

The Daring Naughty Sleepover 8 (Authoritarian, Mff, exhibitionist, school, young)

Summary – Cindy and Stacy get into a little trouble at school.

Previous Chapter Summary – Cindy and Stacy had fun with their new friend Kevin.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone any sexual activity among persons under 18 in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

Cindy grabbed a book from her school locker and closed it with a slam. “So, did you do it, whore?” she asked her friend Stacy.

“You bet I did,” Stacy replied, retrieving her books as well. “I ditched my panties after first period and gave Mr. Clunker a little show during Chemistry class. We had lecture all period so he had to stand up in front of everybody. I was fun watching him try to hide his boner!” She giggled.

“You didn’t have to show him your twat, he could your tits right through that blouse.” Cindy reprimanded.

“Hey! You’re the slut that decided we should turn ‘no bra weekend’ into ‘no bras at school!’ Your big bazoombas are almost falling out of your halter top!”

“Yeah, but I was—”

“Looking good, Cindy, Stacy!” a large boy wearing a football jersey shouted as he walked by, staring at Cindy’s breasts, short skirt, and Stacy’s protruding nipples.

“Hey Chad!” Stacy called. Then she whispered to Cindy. “Did you see the lump in his pants? His cock must be huge!”

“How’d you like to be in the boy’s locker room after a game? Studs galore!” Cindy said.

“Shit, I’d cream my panties, if I was wearing any,” Stacy said.

“I’ve had three guys ask me out this week,” Cindy said.

“Me too! Do you want to double-date at the---”

Suddenly, an announcement came over the school’s PA system. “Would Cindy Chatterley and Stacy Slusher please come to the Vice-Principal’s office. Immediately.”

“What the fuck does he want us for?” Cindy said, feeling a little nervous. “We didn’t do anything.”

“Probably wants to stare at our tits, like all the other pervs in this school,” Stacy said.

“Think he knows about us blowing Kevin in his office?”

“Now, how would he know that? He was on the other side of the school.”

“Yeah, you’re right.”

“Please sit down, girls,” Vice-Principal Keizer said. He motioned to the chairs in front of his desk. After Cindy and Stacy sat down, he stood in front of them a moment. His crotch was directly at their eye-level. He had an obvious bulge behind his zipper.

“This isn’t easy for me, so I’ll just get it out,” he began. “A lot of teachers and students have noticed the recent changes in you,” he said. “You seem to have much more confidence than you did at the beginning of the school year, and you’ve begun dressing a little differently too. Maybe a bit more provocatively, should we say?” He gazed down at Cindy’s cleavage and Stacy’s near see-through blouse.

“Yeah, so what?” Stacy said. “We don’t have a dress code here, do we?”

“No,” he replied. “We don’t. However, some of the students and teachers have sometimes been distracted by your appearance.”

“It’s their fault for looking at us though, isn’t it?” Cindy said. “I mean, we shouldn’t have to dress like frumpy old maids, just to—”

“No, no,” Mr. Keizer said. “It’s not just how you dress, but...”

“But...? But what?” Stacy asked.

“Well, Stacy,” Mr. Keizer began. He cleared his throat. “For example, Mr. Clinker said you’ve been flashing him your...” He turned red.

“My what?” Stacy said. “My tits? I did not! But it’s his fault for staring at them, just like you’re doing now!”

Mr. Keizer pulled his gaze away from Stacy’s firm, gorgeous, teenage breasts. Realizing the conversation was getting him aroused, he retreated to the safety behind his desk and sat in his chair.

“Sorry. See what I said about your attire being distracting?” Mr. Keizer said, trying place the blame on Stacy for him staring at her tits. “But, no. It was not your breasts. Mr. Clinker said...”

He cleared his throat again. “Mr. Clinker said you were not wearing panties this morning, Stacy. And you seemed to be displaying your...,” He searched for the right word.

“My pussy? My twat? My little fuzzy-bunny? My cunt?” Stacy said, feigning anger. Cindy tried to calm her down, to no avail. “He said I was flashing my cunt at him?”

“Well, yes. To put it bluntly. He said you were flashing your cunt at him. All period.” Mr. Keizer was used to vulgarities from his students, and found by repeating them, he could shock them into silence.

Stacy crossed her arms, which resulted in her breasts being pushed up even firmer against the thin material.

“Can I ask if you are wearing underwear today, Miss Slusher?”

“Oh, do you want to see my cunt too?” Stacy asked. She stood up and pulled up her skirt. Her nearly bald pussy shone under the bright florescent lights.

First, Mr. Keizer stared. Then, his mouth opened slightly. He licked his lips and took a deep, shaking, breath. Then, he realized he was staring at a student’s naked twat. “Now, now. No cause for getting vulgar, Miss Slusher.”

“Are you calling my pussy vulgar?” Stacy said, her voice rising. She was trying to act outraged, hoping they might get out of this predicament.

“No, no. You have a very nice pussy, Stacy,” Mr. Keizer said. “I can see why Mr. Clinker became aroused in class. Now, please put your skirt down.”

Stacy dropped her skirt, trying not to smile. She sensed victory.

“I think we can forget about the little incident in Mr. Clinker’s class today. If...” He cleared his throat yet again. “If you try to keep your pretty little pussy and perfect little breasts covered up. You too Cindy.”

“My tits aren’t little!” Cindy protested. She pushed out her chest, making her large breasts bulge out almost as much as Vice-Principal Keizer’s eyes.

“We’ll try.” Stacy sighed, knowing school would not be as much fun if she couldn’t tease the men and boys any longer.

“Yes, we will!” Cindy stated. She had never been in trouble, and didn’t plan on getting in trouble now.

“Great.”

“Are we excused?” Stacy asked.

“Yeah, can we go now?” Cindy said.

Mr. Keizer seemed lost in thought. Then he said, “Not just yet. We have a bigger problem, girls.”

Mr. Keizer turned to his computer. He clicked. He turned the monitor towards Cindy and Stacy. He watched their expressions. On the screen, they watched themselves pulling Kevin Thompson into Mr. Keizer’s outer office. They watched themselves making out with him. They watched themselves pulling down Kevin’s pants. This was not a grainy distorted image from a cheap carry-out store surveillance camera. This was a full color, high-definition, video.

“OMG!” Cindy said.

“Fuck, we are totally fucked.” Stacy added.

Mr. Keizer let the video continue to play as he spoke.

“Since my office was vandalized last year, I’ve added a few security cameras. I never expected this.” He gestured towards the monitor. “I’ve been debating what to do with it,” he said. “I should have immediately reported it,” he said. “Of course, the two of you would be permanently expelled. Kevin seems innocent, so it won’t be as bad for him. A very long suspension at the least.”

“He was innocent,” Cindy said softly. She thought to herself, ‘Oh, fuck. What have we done?’ Her world was crashing down around her.

“Our moms and dads are going to kill us,” Stacy said softly, vocalizing her thoughts.

“Yes. I know,” Mr. Keizer said. “That is why I’ve delayed. You two are good students. You get good grades. You’ve never been in trouble before; well, before today anyway.” He sighed. “I was almost going to ignore it, and chalk it up to youthful indiscretions, but then, we also the incident with Mr. Clinker... And with the other distractions,” he gestured towards their breasts, “I don’t think I can let you off with just a warning this time. It’s for your own good, of course.”

“What are you going to do?” Stacy asked.

“I don’t know. The right thing to do is to tell your parents,” Mr. Keizer said. He tapped his fingers. “What’s gotten into you two, lately?” he said aloud. “You’re pretty, smart, sexy... You both suddenly seem to be bubbling over with hormonally-induced sexual energy.”

Cindy was watching him closely. She noticed how his eyes kept flickering back to the computer monitor where the video of them sucking Kevin’s cock and teasing him with their breasts kept repeating. ‘That would explain why his cock was almost hard when we came in,’ Cindy thought. She watched him adjust his crotch. ‘OMG! He’s got a boner!’ Cindy realized.

“Is there anything we could do to make you forget about this?” Cindy asked. “I mean, it’s not so bad if we accidentally show off our breasts, is it?” Cindy slowly reached up for her halter top. Her hands grabbed the bottom of the material and she squeezed her breasts tightly as she pulled her halter higher and higher. “It’s not really *that* distracting is it, Mr. Keizer?”

Mr. Keizer watched intently, saying nothing. Cindy’s breasts slowly became more and more visible until they suddenly popped free.

Stacy stared at Cindy. She was going to get them into even more trouble! ‘What was she doing?’ she thought. She looked at the Vice-Principal, waiting for his scolding, but Mr. Keizer was smiling!

“Yeah,” Stacy said, joining in the fun. “In sex-ed, they taught us we shouldn’t be ashamed of our bodies. There’s nothing wrong if I accidentally flash my pussy to Mr. Clinker... Or even you..., is there?” Stacy spread her legs and slowly pulled up her skirt, making sure Mr. Keizer had an unobstructed view of her tight, teenage, twat.

“Well, I don’t mind, but Mr. Clinker might. But, as long as you don’t do it too much. I’d guess it would be OK.”

“Now, about that video,” Cindy said. “Have you decided what you are going to do with it yet?” She pulled her top over her head and tossed it on the floor before squeezing her breasts together.

“Uh, no,” Mr. Keizer said. “I haven’t decided. I’m still thinking.”

“We think you should delete the video and never mention it to anyone,” Stacy said. She stood up and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. The large nipples on her small breasts hardened immediately in the cool office air. She shrugged her shoulders and her blouse fell off, leaving her perky tits totally exposed to his lecherous gaze.

“I think I need more convincing,” Mr. Keizer said. He pushed his chair backwards and spread his legs.

Stacy walked around the large desk and stood in front of him. He gazed at her breasts. Stacey shimmied out of her skirt. He gazed at her pussy.

Stacy was sure a few kisses while sitting on his lap would solve their problems. She climbed onto his lap and kissed him. Mr. Keizer began to grope the teenager with obvious lust. He knew he was taking a risk, but he couldn’t let this opportunity pass. His cock got hard. All his senses left him.

Mr. Keizer had spent years watching all the sexy, teenage, trollops strut their budding breasts, shapely asses and long legs at his school; walking down the halls with their firm, young, tits bouncing braless and free. The tight, round, asses in those skin-tight jeans. The flashes of colorful panties under too-short skirts, hinting at the tight, fresh, pussies hidden underneath.

Smelling the fresh scent of soap and bubble baths and bubble gum. And many times, he imagined he could smell hot, musky, odor of teenage pussy. Many of the girls noticed his more than casual stares and teased him unmercifully. Now, it was his turn to get even.

Mr. Keizer squeezed Stacy's breasts and pinched her fat nipples so hard it made her catch her breath. He rubbed her juicy twat and fingered her, then looked at his wet fingers and sniffed. Her intoxicating scent drove him mad with lust. He picked up Stacy small body and set her on the desk in front of him.

"You," Mr. Kaizer said to Cindy. "Strip, and then suck my cock." He stood up and fumbled with his belt and pants for a moment. After unzipping his fly, he pushed down his clothes, freeing his raging hard cock from its tight confines. He sat down, spread his legs, and began to feast on Stacy's sweet-smelling pussy.

"What? No!" Stacy cried. "You can play with my tits, but that's all!"

"Shut the fuck up," Mr. Keiser said to Stacy. "You! Do what I said. Strip and start sucking."

Cindy stopped playing with her breasts. She didn't like being ordered around – she preferred to be in control. But she knew they had to do what the Vice-Principle said, or else. So what? One more blow-job and they would be free. She kicked off her shoes and peeled down her tight jeans, with Mr. Keizer watching. She put on a show for him as she removed her panties. First wiggling her breasts as she bent over, then turning around and letting him look at her perfect ass before removing her panties from her ankles. She smiled at him and tossed him her panties. Mr. Kiezer sniffed them quickly before placing them in his desk drawer. Her favorite pair!

Cindy walked over to Mr. Keizer and let him suck and grope both of her fat tits. It wasn't long before he grew impatient pushed her down towards his straining cock. His cock was nice-sized and extremely hard. It was leaking pre-cum profusely. Cindy got on her knees and began to fondle his cock and balls.

Mr. Keizer leaned into Stacy's wet gash and began to lick the tastiest, freshest pussy he ever experienced. He drove his tongue deep, lapping at her sweet juices and flicking Stacy's swollen clit, making her squirm and moan.

"Suck it good, slut," Mr. Keizer grunted as Cindy engulfed his shaft. He pumped his cock a few times, sending more pre-cum into Cindy's sucking mouth.

"Oh! Mr. Keizer," Stacy groaned. "Mmmm, yeah. Eat my pussy."

"You fucking whore," Mr. Kaizer said. "You like that, don't you?" He rubbed her pussy with his fat fingers before shoving one deep inside of her. He fucked Stacy's cunt and sucked on her clitty, making Stacy nearly cry out in pain.

"Not so hard!" Stacy cried.

“You fucking teasing cunts,” he said, wiping his face. “Stop acting like you don’t like it. Now, get up here,” he said to Cindy. As Cindy stood up, Mr. Keizer plucked Stacy from his lap. He set her down and turned her around. “Bend over my desk. Both of you,” he said, stroking his wet cock.

“But...” Cindy said. She didn’t think they would have to fuck Mr. Keizer for his silence. She too thought a flash of their breasts and pussies or maybe a blow-job, would be enough.

“Shut up, slut,” he grunted. He pushed Cindy down next to her friend. “God-damn teasing little cunts. You know you want it, and now you’re going to get it.” He stared at the two perfect asses and pussies below him. “Which one of you teasing bitches wants it first?” he asked.

“I...” Cindy began. She was going to tell him that neither girl wanted to have sex with him. She didn’t get to finish.

“I knew you were the slutty one,” Mr. Keizer said. He placed his cock at the entrance to Cindy’s pussy and slid back and forth against her gash, smearing her juices onto his cock-head. “Fucking big-titted bimbo, cock-sucking slut,” he muttered. Then, he shoved his cock deep into Cindy’s tight pussy, spreading her open.

“Aaaahhh! Ahh!” Cindy cried. “Hey, take it easy back there!”

“Shut up, whore,” Mr. Kaizer said, slapping Cindy’s ass. He began pounding her pussy, driving his cock deep and hard. He reached around and grabbed Cindy’s tits, molesting them forcibly.

Cindy murmured, “I’m the slut, she’s the whore.”

“You got that right. But your pretty tight for a fucking slut. I guess you tease the boys more way than you fuck them.”

“Fuck you, ass-hole,” Stacy uttered.

“No, fuck you,” Mr. Keizer said. “And watch your language, little girl.” He slapped Stacy’s ass hard, leaving a red mark. Stacy bit her lip, not giving him the pleasure of hearing her cry out.

Not to be denied any longer, his sexual frustrations boiling over, he continued. “Naughty girls get punished.” He spanked both Cindy and Stacy’s bare asses, using both his left hand on Cindy, and his right hand on Stacy, arching his back and driving his cock into the wanton whore beneath him.

“Naughty...!” Smack!

“Naughty...!” Smack!

“Naughty...!” Smack!

“Fucking bitches...! Smack! Smack!

Vice-Principal Keizer longed for the good old days when corporal punishment was allowed in school. He'd spank those sexy girls every day - if he was allowed to - after pulling down their skirts and panties first. He even had a specially-made paddle hanging on his wall at home. Solid oak, with holes drilled in it to reduce wind resistance. Maybe now, he could use it during school? After all, these two girls were just begging for his special kind of punishment.

Mr. Keizer fucked Cindy with abandon, with no thoughts for her pleasure. Feeling her warm, wet, tightness and his swinging balls slapping against her ass, he knew he wouldn't last long, and he couldn't afford to take his time, so he unceremoniously pulled out of Cindy's tight cunt and quickly found Stacy's entrance.

"Your turn whore," he said, before slamming his cock into her.

"Unnnnhhh!" Stacy grunted as his cock spread her tight pussy. Thankfully, she was soaking wet. While she felt degraded and used, she had to admit it was pretty hot getting fucked by the Vice-Principal in his own office. If only he wasn't such a mean ass-hole, this could have turned out to be a nice mid-day fuck for the both of them. As Mr. Keizer ravished her, rocking her body, she glanced at the picture on his desk. Both Mr. Keizer and his pretty wife were smiling up at her.

Cindy turned to Stacy and met her eyes. They exchanged a glance, then the two girls began to kiss, knowing they were in this together, and trying to make the best of a bad situation. And when Mr. Keizer's frenzied motions pulled them apart, they extended their tongues and tried to lick and suck on each other's lips.

"Oh, you fucking tramps," Mr. Kaizer said, watching the two horny teens making out on his desk. He pulled out of Stacy's pussy and slammed into Cindy's again, giving her a dozen strokes before doing the same to Stacy. He alternated between the two, gripping their asses, driving in deep, and fucking them hard.

He felt his nut tighten, and even though he wanted to pump his thick sperm into both of their tight pussies, he knew he couldn't risk them getting pregnant.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" He gave Stacy's overly-snug, wet, hole three hard thrusts, driving her forcibly into his desk, and then pulled his cock out, just as he was about to cum.

"Turn around!" he ordered. "Quick!"

Cindy and Stacy turned and saw Mr. Keizer jerking his slick cock. He pushed them down with his free hand and moved forward, aiming his cock at their faces.

"Take my load, you fucking, teasing, bitches!" A large rope of cum erupted from his shaft and splashed across Cindy's forehead.

“Arrrrhhgggg!” he grunted, as another spurt left his stroking shaft and marked both Stacy’s and Cindy’s cheeks. Another thick cum load blasted Stacy’s eye before he turned to Cindy and spurted across her lips.

“Uhhgg! Uhhgg!” he groaned and he sprayed the two teens with a frustrated life-time’s supply of unending gobs of thick, white, cum, splattering their eyes, noses and lips. He watched their pretty faces flinch with satisfaction as each spurt of his man-hood found its mark.

“Aaaahhh,” he sighed, finally relieved. He guided his cock-head over to both Cindy and Stacy’s lips, smearing his sperm as if it were lip-gloss. He pushed his cock past their lips and sneered as they both opened their mouths to suck the last vestiges of sperm from his still rock-hard cock.

“Fucking sluts,” he muttered as the two girls took turns sucking his spent cock. Amazed, he watched them clean the sperm from each other’s faces, using their lips and tongues. “Cum junkies,” he spat. “There’s lots more where that came from.”

“Get dressed and get the fuck out of my office,” he finally said, pulling up his pants.

“You’ll delete the video, right?” Cindy asked.

Mr. Keizer said nothing.

“Here’s a late slip,” he said, scribbling a note. “And girls? I expect you here in my office every Friday afternoon for your..., uh..., ‘special detention.’ Understand?”

“No way!” Cindy replied. She still had her tight jeans only half-way over her plump ass. “Don’t be a fucking ass-hole!”

“What the fuck?” Stacy said, incredulously. She stopped buttoning her blouse and looked at him. “You promised!”

“I never promised anything,” the Vice-Principle replied. He had no absolutely no intention of deleting the videos. The original from the outer-office, plus the that was just recorded in his private office, would be going to his high-school porn collection. He looked forward to watching them over and over during school-hours. He glanced at the camera hidden in his bookcase and the one on the filing cabinet next to his desk. He realized he needed to buy another camera before Friday; to get a view of their faces as he fucks them.

“Be here every Friday, or not,” Mr. Keizer replied. “It’s your choice. But, with that attitude, I just might decide to give this to your parents and Principal Skinner anyway.”

After experiencing their tight pussies and spurting years of sexual frustrations onto their faces, there was no way he was going to end this. “I’ll want to see an attitude improvement on Friday. You’ll have to work harder to convince me. Wear something slutty.”

But..!”

“Out,” he said, pointing to the door. Watching them walk out of his office, he decided he was going to fuck their asses Friday.

“This is total bullshit, Cin!” Stacy fumed. She was fixing her hair and make-up in the girl’s bathroom.

“Yeah, I know. But what can we do about it?” Cindy asked. “He got a recording of us sucking Kevin in his office. Our moms and dads will kill us.”

“Plus getting expelled. And poor Kevin! But now we have to be his little whores every week?” Stacy said.

“And sluts,” Cindy muttered. “Yeah, he’s a total asshole, Stacy.” Cindy leaned closer to the bathroom mirror/ “Oh gross! I have cum in my hair!”

“Mr. Keizer!”

Vice Principal Keizer looked to see who was calling him. He was making his afternoon rounds and didn’t want to be bothered, especially by stupid students who couldn’t wipe their own asses without asking for his help. He smirked when he saw Cindy and Stacy. The two girls were standing just off the main hallway, in front of the little-used music room. He walked over as the other students hurried to class, swerving and ducking as they passed, clearly trying to avoid him.

“Ms. Chatterley. Ms. Slusher. What can I do for you?” He leered down at them, not even trying to hide his lustful gaze, staring at their tits and barely glancing at their faces.

“Uh, can we speak to you?” Stacy asked.

“Privately?” Cindy added.

Mr. Keizer nodded imperceptibly. Cindy slowly walked into the room with Stacy following her. Mr. Kaizer looked around, waited a moment, then followed them into the classroom, giving them an un-gentle push through the door. Cindy closed it behind them. As she turned, Mr. Keizer admired her shapely butt in her tight blue-jeans and impulsively slapped her ass.

Mr. Keizer was sure the girls were going to plead with him to delete the recordings; however, he had no intension of letting them off. He had two, hot, teenage girls under his control. It was great! He wondered why he didn’t do this years ago. He even considered toying with them by making a vague promise that if they let him fuck their tight ass-holes next week, he’d destroy the tape. He looked forward to seeing their faces when he reneged on his promise afterwards.

“What do you want, girls?” he asked. Seeing Stacy’s fat nipple poking through her thin blouse, he reached over and gave it a pinch.

“Ouch!” Stacy looked shocked. But to his surprise, she looked down at the ground and said very softly, “We want to suck your cock again,” Stacy said. “We really liked it.”

“Yeah, we’re bad, bad, girls. Make us do naughty things,” Cindy whispered.

“We need to be punished,” Stacy agreed.

Mr. Keizer growled, “You fucking sluts. Suck my cock.” He knew he didn’t have to whisper; the music room was soundproof. This was turning out better than he could have expected.

He grabbed Stacy around the waist and picked her up, holding her light body close to his chest.

“You, start sucking!” he said, pointing to Cindy before fumbling with his belt. Once his pants fell, he pushed Cindy down to her knees with one hand. Then, he forcibly opened Stacy’s blouse and noticed a button pop off. He latched onto her tit and sucked it hard.

“Ow! Oh, don’t..., stop!” Stacy whined, as he slurped on her nipple. It felt like he was trying to suck her nipple completely off of her small breast.

“Quit looking at it and start sucking my cock,” he barked to Cindy. “I have work to do.”

Mr. Keizer molested both of Stacy’s breasts and then dropped her on her feet. He shoved his hand down the front of Stacy’s skirt, into her panties, and began fingering her pussy. “You’re soaking wet,” he sneered. “Tramp.” He pushed Stacy’s panties out of the way and gripped Stacy’s ass. He ran his fat fingers down Stacy’s crack and probed her ass-hole.

“Ow!” Stacy cried again as his finger tried to penetrate her ass without any lubrication.

“Better get that ass-hole ready for something bigger than my finger by Friday,” he said. “Now, suck my balls, while your cock-loving friend chokes on my dick.” He pushed Stacy down next to Cindy.

Reluctantly, Stacy began lapping at Mr. Keizer’s balls before sucking one of the low-hanging orbs into her mouth. Cindy bobbed her head on Mr. Keizer’s shaft.

Mr. Keizer called them every foul name he could think of; “Sluts, whores, trollops, bitches, cock-suckers, dick-lovers and cum-guzzlers,” as he encouraged them to work harder and faster. With two sets of lips and tongues on his cock and balls, he knew he wouldn’t last long. He had a hard-on ever since they left his office earlier. Watching his new video helped his arousal too. Besides, had reports to file by the end of the day. He’d give these teenage sluts what they asked for, and then get back to work. Maybe he could give them detentions after school hours as well?

“Arrgghh!” Mr. Keizer grunted, feeling his imminent orgasm beginning to build behind his balls. He tried to intensify the feeling. He gripped Cindy’s head with both hands and began thrusting his shaft into her mouth, curving his hips and pivoting his hard cock up, and into, Cindy’s gagging throat.

Stacy watched her friend being abused, but said nothing. She even fondled the Vice-Principal’s balls after he barked another order at her.

Feeling the small fingers ticking his nut-sack, and hearing the slurps and gagging sounds emanating from his crotch, his balls tightened and his prostate clenched and pulsed.

“Take it, slut!” Mr. Keizer grunted, and blasted Cindy’s throat with his warm ejaculate. He drove his cock into Cindy’s mouth again and again and didn’t stop until his balls were emptied.

“Aaaah,” Mr. Keizer sighed, as he wiped his oozing cock onto Cindy’s lips. He pulled up his pants and tucked his cock into his shorts. “Thanks for the blowjob, cunts,” he said. “Be in my office Friday at lunch-hour. Sharp.”

“But we’ll miss our lunch!” Cindy whined.

“Your problem, not mine. Besides, I’ll be stuffing your asses full of cock and maybe giving you something else to eat.”

He laughed.

Cindy and Stacy were in still in the music room, talking about what an ass-hole Mr. Keizer was, when they heard the announcement over the school’s PA system. It was Mr. Keizer’s voice. He sounded angry. “Cindy Chatterley. Stacy Slusher. Come to the Vice-Principal’s office immediately.”

“Hello, Mr. Keizer!” Cindy said cheerfully. “So nice to see you again!”

“Hey ass-hole!” Stacy added. “What can we do for you? Maybe you want to rape us again?” She smiled.

“Listen cunts! I’ll have you put in jail!” Mr. Keizer was fuming. “I know your responsible for this!” He waved his arms, gesturing to his ransacked office. Books were pulled off their shelving, His desk was cleared, the picture of him and his wifer was shattered upon the ground.

“Huh?” Cindy replied. “What happened to your office?” She looked around innocently, as if just noticing the mess.

“We were with you, remember?” Stacy said. “We couldn’t have done this.”

“Yeah, we have witnesses who saw you pushing us into the music room,” Cindy said.

“You fucking bitches,” he said, losing his temper. “And, where’s my god-damn cellphone?” He pointed his finger at them as he spoke. “Even if you did manage to steal my recording hardware and reformat my computer– that’s school property, you know, probably a federal crime – I’m still going to tell your parents and get you expelled!”

“Oh? You lost your all your dirty movies you made filming underage teenagers?” Cindy said. “Aw, that’s too bad! Your cell phone probably fell out of your pants pocket when you were raping us. I hope you didn’t have anything incriminating on it, like dirty pictures and movies, maybe?”

“You’re missing your movies?” Stacy said. “Wait, I have a movie for you!” She fiddled with her cell-phone and held it up for him to see.

Mr. Keizer watched with horror. He watched himself abusing Cindy and Stacy in the music room. It must have been taken from the closet. Through the phone’s small speaker, he heard Stacy’s voice; “Ow! Oh, don’t..., stop!” He then heard himself ordering Cindy to suck his cock.

The color drained from his face.

“And, I have a mouth-full of your cum - I mean your DNA - to prove we were nowhere near your office when this was done,” Cindy said.

“Don’t forget the cum he shot in your hair,” Stacy added. “And, unlike you, we have back-ups, so don’t even think about trying to take my phone from me.”

He was screwed. No more blackmail material. No more wonderful sex to compensate him for years of sexual frustrations. Plus, they had recordings of him physically abusing teen-age girls. ‘Oh, god! If they ever find the pictures and movies, he took over the past few years! The upskirt photos, the girl’s locker room and their lavatory!’

“What do you girls want?” Mr. Keizer said. “I have money in the bank. And my retirement fund!” Damn, he didn’t want to lose his retirement fund. At least he still had his pension. Oh god! He could lose his pension if this went public!

“Besides an apology?” Cindy said.

“Fuck the apology. I want his balls cut off,” Stacy said.

The two girls felt a surge of power and confidence. While it was fun to tease men and make them do things by using their bodies, this was different. Even though they were smaller and weaker,

they were now more powerful than this mean, perverted, man. They had Mr. Keizer by the balls and Stacy wanted to keep squeezing them until they popped.

“All your money is a good start,” Stacy said. “Maybe straight A’s and a permanent hall pass? We’ll think of something.”

“We’d make you lick our pussies and ass-holes while we have our lunch, but you’d probably get off on that, pervert,” Cindy said.

“Let’s go Cin,” Stacy said. “Mr. Keizer has some cleaning up to do.” She began to walk away and noticed his family photo on the floor. She bent over to look at it, knowing Mr. Keizer was staring at her naked ass - something he could only look at from now on, and never touch again.

“Nice picture,” Stacy said. She straightened up, smoothed her skirt, and walked away, first stepping on the picture and grinding her foot onto the smiling faces looking up at her. The crackling of the shattered glass added an exclamation point to their exit.

“Mmmmm,” Stacy said, sucking Mr. Wilson’s cock. She gave it a slurp and then looked up at him. “We love your cock, Uncle Chuck.”

“Mmmm, mmmmm,” Cindy said, sucking on his hairless balls.

The three partners in crime were in Mr. Wilson’s spare bedroom, lying naked on the bed. Cindy and Stacy continued worshiping Mr. Wilson’s throbbing erection.

“Thanks for helping us today,” Cindy said. “I don’t know what we would have done without you.”

“No problem,” Mr. Wilson said. “The moron had all of his office cameras fed into a single unit with nothing going to the net. Your school is too cheap to spring for WiFi, I guess. He had copies on his school computer of course, along with a lot of other stuff he could be arrested for, but I saved that before I re-formatted it. We have all of that too, if we ever need it.”

“And the smut on his phone,” Stacy said. “Sick bastard, filming the girl’s bathroom.”

“Oh, you should have seen his wife’s face! After we knocked on his door and handed it to her, she opened it up, the skank!”

“She didn’t!”

“Yeah, and when we walked away, she was flipping through his pictures like crazy!” Cindy laughed.

“I guess we shouldn’t have left his phone open to all of his sick images,” Stacy snickered.

“Well, you got the money, so he can’t back out now. \$100,000. I checked before you came. It’s all transferred to your account. He can’t get it back.”

Cindy playfully slapped Mr. Wilson’s hard cock against her cheek before sucking it deep once again.

“Should we ask for more money?” Stacy asked, pushing Cindy aside and licking Mr. Wilson’s cock from his balls to his tip.

“It’s up to you,” Mr. Wilson said. “From the bank app on his phone, he cleaned out most of his checking and saving accounts. He’s got some 401k money, but I don’t know if I’d push him too far right now. People can do crazy things sometimes.”

“Well, it’s enough. Unless he acts like a dick in school. But now, we want to thank you for all you’ve done for us Mr. Wilson.”

“Yeah, Uncle Chuck!”

“This is already pretty good,” he said, feeling their soft hands and wet lips on his cock. “What else do you have in mind?”

“Well, Kevin was the first guy to fuck our pussies, but you can be the first one to fuck our asses.”

“Yeah, whenever you want!”

“And, our pussies too!”

“And, blow-jobs!”

“And, hand-jobs!”

“And titty fucks!” Cindy said, shaking her ponderous breasts.

Stacy looked down at her small tits. “And blowjobs!”

Cindy rolled over and got on her hands and knees. She wiggled her tight, teenage, ass at Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson’s pharmaceutically enhanced erection pointed towards the ceiling. He sat up and then positioned himself behind Cindy, who turned her head back to look at him. Mr. Wilson pushed down on his cock to align it with Cindy’s gash. He slid it back and forth, getting it nice and wet. He decided he was going to sample some tight, teenage, pussy before tapping her fine ass.

Stacy came over and spread her friend’s cheeks, offering him an invitation.

Mr. Wilson slowly placed his cock against the entrance to Cindy's pussy. He felt her tight, wet, lips engulf his cock-head.

"Oh, your pussy feels so good!" he said. He pushed his raging erection deeper into Cindy's perfect pussy. The tightness surrounded his entire shaft, squeezing his thick cock as he penetrated her.

"Mmmm, mmmm, mmm," Cindy sighed happily.

Stacy massaged Cindy's ass and fondled Mr. Wilson's heavy balls. "Fuck that slut," Stacy encouraged. "She wants it."

"Yeah, I do," Cindy moaned, as the fat cock moved slowly in and out of her slick pussy. "And I am a slut. Right now, I'm your slut."

Mr. Wilson slowly fucked Cindy, enjoying every inch of her tight pussy. He couldn't believe he would be tapping their asses whenever he wanted to. He hummed to himself happily.

Stacy reached over and then spread Cindy's ass with one hand while squirting some lube onto her crack. She rubbed the slippery stuff in and around Cindy's ass-hole before sliding a finger deep into Cindy's ass.

"Ahhh!" Cindy moaned, feeling Mr. Wilson's slow, throbbing, shaft and Stacy's warm, wiggling finger inside of her.

Soon, Stacy had two fingers inside of Cindy and was tugging at her, trying to open her ass even wider. Finally satisfied, Stacy crawled under Cindy's body, positioning her face directly under Cindy's cunt. She watched in fascination as Mr. Wilson's fat shaft and heavy swinging balls slowly and relentlessly fucked Cindy. She began to lap at Cindy's clit, making her friend gasp.

"Oh yeah, Stace," Cindy moaned. "Lick that pussy!" Cindy ground her ass back against Mr. Wilson and pressed her pussy onto Stacy's face. "Mmmm!"

Stacy licked Cindy's juicy twat and then worked her way down to Mr. Wilson's shaft. She licked both cock and pussy until Mr. Withdrew his cock and guided it towards Stacy's open mouth. Stacy sucked it into her mouth, tasting Cindy's juices and licking it clean. After a while, Mr. Wilson pulled his cock from her lips and began to fuck Cindy again.

Cindy saw Stacy's wet pussy wiggling beneath her, as if begging for attention. She bent her head downwards to lick Stacy's pussy.

"Mmmm, Cindy," Stacy moaned.

Mr. Wilson couldn't believe his good fortune. He had two hot, naked, teenagers in his bed who had promised him he could have sex whenever, and in any hole, he wanted. He moved his cock

back and forth between Cindy's tight, teenage, pussy, and Stacy's sucking, teenage lips. He reveled in the uninhibited sexual exuberance of the two teens.

Cindy felt Mr. Wilson withdraw his hard cock from her pussy once again. Instead of sliding it into Stacy's mouth, Cindy felt his thick cock-head pressing against her ass-hole.

"He's ready to fuck my ass, Stacy," she moaned to her friend. She bent her head beneath her and met Stacy's glance. Stacy was peering up at her between Cindy's dangling breasts.

"Fuck the slut, Mr. Wilson," Stacy said. "Fuck her good!" She grinned evilly at Cindy.

"Stacy!" Cindy exclaimed.

"Oh, you want his hard cock up your ass, don't pretend with me," Stacy replied. "Fuck her, Chuck!"

Mr. Wilson pressed his rigid cock-head against Cindy's tight sphincter. He looked down and watched her pink rose-bud open up and attempt to swallow him.

"Uhhggggnnhhh!" Cindy grunted, as she felt the painful-pleasure of her ass stretching. "Oh, fuck!"

"Do you want me to stop?" Mr. Wilson asked. His cock-head wasn't even fully inside of her yet.

"Oh, hell no!" Cindy said, pushing back against him and engulfing his entire cock-head with her tight, round, hole. She pushed back even more, forcing his hard shaft deep into her bowels.

"Ahhh! You're filling me up!"

"You fucking ass-slut," Stacy muttered, before slurping on Cindy's clean, fresh, pussy once again.

"Now, fuck my ass, Uncle Chuck Do it!" Cindy cried, after feeling her butt-cheeks pressing against his firm abdomen.

Chuck slid his cock backwards. "Cindy, you are so tight!" he exclaimed. It felt like she was trying to pinch his cock right off of his body. He pushed back in, and then back out, fucking her slowly. His entire shaft was being squeezed by her nether-muscles.

"Your cock is so warm," Cindy said. Chuck's cock felt nothing like the hard, cold, dildos she and Stacy had used. "Oh, yeah, fuck that fat ass!" Cindy moaned.

Stacy began to feast on Cindy's pussy as Mr. Wilson fucked Cindy's ass. Grunts and sexual moans filled the room.

"Uhhggghh!" Cindy grunted as the hard cock fucked her tight ass. "Ahhh, yessss!"

“Ahh,” Mr. Wilson sighed, as Cindy’s ass gripped him. “Huuuhhh!” he huffed, catching his breath as she squeezed.

“Mmmm, mmmm,” Cindy moaned as Stacy flicked her tongue against her swollen clitty.

Mr. Wilson drove his rock-hard shaft into Cindy’s ass. He looked down at her shapely body as it repeatedly swallowed his shaft.

Stacy licked and slurped on Cindy’s juicy pussy, only occasionally getting licked in return, but she didn’t mind.

“Faster!” Cindy cried. “Faster!” She was about to cum!

Mr. Wilson began to saw his cock back and forth, faster and faster, deeper and deeper.

Stacy took two fingers and began to fuck Cindy’s flooded pussy. She sucked and swallowed her juices and rolled her clit around with her tongue.

“Oh, shit!” Cindy said. “I’m gonna cum! I’m gonna cum!”

Mr. Wilson fucked her relentlessly, feeling the cum churning in his balls.

Stacy fingered her feverously, plunging her fingers inside Cindy’s cunt and sucking on her clitoris.

“Yesss! Like that!” Cindy said. The tingle began somewhere between her ass-hole and her clit. “I’m gonna..., I’m gonna...” The tingles spread and then exploded. “I’m cumming! I’m cumming!”

Cindy’s pussy gushed, flooding Stacy’s face. Electricity sparked across her thighs and flew upwards to her spasming pussy and ass.

Mr. Wilson grunted and drove his cock deeper and deeper, until his balls tightened and Cindy felt his shaft swelling inside of her. His cock lurched, sending a huge load of hot sperm into her bowels.

“Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!” Cindy panted, feeling every heavy spurt of his warm cum as it filled and collected in a pool inside her gut. She came again, her legs twitching and her body jerking. She leaned her head back and saw stars behind her tightly clenched eye-lids. Her orgasm rocked her again as Mr. Wilson emptied himself inside of her.

The three friends breathed long and deep, slowing their heart-beats and expanding their lungs with fresh air.

Stacy wiggled herself out from under Cindy’s pussy. Her face was wet.

Cindy felt Mr. Wilson's hard cock flexing inside of her. It was not yet wilted. Knowing her friend Stacy hadn't not orgasmed, Cindy said, "Think you can go again, Uncle Chuck?" She wiggled her ass, feeling his hard cock still firmly impaling her. "It's Stacy's turn. And I want you to fuck her ass until her insides turn into jelly."

"Oh, I can go all night," Mr. Wilson responded.

"But, it's a school night," Stacy whined. "We have to be home by ten!"

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