a few moments more, but finally gave in and sat down beside him. She tensed up as he put his right arm around her shoulder, but didn't pull away. She hoped no one could see them together; it would be impossible to explain this to her friends at school.

"That's better," he said smoothly. "Now we can talk."

She turned slightly towards him, ignoring the condescending tone of his voice. Anger had won out over the fear, if only briefly. "You know

what I want, you fucker. You tricked me. I want that tape back, and I want you to shut your fucking mouth about the whole thing, you asshole..."

She was stunned into a shocked silence as he brought his left hand around and slapped her across the face. It wasn't particularly hard, but it was surprising and humiliating. She brought her hand up to her stinging cheek and started to pull away, but Neil held her close.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

"First thing, Stacey," he told her quietly. "Don't swear at me, or even in my presence. It makes you sound cheap. Do you understand?"

Dumbly, she nodded her head as the tears began to flow down her cheeks. The humiliation at being talked to like this was even worse than being slapped. What was he doing to her? When he saw her nod, he relaxed his hold, but still kept his arm around her. The cheek he had slapped was starting to turn red, so he leaned forward and kissed it. Stacy tensed and started to tremble, but she didn't pull away. "There, there," he said soothingly, as he brought his hand up to wipe the tears off her cheeks, "Is that better?"

Trembling, she nodded.

"Fine," Neil leaned back on the bench. "Now we can talk. As you know, I have evidence that could fuck you up at Greenwood. I don't want to use it like that, but I will if I have to."

"If you give out that tape," she argued, regaining some control (but still not pulling away from his encircling arm), "you'll be expelled too. I'll let everyone know who sold me the exam. We'd go down together." She had thought of that argument last night, while tossing and turning in bed.

Neil just shrugged. "You can try," he answered. "But I don't know if anyone will believe you. My voice can't be recognised on the tape and I have friends who will be willing to swear that I was somewhere else that Friday. Besides, I almost failed the test; who'll believe I had the questions ahead of time?" He fell silent for a moment and looked at her. "And even if I do get expelled, it's no big deal; people expect it of me. It's your reputation that matters."

He was right. Stacy began to cry again, and was forced to suffer the humiliation of Neil again brushing the tears from her cheeks. "S-so, what do you want, then?" She was defeated. She would give him what he wanted.

"You," came the expected answer. "For just one night. Tomorrow night. I want you to make love with me and act as though you like it. After, I'll give you the only copy I have of the tape."

Stacy began to tremble again as he said this, but she was not particularly shocked. Here, she was on familiar ground; most of the boys at school wanted the same thing of her, and she was used to dealing with their desires. As well, she had expected something like this, and it could have been a hell of a lot worse. She didn't find Neil attractive, and almost gagged at the thought of having sex with him, but she was certainly not a virgin. And one night wasn't forever. It would be unpleasant, but it would be over with quickly, and she would never have to talk to him again. And, once she had the tape... Stacy was careful, however, not to let her thoughts show. No need to let this asshole know that she was not as scared as she seemed. "And you'll give me the tape?" she asked quietly.

"Sure."

"How do I know that you won't keep a copy of it and blackmail me again?"

"You don't," came the simple answer. "But I swear on my mother's grave that I will not use the tape to blackmail you again." She looked doubtful, but he just shrugged. "That's the best I can do."

"Just one night?"

Neil nodded.

"And it'll be a secret, right? You won't tell anybody?" This was crucial. If anyone ever found out that she had slept with Neil French, whatever the reason, she would be ruined at school. It would be even worse than being caught cheating.

Once again, Neil nodded. "No one will have to know," he told her. Stacy fell silent for a few moments and then nodded her agreement. She had stopped trembling and seemed thoughtful. "OK," she agreed, finally, "I'll do it. Just one night. And no one knows."

"Right." Neil could barely keep himself from laughing out loud. If only she knew what they had planned for her!

"Show up at my place tomorrow night at 7:00. Can you find it?"

"I have a student directory," she answered, "I'll find it." She pulled away to get up and leave, but Neil held her close.

"Don't I get a goodbye kiss?" he asked her. "To keep me until tomorrow?"

Fighting down an urge to vomit, she allowed herself to be pulled toward him and pressed her lips

to his. Her hands hanging limply at her side, she tried to keep her mouth shut, but his tongue was insistent, and was soon exploring the inside of her unwilling mouth. His breath smelled like smoke and she almost gagged.

"Just one night," she told herself, as he drew the kiss out until it was more like necking than a single kiss. Finally, he released her.

Gasping, she staggered to her feet and hurried off.

"Until tomorrow then," he called after her.

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Sharon squeezed herself into the back of closet, trying as best she could to make herself comfortable in the pile of clothing Neil had laid out for her. From where she sat, she had an unobstructed 3/4 view from the head of Neil's bed. She peered through the viewfinder of her father's video camera. "Looks good," she reported to Gary, as he watched from where he sat on the side of the bed. "As long as the lights stay on, I should have no trouble with the filming. It's kind of tight in here, though."

Gary smirked at her. "You should be getting used to it by now," he joked. "That cupboard a couple of weeks ago was no bigger."

Sharon laughed in agreement. What with the filming in the Woodwork Shop, and now in Neil's bedroom, she was becoming something of an expert in this sort of thing. Perhaps, she reflected, she should look into becoming a private detective. There must be a lot of money in doing this sort of thing for divorce cases in the like.

The 17 year-old girl settled back against the closet wall as her friend and sometime boyfriend adjusted the tripod and camera in front of her to give her a little more room. She was looking forward to the upcoming events, although she still found it hard to believe that

Stacy would show up and go through with it. Imagine... the Ice Queen agreeing to fuck Neil! (Imagine anyone agreeing to fuck Neil.) And she was there to get it all on tape! Between the camera she was running, and the second video camera set up on the bookshelf beside Neil's bed, they should be able to catch the whole event for posterity. And after that, Gary had plans for Stacy that made Sharon wet and shivery just thinking about them. She hated Stacy, and all of the stuck up cunts like her at school. The chance to fuck one of them over was irresistible for her.

"You OK?" Gary broke into her thoughts. The camera was set up in front of her, and everything was ready.

"Gimmie a kiss," she ordered, reaching up. Gary leaned over and kissed her fully on the mouth, his tongue playing with hers. She could tell that he was as excited about what was going to happen as she was, despite his calm manner. Maybe they had time to...

"Hey hey," Neil called out jokingly, entering the bedroom. "This is supposed to be my night. Knock it off."

Reluctantly, Sharon let go of Gary and settled back down into her position in the closet. Trust Neil to show up at the wrong time. Gary smiled at her and shrugged his shoulders. "Later," he whispered. Sharon shivered as he partially closed the closet door, leaving it open just a crack. "Shit," she muttered to herself, trying to get comfortable. A few moments later, she was wishing that she had a cigarette.

Stacy preceded Neil into his bedroom and stood there while he closed the door behind him. She was wearing blue jeans and a yellow tee-shirt, and had her blonde hair pulled up into a simple ponytail.

"Like it?" Neil asked, gesturing vaguely towards the room. Stacy looked around. It was a small, basement bedroom, surprisingly bright considering the fact that there was only one, small window. The light, however, did the room no favours. It merely exposed the battered '70s-style wood panelling that covered the walls. That, along with the worn shag carpet gave the room a slightly sleazy look to it. More or less what Stacy would have expected. Besides the bed - a single bed, she noticed - which sat in the corner of the room next to the closet, the only furniture in the room was a battered couch and coffee table set up under the window. The table was covered with comics and magazines, as were the bookshelves which lined the wall over the bed.

"Nice," she said sarcastically. "I can see you've done a lot with it."

Before coming, she had decided to be as pliant as she could be, to go along with everything as quickly as possible, but now that she was here, she was unable to conceal her contempt and anger.

Neil did not react to her sarcasm. "Like a drink?" he asked, pulling out a bottle from under the coffee table. "Whiskey. I'm having one."

The last thing Stacy wanted to do was hang around for a casual drink, but as long as he was going to have one, she figured she may as well have a drink as well. It might even make things a little easier.

"Yeah, fine," she answered. "With water."

Gingerly, she sat down on the edge of the couch, careful to avoid the magazines and - she now saw - cigarette ashes which were spread out on the cushion. Neil disappeared into the adjoining bathroom and mixed the drinks. She heard the water running for a moment, and then he returned with two glasses. He handed one to her and then raised his

drink in salute: "To us," he stated.

Stacy just stared at him for a moment. Fuck you, she thought. "To us," she echoed unwillingly, raising her own glass.

After this is over, she told herself, taking a sip of the drink, I'm going to have to get this asshole taken care of. She knew a few guys on the football team who...

"So," Neil interrupted her thoughts, sitting down next to her on the couch, "did you have a nice weekend?"

Oh fine, she thought, small talk. Asshole. "Just great," she answered sarcastically. "How about you?"

"I've been horny all weekend," he told her, "thinking of you."

His directness and unapologetic crudity shook her, reminding her of her situation, and why she was here. Best to get it over with as soon as possible. Deliberately, she drained the glass in one gulp and slammed it down on the coffee table. "Stop fucking around. Let's get on with it."

Neil, however, was in no hurry. He took a casual sip of his drink and smiled at her. "Get on with what?"

"You know." She gestured vaguely with her hand. "...It."

"It?"

"Sex," she blurted out. Just how stupid was he? "That's what you want, isn't it? That's why I'm here, isn't it?" She flushed and looked down.

He wasn't making this easy on her.

Neil suddenly reached over and grabbed her face, turning it towards him

so he could look straight into her large green eyes.

"No," he told her. "I don't just want 'sex'." He mimicked the way she had reluctantly said the word. "I want to fuck you." He made a point of emphasising the crudity. "We're going to fuck. Ball. Screw. Get it on." He got up and walked to the bed, pulling his shirt over his head; the complexion of his back matched that of his face. "But first," he said, carelessly throwing the shirt onto the floor beside the bed, "you're going to have to ask."

"Ask?" Stacy's head swam in disbelief. She felt a little dizzy, probably from the drink. "Ask?"

Neil lay down on the bed, put his hands behind his head and grinned over at her. "You're going to ask me to fuck you," he told her. "And then, if you ask nicely, I'll do it."

"You're out of your mind!" Stacy tried to get up from the couch, but stumbled against the coffee table and sprawled back onto her ass, knocking over a pile of magazines. "I'm not going to ask you..."

"Alright," Neil interrupted her. "Then go." He pointed towards the door.

"But by the end of the school day tomorrow, that tape will be in Dr. Grossmann's office." (Dr. Grossmann was the school principal.)

Stacy lurched back to her feet, carefully this time, her head spinning. "B-but..."

"Well?" Neil was relentless. "What's it going to be?"

Stacy grasped at a straw. "But you said yesterday that I wasn't supposed to swear around you," she begged. "You said it made me sound cheap." She was more than a little humiliated at having to make this argument, but it was all she had. Surely he wasn't going to force her to...

"That was in yesterday," he told her, smirking. "Now, I want you to sound cheap; you are cheap."

"You bastard!" The tears were starting to flow down her face. "You bastard."

"It's your choice," he told her. "Take it or leave it. Either you ask me real nice to fuck you, or you get the hell out of here. What's it gonna be?"

Gary watched intently from his position in the yard outside the window. From where he sat, peering through a small opening in the blinds, he could see everything that was happening, but was unable to hear what was being said. Silently, he cursed himself for not opening the window a crack, but it was too late for that. Hopefully, Neil wasn't fucking up. Still, he would hear it all later from the video tape. He hoped Sharon was ready.

Inside, it looked as if things were shaping up nicely despite his worrying. Neil had got Stacy to take the drink which Gary had specially prepared for her. Beside the alcohol content, he had mixed in a small amount of a depressant - to lower her inhibitions and a stimulant - to keep her awake and heighten her senses. Between the two drugs, he hoped the mixture would have the desired effect.

From the look of things inside the bedroom, it was. Stacy seemed confused and frightened. She had staggered to her feet and moved towards the door as Neil had said something to her, but she didn't leave - as Gary had known (hoped) she wouldn't - and had turned back around to face Neil on the bed. Gary looked down to make certain everything was ready with his camera. There should be some interesting shots coming up...

Stacy looked over at Neil, lying smug on the bed. She was paralysed with indecision and disbelief. This couldn't be happening to her; it couldn't! Her head swam. He couldn't be expecting her to...

"One more chance, Stacey," he called over to her. "Ask or leave."

Stacy turned away

from his leering face and leaned against the bedroom door, trying to gather her thoughts. She was still dizzy, though, and it was hard to think. Ask or leave... ask or leave... What could she do?! Eventually, however, she came to the only decision she could; there was no way she could let him release that tape.

OK you bastard she thought, drawing a deep, shuddering breath, I'll give

you what you want and more. She spun around to face him again.

"Neil," she asked, her voice quivering slightly, "I... I want to fuck you." She couldn't believe the sound of those words coming out of her mouth. Was that really her talking? It didn't sound like her. She was beginning to feel strangely detached.

"What was that?" Neil asked, cupping his ear. "I didn't catch what you

said."

Hands clenched into helpless fists, she repeated the hated words, a little louder this time: "I want to fuck you. Please let me fuck you."

"You don't sound as if you mean it." Neil pretended to be hurt, drawing the humiliation out a little longer.



OK, Stacy told herself, trying to remain calm, just give him what he wants. Do what he wants, get the tape and get out of here. "Please," she repeated, this time pleading in an exaggerated manner, "Please let me fuck you. I want to fuck you."

To her shock and anger, Neil just shrugged his shoulders dismissively.

"I dunno," he answered. "Maybe I don't want to."

Her heart skipped a beat. Was he planning to release the tape after all?

"Please," she pleaded - this time for real.

"Please let me fuck you. I want to... I really do. I'm sorry I was mean to you before. Please let me fuck you?" She looked up at him, imploring.

Neil seemed to reach a decision. "Let's see what you've got," he told her. "Take your clothes off. If I like what I see, maybe I'll let you do it."

Stacy, now numb from shock and still dizzy from the drink, reached down and slowly began to take off her tee-shirt. She had gone so far now, she might as well see things through to the finish. Her hands shook as she slowly pulled the shirt up over...

"Not like that," Neil leered at her. "Do it sexy - like a strip-tease."

And ditch the pony tail."

Swallowing, Stacy complied, pulling the tie from her hair and shaking it out. With her wavy blonde hair hanging free, she began to undress in as sexy a manner as she could manage. Trying to smile in a seductive way, she slid the tee-shirt up over her head and twirled it into a corner of the room, exposing her bra. Neil grinned in appreciation. Stacy's tits weren't particularly large, but they were very firm and well-formed. Next, to his delight, she began to fondle her breasts through the bra, still looking at him seductively. After doing this for a few seconds, she unclipped the bra, and pulled it slowly off. Her breasts jutted proudly, nipples erect. Stacy felt a moment of shame at this, but she was careful not to show it. She was too far along to think of pulling out now. Suggestively, she ran her hands down her chest, across her naked breasts and along her flat stomach to the waistband of her jeans. Hesitating only slightly, she undid the button and allowed the jeans to slide down her long, athlete's legs to the floor. She wore simple, white panties. Stacy stepped out of the jeans and towards Neil. Time to get this over with.

Neil, however gestured towards the panties and shook his head. Her theatrically seductive smile wavered a bit at this, but she took it in stride. After all, how much worse could it get? Bending over, Stacy slid the panties down her legs, completely exposing her crotch to Neil's view. Now naked except for her socks, she straightened up and looked at him. What now?

"Ask." Neil mouthed the word at her.

In as seductive a voice as she could manage, Stacy did as she was told. "Please," she begged, her voice a throaty whisper, "Please fuck me. I need it so bad... please fuck me." While she begged, she ran her hands over her hardened nipples, almost causing Neil to ejaculate right then and there. Was this Stacy Richards standing in front of

him? "Please," she pleaded. "I want it now..."

Unable to wait any longer, Neil swung his legs around onto the floor and sat up at the side of his bed. "Come here, bitch," he growled, his voice hoarse with lust.

Dizzy from the mixture of drugs she had been served in the drink and almost numb from shock, Stacy obeyed. She felt detached, as if her body was acting on automatic while she - the real Stacy Richards - watched from a distance. Breathing quickly, she hurried forward, her tits bouncing as she moved. She kneeled in front of him as he gestured for her to do so.

"Do you want it?" he asked her gruffly.

Stacy looked up at him with her large green eyes, puzzled and unable to think. Want...

"My cock, Stace. Do you want my cock?"

Stacy fought back tears. "Oh yes," she breathed. "Please, let me have your cock."

At his nod, she reached in between his legs and fumbled with the zipper. A few seconds later, his cock popped out onto her grasping fingers. It was already extremely hard, and - Stacy noted with loathing - glistening wetly. What now?

"Kiss it," he ordered, answering her unspoken question. "Give it some tongue."

Gagging, Stacy moved her face forward, grasped the penis and, rubbing it gently with her fingers, she began to kiss and lick it. She had done this a couple of time before with a previous boyfriend. She didn't like it, but was able to keep her revulsion under control. This activity carried on for a few minutes before Neil reached down and began to fondle her tits. To her embarrassment, they responded immediately, the nipples regaining their previous hardness. Her own body was betraying her! Her face went red with shame, but she definitely began to feel a tingling between her legs.

"Take it in your mouth," Neil whispered at her a few moments later, pushing her hair away from her face. His breath was short.

Reluctantly, she did so, sliding her warm, wet mouth over his now-sticky cock and sucking gently. The salty taste was unpleasant, but she could stand it as long as he wasn't planning to come in her mouth. Surely, he wasn't...

Suddenly, he leaned back and raised his legs. Surprised, she pulled her mouth off his cock and looked up from where she was kneeling, her chin glistening with spittle and pre-come. She quickly saw what he wanted, and co-operated by pulling off his pants. He was naked underneath, and his cock stuck straight up as he leaned back on the bed and swung his legs around so he was again lying lengthwise.

"Climb on," he ordered. Panting, and out of breath from giving head, Stacy scrambled onto the bed and straddled his naked body, her knees propped up on each side of his thighs. Holding this position, she panted and trembled, waiting for his next order. It wasn't long in coming.

He reached forward and played with her breasts for a moment, but then dropped his hands to her crotch, feeling her cunt lips. Stacy's hands twitched with the urge to push his hands away, but they remained at her sides. He smirked at her. "Wet," he pronounced. "You're really

into this." Stacy fought back tears, and tried to maintain a seductive leer. This wasn't her kneeling naked over Neil French; it was someone else.

Neil relaxed back on his pillow. "I like them a little wetter, though.

Let's see if you can't make yourself a little more ready."

Grasping his meaning, Stacy moved her hands back to her crotch area and began to play with herself. Closing her eyes, she was almost able to imagine that she was back in her own room, and none of this was happening. She moaned involuntarily, as Neil began to play with her breasts, kneading them roughly. Her fingers were doing their work, though, and her crotch was soon damp with desire.

Finally, Neil had seen enough. Pushing her hands away, he positioned his cock directly underneath her pussy and looked up at her expectantly. Stacy leaned forward on her hands, so that her breasts hung directly downwards, and slowly slid Neil's cock into her now-wet pussy. It went in easily, despite that fact that she was very tight. Eventually, his cock was entirely swallowed as she knelt on top of him.

"Get moving," he ordered her hoarsely.

Completely defeated, Stacy began to move up and down, riding his cock in and out of her pussy. Despite herself, she began to moan and pant with desire. Neil leaned up and began to bite and lick her breasts as his hands played over her straining thighs. Stacy gasped. It was painful, but after a while, the pain seemed to meld into pleasure, and a warmth radiated out of her pussy to envelope her entire body. The detached part of her mind wailed in horror as her body abandoned itself entirely to the experience.

She was now making soft moaning sounds in time with her rhythmic self-impalement on Neil's cock. Gradually, her moaning became louder and louder as the pace increased and she approached climax. Neil, beneath her, began moving his hips in time with her, all the while mauling and biting her small, firm tits as they dangled invitingly in front of his face.

"Oh... oh... oh... oh..." Her moans got louder and louder until she was almost screaming. Her eyes were screwed shut and her mouth hung open, slack with lust. "Oh... oh... OH... OH... Ahhh..."

Part 3...

Finally, she came with a loud scream of pleasure, her body shaking and trembling. That was all for Neil; he could hold back no longer. Just as her orgasm ended, he thrust forward with his hips, and pulled her down, crushing her mauled breasts against his sweaty chest and forcing his tongue into her gasping mouth, his cock pumping sperm into her warm, damp pussy.

The two teenagers fell limp, their spent, sweaty bodies stuck together. A few seconds later, Stacy roused herself with a groan and pushed herself off her unwanted companion. His prick slid limply out of her pussy as she clambered

off the bed, leaving a thin trail of sperm along the inside of her thigh. Stacy bit back a scream as she caught sight of herself in the bathroom mirror. Her blonde hair was plastered back from her sweaty face, leaving fully revealed her wide,

frightened eyes and nostrils which flared as she gasped for breath. Drool glistened on her cheeks and mouth where Neil had slobbered on her when he came. Her sleek body was covered by a fine sheen of sweat and her tits shone red and purple where Neil had mauled and bit them. Sperm trickled out of her sopping cunt, joining the thin, white trail laid down on her leg by his cock when she had pulled away. A thin wail rose from her throat as she stared at her reflection. Both the dizziness and the lust which had possessed her earlier had left as though burnt away by the intensity of her orgasm, leaving her clear-headed and terrified. How had she let this happen? Panting and choking, Stacy stumbled into the bathroom, fell to her knees and threw up violently into the toilet. Her retching was interrupted by the impact of clothing being thrown into the bathroom and hitting her back.

It was Neil. "When you're done in there," he called out to her heaving rear, "Get dressed and get out." He had pulled his trousers on and was leaving the bedroom.

Stacy continued retching for a few moments before climbing to her feet. Unsteadily, still coughing and gasping, she pulled her clothes on over her sticky, abused body. Dressed, she left the bathroom to find Neil sitting on the couch, smoking a cigarette. He ignored her for a moment and then looked up, as if surprised that she were still there. "Well? I thought I told you to leave."

Stacy looked down. "T-the tape," she mumbled. "You said - you p-promised to give it to me."

Grinning, Neil reached into a pocket and pulled out a cassette tape. "Fair enough," he agreed, tossing it to her. She was unprepared, and it bounced off her chest and slid under the bed. Neil laughed as she got down on her hands and knees to retrieve it.

The tape securely in her possession, Stacy stood up and moved towards the door, her only thought to get out of there as soon as possible.

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

She turned to face him. "What?" The anger was back now, making it easier to deal with his leering face.

"To say thank you," Neil told her.

"Fuck you," she muttered and stormed out of the room. Behind her, Neil laughed.

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"We're going to play a game," Gary said, his voice light and mocking. He had shoved his hands into his pockets, and was staring off into space. "You can win it; it will have rules and an object. If you do win, we will give you all copies of the video tape and pictures. If you lose..."

Stacy sat in stunned silence. The whole world - her world - had changed dramatically in the last half hour. Nothing was the same. That morning, she had woken up an intelligent, free young woman. No clouds on the horizon; nothing to foreshadow the impending danger. It had been almost a week since she had been forced to have sex with Neil, and she was finally beginning to feel clean again. She had passed all of the recent tests at school, and was still a part of the most influential, exclusive group of students at Greenwood. Moreover, Neil seemed to have kept his mouth shut, both about her cheating on the English test and the disgusting exercise she had been forced into at

his apartment, and he was now safely relegated back to the periphery of her privileged existence. Stacy had even shelved her plans for getting him thrashed by one of her friends on the football team. The whole incident was receding into the past, and she was unaffected. Still one of the best and the brightest; one of the winners.

Then came the note in her locker. This note was handwritten, not in block letters like the previous one, as if the need for disguise no longer existed. It simply ordered her to show up at Neil's apartment at 1:00 PM the next day: Saturday, exactly a week after her last visit. Her stomach had gone cold and her hand trembled as she read the note. Was he going for a repeat performance? If he was, that little bastard...

Just then, Ashley and some friends happened by her locker, and she quickly stuffed the note into her jacket pocket. It was not the sort of thing she wanted her friends to know about; particularly Ashley... She greeted them with a smile.

"The game will last for the rest of the school year." Gary continued speaking. "If you win before the last day of classes, July 2, we will return all of the material to you, and never bother you again."

Stacy heard Gary's voice speaking the words, but it was as if he was speaking at her from a long distance away. She understood him, but didn't feel any connection with what he was saying. Was he even speaking to her? She knew that what he was saying was important, but she was unable to focus on his voice. Her mind continued to drift...

She had arrived that Saturday afternoon prepared for the worst, but what had happened turned out to be much more terrible than what she had expected; than she could have expected.

Neil wasn't alone when she had arrived. Gary, his creepy friend, was there with him, as was Sharon, Gary's cow of a girlfriend. Gary had just looked at her as she entered Neil's bedroom, his eyes huge and expressionless through the thick, magnifying lens of his glasses. He was sitting on the couch beside Sharon, who had giggled obnoxiously when Stacy had entered the room, and flicked ashes from her cigarette onto the floor. The ashes sunk into the thick shag carpet and were lost from sight. The room seemed a lot darker than Stacy remembered it.

"What's going on? Why are they here?" Stacy turned as if to leave, but Neil, behind her, had already closed the door. "What are you doing?" Stacy was beginning to panic. Neil didn't answer; he just smirked at her as he stood in front of the door.

"We have something to show you," came a voice from behind her. It was Gary. "I think you'll find it interesting." He stood up and pointed to the space on the couch beside his chubby girlfriend. "Have a seat," he invited.

"I don't think so," Stacy answered angrily, pulling herself together a bit. She didn't have to take this. "I'll stand, if you don't mind." Sarcasm.

Gary just smiled at her and repeated his gesture. "I think it would be better if you sat for this," he told her, his voice mild. "Besides, the couch has the best view of the TV." Stacy noticed for the first time a TV and video machine set up opposite the couch; they hadn't been there last week. "We wouldn't want you to miss anything," Gary continued. Stacy giggled again.

Overcome by a vague feeling of dread, Stacy was forced to fight down an impulse to flee; not that it would have done any good with Neil standing in front of the door. Sharon sat up and crushed out her half finished cigarette in the ashtray. "C'mon, babe," she called, patting the seat beside her. "I don't bite."

Stacy had looked around at the three of them - Neil smirking by the door, Sharon leaning back on the couch with her arms stretched out, and Gary looking at her with his queer, empty eyes - and then began walking slowly towards the couch. She realized that she had no choice in the matter, and there was no use in protesting further. A small part of her mind began to understand what might be on the tape, and started wailing uselessly inside her head, but she was able to repress this as she sat back on the couch. 'Don't panic' she told herself. Sharon immediately slipped her pudgy arm around Stacy's shoulder and squeezed. "That's more like it," she laughed. "Just relax and enjoy the show. You're among friends." Neil chuckled as he moved away from the door. Stacy tensed - she hated this bitch - but did not pull away. Neil flipped off the lights as Gary moved forward to turn on the TV and start the video.

"If you lose," Gary continued, "well... I can't really say; we haven't thought that far ahead. I must say, though, I really don't expect you to lose; I have every confidence that you will meet the conditions for winning."

Somehow, the small part of Stacy's mind which was still listening to his voice was not much comforted by this expression of confidence. Her mind continued to drift...

The tape! That awful tape... They had made her watch the entire thing through from beginning to end, even though she had tried to jump up out of the couch before the first thirty seconds were up. Sharon had kept her seated, her arm surprisingly strong. Stacy had even tried to keep her eyes shut, but was unable to tear her gaze away from the scene which played itself out obscenely on the TV screen in front of her.

The sound started first, while the screen remained blank. "Please," came the voice over the TV speaker - HER VOICE! "Please let me fuck you. I want to fuck you." The picture faded up, with her - Stacy - clearly visible in the centre of the room, looking over at some unidentifiable person on the bed. "Please," she repeated. "Please let me fuck you. I want to... I really do. I'm sorry I was mean to you before. Please let me fuck you?" It was at this point that Stacy tried to jump up off the couch, but Sharon had been expecting it, and her encircling arm held the panicking girl down. Gary moved over as if to help his girlfriend, but stopped as he saw that no help was needed: Stacy went limp and relaxed back into the couch, her eyes wide as she stared at the TV screen.

She was watching herself slowly strip off her own clothes. First the tee-shirt... then the bra (Stacy began to cry on the couch as her TV image fondled and rubbed its breasts; her hand fluttered up to her face, as if to shield her eyes, but it dropped back down to her lap when Gary frowned at her)... then the pants. Finally, she was naked on the screen.

"Please." The girl on the screen (Stacy could no longer believe it was

herself saying and doing those things; she started thinking of her image on the screen as someone else) seemed to be almost panting in lust. "Please fuck me. In need it so bad. Please fuck me." The naked girl ran her hands over her erect nipples. "Please... I want it now..."

"Come here, bitch!" The figure on the bed, only visible in the corner of the picture, spoke (Stacy knew it was Neil, but her mind refused to put a name to him - surely what was happening on the screen had nothing to do with her). The naked girl responded quickly; breasts bobbing, she ran over and kneeled at the side of the bed. After remaining in this position for a few moments, the girl reached for the man's crotch and fumbled with the zipper.

"Oh yes," she breathed. "Please let me have your cock."

The viewpoint shifted suddenly, to a shot taken above and behind the man lying on the bed. (A second camera, Stacy realized; there had been two cameras.) From the new point of view, the girl's actions between the man's legs could be seen clearly. First, she handled the cock with her fingers; then she kissed it, long slow kisses with lots of tongue; finally she enveloped it completely within her mouth. The girl's head bobbed up and down and she made loud slobbering sounds as she worked on the cock, sucking and licking. The man reached down in front of her and began to play with her nipples, which were plainly very hard. Finally, he leaned back and pushed her away. She quickly pulled his jeans off and, after he lay back on the bed, climbed on top of him, straddling his naked thighs.

The camera switched back to original point of view, as the girl began to play with herself while kneeling on the bed. It zoomed in and panned slowly down her body, from her slack, lust-glazed face, down across her panting chest and, finally, down to her pussy, where her fingers worked frantically. She was visibly wet. Then it slowly pulled back, revealing her entire body, just as she leaned forward and impaled herself on the man's stiff cock. Slowly, she moved her hips down until the cock was stuffed fully into her pussy. Then, moaning slightly, she began to grind her hips up and down, fucking herself silly as the man played with her bobbing breasts.

Once more, the camera zoomed in, and played down her sweaty body, perfectly capturing each detail on video-tape. The girl's excitement began to increase as her moans became cries and then threatened to become screams. The camera pulled back just as she hit the crest of her orgasm, and held the shot as the man pulled the girl down to his chest and climaxed himself. The picture slowly faded on this shot, with the girl collapsed sweatily on top of the man, panting and gasping for breath.

"Anyhow," Gary was still speaking, "we won't worry about that for now. The important thing is to set out the rules of our little game and get started. The details can be worked out later." Stacy just stared across the room at the now-dark screen, in a daze. Gary, who had begun pacing the room during his little speech, came to a halt beside the TV. He looked down at her. "In order to win the game," he said mildly, "you are going to have to fuck fifty different guys at school before the end of the school year. That's all." Finally, his words began to register on the stunned teenager. Had he said "fifty guys"? Fuck fifty guys?

"Nooo," Stacy cried, leaping suddenly off the couch. It was too much! Sharon grabbed after her, but the pudgy girl was too slow. In a split second, Stacy was on Gary, swinging wildly with both hands while swearing and cursing at him. One of her swings caught him across the face, sending his glasses sailing across the room. Before Stacy could feel any satisfaction, however, she was grabbed from behind and pulled away. Neil had run up and wrapped his arms around her shoulders, pinning her arms to her sides.

"You bastard! You fucker! You asshole!" Stacy spat and cried, struggling frantically as Neil dragged her back, but it was no use. She was thrown back onto the couch, and Sharon once again held her down. This time, Neil also stood beside the couch, ready for any further trouble. Stacy brought her hands up to her face and began to cry.

Gary walked over and picked up his glasses. After examining them to make certain they were not damaged, he slipped them back on his face and looked across at Stacy. "That's fifty-five, now," he said mildly. Stacy just stared at him with tear filled eyes. "You're crazy," she sobbed. "I won't do anything like that. I can't... you can't make me."

"Let me tell you the alternatives," Gary answered, resuming his earlier pacing. "If you refuse, we will send copies of that tape to every guy at school. We will post the still pictures - you haven't seen them yet, but I can tell you that they are every bit as revealing as the video - at suitable places around the school and the town. We will even try to sell them to some magazines, if we can." Stacy sobbed on the couch as he continued his litany of threats. "Then, we will release the cassette tapes of you buying the stolen test papers from Neil. In particular, we will see that Dr. Grossman will get a copy. I'm sure he will know what to do with it."

Stacy knew too: expulsion if she was lucky; criminal prosecution if she was not.

"On the other hand," Gary continued inexorably, "if you play our game, no one will have to know about these tapes and pictures. There are thirty-two weeks left in school; fifty fucks... fifty-five, rather, is barely more than three guys every two weeks. Easy. And no one would have to know; you could do it as discreetly as you liked." Stacy began to control her sobbing, and started listening seriously to what Gary was saying. "What's more, you don't even actually have to fuck every time. As long as they ejaculate somewhere in your body, we don't care where it is: cunt, ass, mouth... whatever."

Stacy sniffled loudly. How could he talk so calmly about such a terrible...

"Besides," he continued, "there are other rules. Other rules which should make it a little easier for you to reach fifty-five."

"O-other rules?" Stacy couldn't believe that she was beginning to consider playing along. Sharon squeezed her shoulder, as if in some bizarre form of encouragement.

"Teachers are worth ten," came the answer. "There must be at least one teacher. Female students are worth three each, and there must be at least one female student. As well, there must be at least one student fucked in each grade." Greenwood was a full high school, and thus held grades eight to twelve. The grade eights were only thirteen or



fourteen years old. "The grade eight, nine and tens are worth two each." Gary finished speaking and looked directly at Stacy, who had begun to cry again. "Do you understand?" he concluded with a question. Stacy nodded through her tears, unable to speak. "What will you do then? Play along, or do we release the tapes and pictures?"

The room fell silent, the question hanging in the air. Stacy was momentarily unable to form an answer. On the one hand, she would have to do all those awful things, but the alternative... the alternative was too terrible to contemplate. She would be ruined in Bakersville, both as a person and as a student. The only way out was to play along with their little game, and hope to pull it off without anyone finding out about it. 'Oh god,' she thought, her heart sinking. 'Fifty-five guys.'

Mutely, she looked up at Gary and nodded her assent; she would do it. Gary felt a wave of relief flood over him as she nodded her agreement, but only permitted a small smile to show on his face. Neil, on the other hand, laughed out loud, as did Sharon as their tension dissipated. There had always been the chance, however unlikely, that Stacy would refuse and then go to the police. Now, however, they had her; she would do as they ordered. This was going to be an interesting year.

Gary looked down on her as she sat forlorn on the couch, staring at the floor. She looked so upset and vulnerable sitting there. To Gary, she looked far more appealing in tears than she did when she was in her usual arrogant position at school. All those bitches needed to be taken down a peg or...

That gave Gary had an idea. It was time to test their control over her. As well, there was the small matter of her slapping his glasses across the room.

"Before we accept your agreement," he told her, "you should be punished for attacking me. We will not permit that from you."

Stacy looked up at him, drawn out of her private misery.

"W-what do you mean?"

"I think you need a spanking," Gary told her. "Teach you a lesson."

Stacy stared in disbelief. "You must be joking." Even after everything she had just heard, she couldn't believe what he was saying.

Gary shook his head. "You say you're going to play along with our game, but a couple of minutes ago, you attacked me. How do we know you won't do it again? Why should we believe you? Your choices are simple: obey us, and take your punishment, or leave now and let us get on with the business of sending out the tapes. It'll probably take most of the weekend to make enough copies." Stacy started crying again - was there no end to her tears? - but inevitably nodded in submission.

"Good," Gary told her. "Stand up and pull down your pants." Trembling, Stacy obeyed, exposing her sleek, muscular legs and plain white panties. "Now go lie over Sharon's knees. She will administer the spanking." Stacy flushed red at this order, while Sharon laughed in delight. For a moment, it looked as if Stacy would refuse, but eventually she began to move around so she could lie across Sharon's legs as the younger girl sat on the couch. She moved slowly, taking small, awkward steps because of the pants which were bunched around her ankles, but eventually, she fell to her knees and stretched herself

across Sharon's pudgy legs. Her ass was completely exposed. Sharon needed no instructions. She put her left arm across the small of Stacy's back, and began vigorously spanking the exposed bottom. Before long, the air was filled with the sound of Stacy's cries and sobs, punctuated by the regular, merciless slapping sound of Sharon's hand being brought down hard on the now red flesh of Stacy's ass. Gary tore his eyes away from the scene and looked at Neil, who was watching the action with his mouth wide open. There was a conspicuous bulge in his jeans. Well, Gary thought, why not? He instructed his friend to pull down his pants and take a seat beside Sharon on the couch. Neil did so, and was quickly in place. Stacy's face was now on his lap as she lay parallel to the couch across Sharon's legs. The crying teenager turned her head and squirmed to avoid Neil's engorged cock as it stood upright from his lap. Sharon had momentarily stopped spanking and was looking over with interest. Gary reached down, and yanked Stacy's blonde hair, pulling her tear-stained face upward. "I think you know what you're going to do, here. We'll be generous and call this number one. Do you understand?" Stacy squirmed on Sharon's lap, but nodded. "Good girl. Sharon will keep spanking until Neil comes. When he does come, you take every drop." He released Stacy's hair, and her face fell back down onto Neil's lap. Gary gestured towards Sharon, and she began spanking again.

Stacy pulled her arms forward, and propped herself up slightly. She took Neil's cock in her mouth and began to suck and lick it. It was difficult not to jerk around with the spanking, but Stacy had a pretty good idea of what would happen to her if she were to touch Neil's cock with her teeth. Frantically, she sucked, moaning and gasping as her head slid up and down on Neil's penis, and Sharon laid into her ass. The pain from the spanking was getting more intense, but she was quieter now, as Neil's cock served as an efficient gag.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, Neil jerked his hips upward and came, spurting wave after wave of hot, salty sperm into her mouth. She struggled to swallow it as ordered, her throat working frantically, but some of it leaked into her windpipe, causing her to cough. A wad of sperm was sent up into her nasal passages, and dribbled out of her nose. When she finally pulled her sweaty face up off of Neil's now flaccid cock, there was sperm trailing out of her mouth and nose, leaving a long strand connected to Neil's penis. Her ass was bright red and shiny where Sharon had been spanking. "Smile," Gary called over. Dazed, Stacy moved her head to the right - pulling the strand of sperm along with her - just as Gary snapped a picture commemorating the event.

Part 4...

#### NUMBER TWO:

The blue Plymouth Valiant drove steadily through the mostly deserted night streets of Bakersville, its headlights cutting a swath through the surrounding darkness. Inside, Barry Packard could barely believe his luck. He snuck a glance to his right, trying not to be too obvious about it. Sitting beside him, in the passenger seat, was - unbelievably - Stacy Richards, easily the most beautiful girl in school (in Barry's opinion). She sat quietly, staring straight ahead through the front window as the car rolled along, her perfect features

lit intermittently by the passing street lights. She had seemed a little quiet and nervous the entire evening, leading Barry to worry that she was bored or unhappy with him - Barry was neither confident nor particularly successful with girls - but when he had apologised and offered to take her home, she had insisted that she was having a good time, and didn't want to go home.

In fact, it had been her idea that they head down to the beach. THE BEACH! That was the prime "make-out" spot for the teenagers of Bakersville. On any given night, there would usually be at least a handful of cars parked alongside the long dirt road which traced the coastline to the south of the town. Barry had never dreamed that one day he would be taking Stacy Richards there (actually, he had "dreamed" about it several times; he had just never imagined that it would really happen).

Barry steered the car off the paved section of the street and onto the bumpier dirt road which ran alongside the beach. In reality, Barry had never expected that he would ever go on a date with Stacy. Her kind was usually reserved for the star of the football team, or some other equivalent sports hero, and even then only for the duration of his fame. Barry, on the other hand, was a second-string lineman, only put into the game when the result was no longer in doubt. In fact, he really didn't even like football. He was certainly not particularly ugly or unpopular, but girls like Stacy were usually so far above his particular level in the school social strata that he could only dream of going out with her. It had been a matter of pride with Barry that he had gathered the nerve to ask her out last summer, and although she had turned him down at the time, she had been less cruel about it than she could have been. Still, he had been more than a little surprised when Stacy had called him up last week and suggested a Saturday-night date.

He had even half-expected that it would all turn out to be some kind of a joke, but when he had arrived at her house to pick her up, she had indeed been waiting for him, a vision of beauty in her short skirt and light blouse. She hadn't seemed overly friendly or talkative, but Barry didn't know enough about her to know whether or not this was her usual behaviour. Still, the movie and dinner had gone off OK, and, of course, it had been her suggestion that they drive down to the beach afterwards. Even as he drove along the beach road, Barry still couldn't believe it. His cock bulged pleasurably in his pants as he steered the car around a bend in the road.

"How about here?" he asked, trying, but not quite succeeding, to sound casual. His voice was hoarse and dry. He had picked a fairly popular spot about half a mile along the road; there was another car parked a couple of hundred yards away.

Stacy shook her head, her blonde hair shimmering in the starlight.

"Further along," she said quietly.

Barry shrugged and drove the car further along the road, passing through and then leaving behind all of the more popular and well-used spots. The road was almost deserted, which was unusual for a Saturday night, but the weather had been turning a little cold lately. In fact, Barry had seen Stacy shivering a little earlier while they had been walking out of the restaurant. He had noted that she was dressed quite lightly for November. Even this far south, the weather began to cool

down by this time of the year.

Twenty minutes later, Barry had parked the car in a suitably secluded spot; there had been no one else on the road for the last three miles.

The night fell briefly silent as the car engine was shut off, but the sound of the breakers crashing against the shoreline quickly became apparent as the two teenagers sat for a few moments in awkward silence. Barry was too nervous to start anything, and Stacy just sat there, staring out over the dark, black water.

Barry could take it no longer. "Well..." He started to say something, but was interrupted by the feel of Stacy's hand against his. His throat constricted and his heart skipped a beat as she slid across the seat and wrapped her arm over his shoulder. She put her hand on his face and turned it towards her. She was so beautiful in the starlight!

"K-kiss me," she whispered, her voice shaking. She sounded curiously reluctant, almost frightened. Barry, however, didn't notice and probably wouldn't have cared if he had noticed. This was a dream come true. He pulled her slim body towards himself on the car seat and crushed his mouth to hers. After a brief hesitation, her lips parted, allowing him to slip his tongue into her waiting mouth. She wasn't kissing him back, though; she merely accepted his advances passively as she sat beside him on the car seat. Barry, sensing her reticence, pulled away, breaking the kiss.

"Is something wrong?" he asked, short of breath. Stacy bit her lower lip before answering. In the light, it looked to Barry as if she was about to cry, but she just shook her head. Satisfied, Barry leaned forward again. This time, she participated, crushing her lips against his and moving her tongue around in response to his advances. Soon, the two teenagers were necking vigorously in the front seat of the car as the windows began to steam up.

A few moments later, Barry felt Stacy touch his hand and then guide it slowly to her breasts. He responded by squeezing and fondling them through the thin fabric of her blouse. Barry could barely believe what was happening! Daringly, he pulled open the buttons on her blouse; a couple of buttons broke free and fell to the seat, but Barry didn't notice. Stacy didn't react. He slipped his hand in and under her bra, cupping her breast. He half-expected her to put a halt to it, but she just continued kissing him. Gaining confidence, he reached around with his other hand and unclipped the back of the bra. It fell away under her unbuttoned blouse, leaving her breasts almost fully exposed to his hands and eyes. Stacy tensed, but did not object or pull away.

Instead, she reached down and ran her fingers along the now-conspicuous bulge in his jeans. Barry gasped; could this really be happening? He pulled back and looked over at Stacy. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was slightly open; she seemed to be breathing hard, but it was difficult for Barry to tell in the weak starlight.

All he could see were her breasts rising and falling beneath the open blouse. Misgivings aside, he reached forward and began playing with those breasts, alternately squeezing them and then

tweaking the

nipples. Stacy gasped at this, but did not open her eyes.

Meanwhile, her hand was at work, sliding open his zipper and reaching inside. She pushed her hand through the already damp front of Barry's

underwear and slowly worked his penis out into the open. Once again, Barry was struck with a sense of disbelief at what was happening. He had never heard of Stacy Richards acting like this, even when she was going steady with someone. Even someone popular. Nevertheless, he continued fondling the offered breasts, content to let Stacy make the next move.

That move wasn't long in coming. Stacy took a deep breath, opened her eyes and then leaned back on the seat, away from Barry. She sat back against the car door and pulled up her skirt, revealing her legs, pale and white in the starlight.

"Stacy..." Barry was suddenly unsure of himself; he had only had sex one time before, and this was largely uncharted territory for him.

"Are you sure you..."

"Yes," she interrupted him, slipping her panties down her leg. "I want to... to do it... have sex w-with you." Once again, her frightened, tentative manner belied the content of her words, but the content was enough for Barry, who was already near to coming all over the car seat. He needed no more encouragement! Awkwardly, he shifted himself around so he lay atop Stacy's proffered body in the too-small car seat. He began to thrust his hips forward.

"J-just a second." Stacy shifted her position, trying to avoid having her breasts painfully crushed against Barry's chest, but it was impossible. The car seat was just too small, and Barry was lying right on top of her. Resigned, she reached down and grabbed ahold of his penis with her long, cool fingers.

"Ok... Ok... now." Stacy mumbled instructions as she guided Barry's stiff cock into her pussy. He was more than co-operative, and thrust forward vigorously when she instructed, but her pussy was still quite dry and she had to force every inch of inside her manually. Finally, it was inside. Stacy moved her hand away and squirmed around, still trying to get at least comfortable. Finally, she settled on a position, and put her arms around Barry's neck.

After that, it was all over in a few seconds. Barry began pushing his hips roughly back and forth, grating his cock in and out of her unprepared pussy. Stacy tried to find a rhythm which would minimize the pain and discomfort, but was unable to do so. A thin line of drool slipped from between Barry's lips and dribbled down onto her chest as he pumped frantically. Gasping and moaning, she lay there as he suddenly stiffened and then came inside of her with a loud grunt. Unnoticed by Barry, a tear welled up out of her eye and slid down the side of her face.

Finally, he relaxed, spent. As she lay there, crushed beneath his weight, she could feel his penis shrivelling up inside her burning pussy as the warm sperm began leaking out and down the inside of her thigh...

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Gary hung up the phone just as Sharon entered his bedroom. He was sitting in front of his computer which in turn sat on top of a desk in the far corner of his room. He nodded an indifferent greeting to her, and immediately began entering information into some sort of database

program as Sharon walked forward. She came to a halt just behind him, putting her hands onto his shoulders.

"What'cha up to?" He seemed to be entering some names and dates into little boxes on the screen (Sharon knew almost nothing about computers).

"That was Stacy on the phone," he answered, still working. "She's fucked two guys since last week. I'm just entering it into the system."

System? Sharon leaned in closer to the screen, suddenly interested.

"Numbers two and three! Tell me about it."

"Number two was Barry Packard." He fiddled with his mouse and then punched the return button on the computer; a new screen was called up. This screen held a name, a date and other information, including a small picture, obviously taken (scanned, although Sharon didn't know this) from the school yearbook. "Barry Packard." Gary pointed to that name at the top of the screen, and slowly read off the information as it appeared. "Fucked on Saturday, Nov.6; it occurred in the front seat of his car, which was parked down by the beach. Apparently, he came in about 20 seconds. Can't blame him, I suppose."

Sharon laughed. "Number three?"

Gary pushed another button, and another list of information appeared.

"Grant Hardin." Sharon stifled a giggle at his name as Grant's digitized picture stared sombrely out of the top left-hand corner of the computer screen. He had a big nose. "Fucked on Tuesday, Nov.9 in his bedroom. He also came very quickly. He called out the name 'Susan' when he came."

Sharon laughed again. "Seems there's not too many boys around who can restrain themselves with Stacy Richards. She must be a good fuck."

Gary just shrugged. "Maybe. We'll see."

"Perhaps we'll have to find her some real men," Sharon suggested. Gary looked intrigued at this suggestion, but didn't say anything. Sharon moved away sat down on the side of his bed, pulling out a cigarette. He noticed that she had a small paper bag with her.

"What's that?" he asked, as she lit up and took a long, satisfied drag.

"Oh, just a little something for Stacy," she smirked. "A little present to celebrate her success at the game." She reached into the bag and pulled out...

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#### NUMBER FOUR:

"You bastard!" Stacy cried. "You fucking bastard!" She lay on her back on the leather couch in her parent's living room, her shirt and fingers sticky with sperm. She brushed her hands against the front of her shirt in a futile effort to wipe herself clean, but that only seemed to smear the warm, sticky fluid more evenly down her front. She began to cry, involuntarily bringing a hand up to her face to cover her eyes. When she took the hand away, her eyelid and cheek glistened with sperm.

Toby Hooper, a tall, gangly sixteen year-old, had jumped back off of her after prematurely ejaculating. His already freckled face turned

bright red with embarrassment as he fumbled to push his sticky cock back into his pants. "Jesus... I'm sorry," he apologized, zipping up his jeans. "I d-didn't mean to..."

"Just fuck off and get out of here!" Stacy screamed at him. "Get out!" Tears ran down her face, mixing with the quickly congealing sperm on her cheeks.

Toby, his pants now securely fastened, continued to stammer out incoherent apologies as he picked up his paper-sack and scurried out of the house. Outside, he jumped onto his bike and pedalled furiously away.

Behind him, Stacy continued to cry on the couch, her blonde hair in disarray and her shirt and face coated with his quickly drying sperm. To Stacy, it had seemed like the perfect opportunity when Toby had come collecting money that Saturday morning for his paper route. She considered him to be, like, a total loser at school (as well as being a grade behind her) and did not find him the least bit attractive, with his messy red hair and freckles, but he was a student at Greenwood. From her present, unwelcome perspective, that was enough. Her parents were away on one of their weekend "getaways", so Stacy had been all alone in the house when he came by. She had thought that he would prove as easy to seduce as Barry and Grant had the week before - she was, after all, who she was - but it had turned out not to be so easy. Toby was going steady with a girl at school named Tami ("Toby & Tami..." she and Ashley had enjoyed making fun of them), and the dork seemed determined to be faithful to her. Either that, or he was just too stupid and shy to take a hint. Stacy had swallowed her pride and had come onto him like a bitch in heat - touching his hand; "accidentally" brushing against him with her breast; making suggestive comments about being lonely by herself in such a big house - but he would not react. Finally, she had been forced to come right out with it and more or less ask him directly to have sex with her. He had risen to his feet and turned to go, stammering something about being behind on his paper route, but Stacy wrapped her strong arms around him and crushed her lips to his face in a passionate kiss. When she eventually disentangled her tongue from his, he was breathing hard, and no longer so anxious to leave.

She got him safely onto the couch in the living room and, after some more necking, she had succeeded in extracting his by-then rigid cock from his pants. By now, she had developed a technique for getting at a boy's cock quickly, although she still hated the feel of it. He was now co-operating fully, and had roughly pulled her pants down to her ankles. She fell back on the couch and prepared to help guide his cock into to her still unresponsive pussy, but as he had bent over her, his cock had twitched and the spurted jism all down the front of her shirt. There was so much of it! He had been saving up for sixteen years. She had thrown her hands up to protect herself, but had only succeeded in getting the warm, sticky fluid all over her fingers.

Lying there, splattered with warm sperm, Stacy had begun the shrieking which would drive Toby out of the house.

By the time her tears had subsided, the sperm had soaked through her blouse and had dried, sticky and brittle, against her skin. Her breathing steadied as she tried to come to terms with what she was becoming... what she was being forced to become. Shaking, she got to

her feet and stumbled to the phone to make the report she had made twice before. Then a shower.

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Sharon's surprise present had turned out to be a small, stainless steel charm bracelet. It was not particularly expensive or attractive, but was solidly built, the links almost large enough to qualify as a chain. Almost. But, it was still a charm bracelet, and as such each link was designed in such a way as to allow for the attachment of numerous small pieces of jewellery, usually figurines or symbols: small hearts and the like. Sharon had not forgotten about that, and happily dumped the contents of a somewhat larger plastic bag onto the bed. The resulting pile revealed a large number - an even hundred, Sharon later explained - of small, steel "F"'s. Ordinarily, such ornaments would be worn on charm bracelets by girls with names beginning with that letter, but in Stacy's case the letter would stand for something else. Gary quickly figures out what that "something else" would be. By the end of the year, Sharon explained to a laughing Gary, Stacy's charm bracelet should be displaying fifty-five such ornaments.

"Belling the cat," Gary chuckled. "I like it."

"Not the cat," Sharon disagreed, "the pussy. Belling the pussy."

Gary had laughed again and then drew her towards him for an appreciative kiss.

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The actual "belling" had gone very smoothly, Sharon thought. The next day at school, Neil and Gary had contrived to lead the "pussy" into the metal-working shop after classes. Before the frightened Stacy could protest, they had clipped the charm bracelet onto her left wrist, and then forced her arm onto a nearby workbench. Sharon had watched from the doorway - serving as a lookout - as Stacy started to struggle and cry out. Her struggles subsided, however, when Neil brought the soldering iron and solder down to her wrist; the slightest movement would have caused the molten solder to drip onto her exposed arm. Stacy watched in silent horror as the two boys soldered shut the clip to the charm bracelet, fastening it permanently to her wrist. She could still, of course, easily remove it with the proper tools, but such a removal would certainly leave evidence; evidence which, Gary quietly explained to Stacy, would lead to the imposition of further punishment and humiliation. The charm bracelet would stay on her wrist until the school year was over.

When Stacy had nodded her understanding, Neil took Sharon's place at the door, and the pudgy girl moved forward and fastened the small, steel "F"'s to Stacy's newly acquired bracelet. Silently, she affixed four of them, spreading them evenly along the bracelet. Stacy looked on in disbelief as understanding dawned in her face. Immediately, her large, green eyes flooded with tears, but she didn't offer a protest.



She knew there was nothing that she could say.

Sharon had smirked at her and moved back when she was finished affixing the charms. She and Gary had turned to leave the room, but Neil had stayed behind, moving towards Stacy with an unmistakable glint in his eyes. Sharon left the room and walked away, while Gary stayed to stand watch. If she had turned to look as she left the room, she would have seen Stacy, now on her knees, reach forward - the charms clinking merrily on her wrist - and begin to pull down the zipper of Neil's pants.

Sharon had not needed to look back however. She had a pretty good idea of what would happen - what was happening as she sat on the school steps, enjoying a cigarette. She was, however, rudely jarred from her pleasant thoughts by a door banging shut behind her, and the sound of someone crying. Turning, Sharon saw Tami Slaughter, a classmate of hers. Sharon and Tami were not particularly close friends, but Sharon's curiosity compelled her to stand up and comfort the girl. Bit by bit, the story came out as the sobbing Tami told Sharon the reason for her tears.

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#### NUMBER FIVE - EIGHT:

Dennis Baxter, thirteen years old, had had no direct experience with girls and was certainly a virgin, but he knew sex when he saw it. He was seeing it now, as he stared through the partially open doorway which led to the instructor's storeroom in the section of Greenwood set aside for the grade eight classes. Every Friday afternoon, the grade eights took Recreation as the last class of the day. This basically consisted of playing various games - outside when it was warm enough, and in the gym when it was not - and was supervised by upper level students for extra credit.

Dennis's class was supervised by Stacy Richards, and it was her that he had gone looking for after arriving late for class; Dennis had a Doctor's note that needed delivering. When he had arrived in the gymnasium, his classmates had told him that the instructor had gone to the storeroom for some equipment. In a hurry to deliver the note and join his friends, Dennis had hurried along, hoping to find her.

Well, he had found her alright, but she was in no position to receive the (now forgotten) note he held clutched in his sweaty hand. As he looked through the doorway, he was greeted by the sight of Stacy Richards on her hands and knees with her skirt hiked up over her hips, while Tim Myers - himself no older than Dennis - fucked in and out of her from behind. Tim grunted as he frantically pistoned his hips back and forth, sliding his cock in and out of her warm pussy. Stacy, her head down and face curtained by her free-flowing blonde hair, was also making small grunting noises as she moved her ass in time with his thrusts, squirming and wiggling as she did so.

Dennis's mouth dropped open as he watched. He couldn't believe what he was seeing! He pushed forward a bit to get a better view, but accidentally bumped against the doorframe. At once, Tim stopped moving and looked over at him, his face red with shock and embarrassment. Stacy looked back over her shoulder at the thirteen-year old, shaking

her face free of her hair.

"No!" She sounded strange and anxious. "Don't stop." She wiggled her hips hopefully around his still-sheathed cock. "Please... keep going," she begged. She crouched back, trying to impale herself further on his rapidly deflating cock.

Tim didn't move. "B-but..." Unable to speak, he gestured towards Dennis, who stood frozen in the doorway. Stacy's head turned towards him and she peered up at him from beneath the curtain of hair. At first she looked as shocked and upset as Tim, but she quickly recovered.

"Come in, Dennis," she invited, her voice a hoarse whisper. "J-Join the fun." This last sentence ended with a quiet squeal as Tim began moving again. Dennis didn't need to be told twice. Carefully closing the door behind him, the teenager walked slowly forward, uncertain of what to do next. Stacy gestured at him to come closer as Tim's thrusts regained their earlier rhythm, if somewhat lacking in their former urgency. The surprise at being caught had obviously set him back a bit on the path to orgasm.

When Dennis was standing in front of her, Stacy reached up and pulled down the zipper on his pants. She quickly slipped his penis out and, without another word, began kissing and licking it. Within minutes, it was as hard as a pole; Stacy engulfed it with her mouth and began sucking for all she was worth, her lips sliding up and down in time with Tim's regular thrusts into her pussy. Plugged at both ends, she gasped and moaned as the two boys pumped their rigid cocks in and out of her body.

Eventually, the Tim and Dennis came, more or less at the same time. Tim pumped his sperm into Stacy's warm, wet pussy from the rear, while Dennis ejaculated into her mouth and down her rapidly convulsing throat. She swallowed every drop before the penis fell loose, making certain that no evidence of her behaviour would remain on her clothing or face. Behind her, Tim began to laugh.

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Later that same evening, Stacy had phoned Gary and, as required, gave him the details of her sexual activities. He had accepted the information as usual, but had some additional news for her.

"Sharon talked to Tami today," he told her. "She knows what happened last Saturday with you and Toby."

"W-what do you mean? I already told you what h-happened." Stacy felt sick to her stomach. What had she done wrong? Were then going to release the pictures after all?

"Your paperboy 'lover' never came inside of you. According to Tami, he couldn't restrain himself. Is that what happened?"

Stacy bit her lip and hesitated. She had not mentioned that part of her encounter with Toby out of sheer embarrassment. She had been somewhat surprised to discover that she still had some pride left, even after all that had happened - but she couldn't see how that mattered.

"Y-yes," she answered, finally. "That's what happened." Fuck you, she thought.

"Well then, you know the rules. It doesn't count unless your partner ejaculates inside of you. Don't you remember?"

Stacy's vision began to blur with tears. She remembered. Gary evidently took her silence as agreement, because he continued speaking. "You broke the rules. Not only does Toby not count, but you now have an extra ten to do, bringing the total up to an even sixty-five."

SIXTY-FIVE!

"You can't do that," Stacy exclaimed, horrified. He couldn't...

"I'm sorry; I didn't catch that." Gary sounded amused. "Did you just tell me that I 'can't' do something?"

Stacy bit her lip in an effort to regain control - in an effort not to tell him what she really thought. Finally, she mastered her emotions enough to answer him. "No. I didn't." Her voice shook. "You can do whatever you I-like."

"Right. Well, after fucking the two kiddies today, your total was up to eight, but it goes back down to seven after we subtract Toby. That leaves fifty-eight to go, right?"

He seemed to expect an answer. "Right," she agreed, her voice trembling. "Fifty-eight." Fifty-eight! Involuntarily, she looked down at her wrist where the charm bracelet anchored the four metal "F"s to her wrist. Fifty-eight.

"We'll get the new 'charms' to you tomorrow. Oh, and one other thing," Gary continued. "Tami is Sharon's friend, and she is apparently quite upset about what happened. Sharon wants you to apologise."

"Apologise?!?"

"She's asked Toby and Tami to meet her at the playing field an hour before school on Monday. She wants you there to apologise for trying to seduce Toby, and promise never to try it again."

The line fell silent as Stacy struggled to comprehend to enormity of the humiliation she was going to be forced to suffer the following morning.

"Do you understand?"

Stacy took a ragged breath and then answered in the affirmative.

"Yes."

"Good. Well... that's all then. Pleasant dreams." He hung up the phone.

Stacy slammed the receiver down, ran across her room and threw herself down on the bed in pain and anguish. In fury, she slammed her fists repeatedly into the unresisting mattress and pillow, causing the charm bracelet - unimpressed by her display of temper - to jingle quietly as the small, metallic "F"s flashed silver on her wrist.

NUMBER NINE:

Randy Marx stared down in disbelief as Stacy Richards sucked hungrily on his cock as it jutted out of his pants; her mouth made loud slurping noises as it worked its way up and down. He was standing in the woods behind Greenwood High, just out of sight of the main school building. Stacy, now on her knees in front of him, had met him after class and had asked if he would go with her into the woods; she wanted to show him something, she had said. Randy, who like most of the boys at school only knew Stacy as an object of unattainable beauty, had stammered something in the affirmative, and the two of them had left

the school together after the final class. As soon as they had gone a little ways into the forest, just out of sight of the school, Stacy had turned to him, reached down and begun fondling his penis through his pants. Randy, frozen with surprise, had just watched in stunned silence as she sank to her knees in front of him. The charm bracelet on her wrist jingled quietly as she fumbled with his zipper.

"W-what are you doing?" What was she doing?

"P-please, Randy." She had looked up at him with her big, green eyes.

"I... I want your cock." Her voice was a hoarse whisper, and she looked like she might cry.

Randy couldn't believe what he was hearing. He stared down at her, as if seeing her for the first time.

"What?

Part 5...

"I w-want your... cock," she repeated haltingly. Her fingers continued their work while she spoke. His penis was now free of his pants and hung down in front of Stacy's face. "I want to suck your cock." She turned her head back down and began licking his quickly hardening penis.

Randy just swallowed and fell silent as Stacy got to work. He looked around, frightened of getting caught, but there was no one in sight.

His

gaze dropped downward, where Stacy was servicing his cock. First she licked and kissed it, starting with the head and then working her soft,

warm lips down the shaft. Then, when it was rigid (no time at all, really), she slipped her hot mouth over the shiny head and began sucking, all the while bobbing her head up and down. From where he looked down on her, Randy could only see her blonde hair sliding back and forth, but he could hear the slurping and gurgling sounds which accompanied the movement, and he could feel - oh god, how he could feel

- the inside of her mouth and throat as it quivered and sucked around his trembling penis.

Finally, he could take it no more, and began to come. Instinctively, he grabbed the back of her head and pulled it tight against his crotch, jamming his cock right down into her throat as the sperm began to shoot out. Stacy struggled and choked; her hands fluttered about wildly, pushing against his legs, but she was unable to break his grip. Stacy's face remained crushed against his crotch, her mouth and throat stuffed with cock, until he finished coming. Eventually, the spurts began to lessen, and his penis grew soft. Randy relaxed his hold, and she pushed herself away, gasping and choking up the sperm. Suddenly embarrassed, Randy did up his pants, turned and ran away into the woods.

Behind him, Stacy lay on the ground, still choking up sperm and gasping for breath.

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The Greenwood school cafeteria was its usual noisy chaos, with students running madly about, trying to fit in as much eating and socializing before the bell went off to announce the inevitable beginning of the afternoon classes. The main section of the cafeteria was filled with rows of connected benches and tables, where the students ate their lunches. The actual kitchen and serving area was located along one of the walls; the students picked up a tray at one end, and ran it along a metal track while making their selections. The food was paid for at the other end and a short section of railing led to the main part of the room.

Karen Williamson stood, tray in hand, looking for a place to sit. Her options were limited; the sitting areas were essentially run by the various school cliques, and Karen absolutely did not belong to any particular group. As a matter of fact, she was commonly the object of derision of many of these groups. It was not that she was particularly ugly, although she was a bit on the heavy side and had something of an acne problem, or that she was antisocial. Her isolation stemmed from a discussion in one of last year's Social Studies classes. In a "Current Events" module, the class had been discussing some recent controversies concerning homosexual rights. Karen had been arguing in support of those rights and had, in the heat of the debate, let slip the fact that she herself was gay. Word had quickly spread, and before long she was virtually an outcast at Greenwood. She had quickly learned that if one is going to come out of the closet, a high-school class is just not the place to do it. Her life had been hell ever since.

Desperately lonely, Karen had hoped that things would have blown over by this, her senior, year, but that hadn't proved to be the case. In fact, the abuse had even gotten worse. Just last week, she had found her locker plastered with pictures of naked women torn from a Penthouse magazine with the words "Dykes Anonymous" scrawled all over them. As a result of these and similar events, Karen had largely withdrawn from school social life, and now spent much of her time alone, often drinking (an activity which had helped neither her weight nor her acne problem). In fact, she had been drinking the previous night, and was now suffering from rather a bad hangover; this probably explained her lapse in judgment in choosing and sitting down at a table near the back of the room.

Even before the table fell ominously silent, she knew that she had made a mistake. A bad one. She looked up from her tray to see who she was sitting with. Across from her sat Stacy Richards and Ashley Peters, easily the two most popular girls in school. The rest of the now-silent table was filled with students of an equally exalted social level.

"Well!" Ashley took the lead, as she always did in making fun of Karen. "Aren't we lucky. A visit from the school dyke!" Karen flinched as Ashley's cutting voice drew attention. The other students at the table were smiling and laughing, knowing what was coming.

"What's wrong? No other dykes to eat with... or eat?"

Ashley's voice was getting louder. Students at nearby tables were now looking over and joining in the laughter. Her face burning, Karen

stumbled to her feet and fled the table, leaving her tray of food behind.

"Come back anytime," Ashley called after her. "Feel free to bring your girlfriend." The entire section the cafeteria was laughing now, as Karen, now in tears, burst through the exit and disappeared from view.

At a table near the door, Gary and Sharon watched her run out. Silently, they exchanged glances and looked over at Ashley as she laughed with her friends. Stacy laughed right along with them.

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Tim smirked across the room at Dennis; the class was almost over. The two thirteen year-old boys had barely been able to restrain themselves during that afternoon's Recreation Class. Due to the colder weather, the class was once again taking place inside the gymnasium, and they had spent the entire period watching Stacy as she supervised the other students. At this particular moment, she was demonstrating volleyball techniques to a group of girls in the corner. She was wearing baggy shorts which came down to her knees and a loose sweatshirt, but that did not deter the boys from imagining what was underneath. So far, she had managed to avoid them, but Tim had plans to deal with that. Finally, the bell rang, signalling the end of class.

"OK, everybody," Stacy yelled, clapping her hands for attention. "Into the dressing rooms. That's it for today." While the rest of the kids ran into the dressing rooms as directed, Tim and Dennis jogged over to where Stacy was bent over, putting away equipment. She straightened up as they approached.

"Yes?" She asked coldly. "What do you want?" She didn't seem happy to see them.

Embarrassed, Dennis turned to go, but Tim caught his arm before he could get away. "That's not very friendly," he stated. "You were a lot nicer last week." He was smirking again.

"That was last week," Stacy told him angrily. "Don't expect it to happen again." She put her hands on her hips and glared at them. "I don't expect to hear about it again from either of you. Is that understood?"

Dennis flushed red and began to mutter an apology, but was cut off by Tim.

"OK, you won't hear about it from us, then," he told her. "You'll be hearing about it from Mr. Tilby, though."

The thirteen year-old grabbed his friend by the arm and turned to go.

"Wait!" Stacy, no longer confident, called after them. Mr. Tilby was the teacher in charge of the grade 12 supervisors. "What do you

mean?" She had a sick feeling that she already knew the answer.

Tim turned and faced her. "We're going to tell Mr. Tilby what happened.

I bet he'll be interested."

Stacy felt her face flush with panic; Tilby would get her expelled for sure!

"Unless..." Tim's voice was sly.

"Unless?" Stacy knew what was coming. Unconsciously, she crossed her wrists in front of her and began fiddling with her charm bracelet.

There were now almost a dozen metal "F"s hanging from it.

"Unless you become a lot more friendly," Tim finished off his sentence.

"Like last week."

Stacy looked at the two of them - Tim looking cocky and sure of himself and Dennis looking both frightened and hopeful - and shuddered. If she gave in, she would become in effect the private whore of a couple of thirteen year-olds. But what else could she do?

"If I agree," she said slowly, fighting back the tears, "you'll keep quiet about it. No one else will know." Maybe she could minimize the damage.

Tim grinned in triumph; they had her!

"OK. It'll be our little secret." A slow smile began to form on Dennis's freckled face.

"And just this once," she bargained. "After that, I don't hear about it again?"

Tim began to nod, flushed with success and ready to agree to anything, but this time it was Dennis who did the interrupting. "Once a week," he told her. "After class on Fridays." Stacy's mouth fell open and she shook her head.

"OK." Dennis shrugged and turned to Tim. "Let's see Tilby."

He started walking, pulling an astonished Tim behind him. This time, the two boys actually managed to get a few steps away before Stacy called them back. Trembling, she agreed to their demands; there was no way she could let them go to Tilby.

Ten minutes later, she was stretched out naked on a pile of stored gym mats, with Dennis pumping his thirteen year-old cock in and out of her pussy while Tim waited his turn. The two boys had wanted her naked this time, and she had had no choice but to slip out of the shorts and sweatshirt. She grunted in time with Dennis's thrusts and moaned as he mauled her tits, but did not fight or cry out as he spurted within her.

She did, however, start crying when Tim crawled on top of her to take his turn at sticking his cock into her now sopping pussy.

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With the footlights shining bright and hot directly upwards into her face, the men in the audience - she instinctively knew that they were men - were visible only as vague outlines; dark shapes and shadows which seemed to shift and pulse in time with the thick bass throb of the cheap rock music. She could hear the quiet rumble of conversation from beyond the lights, but as the dance began, the shapes fell silent. They almost appeared to lean forward towards the stage, focusing intensely upon the actions of the dancer.

On the precarious, well-lit catwalk, the dancer slid forward, limbs writhing in time with the music. She wore almost nothing: a pair of stiletto high-heels, black stockings, a spangled, gold g-string and a pair of tassled pasties covering her nipples. And a bright, shiny charm bracelet on one wrist. Her

tits, small and firm, bobbed up and down as she gyrated back and forth across the small stage.

The music drew her forward; bit by bit, piece by piece, the minimal clothing came off until, finally, she stood naked and exposed before the watchers. The shapeless mass of the audience was no longer silent, but was instead calling out what seemed to be a name, over and over again. Dimly, the dancer sensed that she should be frightened, but she wasn't. Instead, she began to become more and more excited. Rubbing her breasts with one hand, she began to pant and moan as the shouting grew louder. The colored lights above her began to move... rotating wildly... pulsing on and off. Her pussy was damp and inviting when she inserted first her middle finger, and then middle three fingers.

Her excitement grew to the point of orgasm; the name chanted by the audience became louder and louder... Suddenly, there was a loud ringing sound, again and again as the lights sped up. She tried to ignore it, concentrating on the swiftly approaching orgasm, but it kept ringing and ringing... the hoarse chanting became clearer until, abruptly, she could make out the name: "Stacy!"

Stacy Richards sat bolt upright in bed, sweaty and dishevelled. Her mother's voice had shouted out her name from the bottom of the stairs.

"Stacy. Answer your phone."

The phone beside the bed was ringing. Stacy glanced over at the bedside clock: almost 10:30 - a bit early to be calling on a Saturday. She reached over and picked up the phone.

"Hi Stace." It was Sharon. Of course.

Stacy fought back an urge to slam down the phone. "What do you want?" she asked, fighting to contain her anger.

"Just to tell you that we're going out tonight; girl's night out."

Sharon sounded pleased with herself.

"What are you talking about?" Stacy fought to clear her head of the last vestiges of sleep.

"There's a party at BCN tonight," Sharon explained. "We're going." BCN stood for Bakersville College North. At the time the campus was opened, there was a planned second campus to be built south of the town, but that had never occurred. The one college was still, however, called "North".

"I can't do that," Stacy argued, fighting down a sudden surge of panic.

"I'm... uhm... busy tonight."

"Do I have to make threats?" Sharon asked. "You know what your options are. Besides, you might enjoy yourself."

Stacy sighed with resignation. She knew very well that she would have to agree with whatever Sharon said. If not, she would be ruined at Greenwood. "OK," she muttered. "I'll be there."

"Fine." Sharon was matter of fact; she had expected nothing else.

"Come to my place at 7:00. Oh... we'll be out all night; tell your mother that you'll be spending the night at a friend's house." The line went dead as Sharon hung up before Stacy could reply or protest. Slowly, Stacy put the receiver down and ran a shaky hand through her matted hair. Only then did she notice that her body was covered with a sheen of sweat. The dream! She pushed back the covers and looked down on her body: her nipples were firm and erect and her pussy was



slightly damp. Could that dream really have been exciting her? All she remembered was being naked... and all those men were watching! She placed a finger on her clit and began to rub, moaning softly. Just the memory of the dream was exciting! What was happening to her? Despite her confusion, she continued to masturbate herself, quickly bringing herself to climax.

Just as the orgasm died away, the phone rang again. She picked it up. "Hello?" It was Barry Packard. Just what she needed. She had noticed that he was trying to talk to her at school, but she had managed to avoid him successfully ever since they had fucked a couple of weeks ago in the front seat of his car.

"Hi Stacy," he greeted her. She remained silent. "Uhm... I was just wondering if you wanted to... like, you know... go out tonight, or something."

"Are you kidding," she laughed. "I wouldn't be caught dead with a loser like you." All of her frustration and anger at what had happened to her in the last couple of weeks flowed out of her heart and down the phone lines.

"B-but... I thought... what about what happened on..."

"What happened in your car was a joke," she told him. "You've got to be the worst fuck I've ever had." It felt a little strange talking like that, but on the whole, it was good to be on the giving end of some abuse rather than on the receiving end. Besides, he was such a loser!

"B-but..."

"I don't want to hear about it, and I don't want to see or hear from you again. Just fuck off!" Stacy slammed down the phone. That had felt good! Almost like her old self. Cheered up, she got out of bed and went into the bathroom for a shower.

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As ordered, Stacy arrived at Sharon's house promptly at 7:00 that evening. Sharon's mother, a large, bleary-eyed woman answered the door.

"Is Sharon here?" Stacy asked timidly. The woman smelt of beer and stale cigarette smoke. The woman took a drag from her cigarette and gestured Stacy inside. Stacy walked into the house.

"Sharon!" Sharon's mom was yelling down a flight of stairs. "Your little friend's here." She turned back to Stacy. "Go right on down. She's in her room." Stacy smiled weakly in thanks and walked down the stairs into the basement.

"In here." Sharon's voice came from behind a closed door at one end of a short hall. Stacy pushed the door open and entered Sharon's bedroom. The pudgy girl was talking on the phone; she waved at Stacy to come in and sit down.

"... Yes... I know. At the agreed price. I know... uh huh... it's just for private use. Nothing else." Stacy sat on the edge of Sharon's bed, careful not to disturb a pile of dirty clothing. "No, that's fine.

Yeah... as long as they don't mind... OK." Sharon hung up the phone and turned to Stacy. "Well," she said, smirking, "let's have a look at you. Stand up." Blushing, Stacy stood up. She was wearing a blue

skirt which fell below her knees and a yellow blouse. Her blonde hair was done up in a tight, little bun at the back of her head. Sharon shook her head as she looked the older girl over. "Huh," she grunted. "That's not gonna do." She got up and moved towards the closet. "Let's try these on." She pulled out a duffel bag and handed it to Stacy. Stacy took one look inside and dropped the bag. "I can't wear these. Not in public."

Sharon just smiled and lit a cigarette. "Every time," she rolled her eyes theatrically. "Every time we go through this same game. First you say you can't do something. Then we threaten to release the tape and the pictures. Then, suddenly, you can do it." She looked over at Stacy. "Is all that really necessary?"

Stacy looked

down at the duffel bag and began to tremble. She fought back the tears. "Please..." How could they do this to her?

Sharon wasn't moved.

"Put these on, you bitch," she ordered, suddenly angry. "You'll wear them tonight or by Monday night everyone in town will know what a slut you are." The videotape! Reluctantly, Stacy reached down and picked up the duffel bag.

Ten minutes later, she was changed and ready to go. The central item of her new apparel was a black, patent leather skirt, which reached only halfway down her thighs. The tight skirt was fastened by a zipper on the side. ('For easy access,' Sharon had commented.) On top, she now wore a bright pink spandex shirt. The sleeveless blouse hugged her upper body tightly, making the most of her smallish breasts. On her feet, she wore black leather, high-heeled boots, which covered her lower legs right up to her knees. Thin nylon stockings completed the ensemble. As well, Sharon had combed out her blonde hair, so that it fell in waves across her now bare shoulders. A little extra make-up (applied by Sharon) and she looked like "a proper little whore" (in Sharon's opinion).

Stacy fought to hold back the tears. She did feel like a whore in this outfit.

The two girls drove up to the College in Stacy's car, but with Sharon at the wheel. When they arrived, the party was already in full swing, with music blasting raucously out of partially opened windows. It was located in a large, old house, which served as rental accommodation for students at BCN. Sharon parked the car on the street opposite the house and looked over at Stacy. The older girl sat stiffly, looking straight ahead, her arms crossed in front of her chest.

"You're not going to have much fun with that attitude," Sharon chided.

"You're too tense." Stacy didn't answer. Sharon sighed theatrically and reached into her large purse.

"Here," she said, pulling out a small thermos. "Have a drink. It'll relax you." She poured a small measure of whisky into the thermos lid and passed it over to Stacy. The older girl looked doubtful for a moment, sniffing suspiciously at the liquid, but then shrugged her shoulders and drank it down. What harm could it do? Almost immediately, she felt the warmth of the alcohol in her stomach.

"One more?" Sharon asked. Stacy nodded quickly and held out the cup for a second drink. Sharon poured, and Stacy once again downed it. She felt much better already.

Sharon smiled as she took the cup back and screwed it back onto the thermos. This was the same stuff that Gary had mixed that had got Stacy so hot that night at Neil's. With any luck, it should make things go a lot better tonight, particularly with a double dose.

"Let's go."

Sharon opened the door and got out of the car. Stacy followed, moving a little slower on the high heels. The drink was beginning to go to her head a bit, she noticed. She felt a little unsteady. The two girls walked up the gravel driveway towards the house. Even from outside, the loud pulsing music made conversation difficult; the whole building seemed to shake with it.

Sharon banged loudly on the door. Nothing. She banged again, harder this time. A few moments later, a young man opened it and peered drunkenly outward.

"Yeah?" His eyes quickly skimmed over Sharon, and came to rest on Stacy's scantily clad body. Stacy shivered, only partly from the cold as the man slowly looked her up and down. He licked his lips.

"Is Jim in?" Sharon was forced to yell over the music. "Tell him Sharon is here." The man at the door tore his eyes away from Stacy long enough to acknowledge Sharon's words with a nod, and then disappeared back into the house.

Sharon turned to Stacy who was still shivering on the porch.

"Remember," she said urgently. "This is a college party. Don't start acting like a fucking kid. I have everything under control."

Stacy started to ask what she meant by this, but the door swung open and another man came out. This guy was huge; he looked like a football player.

"Sharon," he called out. "Good to see you." His eyes turned, inevitably, towards Stacy. "And you must be Stacy. Sharon's told us a lot about you." Stacy knew that this sounded ominous, but her brain was fogged up from the alcohol, and the drugs Gary had added to it were starting to have an effect: her senses seemed heightened, but her consciousness was starting to drift. A small part of her mind recognized this feeling from that first night at Neil's house, but she was unable to act on this knowledge. The large man - Jim? - gestured for them to enter the house. Sharon pushed Stacy through the door in front of her and then entered herself. Behind them, the door slammed shut.

Inside, the painfully loud music drowned out any possibility of conversation. The foyer led to a short stairway which in turn opened up into the main living room of the house. This room was packed with sweating, dancing people, almost exclusively students from BCN. The air was heavy with smoke, tobacco and other types. Jim led the way through the crowd, pushing and shoving a path through the drunken, jostling crowd. Sharon pulled Stacy along by the arm, following in his wake. Stacy got a lot of attention from the men in the room, and one guy even reached out to squeeze her tits as they pressed through the tangle. She squirmed away, and he was soon lost in the crush. To Stacy's blurred perceptions, the trip across the crowded room was a nightmare passage of smoke and noise, with the occasional leering face thrust out at her through the haze. She was thankful when they reached the comparative quiet of the kitchen, but this too was fairly crowded, and Jim continued leading them along. They passed through the kitchen,

down a short hallway and, finally, to a closed door.

Jim halted in front of that door and looked back at Sharon.

"Everything OK?" he asked, glancing at Stacy. Stacy looked around wildly, beginning to panic. What was happening here?

Sharon pulled her head down and whispered into her ear. "These are my friends," she hissed. "Keep them happy. If you're smart, you'll relax and enjoy it. Fuck up, and..." Sharon looked up and smiled at Jim.

"Fine," she told him. "She's all ready. She loves this sort of thing.

She's really hot."

Stacy started to mumble a protest, but before she could form the words, Jim had opened the door and Sharon had pushed her into the room. Jim followed her in, closing the door behind him. Left alone in the hall, Sharon leaned against the door and pulled out a cigarette. She'd give them a few minutes to get going and then head in herself. She reached down and patted the bulk of the video camera in her purse. She didn't want to miss any of the action.

Stacy's memories of that night in the room consisted almost entirely of a series of unconnected images and sensations, as if her conscious mind had shut itself off, acknowledging sensations only when they became too strong to shut out.

The room had been full of men, many of them as big as Jim. There was a large bed in the middle of the room. The men had cheered as she had stumbled inside, and Stacy had immediately been picked up and thrown down onto the bed. She tried to struggle, but it seemed as if her limbs seemed so heavy...

Jim was first. He pulled up the zipper on her skirt and tore it off.

While she had wriggled and tried to squirm away, he had pulled the pink top up over her breasts, leaving it bunched up under her chin.

Stacy had moaned and cried as he began mauling her tits, but everything seemed so far away. The next thing she knew, he was inside her, impossibly big! She groaned as he pumped in and out, first with pain, but then with something else. Her stretched cunt began to tingle, and a warm feeling spread out through her stomach and up into her breasts, causing her nipples to harden and become ultra-sensitive. She fought the sensations, but it was a losing battle.

As he continued to thrust in and out, she slipped her arms around his neck and crushed her face to his. Momentarily surprised, he began to kiss back, and their tongues entwined frantically. A few moments later, she threw back her head and screamed as she was overtaken by an intense orgasm. The first of many that night. He came a few seconds later, pumping sperm into her wet pussy. After that first orgasm, everything became a blur...

...another man was on top of her now, pumping in and out. His cock making a squelching sound in her wet pussy. She tried to kiss him, wanting to feel his tongue on hers, but a second man slipped his cock into her panting mouth. She fondled her own breasts with one hand while holding onto the second man's cock as it slid in and out of her mouth...

...the room seemed awfully bright all of a sudden, but before her mind could explore this thought, the cock in her mouth began to spurt jism. Greedily, she sucked at it as fast as she could, but some sperm spilt out over her face. She was scraping it up with her fingers and stuffing it into her mouth when a second cock slid in. She moaned and

began to massage it with her aching tongue...

...she was on her hands and knees now, her arms wrapped around a pair of legs and her mouth wrapped around a thick cock. Behind her, a man finished coming and pulled out. She whined and wiggled her bottom, desperate for more cock. She felt man kneel down behind her, but instead of putting his cock into her pussy, he thrust it suddenly into her virgin asshole. She squealed and tried to move away, but a pair of hands in her hair kept her face firmly impaled on a cock.

Eventually, however, the pain went away, and a new kind of warmth spread through her. She came twice before the cock in her asshole started to spray sperm up her ass...

...she lay on her back, her legs spread wide and bent upwards over her head. A man lay on top of her, pumping frantically. His mouth was wide open, and a thin line of

drool spilt out and fell onto her face. She opened her mouth to receive it...

...she lay in between two men, impaled upon their cocks. One man, the one beneath her, had his cock up her pussy, and the one on top was thrusting in and out of her asshole. The combined sensations sent her into a flurry of loud orgasms. A third cock was stuffed into her panting mouth...

Blackness...

Stacy jerked suddenly awake as cold water splashed in her face. She was lying on her back on a warm, sticky mattress. Sharon stood over her with an empty cup.

"Rise and shine," she said brightly. "It's time to go." Sharon left the room and walked into an adjoining bathroom.

Groaning, Stacy tried to sit up. The sheets stuck to her back as she pulled herself vertical. Her body was covered with bruises and scrapes, and her pussy and asshole ached as if they had been scraped raw. Abruptly, she began to wail as the memories of the previous hours' activities began to return. Sharon found her trembling on the bed a few minutes later when she returned with Stacy's clothes.

"None of that," she admonished. "I know you had a good time tonight. Don't start complaining now." She threw the clothing at Stacy. "Get dressed. We're going."

Still trembling, Stacy disentangled her battered body from the sticky sheets. Her entire front was coated with a crust of dried sperm. Slowly, she pulled the leather skirt on and zipped it up. The pink shirt was ripped across the stomach, but she just slipped it over her head and pulled it down. The boots went on last. Shakily, she straightened up, and was led by Sharon through the house and out the front door. The living room was now almost deserted, inhabited only by a handful of couples sleeping together on the various couches. The two girls made it unobserved to Stacy's car. Sharon started the car, and they drove off. Stacy finally managed to stop shaking.

Sharon glanced over at her as she drove. "That's better. There were only eight of them. Not much for a slut like you."

Part 6...

Stacy looked over in disbelief. "E-eight?" The charm bracelet jingled as she brought her hand up to her mouth. She felt like she was going to be sick.

"That's right," Sharon answered. "The offensive line of the BCN

Barracudas." The football team.

Stacy leaned back and closed her eyes. "Eight more down, I guess," she mumbled.

Sharon laughed. "Nope. Those ones don't count for our little game. They weren't students at Greenwood."

Stacy sat up and looked over, unable to stop the tears flowing down her face. "T-then why?"

"I needed the money," Sharon answered simply. "They paid me fifty bucks each." At this, Stacy began to wail and sob in earnest. "Don't worry," Sharon comforted, deliberately misunderstanding. "You'll get some of it. I'll cut you in for ten percent."

Stacy's tears had dried by the time the car reached Sharon's house. Reminding the older girl that she was staying the night, Sharon led her downstairs to her bedroom.

"You'll be sleeping on the couch," she announced. Stacy, exhausted, stumbled over and collapsed onto the small couch. Chuckling, Sharon walked over and stuffed forty dollars down the top of Stacy's shirt.

"There you are," she whispered, running her fingers through Stacy's sperm-encrusted hair. "There's your ten percent. Good job."

Stacy fell asleep crying, curled up on Sharon's couch...

"Cool." Neil leaned forward and watched intently as Stacy, completely naked, was simultaneously fucked by two men: one from behind as she knelt "doggie style" on all fours with her legs slightly spread, and one from the front. At first, her face had been hidden from the camera by her blonde hair, which fell in waves over her right shoulder, but Sharon had slowly circled the action and, after a brief shot of the back of some guy's sweaty ass moving back and forth, began to film from the other side, where Stacy's features could be seen clearly. Her left hand clutched the base of the guy's cock as she bobbed her cum-splattered face up and down. The charm bracelet, festooned with shiny, silver "F"s, glittered merrily in the light. There was a brief break in this movement as she pulled her mouth free and teased the head of the cock with her tongue, but then her lips re-encircled the penis, and her head resumed the up-down movement. Her loud moans and grunts could be easily heard above the rhythmic slurping sounds; she was clearly enjoying herself. The camera moved on; it continued panning, sliding steadily down Stacy's glistening, sweaty body and focusing on her ass as it wiggled about on the impaling cock like a fish caught on a hook. Just as she settled on this shot, the guy fucking her from behind stiffened and came. A few seconds later, he pulled out, leaving a thin trail of white sperm dribbling down Stacy's leg. The camera pulled back and then zoomed in on her ass and pussy - both glistening and wet with cum - and held the shot as another fellow moved into position and inserted his cock, this time into her ass rather than the pussy. The soundtrack clearly recorded a squeal of pleasure from the impaled teenager, as Stacy accepted the cock and began grinding her ass back and forth on it.

"Jeez, this is great stuff." Neil was more than a little impressed.

He hadn't even known that anything of this nature was going on.

Indeed, he had felt a momentary twinge of anger when Gary had told him what Sharon had arranged for Stacy - he had felt a bit left out lately, as Gary and Sharon more and more seemed to be taking charge with Stacy - but he couldn't remain angry. He was not so stupid that

he failed to realize that this whole arrangement was only possible because Gary had seen the possibilities that day in English class. If it had been left to Neil, he would probably have blurted out his accusations in front of the class, and that would have been the end of it. Instead, they now had a hold on Stacy that let them force her to do anything! How could he complain about Gary being in charge? On screen, Stacy was taking advantage of the fact that her mouth was temporarily empty of cock, and was busily licking strands of sperm from her fingers. Neil turned to Gary and Sharon who were sitting together on the couch behind him.

"She's really into it," he commented enthusiastically. "Did you use the drugs?"

"Yeah," Sharon answered. "A double dose this time. As you can see, it worked like a charm." The sound of Stacy's screams from the TV indicated an impending orgasm.

"She was really hot."

The teenagers fell silent and watched as Stacy experienced a violent orgasm, her fourth since the beginning of the tape.

"We made four hundred bucks," Sharon continued after Stacy's screams had died away. "And the football team wants her back again next weekend."

"Are you gonna make her go?" Neil turned away from the couch as he asked the question, his eyes focusing on the screen where Stacy moaned and fondled her small breasts. Behind him, Sharon looked at Gary, leaving the decision to him.

"I don't think so," he answered. "At least not right away. We don't want to burn her out. Let's leave it for something special. We are selling them this tape though; they're paying another hundred bucks for it."

"That's five hundred bucks." Neil tore his attention away from the screen. "A lot of money." He looked up at Gary.

"Don't worry," his friend answered, smiling his strange smile. "You'll get a share. Sharon gave forty dollars to Stacy, so that leaves \$460 to split three ways."

Neil raised his eyebrows. "Forty dollars to Stacy?"

"Well," Sharon laughed, "she deserved something. She did all the work."

The three friends laughed and went back to watching the video. It was coming to the end now, and Stacy was being simultaneously fucked by three guys, one in the ass, one in her cunt and one in her mouth. She moaned and wriggled as her body was filled with cock from three different angles. Finally, the three cocks came, each spurting sperm into its particular orifice as Stacy orgasmed twice more. The video faded to black as Stacy, wet and crusty with cum, curled up on the damp, sticky mattress, still moaning and sucking the sperm from her fingers.

"That was great!" Neil leaned forward and shut off the television.

"Just like being there."

"Well, I hope the guys on the football team are happy with it. They're paying for it." Sharon stopped the video and pushed the rewind button on the remote. The tape began to whirl backwards in the video machine.

Neil got to his feet and began to pace. "You know," he said

thoughtfully, "we could make a lot more money out of this if we wanted. I bet there are people who would pay big bucks for this tape; I mean besides the guys from the college."

"Not this tape," Gary answered. "It's just for the guys at BCN. The last thing we need is the bloody college football team coming after us. But I have given that some thought."

Sharon looked over at him, surprised. This was the first that she had heard of it. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he told her, "why not make a little money selling some pictures?"

"Like the video?" Neil asked.

"No. I don't think that we can put together a professional enough product for that. This tape was OK as a souvenir for the guys at the college, but we have no way of editing it or anything else. I mean still pictures." He looked over at Sharon. "Your uncle let you use his studio last year, right?"

Sharon nodded her agreement, beginning to understand what he was getting at. Her uncle did portrait photography, and had a studio near the centre of town. Last year, he had allowed her to use the studio and darkroom for her photography class project. He had told her that she could use it any time she wanted.

"So, with the studio and darkroom..."

"We can take professional shots!" Neil completed the sentence. "It's fuckin' perfect."

"But what about selling them?" Sharon was sceptical. There was more to

this than just taking the pictures.

"I've been communicating with some photographers over a BBS," Gary told her.

Neil looked confused. "BBS?"

Gary ignored him. "I expect I can get some contacts through them. Or at least some addresses. I'm sure there are lots of magazines which would pay good money for pictures of someone like Stacy."

"And what do we tell Stacy?" Sharon was still sceptical. "We told her we'd keep this all a secret if she played along." Sharon was more curious than concerned. Their promise to Stacy meant nothing to her.

"No." Gary smiled. "We told her that we wouldn't release the tapes of her cheating on the English exam and fucking with Neil. We said nothing about any pictures we might take in the future. Besides, we won't be selling these pictures to mainstream magazines. I doubt anyone in town will see them. Including Stacy. Probably."

"Well... OK." Sharon was convinced. "I'll set it up with my uncle for later this week."

"Fuckin' A!" Neil was excited. "I can't wait."

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## NUMBER FOURTEEN

Stacy's short skirt was once again bunched up around her waist. Her sleek legs were spread wide, and wrapped around the bulky form of Bob Pearson as he pistoned his cock brutally in and out of her dry pussy. They were in one of the supply rooms at Greenwood; Stacy's ass was



propped up on a narrow shelf and her back was against the wall as Barry fucked her. In vain, she tried to re-discover some of the excitement of the previous weekend up at BCN. Her responses that night had been more than a little degrading, but at least she had been able to deal with the sex without this pain; perhaps even get a little enjoyment out of it. No matter how hard she tried, however, she was unable to feel anything other than the intense pain of the ordeal, as Barry's large cock sawed in and out of her raw pussy. 'Please,' she thought wearily as he panted and grunted his lust, 'please come!' Just let it be over.

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As instructed, Stacy showed up at the photography studio at 8:00 PM two nights later. The mid-December weather was unusually cold, and she was wearing a heavy denim jacket over her jeans and sweater. She was, however, carrying a duffel bag which contained some clothing of a less practical nature. Sharon had ordered Stacy to bring along various items of apparel, such as underwear, stockings, short skirts and, in particular, a couple of swimsuits from last year's swim team. Stacy had been apprehensive, but she was now pretty much past the stage of arguing or pleading. It never did any good. All that mattered was that she reach number sixty-five before the end of the year. She had managed number fifteen earlier that day (her pussy still ached); only fifty more to go! At her wrist, the rapidly filling charm bracelet attested to her "success".

The studio itself was basically a large, high-ceilinged single room with a cloth backdrop against the rear wall. The backdrop was a neutral white, designed to take on the hue of whatever colored light was being directed at it. There was a long metal bar on the ceiling which held a number of different lights set there for this purpose. The floor in front of the backdrop was covered by a dark mat. In front of this mat was another bank of lights, not colored, and a camera. At the back of the room was a wooden door with a red light hanging above it; a small sign identified it as the darkroom.

"Stacy."

Gary walked up to her as she stood by the door, put his arm over her shoulder, and directed her into the room. Stacy shuddered slightly at his touch, but allowed herself to be led. Sharon, standing behind the camera, looked over and smirked. There was a belch from the back of the room; Stacy looked over and saw Neil, sitting back against the wall with his feet propped up on a small table and a beer in his hand. He grinned over at her and raised the beer can in mock greeting. Behind her, the door to the studio clicked shut.

Sharon made a small adjustment to the camera, and then walked over to where Gary had begun emptying out the contents of Stacy's duffel bag onto the floor. "Let's see what we've got," she muttered, sorting through the clothes. Stacy watched, numb and frightened, as Sharon and Gary sorted through the various items of apparel, rejecting some and laughing at others.

"Don't forget this stuff." Neil had left his seat and was approaching with another bag, the contents of which he dumped onto the floor beside Stacy's clothes. It contained a number of leather and rubber outfits, including, Stacy noted queasily, the outfit she had worn up

at BCN last weekend. She swallowed, fighting to keep her features impassive; she had resolved not to let them see her cry again. Finally, they were done. Gary looked up at her. "You know what's going on?" He gestured towards the camera.

Stacy nodded reluctantly.

"Yes," she answered. It hadn't been difficult to figure out. She had cried in her bedroom when Gary had ordered her to show up at the photography studio with the clothing, but she wasn't going to cry now. She wasn't going to give them the satisfaction.

Gary grinned. "Then let's get started." He turned to his girlfriend.

"Sharon?"

"Yeah, OK," Sharon nodded, "but let's give her a drink first. It's going to be hot under those lights."

Stacy looked up. Huh?

Sharon picked up an open can of coke from a nearby table and handed it to her. "Drink up," she instructed. "We don't want you fainting on the set. We've got lots of stuff to get through tonight."

Confused, Stacy did as ordered; she drank the coke and handing the empty can back to the impatiently waiting Sharon. The other girl nodded and took the bottle. "OK," she announced, "I think we'll start with..."

Stacy spent the next few hours in front of the lights, running through countless degrading poses in dozens of different outfits.

Humiliatingly, they started her out with some of her own clothes which she had brought: mini-skirt, blouse and high heels.

"Look at the camera."

The colored lights placed her in front of a soft, yellow backdrop. As instructed, Stacy looked at the camera.

"Lean forward... legs apart."

She bent down and spread her legs, causing the skirt to ride up. Her blonde hair, combed out straight, hung down over her left shoulder, framing her breasts for the camera. Behind the bank of lights, her three tormentors were only shadowed silhouettes. Stacy was reminded of her dreams of stripping in front of such lights.

"Open the blouse... now cup your breasts and look sexy. Keep looking up; we want to see your face."

Her hands trembled as they undid the buttons. She had known it would come to this, but it was still so hard; particularly in front of the camera. She cupped her small breasts in her hands, involuntarily teasing her own nipples. They hardened immediately. Would they notice?

"That's it. Nice nipples. Now, lick your lips..."

Stacy wetted her lips and did her best to look sexy and inviting. Her nipples stayed hard.

"Bend over a bit more... let's see some more leg..."

Then they dressed her in one of her old swimsuits, now at least one size too small:

"That's right... other way, now..."

Stacy stood, side on to the camera. They had soaked the suit before dressing her in it, and it clung tenaciously to every curve. Worse, the cold water caused her nipples to become hard again, and it was plainly visible through the thin swimsuit.

"Shoulders back... good, that pushes out your tits... play with the

nipples, make them nice and hard... there you go..."

Stacy flushed red.

"OK... now run your hand through your hair... look like you need a good fuck..."

Stacy did as ordered. She slid her fingers through her blonde hair, shaking it out at the back as she did so. She was beginning to feel a queer sort of arousal in the pit of her stomach. She fought to hide it, but it was difficult to do while trying to look sexy.

Then came the outfit she had worn for the party at BCN. It quickly became apparent to Stacy that they had not cleaned it since that night; it stank of dried sweat and sperm. This time, Sharon put on some music, and had Stacy dance a slow striptease. Neil called encouragement as Stacy slowly divested herself of first the cum-encrusted shirt, and then the tight leather skirt.

And, just like in her dream, she became more and more aroused...

A short break to re-load the camera while Stacy stood, panting slightly, in front of the lights. She was naked from the previous stripping, save only for the leather, high-heeled boots. Neil came over and played with her sweaty tits until it was time for a new outfit. Stacy fought hard not to respond... Finally, it was over.

Stacy stood, drained and sweaty in the last outfit she had modelled, a tight, pink rubber dress which left bare as much as it concealed. It was cut low on her neckline, leaving her chest bare down to the upper curve of her tits (at one point in the session, she had been ordered to pop her tits out of the dress, but they were re-covered now). The dress also left her arms exposed up to the shoulder, and only covered her upper thighs down to just below her crotch. Her legs were clearly displayed, taut and sleek in the black pumps. Sharon had done her hair up in a tight bun, giving her a severe, sexy look.

Neil slipped behind her, reached around and began playing with her breasts through the thin rubber as Gary and Sharon clicked off the lights and began storing the film. Involuntarily, Stacy moaned, but didn't pull away. Her nipples hardened and a trickle of sweat dribbled down between her breasts as they strained against the latex. Neil began kissing her neck.

Gary looked over and smiled. Stacy's eyes were closed and her mouth slightly parted as she leaned back to accept Neil's attentions. Her body was clearly beginning to respond. This seemed like a good time to

bring up...

"Oh, Stacy." Stacy opened up her eyes and stiffened, remembering where she was.

"I heard that Barry Packard asked you out last a little while ago and you refused. Is that true?"

Stacy bit her lip apprehensively, but nodded. She recognized the tone of voice Gary was using; something bad was going to happen. Behind her, Neil reached down with one hand and began massaging her pussy through the latex dress. The other hand continued to fondle her tits. Subconsciously, she began to squirm back against him.

"Well," Gary continued, "from now on, there'll no more of that. If one of your 'lovers' wants a re-match, you agree to it."

"What?!" Stacy tried to move forward, but Neil held her tight. "What are you talking about?" Neil popped one of her breasts out from the

dress and began teasing the nipple. Stacy tried to ignore it.

"That wasn't a rule."

"It's a new rule," Sharon told her, grinning. "From now on, once a guy's fucked you, you can't say 'no' to him until you've finished all sixty-five."

Stacy's features began to quiver. She had resolved not to cry, but this was too much. A tear trickled down her cheek as she considered the implications of what was being said. "B-but... there'll be no end of it. I'll have to do it all the time." Her mind, now cloudy with lust, struggled to find objections.

"When am I supposed to study or do other things? There are exams coming up!"

Sharon laughed outright at that. Stacy had just been told that she had to agree to fuck almost any guy that asked, and she was complaining about not being able to study for exams!

"Don't worry about the exams," Gary told her. "We'll get you the test papers ahead of time. Hell, we'll even do it for free this time." The three of them laughed as Stacy began to cry in earnest. "Besides," Gary continued, "it's not all bad news. We've decided to let you earn some pocket money while you're doing it."

"What?"

"From now on, you charge five bucks for a repeat fuck."

Stacy looked at him in horror.

"The first one's free, but repeat service costs five bucks." He looked over at Neil. "Except," he continued, "for Neil, of course. He gets it for free."

If possible, Stacy's sobs became louder. No matter how bad things became, they always managed to make them a little worse. Or a lot worse!

Gary and Sharon continued packing up as Neil slipped his hand under the short dress and began to play with her pussy directly. Stacy shuddered and then relaxed back into his chest, defeated. There was no use resisting it. She began to pant as Neil pushed his middle finger into her now-moist cunt.

When Gary and Sharon finally left the room, she was sitting on top of Neil's erection, riding it up and down, the pink dress bunched up around her waist.

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Stacy was slumped forward on the desk. Her head was cradled sideways in her arms, spilling blonde hair in waves out over the wooden desktop. Outside the closed office door, the grade eight students she was supposed to be supervising were yelling and running about, her usually well-structured Recreation course having dissolved into chaos in her absence.

She didn't care. She was too tired to care. She hadn't even changed into her usual gym outfit for the class, instead just stumbling around the gymnasium in her green tweed dress, barely getting the class started before retreating to the office. She just didn't care anymore.

Last night she had attended Ashley's Christmas party and, in the course of the evening, had managed to have sex with four different guys: two blowjobs and two fucks. Actually, it had been five guys, but one of them had turned out not to be a student at Greenwood, and Stacy

no longer counted the non-students. That brought her total up to twenty: twenty different guys, and twenty shiny "F"s on her imprisoned wrist. Only forty-five more to go. Only! Her pussy ached at the thought.

As was happening so often these days, Stacy found herself fighting back the urge to cry. How had she fallen into this trap? How had such a little thing as cheating on a math test led her into the kind of life she was now leading? Looking back, she could see how Gary - it must have been Gary; Neil wasn't anywhere near smart or subtle enough to plan this sort of thing - had slowly escalated the incidents of blackmail and humiliation until all her options had disappeared. Even now, if it had just been the original session at Neil's, she might be tempted to rebel - perhaps even turn to the police - but Gary had since then taken it even further. Now, there were the pictures taken at the photography studio and the awful video-tape of that night at BCN, where Sharon had turned her into a whore! Sharon had shown the tape to her the day after the photo session. How could anyone believe her story after seeing her enjoying herself so much? She could barely believe it herself. What had happened to her? Sex was usually so degrading and painful; why had it felt so good? Still, whatever the reason, there was no way out; no one would believe her now.

So, she took the path of least resistance, and did what they wanted. It had been three days since the session at the photography studio, and she was unable to get it out of her mind. It was not just the fact that the pictures had been taken. That was terrible enough, and she was thoroughly frightened about what would be done with the resulting photographs. Gary had told her that they were just for "personal use" (whatever that meant), but how could she trust him? It was not just the fact that she could no longer refuse to have sex with the guys she had already fucked; that was bad, but she thought she could control matters so that very few of them invited her out again. As long as it was kept quiet, it shouldn't be too much of a problem. It was not even the sex with Neil; he had fucked her a number of times already, and it was getting to be almost routine.

What frightened her about the session in the studio was the way she had responded to the situation, and, later, to Neil. By the time he had pushed up her dress and forced her to impale herself upon his rigid cock, she had been so excited that she had experienced an orgasm within seconds of penetration. In the fucking that followed, she had cum twice more, moaning and squirming like some kind of slut-bitch on Neil's cock. As was the case with the session at BCN, she was not sure how she felt about this. On one hand, she was being forced to do horribly degrading things and it was as if her own body was betraying her by allowing her to respond sexually. What kind of girl - what kind of a slut - would enjoy the kind of obscene activity which had occurred at BCN? On the other hand, it looked very much like she had very little choice in the matter. She was trapped, and would have to fuck countless guys in the next few months. Given that this was going to happen anyway, wouldn't it be better to get at least some enjoyment out of it? If nothing else, she could do without the constant pain of her pussy being rubbed raw as a result of her being dry at the wrong time. What she needed was some way to control the excitement. Some way to allow her to do what she had to do with a minimum of pain, but

which would allow her to control herself so that her surrender would not be complete. Some way to...

Her thoughts were interrupted by a soft knock on the door. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was after 3:15; class was over. She patted down her green tweed dress and shook her blonde hair, unconsciously adjusting her appearance. That must be...

It was. The door swung open to reveal a grinning Tim, followed closely by Dennis. Stacy groaned, but gestured for them to enter the office for their weekly session. There must be some better way to deal with this!

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Ashley Peters stood, giggling, in a cluster of friends in a doorway near the water fountain. The girls were pulling a nasty practical joke, and were waiting for the victim to arrive. Even among this group, basically the most popular (ie. beautiful) girls at Greenwood, Ashley stood out as something special. She was taller than any of the other girls, but still well-rounded in all of the important places, particularly her breasts. Indeed, the only other girl at school that was in her league was Stacy Richards, but while Stacy was small and perfectly proportioned, Ashley was big-boned and extremely well endowed, particularly for an eighteen year-old. Where Stacy had a finely chiselled face and high cheek bones, Ashley's face was wide and generous, with thick, pouty lips and wide brown eyes. Where Stacy had shoulder length blonde hair, Ashley was a brunette, with a thick, reddish-brown mane of hair that fell halfway down her back. In short, Stacy's was a hard, athletic beauty, while Ashley was softer and more luxurious: equally beautiful, but in an entirely different manner. The two girls were, of course, rivals, but only in a relaxed, friendly way. There was simply no need for them to compete, for boys or otherwise. The only real point of contention was the title of Homecoming Queen, and Ashley had - more or less - conceded it to Stacy the previous year. Stacy's school activities, from cheerleading to the track and swim team to supervising the grade eight "Rec" class, made her almost certain to take the title instead of Ashley, whose list of school activities was somewhat shorter (or, in truth, non-existent). Life was too short, she figured. So, the two girls ruled over their little clique in a co-operative fashion, acknowledging the other's attributes without conceding superiority. Ashley noticed Stacy coming out of a doorway at the other end of the hall, followed by a couple of grade eight jerks. She looked a little dishevelled, but Ashley put it down to the activity of the "Rec" class.

"Stacy," Ashley called after her, eager to have her share in the joke, but Stacy didn't seem to hear, and moved down the hall away from the group. The two boys followed close behind. Ashley narrowed her eyes as she watched her friend turn a corner and disappear from view. Stacy had been acting a little strange lately. She wondered if... "She's coming!"

Stephanie, who had been watching around the corner, whispered the warning and stepped back, out of sight. Ashley dropped Stacy from her mind and joined the group as they watched expectantly. They didn't have long to wait. Karen Williamson walked, unsuspecting,

around the corner and up to her locker. The heavy, dark-haired girl didn't notice Ashley's group as they watched from the doorway. The trap was sprung! As she pulled the locker door open, hundreds of sheets of paper slid out and onto the floor in front of, and around, the locker. Each sheet had been carefully torn from various Playboy and other, similar, magazines, depicting beautiful women in some stage of undress. Karen watched, stunned, as more and more paper fell out of her locker. Ashley and her group could contain themselves no longer, and finally broke out into raucous laughter as more and more people in the hallway stopped and stared. As well as putting the loose sheets in the locker, they had pasted up a number of pictures on the door and walls of Karen's locker. The people in the hallway began to laugh as Karen turned red, and then began to cry with embarrassment. Part 7...

Satisfied with the damage, Ashley led her group away from the scene of their victory as more and more people joined the crowd of students laughing at and taunting their unfortunate victim as she crawled around on her hands and knees trying to recover the pictures.

If they had stayed a little longer, they might have noticed Sharon Stevens, who had watched the whole incident develop, walk up to the humiliated Karen and start talking to her in a hushed voice. Karen quickly stopped crying and began to listen intently.

Karen ran her fingers through her curly brown hair and looked around the bedroom, feeling useless and out of place with nothing to do. Neil and Gary were busily removing a shelf from the second, smaller closet while Sharon wandered about the room with a light meter, alternately taking readings and making adjustments on the video camera set up on a tripod in the main closet (no need to remove any shelves there). Even Stacy was hard at work, albeit reluctantly; she was taking, trip by trip, the small mountain of clothing which had previously filled the smaller closet and carrying it to a different room. She was quiet and sullen, but she did what she was told.

It was all so unbelievable! Even after Sharon had told her everything - even after they had showed her all of those pictures - Karen still found it hard to credit the story. Stacy, the Princess of Greenwood, the perfect Ice-Queen Bitch, being forced to fuck dozens of different guys at school in order to keep secret the fact that she was cheating on exams! If Karen had read it in a story (and she had read a few stories of this type), she would still have found it difficult to swallow. Really, though, it had been the pictures that had finally convinced her. After Sharon had talked to her that day in school when Ashley and her friends had stuffed Karen's locker with those magazine pictures, Gary had shown her the set of photographs taken earlier in the week at a downtown studio. There was no way that Stacy would do something like that willingly, particularly the last two outfits. The sight of Stacy in (and then out of) the black leather mini-skirt and, later, in the pink latex dress had left Karen damp with excitement, despite the fact that Stacy wasn't her type. No, not her type at all. Karen preferred larger girls; particularly brunettes. Girls like Ashley.

When they had arrived at Stacy's house that Saturday morning, the week after New Year's, Karen had been expecting Stacy to slam the door in their faces. Even after all the proof she had been shown, she had

still expected that. It hadn't happened, though. Stacy had opened the door and let them in without a word. She looked angry, and more than a little bit unhappy, but she let them in. Still, it wasn't until Neil put his hand behind Stacy's neck and drew her in for a long, protracted kiss that Karen at last fully accepted everything that she had been told. Stacy didn't exactly cooperate, but she didn't pull away either. And from the way her mouth was working, she was definitely returning the kiss. Unbelievable! Yet it was happening. And if that was happening, perhaps Sharon's plan for Ashley might work as well. Karen trembled as a small shiver of excitement shot through her pudgy body. Her type. Girls like Ashley...

Neil removed the last screw and handed it to Gary who carefully put it in his pocket. The final shelf slid out neatly, leaving the bottom half of the closet completely open. (The shelves on the top half were more permanently affixed.) There was just enough space for one person if they sat down with their legs curled up. That was going to be Sharon's post. Neil was thankful about that. There was no way he was going to spend several hours in that cramped space. He was going to be in the bigger closet with Gary and Karen. There was really no need for him to be there, as Gary had pointed out, but he wanted to be part of things again. He wanted to see Stacy in action...

Sharon looked critically through the camera's viewfinder. The angle wasn't the best in the world - it wasn't even as good as it had been in Neil's bedroom - but it would have to do. As long as the light was OK, the pictures should turn out alright. From where she would be sitting in the small closet, she could get pictures of the bed and most of the bedroom, but she was a little low to get the best angle for any action on the bed. And the action on the bed, of course, was the whole point of these arrangements. As well, she was forced to take the pictures through the slats in the closet door. It worked fairly well as long as she kept the camera flush against the door, but it limited her options. It would also force her to lean forward uncomfortably when taking pictures.

It was, however, the best they could do, and there was still the video camera in the walk-in closet. Perhaps if Stacy's parents had left the night before as planned they would have had time to make further modifications to Stacy's bedroom, but the parents had delayed their departure until mid-morning on Saturday. Hence, The three friends had only had a couple of hours Saturday morning until Ashley was to arrive. Not the best of circumstances in which to accomplish so tricky an objective, but things weren't going too badly. Now, as long as nothing else went wrong...

Gary finished giving his final instructions to Stacy and gave her one final look. She appeared quite stunning in her short skirt and pink blouse, her blonde hair combed in waves over one shoulder. Sharon had both chosen the outfit and done up the hair, treating Stacy like some big barbie doll to be dressed and groomed at will. Stacy looked great and Gary approved; if that didn't work, nothing would. A quick glance around the bedroom revealed nothing out of place. Sharon was safely out of sight in the small closet, and Neil and Karen were sitting side by side in the back of the walk-in. A quick check in the upstairs bathroom reveal that Karen's "props" were in place. Everything was ready. Right on cue, the doorbell rang downstairs. Gary looked Stacy



in the eye.

"Showtime," he told her, smiling at the hint of panic in her eyes.

"You know what to do."

Stacy swallowed nervously, but nodded her agreement. She knew what to do; it had been made very clear to her. Gary gestured for her to answer the door. When she left the bedroom, he turned and squeezed past the video camera and into the closet, pulling the door shut behind him...

Stacy stopped momentarily on her way down the stairs to answer the doorbell and took a deep breath; she needed to steady her nerves. Of all the things they had forced her to do in the last couple of months, this was quite possibly the most difficult. As first, she had absolutely refused. Even when Sharon had made all the usual threats, Stacy would not go through with it. She had to draw the line somewhere. But when Gary had offered her ten credits - ten less guys to fuck - she had wavered and finally given in. She would do what they wanted. Ten less guys to fuck! That would be worth it. That would be worth almost anything. And besides, what did she owe Ashley anyway? Stacy was jarred from her thoughts by the sound of the doorbell being rung a second and then a third time in quick succession. "Coming," she cried, annoyed, as she quickly jumped down the remaining stairs. Despite her irritation and nervousness, she forced a welcoming smile onto her face as she pulled open the door.

"Ashley," she greeted her friend from school. "Come in."

Ashley accepted the invitation, walking in through the doorway. She was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a pink sweater under an expensive leather jacket. (Her parents were rich, and she always had the best clothes.) Her long, dark hair was done up into a large bun on the back of her head. A large leather purse was slung over her shoulder. The two girls exchanged greetings as they walked upstairs to Stacy's room. Their meeting was ostensibly to put together some arrangements for a class project in the spring term, but neither expected much work to be done. Particularly since Stacy's parents were out of town for the weekend and Ashley was staying the night. Stacy led her friend into her bedroom, and the two girls flopped down into comfortable positions - Stacy on the bed and Ashley onto a large floor cushion - and began to talk. The discussion at first centred around

the recent holidays, and Ashley told several funny stories about some visiting relatives from back east. As usual, her stories were humorous at someone else's expense, and she soon moved onto various people they both knew at school. Soon, as usually happened, the talk zeroed in on Ashley's unfavourable views on several of those people. Stacy let Ashley carry the conversation, but talked just enough so that her friend would not suspect that something was wrong. Just as Gary had promised her a significant reward for success, he had likewise made dire warnings regarding the consequences of failure. Stacy was desperate to succeed. After about an hour, Stacy decided that the time had come to set things in motion.

"Want something to drink?" she asked, knowing the answer. Ashley was staying the night; that would almost certainly mean that the girls would get drunk on the contents of Stacy's father's liquor cabinet. Ashley, in particular, enjoyed the expensive brand of scotch whisky

Stacy's father favoured. As expected, Ashley answered in the affirmative, and Stacy left the room to get the alcohol.

Sharon sat up as best she could in the cramped confines of the closet when she heard Stacy offer Ashley a drink. This was what they had been waiting for. Gary had liberally laced Stacy's father's scotch with his now usual mixture of drugs. With any luck, things should be underway before long. And not a moment too soon; Sharon's legs were beginning to cramp under her. She checked the settings on her camera...

Stacy bit her lip with apprehension as Ashley took a sip from the tumbler. Would she notice anything different about the taste? The moment passed without incident, and Stacy sighed with relief, taking a sip of her own drink. Of course, why would Ashley notice anything? Stacy herself had twice been drugged in this manner - she now realized - and she had never noticed a thing. The alcohol effectively masked the taste of the drugs. Stacy took another sip of her drink, willingly subjecting herself to the effects of Gary's drugs - she would need all the help she could get - and the two girls continued their conversation.

By the end of the next hour, both girls were feeling the combined affects of the alcohol and the mixture of drugs dissolved within the alcohol. For Stacy, it was now almost a familiar experience; the slight drowsiness, the sense of dislocation and the increased sensitivity - she had felt it all before. Ashley, on the other hand, had never previously experienced the effects of these particular drugs. Hence, she put the strange feelings down to the effect of alcohol on an empty stomach (she hadn't eaten lunch). In a way, it felt kind of pleasant, kind of like drifting, but with a sensual warmth down deep in her stomach.

"Another drink?" Stacy got up and took Ashley's now empty glass. Ashley started to answer (in the affirmative), but before she could say anything, Stacy had hurried out of the room, not even waiting for an answer. Normally, Ashley might have found this behaviour extremely puzzling - it was usually Ashley who instigated and encouraged the drinking - but her powers of perception were somewhat blurred. She got up to stretch her legs and walked over to the window. It was getting quite hot in the bedroom, she noticed, perhaps she should open a window. She reached up and...

"What are you doing?" Stacy had returned with the two glasses and the bottle of scotch.

"I'm just g-going to open the window," Ashley answered, stammering slightly in an effort to enunciate the words. The scotch was really affecting her. She took a deep breath. "It's hot in here." Her upper lip was damp with perspiration.

"I know," Stacy agreed. She put the glasses down on the table and poured two more stiff drinks. "But you can't open the window." She too was being careful not to slur her words. "My dad gets pissed off about wasted heat during the winter." She crossed the room and handed the full glass to Ashley. "He's kinda weird about stuff like that." She shrugged her shoulders apologetically.

"But, it's fucking hot in here," Ashley whined, accepting the glass.

"I'm, like, melting." She swallowed a large mouthful of scotch.

Stacy appeared to think for a moment, and then put down her glass and began unbuttoning her blouse.

"Take your sweater off then." In a moment, she was stripped down to her bra. Ashley hesitated for a second, but then put the drink down on a side table and slipped her pink sweater up over her head, exposing large breasts barely constrained by a bra. She pulled the sweater free of her head and shook loose her hair (partly destroying carefully constructed bun on the back of her head) just in time to see Stacy unclip and remove her bra.

"Stacy!" Ashley was a little embarrassed. They had seen each other naked often enough before and after gym class at school, but not like this. It seemed different, somehow, to be standing naked like this in Stacy's bedroom, slightly drunk. Still... it was quite hot... and the bra strap got more than a little itchy when she sweated... Why not? Shrugging her shoulders, Ashley followed suit, slipping the straps of her bra off her shoulders and unfastening the bra, revealing her own breasts.

Gary peered intently through the slats on the closet door as Ashley's large, firm breasts popped free of confinement and into view. Impressed, he brought his still camera up and snapped a quick shot, making certain that Stacy, also topless, was in the picture. It was almost time to start running the video camera. As he took the picture, he felt a gentle shove from behind.

"Let me see," Neil whispered, trying to look over Gary's shoulder and around the tripod. Gary pushed him back, frowning. He brought a finger up to his lips, gesturing angrily for silence. Did Neil want to fuck it up for everyone? Gary pointed towards the floor of the closet, where Karen sat in patient silence. Neil looked like he wanted to argue the point, but gave in and sat down, sulking. Gary turned back to the action in the bedroom.

"Here, I'll put that away." Stacy reached over for the sweater and bra, "accidentally" brushing the back of her hand across Ashley's tits. Ashley flinched slightly, but handed over the clothing without comment.

She watched as her friend hung them on a hook on the back of the door.

"Thanks."

"No problem." Stacy padded back across the room towards the tall brunette. She crossed in front of her - once again brushing against Ashley's breasts - and picked up her friend's glass. "Here's your drink."

As Stacy walked across the room, Ashley couldn't help but notice how sleek and fit Stacy looked. Secretly, Ashley wished that she had that kind of body - thin, muscular thighs, tight stomach and smallish, firm breasts. Ashley, on the other hand, was more lush in form, although her large breasts were firm enough to stand up on their own without the aid of a bra. She knew she was beautiful - indeed, she took it for granted - but she still admired her friend's physique. If only...

She was surprised to find her nipples hardening as she watched Stacy. Suddenly embarrassed and shy, she turned away and crossed her arms in front of her breasts, taking a large sip of the scotch. She quickly regained her composure, and the two girls, now topless, resumed their former positions and continued the conversation. They carried on talking for another half hour or so, with the conversation becoming more and more disjointed as the drugs took their affect. Eventually,

Stacy asked Ashley to bring the now half-empty bottle to her on the bed. Ashley complied, moving carefully in order to compensate for the lack of co-ordination brought about by the alcohol, but when she tried to move away after handing over the bottle, Stacy gestured for her to lie down beside her on the bed.

"What?" Ashley's head was spinning slightly.

"Just lie down," Stacy told her soothingly. "Relax. I think the booze is hitting us harder than we expected."

Ashley couldn't argue with that. They were only on their fourth drink (or was it the fifth?), and she was feeling a curious dislocation, almost like she was looking at events through a long tunnel - as if her mind was somehow dislocated from her body. At the same time, however, her nerves seemed heightened and more sensitive and there was a curious tingle in the base of her stomach. Better lie down, she thought, and allowed Stacy to help her down on the bed. Stacy's hands felt cool and dry against her hot skin. They felt good. That's better, she told herself, stretching out with her arms by her sides. By now, her bun had become unfastened, and her long, brown hair spread out on the pillow behind her head. She closed her eyes and relaxed.

A few seconds later, however, she felt a movement on the bed beside her. Opening her eyes, she noticed that Stacy was half sitting up, looking down at her with a funny expression on her face. Ashley, suddenly worried, tried to sit up, but Stacy put her hands on her friend's shoulders and pushed her back down. "Relax," she murmured, almost whispering. "Just lie there." Her strong hands began to rub Ashley's naked shoulders. After a moment, Ashley complied, lying back and enjoying the sensation of having her shoulders massaged. It felt so good...

It felt even better a few seconds later, as Stacy slowly moved her hands downward across the top of Ashley's chest and then down onto her breasts. Ashley instinctively tensed and tried to jerk away, but once again Stacy calmed her down with a few whispered words. Ashley relaxed again, closing her eyes, as Stacy gently rubbed her large breasts, paying particular attention to her now-hard nipples.

Showtime!

Gary had clicked the "play" button on the video camera as soon as Stacy had begun fondling Ashley's shoulders. Things were getting hot out there! After checking the viewfinder to make certain nothing was

being missed, he lifted the still camera and began snapping shots as Stacy moved her hands downward towards Ashley's tits. With any luck, Sharon was also getting some good material from her place in the small closet.

Eventually, Ashley began to moan quietly with pleasure. The moans grew louder as she felt a new sensation on her now ultra-sensitive nipples.

She opened her eyes to see that Stacy had bent over her and was licking her nipples with a small, pink tongue which darted in and out of her mouth. Fully aroused, Ashley brought up her hands and began to run her fingers through Stacy's blonde hair; her beautiful blonde hair. Her hands stayed there as Stacy slowly licked her way up along Ashley's throat and, finally, to her face. After a brief moment of hesitation, the two girls kissed each other full on the lips. The kiss seemed to last a long, glorious lifetime, as their tongues entwined,

broke free and then joined again. Both girls were panting by the time their lips parted... This was great!

Sharon snapped a close-up of the two girls' first kiss. It couldn't have been any better if they had been posing for the camera. Hell, she was getting hot just watching the action!

"S-Stacy..." Ashley moaned. "I..."

Stacy silenced her with another kiss. Once again, the kiss was a long one, as they explored each other's mouths with their tongues. Stacy resumed fondling Ashley's big tits. Whimpering with pleasure, Ashley reciprocated, running the palms of her sweaty hands up and down over Stacy's pert breasts. The two girls continued kissing and fondling each other for a while before Stacy broke away.

"W-what is it?" Ashley asked breathlessly as Stacy sat up.

"Just a second," her friend answered her. "This is going to be so good." Stacy slipped off the bed wearing only her skirt and looked over at Ashley lying spread out on the mattress. Her friend's hair was in disarray, spread messily over the pillow. Ashley's large breasts were covered with a thin sheen of sweat which glistened in the light as they rose and fell in time with her hurried breathing, the nipples standing firm on top. In spite of herself - in spite of everything she knew was going to happen - Stacy was becoming very excited. In the back of her mind, she was aware of the presence of Gary and Sharon and their cameras, but the drugs obscured that knowledge. The only thing that was important was Ashley lying exposed on the mattress, and all the wonderful things they were going to do with each other! But first, she had to...

"Take off your pants," she ordered, her voice thick with lust. "I'll be right back." She moved quickly out of the room.

Ashley complied, quickly slipping her jeans down her long legs and kicking them free of her ankles and off of the bed. After a moment's hesitation, she repeated this action with her panties. Except for her white socks, she was now totally naked. Anxiously awaiting Stacy's return, she moved her hand down over her sweaty breasts and onto her moist cunt. Moaning slightly, she rubbed her finger over her pussy. Gary zoomed in on her with the video camera as she masturbated herself. After a close-up of her pussy, he panned the camera up her sweat-glistening body to her vacant, panting face...

Stacy returned a few moments later with a small container and a hand mirror. She stopped in the doorway to watch Ashley masturbate for a few moments, but then walked forward and leaned over her squirming friend. Ashley, keeping one hand on her pussy, reached up invitingly, but Stacy shook her head. "Just a second," she said. "Let's do this first."

Frustrated, Ashley stopped masturbating and sat up as Stacy opened the container and spilled some white powder onto the mirror. Her pulse sped up as she realized what Stacy was doing. Ashley had smoked some pot and hash at school parties, but, contrary to press reports about drug abuse in schools, cocaine was still very rare. She had seen it once before, but never actually tried it. The thought of it made her nervous. "Stacy..."

"Just try it," Stacy interrupted. "It'll make the sex a million times better."

As if demonstrating, Stacy pulled out a narrow tube and inhaled a line

of coke up one nostril. After sniffing for a few seconds, she repeated the action with the other nostril. Ashley watched, impressed in spite of herself. She had no idea that Stacy was so experienced!

"Here." Stacy handed over the tube. "You try."

Sharon took a picture of Stacy with the cocaine, and then waited expectantly for Ashley to do the same. The cocaine had been Karen's idea; a perfect way to strengthen their hold on the two girls!

After a brief hesitation, Ashley accepted the tube and tried to inhale the coke. Her first attempt was a bit of a failure, and a good portion of the coke ended up on her upper lip. The second try went better, and the drug blasted its way into the back of her head.

"Wow..."

She began to feel the rush as Stacy leaned forward and licked the spilled cocaine off Ashley's lip. This struck the two girls as very exciting, and they began to take turns spilling small amounts of cocaine on each other's bodies and then licking it off.

Gary reached down and began massaging his raging erection through his jeans as he filmed the action on the bed. This was going much better than he had expected. Maybe this video would have some commercial value! Behind him, he could feel Neil trying to look around him again. This time he just squeezed to one side - keeping an eye on the viewfinder - and let Neil take a look. It seemed unlikely that the writhing girls on the bed would notice any small noises they were making in the closet.

Eventually, this game degenerated into straightforward sex. First, it was Ashley, lying back on the bed with Stacy's face buried in her crotch. The sensation of her friend's tongue on her clit sent Ashley into a wave of screaming orgasms that seemed to last forever. Then she was returning the favour, bunching up Stacy's short skirt around her waist and kneeling in front of Stacy's widely spread legs, her tongue flickering in and out of her friend's sopping cunt. This was followed by more fondling and kissing as each girl, now sweaty and panting ran their hands and tongue frantically over each other's body. Finally, they ended up lying head to tail, simultaneously lapping at each other's cunts. They came together this time, a clutching, writhing mass of sweaty, panting female flesh. Finally, their lust subsided as the drugs began to work their way out of their systems. When Ashley came to her senses, she was lying arm in arm with her smaller friend, exhausted and sticky. She lay there for a few moments, gathering her wits.

Gary took one last picture, turned off the video-camera and began to move the tripod aside. It was pretty much over now. Time to come out of the closet...

"S-Stacy..." Ashley stammered, suddenly embarrassed. "What happened? What have we..."

"Shh." Stacy interrupted, leaning up and giving her a kiss. "It's alright."

Ashley resisted, pulling away. "It's not alright," she insisted. "What if someone finds out? I can't..."

"What, " came a new voice from behind her, "if someone already knows?"

Horried, Ashley whirled around on the bed in time to see Gary emerging from the walk-in closet, camera in hand.

"No!!!"

By the time Sharon shoved open the closet door with her foot, straightened out her cramped legs and managed to climb awkwardly to her feet, Gary was pretty much finished explaining the situation to their horrified victim. Ashley had pulled up Stacy's duvet cover to cover her nudity and was listening, wide eyed, while Gary explained her options.

As Stacy's had been a few months earlier, they were pretty limited: either do as she was told, or they would release the video-tape and pictures to everyone who was interested. Sharon noted that Stacy had made no attempt to cover herself; she just sat, silent and topless, on the side of the bed, staring straight down at the floor.

"Well?"

Gary had finished his explanation, and was waiting for an answer. Sharon noticed that Neil was looking on anxiously; even he realized that Ashley could fuck things up for them badly if she refused to co-operate.

"What's it gonna be?"

Ashley sobbed quietly on the bed. She looked over to her so-called friend sitting beside her, but Stacy refused to look at her. Bitch! It was all her fault! She turned her gaze to Gary, Neil and Sharon as they stood by the side of the bed watching, waiting for her answer - like a pack of vultures.

What could she do? If she told them to fuck off, as she very much wanted to do, they could ruin her life at Greenwood and probably in Bakersville as well. The thought of those films and pictures being made public made her want to throw up! The sex was bad enough, but the drugs might even land her in jail. But the alternative... was it any better? Gary had told her that if she agreed to do what they wanted, the whole incident would be kept secret. All she had to do was obey their commands for the rest of the year; do whatever they wanted. But what else could she do? She looked up at them, swallowing nervously. Her decision was made. Gary tensed as she began to speak, but he needn't have worried.

"Just for the rest of the school year?" she confirmed, her voice trembling. "After that, I get the pictures and you leave me alone?" He smirked. They had her! "Sure," he told her. "As soon as school's over, you get everything, and no one will ever know this happened." Ashley's face twitched with tension, but she forced the hated words out of her mouth. "OK," she mumbled. "You win. I-I'll do what you say."

Gary's smirk widened to a grin. "Oh... not what we say exactly," he chuckled. "We're giving our rights over you to someone else. A friend." As he said this, Karen walked out of the big closet. Ashley's eyes widened with shock!

"No,"

she almost screamed, cringing under the duvet. "I didn't agree to that. Not with her!" She began to cry again.

Gary was unrelenting. "It's her or we give out the pictures." Ashley began to sob loudly, but after a few moments she nodded her assent. She had no choice. Karen licked her full lips and moved forward towards her new toy, her eyes bright with excitement. Gary looked around at the others.

"C'mon," he said quietly. "Let's leave these two alone. I'm sure they have plenty to talk about." Sharon and Neil immediately began walking out of the room. After a moment, Stacy got up and followed them out, still clothed only in her short skirt.

As they shut the door behind them they heard Karen's voice, low and menacing: "Well, Ashley. First, we'll discuss that 'joke' you played on me last month..." The door began to shut. "Then maybe we'll try some of that stuff you and Stacy were doing a little while ago... just to get started." The door shut on Ashley's sobbing.

Outside, on the main upstairs landing, Gary and Sharon sighed with relief. It had gone better than they had expected. Neil had gone downstairs for a beer when Stacy spoke up. "G-Gary?" He looked over at the half-naked teenager. She made no effort to cover herself, but wouldn't look him in the face.

Part 8...

Instead, she lowered her eyes submissively.

"Yes?" His hand found Sharon's and held on.

"That drug you gave us... I want some of it."

"Huh?" Gary was puzzled.

"That drug that makes me h-horny," Stacy explained, trembling. "I want some of it. It will make it easier for me... you know." She started to cry a little bit. "It h-hurts so much... sometimes. If I... if I'm... excited..."

"Ahh." Gary finally understood. He looked over at Sharon, who smirked back at him. He shrugged his shoulders. "Alright," he told her, "there's still some left in your dad's scotch. Use that."

"Thanks." Stacy brought her arms up across her chest and started to shiver.

"But first," Gary continued, smirking "you have to earn it." Stacy looked up, her green eyes wide. "Come here." He and Sharon led her into her parents' bedroom and shut the door behind her. She began to tremble when they started to remove their clothes, but she didn't cry out or protest in any way. She needed that drug.

Neil ran up the stairs two at a time, beer in hand, only to find the landing empty.

"Hello?" He looked around, puzzled. "Where is everybody?" He wandered along the landing until he came to a door. He opened it a crack and looked in. A bedroom. Inside, he saw Stacy sucking energetically at Gary's cock as Sharon straddled her head and necked with Gary.

Sharon's thighs tightened and loosened on Stacy's head as the blonde teenager sucked for all she was worth. Quietly, Neil closed the door.

Obviously they wanted to be alone. He stood there for a moment, took a swig from the beer can, and then walked back to the doorway to Stacy's bedroom. He carefully opened it and peered in. He was greeted by the sound of rhythmic slaps of flesh against flesh as Karen had Ashley, still naked, over her knee and was spanking her vigorously. Ashley's lush bottom was bright red and shining from Karen's attentions, and the brunette was crying and sobbing as she squirmed on the other girl's knee.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry... please, don't... don't... I'm sorry, I won't... please..."



The begging continued until Karen finished the spanking and turned the older girl over, still balancing her on her knees. Still sobbing and babbling apologies, Ashley offered no objection as Karen cradled her in her arms and began caressing her large breasts. Neil slowly closed the door. He stood on the landing for a few moments, undecided, and then shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe there's some football or something on TV," he muttered, walking slowly back down the stairs.

#### NUMBER 34 & 35

The "musicians" of the rock band thrashed away for all they were worth on the tiny stage of the Greenwood High School gymnasium, but their collective efforts produced nothing more than a wash of reverberating mush as the over-amplified music bounced randomly back and forth off the bare, wooden walls of the box-shaped gym. The kids didn't care, though. They never did. As usual, they just milled around, boys on one side, girls on the other, with the few couples brave enough to dance bouncing awkwardly up and down - more or less in time with the deep throb of the bass - in the centre of the floor.

The walls of the gym were festooned with bright pink balloons; blue and pink streamers created a curtain over each doorway; a number of bowls of pink grapefruit punch (three of them now, predictably, spiked with vodka) sat on a long table against one wall; and a large banner proclaiming "Happy Valentine's Day" in large pink letters (the "i", of course, dotted with a heart) hung over the stage where the band was playing. A typical Valentine's Day dance at Greenwood High.

In keeping with the theme, Stacy arrived at the dance wearing pink and blue. She was beautifully decked out in an extremely short pink skirt (no more than four inches below her bum) and a sleeveless, powder blue blouse. This, along with the pink knee-socks and white high-heeled shoes gave her an appealing, little girl look, which was enhanced by the fact that she was wearing her hair in a pony tail. The look, however, hadn't been her choice. Very little was, these days. The outfit had been selected by Sharon to create this effect. In fact, Sharon was now frequently picking out which clothes Stacy should wear for specific occasions. Nothing too startlingly different from Stacy's usual mode of dress, but always a bit more revealing than Stacy would have chosen on her own. Gradually, over the course of the last couple of months, Sharon had been taking over various aspects of Stacy's life in general. Stacy had objected at first, but Sharon had made the usual threats, and Stacy had inevitably capitulated. As well, Sharon was now able to compel Stacy's obedience by threatening to cut off her supply of Gary's drugs. By now, Stacy was reliant upon Gary's mixture, which allowed her to get excited when having sex; without it, her enforced promiscuity would have been - and had been, before the session with Ashley - extremely painful. She was becoming, in Sharon's words, "well trained". A well trained slut.

As it was, the combination of drugs and scotch allowed her to get at least some enjoyment from the sex, a vital advantage since she was having it so regularly. As well as the large number of guys she was still required to fuck to meet her quota of sixty-five before the end of the year, her blackmailers had ordered her not to refuse repeat business. Every time someone she had already had sex with asked for more, she had to say yes (provided, of course, that the asker was willing to pay the five dollars). As a result, she was now fucking and

sucking daily, sometimes two, three or even four times. Inevitably, this led to her getting a reputation for putting out, which in turn led more guys to try to fuck her. On the surface, nothing had changed, and she still held her position in the school hierarchy, but among many if not most of the guys at school, the word was out: Stacy Richards was a hot slut, who dropped her panties at the slightest pretext. This was not, strictly speaking, entirely true. In the last couple of weeks, Stacy had stopped wearing panties (another of Sharon's "suggestions"); it was too much trouble getting them on and off, and too many pairs were ruined. Pants were also a thing of the past; the new Stacy only wore short skirts. The new Stacy was also looking for a guy to fuck. She stood in a corner of the gym next to the door leading to the boy's locker room, playing absently with her heavily decorated charm bracelet (thirty-three bright, shiny "F"s), and scanning the crowd for a likely candidate. She tried to be inconspicuous as she looked around; she had already run into one of her previous "partners" in the parking lot, and had been forced, upon his request, to give him a blow-job. A crumpled, sticky five dollar bill in her purse testified to his willingness to pay. If any others saw her in here - particularly dressed as she was - she would probably have to serve them as well. The blow-job had been made all the more unpleasant by the fact that she had been unable to drink any of the scotch prepared for her by Gary. Without the excitement caused by the drugs, it had been a humiliating and painful event. She was not going to be caught unprepared again. After wiping the sperm off her face (she had been unable to swallow all of it), she had taken a number of swigs from the flask in her purse. Already, she was feeling the warm tingle at the base of her stomach, and her breathing was becoming quick and shallow. She scanned the crowd, desperate as she became more and more excited.

Who to fuck?

Gary looked on, smiling as he saw Stacy - dressed up like some kind of wet dream - call someone over to her. It was Paul Baxter, from grade eleven. A tall guy with glasses and bad skin; kind of quiet. He watched as Stacy pulled him closer and whispered something in his ear. A few second later, Paul blushed a furious red, but allowed himself to be led into the locker room. The couple disappeared from sight. "She's found one already?" Gary turned. Sharon had come up behind him as he had been watching Stacy at work. The short girl was holding a glass of punch. She was almost shouting to be heard over the roar of the band.

"Yeah," he answered, shouting in reply. "Paul Baxter; from Rhenquist's French class."

"Didn't take long," Sharon commented, taking a swallow of spiked punch.

Gary grinned at her. "Not the way you dressed her up tonight. Nice job."

Sharon nodded at the compliment, but didn't return the grin. Something was bothering her. "You've made it too easy for her," she complained.

"The drugs make it too much fun. She's enjoying herself too much." Gary's grin just widened. "Well," he answered, "maybe I should let you in on a little secret." He looked around, as if anyone could hear them

over the band. Sharon just stared at him, waiting.

"After the first couple of weeks, I stopped putting the drugs in the scotch. Since the end of January, she's just been drinking the scotch. Straight."

Sharon's eyes widened in surprise. "But... that's two weeks now. She hasn't said... she didn't..."

"Right," Gary interrupted. "That's the beauty of it. She gets horny now completely on her own. All it takes is a little scotch, and she's ready to jump into bed with anybody. Soon, I'm going to start changing the type of alcohol. By the end of the year, she'll turn into a slut every time she touches a drop of alcohol. It's all part of the training."

Sharon's surprise turned into amusement. "Gary," she chuckled, "that's perfect." She began to laugh outright.

"What's so funny?" It was Neil. He was already half drunk.

Gary looked over at the laughing Sharon. "You tell him," he suggested to her. "I think I'll send a few more guys Stacy's way. I think I see the Schaefer brothers." He turned and walked off as Sharon began to explain to Neil exactly what it was that was so funny.

Frank Schaefer shoved open the swinging door to the locker room and ponderously squeezed his bulk through the doorway. He was followed closely by his younger brother, Simon. The Schaefer brothers were both extremely fat - each weighing over 250 pounds - and would have been fatter still if they had not been quite as tall as they were. Still, even at well over six feet, they were each enormously obese. They were a number of years older than the other students at Greenwood, having been frequently held back grades while their contemporaries advanced and graduated. Their size was matched only by their stupidity, and they had become something of a joke at Greenwood. Fortunately for them, that same size protected them from any real bullying, and they were generally left alone. That was why they were so surprised when Gary approached them at the dance and suggested that it might be a good idea for them to go into the locker room "to check things out".

They had been puzzled at this, but they found most things puzzling, so they just shrugged their shoulders and ambled into the locker room.

They were greeted by the sound of a female voice as they moved slowly down the short passageway leading to the main changing room. "Oh... yes... yes... yes."

The voice was low and hoarse with lust. The Schaefer brothers hurried forward as best they could and peered around the corner into the main part of the room. "Oh yes... fuck me... fuck me..." It was Stacy Richards! The brothers looked on in amazement.

Some guy was lying back on a bench while Stacy Richards - THE Stacy Richards - slid up and down on his hard cock. Her short skirt was pulled up around her waist, and they could clearly see where the cock slid in and out of her moist cunt.

"Oh... oh... oh..." She had stopped formulating words, and was just panting and whimpering as the pace sped up. Stacy's pretty, blue blouse was undone and she was frantically mauling her own tits. Her chest glistened with sweat as her lithe body bobbed up and down like a yo-yo on the impaling cock.

"Holy cow!" Simon, the younger of the two brothers, was unable to contain himself. Frank swatted him on the back of the head, but it was too late; the damage was done.

Stacy stopped bouncing and looked up in shock. Someone was watching! Beneath her, Paul struggled, trying to sit up. She fought to hold him down - he was just about to come! - but when he saw Frank and Simon standing there with their mouths gaping open, he cursed and scrambled back along the bench. His cock pulled out of Stacy's sopping pussy just before he came, spraying sperm onto her stomach and legs. "No!" Stacy grabbed at it and tried to push it back into her cunt before it stopped spraying; IT DIDN'T COUNT unless he came inside of her. But Paul was too quick, twisting out from under her and scrambling quickly to his feet. Flushing red with embarrassment, he pulled his pants up, pushed blindly past the Schaefer brothers and ran out the door and into the gym. There was a brief surge of bad rock music, and then the door slammed shut behind him with a loud bang. Stacy sat straddling the bench, panting with rage and frustration as the still-warm sperm dribbled down her stomach and coagulated in her pussy hair. IT DIDN'T COUNT! And she was still so horny... She heard a sound in front of her and looked up. The Schaefer brothers, mortified and confused, were turning to leave. "Wait," she cried. Frank turned and looked at her. 'Oh god', she thought, 'the Schaefer's.' She felt like crying as she regarded their obese bodies and vapid faces. Outwardly, however, she smiled her most seductive smile and - feeling like an absolute slut - gestured for the two brothers to come forward. Her left hand crept up and tweaked her nipple; an involuntary shudder of pleasure ran through her body. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad...

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"The Schaefer's?" Karen burst out laughing. "That's great. Just perfect." "Not only that," Gary continued, "but I think that the younger one has fallen in love with her. He's already asked her out for the weekend." He was lounging back in his seat with his feet up on his desk beside his computer. "And?" The question came from Neil. He sat up beside Karen on Gary's bed. "Well, she accepted," Sharon answered. "For five dollars, of course."

The four teenagers burst out laughing. "Wouldn't want them to think she was cheap, or anything like that." They were relaxing in Gary's bedroom, going over the updated database on Stacy's "conquests" and entering new information. Gary had been forced to add a new category for repeat performances. At the top of the list was Tim Myers and Dennis Baxter, two guys from Stacy's Recreation class; they had each fucked her sixteen times. "But the best part," Sharon continued as the laughter died down, "was that he wanted to take her out in public; to a movie or something." This brought fresh laughter. "So what did she do?" Karen asked. The normally shy girl was beginning to feel more confident around these people. They were her friends.

"What could she do? She came on all seductive and told him how she would rather spend her time with him alone; in private, so they could have more fun. So, he ended up inviting him to his place for a little 'fun'." Another round of laughter.

"So what about the latest round of pictures?" Neil asked a few moments later. "The first set did pretty well. Any luck with the new ones."

Gary smiled crookedly. "Oh yes," he answered. "'Cumshot' magazine brought the entire series we shot with her sucking you off. You're going to be famous; or at least your cock is going to be famous."

Neil was impressed. "Cool."

"How much?" Sharon asked.

"Six hundred," Gary answered. "'Young Things' also bought the set with her and the dildo. They'll also be publishing the photos from the first set in this month's issue. That's another \$750 to split up. There's a couple others as well."

Karen looked on unbelieving as Gary began to split up the money. She had only become involved in the group's activities after the first set of pictures had been taken, and she had no idea they were making so much money.

"Uh... guys?" She had an idea. "Maybe we can get Ashley involved in this somehow. I could use some of that money."

Gary looked up at her. "Would she do it? Would she pose for pictures?"

Karen thought for a moment. "Well, it might take some convincing; particularly if she knows they're going to be published..."

"Oh, don't tell her that," Sharon interrupted. "Stacy doesn't know. We got her to sign a release one night while she was high on Gary's drugs. All she knows is that we're taking the pictures for our own use."

A slow grin began to creep across Karen's face. That was possible... and she sure could use the money. "I'll see what I can do."

Gary nodded, and went back to counting the money. The four teenagers sat in silence for a few moments, contemplating their profits.

"So," Neil said eventually. "What's this I hear about another football party?"

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#### NUMBER 37-49

Stacy blew into the whistle, signalling the end of the Recreation class. At the "request" of a couple of her students (ie. Tim & Dennis) and with the subsequent "encouragement" of Sharon, she was dressed in an ultra-short tennis skirt which barely reached four inches below the bottom curves of her ass. She had been wearing this outfit to Rec class for the last few weeks, and the male contingent of the class had been enjoying the show, particularly when she had to bend down to pick up sports equipment. At first, she had been mortified, and flushed red every time she caught some of her students staring at her, but after a while she learned to ignore the attention,

or, at least, live with it. It might not have been so bad if she had been allowed to wear panties.

The class dispersed and Stacy wandered into the office space set aside for the Rec instructors and began to prepare for Tim and Dennis's inevitable visit. She had been fucking and sucking them the both of them weekly ever since first term. Closing the door behind her, Stacy walked quickly to her bag and pulled out a thermos. She did not want to be caught before she could drug herself with Gary's mixture. She knew it made her act like a slut, but what else could she do? Sex without the drugs was painful and humiliating; the drugs at least took care of the pain.

Stacy opened the thermos and took a drink, grimacing at the taste. Beer! She hated beer. During the last couple of months, Gary had, for

some reason, been varying the type of alcohol in which he mixed the drugs. At first, it had always been scotch whisky, but lately he had gone through vodka, gin, wine and now beer. Stacy had wanted to ask why, but was too scared. Of her three tormentors, Gary was by far the scariest. Sharon was a sadistic bitch and thoroughly enjoyed dominating Stacy and Neil was constantly forcing her to have sex with him, but there was something weird about Gary. Something dangerous. It was best just to do what he said and not ask questions.

She took another swallow of the beer and sat down on the desk as the drugs began to take their desired effect. Slowly, but inevitably, she felt the now familiar fog gradually envelop her brain, disassociating herself from her body. Just as inevitably, she felt the warm tingling begin in her groin and then spread steadily upwards into her breasts. One more drink and then she put the top back on the thermos; it was already over half empty, and she still had a session with the Schaefer brothers later that afternoon. Normally she wasn't worried about running out, but it had been a busy day; Pat Saunders had fucked her up the ass in the woods out behind the playing field on the way to school that morning, and Neil had forced her to give him a blow job under a desk in the Study Hall over lunch. Neither had counted. Just as Tim and Dennis wouldn't count. Just as the Schaefer's wouldn't count.

The feelings of arousal began to increase. She looked over at the clock, impatient. What was keeping them? If they didn't come soon, she would be late for the Schaefers. An involuntary shudder of pleasure ran through her body at the thought of the two obese brothers. They were disgustingly fat and stupid, but they could sure fuck! Stacy hung her head in shame as she remembered her slutty behaviour at their place last weekend, but she couldn't help it. She was still being blackmailed by Gary and his friends, and it was the drugs which made it possible for her to carry out her orders. She couldn't help it if she was turning into a slut. But the Schaefers...

Stacy glanced back up at the clock. Still no sign of the boys. She reached down, hiked up her short skirt and began to rub her fingers over her bare pussy...

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"Have you seen Stacy?"

Gary looked at his watch and smirked. "It's Friday," he answered. "She should be taking care of the her Rec class 'students' right about now."

"Oh, right," Sharon nodded, feeling dumb. Stacy had been having afternoon fuck sessions with those two guys in her class for months now. She would have to call her later.

"Well, how about Karen?" she asked. "I've got to confirm things for the football party next weekend. She has to make sure Ashley is available."

"I haven't... oh, there she is." Gary pointed towards the far end of the hallway. Karen had just come around the corner, followed closely by Ashley. The two girls seemed to be having something of an argument. Ashley seemed to be almost in tears about something. A few seconds later, Karen said something and pointed towards a side room - the biology lab. Ashley shook her head at first, but complied a few moments later, entering the room. Karen followed, shutting the door behind her. Sharon started walking down the hall towards the room, but Gary grabbed her arm and steered her to a different door.

"What are you doing?"

"There's a storage room with a small window leading into the biology lab," he explained. "We can get into it through here." He led her across a different classroom and through a doorway in the rear.

"Let's see what's happening."

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Mr. Edgar wandered about, confused and lost in the seemingly endless maze of narrow hallways behind the school gymnasium. As a math teacher, he had found little reason to venture into this part of the school in the past, and he was having more than a little difficulty trying to locate Mr. Sprauge, the football coach. The two teachers were in the course of their yearly argument regarding academic eligibility and certain members of the football team. This year, Sprauge was particularly upset about the failure of his star receiver to successfully complete Mr. Edgar's remedial math course, and was making life difficult for the entire faculty. Edgar was willing to compromise, but he had to find the football coach first.

The portly teacher came to a short hallway which ended in a closed door. It looked like an office. He ambled down it and, hoping to find someone to help him out, pushed open the door. He poked his head in to look around and his jaw dropped open with amazement. Sitting on the edge of the desk was Stacy Richards; the beautiful, blonde Stacy Richards who had done so well in his math class last term (highest marks ever!). The Stacy Richards who had sat in the front row of the class each Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, with her golden blonde hair and her angelic green eyes... She wasn't looking quite so angelic now.

She had hiked up her short, white skirt, exposing her naked crotch and was busily rubbing her left hand up and down over her pussy lips. Mr. Edgar could see moisture glistening in the thatch of blonde pussy hair. As he watched, she bunched three fingers together and began to

slide them in and out of her wet pussy. Her right hand was similarly occupied with her breasts, which were more or less fully exposed through the unfastened buttons of her blouse. She alternately cupped, squeezed and pinched her tits, paying particular attention to the firm nipples. Stacy's head was thrown back, her eyes closed and her slightly lips parted as she masturbated.

The shocked math teacher froze, paralysed with indecision. What to do? Should he rush in and put a stop to this outrageous behaviour? His mind said yes, but his quickly hardening cock argued otherwise. This situation could easily be mis-interpreted; the wave of politically correct hysteria presently sweeping through the schools could see him losing his position as a teacher at even the slightest hint of impropriety. Best not to go in, he decided. He could also slip away quietly, ignoring the incident altogether. His timid nature preferred this course of action, but he found that he was unable to draw himself away from his viewpoint in the doorway. He watched as Stacy brought herself closer and closer to an orgasm. What should he do? Best to slip away quietly, he finally decided. Mr. Edgar turned to leave, but just as he did, he heard footsteps behind him moving closer. Sounded like students. Caught! Panicked, he looked around; there was nowhere to go except...

Stacy felt the pleasure from her masturbation just begin to crest over into an orgasm when she heard a noise at the door. It must be Tim and Dennis. Despite her situation, she found herself welcoming their presence. She was so hot... She opened her eyes. OMIGOD!! It was Mr. Edgar, the math teacher. All feelings of arousal fled instantly as she froze in shock. What was he doing here? How long had he been watching? Had he seen... Recovering the power of movement, she quickly allowed her short skirt to fall down over her crotch, and - wiping her hand on her skirt to clear away the pussy juices - she pulled shut her blouse.

She watched as Mr. Edgar quickly shut the door behind himself and moved uncertainly towards her, his face flushed. He looked angry, or... something.

"M-mr. Edgar," she stammered, "I... I didn't know t-that..."

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Gary, moving slowly and quietly, brought his face up the small window set in the door between the biology lab class and the science storeroom. He peered through, and, a few seconds later, gestured for Sharon to join him at the window. Inside the biology lab, Karen and Ashley were talking, maybe arguing. Ashley was standing on one side of the room with her arms crossed in front of her, looking away from Karen, who was leaning up against a lab table on the other side of the room. Gary and Sharon could just hear their voices, but they were unable to make out any words, as the thick door effectively muffled the sound.

Ashley sounded angry. From where they watched, the two observers could see tears in her eyes. The beautiful brunette turned briefly to spit something out at Karen and then turned away again. Karen, on the other hand, was speaking slowly and soothingly; she seemed to be repeating



herself over and over again.

"What's going on?" Sharon whispered. "What are they fighting about?"

Gary shrugged. "Something about boys, I think. Karen's telling her not to do something."

A few second later, Karen straightened up and walked across the room towards the older girl. Ashley turned away, hiding behind a curtain of thick, reddish-brown hair, but Karen put her hand on the taller girl's shoulder and slowly turned her around. Ashley was crying now, her eyes red and swollen. She dropped her hands to her sides and said one word. Gary couldn't hear it, but he understood well enough: "please."

Karen slowly brought her hand up to the other girl's cheek and brushed away a tear. Ashley flinched, but did not pull away. They stood like this for a few moments, Ashley crying quietly and Karen tenderly running her fingers up and down the other girl's cheek. Then, slowly, Karen slipped her hand behind Ashley's head and brought her face down to meet her own in a kiss. The two girl's lips met...

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The math teacher cast around for something to say or do, but his tongue seemed frozen, thick and useless in his mouth. All he could think of was the picture Stacy had presented a few moments ago as he had spied upon her masturbating. Now, she was cringing away from him, eyes wide with fear. What was he going to do? If someone caught him in this position he would lose his job for sure.

Taking a deep breath, he gathered himself to speak. After all, he reasoned, he was the teacher here. He was not the one who had been caught doing something wrong. Her behaviour merited expulsion, at the very least. He had a responsibility! Why, it could have been one of the younger students who had stumbled across the little slut rather than a mature adult such as himself! This was a serious matter indeed. He opened his mouth to speak...

Stacy watched apprehensively as a number of expressions flitted across the Edgar's jowled face. He was beet red and trembling, but she could see that he was working himself up into a rage. In a moment, he would open his mouth and she would be finished at Greenwood.

"Miss Richards," he said at last, his voiced choking slightly. "I'm afraid I have n-no choice but to report this incident to the principal."

Stacy sagged back against the desk. That was it; she was screwed now. She almost burst into tears. To be caught now, after all this time...

Part 9...

Stacy sagged back against the desk. That was it; she was screwed now. She almost burst into tears. To be caught now, after all this time...

"This sort of behaviour is not to be tolerated on the schoolgrounds... or anywhere, for that matter. If someone else had walked in..." Stacy looked up at him as he continued to rant: the rumpled tweed suit; the thick grey mustache; the short, fat body... One chance. She glanced over at the thermos sitting near her on the desk, but there was no time for it.

"Mr. Edgar," she interrupted, slipping her tits out from under her

blouse and cupping them upwards towards him. The teacher stopped talking and stared at her, eyes bulging. "Do you like what you see?" Her voice was low and throaty as she tried to sound seductive.

Mr. Edgar could only stammer as he watched the beautiful teenage student cup and massage her firm young titties for him. Such beautiful tits! He felt himself being drawn in as she straightened up and began walking towards him. It had been so long! His hands itched to reach out and feel...

Stacy's confidence began to return as she watched his reactions. The math teacher had now stopped his attempts to speak and was staring intently at her breasts as she massaged them. Continuing to speak in a soft, seductive voice, she moved slowly towards him. "I bet you'd like to touch them," she invited. "They're yours, if you like." By this time, she was directly in front of him. She pushed her tits upwards, offering them to him. 'Please' she thought, 'please take them.' Slowly, his hands reached up and took hold of the offered tits. Stacy moved her hands away as he began knead them. Despite the fact that she felt no arousal (the previous effect of the drugs had fled completely), she forced herself to moan and writhe as though his hands on her tits was getting her hot. In fact, nothing of the sort was happening, but she couldn't let him know that. Without the drugs, the humiliation of the situation was almost overwhelming, but she couldn't give into it; she was fighting for her life at Greenwood, and she would do anything to keep Edgar from reporting her. She was going to give him the fuck of his life!

Dennis grumbled angrily at his friend Tim as he ran across the now empty gymnasium. If he hadn't wasted his time waiting for the jerk, he would be with Stacy now. As it was, Tim had not bothered to inform Dennis of the fact that he had a doctor's appointment after class, and wouldn't be able to make their weekly meeting with the bitch. Dennis would have to go on his own. Dennis slowed to a walk as he entered the passageway which led to the instructor's room. He hoped Stacy was still waiting. She'd better be. He saw as he approached that the door was open a crack; he pushed it open and peered inside.

Stacy was there, alright, but she wasn't waiting. She was perched, straddling, over Mr. Edgar (THE MATH TEACHER!) as he sat behind the desk. Stacy was facing outward, with her back towards the sweating teacher, so Dennis had an unobstructed view of her cunt as it slid up and down on Edgar's erect penis. He also had an unobstructed view of Stacy as she propelled herself up and down: her flushed, vacant face; her hands, one furiously mauling her exposed tits, which were already red and splotchy from abuse, and the other bent over her shoulder and wrapped around Edgar's neck to steady herself; her long, sleek legs, only partially hidden by the short gym-skirt, alternately flexing and relaxing as they moved her sleek body up and down on the math teacher's impaling cock.

She began to make small moaning sounds as she moved. A thin line of drool escaped from between her pouty lips and glistened on her chin as she squirmed and wriggled in lustful abandonment. Beads of sweat...

"What's going on?"

Dennis tore himself away from the activities in the small room and turned to see Ted Reed, a fellow member of the Rec class. Ha! Grinning, Dennis put his fingers to his lips and gestured for the

newcomer to put his eye to the crack in the door. Ted did so and almost choked with surprise.

Stacy seemed to be just mounting the crest of an intense orgasm. She stiffened up and leaned back, lifting her legs from the floor and bouncing energetically on the invading penis as it squelched in and out of her gobbling pussy. Behind her, Mr. Edgar grabbed her tits and held on tightly as she thrashed and wriggled her pleasure. Moments later, he too came, shooting his load straight into her sopping cunt. "Christ!"

Ted's mouth hung open as he watched the action. He was frozen in the doorway as Stacy slipped off the exhausted teacher's lap and slid to her knees in front of him. Brushing her blonde hair back from her face, she slipped her mouth over his now-flaccid cock and began sucking it clean. Mr. Edgar could only sit there and moan softly as the teenaged slut gently lapped at his penis and balls. Then, the inevitable happened. Unable to contain himself, Ted coughed. Stacy jerked her mouth away from the teacher's cock, banging her head against the underside of the desk. Mr. Edgar sprang to his feet, surprisingly limber for a man of his bulk, and rushed out of the room, his face beet red and his pants still down around his ankles. Ted saw him coming and stepped aside, but Dennis was bowled over as Mr. Edgar rushed down the hallway and out of sight.

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The kiss lasted for a long time. When it finally broke, Ashley was no longer crying, but, rather, had a strange look on her face. She stared at her blackmailer, eyes wide and lips slightly parted. Staring back, Karen brought her other hand up and slipped it under Ashley's blouse and up to her tits. Ashley tried to pull away, but Karen held her close. Karen began to massage Ashley's breasts under her blouse. The other girl began to tremble, but did not protest. Again, Karen drew Ashley down for a kiss. This time, Gary thought he saw Ashley parted her lips in anticipation, but he couldn't be sure.

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Stacy crouched on her knees, trying to remain silent as she hid under the desk. A thin trickle of sperm seeped out of her cunt and began to run down her leg, but she ignored it. Who was it? What had they seen? Furiously, she tried to do up the buttons of her blouse and straighten out her short skirt. Her heart almost stopped as she heard footsteps coming around the front of the desk. A face appeared: Dennis! Stacy trembled with relief; thank god it was someone who already knew about her. She started to back out from under the desk, but Dennis gestured for her to remain where she was. What was going on? She froze again as another set of footsteps crossed the room. Tim? It must be... No, it wasn't. Another boy... it was Ted Reed, another of her students, sat down in the same chair Mr. Edgar had occupied a few moments earlier. "Go ahead," she heard Dennis say. "She loves to suck." Stacy flushed with anger. That asshole! She started to back out again,

but then stopped as Ted pulled his rock-hard cock out of his pants. She stared at it; Ted was a student at Greenwood; he counted against her quota.

"C'mon, slut," Dennis ordered. He bent down and slapped her hard on her exposed ass. "I promised my friend here a blowjob."

Stacy gritted her teeth and tried in vain to recapture any vestige of the arousal she had been experiencing a few moments earlier with the math teacher, but there was nothing left. The intense orgasm along with the shock of being discovered seemed once again to have burned away the effects of drug. She thought longingly of the thermos sitting on top the desk; she had been lucky enough to get a swallow from it while Edgar had pulled down his pants, but it didn't look like she was going to get the chance here.

"Stacy." Dennis leaned over and looked at her from the front of the desk, "I don't have to make any threats, do I?"

Groaning her disgust, Stacy leaned forward and slipped her delicate fingers around the teenager's cock. Ted gasped and tensed up as her pink tongue flicked out and began licking the head. Her other hand went down to her cunt and began rubbing, trying to get herself hot enough to tolerate what she was going to have to do. Once again, she thought longingly about the thermos, but knew that even if she could get to it, she should save it for later on. She was due at the Schaefer's later that afternoon.

She slipped her experienced lips over Ted's leaking cock and began to suck in earnest. This shouldn't take her too long. Behind her, Dennis began to play with her ass...

"Do you remember Peter Jenkins?"

Sharon looked up from her position on the bed, where she was skimming through the latest National Enquirer. Gary was sitting in front of his computer with an old Greenwood school yearbook open in his lap.

"Huh?"

"Jenkins," Gary repeated. "Peter Jenkins. He was in grade twelve when

you were in grade nine." He turned and handed over the old school yearbook, pointing to a picture. "That guy. He went out for Stacy for a little while, but she broke up with him."

"Oh... that's right. He's the one who got so drunk at the Prom that he vomited all over himself; they had to throw him out."

"That's him." Gary took back the yearbook and gazed at the picture.

"He was fucked up over Stacy for months: a real basket case."

Sharon glanced back at her National Enquirer for a moment, but then turned her attention back to her boyfriend. He must have something in mind, even if it was taking him a little while to get to it. Gary just stared intently at the picture for a moment, saying nothing, and then went back to work on his computer.

"Yeah?" Maybe a little prodding was necessary.

"Nothing special." He hit the return button on his computer, saving some work. That done, he turned back to Sharon.

"I heard he was working up in Point Hope."

Sharon waited silently for the other shoe to drop. This time, it was not long in coming.

"I was just thinking," he mused, gazing again at the yearbook, "that maybe we're being a little greedy, keeping Stacy to ourselves up here

in Bakersville. Wouldn't it be nice if we could get him back together with his old high school flame... at least for one night?"

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The game was over, and the players had long since showered up and left the building. Biff Talbot lead his four friends into the now-deserted locker room. Together, they made up the first-string offensive line of the Greenwood Bulldogs, the football team at Greenwood High. As offensive linemen, they had not been picked for their speed, dexterity or intelligence. No; they occupied the position they did on the football team because of their size. The smallest of them, Billy Paxter - "little Bill" - was 6'2" and weighed just over 240 lbs. He received a lot of ribbing on the team because of his size.

Being an offensive lineman, even a good one, was not a particularly glamorous position. It was pretty much all grunt work - down-in-the-trenches" kind of stuff. The type of football that won games by attrition, not by spectacular solo efforts. Hence, all the attention... all the acclaim; all the girls went to the players in the flashier positions, such as the quarterbacks and wide receivers and the like. Until today.

Grinning his big, stupid grin, Biff flipped open the door to one of the unused lockers at the end of the wall.

"Holy shit!"

Stacy flinched at the sudden brightness. She had been crouched in the locker for almost three hours, ever since the end of the game when Barry Packard had hustled her into the locker room just as the final few moments expired on the clock. Barry hadn't been "using" her since early January, when he had started going steady with another girl at school, but he hadn't forgotten Stacy either. Particularly when Neil had "explained" a few things to him. At first, he had been a little depressed at the knowledge that Stacy had only been fucking him because she was being forced to do so. Then he got angry; the bitch wouldn't give him the time of day unless she had to! At least he was seeing Heather now. And, he thought, philosophically, Stacy was such a slut these days, he didn't really want to fuck her anymore. She was used goods. Who knew where her pussy had been?

Nevertheless, although he might not want her anymore for himself, he could always do favours for his buddies. Stacy hadn't complained when he told her what she was to do, not that it would have done her any good. He had been quite prepared to "insist". She had just stared down at the ground and nodded her head silently when he had told her what she was going to do; all five guys were "new meat" (Sharon's term). Each fuck would bring her closer to the end of her ordeal.

"Get in," Barry ordered, opening up a locker. "Hurry."

Stacy hesitated slightly - the locker was pretty small - but then she obeyed. Making certain she had a firm grip on the small flask (red wine this time), she wriggled ass-first into the locker, facing outwards. Her tight little cheerleading costume - green, sleeveless blouse and white skirt - rode up on her thighs, exposing her bare pussy to the open air. Barry, unable to resist, reached down and

fondled it, slipping his middle finger into her snatch and wiggling it around. Stacy had not yet ingested any of the wine, and thus squirmed away. Barry didn't notice. A few seconds later, Barry stepped back to take a look. Stacy was wedged backwards into the locker, crouched on the heels of her feet, with her thighs splayed open. 'Looking good' he thought. 'Just one more...'

"Hold on," he muttered, moving away out of Stacy's line of vision.

Stacy waited nervously. The game must be over by now. Any moment there would be...

"Here we are."

Barry had returned with a couple of handles for the barbells in the weight room. He had taken the weights off, leaving a foot long, hollow cylinder of shiny metal. "I know how hot you are," he muttered bending down. "I wouldn't want you to get lonely down here while you're waiting." He reached under her crotch and slowly inserted one of the metal handles into her dry pussy. Stacy squealed and tried to wriggle away, but the silver tube slid quickly up into her pussy until about eight inches of it was lost from view. Barry propped it up on the base of the locker. Stacy tried to push herself away, but was only able to move up about four inches before her head hit the top of the locker; she was now effectively impaled on the handle until she left the enclosed space. Leering, Barry passed the other handle to her.

"This is for your mouth," Barry instructed her. "When my buddies open this locker, I expect you to be tonguing it the way you sucked my cock a couple of months ago."

Stacy looked up at him from where she crouched in the locker, her eyes watering with humiliation. "If not," he continued, unrelenting, "I'll have to complain to Sharon." He smirked at her. "We wouldn't want that, would we?"

A tear trickled down Stacy's cheek as she nodded.

"How about a demonstration?" Barry suggested.

Stacy hesitated momentarily, but then brought the handle up to her mouth and began tonguing and licking it. She closed her eyes as she did so, trying to imagine that it was a real cock; that she was anywhere but here...

FLASH!

Stacy's eyes flew open. Barry was standing in front of her with a polaroid camera. He took another picture while she stared at him in panic and then lowered the camera.

"Looking good," he laughed.

Stacy turned red, but continued sucking hungrily at the handle as she had been ordered to do. Still laughing, Barry moved forward and slammed shut the locker door. Inside, Stacy pulled the handle out of her mouth and reached down for the thermos, wincing as the slight movement caused the unwelcome visitor in her pussy to grind itself in a little further.

Stacy had remained in the cramped confines of the locker for the next three hours before Biff and the rest of the linemen arrived. It had been quite hot in the locker room, particularly as the boys were showering, and by the end of the three hours, her entire body was damp with sweat. Her skirt was bunched up at her waist, and the shirt of the cheerleading outfit, never all that concealing in the first place, was now plastered to her upper body, clearly revealing her rock-hard

nipples.

She had gone through most of the wine in the thermos, more from thirst than anything else, and she was almost unbearably horny. More than once during her stay in the locker, she had been tempted to burst out and grab one of the cocks that floated so temptingly across her limited field of vision (there were small ventilation slits in the front of the locker), but common sense - and a good dose of fear - had won out. There were over twenty boys in the locker room. And she still had some pride left. Her sluttishness was not yet common knowledge at Greenwood, and she desperately wanted to keep it that way. Only another fifteen or so guys to fuck.

So, in the end, she had to settle for sliding up and down on the now-slippery handle Barry had stuck in her pussy. By doing so and wriggling around as much as she could, she managed to bring on several small orgasms in the course of the three hours as the boys of the football team showered and changed, unsuspecting, all around her. At one point, she was afraid that her moans would give her away, but she was unable to stop herself from sliding up and down on the metal "cock". So instead, she stuck the second handle in her mouth and began to suck, thus muffling any noises she might have made. Three hours passed slowly...

"Holy shit!"

Stacy Richards squinted up at the surprised football players from inside the locker. Her cheerleading outfit was plastered to her sweat-soaked body. Her pussy, clearly displayed from in between her splayed thighs, sucked hungrily at the shiny metal cylinder as she slide herself up and down on it. Her hands clutched another metal cylinder - barbell handle, Biff realized - and slid it suggestively in and out of her mouth, between her shiny, wet lips. Her charm bracelet jingled quietly as she moved the metal handle up and down, all the while making quiet moaning sounds around the object in her mouth. Biff tore his eyes away from this incredible sight and turned to his equally stunned friends.

"Guys," he chortled, "I give you... Stacy Richards. She's ours for the evening."

"Jesus."

They couldn't believe it. Stacy Richards; the Stacy Richards who had been flaunting herself in front of them from the sidelines these last three years; the Stacy Richards who had teased them, yet only gone out with the quarterbacks and other stars; the Stacy Richards of their dreams. Bill moved forward first, reaching into the locker.

"Wait," Biff told him. Barry had given him some instructions. "Just wait a second."

Biff moved forward and looked down on Stacy. She looked back up at him, tears of humiliation burning in her large, green eyes; tears of humiliation... and something else. He reached down and gently took away the barbell handle she had been sucking on. She moaned softly, but didn't resist as he slid it out from between her lips.

"Stacy," he said quietly, "is there something you'd like to say?"

Despite what Barry had told him, Biff still couldn't really believe she would say it. Once again, he was surprised.

"Fuck me," she moaned, eyes closing as she ground the second handled

deeper and deeper into her sopping pussy. "I need your cocks."  
This was enough for the guys, and they surged forward. Biff, however, held them back again. One more thing...  
"What do you say?" he asked the desperate girl.  
She looked up at him for a few moments, but then glanced away, unable to meet his eyes.  
"Please..."  
"What? I didn't hear you."  
Stacy looked up at him, lips parted. "Please," she said, her voice louder. "Please fuck me. I need you all; I n-need your cocks in me. Please fuck me... p-please shoot your sperm into me. Please..."  
And they did.  
Part 10...

Friday afternoon. 3:45 PM. The school cafeteria was almost empty, as most of the students at Greenwood had, typically, declined the opportunity to hang around the school after classes. The weekend beckoned, and, with the wonderful late spring weather, the beach was exerting its almost magnetic pull on the teenagers of Bakersville. The cafeteria was not, however, completely deserted. Three students sat, quietly talking, in a corner table. Gary, as usual, did most of the talking. He was also the one who handed out the latest round of money from the sale of pictures to various magazines. May had been a good month for them as far as picture sales went. Stacy had now unwittingly adorned the pages of over a dozen magazines across the country, with more to come. It was only a matter of time before she found out - before someone in Bakersville saw some of the pictures and spread the news - but they didn't really care. Their time with Stacy was nearly done anyway.  
The main cafeteria door opened and Karen walked in, followed closely by Ashley. The two girls had spent more and more time together over the last six weeks as Karen tightened her hold over the older girl. Like Stacy, Ashley was the victim of blackmail, and, as had been the case with Stacy, events had quickly moved beyond her control. Since the incident which put her in this vulnerable position in the first place, there had been any number of events which had deepened Karen's hold on her. All Ashley could think of was the end of the school year and freedom. All Karen could think of was how nice it was to have such a beautiful girl as Ashley as a personal slave, and how hard it would be to give it up. If she gave her up...  
"Wait here," Karen ordered, moving towards her three friends in the corner. Obediently, but not without a flash of anger, the tall brunette sat down on a bench near the door.  
"What's up?" Karen asked as she approached. "Neil said you wanted to meet."  
"Just the final plans for tomorrow night," Sharon told her. "The football party." She looked over at where Ashley sat, staring at the floor. "Everything's cool with her? Did she cause any problems?"  
Karen plopped herself down beside Neil. "No," she answered. "No problem.  
We'll be there."



"Great," Sharon smiled. "I've got the perfect costume picked out; the guys are gonna love her." Neil chuckled at this, but Karen only frowned.

"Listen," she said tentatively, "she's not gonna get... you know... hurt or anything like that?"

"Ha," Neil laughed. "Just get her brains fucked out. That's all."

"No," Karen ignored him. "I mean like, beaten, or... well... you know."

"Huh uh," Sharon shook her head. "Nothing like that. It's just a party; the guys on the football team at BCN just want to celebrate the end of the season with a big blow out. Stacy was such a big hit the last time, they want her back again." Sharon looked over at Gary who didn't react. "I offered them Ashley as well because you said you wanted the money.

They were willing to pay twice as much for two girls."

Karen looked undecided.

"There's not a problem with that, is there?" Gary asked. Karen looked over at Gary, meeting his intense stare for a few moments and then looking away.

"No," she answered finally. "I just don't want her hurt. That's all."

The table fell silent for a few moments.

"OK then," Sharon stated. "That's settled. You'll meet us at my house at eight to get the girls dressed."

"Yeah," Karen told her, getting to her feet. "We'll be there." This said, she turned and walked away towards the waiting Ashley. She walked straight past her and out the door. After a confused glance at the three teenagers in the corner, Ashley scrambled to her feet and followed her out.

"What was that all about?" Neil muttered.

"Dunno." Sharon shrugged her shoulders.

Gary laughed. His two friends turned towards him. "It's spring," he explained, grinning.

"Huh?"

"You know," Gary insisted. "Spring. Birds and bees and that sort of thing."

His two friends stared at him, blank looks on their faces. Gary sighed.

"I think our Karen is falling in love..."

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When Peter Jenkins had called to invite her to a party up in Point Hope, Stacy had jumped at the opportunity. Peter was two years older than her, and had been a senior at Greenwood when Stacy had been in grade ten. They had gone steady for a little while - about nine dates altogether - but Stacy had eventually dumped him when the current captain of the football team had expressed an interest in her. She had never really seen much of Peter after that; she knew that he didn't get another girlfriend that year, but never really thought about it. In her mind, the split-up had been entirely natural, and, if it bothered him, well... he'd just have to grow up a bit, wouldn't he? Thus, when he called her up, she had not hesitated to accept his

invitation. He had moved to the nearby town of Point Hope after graduation, where he worked as a clerk in a department store. For Stacy, it represented the chance to get away from her present situation; to go to a party with people who didn't know her and wouldn't force her to have sex with them. It sounded perfect. She even bought a new dress for the occasion. A sleeveless green dress with little ruffles on the shoulders. It matched her eyes perfectly, and, she thought, it made her look a bit like a little girl. She had made a mental note to do her hair up into a pony tail. It was the sort of look which used to drive the guys wild back when she had enjoyed that sort of teasing. Now, of course, she was obliged, as often as not, to put out, so the cock-teasing was not as much fun as it used to be. Not tonight, though. Tonight, she could be her old self. No one in Point Hope knew her or went to Greenwood. It would be just like old times.

Peter showed up at 7:00 PM as planned. It was almost a two hour drive to Point Hope, so he wanted to leave fairly early. She had been ready a good fifteen minutes before he arrived, but she still kept him waiting downstairs for almost half an hour; it was just like old times.

He hadn't changed much. Always rather short, the last couple of years had seen his body fill out quite a bit until he was beginning to show a bit of pudginess. Obviously, the clerking job at the department store didn't involve much physical activity.

Stacy felt herself sneering a bit as he led her out to his car - a somewhat battered Toyota Tercel; he was turning into a bit of a slob. The way he looked now, he couldn't be getting too much in the way of attention from any girls; that was probably why he had turned to his old high school girlfriend for a date at this party. No doubt he'd be so overwhelmed at having such a beautiful date as herself, he'd do whatever she wanted. What a schmuck!

The drive up the coast to Point Hope was not particularly scenic. The only real nice part of the drive came just as they passed by the Point Hope Maximum Security Penitentiary and crested the hill leading down into the town itself. Point Hope was a quiet little town nestled against the beach below the sandstone cliffs. The view from the top of the hill was little short of spectacular.

Stacy, however, had seen it all before. Besides, she was having too much fun annoying Peter. The two hour drive had been marked by small talk and long silences, but Stacy had quickly discovered that Peter was still easily upset by talk of their brief relationship a couple years earlier in high school. He had flushed an angry red when she had brought it up earlier in the trip, and had, since then, shut up almost entirely. Stacy, however, was enjoying herself immensely. She made a point of bringing it up as often as possible. By the time they arrived at the party, she was in a great mood, and Peter was quiet and sullen.

Peter fought to remain patient as he led Stacy up the walk to the front door. This had better be worth it! He had received a phone call from a guy - some kid - at Greenwood, telling him something about Stacy's recent activities, and about her "weakness" for alcohol. The caller had suggested that once she had a couple of drinks in her, she would do anything, and that 'wouldn't it be nice if the two of them

got back together for a date.'

Peter wasn't sure if he believed him, but it was worth a try. Stacy had been an incredible bitch to him in high school, and any chance to get even was well worth attempting. Since the phone call, he had been experiencing this recurring fantasy...

Stacy quickly realized that she was overdressed for the party. Most of the guests seemed to be blue collar workers from a local fish packing plant;

the majority of them wore nothing more fancy than jeans and tee-shirts. Stacy was the only woman there in a dress. She was also the only one young enough to be in high school.

Peter immediately brought her a glass of punch. When she sipped at it, Stacy discovered that it was a bit strong for her taste, but not too bad. She took another, longer, drink from the glass. The way things were shaping up at the party, a couple of drinks might well be called for. The whole idea of coming to this party with her ex-boyfriend was beginning to look like a bad idea. A little alcohol never hurt anyone; she finished the drink. Peter brought her another one and stood talking with her while she finished that one as well. He asked her to dance.

At first, everything went well. The music was up-tempo and the dancing was fun, despite her inappropriate dress. After a while, though, she began to feel a bit queasy. It must have been the punch. In fact, she realized suddenly, it felt a little like...

A new song started. A slow song.

Peter pulled her close, into his chest; instinctively, she draped her bare arms over his shoulders and they began to dance, slowly revolving around the dance floor. As they danced, Stacy began to experience the now-familiar feeling of disassociation as the room started to spin. She closed her eyes and held on to Peter's shoulders, trying to fight off the dizziness. The music and other noise in the room seemed to recede into the background. The drug! They had drugged her; Gary must have arranged this. Panicked, Stacy tried to disentangle herself, but she was unable to do so. Her limbs failed to respond properly, and it was all she could do to hold onto her dance partner in order to keep herself from sinking to the floor. Around and around they went, each revolution sending Stacy's perception spinning, until all she was aware of in the room was Peter. There was nothing else; just a blur of sound and a solid object she could hang onto. She felt the warm tingling begin in her groin.

"Stacy..."

A voice! Her eyes opened and struggled to focus on the face in front of her. Peter? Everything else was a blur.

"Do you remember going out with me in high school?"

Remember? Of course she remembered. Stacy nodded in the affirmative, still trying to focus. Why was he asking? The tingle in her groin grew stronger. "We went on nine dates," Peter murmured to her. "Nine dates..."

Stacy felt one of his hands leave her shoulder, slide down the back of her dress and latch onto her ass. She felt that she should make some objection, but... "And all I got was one kiss," the voice continued.

"One kiss..."

The blonde teenager tried to focus on what Peter was saying, but the

hand on her butt was making concentration difficult. She felt the hand pull away... "One kiss..." ...and begin pulling the zipper of her dress down her back. She tried to wriggle free, but her arms remained wrapped around Peter's shoulders. "I don't think that's fair. Do you?"

"N-no." Stacy discovered that she could speak, although even her own voice seemed distant to her. The zipper was now all the way down, and she could feel the cool air of the room on the small of her back. The feelings of arousal increased, spreading up from her crotch into her belly. Involuntarily, she ground her lower body against Peter as the dance continued.

"So," Peter continued, "we're going to work through those dates now. All nine of them. As they should have been."

Stacy tried to shake her head, no. Not here; she wanted him to take her to a bedroom or something... do what he wanted there, but not here. Not in front of...

"First date," he whispered, his tongue licking out at her ear. "A kiss would be nice."

Retreating from her ear, he brought his lips down against hers. She moaned softly, parting her lips, but he quickly pulled away. That felt so good, but not here. Please, not here. "Second date," he continued.

One of the straps of the dress slid off a shoulder. She tried to shrug it back on, but it just slipped further down her arm. "Maybe some tongue." This time, he thrust his tongue into her willing mouth. She kissed back, unable to do anything else as a wave of lust surged through her body. Oh god... The kiss broke, but the dance continued.

The dance continued through the "third date", where he copped a feel of her breasts through the fabric of her dress. Her nipples hardened immediately when he ran his fingers over them. On the "fourth date", he removed her bra, unclipping it from behind her back and sliding it off. By now, her dress had slid down off the other shoulder,

uncovering her back all the way down to the top of her ass and leaving her breasts partly exposed... More of the same on the "fifth date".

Some heavy necking while mauling at her now almost-naked breasts. By now, Stacy was panting with lust, all thought of where she was and who she was with having fled her mind. All that mattered was... The dance.

She missed what he said on the "sixth date", but by the end of the "seventh", she was grinding her crotch against him with abandon...

"Eight date," he panted, hoarse. "It's time you felt my cock." She didn't need to be told twice. Groaning with lust, she disentangled one arm from around his neck and reached down to his crotch. With an ease born of much practice, she pulled down the zipper and slide his cock free of his pants. It was already damp and rigid... "Ninth date," he gasped. "You need to be fucked." He looked at her. "Beg for it."

"Please fuck me," she moaned. "I need to be fucked. Please put your lovely cock into me, Peter. Fill me up. Please..."

Peter could take no more. He had been dreaming of this moment for over two years. With a cry, he shoved her back against the wall, pulled one of her legs up, and shoved his cock straight into her dripping pussy.

The dress, bunched up at the waist to allow him access to her pussy, fell forward, abandoning any pretence of covering her breasts. Stacy didn't care. Holding onto his shoulders, she wrapped both legs around Peter's ass and fucked him right back as he drove her again and again

against the wall. She drooled and slobbered and squirmed out her lust, all the time moaning and crying for him to fuck her harder. He obliged...

The last trembling vestige of orgasm rippled through her beaten body. Groggy, she looked up from the floor where she sat, propped against the wall. Just as she did so, a flash went off... and then another. Dazed, the blonde teenager looked around. She was lying, practically naked, against the wall, her green dress a shapeless mess around her waist. A group of people - the guests at the party - were standing around, looking down on her and laughing. A few of them had cameras and were using them. She heard the word "slut" and "whore" coming up in conversation. Were they talking about her?

Just as had happened before, the orgasm seemed to have burned away the effects of the drugs, leaving Stacy clear-headed and sober. Sobbing with embarrassment, she stumbled to her feet, breasts bobbing merrily, clutching her dress around her as the crowd laughed. Another flash went off.

The dress didn't seem torn, and she quickly had it back over her tits, but she was unable to zip it up on her own. Eyes downward, she pushed her way through the crowd, looking for... "Peter!"

He was standing with a couple of guys near the entrance to the kitchen, drinking a beer. "What... what are you..."

He looked over at her and smirked. "I'd heard that you had become quite a slut since my days at Greenwood. I just wanted to see if it was true."

Stacy stopped talking and began to cry. Yet another flash went off.

"Stop it," she cried, spinning around to strike out at whoever was taking the picture. The blow missed, however, and she succeeded only in letting the front of her dress flop forward again. Two pictures were taken of her re-exposed breasts before she was able to cover up. Furious, she turned back to Peter. "Take me home," she ordered. "Now."

Peter just laughed. "Are you kidding? Get home yourself, you slut." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a ten dollar bill. "Take this," he said, handing it to her. "There's a bus depot just down the block. There are buses to Bakersville every couple of hours."

Stunned, she held the ten dollar bill in her hand, staring at him. Eventually, she turned and stumbled through the laughing crowd to the door, still holding her unzipped dress around her. "And Stacy," Peter called out from behind her.

She turned; maybe he was going to give her a ride after all.

"You were worth every penny."

The crowd roared with laughter as Stacy, tears running down her face, ran out into the cool night air...

In due course, Stacy was elected Homecoming Queen. It was no great surprise, either to her or to anyone else. The only possible competition

- Ashley Peters - had more or less dropped out of the race in the last

month. Ashley no longer moved in the kinds of social circles from which Homecoming Queens were inevitably chosen. Stacy, for all of her sexual activities at Greenwood over the previous nine months, still enjoyed at least the appearance of respectability. While the word was

out among most of the guys at school (and more than a few of the girls) that Stacy was a cocksucking slut, nothing could really be proved, particularly to those who mattered: the teachers and parents. And, if Stacy dressed a little more daringly during the course of her senior year and went out on lots of dates, well... there was nothing really wrong with that as long as she kept her marks up in school (and her grades in her final year were the highest of any student ever to attend Greenwood). So, a little wildness - a little rebelliousness - was to be expected and tolerated. She was a teenager, after all. Indeed, her now well-known willingness to fuck and suck just about any guy in school

actually helped her get elected, in an odd sort of way.

There were six male students on the Grad Committee, which selected each year's Homecoming Queen. Stacy had fucked two of them during the course of the year, and - just before the crucial election - had given each of the six a blowjob out in the school parking lot.

Sharon's "suggestion". But Stacy didn't really mind too much at this point. After some of the things that had happened to her over the course of the school year, giving blowjobs in a parking lot was almost relaxing. She was more or less used (or at least resigned) to the taste of cock in her mouth, and only two of the guys actually made her swallow. She hated that. Against her will, she found herself almost thankful that they only wanted to fuck her mouth. Since the incident at the second football party, she had found herself once again unable to get excited when having sex. Just like in the beginning.

The fourth of the six guys she sucked off was the long-awaited number sixty-five. She hadn't even realized it at the time. It wasn't until she made her regular report to Gary that he had pointed this out to her. Number sixty-five! She was done; finished; no-longer-a-sex-toy. It was a dazed and confused Stacy who had admitted Gary and Sharon to her house later that same afternoon. She had been almost certain that they would not release her as they had promised, but that seemed to be exactly what was happening. Right after school, the two blackmailers brought over a small box of material - four videotapes and a large number of still pictures - and handed them over without comment. Gary even gave her advance copies of her final exams. She had almost forgotten about them, and was certainly not prepared. She was so surprised, she found herself feeling genuinely thankful.

That feeling, however, only lasted until they had gone and she had a chance to go through the material. She quickly rediscovered that familiar sense of loathing for her (former) tormentors. Before the hour was up, she had burned the pictures and the videotape lay in crumpled ribbons at her feet. No one was ever going to have that kind of power over her again! She had also ripped off the charm bracelet, but in doing so had involuntarily sent the shiny "F"s sailing loose across her bedroom. She had located many of them, but they still turned up once in a while, in a pillow or under a seat cushion. No matter.

The remaining two weeks of school shot by. Exams were held the week of the 21st of June. With the aid of the stolen exam papers, the first four exams were a breeze. During the fifth exam, however...

Stacy stared down at the exam paper, eyes widening with shock. This wasn't the test she had prepared! Desperate, she reread the questions,

even flipping the paper over to make certain that she hadn't missed something. Nothing. The questions didn't even begin to resemble those that Gary had supplied her with. Gary! This must be his idea of a joke. She felt tears of rage well up inside her and spill over onto her face, but there was nothing she could do about it now. Or ever, for that matter. She knew that she lacked the will to confront Gary with this latest torment. Besides, what could she do about it? She doubted that the school authorities would have much sympathy for her plight. Feeling sick to her stomach, she got down to work, answering the questions as best she could. By the end of the exam, she felt that she had done pretty well, despite her lack of preparation; the material wasn't that difficult, and she had always considered herself smarter than most of the other students at Greenwood anyway... The final two exams went fine; the supplied exam papers matched exactly the ones supplied to her by Gary. Stacy was almost willing to believe that the incident had been an honest mistake on Gary's part. Almost. Not that it mattered.

It had now been over a week since she had fucked anybody. A whole, wonderful week of doing and saying whatever she wanted! She'd had to refuse quite a number of "offers", but that was turning out to be almost enjoyable. It gave her no small amount of satisfaction to let those jerks know exactly what she thought about them. In fact, she was beginning to feel more and more like her old self every day.

The same, however, could not be said of Ashley. She was a new person. Physically, the change was obvious. Gone was the long, brown hair and girlish clothing. Instead, she now sported a mannish crew cut, combed back and gelled on top and had gotten both of her ears triple-pierced. She even wore a shiny, silver stud in her nose. The clothing was different too. No more dresses and frilly blouses; she now basically wore only black jeans and dark tee-shirts. Just the same as Karen. The changes were more than just physical. After the night of the football party at BCN, Ashley had quickly drifted away from her old group of friends and started spending all of her time with Karen. Eventually, they became inseparable, and could often be seen holding hands and even - the rumour went - kissing in the woods behind the school. Ashley soon joined her girlfriend in social isolation, but she didn't seem to mind much. Neither did Karen.

On the Monday of the last week of school, Stacy had resolved herself to attempt to talk to her old friend, but when she tried to locate her, she quickly found out that Ashley and Karen had left school a week early (right after exams) to go on a camping trip together. Ashley's puzzled mother had confided to Stacy that Ashley had withdrawn her application for a position at a major university back east and, over the strenuous objections of her father, had instead decided to attend college at BCN next year. Her parents were both mystified at this change of plans. Stacy could have told her why, but kept her silence. Karen had one more year of highschool in Bakersville...

\*\*\*\*\*

"Excuse me, Ms. Peabody?"

Stacy stood in front of the secretary's desk, clutching the pink slip which had informed her of the principal's wish to see her "immediately". The last week of classes was more of a formality than anything else - checking in books and materials - so there had been no problem in leaving the class to answer the principal's summons. His secretary, a tall, thin woman with her gray hair pulled back in a severe bun at the back of her head, took the slip and stared at it.

"And you are Stacy Richards?"

The older woman stared suspiciously at the teenager, as if suspecting her of being an imposter.

'Yeah,' Stacy thought to herself sarcastically, 'like I really want to be here'.

"Yes," she answered politely. "Dr. Grossman wants to see me?"

'Probably something about being this year's Homecoming Queen,' she mused.

"So it would appear." The secretary picked up the phone, pushed a button and spoke into it.

"A Stacy Richards here to see you, sir." There were a few moments of silence and then she nodded briskly.

"Go right in; he's expecting you."

Stacy entered the principal's large office. It was set in the back of the school building, giving it a good view of the playing fields and then the forest stretching out behind Greenwood. The principal, Dr. Randall Grossman, sat behind a large oak desk. He had short, jet black hair which had recently begun the long retreat up his forehead. His large, dark eyes peered out from behind his bifocals. Despite this seemingly mild appearance, the principal had a strong physical presence about him. He had experienced little or no trouble in intimidating the students (and staff, for that matter) into compliance with his policies. As a result of his abilities, Greenwood regularly had one of the highest academic records in the state.

The students, of course, hated and feared him, and Stacy was no exception. Grossman did not hesitate to expel a student when he saw the need and had even, on one memorable and well-publicized occasion, been instrumental in the criminal conviction of a student who had been caught with a stolen exam paper. Stacy, perhaps better than anyone, remembered this.

"Miss Richards." His voice was high; surprisingly effeminate.

"Please... have a seat."

Stacy sat as the school principal opened a white folder and removed a sheet of paper from it. He glanced at the form and then looked up at her.

"Stacy," he began, "your marks this year have been the best we've ever seen from a student at Greenwood. I've personally never come across such a consistently brilliant student."

"Thank you," Stacy said, breathing a small sigh of relief. She hadn't been expecting trouble, but you never knew.

"That's why I was so surprised at your History test," the principal continued.

"What?"

"History 12," he explained, handing the piece of paper over to her. It was the cover sheet of her exam paper in the History class; the one Gary had given her the wrong paper for. It had a "49" marked on top of



it in bright red pen.

Forty-nine!

Stacy felt like she was going to throw up. That was a failing grade. Her hand trembled as she held the sheet. After everything that had happened to her this year; and now...

"Summer school," Dr. Grossman said, as if reading her mind. "If you fail a course, you have to make it up over the summer."

He stared at her as she turned pale. "You know that, don't you?"

White as a sheet, Stacy nodded, not trusting herself to speak. Summer school!!!

A tiny smile played across Dr. Grossman's mild face as he noted the girl's reactions. They were perfect; and so was she. A real find. Ever since Mr. Edgar's tearful confession the previous week, Grossman had been looking forward to this moment. He had always fantasized about something like this - getting control of one of the beautiful young sluts in his school and imposing his "tastes" on one of them - but he had never dared try it before now. There was too much at risk: his

job, his career, his reputation; and there was always The Club whenever he felt the need to indulge himself. The Club! What wonderful things they could think of to do with this teenage slut; what wonderful things they WOULD do to her... if his plan worked. And it should. It should work. If Edgar's description of events was at all accurate, there was every reason to believe that his plan would unfold exactly as he hoped. First, however, he wanted to test the water. See how she reacted...

Stacy thought quickly. She couldn't go to summer school. She just couldn't! Taking a deep breath, the teenager regained control of herself and looked over at the principal. He sat staring at her appraisingly. Maybe. It worked with Edgar; why not with...

"Young lady," he said sternly, breaking the silence, "is there anything you wish to say or... do to convince me to exercise my discretionary powers in favour of giving you a passing grade." He stared at her from behind his bifocals.

Part 11...

"I can do that, you know."

Stacy wasn't stupid. She knew what he was talking about. "S-sir," she stammered, flushing red. "I'll do whatever I have to do to pass; whatever you w-want." The blonde teenager fought down the bile which rose in her lovely throat. She was supposed to be finished with this bullshit.

Dr. Grossman raised an eyebrow. "Anything?"

"Yes sir," she answered quietly.

They understood each other. Moving suddenly, the school principal leaned forward in his chair and punched a button on his intercom. "Ms. Peabody," he ordered. "Hold all my calls and visitors for the next two hours. And call Gardner to the office. He can wait out there." The secretary acknowledged the orders.

Dr. Grossman sat back in his chair and stared over at the trembling teenager. She looked so delicious, sitting there in her tight jeans and pink top, her beautiful blonde hair done up in a long braid.

"OK Stacy," he said. "Here's the deal." He got to his feet and walked slowly across the room towards her. "Stand up against the desk." She

did as ordered. The large oak desk came up to just below her crotch. "Now, bend over and grab these drawer handles." Once again, Stacy did as ordered. She was now bent over the desktop, stretched out with her hands just reaching the two drawer handles. "Now," the principal continued, running his gaze appreciatively up and down her body "if you can hold that position for the next two hours, you pass. But if, for any reason, you let go of those handles... well, we'll be seeing you at summer school. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir," Stacy answered quietly. Her fingers curled tightly around the small metal handles as she prepared herself for the worst. A tear trickled down one cheek and fell onto the desktop. She had a pretty good idea of what would soon be happening...

Harold Gardner was a big man. He was also a black man. He worked as a janitor and general handyman at Greenwood High, a position he had held ever since he had been personally hired by the school principal, Dr. Grossman. He and Grossman went back a long ways. They had similar tastes in certain... activities, and both enjoyed membership in an exclusive Club. When Gardner had lost his job at City Hall because of his criminal record, Grossman had been happy to take him in and provide him with employment. No blackmail or anything like that; just one friend doing another friend a favour.

Gardner looked over at Ms. Peabody and smiled. The secretary looked over and acknowledged his smile. She too was a personal appointee of Dr. Grossman and, like Gardner, she was a member of the Club. Grossman had discussed his plans for Stacy with her a couple of days earlier and, although she was somewhat concerned about the risks, she had agreed to go along with it. If it worked...

A rhythmic slapping sound came from the principal's office. It had been going on for about twenty minutes now, and showed no sign of abating. Gardner and Peabody looked at each other and smirked; they had a pretty good idea of what was happening in there. Five minutes later, the sound stopped. The door to the principal's office opened and Grossman looked out. His face was flushed red, and damp with sweat.

"Ah, Mr. Gardner," he said. "I wonder if you could help me with a little 'matter' in here."

"Ah'm sure ah can," Gardner answered, getting to his feet.

"Is there anything I can do," Peabody asked hopefully.

Grossman shook his head. "I'm afraid I need you out here," he answered. "You have to hold my calls and keep people out of the office for the next little while. Later though..." He smiled promised much as he closed the door.

Ms. Peabody shivered and reached one hand down to massage her pussy as she imagined what was going on in the office.

Gardner didn't have to imagine any more.

The blonde slut (as he thought of her) was lying across the oak desk, grasping onto a couple of drawer handles as if her life depended upon it. The janitor was somewhat surprised to see that she was not tied down in any way, but said nothing. Grossman knew what he was doing. Her jeans and panties were down around her ankles, and her tight teenage ass was beet red from the spanking the principal had been administering to her for the last half hour or so.

"Harold," Grossman said, puffing slightly from his exertions. "Stacy

here was just saying how much she fancied sucking on a black cock while I spanked her." He brought his hand down sharply on the teenager's quivering ass. "Isn't that right Miss Richards?"

Stacy flinched and squirmed when he hit her, but her hands remained tight around the door handles. "Y-yes sir," she answered, gritting her teeth against the pain. "I'm afraid I m-might make too much noise while... while being spanked..."

"And..."

Stacy groaned with humiliation.

"S-sir..." This was addressed to the janitor. "Would you put your cock in my mouth please? If I have a c-cock to suck on... I won't make so much n-noise." The blonde teenager squirmed on the desk as Grossman fondled her beet red ass.

"Well Harold," the principal asked. "Will you help her out?"

Gardner, his cock already straining against his overalls, quickly agreed. In a flash, he was seated behind Grossman's desk, pulling out his large, black cock and feeding it to the crying teenager as bent over in the desk in front of him. She gagged, but soon accommodated it in her mouth.

"Suck it, bitch," he ordered, cuffing her on the side of the face.

Obediently, she began to bob her head up and down. Hands still firmly gripping the drawer handles, she began to slurp hungrily at his cock. She was good. "Feels good, you little cocksucker," he complimented her.

"You've sucked plenty of cock before."

Stacy groaned in humiliation as she slid her mouth up and down on his cock, but didn't pull away. She just kept sucking. Even when Grossman continued the spanking, this time using a wooden yardstick, whacking away at her ass until it was bruised red and blue. Even when Gardner quickly came, spurting cum into her sucking mouth and down her throat; she just sucked him dry and then kept on sucking as he became hard again. Even when Grossman, panting and gasping from his sadistic exertions, finally stopped whacking her flaming bottom with the yardstick and jammed his near-bursting cock first into her dry cunt, and then into her tight asshole. She just kept sucking and squirming until finally, both men let loose, flooding her with cum from both ends. Even then, she just kept sucking until finally Gardner pulled out of her mouth.

Grossman, exhausted, leaned against the desk. His face had turned an alarming shade of red, but there was a vicious smile on his face.

"OK," he said. "That's enough. You can let go now."

Stacy tried, but her hands were so tightly wrapped around the handles that it took her several seconds to tear them loose. Groaning with pain and humiliation, she brought one hand up and wiped ineffectually at the glistening sperm which covered her lower face. The two men watched as she then bent over and slowly pulled her panties and then jeans over her shining red ass, covering the thin trail of sperm which trickled down her thigh. Finally, she was dressed. She turned her tear-stained face towards the principal.

"T-the test," she mumbled, dazed with pain.

Grossman reached over, grabbed a pen and wrote a large "Pass" on top of it. "Well done, Stacy," he congratulated her, still gasping. "I just wish all of the students here at Greenwood were as dedicated as

you are."

Stacy ignored the taunt. Moving carefully, she turned and limped out of the office.

"Jesus," Gardner muttered. "Yer jus' gonna let her walk outta here like that? What a loss. Everyone in the Club will wanna hear 'bout..."

"The Club will meet her soon enough," Grossman chuckled, reaching into a desk drawer and pulling out a cassette tape. "We're not done with her yet..."

Friday, the second of July. The last day of school at Greenwood High. The school seemed quiet, already half-deserted as a good proportion of the students were skipping the final hours in favour of starting their summer holiday a day early. Really, the only reason to attend the last day was to pick up the school yearbook and say goodbye to one's friends. The yearbook was mailed out anyway, and, with more kids on the beach than in the school, there was no real reason to say goodbye.

Stacy Richards walked slowly along the quiet hallway, rucksack full of gym equipment in one hand and school yearbook in the other. Still in pain from the severe spanking administered to her earlier in the week, she would have preferred to have stayed at home, but her duties as a Rec Instructor had required her presence at school to check through and store the class sports equipment. Actually, she would have preferred to be on the beach with her friends, but her ass was in no shape for a swimsuit. Maybe in a couple of weeks, but not now. She

walked up to her locker and began to dial the combination on the lock when she became aware of a giggling behind her. Turning, she saw three girls, from a lower grade, looking at her and laughing. One of them was pointing to an open yearbook.

"What's so funny?" she asked, angry. She wasn't used to being treated this way by her social inferiors at school. Unintimidated, the girls just laughed and continued down the hall. Puzzled, she watched them go. What was going on? Stacy looked around. Suddenly paranoid, she noticed that others were looking at her as well. Some of them were just grinning at her while others flipped through their yearbooks, laughing and whispering. The seemingly deserted school hallway now seemed full of laughing, whispering students. What was happening? Locker forgotten, Stacy placed her rucksack on the floor and opened the yearbook. Everything seemed normal as she flipped quickly through the book; just the typical high school yearbook... The page flipped open to the sports section.

"Oh god..." Stacy sagged up against her locker, suddenly weak.

WOULD STACY RICHARDS PLEASE REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (the PA system)

Stacy ignored it, staring at the picture which covered half a page. It was under the heading "Swim Club", but rather than the entire team, it just displayed Stacy. She was posed in a swimsuit; one of the too-small swimsuits Sharon had forced her to wear during the second photo session. The suit had been soaked, and her nipples clearly showed through the thin fabric of the suit as she knelt, knees widely spread, licking a large, pink dildo and staring seductively at the camera. Gary!! That bastard. She didn't know how he had managed it,

but it was him alright. Panicking, she began to turn the pages to the "R" section of the grade twelves. If he had put that picture in the sports section, what had he...

It was her picture; and she recognized it. She was dressed in the tight, pink rubber dress Sharon had produced for the first photo session, leaning forward, hands pushing up her breasts and a look of passion - no, lust - on her beautiful face. She looked like a complete slut. Her stunned gaze slipped down to the text below the picture: 'Girl most likely to... do just about anything.' Under that was a tiny "happy-face" with the sentence 'I fucked Stacy Richards' beside it. Horrified, the panicking teenager scanned the remaining pictures on the page. Under the photograph of Terry Rhymer was three of the "happy-faces"; she had fucked him three times during the year. The pages of the book flipped through her fingers, coming to rest in the grade eight section; there were rows and rows of "happy-faces" under Tim Myers' picture. The yearbook slid out of her numb fingers and dropped to the floor as the full realization of what had happened sunk into her. During the course of her torment, she had been sustained by one goal: to keep what was happening secret - to maintain her position at Greenwood. Now... There must be a way. Most of the yearbooks hadn't been given out yet. If she acted quickly, she could stop the mailout and maybe even get most if not all of the books recalled.

WOULD STACY RICHARDS PLEASE REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE! (the PA system)

She didn't even hear it. Moving as fast as she could, she raced through the combination on her locker and jerked it open, determined to stow the rucksack and get to the principal's office as soon as possible. As she did so, however, a small stack of material - glossy magazines - slid out onto the hallway floor. Alarmed, Stacy reached down and picked one up. It was a porn magazine, entitled CUMSHOT and it had... For the second time in as many minutes Stacy felt herself unable to breath as panic swept through her body. She was on the cover of the magazine! The full-colour photograph featured a sharp close-up of her face as she lapped hungrily at a string of cum running from her mouth to a large cock. Neil's cock, she realized, recognizing the scene.

"What's this?"

It was another student - Stephanie Bowers; Stacy had stolen her boyfriend in grade ten. The girl bent over to pick up a magazine: YOUNG THINGS.

"Give me that," Stacy yelled, inadvertently attracting the attention of a number of other nearby students. She grabbed the magazine out of the other girl's hand and tossed it into her locker. Then she dropped to her knees and gathered up the remaining publications - TEENAGE SLUTS, CUMHUNGRY - and likewise put them away.

WOULD STACY RICHARDS PLEASE REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE! (the PA system)

She didn't even notice it. Stacy slammed the locker shut and locked it. A small crowd of students had gathered around to see what the fuss was, but the magazines were safely locked away.

"Fuck off," she cried at them, tears running down her face. They watched silently as she ran off in the direction of the main office.

She had to get those yearbooks recalled! Stephanie watched her go,

puzzled. Usually Stacy was so cool; so superior. What had happened to her? She gazed speculatively at Stacy's locker. It looked like she'd never...

Wait a moment. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a small slip of paper with three numbers on it. She had found it stuffed into her locker that morning. The numbers looked like combination numbers. Could it be? As she moved forward to try it out, she noticed two or three of the other students in the crowd were also pulling out small pieces of paper and looking at them. With mounting excitement, Stephanie began to enter the numbers...

Stacy barged through the door and charged into the school head office. No one was there. Frantic, she ran behind the counter and into the administrative section of the school. There must be someone...

"There you are!" It was Ms. Peabody. She walked angrily towards the panicked teenager. "We've been calling you to the office for ten minutes now. Are you deaf?"

"Ms. Peabody," Stacy began, ignoring the secretary's tirade, "you've got to recall the yearbooks. Someone has..."

She was cut off as Ms. Peabody grabbed her by the ear and began dragging her down the hall towards the principal's office.

"Oww..." Stacy stumbled along behind her, trying to pull away but the pain was too much. Finally, they arrived at the office. The secretary knocked on the door and then pushed it open without waiting for an acknowledgment. She used her grip on Stacy's reddened ear to propel the reluctant teenager into the office and then entered behind her, closing the door. Rubbing her ear, Stacy looked around. Dr. Grossman sat behind the desk, a serious look on his face.

"Stacy," he said, "sit down."

"Sir," Stacy began breathlessly, "The yearbook... you have to..."

"SIT DOWN!"

Startled, Stacy fell silent and dropped into the seat directly opposite the desk.

"This is a very serious matter," the principal explained grimly. "I've just had some important evidence brought to my attention regarding your academic performance this year."

"S-sir?"

Stacy flinched as she felt a hand at her shoulder. It was Ms. Peabody, standing behind the chair.

"I found this cassette tape in my mailbox," Grossman continued, pulling a small tape deck out of his desk. "Listen."

He punched the play button. Stacy listened. Almost at once, she heard the sound of her own voice:

"I heard you have a copy of next week's English exam. Is that true?"

"Why do you want to know?"

Stacy felt an absurd sense of déjà vu as she listened in panicked disbelief.

"I want a copy of that exam. I need it for this weekend." "Stacy, you mean you want a copy of a stolen exam paper so you can cheat on next Monday's English test." "Yes. I need it to pass the exam... I'll pay money. How about \$100? Please?" "Alright, I'll sell you the stolen exam paper for \$100. Will that be all, Stacy, or do you want any more exams? I can probably get whatever you want." "That sounds great. I'll buy whatever you can get for the classes I'm in. \$100 a paper."

"It's a deal. Meet me tomorrow after school in the woodworking shop. It should be deserted on Friday afternoon... Don't forget the money." The hissing stopped for a second as the tape fell silent. Stacy struggled to get to her feet, but the secretary held her down, her hand firmly pressing down on the teenager's shoulder. "There's more," she whispered menacingly.

Stacy knew that. She knew exactly what was coming. Trembling, she listened as the voices began once again:

"Well," her voice again, "Do you have it?" "I've got it. One stolen English exam paper for Stacy Richards. And my money?"

There was a brief moment of silence, and then the sound of paper being crinkled.

"It's all there; you don't have to worry about that... now or in the future." "Fine, it's all yours." "Thanks."

The voices fell silent, and she heard a door slam: the shop door slamming when she left the room. The hiss slowly faded as the recording came to halt. Stacy went limp, yearbook forgotten; magazines forgotten... Nothing mattered anymore. How could that one incident of cheating on the math test have brought her to this? She brought her hands up to cover her face. The school principal hit the "stop" button. He looked over at her, struggling to hold back a smile.

"I think you know what this means young lady," he told her.

She knew. Oh... she knew. Ms. Peabody, still keeping her hand firmly on the blonde teenager's shoulder, bent down put her lips to Stacy's ear.

"Summerschool," she whispered. Her tongue flicked out and licked at Stacy's ear.

"I'm sure," Dr. Grossman continued, watching with glee as his secretary slid her hands down and began mauing the breasts of the unresisting teenager, "that this summer will be a learning experience for all of us..."

THE END???