

# Private Teacher

It was getting close to the time that I'd be graduating college with my degree in Education, and all of us with that major were being recruited by a large number of different schools and educational systems.

One of the recruiters was from a private school system set up by a newly-established small community; the salary that they were offering was something close to outrageously high, but the few people that they'd actually interviewed reported back to the rest of us that the system had some pretty strange ideas — strange enough to put just about everyone in my graduating class off from having any interest in working for them. That essentially forced the community reps into the position of almost *having* to interview the few people that **were** interested: me (near the top of the class) and a bunch of folks that had spent too much time partying and having a good time, and had to take anything they could get.

During the interview, I learned that the community was actually on a big chunk of private property, and consisted of a bunch of what amounted to über-liberals. The way they described what they wanted to do, and how, sounded like a bunch of New Age moon-bat bullshit; but I've always been pretty much of the "live and let live" mindset, so it didn't outright bother me. Besides, the salary they were offering was high enough that I didn't care *what* the hell they believed in; as long as the paychecks didn't bounce, I could respect their beliefs as much as necessary.

It was shortly before graduation that I got a job offer from them; they were impressed enough with my grades and the internships that I'd done that they were willing to pay relocation expenses, and even offered me a bonus of a year's salary if I stayed with them for five years.

Needless to say, I accepted.

After I reported for work a few weeks before their school year started, I learned that they'd decided to make a few changes: based on just a couple of studies that showed girls learned better in an all-girl classroom, the classes were all going to be single-gender. A different research project suggested that students learned better when they had a single teacher for all subjects. What that meant for ME was that the small group of students from ages thirteen through fifteen (nine, I was told — it wasn't that big of a community) would be with me all day, and that in my case, they'd all be female.

I was also given information packets on my students, including portrait photos of them, along with the curriculum and lesson plans they wanted me to follow.

Reading through everything later, I saw that I would be giving them a thorough grounding in the basics of math, English, and science; to that were added history, civics and government, and religion/philosophy, with a combined health and physical education class. Since I was just one of several new teachers they'd brought in, they also included a longer and more detailed explanation of what they expected from me than what they'd said during my interviews. What all of it boiled down to was that I was expected to teach math and science (while allowing for the possibility of "alternative explanations" in science), as well as the conventions (without being pedantic) of spelling and grammar. For the remaining subjects, all I had to do was "introduce established facts before facilitating and guiding general discussion, examination of possible variations or differing opinions, and encourage individual and independent thought and investigation of the appropriate subject(s)." Any kind of quiz or test on a subject was to be graded in proportion to the amount of latitude I had in teaching it. They

conceded to the necessity of *some* homework, but I was encouraged to keep it to a minimum. The school year was also a calendar year, but broken up into 3 semesters of three months each, with a month between.

I also learned that "to foster a stable and secure learning environment", classroom doors could be opened from the inside in case of emergency, but required a key from the outside — and that the only people that would have a key to MY classroom would be me and the top administrator in another building. Otherwise, anyone wishing to gain entry through the high-strength doors would have to ask permission via wireless intercom (I'd have a small earpiece to hear them). I was **strongly** encouraged to disregard any such requests, and expected to finish whatever subject I was teaching at the time in any case. I'd already been shown my classroom (and issued the key for it); 3 of the classrooms I remembered from my public school days would have fit into it, easily. It contained the latest technology to help the educational process, and was maintained in pristine condition: though the building itself was over ten years old, classrooms appeared to have finished construction only recently. The desks and chairs were separate items, and most definitely not from primary school: each student had their own "office" chair and small office-type *desk* to sit at. There were more than ample supplies of paper and writing instruments not just for me, but my students; along with those, the room contained a wide variety of other things: a sizable stack of soft mats like those used for preschoolers to nap on, a small partitioned area for private discussions, "lab" type workbenches and chairs, and a walk-in closet that held all the science-type supplies I'd need (such as assorted preserved creatures, chemicals, equipment, and so forth). I was also assured that the room was thoroughly soundproofed to prevent external distractions, and that **any** physical discomfort issues would be corrected IMMEDIATELY by a small crew of highly-trained maintenance people.

Essentially, I was to have a class of students that I was pretty much free to teach anything and everything to, a secure physical environment to do it in, and pretty much everything I needed to do it WITH. With everything the community was doing to get me to come there, and stay, I'd known that they had a fair chunk of money to work with. It was when I saw the classroom and how it was supplied and equipped that I really *understood* how much that was.

Knowing the how and what, I then went through the folders I'd been given on the students I'd have.

The youngest were Kathrine Humbrecht (butter blond curly hair past her shoulders) and Mallory Gerhart (straight white-blond hair past her shoulders), at thirteen.

Next, at fourteen, I had Evette Tuan (Viet, I thought, with straight black hair past her shoulders), Tenisha Elleman (Black, with braids), Casandra O'Donnell (short curly brick-red hair), and Sharla Krulish (straight black hair cut short).

Rounding out the class at fifteen were Darci Kirsch (slightly curly auburn hair to her shoulders), Celia Zercher (wavy dishwater blond hair past her shoulders), and Nawar Khan (Indian, I thought, with straight black hair past her shoulders).

After seeing their photos, I knew that I was going to enjoy having them in the classroom. The "plainest" of them (Kathrine and Casandra) were simply cute; the other seven varied from "babe" (Mallory) to "supermodel" (Nawar).

The last few days before school, I made sure and memorized what I knew about my class as well as getting my head into "game mode". I was being given a pretty slick job and had absolutely NO desire

to lose it — at least, not without damn good reason.

The first day of school, I made sure to get there early. When it was almost time for class to start (at the thankfully civilized hour of 9:00AM), I had the door to the room propped open for them. I sat on the front edge of my desk (which would have easily fit into any CEO's office), and greeted each by name as she came in. Once the last of them (Casandra) showed up, I asked her to close the door behind her. She readily did so before taking her seat. I gave them all several minutes to chat and get their chairs adjusted while I looked them over; all were dressed in quality variations of standard teen female attire.

As each of them had walked to whatever desk she wanted, I'd taken the opportunity to look her over. To my pleasant surprise, all of them were not only fit and healthy, but had a physical development appropriate to her age. As the youngest and taking a front row seat, Katherine was just starting to develop her feminine curves. The fit of the tank-top blouse she was wearing told me that her breasts were roughly midway between halves of lemons, and oranges — as well as making it fairly clear that she didn't have on anything as cumbersome as a bra. She'd also cut her hair since having her photo taken; it only came down a little past the bottoms of her ears.

Next to her, Mallory still had her long hair, and it went down to the middle of her back. The way she wore the jeans she'd opted for convinced me that she had one of the finest asses on the planet, and the polo shirt she had on molded nicely to her full bust. Rounding out the front row was Darci (with slightly longer hair), dressed in a blouse and skirt combination that made it clear she was female without revealing too much (or enough, in my opinion).

Behind Katherine was Evette, whose incredibly silky tresses extended past her tight little ass in the slacks she'd put on. The over-sized button-front shirt she had on let me see that her bust was slightly more developed than I would have expected. Beside her, was Casandra who had let her russet mane get a bit longer, too. Casandra was the most developed of the group, and dressed to show it off with a snug skirt and snuggler blouse. Last in the row was Nawar; I'd seen that her hair went only a little past her shoulders, and that the blouse and bluejeans she had on did a damn fine job of revealing her pleasant curves.

The last row was Celia (only slightly less developed than Casandra) behind Evette, then Sharla (orange sized breasts covered by a t-shirt and an incredibly tight little ass encased in jeans), and Tenisha (slender in her jumpsuit, but still blatantly female).

While I waited patiently for the chatter to die down, I looked at each of their faces "live" for the first time — and had my opinion of their attractiveness not just confirmed, but improved.

When everyone's attention was on me, I introduced myself to them and told them a little bit about myself. Following that, I asked each of them to reciprocate... only in writing, on a single sheet of paper. Before they could protest, I quickly added that it would take up too much time if each one of them did it verbally. They reluctantly agreed, and all nine of them quickly got started on their first assignment.

Once all of them had finished, I collected their efforts and set them aside before parking myself on the front of my desk again. All of them were listening closely as I told them "I know that this is the first time that all of you have been in a class like this: not just all girls, but girls of different ages, and with just ONE teacher for the whole day. If it helps any, this is the first time I've ever *taught* a class like this, so it's going to be something new for me, too. BECAUSE it's something new for all of us, there are

some things that I want to say to you."

With their full attention, I continued "First of all, there are some things that the state says that you **have** to learn, like math and science. Added to that are the things that the school thinks that I *should* teach you, like grammar. Finally, there's the stuff that they want you to find out about. I know what's in each of those little groups, and I'm going to do my very best to make them happen. But since this whole thing is something that none of us really has any experience with, I'm going to need your help. I'm going to be honest with you about what the State says, and what the school says; and what I need your help with is that I need for you to let me know how I'm doing. If there's something you don't understand or you're not sure about, *ask me*. Really, I don't bite... not even a little bit. I promise that I won't say or do anything to make you feel stupid or bad or anything like that. All I want is to help you make yourself a smarter and more educated person, so you can be or do whatever it is that you want in life — whether that's a doctor, an astronaut, a pilot, a wife and mother, or anything else that would make YOU happy. Anything you say to me will be between just you and me, unless YOU say differently."

"I know you've probably heard this kind of speech before. What I want you to understand is that I really mean it. Like I said: this particular class, and the way that I'm going to be teaching you, is something new for all of us. The **last** thing I want is for you to get messed up because things got... confused. I spent a lot of time in college *just so* I could become a teacher and help young people like you be whatever it is that you dream of. If you don't understand why you have to know about something if you're going to be, say, an architect, I can explain it to you so it makes sense. You probably still won't LIKE it" — that got a small laugh from them — "but you'll understand."

I finished up by telling them "I'm not going to try and tell you 'trust me', or expect you to come to me with your deepest, darkest secret right away. What I hope you'll do is pay attention not just to what I say, but what I do, so you can see for yourself. Okay?"

They all nodded their understanding and agreement, and I went on to get them started with the rest of the school year.

After school ended at 4:00PM, I stayed afterwards so that I could read what they'd told me about themselves. For the most part, they were all pretty much standard-issue American teenage girls, if from families that had a much greater financial resources than most. Unsurprisingly, the three with somewhat different stories were also the only non-Caucasians. Evette was the first American-born child of a family of refugees; her parents had still been small children when the family managed to escape. Nawar was the oldest daughter of the third generation of Pakistani immigrants, while Tenisha's great-grandparents had originally come from Jamaica. For all intents and purposes, all three were as American as the rest, I figured.

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As the semester progressed, the ten of us got more and more comfortable with each other. Although only a few of them were already friends when school started, I was admittedly surprised at how close they got to each other in class as the days passed. While I would have thought that the age differences would have caused at least SOME friction, that didn't seem to be the case; in fact, there were a few times that one of the older girls would actually go out of her way to help one of the younger without seeming to "talk down" to her. That gave the youngest the courage and confidence to participate more in the discussions they had during those subjects where I was just supposed to "facilitate and guide"

(and occasionally referee, truth be told).

It took only a few weeks for me to realize that Kathrine was probably the smartest of the bunch, with Tenisha a close second. On the other hand, Casandra provided a measure of insight that the others didn't have while Nawar had a breadth of knowledge that simply astounded me. Once they got comfortable about the learning environment, all of them proved to be smart and motivated.

By the time the semester ended, all of them had come to me at least a couple of times with some question or problem. If it was a general question about something I'd gone over in class, I'd go over it again with everyone after telling them something along the lines of "I kind of confused *myself* when I was telling you about \_\_\_\_\_, so I'd like to go over it again to make sure it's clear". The few times that it was something else (a conflict between two of them, or something personal), I made sure that it looked like MY idea to call the party or parties involved into the little "privacy room" without even a hint about what it was about. If more than one of them was involved, I'd start the discussion by saying that I'd noticed that something seemed to be going on and asking them to fill me in. If it was just one, I'd spend approximately the same amount of time individually with one or two of the others (all of them in random order) just so none of them would have any reason to think anything about it — all of them could plausibly claim that it had been just a "chat".

Something else I did was to get them more involved in the learning process, once I got it confirmed that I had as much latitude as I wanted. That resulted in us holding a number of different classes in considerably less than traditional ways. Such as:

- A simulation of the taxes paid by the colonies (them) to the British (me). For the week before that lesson, they were allowed to 'buy' Monopoly™ money from me with extra schoolwork. I didn't tell them what the money was going to be used for, only that it was something that they'd want. The day I ran the lesson, I started out by telling them that any money they had at the end of the day could be used to buy exemptions from future assignments; that gave them the desire to hang onto what they'd earned. THEN I explained to them the part I was going to play, and that if they wanted to do certain optional things, they'd have to pay a tax. Getting up to use the pencil sharpener, for example, would be taxed at one rate for getting out of their seat; using the pencil sharpener would be taxed at something else.
- An outdoor simulation (using Nerf™ guns) of the fighting styles of the American Revolutionary army versus the British (with all of them getting a turn on both sides to ensure the appropriate perspective);
- Me acting the part of a British captain impressing American sailors (them) into my navy for the day, subject to my "discipline" (wearing a silly hat or wearing a shirt I provided backwards, for example);
- My playing the part of a growing American population expanding westward at the expense of the Native Americans. Darci and Tenisha caught smallpox from the blankets I provided them (had to put on the three heavy wool sweaters each that I'd brought in, making them hot and itchy) on their reservation (the privacy room) while the rest were allowed to occupy only a smaller and smaller part of the room. When Evette and Sharla objected, they were "killed" (allowed to only sit off to the side and watch) as renegades.
- Walks through a nearby park, with each of them challenged to bring back samples of three completely different *genus* for a biology lesson;

- Setting a lit candle on my desk and having each of them write two pages about it, in any format (science, poetry, short story, etc.);
- The physics class that consisted of each of them making her own vehicle of any type that would hold a small CO2 cartridge that I would set off. Everyone but the one who's vehicle went farthest had to write a *scientific* paper (drag, friction, formulas, etc) about why she didn't win;
- The health/PE class that consisted of **all** of us learning how to cross-country ski.

Their final assignment for the semester, which I gave them a full week to complete, was simple: write a paper telling me what they wanted for an occupation, and then create some small project related to that occupation. The paper could be any length, and the project could be however simple or complex they wanted it to be. They had all day for five school days to dedicate to it, with nothing else to interfere. I was available to answer questions, but left them alone and stayed out of their way otherwise.

What I got from them delighted me.

The shortest of the papers I got was five and a half pages; the longest was nearly twelve.

Nawar wanted to be a nuclear engineer, and built a small model of a nuke power plant that demonstrated how the rods controlled the reaction — as they were moved up and down, a small light changed brightness. Celia was going to be an architect, and provided surprisingly complete (I got a practicing architect to look at them) plans for a house she'd designed. Darci was committed to being a microbiologist, and did a short (but thorough) computer animation of how a virus infects a cell.

Sharla had computer science in mind, and wrote a description of how a microprocessor works that I actually understood. Casandra's goal was to be an artist, and she presented me with an incredibly lifelike small ceramic figure of myself. Astronomy was Tenisha's dream, and she gave me a better history of astronomy from Galileo to present than I'd gotten in college. I didn't doubt that Evette would become the doctor she wanted to be when she did an exemplary job of explaining not only how the Black Plague spread through Europe, but how it could have been treated and prevented.

Mallory's goal was a shock: she was looking forward to a career in the military. As evidence of her sincerity, she did a damn fine job of laying out why a military was necessary, and under what conditions it should be used.

The one that surprised me the most, though, was Kathrine. Having turned 14 during the semester, she declared that she planned to get full doctorates in no less than FOUR fields: sociology, psychology, philosophy, and mathematics. Her project was to explain how she thought the first three were related (well enough to convince me, anyway), and why she'd need the math to prove it.

A few days after the semester ended, I found out that I was to get a month's pay as a bonus. It seemed that all the parents had noticed that their daughters were a lot more enthusiastic about going to school; when they'd asked about it, they'd learned about some of what I was doing as a teacher. While some of my methods were throwing them off a little bit, there was no denying the impact. They'd continued to pay attention to how the girls were doing, and were both pleased and impressed with the progress they'd made — enough so to contact the school administration and praise me. While the school didn't normally give bonuses except in certain specific cases, the fact that ALL of the parents of the girls in my class had thought to say something was sufficiently unique to justify it.

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During the break between semesters, my mind was occupied a lot of the time by something that had

happened during the fall: voters in our state had passed a ballot initiative mandating that all schools should include a certain amount of time to specifically teach sex education.

While the school administration and community didn't have any problems with it, *I* certainly did: granted that the girls in my class were more than passably attractive and certainly nubile enough, I wasn't real wild about the idea of me, a grown man, teaching them sex ed — I simply figured that a female would do a better job of it by being able to address the questions that I expected would come up. To ensure that I had some kind of "paper trail", I sent an email to the school administration asking if everyone involved had really given full thought to the idea of ME teaching a classroom of teenage girls that particular subject.

The response I got was that the parents and administration were both fully aware of my particular situation, and didn't have any problem with it. I followed up by asking if the school had any particular materials they wanted me to use in place of my usual informal teaching methods. The head administrator himself answered, saying that he understood my concerns and that my questions were evidence to him of my honesty and integrity — but that he'd already checked with the parents of my girls, and they had all expressed confidence in me and my teaching style and trusted me to act in a manner "appropriate to the situation", whatever it might be.

While I didn't have any designs on any of the girls, I was all too aware of the possibility that I'd be subjected to questions that their parents wouldn't think their daughters would ask; and that those parents might not fully appreciate the answers I'd give. But with the emails I'd sent and the answers I'd gotten, I had to figure that I had my ass covered if there were any problems.

All that was left for me to do (!! ) was to try and figure out how to teach the subject not just to a group of young girls, but ones of such varying ages. I spent a *lot* of time doing various kinds of research until I had a fairly good grasp on what would be appropriate. From there, it was a lot easier pulling together materials to teach with (and, quite frankly, refresh my own knowledge on some of the subjects that I didn't have any working knowledge of — such as the details of what was actually involved in a menstrual cycle, for example). Even so, I still wasn't looking forward to it.

When school started up again, class picked up again pretty much where we'd left off. We not only quickly regained the level of comfort and familiarity that we'd had the previous semester, we easily went on to even greater levels of trust in and respect for each other. I found out that the girls knew I'd gotten a bonus (though not how much) because of what their parents had done, and I made it a point to thank all of them... not just as a group, but individually, as well. Each of them was embarrassed by it, but I could tell that they were pleased, too.

Knowing that I was going to have to teach the Sex Ed class sooner or later anyway, I decided to take care of it early in the semester and be done with it.

I wasn't going to just drop the subject on them out of nowhere, however. A couple of weeks into the semester, we were at a point in biology that made it reasonable to include sex ed. I told the girls that we'd be covering sex education the next day; that proclamation was met with a resounding silence that didn't help my frame of mind.

Still, I managed to pull together whatever courage and equanimity I could muster the next day, and resolutely went through the materials that I'd prepared. As best I could, I kept my demeanor and voice as normal as possible; I got a few questions along the way, and answered them appropriately. By the

time I was done, I was both relieved it was over, and confident that I'd done a proper job of explaining the human reproductive process.

Smiling at how much easier it had gone than I'd thought it would, I didn't hesitate to tell Casandra to go ahead when she raised her hand to indicate she had a question.

Looking directly into my eyes, she wanted to know "Why is that called 'sex education' when it didn't hardly say *anything* about sex? I mean, sure, you explained to us about sperm cells and eggs, but we knew that from regular biology. You showed us a few **drawings** of what guys have, and what's inside US, but you jumped right over the part between guy stuff and how a baby gets started — the actual sex part, I mean."

I could feel my smile slipping as Darci chimed in with "Yeah. My mom talks and acts like she's SO hip and cool and relaxed and everything, but when she talked to me about this stuff, all she really did was tell me about how my body was going to be changing and how I was going to start having periods. Neither of my folks has ever actually talked to me about **sex**. They're so crazy about me maybe seeing anything about it or seeing naked guys that they keep our computer in the living room and put some kind of goofy software on it that won't let me look at anything, anyway. I'm supposed to be 'careful' about sex, but they won't let me learn what it is that I'm supposed to be careful *about*! I can't ask THEM anything about it, and it seems like they do everything they can to keep me from finding out anything anyplace else, either. It's so **stupid**!"

That was followed by a chorus of agreements that quickly turned into the lot of them simultaneously exchanging horror stories about their parents attitudes.

I was still trying to figure out what the hell *I* could or should do when there was a lull in the noise and Tenisha clearly asked "Mister Thompson, would YOU actually talk to us about sex? And answer our questions and stuff?"

The rest of them quickly and loudly chimed in that they'd like that, too, much to my distress.

As much trouble as I'd had getting things that far, I was horrified by the prospect of an open-ended discussion and the questions I just *knew* they'd have. But I was too dedicated to the idea of teaching them that I couldn't find it in myself to break the bonds that we'd developed. So what I did instead was to try and foist the bad guy role onto someone else by telling them "*I could*, except for a couple of things. First, if you don't think you can talk to your folks about this stuff, then I don't know how happy they'd be about you talking to ME about it. Second, I don't know if the school would be okay with it, either. If I understand what you want, we'd be talking fairly explicitly about some pretty intimate and personal things."

To my relief, that shut them down; to my dismay, that lasted only a few seconds before Celia asked "If it's okay with our parents and the school, you'll do it?"

Somehow managing to keep my voice calm and level, I answered "**IF** *all* your parents AND the school both approve, yes." I added that bit about all the parents having to check off on it to raise the bar as high as I could... hopefully, out of reach.

Seeing the looks they gave each other, I didn't have a doubt in the world that they were going to at least TRY; I was comforted by the certainty that *somebody* with some sense would say "no", getting me out of this mess. With the subject of sex ed apparently dealt with, it was on to other things for the rest of



the day.

It was when I got home the following day that I found out how much of a dumbass I was.

In my email inbox I had a message from every girls parents. Though the wording on each was different, all the parents messages boiled down to "Thank you for getting us off the hook. You have our permission to actually address the subject of SEX with our daughter." I'd barely recovered from the shock of that when I got a call from the head administrator. He explained that all the parents had contacted him that day about the situation, and let him know that the idea had originated with the girls, not me. They'd also made it **quite** clear that they not only *welcomed* the idea, but gone on to emphasize that they were still okay with me "addressing any issues that might come up in whatever manner I considered appropriate". He went on to say that he was sending me an actual letter, signed by him, making it clear and plain that I was being given *carte blanche* to deal with the situation not just by him, but the girls parents. He finished by saying he and the parents fully understood what they were saying, and that he'd understand if I wanted to wait until I had the letter in hand before proceeding.

I thanked him for his trust and confidence, and that ended the call.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. **FUCK!**

Okay, maybe a bad choice of words. But I still felt like I'd left the frying pan, but not just for the fire, but a bottomless pit of molten lava. Didn't any of these people have *any* sense or limitations!? Shit!

After trying to drown my sorrows with a six-pack of beer, I realized that there was a very real possibility that the administrator hadn't been pulling a practical joke on me and that I might actually have to follow through on my promise to the girls. Fuck.

While holding out the hope that something would happen to give me an "out" (like, say, a massive coronary or being abducted by aliens), I tried to figure out what I needed to do. Remembering what Darci had said, I figured I'd better get together some pictures of naked guys. Being a committed heterosexual, I didn't have any immediately available; I wasn't looking forward to hunting down anything appropriate on the Internet, but knew that was what I'd have to do. Then it occurred to me that I should probably cover all the bases and include a variety of ages ... as well as circumcised and not, and varying degrees of arousal. Oh, *joy*. When I finally realized that if I was going to show guys, I should probably show girls, too, I felt a little better; THAT search could be stretched to make up for the other one...

Still, even after a full six pack of beer, I had trouble getting to sleep that night.

The next day I told the girls what I figured they already knew: that I'd gotten all the permissions I needed to be able to actually *talk* to them about sex the way THEY wanted me to. Their considerable enthusiasm was only slightly tempered by my adding that it would be a couple of days before it could actually happen.

That evening, I didn't let myself put off the task of finding the kinds of male pictures that I was after. Although it wasn't as bad as it could have been, it was still a far cry from anything I'd have done under any other circumstances.

When I got home the next day, I found that I'd received the letter the administrator had said he was sending and that it really did grant me open-ended permission. My search for some appropriate female pictures that evening wasn't anywhere near as bad as the previous nights efforts had been.

With the materials I figured I'd need in my briefcase, I waited until after lunch to let the girls know that it was okay for us to have our "talk". Knowing what I was referring to, only a moment passed before Sharla spoke up, saying "From what my mom told me, and the other stuff I've heard about and read, I really only have a kinda-sorta idea of what sex even **is**. I think it would help if we all had some kind of definition or something so we were all starting from the same place and talking about the same things", with a faint blush.

I considered it for a few moments before answering "I suppose the broadest definition would be any activity that contributes to the stimulation of the desire to engage in reproductive activity." After letting them consider that for a few seconds, I went on to tell them "Note that there's **nothing** in there about actually including the sex organs, or specifying what that 'activity' might be. That means that 'sex' can include anything from just *thinking* about it to actually making babies. I know that's a pretty broad definition, but that's about what it has to be to include all the different things that people do. I expect you'll learn soon enough that I'm right about that."

I could see the provisional acceptance of that in all their faces before Mallory hesitantly suggested "Maybe we should start with the basic part. You know, something simple, like making babies."

The rest of them nodded their agreement, and Kathrine was the one to say "We know that the male's sperm has to get together with the female's egg, but I don't think any of us know exactly how that happens. Could you explain how it works?"

Knowing that I was going to have to deal with some variation of that question didn't make me any happier on actually hearing it.

But rather than just start in with the Tab A into Slot B part, I opted to tell them "I can, and I will. But there are some things that you need to know and think about before that." Making sure I still had their attention, I went on to use the large diagram I had of female innards to expand on the sperm meets egg bit by pointing out where the two were most likely to meet up and then working backwards/out from there. As I did, I continued to emphasize that it took only a single sperm cell to find the egg for a baby to get started; I was setting the stage for them to understand the importance of thinking ahead and being prepared when (not if) they started getting involved with guys.

With that accomplished, I finally addressed the questions from Mallory and Kathrine — but only in the most basic "penis goes here and releases sperm cells" fashion. While I was doing all that, I also had the male diagram on display, as well. I deliberately didn't address what state the male penis had to be in; if I was going to have to talk to them about the actual sex *act*, they were going to have to make the first move and outright ask me.

I suspected that my ploy wasn't going to work when I saw Sharla's eyes moving between the male and female diagrams; a few moments later she asked "Um... are both of those diagrams the same size? I mean, to the same scale?"

I assured her that they were, and she then wanted to know "Then how does the end of a guys penis get far enough into the girl that he can leave his semen closer to her cervix, like you said? That penis doesn't look long enough to do what you said; and I've see boys — little ones, I mean — and their penises were, um, pretty soft and floppy. I know that I'm kind of small inside, so I don't understand how that happens", finishing with a faint blush.

"It happens because when a guy becomes sexually aroused, his penis not only gets larger, but harder.

*Generally* speaking, it will get anywhere from half again to twice as long as normal, and anything from three to four times as big around. When a guy IS aroused like that, it's politely called 'fully erect'; if he's somewhere between, it's said to be 'semi-erect'."

Tenisha stuck her hand up in the air so she could ask "How, uh, big is an erect penis?"

"The *average* size is a bit over six inches long and something over an inch across — but that's the average. That's a lot like the **average** bra size is 34-B, but we've all seen that there can be some that are a lot smaller or larger."

"What... what makes a guys penis bigger like that?", Mallory wanted to know.

I couldn't help laughing before I told them "When he's young, and not far into puberty, it can be darn near anything — even breathing. Once he's a little older, though, it takes something he finds sexually stimulating to get things going for him. I expect that it's a lot like what all of you have experienced: there are times when you feel a certain way, but if nothing happens about it, it goes away sooner or later."

To my surprise (and amusement) all nine of them blushed slightly at the suggestion that they felt "a certain way" at times. Several seconds passed before Kathrine wanted to know "Um... what kinds of stuff makes a guy, you know, um, excited?"

I had the complete and total attention of all of them as I answered "Normally, it's one of just a few things. It might be just the sight of a girl, naked or not, that he finds appealing. Or it could be from seeing a particular part of a woman's body that he favors; that's usually her breasts or butt, but could be something else. MOST guys are pretty much mostly stimulated by what they see, but smell, touch, and sound are part of it, too. And by touch, I mean the guy doing the touching; *being* touched sexually by a girl works on almost all guys."

"You said **normally** it's one of a few things. What else can it be?", Nawar asked.

Sighing, I answered "I had hoped to deal with this later, but since you asked..." After getting things organized in my mind, I continued "I need you to understand that none of the things that I tell you about are *automatically* bad or wrong or anything like that. Speaking ONLY for myself, I think that the only things that people can do that are 'wrong' is forcing or deceiving someone into doing or experiencing something they don't want to. If the people involved know what's involved and are **willing** to participate in something, then the morality of whatever they might be involved in is entirely up to them."

With that said, I went on to tell them about some of the things that I was aware of; by the time I was finished, every last one of them had an expression that made it clear that nothing I'd mentioned appealed to them. A few seconds passed before Darci wanted to know "You mean people actually DO stuff like that? Because it makes them *excited*?"

"Yes, they do. Some of them, like the latex or leather or shoes ones are more common than you might think. That's not to say that there all THAT many people like that, only that it isn't that UNusual. Also, remember that even for those fetishes it isn't a case of all or nothing: at one end, there are the people that it simply adds to what they're already feeling. At the other extreme, there are those that can ONLY be satisfied with whatever their fetish is."

"And you don't think any of that stuff is wrong?", Casandra wanted to know. "I sure do!"

"For **me**, yeah, all of it is wrong — but **ONLY** for me. I'm only in charge of myself, and I don't have any need or desire to try and tell someone else what they should do, or be in charge of **THEIR** life. That's something that I think is one of the most fundamental of rights and responsibilities."

"What do you mean?", she wanted to know.

"If I want to claim the **RIGHT** to make my own choices for my own reasons without interference, then I also have the **RESPONSIBILITY** to not interfere with the choices that someone else has made. Just about every right that you can imagine has a corresponding responsibility, if you'll think about it. Between now and tomorrow morning, I want each of you to think of *five* things in your lives that you have a 'right' to. Tomorrow morning, you're going to do a single page on what those rights are — and what the corresponding responsibility is."

That last part earned me a few groans before Sharla quipped "Great... Civics homework in the middle of sex ed!", making all of us laugh.

A somewhat embarrassed Evette wanted to know "Okay, I understand the making babies kind of sex. But I, uh, I've heard of other stuff, too, like oral sex. Is that really what it sounds like?"

What followed turned into a discussion that started with a broad definition of oral sex and gradually included anal sex, solo masturbation, mutual masturbation, kissing (basic and advanced), general and specific touches and touching, birth control (from abstinence to sterilization), sexuality versus sensuality, sexual orientation, sexual attitudes, and sex appeal. Along the way, I provided them with the pictures that I'd gathered (while explicit, none of them showed the sex act itself — and I got them all back just to cover my ass). I also took whatever chances I got to touch on the "one sperm cell plus one egg equals three people" risks. While all of this was going on, I was doing the kind of teaching that I liked and was supposed to: giving them basic information, and then helping them discuss it with me and each other. If they started to get bogged down (whether from a disagreement on some point or a particular subject), I'd toss something into the conversation to get them rolling again. I was able to call an end to it — nearly three hours later — only by pointing out that the school day was over and that we could continue after they'd had a few days to think about everything.

I was actually feeling somewhat pleased with myself afterwards for having been fully prepared, and getting through all of it relatively unscathed.

Several times over the next few weeks, we got into additional (thankfully shorter) discussions on the subject as the girls thought of (or got the courage to ask) additional questions. The confidence I'd gotten from the first class was bolstered by my ability to deal with the follow-on queries.

As it turned out, that just left me all the more vulnerable and figuratively exposed when I was jack-lighted like a deer by a question from Darci.

We were nearly finished with a relatively benign conversation about physical desires and what could or should be done about them when Darci spoke up.

"Mister Thompson, we've talked about this stuff... you know, being sexually aroused and that there's nothing wrong with, um, taking care of it ourselves — but there's something I've noticed."

Dumbass me, I just **had** to ask "What's that?"

"Almost all of what we've talked about has been girls, or girls and guys. We've never, ever talked about

*just* guys and what happens with them. Are we going to cover that stuff, too?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we've covered a lot of stuff about girls, and I can understand that 'cause that's what we are. But we don't know hardly *anything* about guys! When you were telling us how things change in our bodies when we get excited, we knew what you were talking about because we had experience with it happening to us; and the pictures you let us look at the first time made me feel better that **my**, uh, stuff wasn't weird or anything. That's nice and everything, except that we don't know as much of the same kinds of stuff about GUYS! I mean, we've *kinda* seen that guys can look different, and how they change when they have an erection — but we don't have anything to compare it to like we do about the girl things. And we've talked about ejaculations, and sperm cells and semen, but none of US has **any** idea what that's all about! So I just want to know if we'll get to really find out about that stuff, too."

All of them were looking at me closely, and none of their expressions changed when she was done; I can only figure that the blood rushing to my face in embarrassment was countered by the blood draining out in my horror at what she was suggesting.

Despite the tendency of my mind to run around in circles and gibber, I managed to maintain enough presence to try and talk my way out of it... and quickly learned that I couldn't. The need for an actual guy was countered by the fact that *I* met that criteria. That I was an adult male and their teacher drew the observation that I would be as good of an example as anyone — and wasn't that what they wanted: for me to teach them?

My explanation that whoever it was (I wasn't about to concede any involvement by ME!) would need some kind of stimulation got a declaration from Darci that *she*, at least, was willing to provide it visually (Casandra, Nawar, Mallory, and Evette nodded in apparent willingness, too). Questioning whether or not they **really** wanted to see the process resulted in a chorus of affirmations. It was when I tried my last argument that any such activity might not meet with their parents approval that I learned they were all aware that I'd been given blanket authority and permission to do whatever I needed to educate them on the subject.

Several more escapes were tried, only have each of them neatly blocked. I finally had to concede that the only option that seemed to be available to me was to do as they asked.

When I couldn't think of anything else to try, I still waited a couple of minutes to see if they'd have mercy on me and call it off; they didn't, and I finally told them "Well, if that's what it takes, then I guess I'll do it." When I saw the delighted expressions on their faces, though, I quickly told them "But I'm going to need a couple of days to figure this all out and get myself psyched up for it. Remember, I'm not some young kid that gets an erection any time he wants one — I'm going to have to have some stimulation to *get* erect. I'll also have to masturbate so you'll be able to see what happens when a guy ejaculates, and find out about semen; and I have to decide how that can happen without making any kind of mess. So just settle down and give me a little space, here, would you?"

Hearing that, they realized that they were asking me to do something (essentially) in public that **they'd** only ever done in private. That sobered them up quite a bit, and all of them solemnly nodded their heads in understanding and agreement... which did absolutely nothing to help MY frame of mind.

On that happy note, I shifted over into another subject. For the rest of that day, and all of the next two, not a single one of them did or said anything about the special lesson I was going to give them. Not that

I didn't know it was very much in their minds (likely as much as it was on mine!), just that they were considerate enough to give me the space I'd asked for. The third day, I told them that I'd gotten things worked out and that we'd have the lesson that they wanted the following afternoon. Much to my relief, they all managed to constrain their happiness at the news.

Of course, trying to teach them anything after lunch the next day was a complete waste of time; but that was okay, since all I wanted to **do** was waste time until late in the afternoon. What I planned was to use the last hour of the school day for the "demonstration": I wanted to keep the question-and-answer session afterwards as short as possible.

It finally (and too damn soon!) got to be time. I set up a small lash-up of a couple pieces of wire and a piece of clear plastic from a dry-cleaning bag on one side of my desk before standing in front of it and telling them "Okay, it's time — if you're still sure this is what you want." I figured it was probably a waste of time, but I had to at least *try*.

All of them nodded that they were sure, and I told them "Okay, then. I'm going to go in the back and get undressed; then I'll come up here where I am now so all of you can see. When the time comes, I'll turn toward this" — I gestured toward the cum-catcher I'd rigged — "so you can get a better idea of what happens. After I'm done, I'll go back to get dressed again, and you can use that time to learn whatever you want to about semen. Okay?"

After another round of nods, I went back to the private area.

Once I'd shed my clothing, I stepped out of the protection of the privacy area — and saw that Darci had followed up on her vow that she was willing to provide any necessary visual stimulation by taking off all of her clothes, leaving them neatly piled on her chair. As had Nawar, Casandra, Evette, and Mallory... and the rest of them, as well. All nine of them were stark naked and standing propped up against the front edges of their desks as I made my way back to the front of the classroom. When I got there, nine pairs of eyes were focused on an area somewhere between my navel and knees; at least up to the time that I cleared my throat. All of them jumped a little, then blushed when they looked into my face, knowing that *I* knew where they'd been looking. Before I could say anything, though, Sharla told me "We, um... we all figured that if you were going to have to be naked, then it was only fair that all of us are, too."

To that, Casandra added "We've all gotten to be friends, and all of us have spent the night at each other's houses and everything. So we decided that if you were going to touch yourself for us, we're going to touch ourselves for you."

Hearing that, I could feel my cock twitch... and nine pairs of eyes immediately locked onto it again. While they were checking ME out, I was looking *them* over, too.

Katherine had pear-shaped breasts that looked to be roughly enough that I could cover one with my hand; each sported a dark pink areola about the size of a quarter surrounding a small nubbin of a nipple. Between her thighs, she had a small, sparse patch of dark pubic hair. Mallory's bust was a trifle larger and more rounded, with areolas and nipples that were only marginally darker than her skin; her mound sported a narrow vee of short straight hair that was as pale as what was on her head. Darci was showing me that she had breasts about the sizes of tangerine halves, capped with slightly puffy quarter-diameter areolas that were pale pink — and nipples that stuck out rather prominently. At the apex of her thighs, she had a dense patch of dark curly hair.

Evette's smooth body accentuated the conical shape of her more-than-a-handful sized breasts. At the peak of each was a small chocolate-brown areola just barely larger than her nipples. Her lower belly had a small wedge of long, sparse dark hair. For her part, Casandra had no reason to worry about being naked: the healthy pink of her skin only accentuated her medium-sized rosy pink areolas and nipples on the grapefruit halves of her breasts; her pubic thatch was the same shade as what was on her head, thick and curly. Nawar damn near left me breathless... the pale tan expanse of flesh revealed to me was highlighted by the mounds of her breasts; they'd over-fill my cupped hands, and were crowned with dark tan nipples centered in areolas the size of a fingernail. Between her legs, she had a small patch of dark, thick hair that looked luxuriously soft.

Tenisha's slender chocolate-colored body had a velvety look that I wished I could check out first-hand. Her breasts were roughly the same size as Mallory's, but were more rounded; each had a small dark volcano at it's peak. Her mons featured a short, wide vee that was black and short. Sharla's full bust featured pale brown areolas that were about the size of a thumbnail with a short, wide nipple neatly centered in each. Farther down, her thighs neatly bracketed a long, narrow delta of thick, black straight hair. Last of all was Celia: not *quite* as buxom as Casandra, her breasts were more rounded and displayed a pair of tan nipples in areolas the size of half-dollars. Her dark blond bush was long, thick, and larger than the others.

Though all of them were in different stages of development, each was nicely curved at waist and hips; and as I'd thought on first seeing them, all were in good physical condition. There wasn't a blemish, birthmark, or anything else to mar the samples of female flesh on display. I'd been aware of their attractiveness before, but only in an abstract kind of way... much like I'd appreciate anything of a "can't touch" nature, like a sunset or bit of scenery; and my only interest in them had been as individuals in a classroom with me. The limited attention I'd paid to their *femaleness* was as it regarded my employment as a teacher: to not do or say **anything** to put my employment or freedom at risk.

But standing stark naked in front of them, with the lot of them equally exposed to ME, it really hit me that they were all attractive and nubile girls on their way to becoming women. It also finally registered in my feeble little mind that not only did I have a blank check to do whatever they wanted me to, but that the girls themselves were apparently making it clear that they would *welcome* my involvement with them. No, they hadn't declared any wish for an orgy or mass exercise in groping and fondling; but it seemed plain enough that I didn't have to worry about joining in at whatever level of intimacy that they wanted us to share. Since I hadn't managed to get another girlfriend since I started teaching, the prospect of a physical relationship with one or more of them held a distinct appeal.

So when I looked at each of them again in that new light, it was with a more direct and **personal** interest. And with the understanding that it was actually within the realm of possibility that I'd be able to sample at least some of their charms, I felt my cock begin to grow in response.

As that happened, I saw a couple pairs of nipples start to erect — which only prodded me to react even more. In turn, that was enough to get those on the first two girls (Darci and Sharla) to become longer and harder; my increasing reaction also began to impact Cassandra, Nawar, and Kathrine, and the visual feedback they provided furthered my arousal. Over the course of the next few minutes, the ten of us went back and forth that way... them steadily becoming more and more obviously aroused at the sight of my penis getting longer and harder, and their reactions giving ME the stimulus to advance the process.

I was almost fully erect when I began to detect the faint scent of aroused female; with that heady aroma to add to my arousal, I finally **had** to take hold of my cock and begin stroking myself. When I did, I heard a soft moan from Darci.

After the few seconds it took to get my cock fully erect, Darci moved to sit on her desk and scoot herself back before bringing her feet up to rest on it, too. She lifted her eyes to look right into my face as she slowly spread her legs to expose the cleft between her smooth thighs. Sliding her hand to her pelvis, she used her fingers to spread her labia to show me that the area between them was visibly damp — and that her clitoris was starting to make an appearance.

Over the next couple of minutes, all the rest of them got similarly situated. The sight they presented was both incredibly stimulating and stunningly erotic; if I'd let myself, I could easily have gotten myself off in a matter of just a couple of minutes.

Instead, I deliberately took my time so that I could really *enjoy* the experience of having no less than nine nubile teens not only getting more and more aroused by looking at me stroking my hard cock, but choosing to pleasure themselves in front of me. The faint scent of fresh, young pussy that I'd noticed before steadily grew stronger and stronger as each girls hand stayed busy between her thighs. As I continued to slide my hand up and down my erection, I took the opportunity to watch each of them until she looked into my face; when she did, I smiled to her to let her know that I appreciated and enjoyed what she was doing for me. My only disappointment was that I could only see the girls in the front row clearly.

It suddenly dawned on me that if they were **that** interested in seeing my erect penis and watching me masturbate, and willing to let me see them doing the same in return, then there simply *couldn't* be any reason that I had to remain at the front of the class — that I could move around so that not only could each of them get a clearer view of what *I* was doing, I could get a better and closer look at THEM.

Moments later, I was putting my plan into action, starting with Kathrine. Other than her eyes getting big for a couple of seconds when I moved in front of her, she didn't have any overt reaction. I surreptitiously checked the time when I stopped in front of her, and again when I was done looking her over. I did the same when I moved to stand before Mallory, and was able to match the elapsed time to within a couple of seconds; then it was on to Darci, and the rest of them. While I was moving among them, I was careful to keep my hand moving at a steady pace to preclude any chance of one of them thinking or claiming that I found *her* more attractive or sexier than the others. By the time I was back at the front of the class and resting against my desk, I'd done my best to memorize the sight of each and my mind was full of the various sights of them.

Looking at all of them pleasuring themselves with the aroma of aroused female thick in the air, I finally gave myself over to finding my release... but slowly. As I gradually let my hand move more and more quickly, I continued to look from one to the other of them and imagine what it would be like to be intimate with her — the soft smoothness of her skin, what her breasts and nipples and pubis would feel like, how she might taste if I was lucky enough to get to bury my nose in her muff...

I'd brought myself to the edge and was holding myself there to intensify my pleasure when I heard one of them (I think it was Celia) softly cry out with the beginning of her climax. That was all it took to push ME over the edge, as well, and I somehow managed to turn toward the shield I'd fabricated and angle my cock at it just ahead of the first spurt of cum erupting from me. A second later, I heard as two more girls began to orgasm in response. By the time I finished emptying myself, I'd heard several cries



that told me most (if not all) of them had found their release, too.

Once I'd recovered from the intensity of my climax, I used a couple of tissues from the box on my desk to wipe the end of my cock off before standing up. Taking a moment to look all of them over, I saw that all of them were somewhat stunned by what they'd just witnessed. After telling them "I'll go in the back now, and get dressed. I'll give you a few minutes to learn about semen, then I'll be back to answer a **few** questions before school ends for the day."

A couple of them managed to nod at me absently in acknowledgment, and I calmly did what I'd said I would.

I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised that it took me a lot less time to get my clothes back on than it had to get them off; that meant that I was ready to leave the privacy area much sooner than I'd expected. Thinking (hoping) that they'd gleaned whatever information they were after about my cum, I peeked out — only to see that they were all gathered around the cum-catcher, and still naked. As I watched, Darci, then Nawar and Casandra stuck a hand out and collected a small sample of cum to rub between their finger and thumb. The rest of them quickly did the same, and all spent a few seconds testing my semen for various characteristics. What shocked me, though, was when Darci and Nawar both stuck their fingers in their mouths to find out what it tasted like. Darci's expression suggested that she was indifferent to it, but Nawar's smile told me that she liked it. A few moments of quiet (but obviously intense) discussion among them followed before the rest tried it, too. Only Mallory seemed to find the taste outright unpleasant; the rest seemed indifferent to mildly pleased. After that, I saw them start to break up and quickly pulled my head out of sight again. I gave it a couple of minutes before inquiring if they were ready, and waited a few more after Sharla told me they weren't. Another check with them, and it was okay for me to make my reappearance.

When I was back in front of my desk, I casually collapsed the rig I'd built and carefully compressed it before dropping it in the trash can (which I'd empty myself, later). Seated on the front of my desk, I asked "Now that we're done, what do you want to know about what just happened?"

First to speak up was Tenisha, who wanted to know "Does... does it always come out that hard, and is there always that much of it?"

Pretending that I was talking about someone else entirely seemed to help as I answered "No, and no — at least for me. It's been a while since I've had sex, and all of you were quite... helpful" — all of them but Tenisha visibly blushed — "so that was stronger than usual. But I don't think that 'normal' would be all **THAT** much different, either."

The conversation was threatened with being sidetracked when Celia asked "Why has it been so long since you had sex?"

All of them were listening closely as I answered "I'm still kind of new here, and this isn't all that big of a community, so it's taking a while for me to find someone. Next question about what happened?"

Several more questions followed, and I had to try and explain a number of different aspects of what I'd done, and why. I managed to lie to myself outrageously, and somehow succeeded in maintaining my equanimity until class ended.

Several days passed before there was any talk about anything even remotely sexual. My string of good luck was broken when, from out of nowhere, Kathrine observed "The other day... you know, when we

learned about ejaculations... all of us got to see what a penis and erection look like; and you were even nice enough to come around to all of us so we could see it better after you were hard. But I don't feel like I really **know** that much more than I did before. We all know what happens with US when we start to get excited like that; I mean, it's *us* and we can look closer and touch and smell and all that. We didn't get to do anything like that when it was you, though."

Right after that, Sharla added "And you've only told us a little bit about what oral sex is — basically, just that it's when one person uses their mouth and tongue to stimulate the other person's genitals. You haven't said anything about HOW that stimulation happens, and... and... I, uh, I'd kinda like to know. You know, in case."

What they were trying to get at couldn't have been any more obvious if they'd used a P.A. system and flashing lights. While I'd have been aghast at the idea not so long before, my revelation during the "ejaculation class" had changed my attitude considerably: rather than fighting tooth and nail against what they seemed to be proposing, I was thinking more about how and when it might happen. Still, I didn't forget that my blanket permission only covered the things that THEY brought up and initiated.

To both make sure that I was interpreting their unspoken desires correctly, and to put to rest the little bit of concern I felt about the matter, I looked all of them over for a few seconds before asking "Did you have something in mind that you wanted to do, then?"

Casandra was the one to tell me "We were, um, thinking that maybe you could, you know, let us learn about guy stuff with you, and maybe, um, the, uh, oral sex part, too."

"What do you mean 'learn about'? Is there something specific you want to happen?"

Casandra blushed slightly as she answered "We were wondering if it would be okay if... if we learned about guy stuff — your penis and stuff, I mean — with you. Using your stuff, I mean... touching and all that."

"And what about the oral sex part?", I asked.

Nawar took over then, saying "We'd like it if we could hear about it, first. You know, descriptions of who does what, and a little bit of how. Then if we could have some time before anything like that could happen, so we can think about it and decide what each of us wants to find out. We'd want to do that part of it with you, too, if we can."

I waited several seconds before I replied "So if I understand this correctly, you want to be able to look at and touch my genitals, and possibly learn about some parts of oral sex with me. Is this something that all of you want?"

Nine heads solemnly nodded. I let several more seconds pass before asking "I'm a little confused, here. On the guy stuff part, would it be just you touching me? For the oral sex things, I understand that all of you might not want to do the same ones; but what I'm not sure of is whether it would be you doing things to me, me doing things to you, or both. And you haven't said whether or not any of us would be nude, or when."

The nine of them shared looks with each other before Darci told me "If you wanted to touch some of us, it would be okay; any of us that doesn't want that won't go where you *can* touch them. The, uh, oral sex part would, um, be both, probably. We already figured that it should be with everybody naked the whole time."

While it certainly sounded like fun, and appealing as hell, I still thought about it for a bit. As I did, I looked at each one of them to see if I could tell if she was actively interested in what they were after, or simply going along. In every case, the girl that I looked at made it clear to me that she was a willing member of the group. The only fear or concern that I could detect seemed to be that I might turn them down.

By the time I'd confirmed their willingness and certainly, I'd thought of something that would simply things. Looking them over again, I told them "If you're really sure you want to try those things, then we can. There are a couple of things I'd like you to think about, though. To make it easier and so that everybody gets a fair turn, it might be better if both of them happened at the same time."

In response to their questioning looks, I continued "What I mean is that each of you can have a turn learning about my guy stuff, and if you want to, use it as a chance to learn how to give oral sex to a guy; while you're doing that, I can be helping one of you learn what it's like to *receive* oral sex. That way each of you gets your own time that's **yours** to do how much of whatever you want. The rest of you can watch, or do anything else as long as you're not doing anything to get in the way of the ones I'm with." They thought about that for a bit, and after I saw they understood, I went on to tell them "If you want, I'll be glad to help you have climaxes from the oral sex; but whether I do that or not is up to each of you. What I'm going to need from each of you is that you stop whatever you're doing if I ask you to. I'd like to have a climax, too, at the end, but not before. I'll explain why when we talk about oral sex."

Though unsure about why I'd want to NOT have climaxes confused them somewhat, they all voiced their understanding and agreement.

The last thing I wanted to know was "Did you have any particular day that you wanted the learning part to happen, or do you want me to take care of that part?"

Cassandra spoke up again, telling me "Whenever you think would be the right time is okay with us."

"Okay, how about if we have the talk the day after tomorrow, and the lesson the day after that? If that might be a problem for one of you, let me know. I don't need to know who or why, just that it needs to be later. Okay?"

None of them changed expression in the slightest at the suggestion that I'd reschedule things if one of them was, or might be, having her period that day. Instead, they all voiced their approval of the plan and schedule before thanking me.

On the designated day, we had the "discussion" part of the lesson. I led off by explaining to them the physical limits of the human male regarding erections and climaxes. With the lot of them understanding why I'd need them to stop what they were doing at times, it was on to a *somewhat* detailed descriptions of what **could** be done by the parties involved during oral sex. I finished up by telling them

"Remember, the idea behind oral sex isn't so much to make yourself happy right away as it is to bring pleasure to the OTHER person. If you do that, they'll want to do the same for you. Maybe you're not sure about some of what we've talked about, and that's fine. What I'd like to ASK you to do is think about those things, and whether or not they're things you really truly don't want to do, or if you're just afraid or nervous or don't know. If you positively don't want to do them ever, then don't — for me or anyone else. Otherwise, I would suggest that you at least give them a fair try so you can really **know** why you don't want to do them. You haven't said anything to me about who's going to start or who's

going to finish with me, and that doesn't *really* matter to me. I just want to tell you that there's something whoever is going to be last should be aware of: **if** you're going to help me have a climax, you should probably decide ahead of time how you want that to happen. You've all seen what happens when a guy climaxes, or ejaculates; so whichever one of you is last should decide if she wants to let me climax just in her hand, or if she wants it to be while she's giving me oral sex so that it happens in her mouth. If she just wants it to be in her hand, then I promise that I'll let her know **BEFORE** it happens. Okay?"

I saw several of them get thoughtful at the prospect of having a choice of how and where I climaxed, and all of them said that they understood and agreed.

I waited until shortly after lunch (light, on my part) the next day for the "hands-on" lesson that they wanted. I'd brought in a large soft blanket from home, which we used to cover some of the soft mats that we had; we'd used them before for such things as yoga classes, and knew that they were more than adequate to the task. When everything was ready, I went back into the privacy area to undress. Once we were all seated on the blanket, I told them "I don't need to know who's going to do what in which order — I'm just going to trust that you've taken care of that part. Since things are a little different than what we first talked about, it's going to be up to each of you to let me know where it's okay with **YOU** for me to touch you. *Just as an example*, it can be something like 'no girl parts', which I'll take to mean between your legs and your breasts; or you can say 'above the waist', and I won't go any lower than that. If you tell me 'arms and legs', then **that's** the only places my hands will go; if it's easier, you can tell me just one area that I can or can't touch. It's up to each of you to let me know whatever is right for **you**, and I'll expect everyone else to respect that. I'm okay with you touching me anyplace you want to, but that doesn't mean that I **EXPECT** anything in particular from you. We've already talked about a lot of different things, but I want to say something to make it clear: I am *not* going to be upset or surprised or think anything special about anything any of you want to do while we're together like this. As long as you're doing it because you want to, it doesn't matter to me if you want to kiss, or touch — either yourselves, or each other — or anything else."

That last bit got me a couple of Looks, but I carefully didn't notice or comment on them. Instead, I just got myself stretched out on my back before quietly letting them know "I'm ready to start whenever you are."

As I'd figured, it took a minute anything happened; but once one of them had made her first tentative touch of my abdomen (I didn't get enough exercise to have 'six-pack' abs, but I was still pretty fit), things started moving along. The first few minutes were spent with the nine of them generally touching my body — arms, legs, shoulders, abdomen, and so on. I knew things were about to shift into high gear when Nawar moved next to my head and leaned over to tell me "I get to be first to find out what oral sex is like, if that's okay."

I simply gave her a small smile before answering "That's *more* than 'okay'." , making her smile back before she said "I... I want you to touch me — all over."

I assured her "I can do that!", drawing a small laugh from her before she asked "What do I have to do?"

"Only what you *want* to", I reassured her. "If it makes you feel better or it's easier for you, we can start with just kissing and touching a little bit."

"I'd like that", she replied, before tilting her body forward enough to bring her face close to mine. She

hesitated a few moments, and I simply waited until she was ready to go on; she was visibly relieved that I wasn't going to "rush" her when she finally indicated that she was ready for us to kiss.

I kept the first touch of our lips as soft and gentle as it could be, and let it end the very moment she wanted it to. She pulled back from me far enough that I could see her smile as she told me "I'm glad you're being as nice about this as I hoped you would."

I smiled back to her and looked into her beautiful dark eyes as I replied "And I'm glad that you're being as brave about this as I thought you could."

She moved in to kiss me again, and as it progressed, I put my hand on her hip. She started when she felt my touch, but quickly accepted it when I simply kept my hand still. Over the next couple of minutes, our kisses steadily grew longer and more impassioned. She didn't have any reaction when I slowly started moving my hand on her — first to softly caress her side and back, then gradually expanding my touch to include her cute little butt.

After I'd given one of her tight buns a tender squeeze, she pulled away from me just long enough to tell me "It... it's okay if you want to touch the rest of me now..." before bringing her lips to mine again.

Even with her explicit permission like that, I didn't immediately move my hand to her breast. Instead, I just continued to let my hand wander farther and farther on her tawny body until it just naturally reached the most obvious signs of her femininity. Softly and carefully, I mapped one of her warm orbs with my fingertips and delighting in how smooth and firm it was under my touch. When my fingers reached the peak of the mammary I was exploring, Nawar's breath caught for a moment before she released a soft moan of pleasure. Even as I was investigating the rubbery cylinder of her nipple, I could feel it growing longer, and the flesh surrounding it begin to pucker.

As I continued to take pleasure in the feeling of her young breast under my hand, the kisses we were sharing became progressively longer and more intense; by the time I'd included the other and managed to bring both of her nipples to full attention, Nawar had introduced her tongue to mine, and they were playing a rousing game of tag with each other.

After a few minutes of that, she was willing to be guided over me so that she was straddling my chest. It took only a moment for her to understand that I'd be able to get my mouth on her breasts if she leaned forward, which she did without hesitation. The first touch of my lips to one of her nipples drew an impassioned moan from her, followed by leaning forward a little more and giving me even better access to them. Positioned as she was, I didn't have to move my head much to be able to get my lips and tongue on any square millimeter of her mammarys that caught my attention; while I was happily engaged in my third-most favorite activity (I knew the second would be happening before long, and truly hoped for the chance at the first), I fondled and molested almost every bit of her that I could reach. The only exception was the area between her thighs: I was determined to keep anything even *vaguely* "threatening" to her presumed virginity away so as to avoid giving her any reason to call things off.

If anyone had been inclined to dust her for fingerprints afterwards, they wouldn't have found any — simply because I never lost touch with her and my hands were in constant motion. Between my oral assault on her breasts and how my hands and fingers were caressing her non-stop, it wasn't long before I could hear her starting to make soft noises of pleasure as what I knew had to be her unique aroma began to make itself known. Still, I continued my efforts to slowly and steadily increase her pleasure

and arousal; I wanted her **fully** primed and ready so that there wouldn't be any awkwardness or concern about getting her re-positioned so I could get my first taste of her adolescent pussy.

While Nawar and I were busy with all of that, the rest of them were occupied with getting themselves familiarized with the details and particulars of my cock and balls — I could tell the difference between the hands that would cup and *carefully* squeeze my balls and heft them, and move my penis in different ways to check it out. Nothing any of them did hurt (and felt briefly uncomfortable only a couple of times), and it certainly wasn't enough to provide any real stimulation. What seemed to fascinate them as much as anything else was the abundance of pubic hair I had... there was almost always more than one set of fingertips busy in it.

The scent of Nawar's excitement was plainly evident to me when I put my hands on the firm globes of her ass; only a little bit of pressure was needed to convince her to raise herself off of me and let me guide her over my head. When she was in position, she looked down at me without the slightest concern as I took a little time to try and memorize the sight of her: how her short, soft labia divided the dark wedge of her pubic thatch... they were of only medium thickness, and both were already faintly shiny. Where I knew the entrance to her vagina was, they were slightly parted and clearly glistening with her oils; the hood of her clitoris was barely visible at the top of her cleft.

She continued to watch as I lifted my head between her smooth thighs, then extended my tongue when I was close enough to let it dip between her vaginal lips. She gasped at the contact, then groaned as I slid my tongue upwards and then circled her hidden clitoris.

That small effort of mine was enough to get me a sample of her essence. Her juices had a distinctly oily texture, but tasted fresh and vaguely musky — and I immediately fell in love with them. Slowly and carefully so I didn't overwhelm or frighten her, I went about stimulating and pleasuring her into producing more and more of them. It didn't take long before she had her eyes closed and her hands in my hair, moaning almost continuously as I did my very best to give her reason to let me sample her charms again in the future. I happily did all manner of things to and with her, from softly sucking on her clitoris to carefully teasing the tight ring of her opening with the tip of my tongue; gently "chewing" on her labia with my lips to licking her cleft like an ice cream cone (and ending each pass of my tongue with a little "flip" across her exposed clit). She was patently agreeable to damn near anything I wanted to try, and obviously enjoyed every bit of it as evidenced by the ready supply of her juices I had available to me.

With my attention focused on Nawar and what I was doing, I had sufficient distraction from what one of the other girls was doing with ME. I don't know who it was, but her first efforts were very tentative. But once she began to get comfortable with what she was doing, she started to get the results she was after and steadily got my cock harder and harder. I was perhaps three-quarters erect when she first brought my penis and her oral cavity together by giving the head a brief lick. After apparently discovering that there wasn't any kind of unpleasant taste, she wrapped her lips around me just behind the glans. While continuing to slowly stroke me, she used her tongue to lick the head; after several seconds of that, she seemed to remember something I'd told them, and focused her attentions along the underside of me. That added stimulation was enough to bring my penis to full erectness, and she shifted her efforts to trying some of the different things that I had described to them: taking as much of me as she could into her mouth and softly sucking on me, or slowly bobbing her head up and down as she slid her tongue along the bottom of my cock. I'll admit to no small amount of relief that she also

remembered the other things I'd told them: she was **most** careful about her teeth, and wasn't afraid to use her saliva to keep things lubricated for us.

What she was doing with my manhood felt okay, but that's all: just "okay". I suspected that she'd get physically tired well before her actions had enough of an impact to bring me to climax. That left me free, as I said, to focus on what I was doing with and to Nawar. The way that she was responding to what I was doing, I didn't have a doubt in the world that I could easily bring her to a climax that she'd never forget. But my goal was more long-term than that: rather than just getting the chance to try and fit my tongue into her young snatch, I hoped to get her (and as many of the others as I could) to the point that they'd not only be *agreeable* to having me fill them with my dick, but actually be the ones to suggest or request it. So with that in mind, I restrained myself to simply teaching her what kind of pleasure was possible without overloading her. Pleasing her immensely was acceptable; scaring the hell out of her wasn't.

So even though I was taking my time and enjoying the **process** to no end, I wasn't doing anything to delay the finale or amplify it in any way.

Nawar was moaning continuously between bouts of releasing all kinds of inarticulate sounds as I moved her closer and closer to finding her release. I could tell that she was *almost* there, and shifted my efforts from a soft, rhythmic sucking on her clitoris to fluttering the tip of my tongue across it; it took less than a minute of that to finally ease her over the edge and into a surprisingly powerful orgasm that started when she was in the middle of a pleased groan, cutting it off.

I quickly shifted my hands from her wonderfully firm tits to her sides to help support her as she went through several strong spasms that left her gasping for air. When they had tapered off, I was relieved when Evette appeared to help support her. I couldn't resist making one last pass with my tongue across Nawar's opening to taste her again before providing what help I could in getting my plainly satisfied student off my face. As that was happening, I heard Evette quietly observe "Damn! That oral sex stuff sounded pretty nice, but I didn't think it could make THAT happen!"

With nothing to block my view, I looked down to see that it was Mallory who had been the first to try her hand (so to speak) at fellatio. She managed to give me a somewhat nervous look, and I didn't hesitate to assure her "You're doing fine — that feels good, and you haven't done anything to hurt me."

She somehow managed to smile at me around my cock (her lips were about halfway down it) before resuming her efforts. Kathrine was next to her, with Tenisha and Sharla sitting on the other side of me. All three were watching her closely, and heard what I said to her.

A bit off to one side, I saw that Casandra had apparently been watching what I was doing with Nawar while pleasuring herself: her legs were parted and I could see that the area between them was as shiny as could be. A little farther away, Darci and Celia were seated next to each other. Each had a hand between the other's thighs, and I could see from the mix of colors that they'd exchanged lipstick. When they saw Evette with Nawar, both of them quickly moved to help — Celia got a cushion positioned under Nawar's head while Darci moved to lay next to her and take her hand to provide whatever emotional or other support that might be needed. At that point, Evette turned and looked at me. Seeing that I was alert and watching them, she gave me a shy smile before asking if there was anything I needed or wanted. I said that something to drink would be good, and she didn't hesitate to get me a bottle of cold water from the class fridge. While she was doing that, one of the three with Mallory softly said something to her, and she reluctantly let my cock slip from between her lips and sat up

again. All four of them turned to look at me and blushed faintly before getting into a huddled conversation. It took a moment for me to realize that Mallory had reached whatever limit they'd settled on for "lessons", and been reminded of that fact; what I didn't doubt was that they were all discussing what had happened, since Mallory seemed to be doing most of the talking.

When Evette got back, she sat close to me before handing the water over. After I'd thanked her and taken a swallow, she told me "When you first started telling us about oral sex, some of us thought it sounded, well, kinda gross. But when you explained some of it, and gave us some descriptions of what people could do, we realized that maybe it wasn't *quite* as bad as we thought it was at first. Then we started talking — you know, between ourselves — and started really **thinking** about it. Once we realized that a guy using his mouth on us was just a different way of feeling good, it even sounded kind of nice. We still weren't real sure about doing anything with a GUY, though. I mean, sure, your penis is where your semen comes out; but it's also where you **pee** from, and that didn't sound very good. But Kathrine reminded us that our vaginas were where we have our periods, and if you were okay about putting your mouth THERE, then it wasn't right for us to make a big deal out of doing the same with you. And Tenisha reminded us that you didn't have any kind of smell or anything when you showed us what happens when you climax, and that meant that you keep yourself clean. Then she said that the same way she was sure we'd make sure we were clean for YOU, you'd be doing the same thing for *us*. All of us — well, except for Nawar, of course — were watching when Mallory put her mouth on you the first time, and she let us know that Tanisha had been right."

By the time she had said that, I could feel that my cock had pretty much shrunk back to normal, so I sat up and turned to face her as she continued "When we were talking about who was going to do what with you, all of us kind of opened up with each other and admitted to how much we'd been doing stuff with ourselves. We've slept over at each others houses and everything, and practiced kissing and even touched each other a little bit; but we've never actually, um, DONE anything together. The way it turned out, Nawar, Darci, and Celia had all been touching themselves and doing stuff enough that they've all got experience about having orgasms. Casandra, Sharla, Tenisha, and me... we've been doing that, too, and had it happen for us a few times. The others, they've been touching themselves and it feels good for them and everything, but nothing has really *happened* for them yet. We all admitted that we were still virgins, too, and kind of nervous about all this since none of us has ever done anything with a guy. So what we decided was that we'd kind of go in opposite directions about who does what with you — I mean, for **you** doing things, the girls that know more about orgasms go first, so there'll be more time if one of us kind of in the middle has any trouble, or if it takes longer for the rest to have their first one. So they don't feel like they're being pushed to the back and so they can feel better and, you know, get some confidence, we decided to go the other way for us doing things TO you. Except that because she got to be first to have an orgasm with you, Nawar is going to wait to be last to use her mouth on you. We know that you might climax with her, but she said she actually likes the taste of your stuff... your semen, I mean... and none of the rest of us is sure we're ready for anything like that to happen with US, yet, but we still want YOU to have a climax, too. You said that it feels better for a guy when the woman keeps her mouth on him, and after everything you've said and done to help us with this stuff, we figured it should be good for you like we know it'll be for us."

I have to admit that it was interesting to hear how they'd worked things out and settled on who did what, and when. But the two things that *really* caught my attention were that Nawar was going to give me her first ever blowjob AND keep her mouth on me when I came, and that all of them were



inexperienced (so far, anyway) virgins. I couldn't help thinking that if they turned out to be as curious and willing about actually having sex as they were the things related to it, there was a good chance that some of them would be agreeable to letting me separate them from their chastity before the school year ended — a prospect that definitely appealed to me.

I thanked Evette for talking to me, and after she'd gotten up and moved away a short distance, turned and got myself stretched out again. It wasn't long until Celia made her appearance and sat down. Looking down at me, she didn't delay in telling me "I saw how you were with Nawar... how patient and gentle and everything, I mean. I know I can trust you not to do anything to actually *push* me or hurt me, either, so it's okay with me if you, uh, want to go a little faster. You know, touching me and stuff without waiting for me to tell you it's okay, because I'm telling you it's okay NOW."

"No, I won't push you, Celia. If you say you don't mind if I touch you first, that's fine with me — and thank you for trusting me that way. But if you DO need me to stop or slow down, don't be afraid to say something, okay?"

She gave me a pleased smile and answered "IF I do, I will... I promise", before leaning forward far enough that the two of us could kiss. With what she'd just said to me, I didn't hesitate to extend my arm so I could put my hand on her hip and begin caressing her side as she kept her lips in touch with mine.

I don't know how much of it was confidence or reassurance from seeing how I'd behaved with Nawar, and how much was her own native desires, but Celia quickly proved herself to be a much faster study than Nawar. When I eventually moved my hand to her breast, Celia readily pressed it into my hand in response. When she realized that I couldn't reach as much of her ass as I wanted, she shifted her position to bring all of it within my reach. Several minutes later, it was *her* idea to get on top of me so that she could lean over to bring her breasts within reach of my lips. I could feel the fringe of her bush brushing against my belly, and began working toward getting it moved to my upper lip. As I applied my lips and tongue to her areolas, they crinkled rather fetchingly in the process of rising up from the rest of her breasts. It turned out that her nipples didn't extend very far, but made up for it by being a bit larger in diameter and firmer than I was used to — which only made them that much more fun to play with. Her soft skin was smooth and warm under my hands, and she welcomed my touch **everywhere** on her lithe young form. I actually started to feel disappointed when she sat up again before I understood that she was about to position herself over my face.

Once she'd gotten herself settled, I got her lush bush situated right where I wanted it: on my lip, with my nose buried in it. She'd been slow and careful enough about getting herself located "just so" that I'd had plenty of time to see that she had labia that were somewhat longer and thicker than I'd expected, though they didn't extend past her mound and were generally hidden behind her incredibly soft pubic hair. The scent of her was somehow sweet and spicy at the same time, and it was only a second's effort for me to learn that her light oils tasted that way, too. I had a **grand** time treating my taste buds to her nectar between bouts of stimulating her into producing more of them, and learning what I could do that pleased and aroused her the most.

Even as I started my "lesson" with Celia, one of the other girls was beginning her own studies farther down my body. Whoever it was, they were either a lot more certain of themselves or had taken the information they'd gotten from Mallory to heart: there wasn't anywhere near the hesitation about getting me erect or taking me into her mouth. She also seemed to be a bit more adventurous or enthusiastic, too: she seemed to be much more willing to try different variations of the things I'd

described, as well as different sequences and combinations. While she was definitely a lot more stimulating, she naturally didn't have enough experience to have all the effect on me she could have. Still, she was doing a damn fine job of improving her skills by paying attention to my reaction. Whoever she was (and I expected I'd find out soon enough), she was demonstrating a willingness to please a guy that was far too rare, as far as I was concerned.

That meant that I actually had to keep my mind on what I was doing with Celia to provide the little bit of distraction I needed. From the pleased and aroused noises that she made, I know that Celia appreciated being the focus of my attentions.

With Celia's greater acceptance of what we'd been doing, the excitement from the stimulation I provided was greater, too. Sooner than I would have liked (by a couple of days, I reckoned), I knew she was at the edge of her release. Not wanting things to go beyond the end of a normal school day (to try and preclude any suspicions), I figured it would be best to help her finish rather than prolonging my own pleasure. It took little more than a minute of concentrated stimulation of her erect clitoris before she grunted with the start of it and froze in place over me. The withdrawal of her clit prompted me to move my tongue to the entrance to her vagina to collect what I could of her juices. As I was savoring my last taste of her, I could feel her opening clench and relax in time with the waves of pleasure coursing through her.

In anticipation of her needing help, I moved my hands to her sides as the spasming of her body gradually diminished. From the corner of my eye, I could see that Evette was keeping an eye on us, too. I was pleasantly surprised when Celia's eyes opened; I could see that her vision was unfocused, but she was more in control than Nawar had been. After a few seconds had passed, I could tell that she'd mostly gotten herself together again; I moved my hands away from her sides, but stayed ready to support her again if she needed it.

Looking down at me, it took her a couple of tries before Celia was able to tell me "What you were doing felt **so** good! That was the best orgasm I've *ever* had!"

I didn't figure that was much of a comparison, what with her being all of sixteen years old and a virgin to boot, but still appreciated that she'd want to tell me how it felt. Smiling up at her, I answered "I'm glad you enjoyed your lesson. Think you'll be okay to move on your own?"

Realizing where she was and how she was positioned, she blushed faintly before answering "Yeah, I think so. I suppose you want to move, don't you?"

"Well, yeah, I'd kind of like to. I've still got seven more 'oral exams' to give before school lets out..." I answered, drawing a laugh from her. Slowly and carefully, she got herself moved to where she could sit down while she finished getting herself together. I took the opportunity to look to see who was showing such early promise at giving head — only to be surprised that it was Kathrine sliding her lips up and down my stiff cock. Neither she nor any of the others that were watching her seemed to take any notice of me. A bit later, I felt all of them move away from me for some reason.

I had a drink from my bottle of water, then lay down with my hands behind my head; just a few seconds later, Kathrine pulled her mouth off of me. I was left alone, and got the chance to rest for several minutes before Darci came over and surprised me by laying down on her side close to me. I raised an eyebrow in question, and she responded by telling me "We know we don't have all *that* much time for this, but I don't want to rush you or anything, either. Mostly what I wanted to do was tell you

that I **really** appreciate that you've been so honest and cool and everything about all this — helping us learn about sex, I mean. I know you could have just told us a bunch of stuff and that would have been all you really had to do. But you've done so much more than that, and even if nobody else says anything to you about it, ALL of us are glad for what you've been willing to do to help us really *learn* about this stuff. We were all mixed up about a lot of it — I mean, our folks talk one way about it, but don't actually DO anything; none of really had anyone we figured we could talk to, either... except that you showed us that it was okay to come to you. We've had what were probably some goofy questions sometimes, but you've never, **ever** done or said anything to make us feel bad; you just answered our questions and talked to us like we actually had brains and could think for ourselves. So I just wanted you to know that even if it didn't seem like it sometimes, and none of us thinks to actually say anything to you, we know how lucky we are to have YOU as our teacher."

I had a fair idea of how much impact I'd been having on them from seeing how different they were from the first day of class; but having one of them actually take the time to explicitly tell me that I was doing good, and hearing how they felt about having me as a teacher... well, it really touched me and made me glad that I'd chosen education for a career. Looking into Darci's face, I told her "I'm glad that I've been able to help you as much as you say I have, and I'm proud that you think you're lucky to have me. If I'm a good teacher, it's only because you're such good learners. I want you to know that all of you are the kinds of students that every *real* teacher dreams of having: smart and curious and a whole lot more."

From the look she got, I knew that I'd touched Darci the way that she'd touched me. I also knew that she'd find a way to let the others know what I'd said. The only problem was that I could see her eyes start to glisten, and I was afraid that she was about to start crying. To try and head that off, I said "Okay, enough with all that **mushy** stuff... what was it you came over here for again?"

Her smile told me she knew what I was doing, and she answered "I was hoping you were going to help me have my first ever orgasm from what somebody else was doing."

Putting a perplexed look on my face, I asked "I've forgotten — *how* was I going to do that?"

With a mischievous grin on her face, she answered "Well, I **think** you were going to start with us kissing, then you were going to maybe molest me a little bit. I heard that if I didn't fight you too much, you'd even play with my tits and suck on them. If I couldn't stop you, you might even *do* stuff to me with your mouth."

"Wow. That sounds like a lot to happen. You really think I'd do something like that?" I asked, keeping my expression solemn.

"I'm certainly HOPING you will!", she declared with a short laugh.

"In that case, I guess I'd better get started..." I replied before moving closer to her. When I brought my face to hers with the fairly obvious intent of kissing her, I could see her eager anticipation. To my pleased surprise, she took the first gentle touch of my lips to hers and began to build on it; it didn't take but a couple of minutes for the two of us to be kissing as deeply and passionately as I'd ever experienced before. When I put my hand on her, she made a small move that let me know that she did NOT want my hand on her belly — she had someplace a bit higher in mind.

So I played with her tits for a while before getting to run my hand around on nearly all the rest of her.

It was probably just as well that I shifted my body down when I did so I could more easily get my mouth on her breasts: she was having a difficult time kissing me between the panting that she was doing from her increasing arousal. With my head even with her breasts, I was able to reach even farther down her young frame and include almost all of her legs. They were trim and smooth under my touch, and that I might one day have them wrapped around my waist appealed to me tremendously. One thing that I was careful about, though, was to avoid getting my hand anywhere *near* her pubis: one of the unstated conditions of the "lesson" was that it would be limited to oral sex and **nothing** more.

When Darci had reached the point that she was softly moaning almost constantly, I figured it was about time to finish her off — after all, she didn't seem to be in any condition to stop me.

It took a couple of tries before I got enough of her attention to let her know that we could go on if she wanted, but it would be better if we moved. She still needed a couple of seconds to realize what I was talking about before she exclaimed "Oh, God, yes!" and started to sit up. All I had to do was roll over onto my back again; I'd barely gotten myself re-situated before she was trying to get herself positioned over my head.

Despite her eagerness, she was willing to let me guide her into just the right position. She even managed to remain patient (and unconcerned) when she saw that I was blatantly looking at the area between her thighs, where I saw that her inner lips were of medium length and medium thickness, soft and fresh-looking, and barely visible within the slight part in her pubic hair. Cupping the firm globes of her ass cheeks in my hands, I raised my head and slipped the end of my tongue through the soft thicket covering her pelvis. Dipping into the cleft of her sex, I discovered that she had already started to leak some of her vaginal juices; they liberally coated the lower half of her labia, giving me more than enough of a sample to determine that they were almost as thin as water but infinitely better tasting — mostly sweet, but with a slight "tang" to them that was most pleasant.

As I continued to delight in the oils that Darci was gifting me with, I was patiently trying different things with my tongue and lips. It didn't take me long to realize that almost anything I chose to do had some positive impact on Darci's libido. Of course there were things that she appreciated more than others, but none of them failed to add at least a LITTLE bit to her arousal.

While my mouth was busy between her thighs, I was using my hands much as I'd done with my previous partners by caressing and squeezing Darci's cute little ass, caressing as much of her as I could reach, running my fingertips all over her breasts and toying with her wonderfully long nipples in different ways, and generally fondling and molesting her as much as I could.

Almost as soon as I'd lifted my head to begin my oral assault on Darci, I'd felt a hand on my penis. The fingers were long and cool, and felt **really** good as they manipulated my cock in different ways and investigated my balls. I regretted it when they moved underneath and lifted my slowly-stiffening cock up; my mild disappointment was washed away by the feeling of a delightfully warm mouth taking nearly the entire length of me inside. Right after that, a very limber tongue went to work. With most of my attention on having Darci on my face, it took a few minutes for me to realize that whoever was working on me was far less interested in trying to please me as she was in learning what she could do, and how best to do it: it certainly felt good and was QUITE sufficient to keep me fully erect, but she didn't exhibit any interest in anything beyond that. Well, that just meant that I could devote myself to enjoying my time with Darci...

I'll admit to being pleased that Darci enjoyed my efforts a bit more than they stimulated her; while I

didn't have the slightest doubt that her arousal was increasing, the noises she made and amount of her feminine oils that she produced seemed to grow even more quickly. Any guy that she chose to share herself with was damn well going to know when she was pleased.

Even so, it was unavoidable that I should get her to the edge of her release. Rather than draw things out any longer, I simply added a slight bit of extra pressure to the way my tongue was circling her clitoris; it took only a few seconds of that for her to slip over the edge and into the chasm of what I could tell was a deep and powerful orgasm. Her young body went through a series of near-convulsions that began strong and grew progressively weaker.

When it was over and she opened her eyes, I could tell that it took her a moment to recollect where she was and what was happening (other than the obvious). She looked down at me and said "WOW. That was *really* something!" in a voice that wasn't much more than a whisper. "I could tell that it was going to be good, but I didn't expect anything like **that**. Is real sex like that?"

"That WAS real sex, even though it wasn't coitus. Didn't you just have an orgasm from it?"

"Boy, did I!" she exclaimed. "I just didn't know it could feel **that** good WITHOUT having a guy inside me. Uh... were you doing anything, you know, *special* or anything to make it better?"

"Not particularly. I wanted you to enjoy it, so I did what I could to help you have a climax — but I wasn't doing anything SPECIAL, or using any kind of tricks or anything."

"You mean I can feel like that every time?" she wanted to know, somewhat stunned.

"**IF** you want it to by choosing the right guy, yeah."

"Choosing the right guy?"

"Yeah. If the guy isn't interested in helping YOU feel as good as he's likely going to, then you probably *wouldn't* have something like that happen."

She considered that for a few moments before asking "And if he doesn't care enough about me to want me to feel as good as he does, I probably don't want to be with him that way, do I?"

"Probably not", I agreed.

Mildly perplexed, she asked "But if he's going to be like that, how do I not get into that situation with him in the first place?"

"By paying attention to what he's like BEFORE then. Whatever he's like *most* of the time, he's going to be even **more** that way when it's even more personal."

She let that rattle around in her mind for a bit before telling me "Yeah, I can see how that'd work. That's another lesson from you that I'm not going to forget, Teach!", with a lopsided grin.

Only then did she appear to realize that our brief conversation had happened with me mostly talking into her crotch, and her talking to me between her breasts. As she started to move from over my head, I could see that she was a trifle embarrassed, but feigned not noticing so as not to further aggravate it.

Lifting my head a bit, I discovered that it was Tenisha that I had to thank for her dedication to her "studies".

As I was draining the last few swallows of my water, I felt and saw as she raised her head far enough to

let me slip from between her lips. After she'd released her gentle hold on my erection, she turned her head to give me a smile that told me she was both pleased and satisfied with her efforts (and my response). I smiled back and mouthed the words "Very nice", making her smile even wider.

After Tenisha had moved away a little bit, I started to get up to get myself some more water when I heard Kathrine's voice tell me "You don't have to get up — I'll get you something to drink, if you want."

Turning my head after I finished sitting up, I discovered that I was looking almost directly into the small patch of sparse pubic hair that graced her lower belly. It was sparse enough that I didn't have any trouble making out the skin beneath, or the divide between her trim thighs. Figuring she wouldn't be standing there like that if it wasn't okay, I took a few moments to really look at her. She was close enough that I could tell by the scent of her that she had been (or perhaps still was) somewhat aroused. When I finally raised my gaze to her face, I could tell that she knew where I'd been looking — and didn't seem to mind in the slightest. She held out her hand and I gave her the empty bottle before telling her "Thank you."

She smiled and answered "You're welcome" before turning and walking away. I didn't have the slightest reluctance to watch her tight little buns flexing as she moved away.

From the other side, I heard someone ask "You like butts?"

Turning my head around, I saw that it was Casandra, and that she'd settled herself next to me. I smiled at her before answering "I like butts, breasts, legs, and all the rest, too. ALL of you are pretty, and sexy, and I think I'm very lucky to have all of you in my class. But what *really* matters to me is how smart each of you is, and how all of you have shown me what good students and people you are."

The look she gave me told me that she didn't entirely believe me. I went on to tell her "When last semester ended, I was honestly impressed with what all of you wrote about what you wanted to do with your lives and the projects you did. I also sent notes to all your parents saying that, too. If all of you weren't the kind of people you are, and as interested in actually **learning** new things, I wouldn't have been willing to do as much as I have to teach you stuff — like today."

While she was considering that, Kathrine returned and sat next to her before handing me the bottle of water she'd brought.

After I'd had a couple of sips, Casandra wanted to know "You really think we're all pretty and sexy, too?", something that got Kathrine's attention.

"Yes, I do."

"Me, too, even though I don't have as much hair and my boobs aren't as big?", Kathrine asked.

Looking back and forth between them, I answered "Yes, **all** of you, really. You aren't all the same age, and all of you have developed the way *you're* supposed to, so it's perfectly natural and reasonable that no two of you look the same — any more than I look the same between my legs as any other guy. But you're all young and healthy and fit, and all of you have the right parts in the right places, so I think you're pretty and sexy."

Hesitantly, Casandra said "I... I've heard about guys that... that only like young girls. Younger than us, even."

To spare her from having to ask the question outright, I quickly interrupted to say "Yes, there are — but I'm not one of them. You're all young girls; but you aren't *that* young, and all of you are somewhere between being a young GIRL and a young **woman** — and it's that woman part that I like. The 'young' part is something else."

"Why is us being young 'something else'?", Kathrine asked.

"Actually, it's a *couple* of things", I told them. "First, there's something that happens when you're finally all the way grown up, and an adult: somehow, somewhere along the line, you stop thinking of younger people as simply being not as old as you, and you start thinking of them as children — and there's just **something** in the adult mind that makes us want to protect 'children', regardless of what age they actually are. I'm old enough that that has happened with me, and even though I don't doubt that YOU all think you're *almost* grown up already, MY brain says you aren't, and that it's up to me to protect you — even against things that you say you want to do, because I'm not sure you're ready for them. At the same time, though, there's a small part of my brain that's left over from before people got civilized like we are now; and that part tries to tell me that I should be trying to make babies with healthy young females — which describes all of you. Because most men are civilized grown-ups, they ignore that little voice deep down inside. It's still there; they either just pretend it isn't, or don't listen to it. It used to be that a girl getting married and starting to have babies at your ages was perfectly reasonable: people didn't live as long as now, so the important parts of their lives started earlier because of it. As people started living longer, though, it gradually became the custom that girls didn't marry until later and later ages. And because society — that is, men that got to make most or all of the decisions — thought that younger girls couldn't know any better, there were laws passed that make it illegal for a guy to have sex with them until they reach a certain age. Those laws were passed because the men in charge didn't want to marry a woman that wasn't a virgin; women were essentially the *property* of men, and were expected to stay 'pure' and 'undamaged' until their wedding night. There's something you should notice about all of that: not only did men actually make the decisions, they **also** got to decide that women couldn't make important decisions because they just weren't smart and sensible enough."

Highly offended, Katherine could only splutter "That's... that's... that's...", which Casandra finished for her by saying "bullshit."

I HAD to smile, even as I told them "I agree, it is. But that's the way it was — and still is, in a lot of places. Try asking Nawar what her life would be like if her grandparents hadn't left Pakistan, and you'll get some idea. Anyway, your ages was a part of what I had to deal with, too — not just the 'no touching because I'm a civilized adult' part, but the laws that say me doing anything even a little bit sexual with you is against the law and I could conceivably go to jail if anyone found out."

"But we *said* it was okay!", Kathrine protested.

"Yes, you did. But remember that the laws haven't caught up with how things are NOW, and they haven't been updated, either. So even though YOU say it's okay, and your parents have told me that I can do *whatever* I want to to answer your questions and help you learn about this stuff, if a cop or anyone like that found out what we're doing, I'd probably be arrested and go to jail or prison for a long time and be labeled a 'sex offender'. If that happened, I couldn't be a teacher any more, and I wouldn't be allowed to be anywhere **near** young people — either little kids or ones your ages."

Both of them were silent for a little while, giving me the chance to get myself re-hydrated before

Casandra asked "If all that bad stuff could happen even though we said it was okay and our folks said that stuff, why are you still doing it? I mean, the civilized grown-up part you talked about says you shouldn't, and the police and everybody say you shouldn't, and you said that little part of you that says to make babies with young healthy females is small enough to ignore... so why are you going against all that and being with us like this?"

I could only manage a lopsided grin as I answered "Because I'm a *teacher*, and helping people learn is all I've ever wanted to do. I **want** you to know this stuff so that you can learn what it's like and not fall for any stories you hear from guys. So you can know what it's like, so you can make your own decisions about what you want to do, for your own reasons. So that maybe when you get older, you can help get the laws changed so that what we're doing ISN'T against the law no matter what. Because I really do care about all of you."

Again, the two of them were silent for a little while as they thought about what I'd just told them. It was Kathrine that spoke first, telling me "I thought you were just going to be like any other teacher I've had when school started this year. Sure, the class was different and everything, but I didn't expect that would really make any difference. Except that it has — more than I thought it even *could*. But what really makes being in here so much better is YOU. It didn't take me long to figure out that you really do like being a teacher, and helping us learn all this stuff. You don't just tell us things out of a book, either; you make the different subjects actually **interesting**, and help us really LEARN them. I mean, I was kinda mad when I was one of the tribes that kept getting cheated out of what you told me was 'my' land when we learned about people settling the West — but I realized what it was like for the Indians, too. I thought you were kind of cool after a couple of weeks, and then I started to actually like you... not just as a teacher, I mean, but YOU, because of the way you acted and treated all of us. Then I realized that you liked us, too, even more than I liked you; that was when I knew that I kind of... loved you, even."

Next to her, Casandra nodded her head in agreement when Kathrine finished. The way they were looking at me, I knew that both were a bit apprehensive about how I'd react to the loving me bit.

"If you love me, that's okay", I told them. "I love you, too — all of you. Not the kind of love where I think we're going to get married some day, but enough that I care what happens to you, and want the best for you and stuff like that. I think all of you are old enough to understand the difference, and respect it."

Both of them nodded before Casandra said "Yeah, I understand. It's kind of like how I feel about some of my relatives."

Kathrine spoke up, too, telling me "I know what you mean, too."

Smiling at them, I said "I'm glad to hear that. It tells me that you're smart not just about books and school, but being people", visibly pleasing them.

We sat quietly for a few seconds before Kathrine told us "Mallory wanted to talk to me for a little bit... you know, before it's our turn..." and moving away. When she was gone, Casandra was silent for a couple of minutes before saying "It's my turn next, and I came over just 'cause I wanted to talk to you a little bit. Before we, uh, did anything, I mean. I didn't really have anything special in mind, but now I'm glad that we DID talk about that stuff. I know that I've got big tits for how old I am, but I feel better knowing that you're willing to teach me all this because you care about me, and not just so you can DO stuff with me. All of us know different guys and everything, and we've been out on dates and stuff; but



it seems like all the guys around here are either only interested in doing sex stuff with us, or too wimpy and 'considerate' to even hold hands with us. I don't think *any* of the girls in this school really have anybody they can learn about sex and boy-girl stuff with **slow** and nice, like you do with us. Me and the others, we've kind of talked about it... us learning about sex and stuff with you. Most of us were pretty nervous and everything at first, but the way you've acted and everything has made us feel a LOT better about it. None of us feels like we have to do anything with you, even if the rest of us are; and you've been so calm and patient about talking to us and answering our questions and everything that WE'RE okay about being naked with you and having you see us."

"Thank you", I answered. "It makes me feel better to know that you trust me and respect me enough that the things I've said and done have done all that for you."

"You're a good teacher, Mister Thompson. I was kind of worried about doing anything with you when I came over here, 'cause I wanted it to MEAN something, somehow, to do stuff with a guy."

"Well, you don't have to worry any more, Casandra. It **does** mean something if you want us to be together like this. I meant every word of it when I told you that I love you, and all I want is the best for you, and you to be happy. If you don't want anything to happen between us, now or ever, that's fine with me if that's what YOU need to be happy and comfortable."

I'd thought she was hinting around the possibility that she didn't want to learn about oral sex from me, and was letting her know that she didn't have to be afraid to say so. But the smile I got from her gave me a little warning that I was misunderstanding her before she said "That's what I mean — you wouldn't be upset or anything if I didn't. But after the way you talked to Kathrine and me, I *know* that it will mean something. I wanted to find out what that feels like before, but it's even more, now. I've seen how you made the others feel, and I want to know what that's like, too. I *want* you to touch me — everywhere, even between my legs. I know I can trust you not to, um, DO too much there, and I really do want to learn as much as I can about what can happen between a guy and a girl before they actually, you know, have sex."

I'll admit to being a little surprised that she would not only tell me it was okay to touch her so intimately, but encourage me to do so. But one of the things that I'd tried to do was help them learn to be as mature and responsible as they'd said and indicated they wanted to be, so I didn't have (much) hesitation about taking her at her word. Figuring that if she was willing to talk to me that way then she was ready for us to actually get started, I moved so that I was seated right in front of her. When I leaned forward with the obvious intention of kissing her, she didn't hesitate a moment to reciprocate. The first touch of our lips was soft and brief; I was the one to pull back so I could see how Casandra felt about it. The pleased smile she gave me was all the encouragement I needed to try it again.

Our second kiss was somewhat firmer... and lasted quite a bit longer before Casandra indicated she wanted it to end. I readily complied, and the look in her eyes let me know that I was doing just what she needed and wanted me to.

As our next kiss progressed, I put my hands on her waist — ready to wait until I was sure that it was okay to continue. I got confirmation of that when she raised her arms and rested her hands on my shoulders before arching herself in invitation for me to begin exploring her lush young body. Slowly and patiently, I did as she wanted: starting with her sides and back and gradually expanding my touch to include the tight globes of her ass and the warm, firm orbs of her breasts. As my manual investigations progressed, Casandra was the one to touch the tip of her tongue to my lips. I readily sent

my tongue out in welcome to hers, and it didn't take but a few seconds for us to get involved in trying to check out each others tonsils.

When I was satisfied that I'd properly mapped her body with my hands, I carefully eased the two of us over so that we were laying on our sides. Before my hands could leave her breasts, Casandra used the change in position to lift one leg and put her foot on the floor to remind me (as if I needed it!) that I was welcome to include *that* part of her body.

Even with so explicit an invitation, I didn't immediately start pawing at her crotch. Instead, I used the opportunity to become more familiar with her trim legs and smooth thighs before finally delving into the soft forest covering her pelvis. The first time I let my fingertip drift along her slit and across the entrance to her vagina, her breath caught in her throat; moments later, she moaned into my mouth when I softly caressed the barely exposed surface of her clitoris. When I repeated both gestures a second later, she arched her pelvis in encouragement for me to continue.

The next several minutes were a non-stop treat for me. Not only did I have the delectable bundle of Casandra under my hand, but she was proving herself to be one HELL of a kisser as she released a variety of soft noises that told me she was enjoying every moment of what I was doing to/with her. Although I was most careful not to apply any noteworthy pressure directly against her opening, I didn't hesitate in the slightest to do anything and everything else I could think of while my finger was in the area: dipping my fingertip between her labia so I could draw it across her wet entrance; laying my finger across it and applying a rhythmic *general* pressure against it; gently smearing the light oils that she was producing as far as I could along the cleft of her sex. Her breathing grew rapid and shallow enough that I gave up on the idea of trying to continue kissing her; that left me free to shift my oral attentions. After gently nibbling on her earlobe (and earning myself a heartfelt groan), I slowly worked my lips and the tip of my tongue lower and lower on her body; when I was finally able to fasten my mouth on the pink puckered pebbles at the peak of her mammaries — something that drew another deep groan from her as my hand stayed busy between her thighs.

I'd only been nursing at her bust for a couple of minutes when it hit me just how **close** she was to actually having an orgasm. Figuring that if she was going to be that way about it, I decided to go ahead and help her have one; I'd gotten enough of the scent of her that the idea of having even MORE of her juices to lap up held considerable appeal to me.

While I continued to see if I couldn't lick and suck her nipples into getting even a *little* bit longer and harder, I concentrated my attention on what I was doing with my hand. When I started lightly "strumming" my fingertip across her erect clitoris, the reaction I got was enough to tell me that it wouldn't take but a minute or so to have her deep in the throes of her release.

My guesstimate of the time proved to be a bit on the optimistic side: it couldn't have taken three-quarters of a minute for the first wave of pleasure to seize her. While it likely wasn't the strongest orgasm she'd experienced, there couldn't be any doubt that that was what it was. Since I wanted to use her thighs as ear-warmers so I could begin sampling her nectar, I refrained from doing anything to prolong or intensify her climax. Several seconds after the last slight shudder had faded, Casandra opened her eyes again. On seeing me, her face lit up like a Christmas tree before she told me "I knew I could trust you, and I was right. You made me feel good with what you were doing, and I never worried even a *little* bit about how you were touching me."

Smiling, I asked her "Do you want to rest a little bit, or are you ready for the rest of it now?"

Her eyes widened with the realization of how we were situated and what we'd done; I saw her areolas pucker slightly just ahead of her enthusiastic response of "I want the rest!"

After softly kissing her forehead, I rolled over onto my back while continuing to look into her face. It took only a moment for her to pull herself together enough to sit up, then get to her knees. Careful not to knee me in the head, she readily got herself positioned over my face; I got my hands on her cute little tush to give her the last little bit of guidance she needed. With her pelvis that close, I could easily discern the unique scent of her and felt my mouth begin to water in anticipation of what I figured she'd taste like. As I began to lift my head, she didn't have the slightest qualms about watching me as I merged my face with her downy muff.

The first touch of my tongue between her labia had her closing her eyes and trying to press herself down onto it as she moaned her approval of what I was doing. I barely had time to complete the first pass of running my tongue along her slit before a warm hand took gentle hold of my penis.

As I proceeded to try and collect as much of Casandra's oils as I could from where I'd spread them around, the person at **my** pelvis got busy as well. Their efforts to stroke my cock into greater hardness weren't very good at first, but it didn't take them long to correct their mistakes; when I was fully erect again, a soft tongue went to work on me briefly — as though to make *sure* that my taste was acceptable. Once that issue was settled, only a second or two went by before I felt the head of my cock being surrounded by a warm, wet mouth.

Casandra easily tasted as good as she smelled, and I had a delightful time encouraging her into producing even more of her light oils. While I was doing that, I also took the opportunity to familiarize myself with whatever parts of her body I could that I hadn't been able to reach before. With her sitting up the way she was, Casandra's full breasts naturally made for frequent and pleasurable diversions from the other things I was doing; each of them over-filled my hands, and felt warm and firm under my touch. Repeated inspection of their peaks with my fingertips helped me learn that I could easily tell where her areolas started. I was also pleased to find out that she liked having her nipples pulled on, and *gently* pinched — particularly when such activity was accompanied by circling her erect clitoris with my tongue, or softly trying to suck as much of her juices as I could out of her virginal pussy. Not only did she welcome my efforts, she even went so far as to lean forward enough that she could reach down and hold my head close (and helping support it), making it even easier for me to continue my efforts.

Down at my cock, whoever was occupied with it was having troubles. Not that anything she was doing was painful for me, just that she continued to have a little initial difficulty each time she tried something "new". Still, she **was** making progress and learning from her mistakes, so I was content to leave her to it; after all, it was supposed to be a learning experience.

With nothing to distract me from what I was doing with Casandra, I figured there wasn't any reason not to give whoever had my cock in her mouth from having some extra time to practice in. I mean, I'm a teacher, and that's the kind of sacrifice that teachers are willing to make, right? To reward myself for my selflessness, I patiently went about trying to demonstrate my cunnilingus skills to Casandra while using my hands and fingertips to try and build a three-dimensional model of her in my mind. She didn't seem to mind in the slightest, and expressed no objections.

From the way Casandra had responded from what I'd been doing before, I didn't doubt that I could help her have an orgasm that she'd never forget. But I also had to keep in mind the fact that I still had the younger girls to deal with, too — and that witnessing the kind of climax that I suspected Casandra was

capable of **might** not have a beneficial impact on them. So even though I was having a *dandy* time with her, I was also being careful not to do any more than simply make her feel good as I slowly moved her closer and closer to another release. That it was also giving ME time to enjoy what I was doing was simply a fringe benefit. At least, that's my story, and I'm sticking with it.

Even though I was taking my time and being careful, there was no escaping the fact that I *was* moving Casandra toward having another orgasm. Dividing my attention between what I was doing and what was being done TO me, I judged that whoever my current fellatio student was, she had gotten past whatever problems she'd been having: not only was she succeeding in keeping me hard, but had progressed enough that she was steadily (if a bit slowly) pleasuring me.

Given the circumstances, it seemed like a good idea to go ahead and help Casandra find her release — knowing that my other partner would be obliged to end HER activities, too.

With that for a plan, I returned my focus to Casandra... but with the explicit goal and intent of bringing her to a climax in a timely manner. Considering the state she was in at the time, it wasn't going to take any great or extended effort on my part; she was panting and moaning almost continuously as she tried to rub her clitoris against my tongue. Settling my hands on her ass again, I managed to hold her still long enough to begin rapidly circling the fleshy pearl of her clit with the tip of my tongue. When felt me begin, she voluntarily held herself steady over me as she released a deep groan of arousal and pleasure.

Despite the side trips I made to gather the juices leaking out of her, it took only a couple of minutes to get her to the edge of her release. I somehow managed to fight off one last temptation to draw it out or make it stronger before fluttering the tip of my tongue across her clitoris and pushing her into her second orgasm of the afternoon.

Regardless of the restraint I'd shown getting her there, I could easily tell that Casandra's climax was much deeper and more powerful than the first she'd experienced with me. The only consolation I had was that the *outward* expressions of it that she made were mild, compared to what I could feel happening inside her. None of the others ever said anything about it to me, so I can only presume that they really didn't notice... though *I* certainly did!

I'd lapped up the last traces of her juices and lowered my head to the floor so that I could look up at her when Casandra opened her eyes. Looking down, she saw my head between her knees and could only stare at me for several seconds before softly telling me "What you were doing... with your mouth and all... it felt good, and everything... but I never expected... to have THAT good of an orgasm... from somebody else doing stuff to me..." between pants.

I gave one of her tight buns a soft pat, and she readily moved from over my face, then sat down where we could see each other. From the corner of my eye, I saw that it had been Evette who was my current "student". But right then, I had Casandra to deal with, so I'd have to do what I could with Evette later.

Smiling, I told Casandra "I kinda got the impression that you liked what I was doing while it was happening. After you had an orgasm while we were just kissing and touching, I wasn't really surprised by what happened — I figured that it would be a good one for you. I just didn't want it to be *too* good, because I wasn't sure what you'd do, and I didn't want the younger girls to be worried or frightened by it."

After digesting that for a few moments, Casandra wanted to know "You... you weren't trying to make

me climax as much as you could?", uncertainly.

"No. Like I said, I didn't know **what** you might do if it was too strong, so I just did what I could to make sure you had a good one and not a *great* one."

"You mean you could make it even bigger and better than that, if you tried?", she asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, probably, if you wanted me to", I admitted.

She sat there in stunned silence for several seconds before telling me "IF I wanted you to? *That* one was as good as anything I've **ever** done for myself, and you're saying I could have better IF I wanted? Hell, yes, I want!"

Unable to resist smiling at her enthusiasm, I answered "Well, maybe we can try it later. I've still got plenty to do for today, remember."

Just then, I felt myself slip from between Evette's lips. Casandra must have seen it happen because she turned her head to look and see who else had been busy with me. With no reason not to look myself, I shifted my attention to where Evette was raising herself up again. She saw us looking at her and started to blush; next to me, I heard Casandra tell her "No, don't be embarrassed. I'll be doing it, too, soon enough."

Somewhat reassured, Evette managed to smile at both of us before moving away from me. Casandra and I faced each other again, and she told me "Really... I **want** to learn as much about this as I can with you — not just what MY orgasms can be like, but what I can do to make guys feel good, and really *seeing* what happens when you climax, and what helps get you excited, and what makes ME excited. I know we can't do it today, but I DO want it to happen. Even... even if it was just you, you know, *tutoring* me, kinda."

It was certainly an interesting prospect, having some private time with her; but all I did was tell her "That's something we can work out later — after you've thought about it some more, and when you're really sure."

I could see in her eyes that she understood that not only was I giving her the opportunity to let the matter drop, I was making it clear that it was up to her to make sure of what she wanted before she approached me again. She nodded her agreement before telling me "That's fine", and a couple of moments later, adding "I think I'd better go talk to Evette, and remind her that I'm next to do that with you, so she doesn't worry about us seeing her."

I leaned forward to give her a soft kiss on the cheek, then patted her butt when she got to her knees and started to make her way to where Evette was sitting.

Without the stimulation that I'd been getting, it didn't take long for my erect cock to deflate back to something close to normal size. While that was happening, I took the opportunity to look around. Celia and Darci had apparently decided to branch out and find pleasure with another partner: Darci was cuddling with Nawar while Celia and Kathrine snuggled. Neither pair of girls appeared to have either the interest or energy to pay any attention to me. From the look of things, Mallory and Tenisha had both been aroused by watching Casandra and me, and elected to address the matter directly. Other than giving me lopsided grins, neither had an visible reaction when they saw me looking at them.

Sharla was sitting by herself, as well, but didn't seem to have gotten involved with anything. When she

saw me looking at her, she got up and came over to sit next to me. I sat up, too, and turned so that we were generally facing each other.

Looking at her closely, there seemed to be something on her mind; rather than make her nervous, I simply sat there in companionable silence with her until she indicated she was ready.

It ended up taking several minutes before she opened her mouth to tell me "I've been thinking about this oral sex stuff. Not just now, or today, but ever since the first time we started talking about it in class."

I nodded for her to continue, and she went on to say "At first, I thought it sounded pretty gross; but then when it was just some of us talking about it, it sounded like it might even be okay. Then I'd start thinking about it again, and I'd go back to thinking that it was kinda nasty. Except we'd talk about it some more, and it wouldn't seem so bad again. I keep going back and forth between wanting to know what it's like, and not wanting to do it. I've watched the others when they've been with you — you know, them doing stuff with you, and what you were doing to them — and now I'm even **more** confused about all of it. I... I was kinda hoping that it would be okay if I talked to you about it so you could maybe help me figure it out, and feel better."

"Aren't you afraid that I'll try to talk you into doing something you maybe don't want to do?", I asked.

She gave me a dismissive wave of her hand before answering "No, not even a little bit. You've already told all of us that we don't have to do anything we really don't want to, and I know that you really meant that and that you wouldn't push me about any of this. I just need to talk with somebody so I can figure out what I *really* think and feel about it. We all know that we can come to you about stuff and you'll help us think about it without trying to get us to choose one way or the other."

I felt no small measure of pride at hearing that the girls in my class trusted me that much. It also made me that much more determined to do just what Sharla thought I would: help her find a solution to her problem without bias either direction.

"Okay", I began, "let's start by asking some of the more obvious questions."

She nodded, and I went through the process of finding out that being naked with me didn't bother her, nor did each of us seeing or touching the other's parts. She wasn't embarrassed or concerned about her own physical development. While she wasn't *wild* about the idea of having a penis in her mouth, she wasn't particularly against it, either. Ditto for a guy doing the equivalent things to (and with) her. I continued asking questions to try and find out what might be going on with her; as I did, I not only paid attention to what she said, but how — whether she was quick or slow to answer, her tone of voice, body language, any faces she made or changes in expression, and so on. It was a good fifteen minutes before I was finally ready to tell her "Sharla, the way it sounds to me is that what the REAL problem is is that you're basically just nervous or afraid of actually trying either one of the things we're doing today. I think what's going on is that you've been telling yourself it's okay to try and be brave or grown up enough to actually **do** this stuff; and then when you start to get unsure or scared, you begin giving yourself a lot of reasons why you shouldn't. It's kind of like you're *mostly* balanced on a tightrope between each side, but you can't help swaying one way or the other. If you jump off the wire one direction, you'll be ashamed about being afraid and worried you'll never find out what this stuff is like; but if you jump off the other direction, you're afraid you won't like it, but still have to do it all the time."

"So what do I **do**?", she demanded. "It sounds like whichever one I choose, I still have to jump... and I don't know what'll happen!"

"I think that a lot of the problem is that you think that whichever one you choose, it's all or nothing, and that's it, forever. Except that isn't how it works. You don't have to do any more of anything than you really WANT to, and the only things that 'have' to happen are the ones *you* say are okay. And whatever happens here today doesn't have to be how things are for you for the rest of your life unless that's the choice and decision **you** make. Sharla, the choices you make are ALWAYS up to you, and you're always free to change your mind at any time and for any reason. You can decide that you only want certain things now, today, and choose just the opposite later. If you do change your mind about things, it's good to say something to anybody else that's involved so they don't get confused or misunderstand what you want — but for whatever choices there are for you, it should be YOU that decides."

"What do *you* think I should do?"

"No, I'm not going to answer that; whatever your decision is, you have to make it for YOUR reasons, not mine. But I will make **one** suggestion: don't *ever* make a decision based on what other people might have told you or what you think — either one of those could be wrong for any one of a BUNCH of reasons. Only consider the things that you **know** when you have to make a choice about what to do. Even if the decision you reach turns out to be wrong, you'll still know why it was wrong, and be able to learn from it."

I could see from her expression that she wasn't happy that I'd declined to answer her question... but she wasn't surprised, either. As I looked at her, I could see her getting more and more lost in her own thoughts — which was fine with me; I welcomed the opportunity to "catch my breath", as it were. I simply sat there patiently for the next couple of minutes as she worked out what she wanted to do.

When she spoke again, it was to tell me "Okay, I know what I want to do. What you said to me about being scared and nervous was right: I have been, both of those. While I was thinking, just now, I realized that I'm always going to feel like that until I **do** actually try any of that stuff. What I've seen and heard — I mean, myself, today, so I KNOW — is that what you do would probably feel pretty good to me, so I'm not afraid of that part. I'm still not sure about the other — me doing stuff to you — but I'm going to at least *try* it so I really know what it's all about. I'm not going to stop just because it's new or different, either; I'll only stop if I honestly don't like it after doing it for a little while. Maybe I won't want to do all of it; or maybe I won't want to do ANY of it ever again... but it'll be because I actually know why, and not just scared about it."

"Sharla, that's all I, or anyone else, can reasonably ask from you: that you at least TRY. I know you well enough that I'm sure that you'll give things a fair chance before making a decision."

From the pleased expression she got, I knew that she felt as though I'd just praised her; looking back on it, I realize that I did.

She was still looking at me when she told me "I'm ready to, uh, learn about oral sex from you, now. I mean, whenever you want to."

After re-capping my bottle of water and setting it aside, I answered her by saying "I'd like that. Is there anything I should know?", reminding her that she could set limits on what I did, and where.

She gave me a surprisingly shy smile before responding with "No, there isn't. I, uh, saw how you were

with Casandra at first, so I know I don't have to worry about anything."

I smiled back, then held my hand out palm up. It took her a couple of seconds to understand that I wanted HER hand. She put her hand in mine, then watched as I lifted it to my lips and kissed it before giving it a gentle squeeze and telling her "I want you to know that I'm not going to do *anything* to betray the trust you're showing me, and that I'm honored that you DO trust me that much. What I said to you about being free to change your mind works here and now, too. I'll stop whatever I'm doing just as soon as you let me know; the only 'why' I need is that that's what you want, and I promise you that I won't be upset even a little bit, or in ANY way."

Knowing what had been going through her mind, I committed myself to not doing **anything** to rush or force her in ANY way. Accordingly, I took my time about leaning forward and placing a soft, brief kiss on her forehead. When I pulled back from that, I could see in her eyes that she was touched by the gesture, and that it had calmed the little bit of nervousness she'd still had.

When I leaned toward her again, she didn't dawdle about doing the same; nor was there any hesitation about letting my lips meet hers. Our kiss was still soft, but lasted quite a bit longer than I expected it would. A few more such osculations later, I finally reached out to put a hand on her hip. She didn't shy away from my touch in the slightest, and I began lightly caressing the soft skin under my hand and fingers. After a couple more kisses, I started to slowly expand the range of my touch — only to be pleased when she managed to scoot herself closer to me so that I didn't have to reach so far... and could include more of her smooth body.

As our kisses progressed, they became firmer and more intense. While that was happening, I got my other hand involved in learning what I could about her lithe young body; when I finally moved my hands up her sides so that my thumbs were *just short* of making contact with the start of the swell of her breasts, she surprised me again with a slight pressure against my hands to let me know that she **wanted** me to touch them. Again, to keep from moving things too quickly, I did as she indicated — but patiently, by simply caressing her breasts with my thumbs along the way toward rubbing them across her nipples. That was followed by slowly shifting my hands until I was able to cup her warm, firm mammaries with them. A slight increase in the rapidity of her breathing and the hardening of her nipples told me that she liked having my hands where they were.

As pleasant and entertaining as it was to have my hands on her breasts, they weren't the only part of her that I paid attention to. It didn't take me long to discover that her cute little ass was as tight and firm as I'd thought the first day of class... as well as being nicely rounded and delightfully smooth. My fingertips also wandered through the dark forest covering her mons. Though I didn't extend my reach to include the area between her slender thighs, I still took advantage of the opportunity to learn that her pubic thatch wasn't the result of her trimming it, and that it was thick and soft.

In between the two, I was *almost* as happy to be able to savor the expanse of skin that was available to me.

Without much encouragement from me, there came the point that Sharla was ready to increase the intensity of our kisses even more by briefly touching my lips with her tongue. I responded in kind, and it didn't take but a few seconds for the two to become engaged in a friendly wrestling match. It was only then that I let my hand drift low enough on her body that I could slowly ease my hand between her silken thighs, giving her plenty of time to let me know if she objected.



She didn't, and as I went about learning her particulars, I kept my actions slow and gentle so she'd know that I was keeping my promise. Even so, it didn't take me long to use the end of my finger to find out that her labia were somewhat short and thick, and the area between them damp. When I lightly ran the pad of my finger across her opening, I was surprised at the amount of heat that seemed to radiate from her. Once I was confident that I had a good idea of what I could look forward to, I "backed off" a little bit and returned to letting my fingertips wander through the hair on her lower belly — how soft and thick it was actually kind of fascinated me.

Sharla's arousal continued to grow as our kissed deepened and I tenderly molested her young form. I'd already detected the sweet/spicy scent that I knew was hers alone when she ended our kissing to tell me "I... I want to find out about the other part now... what it's like when you use your mouth on me..."

My response was to simply shift my body a bit, then lay down on my back. With that accomplished, all I had to do was guide her into position over my face with a few gentle nudges. She looked down at my head between her knees and waited patiently and unconcerned as I took a few seconds to try and memorize the sight of her: the way her pubic hair quickly thinned as it approached the entrance to her womanhood, and how I could easily discern the edges of her inner lips nestled in the cleft of her sex. I didn't have to look too closely to see that they were faintly glistening with her oils, or that her clitoris was already starting to make an appearance. Lifting my head, I used my nose to part the sparse fringe at the bottom of her slit before fastening my mouth over the area shielding her labia. I let my tongue delve between the fleshy flaps bracketing her opening to get my first taste of her essence. As pleasant as the smell of her increasing arousal had been, getting to taste the source of it was even better: although her young woman's juices were slightly thicker than I'd ever experienced, they were still light enough to let me savor her unique chemistry. Almost as soon as I'd gotten my mouth on Sharla's mons, I felt Casandra's hand take gentle hold of my penis.

The next time I touched my tongue to her, it was to slip it between her inner lips and try to worm the tip of it through the tight ring of her vaginal entrance. It didn't work, but it was fun trying; she closed her eyes and released a soft moan, telling me that she appreciated the effort. From there, it was on to do pretty much what I had with the others, only with a little more patience. While I was doing that, I was also availing myself of the opportunity to check out as much of her as I could reach — which was pretty much all of her. With her kneeling over my face, I was able to leave my fingerprints all over her tight little ass, and give her ample breasts the attention they deserved, between bouts of simply caressing her soft, smooth skin.

Parallel with my activities, Casandra was engaged with learning the things that SHE wanted to know. She wasn't the slightest bit bashful about stroking my cock until I was fully erect, then taking as much of it as she could into her mouth. Holding me there, she first tried to find out what kinds of things she could do with her tongue; following that, she patiently went about finding out what she could do with it that would work on ME. I don't know for certain, but the pace and types of things that she did make me believe that she was simply trying to learn what worked *best*, rather than deliberately trying to stimulate and arouse me. Even as she used one hand to hold my cock steady, she was using the other to investigate and monitor my balls. The end result was that even though she **was** moving me toward a climax, it wasn't happening quickly enough to present any kind of problem.

As my efforts at Sharla's crotch had more and more effect, I was proportionally more willing to try different things and with less delay between them. In addition to what I was doing with my mouth at

her pelvis, I was experimenting with what I could do with my hands at her bust. Just softly stroking her mammaries pleased her, as did gently holding and squeezing them; it was when I'd advanced to finding out what worked with her nipples that I really began to get the kind of reaction that I was after.

Lightly twisting and pulling on her stiff nipples definitely added to her arousal; further experimentation taught me that she welcomed surprisingly firm actions on my part to fuel the flames of her increasing desire. When I went on to begin pinching them, there was a significant increase in the amount of her juices that leaked through her opening for me to collect. I could only imagine what her response might be if I ever got the opportunity to suck on the peaks of her breasts while "chewing" on her nipples at the same time — and truly wished I'd get the chance to find out. I was certain that it would be something to behold.

About the time that I'd reached that point with Sharla, I realized that Casandra had progressed, as well. No longer content to simply hold me in her mouth and use her tongue, she was actively sliding her lips up and down my length while trying various combinations and variations of suction, tightness of her lips, tongue action, twisting her head, and how much of my penis to apply them to. At one point, she damn near managed to take almost my entire length while her tongue simulated the movement of a snake along the underside. To say that it was "pleasant" would be an understatement of colossal proportions. Thankfully, once she had an idea of how much of an impact something had, she'd move on to try something else. It didn't do me a **whole** lot of good, but it *helped*.

Knowing what worked best on Sharla, I figured my best bet would be to go ahead and get her off rather than risk having Casandra forget that she was supposed to limit her activities. With that in mind, I kept my hands busy on Sharla's breasts most of the time; I still shifted my attentions around (maybe half the remaining time spent enjoying the feel of her ass) while keeping my face fused to her pelvis. Sharla's arousal steadily increased as a result, as did the amount of her nectar available to me.

After just a few minutes of that, I found myself wondering which was going to happen first: me telling Casandra she needed to "back off" a little bit, or Sharla having what promised to be a noteworthy orgasm.

Trying to avoid the first, I concentrated on making the second happen by increasing my energies at Sharla's breasts — and more particularly, her nipples. As I expected, that dramatically increased Sharla's pleasure and moved her more and more quickly toward an orgasm.

I could feel my balls just starting to draw up when I was able to push (nudge was probably more like it) Sharla over the edge with a combination of softly sucking on her clitoris while *firmly* pinching and pulling on her erect nipples. She cried out just ahead of the first wave of pleasure to wash over her; thankfully, it wasn't as loud as I was afraid it was going to be. Her clit went back into hiding, so I fastened my mouth over her opening and gently tried to suck whatever I could of her juices out of her... while continuing to stimulate her nipples.

My attentions to the hard peaks of her breasts prolonged Sharla's pleasure, but couldn't keep it from ending. After I'd felt a faint shudder run through her with nothing following it for several seconds, I made one last pass across her vaginal opening with my tongue before letting my head rest on the floor again. I also kept my hands on her mammaries in case she needed any support, but stopped tweaking her nipples. After a few seconds, she opened her eyes and looked down at me before saying "I thought what you'd do would feel good — but not like **that**! That felt GREAT!", followed a moment later with "Um, if you don't mind... I... I think I need to sit down. I'm feeling kinda weak..."

I slid my hands from her breasts to her ass, then gave her a little pat before answering "That's fine, Sharla — whatever you need to do."

Visibly relieved, she needed only minimal guidance in moving off of me without accidentally kneeing or kicking me. After she'd sat down closer to me than I'd expected, I heard someone softly say something; when I looked in the direction the sound had seemed to come from, I saw Tenisha lifting her head from next to Casandra's. A moment later, Casandra slowly (and with palpable reluctance) slid her lips off of me. When she'd sat up again, Casandra turned to look at me with her delight and satisfaction that she'd had her desired effect on me as obvious as it could be. In answer to the (almost) shit-eating grin she had, I gave her a smile and a small nod.

I took a minute or so to gather myself together before sitting up again, and turning to face Sharla. That left me almost knees-to-knees with her, which I hoped would be enough to tell the others that she and I needed a little more time together.

Sharla was noticeably more "with it" and energized, and waited only a few seconds to tell me "I meant what I said — about what you did being great, I mean. I don't think that was THE strongest orgasm I've ever had, but it was definitely *one* of the best. I, uh, I was kind of afraid that you wouldn't touch me... my boobs, I mean... the, um, way I like. From what most of the other girls I've heard talking about stuff like, I think maybe I'm kind of... different about what's okay to do with my nipples. But you weren't afraid to find out what I like and then, um, DO it so that I'd feel good, too; and I'm **really** glad you did. You didn't act like there was anything wrong with me, or anything."

"Sharla, there *isn't* anything wrong with you. Different? Yeah, sure — but nothing that makes you any stranger than any other girl. You've got all the right parts in all the right places; believe me, I checked **very** carefully!" — which earned me an amused smile before she answered "Yeah, I kinda noticed!" — "so there's nothing for you to worry about on THAT. What you want to do, or have done with, those parts is entirely up to you. Okay?"

After she gave me a pleased smile of relief and a nod, I reached out for my bottle of water. After opening it, I managed to get barely a single swallow out of it. Seeing that it was empty, Sharla immediately asked "Can I get you another one?"

"If you want to", I answered. She simply stood up and took the empty (and cap) from me before heading over to where the fridge was.

When I turned back from watching her walk away (her ass was simply pure poetry in motion), I saw Casandra standing nearby. I looked up at her, and she asked "If you and Sharla are done, can we talk for a second?"

I simply gestured toward the empty space in front of me, and she quickly moved to settle herself cross-legged in front of me. I don't know if she did it deliberately or not (I suspect so), but that left me with a clear view of her parted and shiny labia.

As entrancing as the sight was, I didn't dawdle over it. I looked into her eyes, and listened as she told me "I... I'm sorry about, um, getting carried away. You know, what I was doing with you while you were with Sharla. I knew it was more than I needed to do, or even SHOULD have done. I think maybe I made it tougher for you to help Sharla, and I want to apologize for that."

Sharla showed up just then with my water; after she'd handed it to me and I'd thanked her, she calmly

moved toward where Evette was sitting. Looking back at Casandra, I told her "It's okay. Yes, you *were* stimulating me more than you probably should have. It even DID make things a little more difficult for me. But it wasn't enough that it really **interfered**, so there's no harm done. You know you shouldn't have done it, and you've apologized; that's all *I* need. If I can make a suggestion?"

"Please!"

"Don't bother saying anything to Sharla. She couldn't have known anything about what you were doing to ME, so trying to apologize to her about something she didn't know about might only bring up more questions than answers. You understand?"

It took a second for Casandra to realize what I was getting at: that an apology to Sharla would prompt an inquiry as to WHY she was saying she was sorry — and that the answer to **that** question could prove problematic.

Blushing slightly, she answered "Uh, yeah, I do."

Keeping my voice soft and level, I told her "Instead of thinking about who to apologize to afterwards, I find it better to avoid doing things that I need to apologize *for*. Saves a lot of time, hurt feelings, and embarrassment."

Her blush deepened before she responded "Yeah, I can see how it would; and I **will** remember that."

I waited to see if there was anything else; apparently, there wasn't — after several seconds, she got up and went over to where Celia was sitting.

Looking around, I could see that Darci and Nawar looked to be getting started on something. They were both stretched out next to each other, and totally occupied with kissing while their hands slowly wandered over each other's bodies. Even as I watched, Nawar's hand disappeared between the two of them, shortly followed by Darci raising a leg and draping it across both of Nawar's. The angle they were at, I couldn't **see** where Nawar's hand had gone, but when Darci began arching her hips, I figured I had a pretty good idea. Kathrine and Mallory were content to simply lean back on their arms and talk to each other; Casandra and Celia were chatting about something, as well. Tenisha was sitting on one side of me; she saw me looking at her and smiled. I smiled back, and when she looked at me questioningly, I simply shook my head. It didn't appear that any of them was paying the slightest bit of attention to what any of the others was doing — nor cared.

Though I was careful not to stare, I got a lot of pleasure for the next several minutes from simply being able to look at all of them. I could make out Kathrine and Mallory's bushes, as well as the naked forms and exposed breasts of all of them but Darci (who was mostly facing away from me, and giving me a delightful view of her ass, instead). As I tried to will my cock back into something approximating normal condition, I had plenty of opportunity to marvel at just how damn *lucky* I was to have taken **THAT** particular job, and then gotten **them** as my class. Not just for the intelligence and character that all of them showed, but that they would trust and respect me enough to be willing to share themselves with me the way they were. And unless I was grossly misunderstanding some of the things that I was hearing, there was a better than even chance that some of them would be more than agreeable to learning even more about physical intimacy with me. I wasn't going to try to start anything with any of them, but wasn't going to shy away from it any more, either.

Soon enough, I was ready for things to start moving again. When Sharla and Evette saw me looking

around again, they both stood up; Evette came over to sit next to me while Sharla got herself settled across from Tenisha.

When I looked at Evette, I saw that she appeared to be a trifle nervous. I'm not sure what it was, but I got the idea that she wasn't concerned about what she must know I was going to do, but something else. I figured I might as well help her learn that it was okay to talk about things with someone she was about to be intimate with, I asked her straight out: "You look a little nervous about something. What is it?"

She lowered her head for a few moments, then raised it up again to tell me "I am, kinda. I'm not afraid of what you're going to do with me, or anything; I'm just a little worried about it, is all."

"If you're a little worried, then it isn't an 'is all', Evette. Can you tell me what's going on? So I can maybe help?"

"I guess you know I was kinda having a hard time. What I was doing with you, I mean. It seemed like it was taking me longer to learn how to do stuff than it did for the others, and that makes me feel bad... like maybe I'm not doing things right, or that I might not like what YOU do as much as the others. I still want to find out what it's like, I'm just not so sure it'll be as good for me as it was for them."

Taking her soft hands in mine, I looked into her eyes as I told her "Evette, it's okay. Yeah, I figured you were having a little trouble with what you were doing. But I want you to remember that you DID get the kind of results you wanted, didn't you?"

She managed to give me a small grin as she answered "Well, yeah..."

"Then that's all that *really* matters. I know it was something new for you, so there shouldn't be anything about it that you should worry about. Even if you don't **know** what was making it tough for you, there could be any number of things that it could have been without you realizing it. But you didn't give up, and you weren't afraid to keep trying things. You CERTAINLY didn't do anything to hurt me, and what you were doing DID feel good. Sometimes, it just happens that there's something that each person has a tough time really *learning* at the beginning. It doesn't mean that they can't learn, only that they need a little more time before they're as good as someone else. At first, you were the same way with physics" — she'd come in dead last in the how-far-will-it-go vehicle test — "but you studied harder and now you're as good as anyone else."

Reminded of that, she relaxed a little more and her smile got a bit wider before I told her "As for what happens next, with me and you, I'll remind you that this is something I already know about. All *you* have to do is be willing to let me help you find out what you like. I've got a pretty good idea of what I can do that will help you feel good, if you'll let me; and I'm willing to do what I can for as long as I need to. So there's nothing to worry about **there**, either, okay?"

She nodded to me happily, and I finished by saying "All I need from you is to know if there's anything you need or want me to do, or not do."

"No, there's nothing you need to be careful about. I've seen how you were with most of the others, so I'm not worried about THAT. And the only things that I think I'd need you to do, I already know you'll do them — like being nice, and patient, and stuff like that."

"So you're okay, now?", I asked.

She graced me with a lovely smile before answering "Yeah, I'm okay now."

I only had to look into her eyes to see the truth of that; the next thing for me to do was lean forward and softly touch my lips to hers. It was a fairly brief kiss, but I tried to make it as inviting as I could. When I pulled my head back, I could tell that I'd at least *started* to get the desired effect... which was all I needed to try it again.

Evette leaned forward slightly in welcome, and I let the kiss continue until she indicated she was ready for it to end. The next one was even longer, and she didn't react when I put my hand on her waist.

Only after we'd kissed a couple more times did I begin softly caressing her side, from breast level to waist. Another kiss, and my other hand began to mirror the actions of the first — and Evette began to get more involved in our kisses.

I certainly didn't "push" her, but I didn't wait for an engraved invitation to start easing my hands closer and closer to her breasts — and then on them. Her response was to lean forward a trifle more, pressing them into my hands. As I carefully mapped their surfaces with my fingertips, it was Evette that invited my tongue to dance with hers. Cupping her warm, firm bust in my hand, I learned that each of her breasts filled my hands quite nicely while leaving her chocolate-brown nipples exposed to my caressing thumbs. It couldn't have taken a minute of that for her breathing begin to quicken even more than it already had, and for her to finally begin exploring MY body.

When her hand eventually dipped low enough for her to take my cock in her hand, I reciprocated in kind... but giving her time to object, if she wanted. She apparently didn't want, and it wasn't long before my fingertips were nestled in the wispy sparseness that reached only a little way beyond her mons. Her pubic hair was incredibly soft, and sparse enough that I had little trouble feeling the skin underneath. As my hand eased lower, she spread her legs as best she could so as to open herself to me even more.

Slowly and gently, so she'd know I was being careful, I was able to lay my finger along the cleft of her sex, then draw the tip of it upwards between her labia. Though she didn't seem to be quite as wet as some of the others, there was still no doubting that she was feeling aroused. Soft and patient caresses helped me find out that her labia were slightly long, but thin and soft; the tiny nugget of her clitoris proved to be very sensitive, drawing a soft groan of pleasure from her when I traced a fingertip across it *ever* so lightly. I checked a few more times during my investigations of her womanhood, knowing that she was getting more and more aroused, but didn't notice any significant or dramatic increase in the oils that I KNEW she had to be producing.

We'd given up kissing in favor of her letting me nibble and softly suck on various bits of her shoulders, neck, and ears while she softly moaned and continued to run her hands over my body — mostly my chest.

I'd just quit nibbling on her earlobe with my lips when I whispered to her "Are you ready to find out what else I can do?"

She managed a gasped "Yes!", and I took a moment to make sure where and how I was going to lay down before backing away from her. Once I was stretched out on my back, I put my hands on her hips; it took only the gentlest of nudges to get her moving toward me. When she was close enough, I slid my hands down and around to her cute fanny so I could use her tight little buns to direct her into position. As I did, I had ample opportunity to look at the area between her silken thighs. Sparse as her pubic hair

was, I didn't have any trouble seeing that my finger had accurately relayed the size and shape of her labia; what it hadn't been able to pass along was that her inner lips were a lighter shade of brown along their edges. They were still straight and unwrinkled, just tinged with a lighter color than her puckered areolas and erect nipples.

She was leaning forward slightly and had her hands in my hair when I lifted my head, and I heard her gasp slightly at the first contact of my mouth on the mound of her sex. I started by simply drawing my tongue upwards along her cleft, then doing it again a couple of millimeters deeper. It took only a few such passes before I got my first taste of her — slightly musky, but also faintly sweet; the little bit of her juices that I was able to collect were light and thin, but with a decidedly oily feel to them.

While I was busy with that, Sharla got her hand around my cock and began stroking me. She was attentive to what she was doing, and readily found a combination of touch and speed that worked. I was perhaps only half-erect when I felt her warm mouth surround the head of my stiffening penis. She was a trifle hesitant at first, but as she began her oral efforts, my reaction made it clear that she was getting things right. That was all she needed to know, and from that point on, she wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to do or try pretty much anything.

Between Evette's thighs, there came the time that I was finally able to use the tip of my tongue to probe the entrance to her vagina. Knowing that I couldn't deflower her that way, I wasn't reluctant to try and see if I couldn't get a better idea of just how aroused she was. Gently at first, then with progressively more pressure, I tried to see if I couldn't get my tongue at least *partway* into her... and couldn't. The ring of her opening was simply **that** small and tight. After a little additional testing with my tongue, and the way her body felt under my hands, I didn't think that she was deliberately clamping down or holding herself closed; she was simply **THAT** small and tight. Still, I did manage to get her opened up a little bit, so that more of her tasty essence leaked out.

From those humble beginnings, it was on to finding out what things I could do that she liked, and how much.

As I applied the different oral techniques I'd learned and developed, I found out that Evette invariably liked the things that I did to and with her erecting clitoris — circling it with my tongue, giving it little licks like a tiny ice cream cone, softly fluttering my tongue across it, and so on. Activities involving her labia were pretty much null; they didn't add anything to her arousal, but didn't detract from it, either. What really seemed to work for her, though, was when I got involved with the entrance to her womanhood: licking across and at it slowly had more and more effect on her; even more so when I would make another attempt to worm my tongue into her even farther.

That latter effort brought a couple of benefits. First, it dramatically added to her arousal and excitement; second, I was *gradually* getting her opened up a little more each time, which let more and more of her juices flow out to where I could gather them with my tongue... which, in turn, added even **MORE** to her pleasure.

While I was keeping my mouth and tongue busy between Evette's thighs, and my hands occupied with her body, I could periodically spare my attention to monitor what Sharla was doing. Thankfully, she was a lot more like Tenisha than Kathrine or Casandra: interested in learning what she could do and how to do it well, but not to excess or obsessing about it. I didn't have any doubts that I'd be able to bring Evette to an orgasm well before Sharla got me unduly excited.

With my mouth securely fastened to Evette's pelvis, I had ample opportunity to familiarize myself with her young body. Her skin was as soft and smooth as any I'd ever felt, and somehow cool under my touch. The globes of her ass weren't quite as rounded as most of the other girls', but certainly shaped well enough for my tastes — goodness knows, I kept holding it in my hands often enough. What really delighted me, though, was her bust: it was slightly fuller than what I'd seen on most Asian women, with each of her pale orbs *slightly* overflowing the hand that cupped it. My fingertips could easily discern where her areolas started, and as her excitement increased, so did the length of her hardening nipples. By the time they'd gotten as hard as I figured they **could** get, they were easily half again as long as any of the girls that I'd gotten to touch thus far. The idea of being able to feel them grazing against my chest while I fucked her appealed to me tremendously; and it was thoughts like that one that kept me going back to trying to see if I couldn't get just a little more of my tongue into her over and over again...

Even though I was enjoying having Evette's tasty snatch to feast on, and wasn't having any problems from what Sharla was doing (it certainly felt good, but not **THAT** good), it seemed worthwhile to avoid getting a case of "blue balls" before getting off with Nawar if I could. Accordingly, I gradually increased my efforts at not merely pleasing Evette, but getting her off. I certainly didn't rush things, however. During my last "break", I'd seen that we'd used *barely* half the time available just before Evette had sat next to me. So I wasn't particularly concerned about time as I slowly toggled between Evette's sensitive little clitoris and the wellspring of her nectar as part of gradually (but steadily) ratcheting her to progressively higher levels of excitement — something that was proving to be much less difficult than I'd been concerned it would be.

Evette had a near death-grip on my head, and was making little mewling noises while slowly trying to squeeze her thighs together when I judged that she was on the verge of having her climax. Knowing that it would disappear when her orgasm started, I was paying **special** attention to her clit to finish things up for her when it happened: suddenly freezing in place over me, Evette got completely silent just ahead of my feeling a slight wetness on my chin. The sensitive little nubbin of her clitoris quickly hid under its fleshy covering, leaving me free to shift my attentions a little farther down — as much to try and figure out what the moisture had been as to do what I could to prolong her orgasm by prodding at her opening again.

As it turned out, what I'd felt on my chin had apparently been some of her juices being pushed out by the first spasm of her vagina. When I was able to tease her opening again, I was surprised to discover that I could get it to open up noticeably more than I had before... at least, until another spasm coursed through her, causing it to clamp down and push my tongue out again. However, it wasn't a complete disappointment from my perspective, since the increase in the size of her opening (coupled with the clenching of her vagina) was releasing small waves of her essence for me to lap up before getting her to open up again. We went through that cycle a half-dozen times or so, with the last few of them progressively milder than the previous ones (and with proportionally smaller samples of her nectar being released). All things considered, I wasn't too terribly disappointed.

Although I knew that Evette was certainly fit and healthy, the power of the climax she'd just experienced had seemed fairly high; so I moved my hands from her hips to her sides, even with her breasts. That turned out to have been a good idea, since she nearly fell over a few seconds later. I was able to prevent that calamity, and was surprised when Kathrine and Mallory showed up. After Kathrine told me "Here, we'll take care of her..." they provided the support she needed so I could release her and get my arms out of the way. As I was doing that, Evette's eyes opened — though she didn't seem to



have much of a grasp of what was going on. I watched as Kathrine and Mallory went on to help guide Evette (who seemed to be able to support herself, but not steadily) off of me and then over to where she could sit or lay down. She opted for the latter, and the other two provided whatever help she needed.

Before I could shift my attention from Evette, I felt Sharla's mouth slide up, then off, my erect penis. When I lifted my head to look at her, I could see that she was pleased with what she'd accomplished and satisfied that she'd reached whatever goals she'd set for herself. I can assure you that *I* certainly didn't have any complaints!

I sat up enough to support myself with my arms, and wiped off the little bit of Evette's juices that were on my chin before reaching for my bottle of water. Sharla glanced over at me, and I gave her a smile and nod of my head to confirm for her that she'd done just fine. I could see that my acknowledgment pleased her as she smiled back, then licked her lips and gave me a surprisingly lusty grin.

I looked around, and saw that Evette appeared to be pretty much back in control of her faculties. Kathrine was still nearby, but didn't hesitate to find somewhere else to go when I moved close enough that Evette and I could have a quiet chat.

Looking into her lovely eyes, I told her "I'm sorry if I made that too much for you."

She hastened to tell me "Oh, no, it wasn't too much — really! It was *way* better than almost anything else I've had, but it wasn't too much. Why would you think that it was?"

"Well, you were kind of weak and 'out of it' afterwards...", I pointed out.

Grinning shyly, she answered "Um, I'm pretty much always like that, afterwards. Not as much as just now, but not a LOT less. Honest, what you were doing felt *great*, and I really liked it... a **lot**. But I guess you know that."

"Yeah, I did kinda figure it out", I teased, and earning myself a slight blush.

"I didn't know if anything like that was going to happen for me, at first — you know, before we talked, I mean. But after we were kissing, and the way you were touching me and everything, I knew that I didn't have to worry about it... and I was right. Some of what you did didn't really *do* anything for me, and you didn't just keep doing them; you just went on to see if there was anything else that I'd like better. The stuff you were doing with my clitoris, it made me feel real excited; but it was when I could feel you trying to get your tongue inside me that **really** hit me. I knew you couldn't actually take my cherry that way, but it sure felt like you were trying, and that just... HIT me, somehow, and made what I was feeling even deeper."

"I could tell that it was doing *something* more for you — that's why I kept doing it. Well, that, and it was fun for me, too!"

"I kinda figured it was something like that. I mean, I could tell that you weren't just doing things to try and make me feel good; that you actually liked it, too. Knowing that you wanted to do that stuff with me just made it even better, and made me feel good inside. In my heart, I mean", she answered, finishing with a faint blush.

"I'm glad to hear that", I told her. "When you're with somebody else like that, you **SHOULD** only do the things that you want. Even though I told all of you that the idea behind oral sex is to make the other person feel good, it shouldn't be at the expense of doing things that you don't like or don't want to do."

She nodded her understanding, and when I moved my head close to hers, willingly brought her lips into contact with mine in a kiss that was no less tender and affectionate for its brevity. Afterwards, we gave each other a small smile before I shifted around to sit up again.

While I was taking a sip of my water, a slight noise off to one side caught my ear. When I turned to see what it was, I was greeted with the sight of Darci and Nawar in the classic '69' position with Nawar on top. It took me a second to realize that the noise must have been the result of one of them doing something *particularly* pleasant to the other; otherwise, they were being fairly quiet.

Curious as to how the other girls might be reacting, I had a look around. I saw Kathrine and Celia give them a couple of looks as they talked, but that was it. Mallory was plainly watching them; her erect nipples and the hand between her thighs told me that she was enjoying the show they were giving her. Casandra and Sharla were chatting between bouts of watching, as well — though without any visible reaction. I was mildly surprised when I saw that Tenisha was simply sitting off to the side, watching ME. When she saw that I was looking at her, she appeared to be a bit discomfited. She was close enough to hear me when I asked "You want to talk to me, and maybe tell me what's on your mind?"

She hesitated for a bit, then gave a small shrug of her shoulders before moving over to sit close. I simply sat there looking at her, waiting to hear what she had to say. When she realized that I wasn't going to try and pry information out of her, she released a soft sigh and told me "I thought I'd be okay with all of this, but now that it's time, I'm not so sure."

Confused, I asked "Not sure about WHAT? You've already used your mouth on me, and from what I understand, that's something that most women have the toughest time with."

To my surprise, she answered "No, that part wasn't hard, at all — at least, not for me. What I'm not sure about is what's next."

Realizing that she was likely the next one to learn about receiving oral sex, I wanted to know "Why not? Is there something that different about you that you don't *want* me to find out? Is it something you're worried I will or won't do, or that you really won't like? What's the story, Tenisha?"

The look she gave me let me know that she thought I was being deliberately dense. A couple of seconds passed before she told me "Mister Thompson, I'm *Black*. Nawar and Evette, they aren't exactly White, but they're damn sure not like me. **That's** the story."

Well and truly baffled, I could only respond with "Yeah, you're Black. Nawar is Pakistani, and Evette is Vietnamese. So?"

Tenisha just sat staring at me for a little bit before apparently realizing that I honestly didn't understand what she was trying to get at. Her sigh was appreciably louder before she told me "Mister Thompson, you don't understand — 'cause you aren't Black. But while I grew up, I heard a lot of different people saying different things that weren't nice about Black women and White men being together. Most of it was downright **mean** and hurtful, even. A lot of it wasn't even true, but that didn't stop the folks from saying stuff like they did. I didn't grow up in a ghetto like a lot of Black kids, but I've been around enough of them to know that the things I've heard aren't even the worst of what some folks think and say. So I've got all of that running around in my mind at the same time that we're doing **THIS** stuff with you, and I'm just not sure it'll work out right. I mean, whatever else is going on, I'm Black and you're White."

I actually had to think about it for a bit before I could really begin to grasp what the problem was. I knew that there were still too many people that thought someone with a different skin color or from a different culture were somehow automatically inferior to them; and even heard some so-called "jokes" of different kinds. But I'd never, *ever* participated in that kind of dumbassery, or treated anyone else in any way other than what they SHOWED me they deserved. I didn't automatically grant absolution to people of different colors or from other countries or cultures because of those things, but I didn't instantly hold such things against them, either. I literally evaluated everyone I met as an individual, independent of anyone or anything else. Listening to what Tenisha had to say made me realize what it must be like to be on the receiving end of that kind of ignorant nonsense. I didn't much care for it, either.

Looking into her face, I told Tenisha "Okay, NOW I'm starting to get what's bothering you. I can't say that I 'understand' it, because as you correctly pointed out, I'm NOT Black. But I **can** tell you that I've heard some of the stuff you told me about — and I didn't like it even a little bit. I'm not going to try to just tell you that it doesn't matter to me in the slightest. What I'd like you to do, instead, is think about how *I've* been: have I ever done or said anything to indicate even a LITTLE bit that I care one way or the other about what color **anyone** is? Do you think that you have ANY reason to believe that it matters to me AT ALL whether or not *anybody* is from someplace else — whether it's a ghetto, another country, another culture, or anything like that. Do you think someone's race or sex or sexual orientation or religion or ANY of that makes any difference in how I think about them? Or have I taken the time to point out whenever **anybody** has gotten messed over, and why it was wrong? Tenisha, I want you to ask yourself if you REALLY think that you being Black and me being White actually makes any kind of difference to me about ANYTHING. Decide for yourself whether or not you think that I'm the kind of person that cares about stuff like that, or if I'm someone that would do what I can to help whoever needs it."

I'd kept my voice low and calm and, other than emphasizing some words, even. Tenisha looked at me for a few seconds before doing as I'd asked.

I had time to go through nearly half my water before she responded by telling me "No, you aren't anywhere NEAR being like the kinds of folks that I've heard that other stuff from. You don't treat any of us in your class any different except in ways that you really **need** to, and when it matters. I really didn't understand that you honestly *don't care* about what skin someone is wearing until I started to tell you why I wasn't sure about doing this other part with you: you genuinely didn't know why *I* was having a problem with that stuff because it really didn't matter to YOU. And when I told you about the things I've heard, you didn't claim to understand something you COULDN'T — but what you did say made me realize that you can at least **appreciate** what it's like, and that's good enough."

Taking a deep breath, she went on to say "I can't say that I can put all this other foolishness away; but I'm going to do the best I can, at least. And I'm still not sure how it'll turn out, but now I'm a lot more willing to at least TRY this other part. I know if it doesn't work out okay for me, it won't be because you didn't do your best."

I considered what she'd said for a few seconds before telling her "I hope that you ARE able to get the things you've heard out of your mind. Maybe it would help if you remember that the folks that said things like that don't have enough sense to see just how wrong they are — and that you'll realize that if they're THAT ignorant, then what they have to say is probably wrong. Yeah, I'm going to do my best

with you, and I'm going to trust YOU to be willing to accept it. Okay?"

In addition to a nod of agreement, she gave me a smile that was a mixture of amusement and gratitude.

The two of us sat in silence for a couple of minutes before Tenisha told me "I... I'm ready to learn what you have to teach me, whenever you are."

I re-capped my water and set it aside before cupping her face in my hands so I could look into her eyes as I told her "It'll be okay, Tenisha. You'll see."

That drew a small nod and gentle smile from her, which was all I was waiting for. Moving my head closer to hers, I gave her a soft, affectionate kiss. When I pulled my head back, I gently teased her by waiting a few seconds and then observing "See? Nothing blew up, nobody died, and the world didn't end. Maybe this okay, after all..."

She gave me a play-dirty look before laughing softly and answering "That wasn't just okay. It was nice, even. I think the stuff I heard, those people were maybe just talking out their butts."

I moved my hands to rest on her waist, then told her "Tenisha, the most certain way of going wrong that I've ever seen is to take what somebody else *believes* as truth. I don't mean 'believes' like believing the Sun rises in the East, either. What I mean is something they believe as an article of **faith**. The very definition of 'faith' is to believe in something without proof or evidence. If there's something that you think you want to do, but other people are talking against it for some reason, I hope you'll still listen to what they have to say — and actually THINK about it. Are they talking from actual experience, or just repeating something they've heard? Do they offer any kind of proof of what they say, and if they do, does it actually make sense and seem reasonable to you? Do they suggest or encourage you to verify their claims yourself, independently? Have conditions changed since they formed their beliefs? If the things someone else says don't meet *your* standards for accuracy and correctness, then don't be afraid to find out for yourself. Like for what happens here: I'm willing to trust that you'll pay attention to what *your own body* tells you feels good or bad, and that you'll listen to *your own heart* about whether or not something is right or wrong, and that you'll make up *your own mind* about the things you've heard other places. You'll notice that I'm not stating that the things I say are absolutes, either; and that I'm not trying to get you to take what **I** have to say on faith. I want you to decide for yourself after you've had the chance to THINK about what I've said, and see for yourself whether or not I'm right. An honest person will talk to you free, thinking MIND; anyone that isn't willing to talk to you that way is trying to cheat you *somehow*. Maybe not money or a material thing, but they're still trying to take away something that belongs to YOU — and I dearly hope and pray that you don't let them get away with it, ever."

Even as I was talking, I knew that I might be saying too much; but I really needed her to understand the nature of the "trap" she almost fell into, so that she could protect herself against it in the future.

She looked at me in surprise for a couple of seconds, then told me "I will. Something that most of us have noticed is that you always let us know if whatever subject we're in is something that's based on facts and such, like science, or if it's something where it's mostly just people's opinions, like literature. Even when the stuff is mostly facts, like in history, you still try to show us if there's another way of looking at them. We all agree that you **are** honest with us, because you *do* talk to us the way you say honest people do, and you don't get mad or upset if we don't agree with you about something. You just tell us that we should maybe look at some particular thing or part of it again, and think about it some more — and I've figured out that you're almost always right, when you do that. That's why I *am* going

to listen to my body and heart and mind like you say I should... so that I **know**, and not just believe."

Hearing that, I knew that I was having the kind of effect on them as a teacher that I wanted to — helping them learn to think and act independently, as individuals, and not simply "going with the flow" by becoming sheeple.

The next time I went to kiss her, it was to try and tell her how much she meant to me using only my lips.

Judging by the way she kissed me back, she not only understood, but returned my feelings. Our second kiss went on quite a bit longer than the first. When our lips finally separated, I knew that both of us were on the same "wavelength"... and that I wouldn't have any trouble helping her to feel as good as she could about what we did.

When our lips came together again, I wasn't the least bit reluctant to begin moving my hands on her slender frame. While her skin had a vaguely velvety feel to it, it was still as soft and smooth as anyone could wish for. As our kiss progressed, I gradually included more and more of her body while being careful not to get too close to her overtly feminine parts. After perhaps a minute or so of that, she pulled away long enough to tell me "It's okay if you want to touch my boobs, or... or between my legs. I want you to, even" before bringing her lips to mine again.

With not just her permission, but her encouragement, I didn't have any reason not to let my hands eventually include the mounds on her upper torso that made me think of Hershey's Kisses — only more fun.

Her breasts were sized such that when I cupped them in my hands, I could easily trap the darker masses of her nipples between my thumbs and the sides of my hand. Moving my thumbs perpendicular to my hands let me gently pull on her nipples, something that drew a soft moan from her as she pressed herself forward a bit more. I went on to patiently map out as much of her mammaries as I could, softly covering every square millimeter of them with my fingertips; then I checked them for firmness, and was *quite* satisfied with the results, since they felt like one of those stress-reduction squeeze toys sold to business-people. Her nipples didn't get a whole lot longer as a result of my investigations, but they certainly got thicker and firmer where they stuck out from the slightly puckered flesh of her areolas. All in all, her breasts were a delight... not just to look at, but to touch and hold and play with.

I finished my explorations of her upper body, then casually began to shift my attentions farther and farther down. When I got my hands on the round globes of her ass, I was simply amazed at how soft and smooth her ass cheeks were on the surface while being so incredibly firm underneath. It was with reluctance that I finally eased my hands even farther.

When Tenisha felt my hand slip off of her butt and slide around toward her pelvis, she shifted her body slightly so that she could open herself to my touch a little more. There was a very clear and definite edge to the dark wedge covering her lower belly; I had to figure that it was simply a natural phenomenon for her, since I couldn't feel any kind of stubble or other indication that she deliberately shaped it. As for her pubic hair itself... it was thick, kinky, and much softer to my touch than I'd thought it would be. It didn't take much effort on my part to work my fingertips through it to the skin underneath, despite the fact that there was a certain "sponginess" to it that put me in mind of how foam rubber compressed and expanded.

As I slowly moved my hand between her warm thighs, it didn't take long for me to discover the part in

her covering, and the soft labia within. Starting from the top of her cleft where her seemingly large clitoris was hiding, I eased my finger down and between the thin, slightly long lips that I knew bracketed her virginity. They were already damp, and when I finally reached the concavity where her vagina was, I discovered that her limited dampness farther up was simply due to the fact that the abundant liquid at her opening just hadn't gotten that high yet. It took only a moment for me to get the entire first digit of my finger thoroughly coated so I could use her oils for lubrication while I teased her clitoris into making an appearance.

It took only a few soft caresses of the hood over her clitoris for Tenisha to open her mouth slightly and brush her tongue across my lips. I didn't delay about responding in kind, and it didn't take long for our tongues to begin dancing back and forth between her mouth and mine. While that was going on, I was patiently and gently convincing her clit to throw back its cover and come out to play.

About the time that her clit was exposed enough for me to consider subjecting it to some *serious* torment, Tenisha took her tongue back and pulled away from me to say "All of this is feeling real good; but *I* can touch myself like that. If I'm going to have a climax with you like I want, it'll be from you doing what I can't..."

"You're ready for that?", I asked.

"You damn well *know* I'm ready", she declared.

I couldn't help grinning at the change in her attitude as I leaned forward to give her a quick kiss before turning slightly and getting myself stretched out. She didn't need to be told when I was ready for her, and didn't need any help getting herself settled over me — and displayed amused tolerance when I got my hands on her ass under the guise of "guiding" her.

With her womanhood that close to my face, I didn't have any trouble making out the smell of her. There was a slight "earthiness" to it that was rather pleasant, but no trace of any kind of the muskiness or other odors I'd heard attributed to Black women. Tenisha was watching me as I lifted my head and got my mouth fastened across the entrance to her vagina; her juices were almost an exact match to her scent, and just a trifle thicker than average on my tongue. She continued to watch me until she felt my tongue make a second collection of her nectar before closing her eyes and tilting her head back.

Just after she did that, I felt someone sit down next to me; quickly followed by a cool hand taking gentle hold of my penis. I was fairly certain that Darci, who I thought was supposed to be my next fellatio student, was still involved with Nawar; my confusion was cleared up when I remembered that Celia had been "free", and was likely filling in until Darci and Nawar were done.

Once I'd gathered the immediately available supply of Tenisha Extract, it was on to more "serious" matters — such as finding out how much of what I could (or needed to) do to fan the coals of her desire into the roaring flames of passion and lust.

As things worked out, there wasn't a reason in the world for her to have been concerned about not liking what I'd do to her. Just about everything I did was agreeable to her; the only difference, really, was *how much* she enjoyed it, not "if". Shortly after I got started with her, she leaned back enough to put her hands on my chest to support herself, and giving me ready access to damn near her entire body... something that I was quite happy to take advantage of.

Celia was proving to be a quick study, but not being fanatical about applying the things that she

learned. That made it a LOT easier for me to concentrate my attentions on what I was doing to and with Tenisha. Knowing that I wouldn't have any trouble bringing Tenisha to climax if I were to really apply myself to it, I elected to take a little time to really *enjoy* the situation I was in: a warm and talented mouth and tongue keeping my cock hard without trying to get me off, MY mouth on a wet and tasty pussy, and the freedom to grope, fondle, and molest a nubile young female as much as I wanted to. Even as I was rolling the latest sample of Tenisha's oils on my tongue while I toyed with her rubbery nipples, I was thanking my lucky stars that I'd interviewed for a job that so few others in my class had really been interested in.

I spent the next several minutes happily dividing my time and attention between trying to build a three-dimensional map of Tenisha's body in my mind from data collected by my hands and fingers, and alternating between consuming the oils that she gifted me with and stimulating her into producing more of them. It was only when I suddenly realized that Celia had gotten me closer to cumming than I was comfortable with that I set aside my own pleasure in favor of finishing what I'd started with Tenisha.

After lapping up the overflow of her juices, I moved my attentions to the fleshy pearl of her clitoris. Slightly larger than I'd thought it would be, it made for an easy and convenient target for my actions. As I continued to keep my focus on that most sensitive part of her young body, Tenisha's excitement and arousal began to increase at an even greater rate. It didn't take but a few minutes for me to have her body practically writhing while she kept her pelvis still under my tender care. The few side trips I made with my tongue to gather her abundant moisture were kept as brief as possible; each time, it was a matter of just a few seconds to get her back to the level of desire she'd been at. Along with the physical symptoms of her increased passion were audible ones: her more rapid breathing, and the more and more frequent (and lusty) sounds that came out of her.

I'd gotten her moaning almost constantly and nearly quivering with pent-up tension when a final fluttering of the tip of my tongue across her exposed clitoris all but *threw* her into the chasm of a blatantly powerful orgasm. The disappearance of her clitoris back under its protective hood presaged a spasm that almost folded her in half; shortly on the heels of that was another that was only **slightly** less intense.

When I got my mouth back to the entrance to her womanhood, I discovered that her juices were flowing out of her almost continuously. I'd no more lick up what was readily available than I'd have (get!) to do it again. I'll confess to wondering if she was as open to penetration as I thought she MIGHT be, but decided it was probably better not to find out. At least, not just then.

As her orgasm began to taper off, the amount of nectar available from her began to diminish, as well. When all that happened to her was a final small shudder, I quickly got my hands on her sides to help support her if needed before making one last pass across her opening with my tongue. A few seconds later, I felt her body sway slightly under my hands, but she didn't seem to lose control or have become too weak. I knew she'd be okay when, less than a minute later, I felt her move my hands from her sides to her breasts and hold them there. After letting my head rest on the floor again, I could look up well enough to see that she was looking down at me with an expression of stunned pleasure.

When she started to speak, all that came out was a weak croaking noise; I snagged my bottle of water and offered it to her. After she'd taken a couple of swallows, she was able to try again, and tell me "I never thought that **anything** like that could EVER happen to me! I've had orgasms before, and thought they were real nice — but they weren't *anything* like THAT."

She had another drink, then started when she realized our relative positions. Somewhat shame-faced, she told me "I want to talk to you some more... but, uh, not like this."

I told her that was fine, and asked what she wanted to do. After a moment, she suggested "How 'bout if I lay down next to you? I... I like the way you hold my boobs, so you can touch at least ONE of them, and we can still talk?"

I certainly didn't have any problem with that, and after I'd gotten my hands and arms out of the way, she moved off of me — slowly and carefully. Once she was clear of my head, it took only a few moments for her to get herself stretched out next to me on the side opposite where Celia was. As she was doing that, I felt Celia's mouth slip off of my erect cock; when I looked down at her, she was looking at me, and gave me a pleased smile before miming a kiss my direction. I returned the gesture, making her smile even wider.

Rolling over to my side, I got myself propped up on my elbow before reaching out to cover Tenisha's breast with my hand. Looking happy with the contact, she told me "I've touched myself before — my boobs and between my legs and everything, and I've had orgasms. But it somehow felt *different* when it was YOU touching me, even though you didn't do anything all that different than what I have. I was still a little concerned about what it'd feel like when you used your mouth on me, but it only took a second for me to realize I didn't have to be. I mean, I could **definitely** feel what you were doing, but you were so gentle that I knew you'd never do anything to hurt me even a LITTLE bit. And you were nice enough to take your time about doing stuff, too, and I knew that you were giving me time to decide whether I liked it or not, and so I could let you know if I didn't like it or anything. Except that I **did** like it — ALL of it. Even when you were, um, licking me *there*. I was kinda worried that maybe you wouldn't like it, but when you kept doing it, I finally realized that you *like* how I taste, and that made me feel SO much better. And, uh, kind of excited, too", the last bit a trifle apprehensively.

I just smiled, and answered "I'm glad that it made you feel better. If it also made you feel 'kind of excited, then that just makes it even nicer, doesn't it?"

Reassured that she was perfectly normal, she nodded, and continued "What you could do... with your mouth and lips and tongue... it was SO much more than I've ever been able to do with my finger or anything else...", stopping suddenly and looking mortified about what she'd just admitted to.

"It's okay, Tenisha. I expect just about *everybody* has tried to find out if there's something they can use to help make themselves feel even better."

Visibly relieved, she went on "Anyway, what you were doing and how you were doing it... before, I kinda expected it would feel nice, after how I saw the others acted when you did it. But I **really** didn't expect it to feel as good as it did. Now I'm even gladder that I talked to you before we started."

I softly teased the dark cylinder of her nipple with my thumb as I told her "I'm glad that you're glad, Tenisha, and that us talking helped. You know that you can come to me about anything that's on your mind and I'll listen, right?"

Grinning shyly, she admitted "Now I do, for certain. Before, I kinda thought I could; but I wasn't **positive** deep down inside, like I am now."

"I think you learned a couple of other things, too, didn't you?", I asked.

She looked at me in confusion for a second, then I told her "Think back to what we talked about, and



see if you can't figure out what they are."

I watched as she did as I asked, replaying our previous conversation back in her mind. After a bit, she returned her attention to me and said "You really **don't** care what color I am — not even a little bit. And what I heard before... it was just a bunch of ignorant fools talking trash. Okay, Mister Thompson, lesson learned. I'm not going to worry about you, or pay any attention to that other nonsense, any more."

To celebrate her resolution, I leaned forward enough to give her a soft kiss on the lips before telling her "I'm glad to hear that", pleasing her.

We continued to lay there for a couple of minutes before she told me "I think I'm rested enough now from what you did to me. If you can turn loose of my boobs and quit playing with my nipples, I'll get up so Mallory can find out what it's like to feel so good."

"I think your boobs fit my hands too good to want to turn loose of them, and your nipples are just too much fun to play with."

Delighted by my response, she grinned up at me as she said "Fine, you can do that stuff more — only later, okay?"

With only slightly exaggerated reluctance, I answered "Well, I *guess*...", making her laugh briefly. She looked up at me in expectation when I didn't pull my hand back after a few seconds; I just looked at her as if I didn't know what she wanted. After releasing a theatrical (and amused) sigh, she took my wrist and made a show of moving my hand from her breast to my hip. When she saw I was giving her my best whipped-puppy look, she couldn't help laughing. She sat up, then detoured to give me a soft kiss before standing up and starting to move away.

After a bit, I sat up again; when I realized I was a bit thirsty, I remembered that I'd given Tenisha the last of my water. I was about to get up and get some more when she returned and offered me a full bottle with the explanation "You let me have what was left of yours, so I brought you a fresh one", then leaving again before I could thank her.

I wasn't particularly surprised when Mallory turned up and got herself settled nearby just a few minutes later. When I asked if there was anything she wanted me to know, she simply told me "No, I'm okay. You can kiss me and touch me wherever you want to. I was a little bit scared at first, but not now. I talked to Nawar and Evette, and I know it'll be okay. I just came over so I'd be here whenever you're ready."

I nodded my understanding, and after taking a couple more sips of my water, set it aside so I could move closer to her and turn so that we were more-or-less facing each other. She looked at me in expectation, and I could see that I surprised her when I merely took her hands in mine and said "I'm glad you're not scared now. You're right... it *will* be okay, because I'm not going to do anything to hurt or scare you. And if I start to do something you don't like, or you get worried or anything, then I'll stop just as soon as you tell me to. What I want is to help you learn another way that you can feel pleasure with someone else, and I know that if you're scared or worried or don't like what I do, then it won't be good for you. I'm not going to rush you, either; you'll have plenty of time to say so if you want me to stop, or do something different. I know you haven't done anything like this before, so I just want to **ask** that if you're not sure about something that you think about whether it's just different, or if you really don't like it. Okay?"

Pleased by what I'd just said, she answered "I don't think I'll have to tell you to stop, or anything. They told me a little bit about what would happen, and... and I think it sounds like it's pretty nice. I already knew that you'd stop if I wanted you to."

While Mallory wasn't as eager as some of the others had been, she certainly seemed willing and accepting enough. I lifted her hands up and kissed each of them before telling her "Thank you for your trust. It means a lot to me."

She gave me a happy smile in response to my actions and words, and I released her hands so that I could lean forward enough to give her forehead a gentle kiss, followed a second later by one to her lips. After I pulled back a little bit, I looked into her eyes and saw that she was ready for me to continue.

When I brought our lips together again, she kissed me back — not just willingly, but eagerly.

Several more kisses followed, each lasting longer than the one before; and with each one, Mallory got progressively more "involved" in it. We were catching our breath when I moved my hands to her waist; her only reaction was to make a small, pleased noise and nod her head that it was okay. As we kissed again, I started to slowly caress her sides from the bottom of her rib cage to her hips; she responded by trying to wriggle herself a little closer to me and reaching out to begin using her hands to explore my body in return.

Keeping my promise not to rush her, I took my time about expanding the range of my touch — though looking back on it, I don't suppose that I needed to have bothered. As more and more of her young body was included in my explorations, the more agreeable she seemed to be for me to continue. There finally came the point that I had my hands on her chest, with my thumbs and forefingers along the crease at the bottom of her breasts; when I felt her pressing herself against my hands slightly, I knew that it was okay for me to continue. As the second youngest of them, Mallory's bust wasn't as large as those of the older girls... but what it may have lacked in quantity, it MORE than made up for in quality. Each of her adolescent mammaries barely over-filled my cupped hands, but were amazingly firm and warm. Her nipples weren't much more than pencil erasers pressing into my palms at first, but as I started softly stroking the smooth skin of her breasts, I felt them begin to grow. While that was happening, Mallory decided that our tongues should get introduced to each other. I agreed, and it didn't take but a few seconds for them to become the best of friends.

Try as I might, I couldn't discern where the edges of her areolas were purely by touch — and believe me, I checked **most** carefully. Several times, even.

As I was amusing myself with the orbs of Mallory's breasts, she was involved in her own entertainment. I couldn't help noticing that her hands were *casually* drifting lower and lower on my body as she got more familiar with me. When her touch finally dropped below waist level, it seemed worthwhile to find out if she'd mind if I did the same. As before, I didn't rush things... but I certainly didn't take as long as she had, either. When my fingertips began to move south from her cute little navel, she uncrossed her legs in favor of bringing her knees up and putting her feet on the floor, opening herself to me completely.

When I reached the fringe of Mallory's pale pubic patch, I learned that it was incredibly soft, and thicker than I'd expected. Patient investigation let me learn that it was undoubtedly made up of some astronomical number of incredibly fine, short hairs. Running my fingers through it made me think of petting a kitten's belly.

By that point, I was starting to detect the unique aroma of aroused female; I finally gave up petting Mallory's kitten in favor of confirming what my nose was telling me.

It was easy enough to find the cleft of her sex, and the fleshy shelter over her clitoris. My first light caress drew a soft gasp from her, as well as a slight arching of her hips. Flowing out from the hood covering her nubbin were her labia — average in length, but thin and soft as they led me even lower, to where I found the almost hot core of her womanhood already starting to leak her juices. While collecting some of them onto my fingertip, I learned that they were light, thin, and slick. Careful to never actually press *against* her opening, I still managed to draw my finger **across** it enough to let me gather enough of her lubrication that I could transfer it back to the top of her slit. The one 'load' of her oils was enough to let me tease her small clitoris into at least STARTING to make an appearance as Mallory's breathing got more and more rapid.

Even as my hand was busy between her thighs, Mallory's hands were occupied between mine. While she wasn't actively trying to stimulate me, or playing with my cock or balls, she seemed fascinated by my pubic hair.

It was getting more and more difficult to continue kissing her, between the way she was almost panting and the frequent soft noises she made. That seemed as good of a time as any to move things along to the main event.

When I eased my hand away from her mons and from between her thighs, she made a soft noise of disappointment. A second later, she opened her eyes and looked at me before asking "Why did you stop?", a bit plaintively.

I just smiled before answering "Because I think maybe you're ready for the rest of it now. Or do you want to wait a little longer?"

The only surprise I got from her answer was the eagerness of it: "Yeah, I'm ready, and no, I don't want to wait!"

We got ourselves untangled easily enough, and it was short work for me to get myself stretched out on my back again. Before Mallory began to sit up in preparation for moving over my head, Darci came over and knelt down next to my leg. After a brief smile to me, her focus was entirely on my pelvis with a look of anticipation on her face.

Getting Mallory situated over my head was accomplished quickly and easily; feeling my hands on her tight little butt and gently squeezing her buns both amused and pleased her.

I could see that she was looking down at me in anticipation as I lifted my head and brought my mouth to her mons. My first considered action was to set the tip of my tongue at the bottom of her opening and slowly draw it upwards so I could get my first taste of her nectar. As I'd expected, her juices were fresh and light... and also vaguely sweet. I repeated my efforts just as quickly as I could manage, she tasted so good. A third pass ended with my tongue doing a couple of laps around her clitoris; I was watching as she moaned and closed her eyes before tilting her head back. As she was doing that, Darci was taking all of my soft penis into her mouth; a moment later, she was enthusiastically using her tongue to stimulate it while applying a soft, rhythmic suction that felt DAMN good.

While I didn't doubt that Mallory was a virgin, I'll admit to being surprised and pleased at how agreeable she was to having me use my tongue to probe at the entrance to her vagina — and just how

far I could get it into her.

From that point, I had a simply *dandy* time introducing her to the pleasures of oral sex. Though I'd never have said anything to Mallory or any of the others, I gave in to the temptation to draw the process out longer than necessary; she was simply **that** responsive to what I did, and the juices that she consequently produced were *that* pleasant on my tongue. Even today, I remember it with great fondness.

Thankfully, while I was enjoying the hell out of what *I* was doing, Darci was content to learn what she could about not just getting a guy hard, but keeping him that way... without "overstimulating" him in the process. The things she was doing felt just fine, thank you very much, but they weren't moving me toward MY release, either.

Still, I didn't lose sight of the fact that I was there to help Mallory find the pleasure she could get from what I was doing — or that I still had to do the same for the youngest in the class: Kathrine.

Bowing to necessity, I finally set my own pleasures aside and devoted myself to making sure that Mallory experienced her own. Over the span of a couple of minutes, I shifted my efforts from simply encouraging her to produce more of her nectar for me to collect, to actively stimulating her into greater and greater levels of arousal and excitement. That my actions resulted in a greater supply of her juices for me to lap up was simply a fringe benefit.

With me concentrating on doing nothing else, it didn't take long for me to get her well and truly worked up. She was trying to press herself down onto my face while moaning her pleasure between unintelligible words of encouragement when I went back to the very basics: slowly circling her clitoris with the pressure that I'd learned pleased her the most. It took little more than a minute for me to bring her to the brink of her release; I slowed my actions a trifle to hold her there for a few seconds before speeding up again and nudging her over the edge.

That was when I realized I'd overlooked something: that she (and Kathrine!) hadn't yet experienced their first orgasm.

That failure to remember an important detail was driven home by the force of the first spasm to hit Mallory. She practically doubled over from it after her initial groan of pleasure was cut off. She couldn't have had time to even draw a breath before a second (only marginally milder) spasm overwhelmed her. Somehow, she managed to straighten up a bit and inhale just ahead of her body freezing in place again. When that had passed, she was able to draw a deep (if shaky) breath and get herself vertical before a mild convulsion ran through her. A few more progressively milder spasms came and went as she began panting for the oxygen her body was demanding. I'd gotten my hands up to help support her, and felt her shudder slightly before I saw her eyes open. For the first few seconds, she didn't seem to have even the vaguest idea of where she was or what had happened; but I watched as she quickly got her senses back. Even so, it took a bit longer for her to realize that someone had their hands on her. When she did, she looked down to see who it was helping hold her up — and promptly got wide-eyed with the realization of what had just happened to her.

Barely able to speak and breathe at the same time, she softly told me "I never... that was... you... WOW!"

Seeing that she was more than a little wobbly, I asked her "Do you want to move? So you can sit, or lay down?"

It took her only a moment to decide that would probably be a good idea, and nod. Tenisha showed up then, and provided additional support and guidance as we got Mallory off of me, then laying down. I thanked Tenisha for her help, and she just told me "I figured you'd be able to help her have her first one, and I remember how *I* felt after it happened. After how you made me feel, I'm glad I could help" before moving off again.

While Tenisha and I had been busy with Mallory, Darci had brought and end to her "lessons", leaving me free to get myself situated next to Mallory. Looking down at her, the first thing I did was to tell her "Mallory, I'm sorry if what I was doing made that too much for you."

Surprised, she replied "No, it wasn't too much! It was *wonderful*! I just didn't know it could FEEL like that, is all. Honest, you didn't do anything wrong — you did everything **right**, and made me have my first orgasm ever!"

Still concerned, I had to ask "You're sure you're okay?"

"Really, Mister Thompson. The way the others talked about it, I knew it was something really good and special... I just didn't know it would be like THAT. Now I know why they couldn't tell me what it was like! Honest, I can't thank you enough for how good you were making me feel, so that I COULD feel that way!"

Well, she certainly didn't *seem* upset — far from it, actually. Nothing for me to do but take her at her word, then.

She did have ONE request, though, asking me "Would it be okay if I just stayed here for a bit? And maybe you could lay next to me, and... and hold me a little bit? With your hand on my boob?"

I couldn't help smiling as I answered "I think that would be MORE than just okay" before doing as she wanted. When I offered, she was pleased to use my arm as a pillow; after I was cupping her breast, she put her hand on top of mine and softly squeezed to let me know it was okay to do more than just hold it. We stayed like that for several minutes, with me gently running my fingertips over the delightful mound of one of her breasts as she finished getting her breath and energy back.

When she had recovered sufficiently, Mallory told me "I'd like to stay like this with you longer, but I know you still have to be with Kathrine, and I want her to know what it's like to feel as good as you made me feel."

"I'd like to stay like this with you, too — but you're right... Kathrine **is** next. Maybe we'll get to snuggle some other time", I answered.

Pleased, Mallory said "I'd like that." A moment later, I felt her start to move and reluctantly took my hand off of her so she get up.

After she'd moved away, I sat up again. While slowly sipping at my water, I had plenty of opportunity to wonder at the turn my life had taken from what I'd expected when I went into college. It was difficult to believe that I'd gone from chasing a LOT of tail in the hope of maybe catching SOME of it to having no less than **nine** nubile young females actually soliciting *me* for sexual favors.

My ruminations were set aside when Kathrine came up and sat close to me. When I looked her over, I couldn't see any indications that she was nervous or apprehensive about anything; if anything, she seemed totally at ease. A quick check of the time told me that I had plenty of time to deal with any

issues or difficulties she might have. She didn't seem to be paying me any particular attention, either, but it seemed prudent to make sure. Careful not to actually stare, it was still nice looking her over while I waited to see what (if anything) she had to tell me.

As expected, she noticed what I was doing; when she saw that she had my attention, she scooted herself a little closer before telling me "I, uh, I don't want to rush you or anything, but after what you told us about how guys are about having climaxes and everything, I thought maybe you, um, might want to, you know, not wait so long so you could... finish."

Quashing the desire to laugh, I managed to keep my composure as I told her "Thank you, that's very thoughtful. But I haven't had the... problems... that I was concerned about. What all of you have done has certainly felt good to me, and I'll be thanking all of you for it later; but it wasn't *too* much. I'm feeling a little bit of discomfort from everything that's happened, but nothing actually PAINFUL, or anything. If you want to talk or wait a little bit, that's fine."

Satisfied with my answer, she nodded. A couple of seconds later, she told me "I guess I do want to talk to you, at least a little bit. When we all started this — this afternoon, I mean — I didn't know what to expect. I didn't think anything actually *bad* was going to happen, I just didn't expect that it would be as easy and nice as it has. I mean, there's **nine** of us, all different ages, and just one of you, and I had a hard time believing that all this would go as *smoothly* as it has. I mean, I halfway expected that there'd be some fussing, anyway, but it hasn't happened. I think that's maybe because all of us really like you as much as we do, and are trying to behave ourselves more than usual. But I'm pretty sure that the way you've been able to make each of us feel better before anything happened, and make all of us — well, not me, yet — feel so good has been part of it, too. I know that Mallory has never had an orgasm before, but that you were able to help make it happen for her; and I know how *happy* she is because of that. I... I've never had one, either; I mean, I could feel how CLOSE it was, sometimes, but I couldn't quite get there. So when I see how you made Mallory happy, I think you can do the same thing for me. She told me she was kind of scared while we were all taking our clothes off, but I could tell that she was okay when she sat next to you. I actually WANTED to do this with you, even from the first time you told us about oral sex; that's why I think you can help me like you helped Mallory, even though I'm younger than her. And I talked to Casandra and Tenisha, and they told me how nice you are, and how gentle and patient, so I know I don't have to be nervous about you touching me — even between my legs, which is okay with me. You've done **so much** to show us that we can trust you that I'm not worried even a little bit about me and you being together."

That sure sounded like she'd wanted to talk to me more than just a "little bit", but I was still glad to listen to her and hear what she had to say. That she'd actually wanted to experience oral sex with me left me more than a little flabbergasted, but it certainly explained her actions before. Learning how confident she was that I'd help her have her first climax was a bit intimidating, but also strengthened my resolve to make sure it happened, too. Before she'd started talking, my primary concern had been how long it might take to help her learn to accept the pleasure I had to offer; after hearing her tell me she was looking forward to it, the only thing I figured I had to worry about was the same as I'd have with any female: simply finding out what she liked, and then doing enough of it. THAT I could manage!

Her being the youngest (and thus smallest) of them made it a trifle awkward for me to respond to what she'd said by leaning forward so I could give her a soft kiss on the lips. It was brief, and meant only to

reassure her that everything would be fine. When I pulled my head back a little bit so I could look into her face, I could easily see that she was touched by what I'd done — and quite willing for it to happen again.

She met me part way when I moved to kiss her again. The touch of our lips began gently enough, but intensified and lengthened as she began respond.

As we started to kiss a third time, she gripped my wrists so she could move my hands to her waist; I didn't have any qualms or hesitation about doing what she obviously wanted: to begin stroking and caressing her young form. With her having told me that she was looking forward to our time together, I wasn't as slow to bring more and more of her body under my touch, either. I still gave her time to object, however, before finally cupping her breasts in my hands. Although I could cover each of her developing mounds with my hands, there was precious little space left over and I could easily feel the hard tips of her nipples pressing into my palms. They were warm under my touch, and felt somewhat soft when I tenderly squeezed them... though certainly not excessively so.

My hands on her blossoming bosom seemed to be the cue for Kathrine to move things along a little more by letting her tongue brush across my lips. I responded in kind, and the next minute or so saw our tongues get introduced to each other before beginning a game of "tag". While that was going on, Kathrine began to use her hands to explore and caress my body while I focused my efforts on memorizing her lovely mammaries.

We continued like that for several minutes before she interrupted our kissing to pull her head back. Before I could say anything, she quickly got to her knees in front of me — which not only put her breasts at the same level as my face, but also made it possible for me to get my hands on her cute little ass. I had to stretch my neck a little bit to fasten my lips around the pink circle that capped one of her tits; and even as I began to softly suck on it, my hands were cupping the firm globes of her butt. It didn't take much for me to get her areolas slightly swollen and draw her nipples into becoming longer and harder. As I softly stroked and squeezed the smooth orbs of her ass, Kathrine put her fingers in my hair and gently guided my head back and forth between her breasts while I listened to her breathing become progressively more shallow and rapid as her desire began to build.

I was aware of the faint scent of aroused female well before I finally let one of my hands slide off one of her smooth buns and begin the journey around her body, lightly drawing my fingertips across her soft skin. After my touch passed her hip and began to approach the dark wedge at the base of her abdomen, I felt her shift her weight, followed by moving her knees farther apart — opening herself up to me, and inviting me to explore that last part of her.

It didn't take me long to discover that her pubic hair seemed to have gotten a bit thicker and expanded some since I'd first seen it, and that it was relatively short, straight, and *very* soft. Moving my fingertips even lower, it was easy enough to find the cleft of her sex; I had to dip into it only slightly to contact the hood of her clitoris before easing my way down a bit farther. By touch, I learned that her labia were still somewhat small and thin, and the area between them noticeably damp. Dropping my hand a little more, I was able to draw the pad of one finger across the distinctly moist entrance to her vagina... accompanied by a soft moan from Kathrine and a slight arching of her hips.

Continuing to nurse at her bust and molest the globes of her small ass, I patiently and gently transferred some of the lubricant available to me to her clitoral hood and the area immediately around it. That resulted in not only making sure that there wasn't any unpleasant friction, but enticing her clitoris into

starting to make an appearance.

She seemed to derive as much pleasure from having my finger brushing across her opening as she did from what I was doing to her clitoris, because each time I gathered a little more of her essence, she would moan and arch her hips in response. It didn't take a great deal of imagination to figure out how she'd probably respond when I finally got my head between her thighs.

I'd teased her clitoris out to where I could pay proper attention to it, as well as convincing both of her nipples to stand tall and proud when I realized that Kathrine was getting just a wee bit unsteady, and that she was panting almost continuously. In addition to those facts, there was the stronger scent of her increasing arousal as she responded to what I was doing to her. As much fun as I was having just then, I felt a certain reluctance to get us re-situated so that I could finish showing her the kind of pleasure her body could feel; but that reluctance was easily overshadowed by the anticipation I felt at finally having her young muff on my lips.

It took a few seconds to get her to understand that I wanted us to change; when she did, though, her cooperation was full and immediate. Even as I was getting myself stretched out on my back again, she positioned herself to straddle my face as soon as I indicated I was ready. I'd barely gotten the words "I'm ready, Kathrine" out of my mouth than she had one leg off the floor and moving over my head.

As she got herself situated over me, I had ample opportunity to have a look at the area between her thighs. As it approached the area where her vaginal entrance was, Kathrine's pubic hair thinned considerably — making it easy for me to see that her labia were as thin and soft as they'd felt, slightly dark with her desire, and shiny with her juices. When she had a knee on each side of my head, I could also see that her labia were still parted slightly from when I'd been running the end of my finger between them; it was also possible to see that there was a not-so-small collection of her oils that had escaped the confines of her virginal womanhood.

The scent of her was *more* than enticing enough to draw my head up to where it emanated from, and I paused just long enough to take a deep breath through my nose to enjoy it before fastening my lips to her mons.

Having accomplished that, my next priority was to extend my tongue and draw it across the entrance to her vagina — collecting the nectar that had leaked out of her. Her juices were as light and fresh as anyone could even **dream** they'd be, and vaguely semi-sweet. It took only a second for me to decide to repeat my efforts, much to the pleasure of my taste buds. When I extended my tongue again, it was to use the end to outline the entrance to Kathrine's girl-chamber; her response was to moan softly as she pressed her pelvis down in obvious encouragement for me to continue. A few moments later, I felt it as what I figured was Nawar settle next to me; that was followed by a soft, cool hand being wrapped around my cock before beginning to gently stroke me.

After doing a few laps (pun intended!) around her opening, it was on to see what her reaction would be if I went on to *gently* probe at it. Instead of the mild response I'd thought I'd get, she clearly told me "OHGODYES!" as she tried to spread her legs even more in welcome to my efforts.

With THAT kind of encouragement, I didn't delay in trying to see how much of my tongue I could get how far into her — accompanied by her plainly aroused moans. While I was limited as to how much and how far I could worm my tongue through the tight ring of her vaginal opening, I accomplished more than I'd expected. Even better, it seemed that each attempt I made served to open her up a little



more and make it even easier to keep going.

I'd reached the conclusion that Kathrine wasn't likely to have *any* problems when she decided to give up her virginity when I also figured that I'd gotten about as much of my tongue as far into her as I was going to. After making another pass to collect any residual oils that I might have missed, I began shifting my attentions progressively higher along the cleft of her sex until I reached the exposed bead of flesh that was her clitoris. As I experimented with what kinds of things that I could do to and with it, Kathrine held her pelvis absolutely still. That isn't to say that she was motionless, however — under my wandering hands, the rest of her body was going through any number of movements as she continued to give soft voice to the pleasures she was experiencing. Even when I had the tight globes of her ass in my hands, I could feel her cute little buns flexing underneath my touch as her arousal continued to rise.

Far from having the problems that I'd been concerned I might experience with Mallory and Kathrine, they'd proven to be among the easiest to deal with. I didn't doubt that having the opportunity to see for themselves what happened did a lot to settle them down; but even so, the difference was a lot greater than I'd have expected. Well, that was for later; just then, I had Kathrine to keep myself occupied with. At my pelvis, Nawar was keeping herself busy by continuing to slowly stroke me toward a full erection as she occasionally mouthed or licked my cock. It seemed fairly clear to me that she was taking her time about getting me hard, which I appreciated — that gave me more time and opportunity to enjoy my activities with Kathrine.

And I most certainly **was** enjoying what I was doing. Not only was I patiently and lovingly teasing her clitoris, but I was tenderly "nibbling" on her labia with my lips, along with side (bottom?) trips to draw my tongue across the entrance to her vagina so I could gather whatever there was available of her delicious juices.

Despite the fairly leisurely way I was stimulating her, there was no denying the fact that I *was* increasing Kathrine's desires. Enough so that it was much sooner than I would have liked when it became clear that I'd gotten her close to having her first ever climax. When I realized what I'd done, I was faced with a dilemma: slow what I was doing so I could continue to have fun, or finish it so that she'd have the orgasm she was so plainly near experiencing?

After arguing with myself about the matter for several seconds, I finally made my decision: help Kathrine find her release. What really decided the matter for me was the realization that once I was finished with Kathrine, it would be possible to get my head between Nawar's firm thighs again in a "69" that I was sure would leave BOTH of us *quite* satisfied...

With that settled, I didn't hesitate to apply myself to the task at hand (well, mouth). After another pass to collect her oils, I kept my attentions on what I'd learned Kathrine liked for me to do at the top of her mound. Still wanting to enjoy myself a **little** bit longer, I didn't do any of the things that she'd liked best — only those that pleased her, so I'd "have" to do them a little bit longer. From the way she'd responded up to that point, I didn't think that it would make all *that* much difference, however.

As I steadily moved her closer and closer to her release, Kathrine wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to let me know that I was having the desired effect; not only did her sounds and exclamations of pleasure increase in frequency (and volume), she went so far as to reach down so she could hold my head in place, as if she were afraid I'd just STOP and leave her wanting.

By virtue of my continuous efforts on her behalf, it didn't take much more than a couple of minutes

before I knew that she was at the very edge of having a climax. I suppose that I could have drawn things out a little bit, but I simply didn't have the heart to do anything like that to her at that point; simply put, she was too obviously in need of having it happen. Similarly, I didn't dare do anything to try and make it any more intense that it was patently *going* to be, either. With my entire focus on her, I didn't have any trouble reading the signs that let me know when it was about to start: her entire body froze in place, and she started to make a high keening sound that was suddenly cut off by a short, sharp spasm that practically slammed her pubic bone against my upper lip. It couldn't have been a second later that it was followed by another, only slightly less intense. The next couple of waves of pleasure that ran through her were progressively milder, allowing her to shakily draw a deep breath before a final spasm forced all the air out of her lungs in a deep groan.

With the majority of her orgasm having passed, Kathrine was able to start breathing again — despite the aftershocks that I could feel washing through her young frame. When her clitoris had hastily retreated with the start of her orgasm, I hadn't delayed about getting my mouth and tongue relocated to her vaginal entrance again in anticipation of an increase in the amount of her lubricants that would become available. Such proved to be the case, so I had the distinct pleasure of making sure the overflow of her juices didn't present any problems while I kept my hands on her waist, ready to provide whatever support she might require.

While she may not have **needed** the help I gave her when I felt her wobble a bit, there isn't a doubt in my mind that it certainly kept her from going *too* far out of plumb and possibly embarrassing herself.

I was resting my head on the floor again when I saw her eyes open up again. When she'd gotten her focus back a couple of seconds later, she looked down at me, her eyes wide with the realization of what had just happened to her. She swallowed a couple of times, then managed to softly ask "That was an orgasm? Like I've heard about?"

I couldn't help smiling to myself as I answered "Yeah, it was. Your first one, right?"

Still wide-eyed, she nodded before telling me "Now I know why nobody can say what it's like. Words can't describe it, and once you've had one, you don't need any explanation. It was like... like... like I **died**, almost, and came back to life — only a thousand... or a million... WAY better."

I could see that she didn't have thought one about anyone or anything around her, and I was content to lay there and help steady her for the next minute or so, while she came to grips with what she'd just been through. While that was happening, Sharla moved next to us and leaned over to quietly ask me "Is she going to be okay? I was watching, and I could see that it hit her pretty hard..."

In an equally soft voice, I answered "I think she'll be fine. It was the first time for her, was all. She might need a little help when she's ready to move, though — I think it left her a little weak."

"I'll be glad to; I remember what it was like for ME the first time I had a climax."

With that said, Sharla sat up again. I couldn't help noticing that she was looking at the younger girl with something more than mere affection.

Another minute or so passed before Kathrine "came to". After only a brief glance at Sharla, she looked down at me again, and I could see the gratitude and love in her eyes as she told me "I knew I'd be okay with you, and I was — better, even. You actually *tried* to find out what felt good to me, and do it. And you were so nice and patient about it while you were helping me find out what it's like to feel **that**

good. I don't know how I could ever thank you for doing so much for me. Not just today, but since we started in your class."

After shifting my head a bit so she could see that I was smiling up at her, I answered "It's okay, Kathrine, you don't have to thank me."

She'd watched as I'd moved my head, and that reminded her of where she was and how we were situated. While she didn't outright blush, I suspect that she still felt a little embarrassed or awkward, because the next thing she had to say was "Um, I, uh, guess I'd better move, huh?"

"Only if you're ready, and want to", I assured her.

She was, and was, apparently, since she shifted her weight in preparation for relocating herself. That was when she discovered that she was still a little weak by swaying slightly. It took only a moment for Sharla to sit up and get her arms out to steady Kathrine; when she did, I moved my hands from Kathrine's sides down to her butt — and promptly gave it a gentle squeeze to reassure her that everything was okay. I got an amused smile for my labors, shortly followed by Sharla helping Kathrine ease herself forward, then off to the side a bit so she could sit down. Sharla sat next to her, and the two of them put their heads together and started talking quietly.

With nothing to keep me from looking around, it took only a moment for me to see that it was, in fact, Nawar taking such exemplary care of my erect penis. After I watched her sliding her lips up and down my erection a few times, she finally looked at me... with something like pleased satisfaction on her face. Since I had her attention, I sat up a little bit so I could softly tell her "If you want to move yourself around toward me, I can make YOU feel good, too."

It took only a second for her to understand what I was getting at, and she looked delighted as she started to follow my suggestion. When she gotten turned enough, I lay back down, then carefully guided her leg over my head so that she was mirroring my position over me — putting us in the classic "69" arrangement.

I was glad to get a different view of Nawar than I'd had before; the way she was situated, I had a singularly pleasant perspective on the light brown globes of her ass, as well as a clearer and more direct view of the black vee of her pubic thatch and the inner lips that divided it. In the few seconds I figured I had before she realized what I might be doing and got nervous, I did my best to commit how she looked to memory.

After I got my hands on her delightful ass, I used my thumbs to gently spread her cleft as I raised my head; when I was close enough, there wasn't anything to keep me from slipping my tongue into the divide between her labia and slowly drawing it upwards from her clitoral hood to her vaginal entrance. I discovered that she was already somewhat aroused by the amount of her lubrication that I found at the end of the journey. With that as an impetus, I readily applied myself toward getting her even MORE excited.

I don't know what it was like for Nawar, but I spent the next several minutes totally focused on what the two of us were doing to each other; in the back of my mind, I knew that there were others present, but I simply didn't **care**. Nawar's mouth and hand on my cock felt wonderful, and I was QUITE content with how she was responding to what I was doing in return. I suspect that both of us were more concerned with bringing *pleasure* to the other person, than with actually trying to get them off — though both of us were steadily getting more and more excited as the seconds passed.

Knowing what was in store for her, Nawar seemed to be even more accepting of what I was doing than she'd been the first time. And because of that, she was also getting more pleasure from it, as evidenced by the greater amount of her oils there were for me to lap up. I was having a simply *dandy* time holding her firm ass in my hands as I did my best to orally plunder the treasures between her smooth thighs. It wasn't until I realized that I was approaching the point that I'd **have** to cum if I didn't want a severe case of blue balls that I finally relented from the benign torture I was subjecting her to in favor of ensuring that SHE got off, too.

Rather than risk any misunderstandings or the possibility of one of us not climaxing, I tried to keep Nawar's arousal on par with my own. That being my second time with her, I had a fairly decent idea of what signals she gave out as she got more and more excited, and used them to "pace" my activities with her.

There finally came the time that Nawar and I were going to climax; the only question was which one of us it would be first.

THAT question was resolved when she surprised the hell out of me by slowly dragging her fingernails across my scrotum while softly sucking on me and bobbing her head up and down at the same time. All I could do was groan mightily as the first wad of my cum erupted from the end of my cock in what seemed like an endless spray of semen. It was almost immediately followed by a second that didn't feel appreciably less powerful. Barely a second later, a third spurt almost certainly coated Nawar's tonsils, since she'd kept her lips firmly wrapped around my cock just behind the head. The rest of my climax was stronger than I'd experienced in quite some time, and left me feeling drained (physically AND semen-wise) as I felt her swallow what I was SURE was at least a pint of my jism before she carefully milked my cock dry as she pulled her mouth off of me.

Once I had my wits about me again, I devoted myself to trying to ensure that I brought Nawar as much satisfaction as she'd done for me. The next pass I made with my tongue across her vaginal opening, I was surprised at how wet she'd gotten in apparent response to having me emptying myself into her talented mouth. When I'd cleaned up the overflow of her juices, I was ready to help her have the best orgasm I could manage.

It took me less than a minute of concerted and loving effort to get her to the brink of release; I patiently and deliberately held her there for a few seconds before a furious fluttering of my tongue across her clitoris all but THREW her into the chasm of a climax. Even though her clit disappeared under its hood almost immediately, I continued to gently but firmly circle my tongue around it to deliberately extend and intensify her pleasure as a series of powerful waves of pleasure coursed through her body.

When the majority of her orgasm had passed, Nawar nearly collapsed on top of me, much to my surprise. While she wasn't *heavy*, and it felt rather nice having her firm young body pressed against mine, she wasn't a delicate little waif that I could choose to ignore, either. I'll admit to being glad and relieved when Darci and Celia both appeared, and Darci asked "We'll get her moved off of you, okay?"

"Yeah, that'd be fine", I answered.

In less than a minute, with the two of them providing the labor and Casandra and Tenisha assisting, Nawar was on her back next to me — though facing the opposite "direction". I managed to sit up on my own, and was grateful when Mallory sat nearby and offered me a fresh bottle of water. I downed half of it before coming up for air and shifting my attention to Nawar. Looking at her, I could see that

while she hadn't apparently lost consciousness, she was most certainly not in any condition to do anything more than just lay there and breathe.

After taking another hit off my water, I noticed that *all* of the others were nearby, and looking at me in something akin to awe. When I raised an eyebrow in question, it was Celia that told me "We could see that she *really* getting excited by what you were doing to her. I mean all of us, um, kind of looked, and we could see that you didn't seem to be doing anything all that different than what you did to us — but it was somehow **affecting** her more. We pretty much figured that she was going to have a really good orgasm, but never figured that anything like THAT would happen."

To that, Tenisha added "It was pretty obvious that you liked what SHE was doing, too. Uh, I'm not sure, but it looked like maybe... maybe your climax was even stronger this time than when you, you know, showed us what happens."

I took a moment to organize my thoughts and what I wanted to say before telling them "Yes, my climax WAS stronger, because it happened while I was actually WITH someone. Nawar might say something different, but I *think* this orgasm was stronger for a couple of reasons. First, both of us were pretty much taking our time and making the other person feel as good as we could... and my experience is that doing that **always** helps. Something else is that she's already had ONE orgasm, so that made it even easier for her to have another. The last part is that I didn't 'just' help her have an orgasm; I not only got her really, really close, but HELD her there for a few seconds — and then while it was happening, I kept doing something that I knew would make it even stronger." I looked over to where Nawar was starting to show signs of life and added "I'm not sure, but it *might* have been too much for her."

Darci looked at her judiciously for a few seconds, then told me "No, I don't think it was too much. She probably just wasn't quite *ready* for it, is all."

About that time, Nawar moved a little bit, drawing the attention of Tenisha and Casandra. The two of them teamed up to get Nawar more-or-less sitting up, followed by Celia offering her some water. Nawar managed a nod, and didn't make even a token effort at taking the bottle, choosing instead to let Celia carefully help her sip from it. After she'd gotten her mouth and throat wetted, Nawar managed to softly tell us "No, it wasn't TOO much — but it was a whole lot closer than I ever thought I'd get." Turning her attention to me, she added "I knew you were teasing me, there at the end, to make it better for me; but I had no **idea** that you were going to do that other part while it was happening. *That's* what really did me in!"

I took her hand in mine, brought it to my lips, and kissed it before telling her "Thank you. I'm glad you're not mad or upset with me about it. Still, I won't do anything like that to you again."

"No, I'm not angry with you, or anything like that — really! If anything, I'm **glad** you cared enough about me that you'd even WANT to make me feel like that. If *that's* how good I can feel, then I want it to happen again and again and again, as often as I can. Don't say you won't do it again... I WANT you to!"

Mallory wanted to know "You WANT to go through that again? Even after you just... *collapsed* on him at the end?", surprised.

"OH, yeah!", Nawar answered. "After THAT experience, just rubbing myself off isn't going to be anywhere near enough!", she finished with a grin.

Evette spoke up then, asking "He said that he climaxed harder with you than he did when he showed us what happens. Was it what you expected?"

After taking the bottle of water from Celia, Nawar used both hands to hold it while she took a couple of swallows before answering "No, it was even better. You know I like how his stuff tastes, and it was even better when I got it directly from him. It *did* come out harder than I thought it would, but it wasn't **too** much more. I mean, I didn't feel like I was choking on it or anything, even though I think there was more of it, too." Giving me an appraising look, she went on to tell me "If... if you wanted me to, I, uh, I'd be glad to do that for you any time you wanted. If you wanted to, um, do something with me, too, I'd like that — but you wouldn't have to EVERY time, if you didn't want."

If I hadn't just cum like gangbusters, Nawar's offer would likely have had my cock standing straight up from the possibility of getting blowjobs like that from her practically on demand. But while I was ready and willing to go with them wherever they wanted to explore sexually, I still wasn't going to do anything to push them. So I simply limited my answer to "Well, that's for later, maybe. We'll have to see how things go, first, okay?"

Disappointed, but undaunted, Nawar just nodded her head in acceptance. Glancing around at the rest of them, I could see that all of them had taken note of the fact that I hadn't outright refused; something that plainly had all of them considering what might be possible if the time and circumstances were right.

A look at the clock told me that while we still had some time left before school ended, it wasn't all *that* much. Shifting back into "teacher" mode wasn't easy, but I still took command of the situation by telling them that we (or they) could talk about what had happened for a little while before we all had to get dressed again. To the looks of disappointment they all got, I announced that we could talk about it some more in a couple of days, after they'd had a chance to think about what they thought about all of it. They were visibly pleased by that, and it didn't take long for them to begin sharing opinions about what they'd done and experienced. I readily answered the few questions that were directed at me at first, then casually eased myself out and away from the discussion so that I could watch and listen to them and get a better idea of how they felt about everything that had gone on. When the time came, I let them know it was time for all of us to get up and get dressed after we put the mats away.

Darci and Evette teamed up to carefully fold the blanket I'd brought in while the others got the mats re-stacked. Once that was done, I went back to the privacy room to get dressed again. When I was ready to face the world again, I didn't bother finding out if all of them were ready, too; as I walked to my desk, I saw that a couple of them weren't quite fully dressed yet — and plainly didn't care whether I saw them or not.

The last couple of minutes before school ended gave me enough time to remind them of the assignments that were due soon.

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It worked out that it wasn't until the third school day that we got the opportunity to talk about what had happened. While there were a few questions directed my way, the greatest percentage of talk involved what they thought about it all. To my surprise, there was a *little* bit of embarrassment among them at first, but once they got going, they lost all inhibitions about hashing things out. It finally came down to where they all agreed that it had certainly been a "learning experience", and **most definitely** pleasurable. When I hinted at it, they uniformly declared that doing something similar in the future

would be perfectly acceptable. Darci asked if there was anything else I could help them with, I simply told them that it was up to them to figure that out and whether or not they needed or wanted my input or assistance.

In the days that followed, *all* of them found or made the opportunity to come to me on her own and let me know that she'd enjoyed her time with me, and rather broadly hint that she'd be amenable to any private instruction that I might want to give her. In each case, I told her some variation of "Think about it some more, and if you're still sure, we'll see what happens."

It wasn't any surprise to me that the first to come back and let me know that she was *more* than sure about the two of us pleasuring each other was Nawar. After making sure that she understood that she could stop any activity between us at any time with no ill will on my part, I agreed to let her come over to my apartment one evening under the guise of "tutoring" her. While it was probably **strictly** correct that I was providing her with one-on-one instruction, I doubt that her parents would have appreciated the subject matter or the way the tutoring was provided. With nearly three hours available for just the two of us, there was ample opportunity for me to get her started with discovering just how deep her sensuality ran and what kinds of pleasure were possible without actually engaging in coitus. In return, she helped me learn what kinds of things *I* was capable of.

Over the course of the evening, I was happy to find out that she was an affectionate, playful, fun-loving, inventive young woman capable of making her desires known without being demanding. She also demonstrated that she was also giving, intelligent, thoughtful (in both senses of the word), unashamed, and confident in herself. Interestingly, we spent nearly as much time simply talking (mostly about her and what she wanted to do with her life) as we did in our other activities. When it got close to time for her to go home, she jumped at the opportunity to shower with me, and proved to be a delightful slippery bundle in my arms as we cleaned up.

Much the same sequence played out with all the rest of them as the next several weeks passed. Whether it was to counsel them on their career choices, study sessions, or some other pretense, I got the chance to share some private and *very* personal time with each one. When it was time for me to be with Mallory, I was both pleased (!) and surprised when she elected to keep my cock in her mouth when I climaxed; afterwards, she told me that she'd talked to Nawar after our group activity and decided to see if my semen tasted better when she got it directly from the source. Having done so, she concluded that although she still didn't actually like the taste, it was "okay", and not as bad as she'd first thought. None of the rest had the slightest qualm about letting me empty myself in their oral cavities, and their opinions of my cum ranged from liking it to thinking it tasted great.

As that was happening, I was taking whatever chances I got to gently remind them that they needed to be prepared for the time that they started getting even more involved with guys. Once I was sure that whoever I was with was giving the matter the attention it deserved, I let it drop.

The biggest concern I had turned out to be a non-issue: whether the intimacy we were sharing would influence their behavior in the classroom. Not a single one of them **ever** did or said *anything* to indicate that she thought what happened outside of class had any bearing on their school time. I don't know if they ever talked about what was going on between me and them with each other; if they did, I never got any sign or hint of it.

All I ever heard from any of the parents was during the infrequent parent-teacher meetings, when they would express their pleasure at how well their daughters were doing in school, and how happy the girls

seemed about having me as their teacher. A couple of them even went so far as to thank me for relieving them of the necessity of dealing with any issues resulting from the mandated sex education class — something that had me chuckling to myself, afterwards.

Tuesday of the last full week of school before the end of the semester, Darci and Celia stayed after class so they could ask me if it would be okay if they came to my apartment the following Saturday. Somewhat baffled, I asked them why and for how long. They answered that they wanted a little bit of help with the end-of-semester project they'd teamed up for, and that they'd like three hours, but more would be better. I thought about all that I had to do and figured out how much time I could spare for them; when I said that I could manage five or six hours if they could be there at ten o'clock or so, both were delighted and hastened to assure me that they'd be there at ten on the dot. For the rest of the week, I couldn't help occasionally wondering what it was all about.

Saturday morning, even as the antique clock I had was chiming ten, I heard my doorbell. As promised, both of them were standing there — looking both nervous and expectant. Darci had a small bag in her hand, which I figured held whatever it was they needed my help with on their project (on a subject that they hadn't divulged to me). I invited them in, and both opted for coffee when I offered them a choice of beverages. Once all of us were seated in my living room, I asked them what it was they needed help with, and why they were coming to me on a Saturday to get it.

The two of them looked at each other for a few seconds before facing me again so that Darci could nervously answer "We, uh... we decided to do our project on um, sex and sexuality. We've known each other for a while, and spent a lot of time at each other's houses and everything, and stayed overnight with each other a whole bunch of times."

Celia picked it up there, telling me "On night, we were kinda practicing kissing like we would with guys... except that we didn't stop with just kissing. We, um, kinda started, you know, *touching*, too. Not just bodies, but boobs, and even... even between each other's legs. It didn't feel bad or wrong or anything, and we just kept going until...", faltering at the end.

Darci picked up the slack by continuing "Until we were doing other stuff. Um, like what you did with us — only with each other."

It was Celia that finished their revelation by telling me "It wasn't just that one time, either. We've been making each other feel good like that about every time one of us stays overnight with the other... and even between."

Having seen how they'd been positioned after I'd had my time with Nawar, that they had shared some level of intimacy didn't surprise me; nor did the fact that they'd gone beyond simply kissing and touching. The only thing that threw me even a little bit was that they were telling me what they'd been up to.

Seeing that they were a bit apprehensive about how I was going to react to what they'd said, I told them "I knew that you were better friends with each other than the others. In class that day, after I was with Nawar, I saw that you'd been kissing, and that each of you had been touching the other. Whatever you've done together, it sounds like it was because both of you wanted to and that you enjoyed it." Both of them blushed while maintaining their composure, and I continued "I've told you and the rest of the class before that I don't think it's up to ME to decide what other people should be doing, so I'm not going to think badly about either one of you for finding someone that you like enough to be willing to



share yourself with them. Neither of you forced the other, you did it because you wanted to, and you didn't feel bad about it. All I can say is: that being the case, I'm happy for you."

Both were visibly relieved to hear what I had to say, and were still looking at me when I continued "I'm flattered that you would trust me enough to tell me about all that, and interested that you would choose sexuality for your project; I think I know why you chose that subject, and what it'll be about. What I'm **not** understanding is why you'd want to come over here on a Saturday morning to tell me all that, and ask for so much of my time."

Both of them immediately looked apprehensive again, prompting me to wonder what the hell was going on. I found out when Darci told me "We wanted to talk to you, together like this, for a couple of reasons. The first one is that we weren't comfortable about actually writing down any of the stuff that we've learned together — you know, about two girls being with each other. It's not that we're *ashamed* about it or anything, just that we didn't want to have to deal with any, you know, drama if our folks read it. And... and we wanted to make sure you knew that we weren't just making stuff up or repeating what we've read other places."

Seeing that I didn't understand what Darci was suggesting, Celia explained "We... we thought we should maybe, um, BE together where you could see. You know, to prove we know what we're talking about."

Hearing that, my cock immediately started to rise as the image of the two of them together filled my thoughts. It took several seconds before I was able to turn the porn movie trailer in my mind off and actually *think* again; when I did, I realized that they didn't seem to have given me their second reason for being there.

"You don't **have** to prove anything to me about what you say in your project report unless you want to. You said you had a couple of reasons, and letting me see you with each other was one of them. What was the other?"

They exchanged a Look with each other before Celia haltingly told me "We... we wanted to know if... if it would be okay... whether you would... if you wanted to, I mean... let us... be the one... we were hoping... that we could maybe, you know, have you be the one we have sex with the first time."

In an apparent effort to make things as clear as possible, Darci added "We want you to be the one we give our virginity to."

Stunned, I could only sit there looking at them for several seconds. Yeah, I'd thought about getting belly-to-belly with the girls in my class, and certainly enjoyed the hell out of what I'd done with them that far. But for two of them to come right out and ask me to deflower them? **That** was as unexpected as anything I'd ever experienced.

I finally got my wits together enough to ask them "Why me? Why now? Are you really ready for something like that?"

Celia answered "We want you to do it because of how nice and everything you are. I mean, as patient and everything else you are in class, we figure we can trust you to understand that this is really important to us. If all we wanted was our hymens broken, we know that just about any guy we found would do it; or we could even do it ourselves if we had to. But we want *more* than that. We want it to happen with somebody that we know really cares about us, and will try to do it **right** because it means

something to them, too. We think that's you. This is something that both of us have been thinking about since even before you became our teacher; and after we all had that class together, we decided that we were ready to start finding out what else there is."

When Darci spoke, it was obvious that she completely misunderstood my question when she said "I think we're ready. We have some things so that we don't make a mess on your bed when it happens, and some extra towels we bought so we don't ruin any of yours, and..."

I interrupted her to say "No, that's not what I meant. I want to know if you're really ready inside to stop being virgins — in your hearts, and minds."

Blushing slightly in embarrassment, she told me "I know I am. To me, you're not *just* my teacher. You're somebody I know I can come to about **anything**, and you'll do whatever you can or have to to help me. I know I've done some kinda dumb stuff in class, but you never ever made me feel bad about it; you just showed me what went wrong and how to not make that mistake again. Since we got you as a teacher, I actually LIKE coming to school, because I get to learn something new every day from somebody that I like and respect and that I know does the best they can to HELP me learn. Way back when we first got you for a teacher, you didn't just *tell* us about how America was founded, but helped us really understand WHY. You don't push us to learn and be better students, you get us to **want** those things by getting us to follow where you're leading."

To that, Celia added "I'm sure I'm ready, too. What Darci said about you, that's how I feel, too. All the stuff you've done for us, and how you treat all of us and everything — it makes you somebody *special*... which is just what I want the person I give my virginity to to be."

The next question I had for them was something that HAD to be asked: "What about birth control? Is that already taken care of, or do I need to do something?"

Interestingly, both of them looked somewhat relieved before Celia told me "After the state said that all kids our ages had to have a sex education class, my Mom said that if I was going to learn about sex ed, I should decide if I wanted to be protected when I'm ready to start being with guys. I said that I thought that was a good idea, and she took me in to see her doctor. He gave me an exam, then wrote me a prescription, so I'm on the Pill."

Darci calmly informed me "My Mom did pretty much the same thing, except that she just asked me first, so I'm on birth control, too." After a brief glance at Celia, she added "That was a while ago for both of us, so we know it works."

Almost immediately, she realized that what she'd said might be misunderstood, and hastened to add "Not that we've actually **tried** it with a guy, or anything... just that both of us can kind of tell that our periods feel different, somehow", with a faint blush.

To try and reassure her, I said "I figured it was something like that; remember, you told me that you're both virgins", which seemed to help.

While their words did a lot to convince me that they were ready for such a big step, it was something else that really clinched the matter: when I'd asked if they were ready, Darci had calmly proceeded to tell me of the things they'd thought to bring to deal with the loss of their maidenheads. I had to figure that if they'd thought of how to deal with the act itself and the aftereffects, they would likely have given as much thought (if not more) about it beforehand. That they'd gone so far as to actually bring the

things they thought they should have *with* them seemed a pretty clear indication that they were sincere and ready to follow through on their request.

Both had waited quietly and (mostly) patiently as I sat there thinking, and were ready to listen when I finally told them "I think you're right — that you **are** ready. *I'm* kinda nervous about this because you trust me to make it right and good for you, and I don't want to disappoint you. I'll do my very best to try and see to it that you're happy about how things went when you leave."

From the smiles on their faces at hearing that, I knew that they were pleased by what I said. I could also tell that they were likely as nervous as I was — but not afraid.

Looking back and forth between them, I let a few seconds pass in case either of them had anything she wanted to say before I said "I'm guessing that if you thought to bring things with you, you have something particular in mind about how this happens. I'll tell you now that I'm fine with it, whatever it is; this is **YOUR** time, and whatever you say you need or want is what goes. Like I said, I want you to be happy when you leave here, so that's all that really matters to me."

The two of them shared a brief look before Darci told me "When we were talking about all of this — with each other, I mean — we decided that it would probably be easiest if Celia and I were... were together for a little bit, first. We know that you wouldn't do anything to hurt us, but we figured that if both of us had an orgasm first, that would help."

I smiled, and answered "That's fine. You said that you wanted me to see what you do to prove you know what you're talking about in your project paper, so I guess that means it's okay if I watch you? Or would you rather be alone at first, now?"

Both managed to smile back at me as Celia said "Sure, watching is okay — but we were kinda hoping that you could actually be with us. You know, on the bed and naked, too, but not, um, *doing* anything while it's just us."

Darci quickly followed that by explaining "This feels a **lot** different for us than when we were by ourselves with you, so just *having* you there would be kind of an in-between thing so it'll be easier for us later."

Drat the bad luck. I was being told that I could get naked and be witness to the two of them pleasuring each other, but that I couldn't actually get involved while it was happening. Well, it was a sacrifice, but one I figured I could make if it helped them...

I didn't hesitate to tell them "Sure, I can do that, if it'll help and that's what you want."

With that settled, the three of us sat there for a minute or so before they realized that I was letting them set not just the "rules" for what happened, but the pace, too. It was Darci that broke the silence to ask "Is it okay if... if we start, now?"

"Of course it is. Now, after we talk a little bit if that's what you want, or later — that's up to you. You can even change your minds, either or both of you, and I won't have any problem with it... really."

When I was done, both of them stood up, letting me know that *then* was when they had in mind. I stood up, too, and went over to take one of each girls hand and bring it to my lips to kiss before telling them "I really am honored that you trust me and respect me enough that you'd like **ME** to be the guy you share yourselves with first. I'll do everything I can to be **worthy** of the honor that you're giving me."

My words settled them down considerably, and they let me guide them to stand next to me so I could put an arm around each as we made our way to the bedroom. Once inside, I released their hands and waited to see what was next.

That turned out to be getting undressed; when I saw each of them start unbuttoning the blouse she had on, I went to work on my shirt. They were able to rid themselves of their shoes, socks, and slacks well ahead of me getting similarly unclothed, and shed their panties while I was still getting my pants unfastened. Naked, they calmly pulled the covers down on my bed and got themselves stretched out on it as I finally got my shorts past the obstruction of my semi-erect cock. I moved to the side that they'd left empty for me, and calmly (on the outside, at least) got myself seated with my back against the headboard so as to leave them as much room as possible. After each had given me a brief smile, they faced each other.

It was easy enough to see that they were a trifle embarrassed and hesitant at first; but as I continued to sit there quietly and not do anything, they began to "connect" with each other. It didn't take long before Darci moved her head in to give Celia a soft kiss on the lips — one that Celia readily returned. After looking into each others eyes for a few seconds, Darci did it again... except that their second kiss lasted appreciably longer and was distinctly more involved on BOTH their parts.

Celia was the one to initiate the next meeting of their lips, which was the precursor to each of them moving a hand to the others body. As the time that they kissed grew, each of them began to caress the others body. Initially, their touches were simple expressions of affection as sides and hips and backs were tenderly caressed; I found myself somewhat envious of the obvious love and closeness they felt as I witnessed their actions. Soon enough, however, I could see that their care for each other was transforming into desire as their hands slowly moved closer and closer to each other's breasts.

The way that they were situated, I had a clearer view of Darci than I did of Celia; I didn't have any trouble seeing Celia's hand move over her lover's breast, spreading her finger so that she could softly draw them from where Darci's slightly smaller breast met her body to the raised mounds of her areolas. Even as I watched, I saw the pale caps of Darci's mammaries begin to swell and her nipples start to grow. Though I couldn't see it as well as I would have liked, the slight movements Celia made told me that she was as pleased with what her partner was doing as Darci was.

Over the course of the next several minutes, the love and desire they felt for each other grew more and more apparent. Celia was the first to move her hand, from Darci's breast to her ass; but Darci was only a second behind in doing the same thing. It was Darci that chose to move one of her legs and open herself to Celia's touch; even as Celia was complying with her partners unspoken request, she was returning the gesture. The only other times I'd seen any kind of intimate contact between females had been in porn movies, and what was going on between the two young women sharing my bed just then bore the same relationship to porn as a Rembrandt does to a velvet Elvis. The more I watched them, the more amazed and awed I became with how patient and tender and loving they were with each other. There wasn't any mistaking the desire they shared, but it was simply just one part of the complexity of their relationship.

I was starting to detect the heady aroma of aroused female when the two of them decided to move things along a little farther. After a bit of wriggling and scooting, they got themselves moved to the approximate center of my bed, but crosswise. That was followed by Darci getting to her hands and knees, then moving so that her head was even with Celia's. From there, she started slowly kissing and

licking her way from Celia's face and ears to her shoulders, and finally ending up with her mouth on the tip of one of Celia's breasts. As she was doing that, Celia was return the oral favors Darci was bestowing on her — including fastening her lips around the pale pink peak of one of Darci's mammaries. From where I was sitting (careful to remain still and quiet), there was no doubting that both of them were having a *grand* time with each other. After a few minutes of that, which left two pairs of breasts with erect and saliva-shiny nipples, Darci slowly resumed her journey. As she slowly moved herself farther and farther down Celia's body, Darci continued to apply innumerable soft kisses and gentle lip-nibbles to random spots on the smooth, clear expanse of Celia's skin.

Once Darci's lips moved past her navel, Celia slowly brought her knees up and moved her feet apart so she could open herself to Darci's attentions. The way they were situated, I could see that Celia's labia had gotten somewhat dark and were beginning to separate; the area around her vaginal opening was already glistening slightly.

When Darci had moved far enough over Celia, her head blocked my view of what she was doing — not that I needed to SEE it to know what was going on. At the other end, Celia's head had come up off the bed and was moving slightly between Darci's thighs.

Since they'd said that they wanted me to see, I didn't figure they'd mind if I moved around a little bit so I could do just that. Carefully, so I didn't distract or disturb them, I eased myself off the bed so that I could move around on the floor — figuring that I could at least avoid bothering them with any movement of the bed. I didn't have to move far to get a wonderfully clear vision of what Darci's limber tongue was doing to Celia's genitalia: dipping between the slightly distended labia, circling around the barely-exposed nubbin of Celia's clitoris, and softly lapping at the entrance to the youngster's womanhood. Even as I watched, Darci was able to bring Celia's clit farther and farther out from under its cover, and tease her friend and lover into producing even more of her nectar.

Part of being a teacher is the willingness to keep learning ourselves; so even as I was delighting in the activity my two lovely students were engaged in, there was still a part of me that was watching and cataloging what they were doing. One of the first things to get my attention was how quickly they were moving — which wasn't very. I thought I'd been taking my time and going slow when I'd performed cunnilingus on my class of girls, and even more so with them individually; but Darci (and Celia, from what I could tell) went about it almost languorously.

Moving around to where I could see what Celia was doing, the second thing I noticed was that they patently weren't *trying* to bring each other to an orgasm. As I continued to watch, I finally figured out that each was more interested in giving **pleasure** to the other, and letting the arousal and desire build within that. Seeing how happy and content they were with each other, that was something that I quietly resolved to keep in mind for *any* female I was intimate with.

Even with them taking their time about enjoying themselves and each other, there was still plenty for me to watch. Not only were their lips and tongues and mouths busy, but their hands drifted back and forth and hither and yon on each others bodies, as well. The third thing I took note of was that they didn't limit themselves to one kind of touch, either. One of them might touch a breast with a feather-light caress one minute, then come back and drag her fingernails across it the next — and follow THAT with a firm (yet gentle) squeeze. It was incredibly erotic watching them, as well as poignant at how loving they were.

Despite (or perhaps because of) how leisurely they were about their activities, they were still

experiencing growing desires and arousal; and as their excitement increased, so did the pace and intensity of their actions. I continued to move around them, first watching one of them, then the other, and then the two of them *together*. My thoughts ranged from marveling at how *into* each other they were and desperately wishing that I could somehow become part of them, to despair that what I was seeing might fade from my memory, to eager anticipation of the time that I'd be able to sink my diamond-hard cock into each of them.

As they finally approached the point that I knew they simply HAD to finish before long, I opted to stay on the floor rather than get onto the bed with them. When I'd been with them individually, they'd both benefited from a little refreshment when we'd been done; after seeing what they were like *together*, I didn't doubt for a moment that I'd need to get drinks and snacks for them.

Celia was the first of them to find her release, emitting a soft but deep groan as her hips lifted off the bed, followed by several bouts of powerful shuddering coursing through her body. That Darci continued actively stimulating her the whole time doubtless contributed to the intensity of it.

In return, Darci barely had time to raise her head from between Celia's legs than Celia was attempting to return the favor. From where I was positioned, I could see the impending cataclysm on Darci's face as Celia's increased efforts began to take effect. It couldn't have taken but a couple of minutes for Celia to bring her friend and lover the kind of joy that *she'd* just experienced: throwing her head back, Darci spasmed several times while emitting a high-pitched keening sound whose intensity varies in time with the pleasure coursing through her.

When it was over for her, Darci somehow managed to get herself off of Celia and onto the bed in what could only be described as a controlled crash. Free to move, it took Celia only a few moments to get herself turned around so that she and Darci could hold each other — neither of them taking the slightest notice of me.

Figuring that they might like a little privacy for any after-sex cuddling and talk, I took the opportunity to make a discreet exit so I could head into the kitchen. It was only a couple minutes work to put together a plate of snacks and some sodas, then it was back to the bedroom. When I got there, I saw that they'd pulled themselves together enough to get relocated on the bed so that they were back to where they'd originally been. Seeing what I had in my hands, both brightened considerably and moved to sit up so that they could rest against the headboard. They also moved apart enough to make it clear that they wanted me to sit between them.

Once I'd carefully gotten myself settled in, I offered each of them a soda and set the plate on my lap so they could both reach it. Both were visibly pleased when I reached out to put my arms around them, and hold them close as they got their energy back. When they were done, both thanked me for bringing the drinks and food; I simply told them that I was glad to do it.

After a couple of false starts, Darci managed to ask me "You... you weren't bothered by us? What we were doing, I mean?"

"Not even a little bit", I assured her. "In fact, I thought it was quite lovely. I could see that you love and care for each other a lot, and that you were trying to make each other feel good. Why should something like that bother me?"

A trifle hesitantly, Celia said "We're both girls, and we were *doing* stuff with each other. I've seen how most women kiss each other, and it's always on the cheek and not on the lips like Darci and I were

doing. Not to mention the way we were touching each other."

"Okay, I can understand how you'd feel different about doing that, particularly with me here. But I'll tell you again, it wasn't anything that either of you should be **ashamed** of, or feel bad about. You were both doing it because you really care about the other, you wanted to, neither of you was doing anything the other didn't like, and it made you feel good. If someone else doesn't like that, then that's their problem, not yours. Don't pay any attention to anyone that tries to tell you that what you do with each other in private is wrong, EVER."

Darci wanted to know "You really thought it was lovely?"

"I certainly did", I answered. "Both of you are very attractive and lovely, and like I said, I could *see* how much you care for each other."

"I... I think you thought it... it was sexy, too. I mean, I saw that you were hard when I sat up", Celia said, somewhat apologetically.

"Yes, I did."

"Why?", she wanted to know.

"I'm not sure I can explain it, really. I think most guys find the sight of two girls together arousing, but I suspect that that's mostly because they have a dream or fantasy that the girls are only doing that because THEY aren't there; they like to believe that if they were to show up when two girls were making love, the girls would give up each other so they could both be with the guy."

"And you don't think that way?" Darci asked.

"No. I know that if two women make love with each other, it's because THEY want to be together, and I'm grown up enough to accept that. I thought you two were sexy together not just because of what you were doing, but because I could see that you love each other, and that both of you liked what was happening. Basically, *I* thought it was sexy because both of YOU thought it was sexy enough that you were getting excited by it."

Celia spoke up to ask "Didn't you want to do anything WITH us?"

I laughed for a moment before answering "Oh, I *wanted* to, sure. But I could see that you were so involved with **each other** that I just couldn't do anything to interrupt that. I care for you and respect you too much to do anything else."

As they thought about that, I got the soda cans together, and set them and the plate on one of the night stands next to the bed. When I was back between them again, Darci asked "You really feel that way about us?"

"I said so, and I mean it. You're smart, intelligent, attractive young women. You know what you want, and you're not afraid to go after it — even if you're nervous or scared. You're honest with yourselves and other people, and you've got the smarts and courage to be independent and think for yourselves. What's not to care for? And respect?"

I looked at each of them, and saw that they appreciated what I said, and were pleased by it. I gave them a soft hug, and a moment later, Darci said "Yeah, both of us *were* nervous and a little scared when we decided that we wanted you to be the one we give our virginity to. But it helped a **lot** that we know what kind of person you are. We've all talked about what happened when you helped us learn about oral

sex, and Kathrine and Casandra told us what you said about the kind of trouble you could get into by being with us even though our folks said it was okay, and that made all of us really understand how much it means to you to help us learn stuff; and that got all of us thinking about WHY you'd be willing to do the stuff you have. We know that none of us looks like a movie star or anything, so we all figure that you do stuff like that because you really do want to HELP us — and that means a LOT."

To that, Celia added "Even so, Darci and I... we *really* had a tough time getting to where we could actually ask you to be with us the way we want; we know that that's **way** more serious than even the oral sex stuff you helped us with. If you'd said no, we would have figured something else out, but neither one of us thinks that would have been anywhere NEAR as good."

That seemed to be the cue for Darci to say "We didn't really *plan* anything, you know, about what happens with you and us. I mean, neither one of us really knows what to expect, except from what we read other places — and most of that really didn't sound very good. Both of us know how we want it to happen, you know, when it's time; but we figured we'd better talk to you about it before anything happens so you could help us make it more like what we want."

Both of them waited patiently for the minute or so that I used to go over things in my mind. I knew they were listening closely as I told them "I said I'd do my best to make this good and right for you, and I will. Whatever you need or want me to do, that's all I need to hear. There are a couple of things that you should know before you make any final decisions; once I've told you what they are, the rest is *entirely* up to you." That said, it was on to remind them about my male limitations regarding number of climaxes and necessary recovery time. When I was done, I asked "Do you want some time to talk to each other about what I just told you? I can leave for a little bit, if you want to be alone."

Both quickly let me know I didn't have to leave, followed by Celia telling me "What you said about your climaxes, and afterwards... I don't have any problem with that. I think it'll work out pretty good, even", with Darci adding "Yeah, I'm okay with it, too. It's pretty close to what I'd have wanted, anyway."

With that settled, I gave them another gentle hug before asking "Then I guess the only question I have is who's first, and when?"

It was Celia that answered "We agreed that I'd be first. Uh, when is whenever you want to, I guess."

Pulling my arm from around Darci, I reached over and used a few nudges to get Celia to get up and move to my lap so that she was facing me. Taking her hands in mine, I looked into her eyes and told her "When I want to is only when **you're** ready, Celia. We *start* when you want, we take as LONG as you want, we only do what you want, and it only **happens** if you want. I need you to understand something: right up until the time that your hymen is broken, YOU decide things. Anywhere along the way, any time you want, you can change your mind about ANY of this. Even if you want me to stop, I will — and I won't be mad or upset or disappointed. You know why?"

Her eyes stayed locked with mine as she shook her head, and I told her "Because all I want is what YOU want, for whatever reasons you have. If you change your mind and want us to stop, then that's what we'll do because that's what would be right for YOU. Okay?"

When I'd first gotten Celia on my lap, I could see that she was nervous about the two of us getting started; but by the time I finished what I had to say, she seemed to be about as calm about it as she *could* be. I could see in her eyes that she knew I meant every word I'd said, just as I could see that she



trusted me **completely** to do right by her.

Celia and I sat there for a few seconds, looking into each others eyes and getting on the same wavelength, before Darci said "I'll go get the bag with the stuff in it so you two can relax...", followed by her getting up and heading out of the bedroom.

Once we were alone, I told Celia "I mean it, Celia. I'm not going to *deliberately* do anything to make you uncomfortable, or hurt you, or rush you. If I do, I **want** you to let me know, so I can STOP, okay? That doesn't mean that we have to quit or anything like that, just that I don't bother you any more — so don't let me. Will you do that for me?"

Smiling, she answered "Yeah, I'll do that, Mister Thompson."

I'd tried to get the girls to use my first name outside of the classroom, but not a one of them was able/willing to take me up on it. I still didn't care for it, but had given up trying to change things.

I was happy to smile back at her, and it took only a gesture on my part for her to lean forward slightly so we could hug each other. As we did, I took the opportunity to whisper in her ear "Seriously, Celia. It would hurt ME if I hurt you", and felt her nod her head in understanding. We were still holding each other when I saw Darci peek in, then seeing that Celia and I weren't having any kind of "private" moment, come in with the bag she'd brought. Resting it on the chair I had in the bedroom, she opened it up and rummaged around a little bit before pulling out a longish cylinder. When she came over to the bed, I saw that it looked like terrycloth; a moment later, I realized that it was probably a beach towel, or something similar. That proved to be the case when she unrolled it, and also revealed that there was something else that had been tucked inside. Seeing that I was looking at it, she blushed faintly as she told me "That's, uh, some plastic. For under the towel. In case we, uh, bleed or, um, anything. So we don't stain your stuff. Your sheets or anything, I mean."

To try and put her at ease again, I simply told her "Thank you. That's very considerate."

She went on to tell me "There's some towels we bought in there, too, so we don't ruin any of yours, or anything. You know, in case."

"You didn't have to do that, but I appreciate the gesture. Thank you again."

Relieved by my attitude, she calmly set the things she'd brought on the night stand on "her" side of the bed before moving to sit where she was able to talk to Celia and I, but not too close. After she'd pulled back from me a little bit (though still in my arms), Celia told me "What we thought was that we could kind of... help each other, but without getting in the way. Like while it's me and you, she'll get that stuff ready so we don't have to stop or anything; and I'll do the same for her. That kind of thing."

"I certainly don't have any problem with that. In fact, it sounds like a pretty good idea", I answered, making both of them smile in relief. Somehow, I didn't believe for a minute that that was going to be the limit of the help they gave each other; but if that was what it took to help them relax and be comfortable, then it was fine with me.

With my attention on her, Celia went on to tell me "I... I've read about some of the way that a girl can have a guy in her the first time — you know, the positions they can be in. What I'd like to do — you know, when it's time — is... is for me to be the one on top. I *know* you wouldn't do anything to rush me or hurt me if it happened some other way, but I think I'd like that one", a bit apologetically.

After giving her a soft kiss on the tip of her nose, I answered "If that's what you want, then that's all I need to hear" to her visible relief. The first time I'd been alone with her, she'd willingly let me learn that while she wasn't as small inside as Evette, she wasn't as easily opened and stretched as Kathrine, either. If her being on top helped her relax enough to let it happen, I was fine with it.

When she didn't have anything else to say after a few seconds, I leaned forward; she readily met me halfway so the two of us could share a soft, loving kiss. Each of us pulled back slightly afterwards, and it was clear as it could be that she was ready for us to get started.

As our lips met for our next kiss, I began softly caressing Celia's back. From shoulders to *just short* of her cute buns, and including her sides, I let my hands wander across her soft, smooth skin. Remembering the lesson I'd gotten from her and Darci, I deliberately varied how I touched her: butterfly-light with just my fingertips to spreading my fingers and getting the whole surface of my hand in contact with her, and everything and anything in between. When she began to do the same to me, I learned just how pleasurable and erotic it could be on the receiving end, too.

I also remembered my resolve to go slower than I was used to, and let Celia set the pace of how things moved along between us. It turned out to be absent the frustration I'd expected: by going slower, I had the time and opportunity to really *feel* my hands on Celia's body, and hers on mine. The more relaxed and stately progress also impacted our kisses, somehow making them more personal and intimate — something that was a very pleasant surprise to me.

Still, there came the point where I was able to begin including the mounds on Celia's chest in my caresses... and readily continued the almost lackadaisical approach to intimacy that she and Darci had shown me. I doubt that the advance of my touch on her firm mammaries was much more than half a square inch at a time — which only heightened the pleasure I got from the contact. For her part, Celia seemed to be touching me much the same way she had Darci... and I reveled in it. When I detected the first faint scent of her arousal, I knew that was the signal for my final exam: to apply myself toward the singular goal of pleasing and arousing her enough that she would actually be *happy* about being deflowered, after the fact.

Casually and carefully, I gradually got Celia to move so that the two of us were laying on our sides — using as little of my attention as I could to ensure that we left room for Darci to get the plastic and towel ready for us. Celia and I continued kissing and caressing, using the change in our positions to begin including each others genitals in our touches. Celia didn't have the slightest reluctance to open her legs and make herself available to me, and I kept the trust she was showing me by keeping my activities totally non-threatening to her virginity. That's not to say that I didn't take advantage of the chance to examine her womanhood, however... only that I did so with infinite patience and gentleness, always alert to any sign that I was causing her **any** kind of discomfort or distress. The way she responded to my tender explorations told me that she enjoyed what I was doing.

I certainly didn't have any issues with what SHE was doing, either. Her soft, cool hand felt terrific on my cock and balls — when they were included. Celia was being as indirect about touching me as I was about what *I* was doing, which left me with some idea of how much pleasure I was giving her.

As both of us gradually got more and more aroused, the increasingly strong scent of her finally convinced me that it was time for me to sit for my final exam in Pleasing A Woman.

After patiently easing her onto her back, I moved myself over her; she didn't hesitate to spread her legs

to make room for mine, smiling up at me in complete trust as she did so. Lowering my head, my first goal was one of her ears — when I took her ear lobe between my lips and ever so gently nipped at it with my teeth, I could feel it as she groaned her pleasure and arousal.

From that simple and humble beginning, I carefully applied everything I'd ever learned about pleasing and arousing a woman — only in the ways that I'd learned from Celia and Darci. I'm sure it must have taken a good fifteen minutes for me to work my way from the one ear to the other, then back and forth across her shoulders via her throat, and points south until I reached the upper slopes of her breasts.

Another ten finally found me at their peaks, subjecting their dark crowns and the stiff cylinders of her nipples to various oral tortures as she held my head in her hands.

Only when I'd decided that her nipples simply couldn't GET any longer or harder did I continue my journey down her body. There couldn't have been a single bit of the smooth, flat plain of her belly and abdomen that didn't feel my lips and tongue before my chin felt the slight tickle of her thick bush. Along the way, Celia brought her knees up and spread her feet, opening her legs to make room for my body. I'm SURE that I spent a good five minutes doing nothing but nuzzling the soft blond mat covering her mons before kissing my way down to the inside of one of her thighs... and then on to her knee before reversing course and doing the same to the other leg. By the time I got back to her pubis, the scent of her was almost thick enough to cut with a knife. Using my thumbs, I gently spread the faint part in her pubic hair that I knew her cleft was under. With her labia exposed, I could see that they were glistening with her woman's dew, and flushed with her arousal. Between and below them, her opening was easily visible and shiny with the overflow of her juices; at the top, her engorged clitoris had thrown back its hood to stand exposed to my gaze.

Lowering my head, I extended my tongue toward the entrance to her womanhood and took the smallest sample I could manage of her nectar. I repeated my efforts many more times, each pass of my tongue drawing down the reservoir and making it necessary to dip marginally farther toward the tight ring guarding her maidenhood. Only after the tip of my tongue brushed across her opening without gathering some of her essence was I willing to shift my attentions to a more productive target.

Celia's erect clitoris made a *dandy* target for my next mission. I continued my relaxed approach to ministering to it, and it was a few minutes before I began to feel her arching her pelvis up in response to what I was doing. Other than periodically lapping up whatever juices had leaked out of her, I kept my attention on bringing her as much pleasure as I could while steadily raising her arousal to higher and higher levels.

Things had gotten to the point that tending her clitoris was proving problematic because of the nearly constant motion of her pelvis that I heard her tell me "Mister Thompson... please... I want you inside me now..."

After giving the pearl at the apex of her cleft another gentle caress with my tongue and making a final collection of her oils, I raised my head from between her legs. Looking up at her, I could see that her face and shoulders were tinged with her aroused blush. When I'd moved my body over hers again, she reached up and pulled my head down so she could give me an impassioned kiss before saying "I want to feel you IN me when I orgasm."

My answer was to re-position my arms and legs slightly, then hold her close as I rolled over onto my back — and the towel that Darci had gotten ready for us. It took only a few moments for Celia to get herself straddling my waist; following that, she began to ease herself back. When she was where she

wanted to be, she took my erect cock in her hand and leaned forward to take it between her lips. As she bobbed her head over me, she slid her tongue along the underside of my hardness as if to make *sure* that I'd stay as hard and stiff as she needed me to be. Her efforts lasted only a couple of minutes, and as she raised her head at the end, she left a coating of her saliva on me.

Satisfied that **both** of us were ready, she scooted herself forward again until her wet cleft was pressed against the bottom of my erection. Raising up, Celia took my slick penis in her hand and levered it up before lowering herself enough that I was faintly pressed against her opening. I put my hands on her hips with only enough pressure to let her know they were there to support her if she needed, and she smiled at me in gratitude. Looking up at her, I told her "*Patiently*, Celia. Try to relax and LET yourself down on me. Stop or back up if you need to. Just don't hurt **us**, okay?"

She nodded in acknowledgment, and although I could see that she was understandably nervous, she didn't appear to be afraid. I simply held myself still as I waited to see what she wanted to do.

It took a minute, but I finally felt her begin to try and settle herself onto the rigid protrusion extending from my groin. As I'd hoped and encouraged, she took her time and didn't overly "push" things. I could feel the end of my cock pressing against the entrance to her virginity, and even begin to slip through, when she suddenly backed off slightly. I saw her look down at me, and told her "It's okay, Celia. Whatever you need to do is fine with me", with a soft caress of her hip.

After giving me a brief smile, she returned her attention to where we were semi-coupled. Still holding me steady against her opening, she gradually let herself press down on me more and more. It took only a few seconds for her to equal the progress she'd already made; from there, she carefully and slowly continued to try and lower herself onto me. When she'd gotten perhaps half the head of my erection through the tight ring of her opening, she paused again — but without lifting up, so that she was maintaining the pressure she was applying. I watched as she took a couple of slow, deep breaths, and could feel the change as she tried to relax herself. A couple more breaths, and I could tell that she was starting to get the results she wanted.

Another few breaths, and she was ready to continue; not only could I see her concentration on her face, but I could also feel that she was able to fit herself around me marginally more quickly, and seemingly more easily. She'd *almost* managed to get herself past the head of my cock when I felt her pause again — quickly followed by suddenly letting herself drop onto me a short distance, accompanied by a small squeak from her as the largest part of my organ was enveloped by her sheath.

I was watching her closely when she finally opened her eyes and looked down at me with a pleased smile. She released the hold she had on my cock and told me "I did it! You're IN me!"

Only then did she notice the concern on my face, and ask "What? Is something wrong?"

"I think that's the question I should be asking YOU", I answered. "I heard you make a noise when you did that..."

"Oh. No, I'm not really *hurt* or anything."

"'Not really' hurt?", I asked.

Slightly abashed, she answered "Well, I could feel it — you know, inside — when my cherry broke. It was only a second, though, and it didn't actually hurt or anything; I was just surprised by it, is all."

Looking at her, I had to concede that it certainly didn't seem like she was in any distress (far from it, in fact). Well, it had been her choice, so there wasn't anything for me to say about it, other than "As long as you're okay, that's all that matters."

"Oh, this is better than just 'okay'. I **like** it, even only having this much of you inside!"

If I'd been paying attention the way I should have, that would have been my first clue as to just *how* much Celia could (and would!) enjoy sex.

Instead, I let it slip right by me as she told me "I know that's the biggest part, so I think the rest will go pretty easy."

"Probably so", I admitted, adding "But there's no reason to hurry and do anything that doesn't feel right, either."

Only mildly chastised, Celia was still smiling as she nodded her understanding.

A few moment later, I felt it as she let some of her weight rest on where the two of us were joined as she began the process of getting herself onto me even more. Her initial effort didn't work, but once she got the idea to raise up a little bit so her oils would get distributed a little better, she began to make progress. It was slow, at first, but progress none the less.

Other than providing whatever encouragement and reassurance she might need, I left her pretty much to her own devices as she got her cute little butt closer and closer to resting on my "lap". She never displayed any sign of experiencing any pain, and the only indication I got that my size was an issue for her was that she'd stop every so often to take a few deep breaths and deliberately calm and relax herself. When she made her final push and felt her pubic area pressing against mine, she looked at me again to proudly declare "I *did* it! I got **all** of you inside me! GOD, you feel huge..."

Despite knowing better, that last bit from her DID leave me feeling somewhat pleased with myself.

While Celia had been involved with deflowering herself and getting the two of us coupled, my attention had been on her exclusively; I was reminded that Darci was there when I heard her ask "You're okay? Does it feel good?"

Celia turned her head to look at her friend and lover (just as I did), and I heard her say "Oh, I'm **way** better than just 'okay'! Having him in me... it's like... now I'm *complete*, and I KNOW what that empty place between my legs is really for! I thought it would feel good — but not like THIS..."

Though I could see that Darci was envious, I couldn't see any indication that she was jealous, or experiencing any other kind of negative response to what Celia was saying and experiencing.

Darci didn't have any more questions, and it didn't take long for Celia to get used to being filled with my manhood. Comfortable with my presence in her, she began to try moving herself around a bit. Her initial movements were small and tentative at first, but as her natural lubricants got spread around more and more, the range and enthusiasm of her efforts increased dramatically. When I chanced a brief look at Darci, I saw that both of her nipples were erect, and she had one hand between her thighs.

Tight as Celia was, just about anything she did felt good to me — but when she finally got around to seeing how it felt as she slid herself up and down on my erection... well, that was damn near heaven. I have to figure that it felt pretty good for her, too, since she kept doing it. Not just the small, slow motions she started with, either; it didn't take her long to be perfectly happy and comfortable bouncing

herself up and down nearly the entire length of me almost as fast as she could manage. Naturally enough, that felt bloody fucking marvelous to me, and it was all I could do not to tell her to slow down (or blow my load, quite honestly). My prayers were answered when her own physical limitations began to kick in: her actions on me were new and different enough that the difference in HOW she was using her muscles began to take its toll.

She certainly wasn't out of breath, only tired, when she let herself settle onto my lap again. With a lusty smile on her face, she told me "I, uh, I think I'd be okay with it now if, you know, you wanted to take over."

Keeping my amusement to myself, I responded by telling her "Sure, I can do that. Why don't you rest a bit, first, though; and while you're doing that, you can think if there's any other ways that you want us to have sex."

The surprise she felt was plain as could be when she realized that she'd only experienced ONE way the two of us could fuck; shortly on the heels of that, I could see as she remembered some of the others that she'd read about, and considered them. As I hoped, the myriad of possibilities caused her to remain still on me long enough for me to get myself fully under control again. I was about as ready as I *could* be when she tentatively suggested "How about you behind me? The one they call 'doggy' style? I always thought that looked kinda sexy..."

"It **is** sexy, if you want it to be. You're going to have to get off of me, though", I answered.

Putting her hands on my chest to help steady herself, Celia lifted herself off of me, blushing faintly when there was a faint 'pop' when I pulled free of her. Free to move then, she quickly got off of me and got herself positioned on her hands and knees. It took me only a few seconds to get up to my knees and move behind her; I took a few seconds to try and memorize how wonderful her ass looked, and how her labia bracketed the wet opening between her thighs. Moving close to her, I angled my penis down and got the head wedged against her entrance; but before I could press forward, she rocked back, impaling herself on me in a single motion — and accompanied by an impassioned moan of pleasure.

Leaning forward slightly, I was able to get my hands on the ample mounds of her breasts. After I got her nipples trapped between my middle and ring fingers, I lifted up slightly so I was supporting most of the weight of her bust. Not knowing what I was doing, she turned her head to look at me... but only for as long as it took for me to start moving myself inside her. As my cock pistoned in and out of her tight, wet sheath, her breasts began to sway; as they did, their movement caused them to pull against where I had a secure hold on her nipples. Between feeling my cock sliding in and out of her and the rhythmic tugging against the peaks of her mammaries, it didn't take long for Celia's pleasure and arousal to begin growing.

Despite the fun I was having feeling her breasts shifting in my hands, the position I was in was a bit awkward, so I finally released my hold on her in favor of straightening out again after a couple of minutes. Putting my hands on her hips, I was able to steady Celia enough that I could start thrusting into her a little harder and faster, which she appreciated.

As I continued to slide myself in and out of the warmth and snugness of Celia's womanhood, I was practically gobsmacked to realize that she was actually getting close to having an orgasm. I'd kinda caught on that she enjoyed having me inside her and moving, but I didn't have any idea it was **THAT** much, or that she'd be capable of getting that much enjoyment from it so soon. But there was no

denying that she was getting wetter inside almost by the second, and that I could feel her sheath clenching around me with increasing frequency. Not wanting to climax any sooner than I had to, I steeled myself against the stimulation I **knew** I'd receive when it happened for her.

Figuring that if she was enjoying it *that* much, there wasn't any reason not to keep going, I maintained the pace and force of my penetrations into her. It couldn't have been but a couple of minutes later that she got incredibly tight and wet around me just ahead of all but screaming with the start of an orgasm.

The way she clamped down on me would have made it all but impossible to keep fucking her anyway, but I held myself still in her so that the sensations she created around my hard cock didn't push ME over the edge with her. As it turned out, it wasn't a particularly close call — but I was still glad that I held myself still as her body (and vagina) went through a series of spasms that made it as clear as could be that the orgasm she was having was intense. When the last shudder had faded away, I remained motionless in her as I continued to hold her hips to help steady her. After a few seconds, I heard her soft "GOD, that was good!" after she'd taken a deep (and shaky) breath.

After a few more seconds passed, I could tell that she was getting control of herself again, and asked "Are you ready again?"

The bafflement she felt was plain in her voice as she asked "What do you mean 'ready again'?"

My answer was to slowly arch my hips back, sliding my erection out of her. It took a second for her to realize what that meant; even then, she had to ask "You're still hard? And can keep going?", stunned.

Leaning forward again, I softly kissed the back of her neck and then her shoulder before softly telling her "Yeah, if you want me to. Or we can stop, if that's what you want to do", to which she hurriedly answered "No, don't you DARE stop! I just thought you'd be done when I was, was all. I want to keep going if you can!"

Somehow managing to not chuckle at her enthusiasm, I raised up again and slowly got myself into the rhythm I'd been in. Celia began to respond almost immediately, and it wasn't long before she was again making an assortment of pleased and lusty noises.

Unfortunately, her enthusiasm was greater than her stamina. It wasn't long until she turned her head to look at me and regretfully say "I'm sorry, but I'm starting to feel kinda weak. I **want** us to keep having sex, but I don't think I can stay up like this much longer..."

I responded by telling her "It's okay, dear. I know that was a big one, so I'm not surprised it left you a little tired. If you're okay with laying on your back, we can go with the the old favorite of missionary position, and I'll do all the work", with a smile.

She readily agreed to my suggestion, and I heard her moan softly when I eased my stiff cock out of her. I quickly got out of the way, and it took only a few seconds for her to shakily get herself down on the bed and onto her back. With a lusty grin on her face, she brought her knees up and spread her legs wide, giving me a clear look at how aroused she still was: her labia were dark with her desire, and her vagina was shiny with the juices that were leaking out of her without my erection present. When she cupped her breasts with her hands and squeezed slightly before giving her nipples a little pinch, that was all the invitation I needed to get myself positioned between her legs.

Once I'd gotten the head of my penis nestled between the soft gates framing her opening, I moved my body over hers. I could feel her nipples brushing against my chest when she reached up and pulled my

head down to give me a soft and affectionate kiss. I returned it the same way, and when it ended I lifted my head up to look into her eyes as I slowly pressed myself into her again. As I did, she lifted her hips and arched her pelvis up toward mine in welcome.

With our new position, I was able to slide myself into her farther than I could before; I watched her eyes widen in surprise and pleasure when she felt the last bit of me slip through her portal even as the end of my manhood touched the deepest part of her. When I went on to gently bump my pelvis against hers (and her clit), all she could do was close her eyes and release a throaty and impassioned "Oh, *god*."

I hadn't been sliding myself in and out of her but for a minute when I realized that our new position was bringing her even more pleasure than the other two. I don't know if it was because the swaying of her breasts was dragging her nipples across my chest, that I was able to penetrate her even farther, or perhaps the different angle was applying more or different pressure against her erect clitoris. Whatever it was, it was working — and damn well. It was no surprise to me that it took only a few minutes before I felt her vagina begin the kind of intermittent clenching she'd gone through before.

Knowing what was going to happen, I gave myself over to not only pleasuring her, but myself. It didn't take long for the increased wetness, incredible warmth, and cyclic increase in her tightness began to have their effect on me. The added stimulation from her only inspired me to do what I could to increase her arousal and pleasure — and thus my own. I knew that *I* was almost done when Celia surprised me by beginning her own climax. I doubt that I'll ever know how I managed to keep from slamming myself into her for the last few strokes it took before my own release started; however, there was **no** preventing me from trying to stuff as much of my cock into her as I could just ahead of the first spray of my cum erupting in her. I was vaguely aware that she'd already gone through a couple of powerful waves of pleasure, and her orgasm had started to taper off slightly; but after I began hosing her insides with my semen, I felt the intensity of her spasms increase again as she groaned loudly and tried to press herself onto me even farther.

Even after our respective climaxes had ended, all Celia and I could do was lay there panting as I (barely) managed to support myself and keep my weight off of her. When I'd gotten my breathing back under control, I lifted my head enough that I could give her a number of small, soft kisses — to her eyes, her forehead, the tip of her nose, and finally her lips. I was watching her when she opened her eyes, and as soon as she recognized me, I saw the look of love and delight she got on seeing me. The two of us exchanged several short, soft kisses before she softly told me "I wanted my first time with a guy to be something *special*, and I thought you could do that for me. Except that you've done so much more than I could even dare **hope** would happen. You've been so much more understanding and patient than I thought you would be, and everything you've done has been to make this as easy for me as it could be. But on top of all of that, you've shown me how good it can feel, and how much joy and pleasure I can experience from something as simple as sharing my body with someone else. I hoped that it would at least feel GOOD the first time I had sex. I mean, I really didn't expect anything like having orgasms until I'd done it some more. But you made me feel so good about all of this that I didn't just have AN orgasm, but two of them, and STRONG ones, the very first time I've ever been with a guy. I can't tell you how much all of this means to me, or how much I love you, or how I can **ever** thank you for everything you've done for me."

I touched my lips to hers again before answering "Celia, everything I've done for you, I've done it because you deserve it by being the kind of person you are. The first thing I liked about you was how



you're smart and ready to learn, and how you aren't afraid to do whatever you have to to reach the goals you set for yourself. And as I've been around you, I've also learned that you have a kind and generous spirit, a patient and gentle personality, and how nice and fun it is to have you around. And on top of all of that, you're a very pretty and sexy young *woman*. Finally, I've learned that you're an affectionate and passionate lover. More than anything in the world, I hope and pray that you find a life partner that deserves to have you in their life; someone that's as special inside and out as YOU are."

I could see the tears forming in her eyes when I was done, and figured that they were *probably* "happy" tears. But being a guy, ANY female tears threw me, so I tried to head them off by telling her "I'd be happy to stay with you like this for as long as you want — except that I'm getting smaller again, and I can feel that I'm going to slip out of you any time. When that happens, my semen is going to start leaking out of you and make a wet spot that we'll be laying in. Now, *I'm* willing to keep laying here if it means I get to stay with you like this; but if you don't want to start feeling cold and sticky from it, we're going to have to figure out what to do."

As I hoped, the combined threat of having my cum dribbling out of her and laying in a cold wet spot were enough to get her to blink back her tears in favor of deciding what she wanted to do. Slightly embarrassed, she told me "I think I'd better get up when that happens."

After giving her another kiss, I told her "That's fine, dear. We can take a quick shower together to clean up a little, and I'll be glad to give you some time alone in the bathroom first, if you want."

I wasn't particularly surprised when she answered "I, uh, I think yeah, I'd like to be in the bathroom first. But I most certainly DO want to take a shower with you!"

"I'd like that", I assured her. I felt her shift slightly underneath me, and that was all it took to cause my softened penis to pull free of her. I didn't delay even a moment in moving off of her and getting out of the way, expecting that she'd want to get up and find some privacy. She did, and it couldn't have taken so much as five seconds for her to get up and hurry into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

I was again reminded of Darci's presence when she sat near my hip several seconds later and asked me "Is there anything you need, or that I can do for you? Or Celia?"

"I'm good... but thank you for asking. You might want to check with Celia if there's anything in particular when we get out of the shower, but both of us are probably going to want something to drink."

"Yeah, I figured. I was going to get some sodas so they'd be here when you were done."

"You heard us talking?", I asked.

"Um... yeah, a little bit. Mostly just that last part, though."

Before I could say anything else, the door to the bathroom opened slightly and I hear Celia tell me "It's okay now, Mister Thompson."

I detoured to give Darci a quick kiss on the forehead as I got up and made my way to the bathroom. After I'd closed the door behind me, Celia plastered herself against my front and hugged me fiercely before telling me "Thank you, Mister Thompson."

"You're welcome. What is it you're thanking me for?"

She giggled before answering "For reminding me about something I forgot, and then letting me have

some time in here without saying anything or making me feel embarrassed."

I couldn't help chuckling before I told her "Celia, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. Remember, I put my semen there, so I know it's going to have to come out again sooner or later."

She giggled again, and answered "I know. But you were still nice about it."

Changing the subject, I asked "I take it that you're ready to clean up a bit now?"

I felt her nod her head against my chest, and told her "Well, you'll have to let go of me if I'm going to get the shower started."

Her response was to loosen her grip and move so that she was pressed against my back before tightening her arms around me again. I had the feel her full, warm breasts pressed against my back, as well as a few wisps of her pubic hair brushing against me — but I could move more-or-less freely, and she stayed fastened to me as I made my way to the shower and got the water started. The only time she turned loose of me was when she extended a hand to check the temperature when I told her it was ready. It fell within her standards, and she released me so that we could each get under the spray. She insisted on cleaning me first, and spent considerable time making sure my cock and balls were clean. When it was my turn, I reciprocated — with interest, since she had the delightful addition of a pair of breasts. Once we were out of the shower, we dried each other off, and used that as an excuse to give each other a number of kisses or brief licks (purely to capture any water droplets attempting to escape, of course) along the way. Refreshed, dried, and alert, we made our way back to the bed; there Darci had removed the towel and plastic, and was patiently waiting for us.

After we sat down and Darci had issued each of us a cold soda, Celia happily tucked herself into my side and got her arms around the one of mine that wasn't needed to drink with. That left my hand in her lap, so I used the opportunity to use my fingertips to begin softly caressing the inside of her thigh.

When she'd taken a couple sips of her drink, Celia told Darci "I know you want to know what it was like, and how it felt, and all of that. We can talk about it later if you want, but it's okay with me to talk about it now, with Mister Thompson here. It might even be better, 'cause you can ask him questions, too."

Completely unabashed, Darci didn't hesitate to ask "Was it as easy as it *looked*? I mean, I could see that you were going slow and everything, but it didn't seem like it ever HURT you."

"It wasn't **easy**, because he's so much bigger than I was on the inside — that's why I was going slow, so I could let myself stretch a little bit at a time instead of all at once. No, it didn't hurt; I felt a sharp tug inside, but it was only for a moment."

"It looked like it felt really good, even though it was taking longer than I thought it would for you to get him inside..."

"Oh, it felt *way* better than just **good**! Like I told you, having him inside me made me feel like I was... COMPLETE, as if I'd always been missing something, and finally found out what it was. It took longer than I thought it would, too. I mean, he's TOLD us he's average size and everything, but when I finally got started with him, I really learned how small I was inside. But he didn't do anything to try and make it happen any faster than I wanted it to, and that helped me relax and made it easier. Now I'm **really** glad that I got to be with him the first time, instead of someone else that probably would have hurt me."

Darci let Celia take a drink before observing "I... I could see how excited you got and how it made you feel so good when he was moving in you."

I could almost FEEL the smile that must have been on Celia's face as she answered "That was the best of all. It was almost as good as the first time I had an orgasm, except that it kept going on and on. I figured it would feel good and everything, but that part was *wonderful*!"

"There at the end, you were having an orgasm and all of a sudden it looked it got strong again. Did it?"

"Yeah, it did — that's when he started to climax. I could feel him squirting in me, and I just... starting having a climax all over again."

"Why?"

Celia considered that for several seconds before answering "It was several things, not just one. It was knowing that I'd made HIM feel good, too; and just the fact that I could feel it. Part of it was because it WAS him, and not someone else. There was some more to it, too. I can't explain it, really, except to say that it was everything about it all mixed together that just... **hit** me like that."

After a bit, Darci looked at me and asked "Did you know that you called her 'dear' a couple of times?", unsure how I might respond.

A glance told me that Celia was watching to see how I'd answer, and I could see that it surprised Darci when I replied "I know. I didn't do it on *purpose*, but I'm not sorry I did it, either."

"Why not?", Darci wanted to know.

"Because she IS dear to me. She loves and trusts me enough to be willing to share herself with me. I already thought she was a pretty special person, so when she honored me by letting me be the first man to be intimate with her, it made me feel even closer to her. If we're intimate with each other again, I'll probably KEEP saying it — as well as calling her 'honey' or 'sweetheart' or anything else that lets her know she's important to me. If or when something like that happens between you and me, or me and anyone else, I don't doubt that I'll do the same thing. I don't mean it like I think I **own** you or anything like that, or that the two of us should be a *couple*. All I mean is that you are literally dear to me — that you're important, and have a special place in my heart."

Another quick look at Celia told me that she was pleased with what I'd said, as was Darci when I turned my attention back to her.

I finished up by telling them "If you happen to say something like you love me, or call me a name like that, or anything, I'm going to figure that you mean it the same way — that it isn't a big life-long claim that you want to spend the rest of your life with me, just that you think I'm a special and important part of YOUR life, too."

Having finished my soda, I started to lean over to set the empty can on a night stand, but Darci quickly took it and set it aside for me. She did the same a minute later when Celia was done. With no reason to stay seated, I suggested to Celia that we lay down and stretch out; she immediately agreed, and that was what we did. To my pleasure, it wasn't but a few moments before I had both of them laying next to me on their sides, each with an arm and leg draped across me. I got an arm around each, and had a fine time caressing their young bodies as the three of us chatted for the next little while. Along the way, I learned that Darci had gotten up and moved around so she could see what was going on just as I had

done when it had been the two of THEM.

It was probably a bit over half an hour later when Darci hesitantly asked me "Mister Thompson? Would... would it be too soon if, um, I wanted to, you know, be with you now?"

"Only if *you* think it would be", I answered.

Hearing that, Celia quickly told her friend "You left ME alone when it was my turn, so I'll leave YOU alone", and moved herself away from us — even going so far as to set the bag they'd brought on the floor so she could sit in the chair.

After giving Celia a look that plainly expressed her gratitude, Darci sat up enough to look into my face and ask "You wouldn't mind if I wanted to get on top of you?"

I just smiled up at her and answered "Of course not."

It took her only a few seconds to get herself straddling my waist, and then lean forward so that she was supporting her body on her elbows. That left us face-to-face with her breasts pillowed against my chest. After getting my arms around her, I held her lightly as I waited to see what was next.

She looked at me closely for a few seconds, then softly told me "I knew that I wanted to be with you like this ever since you were so cool about talking to us about sex. Not just the how babies get started part, but the rest of it — about our feelings, and getting horny, and that kind of stuff. The only thing that kept me from saying anything before was that I really didn't think that you'd actually be willing to DO anything like this with me. I mean, showing us how a guy climaxes, and letting us learn about oral sex with you isn't anywhere **near** as serious as actually having sex with us... and especially not like letting us give our virginity to you. So when Celia told me that SHE was thinking about it, I knew that was a way for me to find out if it was possible. I already know, way deep down inside, that you wouldn't deliberately do anything that you thought might hurt me; just like I know that I can trust you not to try to go too fast for me, or do anything I don't like, or get impatient or upset with me. You've talked about 'having sex' with us, but I know that what's really happening is that we're making LOVE — and that's what I want to do with you, more than anything else. After I had that first orgasm from when you used your mouth on me, you told me that I could feel like that again and again if I was with the right guy; and you helped me understand what kind of guy that would be. Even while you were talking, I realized I knew somebody like that: *you*. That's why I want to tell you that I want to feel as good as you can help make me... that I don't want you to hold back even a LITTLE bit. You don't have to do anything special or use any kind of tricks you might know; I just want to know what it's like to make love with someone that's like the kind of person you told me I SHOULD be with."

I'd known that Darci was the most open and adventurous of all of them, but I wasn't prepared for everything she had to say to me. As I thought about what I wanted to say to her, and how to say it, she remained still and waited patiently.

"I'm flattered and honored that you think I'm that kind of person, and that you have that much trust and confidence in me. I treat you the way I do because I love and respect and cherish who you are. What I've done with you — all of you — has been making love... but only as much as any of you has shown me you're ready for. Now, today, *you* have shown me that you're ready to take the final step — you've thought about it beforehand, and that you're ready to take responsibility for what happens... and more important still, that you can handle **afterwards**, too. What happens between us today, tomorrow, or ever, is something special to me; but you've also shown me that you understand that 'special' doesn't

mean one-and-only or forever. If you're adult enough to do all of that, then that's enough for me to make love with you like an adult."

I watched as Darci considered what I'd said (and not said) for a few seconds before accepting it and telling me "I can live with that."

When she was willing to meet my gaze, I knew she could, too. I started to lift my head, and she mirrored my actions so that we could kiss *each other*. As it progressed, I released my gentle hold on her in favor of getting my hands on the smooth expanse of her back. I'd begun caressing her in different ways at differing speeds using a variety of touches when she pulled her head back slightly to tell me "You're the best thing to ever happen to me — bar none."

"Then let me give you **my** best", I answered.

Pleased by my response, she lowered her head so that we could bring our lips together again.

I'd said that I wanted to give her my best, and that's what I did. I was *glad* that the kisses we shared only gradually escalated from affection to desire, both because it gave me the chance to let her know that I really did care for her, and it gave me that much more time to take pleasure with her body. Not just the caresses I'd expanded to include her sides and shoulders and wonderfully-shaped ass, but where the rest of her was in contact with me: her ample bust slightly flattened against my chest with their peaks pressing into my skin, her trim belly against mine while her smooth thighs were snuggled against my waist, and the faint tickle of her bush brushing my lower belly.

Both of us were breathing appreciably faster than when we'd started when Darci pulled back from me and raised up to support herself on straightened arms. We only had to exchange a brief look for me to know that she wanted me to pay attention to the most obvious signs of her femininity. I was happy to do so, but still took the time to enjoy the feel of her body under my hands as I got them relocated from her back to her front.

I had gotten my hands covering the warm, firm masses of her breasts and was softly running my thumbs over her stiffening nipples when Darci managed to lower her head far enough that I could kiss her by raising my own head as far as I could. We weren't able to kiss as much or as long as we wanted to, but that only made the ones we did manage to exchange mean that much more. By mutual accord, we let our attempts to continue kissing fade — which made it possible for me to redirect my oral efforts to the peaks of her breasts. As full and firm as they were, I most definitely didn't need to use my hands while I was gently nursing at her bust; I was quite happy to put them back to work molesting and fondling as much of her as I could reach while I used my lips and mouth and tongue to re-familiarize myself with her areolas and nipples... and do what I could to get them to stand out from the greater masses they capped.

I deliberately left the choice of when I should move on to doing something else (and what that might be) up to Darci; she wanted me to deflower her, so I was perfectly willing to leave how we got to that point entirely up to her. When she'd apparently decided that I couldn't get her pale areolas any more swollen, and nipples any more erect, she raised herself to the vertical again. I was initially a bit disappointed, but cheered up appreciably when I felt her lift herself off of me. She urged me to move over a bit; when I'd gotten myself situated to satisfaction, she got herself turned around and moved to straddle my chest. With that accomplished, it took only a few seconds for her to get herself backed up so that her head was right over my penis — and her tasty snatch within easy snacking range.

Her labia easily looked as attractive as always, and I found my mouth starting to water slightly as I lifted my head with the intention of getting her as aroused as possible — and perhaps even bringing her to an orgasm, if she'd let me. As my head got close to her cleft of her sex, I could see how excited she already was; her labia were distended and slightly dark, while the area around her vaginal opening was already glistening with the oils that had escaped her. At the other end of her woman's divide, her clitoris was starting to appear from under its hood. Laying there while I tried to memorize the sight of her, I felt Darci's soft hand take gentle hold of my semi-erect cock and lift it up. A moment later, it was surrounded by the indescribably pleasant moist warmth of her oral cavity.

She barely had time to start using her limber tongue to begin teasing the head of my manhood before I was nuzzling my way into her crotch. After using the tip of my tongue to give her clitoris a few soft strokes, I slipped it between her slick vaginal lips and slid my way toward the accumulated nectar she was making available to me. Along the way, I was able to get an excellent refresher of her unique taste.

The two of us spent the next few minutes orally pleasuring each other, with her applying the skills she'd learned to bring me to full hardness while I did my very best to both please and excite her. I was pleased when she seemed content to be content with simply keeping me erect while letting me steadily move her to higher and higher levels of arousal. With what I'd learned about her, it wasn't difficult to get her moving her pelvis in response to my tender ministrations as she moaned and groaned her pleasure around my manhood. It wasn't much longer before I could feel her body beginning to tense up as she got closer and closer to a climax. It was when I began softly twirling the flat of my tongue against the exposed nerve bundle of her clitoris that finally eased her over the edge and into an orgasm... one that had her releasing my erection from between her lips so that she could breathe more easily as several waves of intense pleasure coursed through her young frame.

Once the majority of her release had passed, she let her body come to rest on mine as she got her breath and senses back. While I would have been fine with continuing to lay there with her on top of me for a while, only a couple of minutes passed until she told me "I'm ready to give you my cherry, now. After *that*, I'm about as relaxed and wet inside as I'm ever gonna be."

I managed to tilt my head far enough that I could make a final pass across her opening (causing a small shudder to go through her) before she pulled herself together again and moved off of me. I waited a moment to see how she wanted it to happen, and was only mildly surprised when she got herself stretched out on the towel-over-plastic arrangement that Celia had laid out for us. Turning her head, Darci told me "I know you being on top of me might not be the *best* way for you to be in me the first time, but this is how I want it to happen."

Not bothering to try and discuss the matter with her, I simply sat up and got myself positioned between her spread legs. Once I had, she brought her knees up and got her feet even farther apart before opening herself to me as much as she could. When I got my body over hers, she looked up at me and said "I wanted to feel you over me, like you were protecting me, and so we could look at each other and kiss and stuff. I know you're going to be as patient and gentle as anyone **could** be — and that it still might hurt when my cherry breaks. If it does, that's okay, because I know the pain will be as little as *anybody* could make it — and that it's because YOU made me a woman."

Looking deep into her eyes, I answered "Yes, I'm going to everything I can to make this as easy and painless as *I* can. That means that I'm not going to **FORCE** myself into you; all I'm going to do is push **against** you enough that I can get inside you if that's what you want me to do. I'll stop any time you

say, as soon as you tell me to. If you need or want me to back up, that's what I'll do. This is YOUR time, and YOU make all the decisions. Okay?"

Although I could see that she clearly wasn't afraid, it was equally plain that my words had reassured her. She nodded her understanding, and I lowered my head to give her a soft kiss on the forehead followed by another to her lips. Touched by what I'd done, she smiled up at me happily as I reached between us and got the head of my stiff manhood settled against outside of her virginal chamber after she arched her pelvis up to make things easier for both of us. Carefully watching her, I gradually increased the pressure I applied to the tight ring of her opening, confirming for her that I wasn't going to betray the confidence and trust she'd placed in me.

When the force I was applying became great enough, I could feel the first millimeter of my erection begin to pass into her — as well as how she was trying to relax herself to allow the penetration. It didn't happen quickly or easily; but as Darci not only learned to control and relax herself, but accepted that it really was entirely up to her how fast it happened, I was gradually able to ease myself into her more and more. The entire time, I carefully watched not only her face, but her body language, to make sure that I wasn't "pushing" her or causing any unwanted difficulties.

We'd *almost* gotten the head of my erection into her when she suddenly surprised the hell out of me by relaxing herself almost completely — the sudden and unexpected change caused nearly an additional inch of my stiff cock to slip into her before I could stop. When it happened, I saw a grimace of pain cross her face, and anxiously asked her "Are you okay? How badly are you hurt? What do you want me to do? Do I need to pull out?"

It took a couple of seconds for her to answer "Don't you dare pull out! Yes, I'm okay, and you're doing fine as long as you hold still. I didn't expect you to feel so **big**, is all."

A moment later, she added "I'm not hurt. Not much, anyway. I mean, I felt something kind of... *tear* inside me, and it really hurt at first — but it's not so much now, and it's getting better."

Looking at her, I could tell that she wasn't in as much pain as she'd first experienced. I softly told her "You didn't have to do that, you know."

Unrepentant, she answered "I know I didn't 'have' to, you dummy. It's just that it seemed like it was taking so **long**, and I could tell how close it was, and I just wanted it to be OVER."

I told her "I think I can understand that — but like you said, it was already so close. It might not have hurt so much if you'd waited just a little longer."

Completely unfazed by my mild chastisement, she was smiling sweetly as she replied "*Maybe* not. But then again, it might have hurt worse — kind of like when you're taking an adhesive bandage off: just ripping it off might hurt more, but it gets it over with faster, too. Besides, it's over and done, so there's no point talking about it, is there?"

Well, there was that, of course.

I felt her wriggle around a little underneath me, and she told me "Um... I'm feeling better now, so if you wanted to, it'd be okay with me if you wanted to keep going... I, um, I'd kinda like it, even."

I gave her a tender kiss on the tip of her nose before asking "Just tell me if you need me to stop or back up a little from here on, okay?"

Seeing and hearing the concern I had for her, she solemnly nodded her head in response.

After sliding my penis back and forth a few times to make sure there was enough lubrication, I began to ease myself into her again. She never asked me to stop or slow down because any time I felt any drag or friction, I'd stop on my own and go through the cycle of making sure her oils were properly distributed before continuing. It probably didn't take much more than a couple of minutes before both of us felt my pubic bone come to rest against hers; the ring of her vaginal opening was clenched around the base of my manhood while I could feel the tip of my penis *just barely* brushing against the deepest part of her. Holding myself still in her, I lowered my head so the two of us could exchange a kiss that was deeply loving despite its softness and brevity. Darci moved to wrap her legs around my waist even as she was encircling me with her arms; the slight change in the angle of her pelvis allowed the last small fraction of an inch of my manhood slip into her hot, tight sheath, accompanied by her soft moan. I could see how happy and satisfied she was as she looked up at me and said "Now I know what Celia meant when she said having you inside her made her feel complete. Now, like this, I **know** that I'm female in a way that I never have before. You feel so big in me, but so *right*, too..."

When she didn't say anything else for several seconds, I lowered my head again and started kissing her anywhere I could get my lips on — except for her lips. Her cheeks, earlobes, eyes, nose, shoulders, throat... all felt the touch of my lips more than once. Only when I felt her begin to try arching her pelvis slightly did I bring our lips together again before raising my head and asking "You're ready for what's left, now?"

There was no mistaking the eagerness in her voice as she simply answered "Yeah, I am."

The two of us locked eyes, and I watched hers widen as I began to slowly ease myself out of her. When only the head of my manhood was behind the gate to her femininity, I paused for a second, then just as slowly pressed myself into her — and saw her eyes get even wider as I once again filled her with hard cock. Once my pelvis was pressed against hers again, she got a look of pure delight before I heard her soft "It's even better than I thought it would be...", which I doubt she realized she'd said out loud. With her obviously comfortable with having me moving in her, my second stroke was a little faster; the ones that followed each happened a bit quicker than the one before.

As my movements in her became faster and faster, Darci began arching herself up in welcome to my thrusts. I was surprised at how hot she was inside, and somewhat in awe at how her increasing wetness made it possible for my adult-sized erection to slide in and out of her incredibly tight womanhood. It felt like I was fucking into one finger of a well-oiled rubber glove that was about two sizes too small, and it was undoubtedly the high point of my sex life up until then.

Having already climaxed with Celia, there wasn't a chance in hell that pistoning myself in and out of Darci was going to get me off again, no matter *how* good she felt around me. And that left me free to delight in being able to fill and empty her by turns, listening to her growing moans of pleasure each time I pressed myself into her, and feel how her hips would lift as she tried to keep me inside each time I withdrew.

I was starting to get a little tired when Darci's vagina suddenly clenched around me, making it all but impossible for me to keep moving. I barely had time to realize that she was having an orgasm when she released a deep and intense groan just ahead of her entire body seizing up; well, all of it but the part that was wrapped around my penis, anyway. *That* part of her went through a series of pulsing spasms that ran from the base of my penis to the head, as though she was trying to milk my semen out of me.



Thankfully, it was still too soon after I'd emptied myself into Celia, so all that happened was that released my own groans at how good it felt.

When the intense pleasure she was experiencing finally tapered off, Darci lay there panting as she tried to get her breath back. I could see a fine sheen of perspiration on her that gave proof of how physically taxing it had been for her. I was taking advantage of the opportunity to rest a bit when her eyes opened up again. It took a moment for her eyes to focus on me, and another second or so before she recognized who I was. When she did, though, she practically lunged off the bed to wrap her arms around me and hug me to within an inch of my life as she tried to speak, saying little more than fragments of sentences such as "I didn't... that was... oh, GOD... you..." over and over again.

She finally released her hold on me and lowered herself back onto the bed. Her expression was one of deep gratitude and awe as she told me "I never thought that it would feel **that** much better, having an orgasm while a guy was in me. I mean, I thought the ones I had before were *really* good sometimes — but **THAT** was was fucking amazing! I didn't think it was EVER going to end, and it was so *strong*. I can't ever thank you enough for being the one to help me experience something like that!"

After I lowered my head and touched my lips to hers, she wrapped her arms around me again, and hugged me fiercely as she tried to tell me through her lips just how much she appreciated what had happened, and how much I meant to her.

She eventually released her hold on me, and when I raised up again I could tell that she could feel my hardness move inside her a bit. Curious, she asked "Why aren't you making love with me again? Is something wrong?"

I gave her only a quick kiss to avoid being captured again before I answered "No, nothing's wrong. I'm just old and creaky, and getting a little tired, is all."

Hearing that, she immediately suggested "Then let me be on top, so you can rest."

I agreed, and rather than uncouple from her, I had her unwrap her legs from around my waist so I could move mine to outside of hers, then rolled the two of us over. When she had gotten herself kneeling and raised her body over mine, I could see how pleased she was with what I'd done. As she supported her body with her arms, she began to raise and lower herself on my erection while I got my arms up and my hands on her breasts again. The combination of having my cock moving in her again AND having me tormenting her nipples proved to be even more arousing for her, and it wasn't long before I could feel the overflow of her juices begin to collect in my pubic hair — and even trickle down my scrotum.

Once I was satisfied that her areolas and nipples hadn't undergone any notable changes since I'd last investigated them, I continued to recoup my energy as I used my hands to explore the rest of her body again... and particularly the globes of her ass, which got amazingly tight and firm each time she slid herself back down onto me.

I found myself being impressed with how much endurance and stamina Darci had as she continued to bounce herself up and down my manhood. Still, even *her* youthful energy had its limits. Several minutes had gone by when I realized that she was starting to run out of steam. Putting my hands on her hips, I applied gentle pressure to get her to slow, and then stop, her movements so I could tell her "I think it's my turn again, sweetheart."

The first thing she did was smile at me in response to the endearment, followed by telling me "Yeah, I'd

like that."

"If you're willing to try something different this time, you can get on your hands and knees and I'll get behind you. Then neither one of us has to get too tired."

Remembering she'd seen me and Celia making love that way, a big grin split her face as she nodded enthusiastically.

It took a few seconds for her to realize that she was going to have to actually get off of me before we could change positions; when she did, she blushed faintly as she slowly lifted herself off of my erection. Her blush got even deeper when I finally slid out of her with a faint popping noise. When she hazarded a look at me, my expression suggested that I hadn't heard a thing and was simply waiting for her. Once she got both legs on the same side of me, I sat up and then got to my knees as she leaned forward and put her hands on the bed.

I moved behind her and again took a few seconds to commit the sight before me to memory: the graceful curves of her ass and her trim thighs framing a dark wedge that was split by the glistening folds of her labia. It was when she turned her head to look at me over her shoulder than I finally moved close enough to lever my erection down and get the head of it settled against her wet opening. With my hands on her hips again, I held her steady as I arched my hips forward, burying myself in a single slow thrust as she tilted her head back and softly groaned her pleasure. When I had the smooth orbs of her ass pressed against my belly, I leaned forward and cupped her breasts in my hands, gently squeezing them for few moments before softly pinching her erect nipples.

After raising up again, I moved my hands back to her hips and began slowly fucking myself in and out of her once more. With it being so much less effort to piston in and out of her, I had the energy to spare toward finding the combination of speed and force that would please and arouse her the most. It came as no shock that she *liked* anything that had me moving in her; but when she began pressing herself back against me and making small, happy noises, I knew I'd found what I was after.

Once again, I had no clue what was about to happen when she suddenly started her second climax since we'd started making love. Just like before, she got tight enough that I could barely move as her body froze in position and her hot, wet vagina tried to milk my cock. Having gotten a bit of rest, and with the passing of some additional time, I was a *lot* more susceptible to the sensations she was creating around my manhood. Even so, it still hadn't been long **enough**, and "all" that happened was that she was able to dramatically increase my arousal and move me a good way toward being able to empty myself into her. As pleasant as it was to be buried in her while it was happening, I still felt a little bit relieved when her orgasm began to taper off. When I heard her start to pant slightly, I reached forward and down so that I could cup her breasts in my hands and softly caress them as I waited for her to let me know she was ready for me to continue. She finally did by raising her head again, and then pressing herself back against me as she said "Okay, you can keep going, now — but I think the next one is going to be it for me. That was even stronger than the other one!"

I couldn't help smiling as I answered "If it helps any, the next one will probably be it for ME, too."

With that, I raised up and resumed my efforts at getting us **both** off. Between knowing how best to please her, it didn't take long for me to get her gasping her pleasure and arousal as she once again started emitting happy noises in time with my thrusts. My own release was getting close when I felt a brief, faint twinge inside her; barely a second later, she was having her third (and final) orgasm.

I somehow managed to press myself as far into her as I could and contrived to get a couple of slow, short strokes in her before the rhythmic clenching of her vaginal muscles was enough to push me over the edge. The first eruption of cum rocketed out of me so hard I was half-surprised that it didn't force her off of me completely; the second was so perfectly timed with the contractions within her that it was even more powerful than the first. Before I could spray her insides with a third wad of my cum, she cried out and clamped down on me even harder than she already was; it was only when she relaxed briefly between spasms that I was able to finish emptying myself into her.

As powerful as my own climax had been, it was nothing compared to what I knew she'd been through, and I pulled myself together so I could try to help her as it slowly faded from her young body. She was able to lift her head slightly and draw a deep, gasping breath after the last wave of pleasure had run its course through her. As she was doing that, I could feel how unsteady she was; figuring she might to have me inside her for as long as she could, I was trying to figure out how to get the two of us down onto the bed without having to unplug from her when Celia reminded me of her presence by showing up and telling me "If you can give me a second to move things so neither one of you has to move for a while, I can help you get her down."

That struck me as a singularly fine idea, and I was able to tell her to go ahead. It didn't take Celia much more than the promised second to drag the plastic and towel around and over so that they'd be under Darci and me when we lay down again. A moment later, Celia was back next to me, and provided the guidance while I performed the labor of getting Darci and I *carefully* tilted forward until Darci was able to lay on the towel, with me supporting my weight over her — and still coupled with her.

I gave Celia my thanks, and saw her blush slightly before answering "After seeing you two, I'm glad I could help. Her orgasms are usually stronger than mine, anyway, but I still didn't expect her to go through anything like **that**! Is there anything else I can do? Or something I can get for you?"

All I had to do was tell her where I kept some flexible straws for her to say "Okay, I'll take care of it..." and make a quick exit.

Shortly after Celia left, Darci softly told me "Thanks for not letting me fall down. I know I wouldn't have gotten hurt or anything, but it was still nice of you and Celia to take care of me like that. I could tell you were trying to stay in me, too, and I'm glad. You don't feel like you did when you were hard, but it's still nice."

I softly kissed her shoulder and answered "I'm glad you like it, cause I do, too. If you didn't know, Celia got the towel under us, so we don't have to move for a while unless you *really* want to; and I'm fine like this, so I can stay here as long as you like."

I had a good enough view of her face that I could see her smile as she said "Yeah, I'd like that. You feel good next to me... like you're my very own human blanket. I'd take you home with me, if I didn't think my folks would have a stroke or something!"

About that time, Celia got back with a couple cans of soda with straws sticking out of them. I didn't have any trouble managing mine, but it turned out to be necessary for Darci to hold hers on the bed and just move her head enough to take sips. With Darci and me started toward getting refreshed, Celia told us "I'll be back in a minute with something to eat for you, too...", and promptly disappeared again.

Beneath me, Darci said "She's such a dear. She's like that most all of the time, whether we're at my house, or hers. Sometimes I practically have to yell at her to get her to sit down and let ME do stuff."

After taking a drink from her soda, Darci told me "When we were trying to decide which one of us was with you first, she kept saying it should be me. Not because she was afraid or anything, but just because she wanted ME to feel good before she did. The only way I was able to get her to agree to being with you first was that I had to tell her that it might take me a while before I even *could* have an orgasm, and that it was better if I went second. That way, because it would take longer for you to have a climax, there was a better chance that I could have an orgasm, too. I don't think either one of us even **dreamed** it would be as easy as it was, or that we'd like it as much as we did, though."

Teasing her, I said "Couple of incipient sex maniacs is what *I* think you are."

I heard her soft giggle before she responded "If I could feel like this every single time, yeah, I think I could be. And if it was with you, I know I would. I guess it's a good thing for BOTH of us that can't happen, isn't it?"

I kissed her ear, making her shiver, before saying "Yeah, it probably is. But it makes me kind of sad, too — I think it would be fun, having you as sex maniacs..." and drawing a laugh from her.

After hearing what Darci had to say about Celia, I'll confess to being somewhat relieved when she got back bearing only a couple of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches; I'd been half-afraid that she'd either prepare more than we were ready for, or put together something too much like a regular meal.

Kissing Darci's shoulder, I softly suggested "When we get up, why don't you let me sit behind you? That'll let you stay on the towel, if you want."

She only needed a moment to quietly tell me "Yeah, I'd like that. I don't mind your stuff leaking out of me, I just don't want to make a mess or a big deal out of it."

That settled, it took only a few seconds for me to move off of her and get myself settled so that I was resting against a couple of pillows propped up against the headboard. Darci quickly got herself turned over and sitting upright before scooting backwards enough to lean back against me. If Celia didn't know (or couldn't guess) what was going on, she was too polite to ask about it.

Once we'd refreshed ourselves with the food and drink, Darci was quite willing to join me in a quick cleanup. When she started to fold over the towel she'd been sitting on, Celia told her "Oh, pooh, don't bother with that; I can get it. Go on and clean up with him, and have fun." Darci did as instructed, and the two of us had a pleasant time under the spray. Darci didn't seem to show the slightest hesitation about making sure all of my semen was out of her, and playfully reciprocated the *very* thorough cleaning I gave her. Dried and feeling much better, we went back into the bedroom to find Celia waiting for us — still naked, and stretched out on my bed. I ended up laying next to her so that Darci could take station on the other side of me; both of them moved to lay on their sides so they could snuggle themselves as close to me as they could. The three of us spent the next hour and a half talking about all manner of different things.

It was most definitely a pleasant way to pass the time, and I was actually disappointed when Celia finally said "I'd like to stay with you like this, oh, forever, Mister Thompson, but my folks are waiting until I get home so they can go someplace."

From the other side of me, I heard the regret in Darci's voice as she added "Yeah, I suppose I should be going, too."

I gave each of them a hug before telling them "Just so you know, you don't have to leave on *my*

account; I'd be glad to have you here for as long as you wanted to stay. But if there are other things that you've got to do, I understand that, too. I'm glad you were here today — not because of what happened with us, but just because you're both good company, and nice to talk with. If you want to come over again, you're welcome to; just make sure and ask first in case I've got something else going on. Okay?"

Both happily agreed, and each gave me a kiss on the cheek before getting out of bed. I didn't make any pretense of not watching as they got dressed again, and both of them not only took their time about it, but contrived to have "difficulties" that made for an interesting show. As they got their things together, I moved to sit on the edge of the bed, and they came over to give me a kiss on the lips and say goodbye while ignoring the way I played with their cute little butts.

When they were gone, I got dressed myself, and went into the living room to stretch out on the couch. As I lay there, I thought not just about what had happened that day and the two of them, but the others. While I didn't have any **plans** for any of the other girls, or interest in enticing them into bed with me, I still had the feeling that Celia and Darci weren't going to be the only two of my class of nine that I'd make women of. The only real question I had to wrestle with was *how many* of them it might be. Although none of them was a certainty, Nawar, Casandra, and Sharla seemed likely, and I considered it *possible* that one or both of Tenisha and Evette might approach me. As for Mallory and Kathrine, I figured them for long shots... but still possible.

Well, whatever happened, happened. I didn't doubt that Darci and Celia would want to continue with me (at least for a little while), and that was just FINE with me.

The end of semester projects I got ranged from "just" damn good to outstanding — that last being the combined efforts of Celia and Darci. Even though they didn't include anything even *suggestive* in their report, they did an excellent job of making the case that physical love between two women not only wasn't the bad thing some made it out to be, but went on to explain how and why it could actually be beneficial to the parties involved. When I returned the graded reports, I had each girl come to my desk to collect it so that I could have a few quiet words with her; in the case of Darci and Celia, I told them "If your parents find out about you and get upset, show them this — and make sure they read what I had to say about it." Both were pleased by the compliment, and what I'd written on their report.

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As I'd figured would happen, Celia and Darci both came over for a second, then third, visit during the break between semesters. For the second, they got things going when they started necking with each other and intermittently removing each others clothing for easier access to the fun parts. Better still, they didn't bother moving to the bedroom, so the chair I was in made for a wonderful ringside seat. After they'd finished and recovered a bit, Darci came over to where I was sitting to settle herself on my erection after she'd gotten me to stand up long enough to undress me. Once I'd dumped a load of cum in Darci, Celia dealt with the aftermath by vacuuming it out of her lover — and then not only using nothing but her mouth to clean *me* off, but going on to give me the inspiration and stimulation needed so I could take care of her.

For their third visit, they'd insisted that all three of us immediately head for the bedroom. I got to help them as they got each other off, then they helped each other as I brought each of them to a couple of thundering climaxes over the course of an afternoon. When they finally left, I was actually glad to see them go... they'd left me literally drained and exhausted by the time we were done.

The new school semester started up even easier than the last one had. By the end of the week, it was as

though they'd simply had the weekend off, instead of a full month.

We were a couple of weeks into the semester when Casandra stayed after class one day and approached my desk. In response to my questioning look, she asked me "Would it be okay if I talked to you about something?"

"Of course it is. Is it about school, or something personal?"

"Um, *mostly* personal, I think, but school, too."

I nodded as if I understood (I didn't), and got up so I could lead her back to the private area, which was a more friendly and comfortable place for us to talk.

After we'd both sat down, I got her to chat with me for a bit, thinking that it would make it easier for her to tell me what was on her mind. It must have worked, because it only took a couple of minutes for her to tell me "What I wanted to talk to you about... it's *really* personal for me, and I'm kinda scared to say anything. Except that I can't get it out of my mind, either, and it's something that I **really** want to do."

I told her to go ahead, and she did, by saying "So you know what's going on, I think I should tell you a little bit about what's been going on with me BEFORE today." After taking a deep breath, she went on "I was *really* glad when you started talking to all of us about sex, and how you didn't try to get out of answering any of our questions — at least, not the ones we asked. I think you were bothered when we wanted you to **do** stuff, but I understand why after you talked to Kathrine and me when we were learning about oral sex. The reason I was glad you were doing that is... is because I was thinking about starting to have sex. With guys, I mean. So getting to hear the answers you had to what all of us were asking you... it helped. A lot, even. And then when you were willing to help us learn about oral sex and I got to find out what that's like for real, it was even better, because I learned what it's like for ME to do stuff with someone else; and I got to find out how *I* can feel when I'm doing sex stuff. Ever since I found out about sex, I've known that I like it more than most girls. But when I've been with you, it's even better than what I've felt by myself, or another girl."

Though she was clearly unashamed about telling me that she'd been intimate with another female, she paused for a moment to see if I'd have any reaction. I didn't, and she soon continued "What I'm getting at is that I **know** that I'll be able to enjoy sex with guys, and that I won't be afraid or nervous or anything. But because of what I've learned about sex from you, and all of us talking after the oral sex class, I also know that it's something I should be sure of before I'm with a guy the first time. That's why asked my Mom if... if I could start using birth control a couple months ago. She wasn't *happy* that I asked, but I could tell that she wasn't mad, either; she just said 'If you're asking for something like that, I think I'd better say yes', and made an appointment with her gynecologist for me. He gave me a physical, and when he learned that I was born without a hymen, he said that the best thing would be for me to get an IUD — that way I wouldn't have to remember to take pills every day, and there wouldn't be any chance of the hormones and things in anything else maybe messing me up while I was still growing. That was fine with me, and while we were on break from school, he put one in me. So where I am right now is that I'm ready to start having sex, which my mother knows, I can't get pregnant, and I'm SURE that I'll like it when it happens. And on top of that, I don't have a hymen... so it won't hurt me like it might for other girls, and there won't be any blood my first time."

Seeing that I was still paying close attention, she took another deep breath and finished "I know it's

really unusual for a girl to never have had a hymen, and I'm kinda glad I don't — but kinda sorry, too. I know I positively won't be hurt from losing it, but I won't really have anything to... mark it when I stop being a virgin, either. Anyway, because I know I won't have some of the problems that most girls would, and I'm as sure as I can be that I'll actually like sex with a guy, I was... I was thinking that it might help other girls feel better — not to be afraid or anything, I mean — and maybe get them to really THINK about it first if... if they could see what happens the first time a girl has sex with a guy."

When I didn't say anything for a couple of seconds, Casandra came right out and told me what she had in mind by saying "I... I was thinking that I could maybe give my virginity — I've never been with a guy, so I think THAT'S what makes me a virgin, not a little old piece of tissue I never even *had* — here, in school, so the others can see what it's all about. And more than anything else, I want it to be with you; because you've done so much to help me understand about all of this stuff, and got me to really THINK about everything before I did something stupid."

Hearing all that she'd said, I figured that she'd done what she should have before becoming active with guys; and that she was willing to share such a personal and memorable event with other girls because of her unique situation impressed me mightily. Wanting to give herself to me under those conditions, however, left me with mixed feelings. Yeah, I'd be *delighted* at the chance to jump her bones under any other circumstances — but in school, with the rest of them watching us? **That** I was considerably less enthusiastic about.

To get myself some breathing room, I asked Casandra "Did you have any particular day or date in mind? Do you need an answer from me right now, or would tomorrow or the next day be soon enough?"

Looking a bit embarrassed, she answered "I'm sorry if I sounded like I expected an answer right now. I didn't have anything in particular in mind; I just wanted to see if it was something you might be willing to do — I mean, I'm another girl, and I really DO think it would help them the way I said. I know I hit you with this out of nowhere, so whenever you decide is fine with me... and thank you for at least *thinking* about it, instead of just telling me 'no'."

"Honestly, I do think about the things that all of you ask me. Some stuff is easy and simple enough that I can answer sooner, is all. This... not so much", I answered with a smile.

She smiled back at me before telling me "Just to make sure you know, I don't think it would be that easy to make happen, and there might be things that we'd have to work out. Right now, I'm just trying to find out if I need to keep going with it, is all."

"That's perfectly reasonable, and thank you for making it clear."

With that, our conversation was done; Casandra thanked me for my time again, and left. As I was finishing up the things I still had to do there in the classroom; once I was home, I continued to think about what she'd said, and asked of me. And went through the whole thing again the next day, as well.

It wasn't until the second evening that I thought of a way to find out what I needed to know to finalize my decision.

During class the following day, I surprised the class by telling them "Okay, I've got a surprise assignment for all of you", and got a collection of playful groans in response. I continued by saying "Don't worry, it's pretty easy, I think. If not easy, then at least it's short", earning some laughs. "What I

want from each of you before the end of the day is an answer to these questions: **If** you had a chance to find out about sex by actually seeing it happen, from start to finish, *right in front of you*, would you want to? Why, or why not?" Normally, I would have given them more time for an assignment like that. I didn't want to give them a chance to talk it over with each other and reach some kind of consensus; I wanted to know what each of the, individually, thought about what I'd proposed.

In response to the stares I was getting, and the deafening silence, I added "Here are the conditions that you would have to keep in mind: first, that the girl would be anywhere from your age to as much as ten years older. Second, that the guy could be anywhere from your age to as many as twenty years older. Third, that you could move around to look, listen, smell, or whatever; you could touch yourselves or each other, but not the girl and guy. Finally, you could never, **ever** talk about it to *anybody* that wasn't there. Where or when it happened should be irrelevant. If ANY part of that is something you couldn't agree to, you need to say so. Okay?"

All of them nodded their understanding, and I could see that all but Casandra were wondering what was going on that I'd give them an assignment like that. The look I was getting from her told me that she understood what I was trying to do.

With that done, it was on to my regular teaching duties.

When I had all of their responses, I read through them — and was frankly amazed that every last one of them not only didn't have **any** problems with what I'd told them to consider, but actually thought it sounded like a good idea... and for pretty much the same reasons that Casandra had given me.

Having gotten THAT much established, "all" that was left was for me to decide whether or not I was willing to be the other participant — and if so, under what conditions. That took me another couple of days to settle; when I had, I let Casandra know that I wanted her to stay after school so we could talk. We were again in the private area after the others had left when I told her "I've had to think REALLY long and hard about what you talked to me about, Casandra."

She gave me a half-smile and answered "I figured. Especially after you had everyone tell you what they thought about it. All of them have been talking, trying to figure out what it was all about, but none of them really believes anything like that would actually happen. Every one of them *wants* it to; they just don't think it **WILL**. I'd like to know, myself."

"Well, it **can**, if that's what YOU want." She started to get a little worked up, and I quickly told her "I don't mean just *saying* you do. If you're serious about all this, YOU'RE going to be the one to tell them about it: what and who and when and where and why and all the rest. YOU know why you want to give up your virginity in front of them a whole lot better than I do, so it's going to be up to you to explain it. I've got enough problems of my own to deal with about this happening... starting with the fact that I've never had sex with an audience before. On top of that, I know it would be your first time, and I'd want to make it as good and right for you as I could. If it was you and me in private, it would be a different matter; but since it's you that wants it to happen in public, you're going to have to be the one to take responsibility for it. If you want us to have sex, that pretty much suggests that I'd climax in you — which leads to the question about what to do afterwards. Do you want everybody naked, just you and me, or do you leave it up to them? When does it happen? Morning or afternoon? How much time do you think you'll need or want? There's a **WHOLE LOT** of things that you need to think about and be ready for. If you ask for help, I'll be glad to give it to you — but I'm not going to plan any of this for you, either. You understand what you might be getting yourself into?"



She was easily as serious as anyone I'd ever seen as she answered "Yeah, I think I do. And I will understand before *anything* is said or happens."

To soften the blow of what I'd said, I told her "I'm not going to kid you: I'm not real wild about this. But if you're sure and ready enough to take care of it, then I'm *willing*. Okay?"

She managed to give me a small smile before answering "Okay. I'm the one that wants it to happen this way, and I'm asking a lot from you, so it's only right that I take care of everything so you don't have to."

At that, the two of us stood up, and she let me draw her into my arms so I could give her a hug and soft kiss. She readily hugged and kissed me back, and looked a bit happier when I released my gentle hold on her. When she turned to leave, I gave her a soft pat on the butt, and she turned her head to grin at me before heading off.

After she left, I found myself wondering again if I was doing the right thing.

I knew she was taking her duties and obligations seriously over the next few weeks by the updates and questions she had. The few times that I saw a possible problem, all I had to do was suggest that she might want to think about or look at something again for her to do just that, and deal with it.

It was coming up on a month since she'd first approached me when she finally told me "I've gotten everything worked out that I thought of and what you suggested, so I think it's time. I had my period last week, so I'm not going to be bleeding or messy for a while; I just need to ask you if there's any particular day that I need to know about. You know, so I don't mess up something like a test or a field trip or anything. I'd like to let them know what's going to happen the day before — I mean, ME telling them, not you — and then start in the morning, around ten. That way, we'll be done and I can talk to them and answer questions for a while before lunch."

I ran over the schedule in my mind, and told her "Tuesday next week would be good. I had it scheduled for just a general discussion and study day."

There was a mixture of relief and nervousness in her expression as she told me "Okay, Tuesday it is."

Taking her hand in mine, I quietly told her "I think it'll work out just fine, Casandra. You've done as good a job figuring this out as anyone could have."

That earned me a soft "Thanks, Mister Thompson. That helps... a lot" before she left.

When she got to school the following Monday, I told her "Just let me know when you're ready, and I'll let everyone know you've got something to say to them."

She nodded and said "I was figuring to let them know right before school ended, so I wouldn't mess classes up. It won't take but about ten minutes, at the most."

I smiled at her and said "Thanks!", and getting a smile in return.

When it got to the last fifteen minutes of the school day, I moved to stand up at the front of the class and get everyone's attention so I could tell them "There's something special that's going to happen tomorrow. Since it's about Casandra, she's going to be the one to tell you about it. When she's done, that'll be it for the day" before moving around and sitting in my "teacher" chair. I sometimes let them leave school early when the weather and classroom conditions warranted it, so the early end of class wasn't any big deal. What followed WAS, however.

After she got to the spot I'd vacated, Casandra told them "You probably remember when Mister Thompson asked everyone to tell him what they thought about getting to see a guy and girl having sex. Well, he was nice enough not to say anything, but I'm the girl he was asking about, and the reason he wanted to know is because I asked him if he would be the first one to have sex with me — here, in school, so all of you could see what happens. I asked him to do that for a couple of reasons. The first one is that because I was born without a hymen, I know I'm not going to have to worry about it hurting the first time a guy is in me; and because there *can't* be any blood or anything, I figured that maybe seeing what happens with ME would help some of you by letting you see what really goes on. I'm hoping that if you can see that much, then maybe you'll understand that there's no reason to be afraid about it, and maybe even really THINK about it first. The second reason is that he's said and done so much to help me figure out what I think about all this sex stuff that I want to do what I can to help anybody else that might need it."

Taking a somewhat shaky breath, she continued by announcing "What's going to happen is that tomorrow morning, about ten o'clock, Mister Thompson and I will get naked and go to a blanket on some pads, like we had for the oral sex lessons. We're going to start just like we would if we were all alone, and I'm going to **ask** you not to do or say anything that might mess us up. You can look if you want, move around, talk to each other, or whatever — I just hope you'll do it softly and quietly so Mister Thompson and I can pay attention to each other, instead of you. **We're** going to be naked, of course, but whether or not you want to be is up to you; it doesn't matter either way to me or Mister Thompson. After... after we're done, I'll probably have to clean up a little bit, but I'll stay there so you can ask me questions or whatever. I'll, uh, even let you look, if you want to, whether it's before or after I clean up. Mister Thompson will stay there, too, for a little while; I don't think you'll have many questions for HIM, of course. When there aren't any more questions, or it's time for lunch, that'll be the end of it; I'll still answer what I can, but it'll have to be outside of school, okay? Even though this was my idea, I'm still a little nervous about it, so I'd appreciate it if you could kind of leave me alone about all this until tomorrow, please."

She'd used a bit less than her ten minutes, even though she'd spoken slowly. It took a few seconds for them to realize that she'd said all that she was going to, which wasn't surprising, of course. Several more seconds passed before they slowly began to get out of their chairs and head for the door, apparently willing to respect her desire to be left alone on the matter. That's not to say that she (and to a much lesser degree, me) didn't get some serious Looks along the way.

When they were all gone, Casandra turned to me and nervously asked "I guess that's it, isn't it? I'm committed to giving you my virginity sometime after ten tomorrow morning..."

I got up and went around so I could take her into my arms and tell her "No, that *isn't* it. You can change your mind for any reason, or no reason, and I think they'd understand. Yeah, they'd be disappointed, but I think they'd understand better than you might think. And you aren't 'committed' to being with me tomorrow, or ever, unless that's what YOU want. Casandra, I love you and care for you enough that if NOT having sex with you was the right thing for you because that's what *you* decided, then I wouldn't be upset or angry or anything like that. All I'd be is happy for you for making the decision that was right for YOU."

As I'd talked, I could feel the tension in her young body slowly draining away; and when she looked up at me when I was done, I gave her a brief, tender kiss on the forehead. How happy she was was clear in

her voice as she told me "What you just said? About just wanting ME to be happy? *That's* the kind of thing that makes me want to find out what making love is like with YOU first."

Realizing that she'd said 'making love' instead of 'having sex', she got a concerned look on her face until I told her "It's okay if you want to call it making love. That's what we'll be doing, and sharing. Maybe not the big make a family together forever kind of love, but certainly enough that we care about what happens with each other. And so you don't have to worry about it, if you call me dear or honey or sweetheart or anything like that, I'm not going to suddenly think you want us to run off and get married." She laughed at that and shook her head, then listened as I went on "I'll probably say things like that to you, too, and all **I'll** mean by them is that you're someone important and special to me. Okay?"

Smiling, she nodded her head, and I asked her "Feeling better now? Not so nervous or scared?"

"I'm only nervous about messing things up when I talk to them tomorrow, or that they won't really understand what I'm trying to do. I'm not scared or nervous even a little bit about what happens with you and me. I know I want it to happen, and with you, because I know **that** part will be right, no matter what."

I tilted my head forward and kissed her, and she wasn't the least bit reluctant to kiss me back. When our lips separated again, the love and trust she felt in me were plain as they could be. Moving one of my hands down to her ass, I gave her a little pat on the butt before telling her "I think you'd better go now, so you can get plenty of sleep tonight. I don't want you falling asleep on me tomorrow!"

Laughing, she answered "As if **THAT** was gonna happen!" before moving to collect her things, and then leave.

Once all of them were in class the next morning, I could see that my best bet would be to simply have them do "independent study" until it was time for Casandra and me — they simply didn't have anything even FAINTLY resembling concentration or focus, and any attempt at "discussion" would simply fall flat on its face if it was about anything other than the upcoming event.

Naturally enough, everyone in the class took notice when Casandra and I went into the private area to get undressed; when we came out, we discovered that the others had already spread out the blanket I'd brought in on the mats Casandra and I had arranged before the rest of them had shown up. We also saw that every one of them had opted to get naked, too, for whatever reason. As we moved toward the blanket, Casandra once again impressed me with the calm and equanimity she displayed... despite the nervousness she'd expressed to me as we were taking our clothes off.

Once we were seated and facing each other, I deliberately looked into Casandra's eyes to try and help her focus on me before I leaned forward to kiss her. She matched my actions, and our lips met in a soft and affectionate kiss that lasted only a few seconds. Our next one lasted a bit longer, as did the one after that — despite the fact that I could all but FEEL that Casandra's attention was on the others that were sitting around us. Moving my head close to hers, I got her to lock eyes with me so I could softly tell her "I know it's tough, not paying any attention to them. But instead of worrying about it and making it even worse, try something else: think about what *we're* doing. **Feel** how I'm touching you... with my lips, now, and my hands, later. Listen to your body, and what it's telling you it wants. Remember the main reason we're here: so that I can make love with you. Don't try to push them OUT of your mind; let *me* and **you** INTO it. All there is is me, and you."

I continued to hold her eyes for the little bit of time it took for her to try what I'd suggested, and get it to start working. Then it was possible for us to kiss again, and start to express the way we felt about each other. With that little bit of initial success, I could tell that she found it easier and easier to put everything (and everyone) else out of her mind and focus on what WE were doing.

As I'd hoped, it didn't take us long to get on the same "wavelength" once that happened. We began to be able to read the little signs that the other made so that I *knew* she wanted me to reach up and cup her face with one hand, just as she knew I would welcome her doing the same. I didn't have any trouble knowing when and where she wanted to feel my hands on her, the same way she knew the same about me. I couldn't say exactly how or why, but I could tell when the time was right for me to begin including her breasts in my caresses, as well as teasing her nipples **just** the way she wanted me to as she moved her hands over my body.

Neither of us had to say anything when the time came for us to lay down facing each other so we could more easily reach more of each others bodies; and I didn't have any doubt that she was ready for me to move over her so I could begin kissing her as a start toward getting my lips and mouth on her breasts and nipples; in return, she didn't hesitate for a moment to spread her legs to make room for mine, because she knew that I knew it wasn't time for anything more yet. As I slowly and tenderly kissed my way toward her full bust, my attention was solely on her: how soft and smooth her skin was under my lips, how warm she was under my hands, and how nice she smelled and the vaguely salty taste of her skin when I touched my tongue to it. By the time my mouth got to the peak of the breast I'd chosen to explore first, her areolas were already slightly puckered and her nipples standing out nicely. Not wanting to leave such beauty unappreciated, I went ahead and applied myself toward making the pink confections that capped her mammary even more prominent. The soft sounds of pleasure that Casandra graced me with let me know that she appreciated my efforts, and when I finally let her rubbery nipple slip from between my lips, I could see that I'd had no small success in my endeavors.

Not wanting the mate to the orb I'd just enjoyed to feel left out, I worked my way over to it via a leisurely and tortuous route that ultimately involved my lips covering every bit of both of her ample mammaries before I was able to draw its apex into my mouth. Again, the noises Casandra made gave me assurance that I was pleasing her. When I discovered that the peak of the breast I'd been tending to had a longer nipple and more swollen areola, there was nothing for me to do but return to the first and try to rectify the situation.

My efforts met with more success than I anticipated, which ultimately involved my switching back and forth from one of her full, firm breasts to the other and back again several times before I was finally satisfied with the results.

When I looked at Casandra, she had developed a distinct blush of arousal — one that extended past her shoulders and onto her upper chest. As she looked up at me, I could see the desire in her eyes, and that she was more than ready for me to continue my journey down her body.

Just as I'd done when I'd started on my way toward her breasts, I applied my lips and mouth and tongue to as much of her lithe young body as I blazed as indirect a path as I could toward the source of the delightful aroma emanating from her. After enough of my body had moved below her waist, she brought her knees up and moved her feet apart, making room for me. She also spread her legs, making the scent of her arousal even stronger. My lips ultimately found the dark red delta at the base of her belly, and I welcomed the opportunity to simply run my nose and lips through its luxuriant softness for

several seconds before continuing my journey with a series of tender lip-bites down the inside of one of her firm, silken thighs to her knee before switching over to the other and mirroring my actions back toward her pelvis.

When I'd placed my last soft kiss to the crease next to her bush, I raised my head so that I could look at her once again. Much as I had before, I marveled at the sight of her: the thick but relatively short curly carpet, neatly divided by the slightly long and medium-thick soft petals of her inner lips. At the top of her slit, it was easy enough to see the hood of her clitoris, which was beginning to make an appearance; at the bottom, her labia had separated enough that I could make out the entrance to her unguarded vagina, glistening with the oils that had already escaped her. Despite knowing the treat I was in for, I managed to continue enjoying that most intimate view of her for several seconds before giving in to temptation. Lowering my head, I extended my tongue and patiently drew it across her shiny opening and once again was delighted by the fresh, light taste of her even as she moaned her pleasure at what I'd done. I didn't need any encouragement to repeat my efforts, and got the same pleasure for my taste buds and response from Casandra.

After I'd exhausted the immediate supply of her nectar, I was happy to go to work toward pleasuring her — knowing full well that doing so would result in the source becoming even more productive of it.

While Casandra had still been planning and organizing our adventure, I'd remembered my first experience with Darci and Celia... and hadn't hesitated to suggest to Casandra that she might want to follow a similar plan of action (without mentioning the origins, of course). She'd immediately understood the benefit of it, and unquestioningly agreed. That meant that I had the distinct pleasure of orally bringing her to a climax before seeing if we could get her virginal sheath wrapped around my much larger dagger.

I figured to use the excuse of wanting to make **sure** she was as ready as possible if she ever thought to question me about why I was taking my time about steadily pleasuring and exciting her. I used my lips and tongue to stimulate and gently torment her exposed clitoris between bouts of softly sucking on her labia, and patiently lapping up whatever of her oils were available to me. Despite my rather lackadaisical attitude, I *was* getting her more and more aroused. From my previous experiences with her, I was able to tell as she got closer and closer to her release. So as not to risk being accused of teasing her (and having my excuse dismissed), I continued my efforts just as I'd been doing; it took little more than a couple more minutes for her to fall into a blatantly powerful orgasm.

With the start of a climax, her clitoris retreated back under its protective hood. That was fine with me, since it meant that I could go back to collecting her tasty essence as she presented it to me in a series of small waves.

When the flexing and shuddering of her body had tapered off, I made one last pass to gather whatever remained of her juices before moving my body back over hers, so that we were head-to-head again while being careful to keep my weight off of her. It didn't take her long to get enough of her senses back to open her eyes and look up at me and say "Every time you do that, it gets better and better. One of these days, I'm going to have to remember to tell you it's okay if you just go nuts with it, so I can find out just HOW good you can make me feel doing that."

Smiling down at her, I answered "Whenever you're ready, I'll give it my best shot. But I think you had something else in mind for now, didn't you?"

I saw a smokey look in her eyes as she answered "Yeah, I did. Just give me a minute to get some energy back first."

Grinning, I couldn't resist telling her "Shucks, I'll even give you *two* minutes, if that's what it takes", and getting a brief laugh from her in response.

It was closer to five minutes with the two of us exchanging a number of gentle kisses before she told me "Okay, I'm feeling better now. Let me finish getting you hard while you get me warmed up again, and we'll see what happens."

After giving her another kiss, I answered "Deal!" and moved myself off of her and onto my back. Casandra was only a couple of seconds behind me in getting up, and was nearly in position to straddle my head when I nodded to let her know I was ready. When she had a knee near each of my ears, she leaned forward and got herself face-to-face (as it were) with my semi-erect manhood. Before she could take me into her hand, I'd raised my head and slid the end of my tongue between her vaginal lips. I didn't get much more accomplished before she was taking my entire length into her mouth, however.

Between having my face buried in Casandra's crotch again, and her undeniable talent at using her lips and tongue to stimulate me, it didn't take but a couple of minutes for me to reach full erection — and a little beyond, truth be told. That was only fair, really, since I'd gone a ways past simply getting HER "warmed up" again.

When I let my head fall back from between her thighs a little bit, Casandra followed my example by sliding her lips off of my erection... though she did leave a light coating of her saliva on it. Quickly, but without hurrying, she raised herself off me and knee-walked her way down my body. As much as I would have liked to have her facing me, I was ready to accept that she wanted to be oriented the other direction so that more of her classmates would have as clear a view as possible as she got herself impaled on my manhood.

Once I was sure she was in position, I put one of my hands on her hip, applying only enough pressure to let her know that they were there *ONLY* to help steady her. My other hand was used to tilt my erection up until the very end of it grazed her skin. She lowered herself slightly so I could get myself positioned against her opening, then leaned back enough to put her hands on my chest so she could support herself with her arms. A moment later, she began to press herself down on me. As the pressure slowly increased, I could feel it as she tried to relax herself so that the tight ring of her opening would expand and allow more and more of my penis through. There were a few times when there was the need for her to pause for a few seconds, and even a little backsliding, but she never, *ever* gave up or seemed to get anxious or frustrated. It took a couple of minutes, but I knew both of us could feel it when the crown of my penis finally slipped into her, accompanied by a soft gasp from her.

Knowing that I was firmly in place, I moved my hand from my hard cock to her other hip so that I could help steady her better. I'm fairly certain that Casandra was ready to continue relatively soon, but remained in the position she was in so that the girls that needed or wanted to could see for themselves that I really, truly was IN her. Eventually, though, Casandra moved to sit up again so that she could lower herself straight down onto my manhood. She was most definitely warm and tight inside, but the combination of her oils and the film of saliva she'd left on my cock made it possible for her to slowly and carefully get herself wrapped around me a fraction of an inch at a time. Even with the frequent delays while she reversed direction to ensure we stayed well lubricated, I felt the firm globes of her ass come to rest on my belly sooner than I'd expected it would; I'd figured that not having to experience the

loss of a maidenhead wasn't going to help her much with getting my man-sized erection into her virginal chamber.

In any event, once she was "sitting" on me, she put her hands on my chest and leaned back again — clearly for the express purpose of making it even easier for the rest of them to see what she'd accomplished. As she held herself still over me, I could only admire the courage and selflessness she was demonstrating by not only sharing such a personal and intimate experience with her friends, but going so far as to expose herself to their examination as much as she was. It made me realize that my own concerns about simply having sex in front of them had been relatively minor and petty.

Again, Casandra waited longer than she had to before starting to move herself on me. The way she was positioned over me made it possible for her to begin by simply rocking herself back and forth slightly, moving herself less than half an inch to start with. Though a bit tentative at first, the combination of her ample lubrication and having had some time to adjust to my presence made it possible for her to increase her movements fairly easily. It didn't take but a minute or two for her to advance to sliding herself along nearly my entire length — accompanied by soft moans of pleasure.

Ignoring my own advice that the two of us simply concentrate on each other, I had a quick glance around to see how the others were responding to what was happening. I couldn't see all of them because of Casandra's body blocking most of the view, but the ones that I *could* see were uniformly entranced and awed by what was happening in front of them. The only exceptions were Darci and Celia, who were sitting mostly off to the side and out of the way of the others — and even they were plainly aroused at watching Casandra's activities.

With everyone's eyes essentially locked on where Casandra was moving herself up and down my manhood more and more quickly, I didn't figure there was any reason I couldn't or shouldn't have a little fun myself, and slid my hands up to try and cover Casandra's ample breasts. After giving their spongy mass a few squeezes, I spent about equal amounts of time between teasing her nipples and areolas, and caressing their smooth and warm surface with my fingertips. After a few minutes of THAT, I had another bright idea and lifted my head so that I could begin applying soft kisses to random spots on the little bit of Casandra's back that I could get to.

Being "obliged" to lean back and support her body with her arms was taking energy away from Casandra that she'd doubtless rather have used for other purposes, and the added drain eventually began to take its toll. Once I was sure that she was slowing down because she was getting tired and not because she wanted to, I reluctantly released the hold I had on her breasts so I could apply a slight pressure to her hips until she stopped moving. When she turned her head to look at me, I softly told her "I can tell you're getting tired. Let's move so I can take over, okay?"

She didn't hesitate to tell me "Yeah, I'd like that..."

Grinning at her willingness, I asked "Do you want me behind you, or on top?"

"I want to save on top for last... I want us to be able to kiss and stuff after you climax."

"Then if you'll get off of me, we can move and I can do all the work", I answered, giving her hips a soft pat and getting a smile from her in return.

Sitting up again, Casandra carefully raised herself up to ease herself off of my manhood. She was slow and careful about it enough that when the head finally slipped free of her, the breaking of the vacuum

seal between her vagina and my cock didn't cause any undue or embarrassing noises. With us uncoupled, it took only a few seconds for her to get off of me; as she was shifting to her hands and knees, I started to get up as well. I don't know if it was deliberate or not, but Casandra had positioned herself so that her cute ass was pointed toward our audience — making it possible for them to see that her labia were glistening with the oils that had escaped her, and that the entrance to her vagina was open. Then when I got to my knees, I was careful not to notice or pay any attention to the fact that at least six pairs of eyes locked on my shiny erection as it swayed in front of me. As I moved behind Casandra I could see that all six of the (presumed) virgins in the class were constantly shifting their gaze from my stiff cock to Casandra's opening (which was beginning to slightly drool her juices by that time).

As much as I would have *liked* to take the time to really savor the view that Casandra was presenting me, I didn't figure that was the time or place for it; my regret at the lost opportunity was **more** than countered by the feeling of Casandra's hot, wet, and delightfully tight womanhood when I'd once again filled her with my cock.

I thought that I had some idea of how responsive and passionate Casandra could be, but found out that I didn't have a clue: after I'd been steadily thrusting myself in and out of her for only a few minutes, she surprised the hell out of me by having an orgasm... and not a small one, either. I had barely acknowledged that I could feel *something* happening inside her when she cried out and clamped down on me almost painfully tight. As her body shuddered its way through several cycles of pleasure and release, Casandra's vagina was clenching around me all along my length in a uniform tightening that was different than anything I'd experienced before. It was most definitely pleasant (!!), but I remembered her desire that we be facing each other when I climaxed, and resisted the urge to take the few strokes that I'd have needed to empty myself in her.

When the spasms coursing through her had passed, I waited until I felt her press herself back against me before starting to move in her again. Even as I was pressing myself into her the first time, I heard her utter a deep and intense "Oh, **God**, that's good!" in response.

Several minutes passed with me steadily cycling myself through the tight ring of her opening as she pressed herself back at me in response to my thrusts and released an occasional soft moan of pleasure and arousal. My own level of excitement was rising, as well; it finally got to the point that it seemed a good idea for Casandra and I to change positions again. I gradually slowed my strokes in her, and when she turned her head to look at me, I answered her unspoken question by saying "I think it's time we change again, so we're facing each other like you want."

Understanding what I was telling her, Casandra nodded her head and waited the few seconds it took for me to extract my manhood from her intimate clutches. When she felt me slip free, she didn't hesitate to get on her back and spread her legs. I moved between her knees, and once I'd leaned over and gotten the head of my cock nestled against her opening, she brought her legs up and wrapped them around my waist. I lowered my head so the two of us could share a brief but affectionate kiss; when it was over, I raised my head again and the two of us locked eyes before I began to slowly press myself into her again. The look in her eyes told me how much she enjoyed the feeling of my hardness steadily filling her womanhood. I was still watching her when the change in position allowed me to ease the last bit of my erect penis through her portal, leaving me complete inside her and totally filling her: the ring of her vaginal entrance was clenched around the very bottom of my penis while the tip of it was gently



pressing against the deepest part of her. I saw her eyes widen to nearly the size of saucers before she quietly told me "I thought you were big when I was on top of you — I never thought having you in me would feel like *this*, though! It's wonderful!", delighted.

Lifting myself off of her a little more, I arched my hips back and slowly eased myself out of her until only the glans of my erection was in her, then paused a moment and just as slowly filed her up again. As I did, she closed her eyes and groaned her satisfaction with the sensation I was creating in her. Once I'd buried myself in her again, I couldn't resist giving her a little nudge with my pelvis, knowing that it would apply a slight pressure against her erect clitoris. Her eyes flew open in response, and I heard her soft "ohgod!" of pleasure.

From that point, I steadily escalated the speed of my movements to ensure that I didn't cause her any discomfort in our new position. Her responses made it amply clear that I wasn't, and once I was pistoning in and out of her at a steady pace, I was willing to try experimenting a little bit.

It wasn't difficult to find a speed and length of stroke that she enjoyed more than the others, and when I began to deliberately bump myself against her at the end of each thrust, the added stimulation of her clitoris soon had her gasping and moaning. Sadly, I couldn't maintain the pace of our lovemaking as long as I would have wanted to, and eventually had to slow down a bit. With the reduction in the physical excitement I was providing, she was able to look up at me and gasp "I... I want to see... what it looks like..."

Though continuing to move in her, I was able to tell her "You'll have to bend almost in half. I can help hold you there, but it still might be uncomfortable."

Somewhat more steadily, she answered "I don't want to stay like that, I just want to watch for a little bit."

I just nodded my understanding, and when I reached back and nudged one of the legs she had wrapped around my waist, she understood she needed to move it... and let me guide it to where I could get my arm behind her knee. She moved the other leg on her own, and it was only a few more seconds before I was able to lever her legs upwards. After she raised her head, I damn near had her knees by her ears when she told me "There! Like that!"

I tilted my head down and watched with her as I went through several cycles of emptying and filling her woman's chamber with my stiffness before she said "Dear god, that's so sexy. I can see it and feel it at the same time!" as we watched her labia stretch out slightly when I withdrew from her, and then compress when my thrust started. After we'd witnessed it happen several times, she told me "You can unfold me now — I'll *never* forget what that looked like!"

Once I removed my arms from behind her legs, she brought her knees up as high as I figured she could and arched her pelvis up at me before softly telling me "I'm getting close... I can feel it. FUCK me, dammit... like you were before!"

Surprised by her language, it took me a moment to realize that she wanted an orgasm worthy of having given away her virginity. I didn't have the energy to return to the pace that she'd liked so much, but I knew I could damn sure do something else that had worked.

I didn't bother answering her, nor did I change the way I was thrusting into her — except to go back to bumping my pelvis against hers each time.

As I expected, it didn't take much of that to have her getting even wetter around me and moaning almost continuously as she lifted her hips in welcome each time I penetrated her. After only a couple of minutes of that, I again started to feel a change in her. Knowing then that it signaled her approaching orgasm (which I knew would do ME in, too), I shorted my strokes in favor of making them more rapid; less than a minute later, she practically screamed with the start of her release. Only her copious wetness made it possible for me to make the last few thrusts into her indescribably tight vagina I needed before I pushed myself as far into her as I could — even as the first spray of my semen was erupting from my cock. I heard myself groan with the intensity of the pleasure of it, even as my body tensed to do it again. Beneath me, Casandra's body was heaving and shuddering with the power of the orgasm she was experiencing.

My age and gender contrived to have my release ending well before hers did; that left me free to savor the feeling of her warmth and wetness clenching around my manhood as the movements of her body used her nipples to draw undoubtedly erotic designs on my chest.

The tremors in her young frame were mild and infrequent when I lowered my body over hers again, careful to support most of my weight on my elbows. I nuzzled her neck for a little bit before touching my lips to hers briefly, then doing it again a couple of seconds later. After I'd kissed her a third time, her eyes opened, and I could see that the intensity of what she'd just experienced had left her a little disoriented. I waited patiently for the few seconds it took for her to get her wits about her again, and when her eyes focused on me, I gave her a smile before asking "Are you going to be all right now?"

Shocked by what she'd just been through, she looked at me solemnly and answered "I hope so."

I touched my lips to hers again, and she readily kissed me back before I asked "Was that what you wanted to happen when you told me you were close?"

Remembering what she'd said, she blushed slightly and told me "That was WAY more than I wanted. I knew it would be something special if you were the first guy I was with, but I never thought I could have anything like *that*. I don't think you did any tricks or anything either, did you? I mean, except that little bit there at the end?"

"No, no tricks or anything — just what you wanted me to, is all."

"Then... then when I make love with someone that doesn't do that, it'll still feel *almost* that good? I mean, I think if I had too many like that one, it'd kill me..."

I had to smile again as I told her "Yeah, it would probably feel **almost** as good. Or it should, anyway, if the guy cares enough."

She considered that in silence for a bit, then looked at me again with affection as she said "I can feel you... still inside me. I like it, a lot. And I know you're holding yourself up so that you don't like, *squish* me while you stay over me like this. You're a good teacher, but you're such a DEAR, too. I wish I could make love with you again... I mean, if it's okay, and you wanted to, too."

"I think it would be okay, and yes, I'd want to, too. But that's going to have to be later. I'm **pretty** sure the others are going to have about a million and a half questions for you, and I don't know how patient they'll be now that we're done."

Reminded that we'd made love in front of the rest of the class, I saw Casandra pinken slightly before she said "Yeah, I guess they will. But before you have to get off of me, I want to tell you: I love you."

Not the get married kind, but the someone special kind, like you told me. You helped me a LOT with this, and made this something even more precious to me than I thought it would be. I'm *glad* I asked if you could be the one I gave my virginity to, and that you said yes; you've made me SO happy, today."

I lowered my head and gave her a tender kiss on the forehead before answering "That's all I could have hoped for, Casandra — that you'd be happy when it was done."

Touched by what I'd done and said, Casandra smiled up at me. A second later, when I began to lift myself off of her, she got (mostly) serious again. When I'd slid my softened penis out of her, I quickly moved to the side and got myself stretched out on my back so the rest of the class could see what had happened with ME. It wasn't much, compared to Casandra, and it didn't take long for them to lose interest and return their attentions to her.

I heard Casandra ask for a small gym bag she'd set nearby when we'd gotten the mats ready, and after it was passed to her I saw her pull out a medium-sized towel, as well as a small plastic container. When she opened the container, it proved to hold a couple of damp washcloths. She sat up slightly and asked "Does anyone want to see what I look like before I clean up a little bit?", clearly ready to accept either answer. After a few seconds passed without any response, she calmly wiped her pelvis and crotch clean of our combined juices. Once she was done, she set the washcloth aside and unfolded the towel a couple of times before sliding it under herself and sitting up more with the explanation "I know all of Mister Thompson's semen hasn't drained out of me yet, and I don't want to make a mess on the blanket he brought in. In a little bit, after I figure all of his stuff is out of me, I'll wipe myself off again. Until then, I won't mind if all of you want to look at me, and see what happens."

None of them seemed inclined to take advantage of the offer; nearly a minute went by before Nawar broke the logjam by moving close enough that she could lean forward and give Casandra's sex a proper examination. Once she was satisfied she'd learned what she wanted to know, she scooted herself back again. After that the other five did much the same, though the amount of time they spent looking varied considerably. Sharla was the last (and longest to look); when she moved back, Casandra told them "I'll answer *anything* you want to ask me about. The whole reason I wanted my first time to happen like this is so you could find out for yourselves what it's all about — including the stuff that you couldn't actually SEE."

Nawar was the one to get things going again by asking "It really didn't hurt?"

Smiling, Casandra answered "Not even a **little** bit. I really think that even if I *had* had a hymen, it wouldn't have been bad. Mister Thompson was real good about not doing anything to rush me or anything like that. The whole time I was getting all this worked out, he kept telling me 'only do what's right for YOU', and that's what I did. Sometimes it wasn't easy getting him in me, 'cause he felt HUGE, but it never *hurt*. I just took my time and went slow; any time something didn't feel right, I did whatever I had to to make it better again."

"It looked like you, uh, kinda backed up a little bit sometimes. Is that why?" Mallory wanted to know.

"Yeah. Even though I left some of my spit on him to help make him slippery, and I knew I was pretty wet inside, it still felt like we were kinda getting stuck sometimes. When it did, I'd slide off and back on him a little bit until it went away. The rest of the time, I just kind of sat down on him until it started to feel uncomfortable; then I'd hold still until I got used to him again. Like I said, he felt HUGE in me — but once I got started, it also felt so... so *right*, too, and so **good**."

Kathrine asked "You're on birth control? I mean, we could see that he didn't pull out of you when he climaxed...", blushing slightly.

"I am. Because I didn't have anything blocking the way, the doctor was able to give me an IUD — that's for Intra Uterine Device — so I don't have to take pills or anything. I wouldn't have done this, with ANYONE, if I wasn't."

"We could see that you had a couple of orgasms with him. Did it really feel that good?" Sharla inquired.

Casandra's smile got even bigger and her whole face lit up before she answered "Yeah, it did. I had orgasms, didn't I? And so nobody has to ask, yeah, they really were that strong. I don't know if it was because it was my first time, that it was Mister Thompson making me feel that way, or just that I was actually having sex — but it was *wonderful*, even better than I'd dreamed it would be, and **way** better than anything else I've ever felt."

That testimonial earned me a few appraising looks before they turned their attention back to Casandra. Evette's question was "Could you feel it when he climaxed? Inside you, I mean?"

"Kind of. It didn't feel like it LOOKS when it happens for him, but I still felt something warm inside me and how much wetter I got." Following that, she grinned and added "I liked it, and knowing that *I* was making him climax made it even better."

For the next half hour or so, Casandra patiently fielded the rest of their questions. Those ranged far and wide, and included such things as if or how it felt different for her in the different positions we'd used, whether or not she thought she'd experience any pain or discomfort from being stretched inside, and more. The last question from any of them came from Nawar, who wanted to know "I guess now you'll want to have sex again?"

Casandra answered by calmly telling her "**If** it was with a nice guy that was patient and everything and was really interested in me, and wanted to make ME feel good, too — yeah, I would. I'd be *glad* to make love with Mister Thompson any time he wanted me to."

Of course, that got me looked over by all of them again before Casandra asked "Is there anything else? If not, it's getting close to lunch time, and *I'd* like to get dressed for it before I go out."

All of them looked around and realized that they were all nude, and laughed briefly before letting her know they were done. Casandra checked the towel she was on, and apparently decided that if all of my cum hadn't drained out, then it was at least enough to make it worth her time to clean up again. After she'd wiped herself off, she pulled out a third damp washcloth that I hadn't seen and offered it to me. I took it and casually removed the sticky residue that remained from our lovemaking (under the watchful eyes of six nubile teenyboppers) as she got the others back into the container, then slid the towel out from under her butt and re-folded it so that the wet parts were on the inside before carefully tucking it back into the bag. I handed her the last of the damp cloths, and she got it sealed into the container with the rest of them. I felt pretty sure that she'd be doing a small and quick load of laundry as soon as she got home.

Satisfied, Casandra indicated that she was ready to get up and get dressed again; I managed to stand up first, and readily provided her with assistance in getting to her feet. Holding hands, the two of us went back to the privacy area and got dressed again — a process that was slowed somewhat by the number

of affectionate kisses we exchanged along the way.

When we came out, we saw that the others had also gotten dressed again; in addition, they'd thoughtfully set Casandra's bag next to her chair, and folded my blanket and set it on the corner of my desk, as well as re-stacking the mats we'd used.

While it was still a bit earlier than I'd usually have turned them loose, I told them that they could go ahead and get something to eat, if they wanted... and that I'd expect them back in class at the usual time, giving them a little extra time I knew they'd use to talk about what had happened.

Pleased by the extended lunch break, the lot of them swarmed out. I used the time before classes usually broke for lunch to get my blanket back into my car while nobody was watching.

That afternoon, they were appreciably more alert and attentive... but it was still a good thing that I didn't actually have to try to teach them anything.

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It was the last hour of school the afternoon before a 3-day weekend, and I expect that all of us were ready for a break — the weather had been good (and was predicted to remain that way for the weekend), and all of us were ready to take advantage of it. I was sitting in my chair behind my desk listening to the girls chatter about what they'd be doing that weekend. Some were going camping with their family, a few were going to stay home and have a big cookout, and others were traveling to visit relatives in another state. Expecting that one of them would do it, I wasn't surprised when Nawar casually asked "What have you got planned for this weekend, Mister Thompson?"

I drew a laugh from those that were listening as I answered "I'm going to stay home and rest up from trying to ride herd on all you characters!"

When it had quieted down a bit again, Nawar wanted to know "No, really... don't you have anything planned?"

"Not even. I'm just going to stay home and relax, and maybe use the pool at my apartment complex a little. Other than that, the most enthusiastic I figure to be is rolling over on the couch."

The smile I got from her was a little strange, but I didn't think anything of it, what with all of us counting down the minutes until we could leave.

I learned that I should have paid more attention to it late the next morning.

I'd slept in (due in part to several beers in the apartment clubhouse during a small cookout the previous evening), and had only put on a pair of old cutoff jeans and a tee shirt from my college days while getting breakfast. I was sitting back on the couch watching a pregame show on television when my doorbell chimed.

Wondering who the hell it could be, I muted the TV and went to find out — only to be surprised at finding it was Nawar, looking rather serious for the tank-top and walking shorts she had on, paying me a visit. I invited her in, and asked if there was anything she'd like to drink. She passed on the offer, and the two of us went in to the living room. Once I was seated, I shut the TV off and asked "So what is it that has you darkening my door on the first day of a long weekend?", teasing her a bit.

That didn't get so much as a grin out of her, which left me feeling a bit alarmed as I waited to hear what she had to say.

After a few moments, she visibly pulled herself together and told me "I'm sorry to bother you outside of school — 'specially on a weekend like this. But there's been something on my mind for quite a while now, and I **really** need to talk to somebody about it. It's not something I could go to my folks about, and I'm afraid that anybody else that would be able to help would just tell me what THEY think instead of helping me figure out what's right for *me*."

Hearing that, I understood why she looked so serious, and why she hadn't responded to my (admittedly) little joke. As reassuringly as I could, I told her "If you didn't think you could talk to me about whatever it is in school, then coming over here is fine... no matter what day or time it is. I'll do what I can for you, Nawar, you know that; but it would help if I had some idea of what's going on."

Again, there was a slight delay before she asked me "You know that my grandparents were born here right after their folks came here from Pakistan, right?"

I nodded that I did, and she continued "Growing up here, they only kinda-sorta picked up about what it's like in America — but not much, because they lived in a Paki community. I mean, my grandmother, she was fine with it when she was set up with an arranged marriage to a guy she hardly knew; both my grandparents grew up almost entirely with Pakistani ways and customs after they married and had kids. My parents didn't have an arranged marriage, but they didn't miss it by much, either; my mom and dad knew each other almost their entire lives. I've heard that if my folks hadn't TRIED to learn to do stuff the American way and made such a fuss about it, both of them probably would have gotten married to someone else. Anyway, when they started living on their own, it was mostly the other way around: they tried to live the American way as much as they could, but still had **their** folks pushing them to do stuff the way they do 'back home'. For my folks, 'home' is HERE, not Pakistan, but I've heard how much of a hard time they get from my grandparents about doing things the Pakistani way — what me and my sister should be doing, what my brothers should be doing, how we dress, ALL of it."

Not having come from a different culture, all I could do was remain silent and nod. That was all she needed to continue "Honestly, Mister Thompson, I've only been to Pakistan once in my entire life... and that was so long ago I don't even remember it. I don't even think of myself as *being* Pakistani that way; I'm an American. But my grandparents, they talk like Pakistan is the center of the universe and that Paki traditions and customs are the only *right* way to live. So even though my mom and dad don't tell us kids to do stuff a certain way, we still do because of the trouble our folks would have if we didn't. Except that most of what my grandparents think is right just doesn't WORK the way they think it does or should outside of the Paki community. And that's what's bothering me so much: there's something I **know** that I want to do, but it's SO against the Paki way of doing things, and I'm having a really hard time trying to figure out what to do about it. I guess you can see that if I tried to talk to my folks about it, they'd know the hard time they'd get from my grandparents, and I wouldn't get their real, honest opinion. I don't know any adults that grew up with a different culture... at least, not well enough to talk to them about what's on my mind, anyway. Even though you're all American and can't really understand just how big a problem this is for me, I know you can at least help me figure this out so I **can** decide what to do."

She waited patiently as I thought about what she'd said, and what she wanted me to do. When she saw I was ready to talk, she perked up a bit and listened as I told her "No, I can't *understand* the problem the way you're experiencing it — but if you don't mind me asking a lot of extra questions, I think that I can at least **appreciate** the situation you're in. I'd do the best I could, anyway, but if you can put up with me

asking a bunch of goofy questions, I'm sure I can do even better."

She managed to give me a small smile as she answered "I don't think your questions will be all THAT goofy, compared to some I've had people ask me. Yeah, if it'll help, I'm fine with whatever you want to ask."

The next thing I wanted to know was "How much time do we have? Should I call your folks or anything?"

"Oh, you don't have to do that. Everybody else went to visit my grandparents. I got out of it by saying there was something I wanted to work on for school, and they let me stay home. I've been home by myself before, so they know I wouldn't have people over or throw a big party or anything. I've got my dad's cell phone with me in case they want to talk to me, or I need to call them. They'll probably call later, and again sometime tomorrow, but that's about it."

Satisfied that there wasn't any hurry, I began talking with her — asking questions about different things and paying close attention to the answers I got, getting different points clarified, approaching things from two or three (or even several) different 'angles' to try and get an idea of how big of a deal something was, and so on. Along the way, I was also explaining (as best I could) what my thought processes were, and what I thought or hoped might be possible; in return, Nawar was able to help me get an even feel for what kinds of things I should be asking. Partway through the process, she told me "Mister Thompson, even your *questions* are making me think about stuff differently!" She also proved to be as tolerant of my questions as she'd said she'd be; not once did she have to try to hide a smile or look of exasperation.

By the time we finished, I was nearly floored to discover that nearly four hours had passed since I'd let her into my apartment. When I pointed that little fact out to Nawar, she looked ashamed as she told me "I'm really sorry about taking up so much of your time away from work..."

I hastened to assure her that she was welcome to as much of my time as she needed; that I'd pointed it out ONLY because of how quickly it had seemed to pass. She was willing to accept my explanation, and waited patiently as I worked my through everything that I'd heard and learned from her. That took a little while, and she didn't hesitate to get herself something to drink when she got thirsty.

Nawar was again seated across from me when I finally got everything I knew about the situation she'd described boiled down to what I figured the essentials were. As I told her what I'd come up with, she wasn't reluctant to ask me to amplify or explain some of what I said, so that she was sure she understood what I was saying. When I was done, she considered what I'd said for a bit before telling me "Okay, I can see how everything else depends on that stuff. *Now* all I've got to do is decide is how important those things are to me, and what I think about them. Then I'll know what I need to do."

"Yeah, that's about the size of it", I confirmed. "If you want to be by yourself while you think, I won't be offended if you want to go home; if you want, you're welcome to stay here for as long as you want."

In response, she told me "I think I'd like to stay here. I don't want to be alone, but I don't need a lot of noise and such while I'm trying to think, either." A second later, she asked "Could I sit on your lap, so you can hold me while I'm thinking?", a bit apprehensive.

"Of course you can", I answered. Getting myself turned on the couch a bit, I was able to stretch out a little, making it possible for both of us to be comfortable for a while. Nawar got her tight little butt

settled on me, then leaned over to rest against my chest, the top of her head right under my chin. I put my arms around her, holding her loosely as she released a soft sigh of contentment. A moment later, I heard her say "I really DO appreciate that you'd give up so much of your time like this. Maybe you don't think it's any big deal, but it is to *me*. All of us in your class know how lucky we are that you're our teacher. Most of us thought you were just blowing smoke that first day, when you told us what kind of teacher you wanted to be; but since then, we've all seen that you ARE like that... and not just at school, either."

I just gave her a soft hug and managed to kiss the top of her head before telling her "Thank you. Now figure out what you need to do so you can find a solution to whatever has been bothering you."

After trying to snuggle herself a little closer to my chest, she remained still on my lap. If it hadn't been for the involuntary movements she made, and the occasional under-her-breath muttering, I would have been tempted to think that she'd fallen asleep — particularly when she stayed like that for over an hour.

My legs were in danger of falling asleep when I finally heard her voice again. Without moving from where she was, she told me "Okay, I think I've got it figured out, now. I know it isn't going to be easy, and there are going to be some consequences, but I know what I have to do."

"What's that?"

I felt and heard as she sighed heavily before answering "First, I'm going to have to get my parents and grandparents to understand that no matter what, *they're* more 'Pakistani' than I am; I'm an **American** whose family is from Pakistan, not a Pakistani living in America... I think my parents will understand better than my grandparents. I won't like it, but if I have to, I can ask my grandparents why the family left Pakistan if it was so great and wonderful — and point out to them that Pakistan is the way it is now *because* of the customs and traditions there, both the good ones AND the bad ones; and that the same thing is true of America... if they came here because it was better in America, then it we should be learning and following American ways if we're going to live and do the best we can here. I think they'll do it more than they want to, but my parents are going to give me a hard time because my grandparents will be after them to change my mind, just like they'll be trying to do. That's where the consequences come in. Not only am I probably going to be punished for the way I'll have to talk to them, but I'm going to have to have the strength to not give in to all the fussing and talking and complaining they'll dump on me — and there will be a LOT of it. Most of it will be open and direct; but they'll also take a lot of tiny little nips at me, too, and that will actually be the hardest part. I'm going to have to try and think of a way to handle it so it doesn't make me do or say something foolish, and get myself into even more trouble. The good part is that I know my sister and brothers will do whatever they can to help me, even if they don't dare stand up like I'll have to do. If I have the strength to insist on what I know is *right*, AND avoid doing something that gets them angrier with me, I'm sure I can win. But it's going to be very, very difficult."

I didn't think for a moment that she was overstating the repercussions of what she proposed to do; if anything, I figured they'd be even worse. Knowing what kind of student she was, and having a pretty damn good idea of what her personality and character were, I considered what I might be able to do to help her. After a bit of thought, I was able to tell her "For a bunch of reasons, I can't *put* myself in any situation you're in at home. **But**, I can answer any questions you have, or give you advice or suggestions if you come to me with problems. And if it happens that your parents should get in touch with me about what's going on, I'm free to tell them what *I* think."



As I'd expected she would, Nawar caught the subtleties of what I said, and promptly asked me "Is there anything you can tell me that might help? With ANY of it?"

The open-ended nature of her question gave me the latitude to answer "First thing I can think of is this: absolutely **the** hardest person to argue with is the one that won't actually argue. What they do instead is just stand there and let you talk and talk and talk... and not say a thing back to you, no matter what. One person I knew that did that told me he pretended to be a rock, and that all the words were just water: it would take ten thousand years for them to make any difference to him at all."

Nawar nodded her head, and I could almost hear the smile she must have had as she asked "What else?"

"For all the little nips you said they'll take, *I'd* be tempted to do one of a couple of things. The first is to turn it around and do the same thing back — if they say something like you've forgotten you're Pakistani, you **politely** take note of the fact that THEY seem to have forgotten you were born an American. Maybe not right then or directly to them, but later, so they can overhear it. The other option would be to not actually say anything, but just let them see you looking at them as though their words had physically hurt you; try to make THEM feel guilty, instead of just accepting the pain. Don't make a big production out of it, though — the idea is that THEY should feel the little nips, not you."

She tilted her head back to look up at me with something like delight on her face as she told me "I'm glad you're helping me, and not my parents and grandparents!"

I took the opportunity to give her a quick kiss before answering "I wouldn't do that — you're WAY prettier and more fun than I'll bet they are!", making her giggle briefly as she nestled against my chest again.

"The last thing", I told her, "is that ANY help you can get from your brothers and sister helps not just you, but them, too. So if they feel the way you do, get them to understand that anything they can do to stand up for you means that they're standing up for themselves, too. They don't have to do or say anything like you; any resistance from any of them helps ALL of you by making your parents understand how what your grandparents say affects things. Again, you don't have to actually try to talk to your parents or argue with them; just getting them to see the contradictions in YOUR lives is enough. Sooner or later, I'll bet they make the connection between what you're going through and what happened with their own lives — and realize that you're doing exactly what you should be: integrating into America, instead of being lifetime exile Pakistanis."

Comfortable on my lap and with my arms around her as she leaned against my chest, Nawar sat quietly for perhaps another twenty minutes or so before telling me "Knowing what I'm going to have to do, and what's going to happen... it's made it easier for me to figure out what's right for ME about what I know I want to do, which is what got me all messed up with the other part."

I hugged her gently and told her "I'm glad to hear that."

When I didn't say anything else after a few seconds, she asked "Don't you want to know what it was, and what I decided?"

"Only if you want to tell me, Nawar. You didn't say anything about it before, so I just figured it was something personal."

"Well, it **is** personal. But you should hear it, because it involves you, too."

Curious, I asked "What is it, then?", totally unprepared for the answer I got: "I want you to make love with me."

It's a good thing that functions like breathing and heartbeats are part of the autonomous functions, and not dependent on conscious thought; otherwise, I'd likely have ended up underground and looking at the wrong end of the flowers. That short and simple statement from her had the effect of putting my brain in complete lockdown; I literally couldn't think at ALL for quite some time. Only when I felt Nawar nervously shift in my arms was I able to start stringing together even the flimsiest of thought processes.

When I could finally tell I was close to coherent again, the best I could do was ask her "Why?"

"I could give you probably a million examples", she answered, "but all of them boil down to just a couple of actual *reasons*. One of them is that I **know** that I'd like it. I mean, the way you've made me feel just the times we've used our mouths on each other have been terrific. On top of that, I saw how you were with Casandra, and how you made HER feel; I don't doubt for even a SECOND that it would be just as good for me. The other reason is that **again**, I know you'd be as patient and understanding and gentle and all that with me as you were with Casandra — and Celia and Darci. After you were with Casandra, all of us started talking one time, and they finally told us about what they were doing... not just each other, but that they'd given their virginity to you. They wouldn't give any details, even though a couple of girls asked; all they'd say was that it had been their idea, and that they'd been with you more than once. Well, that, and what you'd been like with them, without saying what any of you had done."

Hearing that, I realized that I'd never cautioned Darci and Celia about not saying anything to anyone — and that they'd kept it confidential, anyway. At least, until I'd made love with Casandra in front of the whole class; even then, they hadn't divulged any particulars... only that it had happened, and what they thought about it. With that, I knew that I needn't have said anything to them in the first place, since they'd done exactly what I would have asked, anyway.

Dragging my thoughts back to the conversation I was having with Nawar, I reviewed what she'd just said, and wanted to know "You're a virgin, then? And you want to stop being one with ME?"

"Yes, and yes. I started *really* thinking about sex when you showed us what happens when a guy has a climax, although I wasn't thinking about it with YOU. But when you made me feel so good when we had the oral sex class, I started wondering what it might be like if it was you and me. That's why I was so glad for the chance to find out what I could do for you, and have you climax in my mouth. Then when it was just you and me, here, you made it even easier and better for me, and that's when I started thinking that you could make me feel good **THAT** way, too — but I still wasn't sure about giving up my virginity. After Casandra said she was going to let the rest of us watch while she was with you her first time, I was glad for the chance to learn at least a **little** bit about what happens. It wasn't anything like I thought it would be, and when Casandra said what she did about giving you her virginity, I didn't figure it would be as bad as I'd been afraid it would. Up until I heard what Darci and Celia had to say about you, there were still two separate things in my mind: that it would feel good if I was with YOU, and that giving my virginity to someone didn't **HAVE** to be hard. But it was when Celia and Darci both told us how you were with them the first time that those two things in my mind came together. When they did, I realized that I already knew what kind of person you are, and that I didn't have to be worried or afraid with you — that you're the kind of guy I *want* to be with my first time, so that it's nice, the way I want it to be."

Taking a deep and somewhat shaky breath, she went on to say "That's when I was **sure** that I wanted us to make love — 'cause I knew that's what it would be. And that's when I started trying to get ready for it to happen, too; I went by myself down to the family planning place, and they were able to get me started on birth control without having to tell my folks — which would have sent them into *orbit*, if they'd found out. When I realized that I was actually getting ready to give you my virginity by doing stuff that would hit my parents that way, that was when I started having all these, like, *arguments* with myself about all of it. Sometimes I could hear my parents and grandparents talking to me and telling me I was dishonoring them and my family and everything; but other times I was telling myself that I'm not really Pakistani like they are, and that I should be able to decide things for myself like other girls do. I was starting to think I was going to go CRAZY with all of it when I finally decided I just had to talk to somebody; and that's how I settled on coming here and talking to you. I was SO afraid that you were going to go out of town like everyone else, or be busy with something."

After hearing how she'd gotten to that point, and knowing what she was going to have to go through to settle the problems she'd had, the only thing I could say to her was "Sweetheart, I would consider it an honor and a privilege to be the one to make you a woman."

She pulled away from me a little bit so she could look up into my face and uncertainly ask "You will? Really?"

Smiling, I answered "Yes, I will. Really."

The hopeful expression she got was reflected in her voice when she wanted to know "Can it be more than just once? I mean, can I stay here for a little while? Maybe... maybe even... the whole night?"

Thrown by her eagerness and the questions, I had to think about it for a bit before I could answer "That's up to you, dear. I expect you know what would happen with your parents if they thought something was going on; if that's a risk you're willing to take, or you think you can handle it, then I'm fine with having you here as long as you want to stay this weekend."

Reminded of the potential consequences of having her parents (or, by implication, someone else) learn what she wanted us to do sobered her considerably. Enough so that she was quiet and thoughtful while she thought it all through. When she had, though, she looked up at me again and confidently said "I'm old enough that us being together isn't *illegal*, and if my family finds out... well, it just shows them that I really am more American than Paki. I want to stay."

I acknowledged her decision by giving her a little pat on the butt and saying "Then you're welcome to stay for however long. But I need to stretch my legs a little bit, first. Your big ol' butt is starting to make them a little numb", teasing her.

She immediately got indignant and declared "My butt is not that big! We've just been sitting her for a long time, is all!"

Grinning, I told her "No, your butt isn't that big. In fact, I think you've got a very **nice** butt."

Realizing that I'd been jerking her chain, she muttered something under her breath (I didn't figure it was complimentary, and didn't ask what it was) before grinning back at me and saying "Just for that, I want you to make love with me an *extra* time, just to make up for saying it."

"Well, I **suppose** I could do that..." I replied with feigned reluctance. She saw right through it, and her grin only got wider before I patted her butt again and said "I really do need to get up and stretch a

little."

With a dramatic sigh and pretend disgust, she turned and got to her feet. Her act came apart when I got my feet on the floor, and then reached around her to give her ass several exploratory squeezes, followed by saying "Yup, very nice, indeed..."

Laughing, she theatrically reached back and pulled my hands off her butt before telling me "Okay, fine, you're forgiven. Now go take care of whatever; I'll still be here when you get back."

I stood up, and we hugged each other before I left to prepare for what I knew was coming.

After brushing my teeth again and clearing the stubble off my face, I made sure my bladder was empty before heading back for the living room. When I got there, I was surprised and delighted to see that she was standing there facing me — nude.

Every time I'd been blessed with seeing her like that, I could only wonder what I'd done to deserve the chance to look at her that way, and feel something like awe that all that DNA and all those chromosomes had come together so perfectly. If there was a God, he or she or it must have taken a *personal* interest in Nawar's creation.

The long, luxuriously black hair on her head was tucked behind her shell-like ears and fell to the middle of her back; her luminous dark eyes looked at me without shame or fear from the smooth, regular features of her face. The slender neck that supported her head flowed into her delicate and graceful shoulders. High on her chest, her ample (but not overly full) bust was composed of a pair of rounded orbs that were capped with small, dark areolas; protruding from those were the stubs of her pencil-diameter nipples.

Her belly was as easily as flat as a woman's *can* be, and was bracketed by her slender waist and trim hips; there was just enough padding on her to soften her curves. At the base of her abdomen, the small strip of her thick and luxuriously soft pubic hair ran only a short distance up onto her belly. On either side of her mons was the top of her firm, smooth thighs, supported by her trim calves. Her legs were long and graceful, and made up a series of delightfully graceful curves. When I managed to drag my eyes to hers, Nawar gave me a pleased and amused smile before turning around so I could see the obverse side and she looked at me over her shoulder.

Without the pleasant distractions that the front of her had, my attention first went to her ass. Far from merely being "very nice", it should have been declared a national treasure. Though small, it was still **very** nicely rounded; and as I knew from experience, smooth as the proverbial baby's ass on the outside and probably capable of cracking walnuts with the underlying muscle.

There wasn't a blemish or scar or mark to be found on her *anywhere*; with the arrival of summer, she'd darkened a bit, turning her an incredibly sexy bronze color — except for the pale tan area protected by the obviously modest swimsuits her parents must have insisted she wear.

When she saw me finally start to move toward her, she turned to face me again and willingly let me take her into my arms. After giving her a hug, I told her "In case I haven't said it before, you are *incredibly* beautiful and sexy. Every time I get to see you like you are now, I feel like I'm being given a special reward for doing some **exceptional** thing, like saving a bunch of baby nuns with puppies from a fire, or something."

I heard her soft laugh before she told me "Every time you see me naked, you tell me something like

that, as if you'd never said it before. I don't understand it, either; I suppose I'm pretty enough, but I don't think anything like THAT."

"Well, you are. Believe me — I'm a teacher, and I know these things."

She giggled in response, and I went on to tell her "As beautiful and sexy as you are, what I really like the most about you are the things that I've learned about you in class... how smart you are, and how you do the best you can on whatever it is you're working on. I care for you because of what kind of person you've shown me you are — patient and considerate and friendly and a whole lot more. It's everything that's inside your heart and mind that makes you such a special person; the rest of us are just lucky that all that goodness comes in such an attractive package."

The two of us had stood there holding each other for a minute or so when Nawar slowly pulled away from me. After I'd let my arms fall to my side, she just smiled at me and reached out to take hold of the hem of my tee shirt and begin lifting it up. Knowing what she wanted, I just raised my arms over my head to make it easier for her. When the material had covered my eyes, I felt her lean forward to kiss each of MY nipples before she finished peeling my shirt off of me. Once she'd tossed it aside, she next reached for the waistband of the cutoffs I was wearing. I sucked in my gut a little bit to make it easier for her to undo the button; once she'd gotten it, she unhesitatingly pulled the tab of the zipper down. It took only a few moments for gravity to have its effect and pull my cutoffs down to form a puddle of denim around my ankles.

After I stepped out of my cutoffs and kicked them aside, Nawar put her hands on my chest and gently nudged me into position in front of the couch, where a soft push told me she wanted me to sit down. When I had, she told me "I know it'll take you longer to climax after you've already had one, and that's what I want to happen when we make love the first time. So let me do this for you now, so you can make me even happier later."

With that, she calmly knelt down in front of me and nudged my knees apart. After lifting my penis up, she leaned forward and took all of it into her mouth. While she let her arms rest on my thighs, she used her lips and tongue and varying amounts of gentle suction to steadily get me longer and harder. As I got bigger, she reluctantly let the surplus of my manhood slip out from between her lips — and there was appreciably less of me on the outside than what she was happily working on. I'd been fully erect for a bit when she decided that it was time to get **serious** about getting me off. I'd thought she was good before, but over the next several minutes I had the delightful experience of finding out just *how* good she could be when she wanted to. It was actually something of a relief when she finally let me climax as she slowly slid her mouth up and down my stiff cock while caressing the underside of it with what I'd discovered was a VERY nimble tongue. And as I'd learned to expect, she was eager to accept and swallow ever drop of cum that escaped me.

When all there was left for me was the happy afterglow, she carefully used her mouth to make sure I was clean before swallowing what was left of my semen in her mouth. Satisfied with her handiwork (as was I!), she calmly got up and went into the kitchen, reappearing a minute later with a cold soda and a beer. After we'd both had a drink (the beer WAS mine, as it turned out), she set her soda on the table at the end of the couch and unabashedly climbed onto my lap, her legs on the outside of mine. I set my beer aside and got my arms around her and held her still so I could give her kind of kiss I figured she deserved; she heartily cooperated, and we finally let it end only after we'd tried to lick each others tonsils.

Only then did I tell her "That felt *really* nice. I guess you can tell I like that."

Grinning, she answered "Yeah, I know. I **like** doing it. It makes me feel good, knowing that I can get you excited and make you happy that way, and I like how your stuff tastes — 'specially when I get it fresh like that. And I know you like doing it to me, too; and it makes ME excited and happy, so everything works out pretty good for us, doesn't it?"

Grinning back at her, I answered "Yeah, it does — and I'm glad", before pulling her close again.

Both of us were content to just sit there and hold each other for the next little while. Her head rested on my shoulder, and all I had to do was turn my head a little to breathe in the scent of her. If there is *anything* more appealing or better as an aphrodisiac than the faintly soapy aroma of a real, live girl, I have yet to find it. That's particularly true when said girl is stark naked and sitting on your lap, so you can feel her nipples pressing into your chest, surrounded by the warm pillows of her breasts, while her soft pubic hair is faintly tickling your lower belly as you hold her in your arms.

Some time later, Nawar softly told me "When you're holding me like this... I feel safe and secure, and I know that everything is going to be okay. I know that what I'm going to have to do at home is *right*, and I know that I'm going to have to pay for doing it. But I also know that when it's over, it'll have been worth it — mostly because of how you've gotten me to think about more than just the obvious things about stuff, like what happened before, and what it means and what might happen. Everything you had us talking and thinking about for civics and philosophy and all that... it was to try and help us be ready for when we had to start dealing with important things, so we'd be able to analyze them and figure them out. Well, it worked — at least for me. I'm going to be scared and mad and all kinds of stuff — but I won't be afraid, 'cause YOU aren't, and I'll be able to see you every day in school. I *know* you were nervous and worried when you showed us what happened with guys, but you did it anyway because you figured it was something we needed to know. I guess it wasn't as bad for you when we learned about oral sex, but I know that you still could have had a lot of trouble because of it even though our parents and the school said it was okay for you to teach us stuff like that. And then there's how you were willing to be with each of us after that, and how you helped Darci and Celia and Casandra... and now me. You haven't just been teaching us school stuff, even though I that's important. You've been helping us learn how to be better *people*, too. I understand that, now, and I just want you to know that, and that I'm glad about it."

I got her to sit up again so that I could look into her face as I told her "What you just said... **that's** why I wanted to be a teacher — so I could maybe help young people like you and the rest of the class learn how to be the kind of people that you want to be. I told you, way back on the first day of class we had, that I wanted to help make all of you smarter and more educated so you do whatever it was that you wanted to do with your lives. Since then, *I've* learned that all of you are pretty darn smart to start with, so all I've had to do has been to show you that there was more going on than you thought there was. And every last one of you has turned out to be the kind of student that **every** teacher dreams of having: wanting to learn new things, and thinking about what they already know in different ways, and **WANTING** to know more and more. I'm actually proud of ALL of you for how much you've grown since that first day. The extra stuff you say I've done... I did it because I learned what kind of person each of you had inside, and I wanted to bring that out as much as I could. I truly am sorry about what you're going to do at home, because I understand that it's going to cause a lot of problems for you. But because you DID see the situation you're in, and have decided that you're going to have to try to change

it, and are willing to pay the price to make that change happen... I'm even prouder of you."

It wasn't difficult to see all the different feelings running through her — her face and expression showed the happiness and pride she felt at what I thought of her, her resolve to settle her home situation, and the love she felt for me.

In response to the latter, I moved my head forward with the clear intention of kissing her; she mirrored my actions, and when our lips touched, I tried to use our kiss to tell how much I loved her in return.

That kiss lasted longer than I thought it would, and was quickly followed by another... and then a third, and several more. With each one, I could somehow *feel* the underlying emotion changing from love and affection to desire and passion. When we finally had to come up for more than a token effort at breathing, I could see in her eyes that she was ready and eager for us to not only continue, but go even farther and take our feelings and desires as far as we could.

With my arms still around her, I scooted forward on the couch until I was barely seated on it; Nawar knew where I wanted us to go without my having to say a word, and moved to get off my lap — except that once she was in position, I gently pulled her back down on it so that both of her legs were on the same side. She looked at me in confusion until I put my arms behind her legs and back and stood up. That had me holding her in my arms like a child, and she looked at me in delight before putting her arms around my neck and resting her head on my shoulder.

I carried her that way back to the bedroom, where I carefully (and gratefully, since she *wasn't* a child) set her on the bed. I made no bones about looking over her nude form for several seconds as she confidently looked up at me. After getting into bed with her, I got myself on my side next to her. Propped up on my elbow, I put my hand on her belly and told her "You aren't going to make love to me, and I'm not going to make love to you. We're going to make love to *each other* — if you tell me that's what you want by **letting** us make love. I'm not going to push things, but I'm not going to give up if there are any little problems along the way, either. You've told me what you want from this, and I'll do everything in my power to see that you get it."

Her gaze was steady as she told me "I understand... and THIS is what I want — for us to make love together."

In response, I kissed her forehead, then her lips... and then the rest of her face. Eyes, nose, cheeks... all felt the touch of my lips before I kissed my way along her jaw so that I could take one of her earlobes between my lips and "nibble" on it for bit, accompanied by her breathless moan. Then it was back across to the other side, where I repeated my efforts before kissing my way down to her shoulder. After a couple of back and forth passes there, it was a circuitous trip across her throat so I could give the other shoulder a similar treatment.

I continued by using my lips to apply random kisses and little lip-bites across her upper chest and then back again, each time moving my lips a trifle lower; ultimately, I reached my goal: the full, tawny mounds of her breasts. By the time I'd casually worked my lips and tongue to the peak of one of her mounds, her areola was tight and crinkled with her hard nipple standing proud from it. Taking the dark confection that capped her mammary into my mouth, I softly sucked on it while softly strumming the hard rubber cylinder of her nipple with my tongue. After a bit of that, Nawar put her hands in my hair and softly nudged my head, letting me know that the other needed my attention, too. As I enjoyed that

pleasant task, my hand was softly caressing the insides of her parted thighs; along with that, I patiently and gently teasing her clitoris and the entrance to her vagina. When I'd gotten the peaks of both of her breasts as tight and erect as I could manage, it was time to move on again.

Continuing my journey down her body, the smooth expanse of her belly and abdomen earned and got a significant amount of my attentions in the form of varying combinations of soft kisses, gentle bites with my lips, and frequent brief licks. I spent a bit of time finding out what kind of tortures I could apply to her inordinately cute navel; the soft noises she made told me that I was having the desired effect.

Still, there were more and better treats waiting for me at the end of the trip, and I finally went in search of them.

The last part of the journey was even more indirect than the previous. Nawar spread her legs still farther to make room for my body between them, and I eventually found myself with my head poised above and before the treasure that she was willing to share with me. Amid the soft, dark mass of her pubic covering, the slit of her womanhood was easy to discern; within it, I could easily see the edges of her labia were already shiny with the oils that had escaped her. Lowering my head, it was a quick and easy matter to extend my tongue and draw it upwards, barely dipping into the divide and collecting my first taste of her nectar. The next pass of my tongue ended with the tip of it brushing across her clitoris, causing her to lift her hips slightly and release a soft moan.

I'd exhausted the immediate supply of her essence, and not coincidentally increased her excitement considerably, and was about to get *serious* about pleasuring her when I heard her say "I want to get you ready, too..."

It took only few moments to get the orientation of my body reversed before I got a secure hold on her and rolled over onto my back, pulling her on top of me. She barely had time to raise herself over me before I had lifted my head between her trim thighs and began pillaging her pelvis with my tongue. For her part, Nawar was almost as quick to take the entire length of my cock into her mouth.

The next several minutes were spent with the two of us engaged in an alternative to the Cold War policy of MAD: in our case, it was an acronym for Mutually Assured Desire as each of us slowly and steadily fueled the building fires of excitement and arousal in each other. Nawar had gotten me fully erect easily enough, and seemed content to simply keep me that way while I moved her closer and closer to a climax. I'd gotten her to the point that I **knew** it wouldn't take much more for me to help her have an orgasm, making the surprise even greater when she released my cock from between her lips to tell me "Stop there... don't do any more..."

My confusion was resolved when she went on to say "I want you IN me the next time I have an orgasm."

I'll admit that I was tempted to make another run (or two or three or...) across her wet opening and erect clitoris, but managed to set it aside in favor of answering "Of course, dear."

I expected that she would want to be the one on top so that she could control how things progressed, but she surprised me again by getting off of me and laying on her back with the words "I'd like you to have me this way the first time, so I can look at you and feel you over me..."

Keeping my promise to do everything I could to see that she got what she wanted, I sat up and then got myself position between her legs. Spreading her legs a little more, she brought her knees up, tilting her



pelvis up enough that the head of my erection was almost able to slip between her engorged labia. It took only a little adjustment on my part to get the end of my manhood securely nestled against her opening, but without applying any undue pressure.

Lowering the rest of my body a little more, I was able to support myself on my elbows, making it possible to look closely into her face as I told her "I meant what I said about us making love *together*, and that it's up to you to LET me in. I'm only going to push hard enough to make that happen if YOU decide it's okay."

Smiling up at me, she nodded her understanding, and confirmed it by saying "I understand. I'm ready for this, and I want it more than anything!"

Slowly, to confirm to her that I meant what I'd said, I increased the pressure I was applying against the gate to her womanhood. As I did, I could feel the tight circle of her opening slowly expand as she tried to grant me access. Maintaining a constant pressure, I gradually began to get more and more of my stiffness into her. We paused a couple of times so she could take a deep breath and relax a bit, but even though I was watching her closely, I never saw her exhibit even the slightest sign of distress — not even when the crown of my erection suddenly slid into her. I immediately stopped applying pressure, of course, and waited patiently to see what she needed or wanted me to do.

It was probably something close to a couple of minutes before she opened her eyes and looked up at me to say "It's okay, now. You can keep going."

Looking at her closely, I asked "You're okay?"

She managed to give me a grin as she answered "Yeah, I'm fine. I felt a sharp pain there at the end just as you popped into me, but it didn't last long. I... I think it was my hymen, 'cause it kinda felt like something was tearing inside me. It wasn't a *big* pain, and it ended pretty quick. I just needed a little time to get used to being all stretched out, is all. You feel WAY bigger than I thought you would..."

Seeing that I was concerned, she hastened to assure me "Really, I'm good. I just need you to keep going, so I'm even better..."

Well, she hadn't made any noise and didn't look like anything was bothering her, so I just told myself "the hell with it, then" and did as she asked.

Gradually increasing the pressure again, it didn't take as long for me to start sliding into her. I still kept careful watch on her, and wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to stop (or even back up a little bit) every time I thought she looked even the least bit uncomfortable. She either didn't mind or didn't notice that that meant it took a little longer before we got to the point that my pubis was gently resting against hers.

Realizing what we'd accomplished, Nawar looked up at me in delight as she exclaimed "We did it! You're all the way inside me, and it feels so **good**! Even better than I dreamed it could!"

Even with the enthusiasm and happiness she was showing, I still waited a little bit before trying to move in her; I kept both of us from getting bored by exchanging a number of short, soft kisses with her.

When I figured she was ready, I *carefully* began to ease myself back out of her, ready to stop the moment she indicated she was having ANY problems at all. I'd gotten about half my cock out of her when I took a brief glance to where we were joined and saw that it probably had been the loss of her

maidenhead she'd felt: there were a few flecks and traces of blood on my cock. Small and sparse as they were, I could only figure that the pain she'd experienced had been as mild and brief as she'd said.

When enough of my penis had escaped her intimate clutches that the entrance to her vagina was clenched around me just behind the head, I paused for a moment before beginning to press myself into her again — something that I was able to accomplish in a single (slow!) stroke. When my pelvis met hers again, she arched herself up toward me and moaned softly before saying "Oh, **god**, that felt so good!"

Hearing that was all I needed to begin slowly increasing the tempo of my movements in her. It took less time than I'd have thought it would for her to begin actively welcoming my thrusts by lifting her hips, and arching herself up toward me. What surprised and fascinated me, though, was that I could tell that she had not only regained the level of arousal she'd had before we changed positions, but was steadily moving toward a climax. It wasn't happening quickly, but certainly faster and easier than I would have expected for so soon after she'd been deflowered.

I'd just gotten into a steady rhythm of pistoning my hard cock in and out of her wonderfully warm and tight sheath when I caught the signs that she was getting close to an orgasm. The blowjob she'd given me was still too recent for me to have to worry about cumming again, so I just continued to slide myself in and out of her while looking forward to see what kind of climax she'd have from her first experience with coitus.

It turned out to be something that I think surprised the hell out of *both* of us.

Throwing her head back in a (thankfully!) silent scream, Nawar's body practically convulsed from the first wave of release to pass through her. Where she was tightly wrapped around my penis, I felt her vagina clamp down on me for a moment before relaxing in a series of spasms that felt all the world like fluttering around me. Before I could fully appreciate the sensation, however, she was hit with another cycle in her climax and clamped down on me again.

She went through several progressively milder courses like that before opening her eyes and looking around dazedly. It took a few seconds for her to get her senses back; I knew when she had because she turned her head back to look at me with something akin to stunned awe at what she'd just experienced.

I lowered myself to give her a couple of soft kisses, and she was able — barely, I think — to return the second one. After licking her lips and clearing her throat, she managed to softly tell me "I usually have really good orgasms, and I kinda figured they'd be even better from making love. I didn't expect anything like **that**, though!"

I couldn't help grinning as I answered "Kinda surprised me some, too."

Starting to get her wits about her again, she said "If I'd known that making love could make me have a climax like that, I might have been the one to offer to let you have my cherry in front of the class — I think it would have been worth it!"

That brought a full smile to my face before I replied "Well, it's a little late for that NOW. I guess you'll just have to settle for us making love some more."

She started to move under me, and quickly realized that not only was I still inside her, but still hard. I could hear how confused she was when she wanted to know "You're still hard, and you didn't climax? The way I felt, I thought for sure it would have happened for you..."

I moved to kiss her again, and she eagerly returned it before I told her "You already took care of that, remember? In the living room? Did a damn fine job of it, too", teasing her a bit.

"Yeah, I remember — I just didn't figure that it would help against something like THAT. I mean, I could feel myself, you know, inside, squeezing you and everything...", either not noticing or ignoring the last part of what I'd said.

"Well, it **did** help, even though what you were doing felt pretty damn good. So we can keep going, if that's what you want."

"Oh, I want, all right! Just let me get my breath back a little more first, okay?"

Grinning, I answered "Okay... you breathe, and I'll find something to keep myself amused until you're ready."

With a little contortion of my body, I was able to get my head moved enough that I could get my mouth on her nipples — and happily spent the next couple of minutes getting both of them erect again. The minor shifts in Nawar's body under mine were reflected in small and intermittent clenchings around my erection... which was *quite* sufficient to keep me hard.

When I was satisfied that I'd gotten both of her nipples as long and hard as I could, it looked to me as though she had gotten her breath back again. Once more, I started moving in her slowly, but quickly discovered that she was more than ready for me to pick up where I'd left off.

Being as much older than her as I was, and somewhat decrepit, I was starting to feel the strain of holding myself over her as we made love when I realized that she was again giving off the signals that she was approaching another climax. My thoughts of perhaps asking if she was interested in trying another position were quickly set aside in favor of seeing her through another release. A couple of minutes more, and there was no doubting that she was getting close again: between gasps, she was making a number of unintelligible (but clearly impassioned) noises as she slowly whipped her head from side to side.

Lowering my body again to try and conserve some of my energy, I continued to thrust myself into her; to her pleasure and my relief, it didn't take much longer for her to slip into another climax. Holding myself still in her, I couldn't help but notice that her second orgasm was somewhat milder than the one before — though it no doubt felt perfectly satisfactory to her.

When she'd gotten her senses back from it, she looked up at me again in sheer delight; her expression quickly changed to one of concern, however, when she saw that I was a bit sweaty. I could hear the regret in her voice when she softly told me "I'm sorry if trying to make ME happy is what's making you sweat like that."

I quickly tried to reassure her by explaining "No, dear, it's not you. I had a couple too many beers at a party last night, and didn't just didn't get as much sleep as I should have afterwards. Believe me, if I'd known you'd be here today, I'd have *gladly* skipped the party rather than have you worrying about me. If we can change positions a little, is all, I'll be fine. Really."

She seemed a bit doubtful at first, but my confident tone seemed to turn the trick. "We can do whatever you want — you've already made me happier than I thought I could be", she responded.

After giving her a kiss that she happily returned, I suggested that she might like to find out what it was

like if she was on top. With a distinct gleam in her eyes, she didn't hesitate to agree. When I eased my penis out of her, I heard her soft moan of disappointment when I finally slid free. Once I was off of her, it didn't take long for us to get re-situated: me sitting up with my back against the headboard so the two of us could kiss (and so I could do a few other things, of course), with her straddling my hips, facing me. She didn't have the slightest reluctance to reach down and angle my erection up and get herself positioned against it. I was able to see the pleased expression she got as she lowered herself onto it in a single motion.

The two of us exchanged a number of affectionate kisses before she started moving herself on me; once she got started, those osculations quickly turned lusty. I was the one to bring an end to them, for a couple of reasons. First, I wanted to leave her free to breathe so she could keep moving herself up and down my manhood; second, I wanted to get my hands and mouth on her lovely tits again.

As Nawar was arching her hips to slide herself off and on maybe half my length, I guided her to begin leaning back — until I was able to lower my head and suck the peak of one of her breasts into my mouth. The combination of feeling my hard cock moving in her while I was softly biting and sucking on her areolas and nipples soon had her groaning her pleasure and increasing arousal. MY pleasure was increased when I slid my hands down to her ass, caressing and squeezing her cute little buns and feeling them alternate between "just" incredibly firm as she arched herself off my erection, and amazingly tight and hard when she flexed them as part of settling herself back onto me. I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to have my cock buried between her cheeks...

Once I'd gotten her areolas and nipples standing out again, I brought my hands up from her ass to her back and guided her to sit up again — where I could once again apply my oral attentions to her neck and throat and shoulders... and even her ears, which drew hearty groans from her. While my head was busy, my hands weren't resting on their laurels; I was constantly caressing her back and sides (and infrequently, breasts) as many different ways as I could, in varying durations and with fluctuating pressures. My goal wasn't to add to her arousal *sexually*, but **sensually** — and it worked.

It didn't take but a few minutes of dedicated willing effort on my part for me to see and feel the cues that let me know she was closing in on another climax. To help her reach it, I gradually reduced my actions down to the few things that I'd learned she PARTICULARLY appreciated, and did them. A lot.

It didn't take long for the cumulative effects of my efforts to have the desired impact on her, and only a little more time passed before she was practically slamming herself down on me as she approached the brink of her release.

Knowing what was likely going to happen with her, I was ready to steady and support her when her cry of pleasure was cut off by the start of her orgasm. While her body (and hot, tight vagina) went through a series of powerful spasms, I had my arms loosely around her to make sure she didn't fall over and hurt *either* of us. That proved to have been a good idea when she nearly DID collapse shortly after the last tremor had faded from her nubile frame.

Leaning back against the headboard again, I held a panting Nawar against my chest as she got her breath and senses back again. I knew she'd recovered when I heard her plaintively ask "What are you *doing* to me?"

Innocently, I asked "What?"

"Don't 'what' me... I want to know what you're trying to do to me — kill me?"

"Of course not. I love you. Besides, you're too much fun alive."

"Well, if you keep **that** kind of nonsense up, I'm not going to be in any condition for you to have any fun with!", she declared.

Again, I responded with "What?"

She lifted her head enough to give me a look that would have stunned a buffalo before resting her head on my chest again and answering "Doing those *things* to me, is what! The biting my shoulder and sucking on my ear and the rest of it. You weren't doing anything to make that one any stronger, but it damn sure felt DEEPER, somehow."

"You didn't like it? It sounded like you liked it..."

"You know I liked it, darn you. I just don't want to go THROUGH something like that again — at least, not until I get used to this making love business!"

"Okay, fine, I won't do any more like that this time." That got me wary look from her before I went on "If you're up to it, we can keep going, and I'll promise to behave myself."

"I want to keep going, alright. I just don't know if I can stay on top of you like this."

I gave her a gentle hug and kiss on top of the head before answering "If you get on your hands and knees and I'm behind you, it'll be easier for both of us..."

Remembering how she'd seen me with Casandra, Nawar quickly responded with "Yeah, I'd like that. It looked *really* sexy!"

After a couple of seconds, I gave her a soft pat on the butt, and that was all the prompting she needed to slowly lift herself off my cock. It took only a few moments for her to get herself positioned next to me, and I quickly got to my knees and moved behind her. Her extended and glistening labia neatly divided the dark mass of her pubic thatch, which was neatly surrounded by the incredibly beautiful globes of her ass and her smooth, trim thighs. There was no way in hell that I wasn't going to take a little time to try and memorize the sight of her before moving close enough to lever my erection down and wedge the head of it between her vaginal lips.

With that accomplished, all I had to do was put my hands on her hips and arch myself forward — burying myself in her with one swift thrust. She groaned her pleasure at being filled with my manhood again, and I didn't delay in getting myself moving in her hot, wet sheath.

The change in position turned out to be more beneficial than I'd expected, and for both of us. For Nawar, my hard cock was sliding in and out of her at a different angle, stimulating her differently; in addition, my balls were swinging forward and softly tapping her erect clitoris with each thrust. For me, not only was I able to move in her more easily, but I could move a bit faster, too — something that pleased both of us.

I'd been making love with her for several minutes, and was feeling a stirring in my balls that told me I was either going to have to climax or have one **hell** of a case of "blue balls" when I heard Nawar exclaim "Oh, god! It's going to happen again!"

Knowing that she was approaching her own release, I was willing to try and bring our lovemaking to a mutually satisfying conclusion. As readily as she'd taken to having my adult erection in her, I didn't figure it could do any real harm to find out if she was agreeable to my becoming a little more

"enthusiastic" about how I was thrusting into her; if she didn't like it, she'd let me know.

As it turned out, I needn't have worried — the first time I arched my hips forward with a bit more enthusiasm than I had up to that point, Nawar groaned in obvious pleasure and pressed herself back against me. The next time was a little harder, and drew much the same result. By the time I reached the limit of what I was willing to do, she was groaning almost constantly and I could see that both of her hands were clenched fists around some of the bedding, her knuckles white. On top of that, she'd gotten noticeably wetter around me and I didn't have any problem recognizing the signs that her orgasm was approaching even faster. That was fine with me, since my increased activity was bringing ME closer to release more quickly, as well.

To this day, I don't know if I should be glad or sad that my climax started before hers. When I knew it was going to happen, I all but *slammed* myself into her just ahead of the first spray of my cum tried to force her off my hard cock; but even as that was happening, I faintly realized that she was crying out with her own release. Before I could try to coat her tonsils from the wrong end again, her hot and already tight vagina clamped down on me even harder — something that made it all but impossible for me to continue emptying myself into her. Instead, I had to suffer through the buildup of pressure until that first wave of pleasure began to wane and she relaxed enough for me to erupt in her again... which was quickly followed by the feeling of her clenching around me, beginning a repeat of the process.

It was my age and male limitations that saved me from more of the combination of pleasure and torture that she was subjecting me to, and made it possible for me to recover enough to provide the assistance she needed when her orgasm finally faded. Somehow, almost miraculously, I managed to take note of the fact that Nawar's orgasm was the strongest she'd had; knowing that, I was prepared when she nearly collapsed after her climax ended. I quickly got my arms around her, and helped get her down onto the bed. It also kept me close enough to her that my slowly softening penis remained inside her; so once she was safely down, I just stayed with her and used my knees and elbows to support my own weight.

Both of us were panting (her much more than me) and content to simply hold still for a little while. Once I got my breathing under control, though, I started giving her small, soft kisses ever so often... usually to her shoulders, but also her ears and the back of her neck.

She signaled her returning energy by softly saying "I knew that I'd like making love, and I did — but I didn't expect it to leave me feeling like **this**."

"What's wrong?", I asked.

The one eye that I could see practically glared at me as she answered "What's wrong is YOU, and what you *did* to me! I figured that if we made love, the orgasm I'd have would only be a little better than when you use your mouth on me; what happened was that I had THREE of them, and they were **way** stronger — especially this last one."

It hadn't worked thus far, but playing innocent was the only thing I could think to try as I asked "You didn't feel good?"

She wasn't going for it that time, either, and sternly told me "It made me feel TOO good... that's the problem, and why I'm laying her feeling like a wet rag somebody dropped. If that's what happens when you make love with someone, I may have to think about a future that includes celibacy!"

Taking a different tack, I tried to reassure her with "That's only because this was your first time. I think

you'll get used to it easy enough."

That met with only a little better reception, and she said "Assuming it doesn't kill me before then, that might be true."

The last thing for me to try was to say "I don't know what you're upset with me about, anyway. You **said** that you wanted me to last longer when we made love the first time. Isn't that why you took care of me in the living room earlier?"

Reluctantly, she admitted "I did say that, didn't I?"

I pretty much put an end to any "complaints" when I asked "Besides, they were *your* orgasms; if you though they were going to be too much, couldn't you have said or done something, or let me know somehow? I **told** you I was going to do my best for you, and I did. If you got more than you expected, how is that MY responsibility?"

She was silent for several seconds before telling me "I'm sorry for being upset with you. Yeah, I knew the orgasms I had were going to be better than usual, and let them happen. You **did** do your best for me, and made me happier than I ever thought I could be, and I shouldn't be blaming you for how *I* feel when I asked you if we could make love. If I upset you, I apologize, and hope you can forgive me."

I gave her ear a brief kiss before answering "You don't have to apologize to me for anything. I guess you were feeling a little overwhelmed by it, and had to let off some steam. I can understand that."

What little of her face I could see told me that she was feeling a little ashamed after the fact. To let her know that she really hadn't bothered me, I teasingly asked "Okay, now that we've got that silliness out of the way, can we just snuggle now?"

That brought a smile to her face, and she happily told me "Yeah, we can just snuggle now. In fact, I'd like to congratulate you on your snuggling skills; you feel *wonderful* right now. You're close enough that I can feel you touching me, but you're not too heavy; it's like you're my own personal blanket, and it feels really good. And I can tell that you're still inside me, even if you aren't as hard as you were, and **THAT** makes me feel even better."

"You may change your mind about that last part", I cautioned her.

Sweetly, she asked "You mean because you're going to shrink enough to fall out of me and your *stuff* is going to start leaking out of me? I already know that's going to happen — I saw it when you were with Casandra, and it isn't going to bother me a bit, except for making a mess on your bed. And if **THAT** happens, it'll be your fault for not getting me something to soak it up."

Amused at the change in her attitude, I couldn't help grinning as I answered "Yes, dear", just as I'd heard a lot of husbands say it. I knew that Nawar understood what I was doing when she laughed in response — which, unfortunately, was all it took for the two of us to uncork. I hurried to get up and get into the bathroom to get a towel for her; when I got back, I saw that she'd lifted her hips off the bed a little to try and hold off the problem until I got back. I got it refolded the way she told me she wanted it, and handed it over. As promised, she wasn't the slightest bit put off by my presence as she got it tucked between her thighs, then situated along the crack of her ass after she turned onto her back. Satisfied with her handiwork, she looked up at me and said "Okay, now we can snuggle a little more before we clean up. And so you don't have to ask, yes, I mean clean up together."

Smiling, I got into be next to her and lay on my side. Propping my head up with my hand, the two of us spent a few minutes talking while I softly caressed the skin under the fingers of the hand I had resting on her belly.

She let me know when she was ready to clean up, and the two of us held hands from the bed until we got into the shower. She was a treat to shower with, being both playful and bawdy. She'd let her hair grow longer since the start of school, and willingly let me wash it for her; it made for a sensuous mass in my hands, and I was disappointed when she finally took it away from me. When both of us were clean (well past that point, actually), we dried off and only got dressed — to the extent of putting on the shorts we'd started the day with, anyway.

We spent the rest of the afternoon semi-reclining on the couch, listening to music. Not only did Nawar actually enjoy my preferred classical music, but she didn't feel the need to talk or be active; she seemed perfectly content to just lay on top of me with my arms around her. Every so often, one of us would give the other a brief kiss. When it got late enough, she happily agreed to my suggestion of delivered pizza.

After we were done with supper, she preemptively called her parents, letting them know that everything was fine, telling me afterwards that having heard from her, they wouldn't call again until the next day. With that issue dealt with, she found something in my movie collection that she hadn't seen, and the two of us watched it from the couch. When it was over, both of us were ready to get some sleep. She followed my example of sleeping nude, and made for a comfortably warm bundle as she spooned against my front. After I put an arm around her and cupped her breast in my hand, she put one of her hands over mine and sighed contentedly. I think both of us fell asleep quickly and easily.

The next morning, I woke up on my back with Nawar laying on her side with an arm and leg draped over me, and her head on my shoulder. I welcomed the chance to just look at her for the couple of minutes that passed before she woke up, too. Realizing where she was and who she was with, she gave me a delighted smile and a hug. I got an arm around her and slowly caressed her side as I asked "So, good morning, Sunshine. What have you got planned for us today?"

Without hesitation, she answered "I was hoping we could make love again — not so much this time, though — and just BE together for a little while, like we were yesterday afternoon. I think I'd better go home today, so I can get a few things done before my parents get home tomorrow."

"You want to make love again today? You're not having any problems?"

"Not a one. Oh, I can feel it that you were in me and everything, but it's not a *problem*. Just enough to remind me how good you made me feel", she answered, giving me another hug.

"But I'm an old man, and we made love yesterday. What if I'm too tired?", I asked, teasing her.

"Then I'd have to see if I couldn't find a way to make you **untired**!" she answered, looking up at me mischievously.

Keeping my face solemn, I asked "How do you think you could do that?"

Grinning at me, she answered "I remember when you showed us what it's like when a man has a climax, and what happened when you saw all of us touching ourselves. So I'd probably do something like this..."



With that, she moved to sit up and get herself facing me. Still grinning, but with a smokey look in her eyes, she calmly brought her knees up and spread her legs, leaving me with a clear and close view of the area between her thighs. As I watched, she calmly used one hand to begin squeezing and caressing her own breasts, and softly pinching her nipples. She hadn't been doing that very long when I noticed (!) that her labia were beginning to get a little longer, and starting to separate a bit.

She continued like that for several minutes, and as she did, her vaginal lips also got a trifle thicker and her clitoris began to appear out from under its hood. By the time she'd teased her nipples to erectness, I could also see that the entrance to her vagina was glistening with her oils.

The tension was almost palpable when she finally began to ease her hand downward, stopping when her middle finger lay along the cleft of her sex. Looking directly into my eyes, she smiled as she slowly curled her finger, drawing it upward and wetting it with her juices before softly stroking her erect clitoris. I continued to watch, fascinated, as she straightened her finger again before slowly circling the entrance to her vagina with the tip of it several times and then slipping it inside herself.

As sexy and erotic as it was to watch her, the thing that really got my libido fired up was the incredible *intimacy* of what she was doing. Even after she eased her finger back out so she could transfer some more of her juices to her clitoris and begin circling it with her fingertip, I could feel my cock getting heavy and thick in response to the show she was giving me. Seeing the reaction she was getting only brought a smile to her face and prompted her to continue her actions.

Over the next several minutes, there was no mistaking how aroused she was getting as she continued to slide a finger inside herself every so often, between bouts of teasing her clit and licking her own juices off of her fingers. In response, my penis continued to grow longer and harder, to her visible delight.

I managed to resist the urge to grab my erect penis and begin giving HER a show, as well as not give in to the desire to throw her down and jump her bones. She was the one to finally bring the whole thing to an end by telling me "It looks like you aren't so old and tired, after all."

I looked down, and feigning surprise, looked back up at her and said "I guess not. Looks like maybe we can make love again, after all...", drawing a laugh from her.

After giving her fingers one last sensuous and erotic cleaning, she asked "Are you ready to make me happy again?" before laying down at enough of an angle that she could continue to look at me. It probably took me all of half a second to decide that if I couldn't, it wouldn't be because I didn't *try*, and sit up.

She opened her legs to make room for me once I was over her, then wrapped her legs around me after I got the head of my erection wedged against her wet opening. We looked into each others eyes the whole time I was again filling her with my manhood, taking care to make sure both of us stayed lubricated and that she was comfortable adjusting to my presence. When my pelvis was pressed against hers, I told her "I do love you, you know."

She smiled up at me as she answered "I know. And I love you, too."

That was all that was needed for the two of us to begin making love with each other. With the rest from a good night's sleep, I didn't have any trouble holding myself over her as I pleased both of us with the movement of my erect manhood in her tight, wet channel. I don't really know how long we made love like that, exchanging kisses and sounds of pleasure and passion; it ended only when the feeling of her

hot sheath claspings at my cock as she climaxed was enough to trigger my own release.

Afterwards, we were still coupled and had shared a few brief kisses when she wrapped her arms around me and gave me a fierce hug. After she released me, she looked into my eyes and told me "Thank you for making me a woman yesterday, and making me so happy again so early in the day. That was *wonderful*."

"I was glad to do it", I assured her, "and not just for the physical part of it. You really are a very special young woman, and if I've been able to do something that makes you happy or your life better, then I'm happy to have been able to help."

Smiling, she cupped my face with her hands as she told me "You really are such a dear, sweet man on top of being an **excellent** teacher."

She lowered her hands again, and we stayed like that, content to simply be with each other until my penis finally shrank enough to pull free of her with a soft "pop". That was enough to make her blush furiously and get her giggling, which got me laughing with her. Our laughter ended only when she managed to tell me "We *need* to get up now! I just felt some of your stuff leak out of me!"

I addressed the problem by getting out of bed, and then picking her up much as I had the day before and carrying her into the bathroom. She supervised getting the shower started and the temperature adjusted, then joined me for a pleasant, fun, and refreshing start to our day. Dried off, we didn't bother putting anything on by unspoken mutual consent. Both of us were hungry, of course, and we teamed up in the kitchen to make enough breakfast for both of us. I pulled stove duty by pointing out that the only apron I had would protect all of MY sensitive parts, but not hers, since it wasn't long enough. The sight of me wearing it with nothing else eventually induced a fit of giggles in her.

After breakfast, the two of us watched a little bit of TV before laying down on the couch to listen to some more music.

When it got to be early afternoon, she declared her need to get home. As she got dressed, I provided technical assistance by sliding my hands across her butt several times to make sure her panties weren't wrinkled, and then cupping her bra-clad breasts in my hands to ensure that it was "settled" properly — all to her feigned indignation. After she was fully dressed, I went with her to my front door, where she patiently tolerated my playing with her butt for a while after we kissed good-bye.

The rest of the holiday passed quietly

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When Nawar showed up for school one morning a few weeks later looking unhappy, it took me only a moment to realize that she'd probably had her "talk" with her parents the night before.

When I got the chance to do so unobtrusively, I gave her a look of sympathy and understanding; she was able to give me a small, brief smile of recognition, but nothing more.

After a few days, she seemed to get back to her old self, and I thought that the problem with her family had been resolved. I found out differently over a week later when I overheard a couple of the other girls talking about how disappointed they were that she still wasn't allowed to go anywhere or have friends over. That made it nearly two full weeks since I figured she'd spoken up for herself, and that seemed FAR too long for something like that to go on, to me.

Shortly before school ended, I got a couple of the other girls to join me in the privacy room for several

minutes apiece before asking Nawar if she'd join me. She did, and the first thing I had to say to her was "Nawar, I heard some of the others saying that you aren't allowed out, and can't have visits with your friends. This thing with your family has gone on *way* too long, and has to end. I told you that I can't **put** myself into what's happening with you at home, but if there is ANY way that you can get your parents to contact me, I can try to see if there's anything I can do to put a stop to this nonsense."

With that, she started to cry quietly, and the sight of it nearly broke my heart. After handing her some paper tissues, I took her into my arms, holding her and softly caressing her back as she told me "You know that I talked to my parents, and how long ago it was. I was really scared inside, but I got my mom and dad to sit down with me at our dining table. I was REAL polite about it, and I didn't say anything like I thought it was anybody's fault or that they or my grandparents had done anything wrong, or anything like that — but I still told them how I felt, and what it was doing to me, feeling like I was stuck between Pakistani ways and American. Both of them listened to me all the way through, but it didn't make any difference to them; they just said that we're Paki, and that's how we'll live. I tried to explain to them again, but they just wouldn't *listen* to me, and kept saying that we had to keep living the way we were brought up. We kept going back and forth like that for almost two HOURS, and I was always quiet and polite and respectful, before my dad finally told me that there wasn't anything left for us to talk about — that I was Pakistani, and I was going to live like one. That's when I told him that I didn't feel like I was a Pakistani; that I was an American. That's when he got really mad and told me that if I felt that way, then I would just have to stay home and not have any of my American friends over until I decided to be Pakistani again."

After taking a shuddering breath, she continued "I remembered what you said about arguing with people, and I didn't do or say anything to argue with him. Every time he or my mom or my grandparents talk to me, I'm careful to be polite and respectful, but I just don't say anything when they tell me stuff. I'm still doing all my chores without being told, just like I always have, and all the other things I'm supposed to. It's mostly my grandparents insisting that I change, and sometimes I can see that my mom and dad aren't happy about all this, but there's nothing happening to get them to change their minds. My sister and brothers are doing what they can, and even saying stuff to my parents sometimes, but it's still all so **hard**. I knew it wasn't going to be easy, but I did expect anything like THIS. Now it's even *more* important to me that I get to be American — this is CRAZY!"

Seeing what kind of shape she was in, and hearing about what she was having to go through... it was almost more than I could stand. As I continued to hold her and try to comfort her, I thought furiously about what I might be able to do to help her. Eventually, her tears stopped and she began to get control of herself again. Her face was still a little red from crying, but she'd pulled herself together when I told her "I'm sorry this is so hard on you, and that it's taking so long. If you can hold on a little bit longer, and keep why you're going through all this in mind, I don't think it'll be *too* much longer before it's over. If things start to get to be too much for you, there's something I want you to remember."

"What's that?"

"Remember what happened after you told me that this was something you had to do. Remember that we made love, and that you stayed with me that night, and how nice it was with just the two of us. THAT'S why you decided that you had to tell your family that you need to be American."

With the explicit reminder of the time we'd spent together, Nawar brightened considerably. I could see that even though she knew she was still going to have a rough time at home, I'd given her something to

hold on to that would help get her through it. She smiled at me with the memory of it, and said "I will, Mister Thompson — and it'll help a LOT."

I sat with her a few more minutes until she thought she was presentable again, and then shared a kiss with her before the two of us rejoined the others.

As the next couple of days passed, I could see that I'd helped her find her "second wind"... but that her situation at home was still taking a great toll on her.

It was at that point I decided that if her parents weren't going to call me, then I'd get in touch with THEM. With that settled, it was surprisingly easy to find the reason I needed to make it happen.

When I got home that evening, I waited until I was sure both of her parents were home; I planned to talk to her father, but wanted to try and ensure that when our conversation ended, her mother would get involved, too.

I dialed the number, and after it was answered, was quickly handed off to her father after I identified myself.

I started the conversation, reasonably enough, by saying "Mister Khan? I'm calling about Nawar. The last few weeks, I've noticed that there seems to be something going on with her, and I'm concerned. Whatever it is that's bothering her hasn't affected her in school **yet**, and I'm hoping that I can find out what the problem is so I can see if there's anything I can do to help her before it does."

"You've talked to her about it?", he practically demanded.

"Only in passing, sir. I asked her if something was bothering her one day, and she just said that it was something at home."

"It's nothing for you to concern yourself with."

"Excuse me, sir, that may be *strictly* true now, but I don't know for how much longer. As I said, I'd like to see whatever it is taken care of before it **is** something I have to concern myself with."

"It is a family matter. You would not understand."

"I beg your pardon, but we can't be sure of that until I know what the problem is."

"There is nothing you can do to help with it, anyway", he declared.

"Again, sir, you can't know that for certain. Because I'm not in your family, it may be that I can see a solution."

He was silent for several seconds before telling me "You know that we are from Pakistan, yes? Nawar has said that she feels like she is more American than Pakistani, and wishes to live by American ways."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm confused. The first thing I had the girls in my class do was to tell me about themselves, and if I remember correctly, she said that she and her brothers and sister were born here in America; that it was you and your parents that came here from Pakistan."

"Yes, yes, that is correct. But we are still Pakistani!"

"Are you, sir?"

"What do you mean?", he asked, sounding offended.

"What I mean is, if you have lived here all your life, how can you be *Pakistani*? I understand that you're of Pakistani descent, but isn't your citizenship American?"

"Yes, I'm an American citizen! But my family has returned to Pakistan many times!"

"Of course, sir. But going back to Pakistan isn't the same as living there, is it? I mean, were you really *comfortable* there, or did you have to stop and think about things sometimes?"

He was silent again for a little while before reluctantly answering "It is different than I am used to."

"Sir, I imagine that you've been to Pakistan many times, haven't you?"

"Of course I have. I went many times as a child, and several times after I was married."

"Yes, sir. And how many times has Nawar been there?"

Grudgingly, he told me "Only two times. Once shortly after she was born, another when she was still a child."

"So it has been what, ten years since she was there? Sir, if **you** think it is different than what you're used to after going there so many times, can you understand that it might be even more different for her?"

It took a couple of seconds before he told me "The problem we are having, it is not about going to Pakistan. It is about BEING Pakistani."

"I understand that part, sir. But isn't it much the same? Don't you think that to Nawar, there isn't much difference between actually going to Pakistan and living with the customs and traditions there, and doing the same thing HERE? I don't mean to offend you, sir, or insult you, but I think that the differences between Pakistani ways in Pakistan, and what you were used to, is because you actually grew up in this country. Nawar has grown up here, too, but with even less experience with Pakistan that you had. I know you may not like to hear this, but it may be that she actually IS more American than Pakistani because of that."

There was silence on the line for some time, and I finally broke it to ask him "Mister Khan, what I know of Nawar is that she is a very intelligent young woman. Have you noticed that?"

"Yes, her mother and I are both very proud of how smart she is. We think maybe even smarter than we were at her age."

"Again, sir, I don't mean to cause offense, but if you think she's that smart, have you considered actually listening to what she says, and thinking about it? I'm not suggesting that you put her in charge of the family or household; only that it might be worth your time to pay attention to what she says and thinks. From what I have seen of her in school, a smart person would pay attention to her ideas, and respect her opinions. I am her teacher, and *I* do those things."

The silence went on even longer that time before I heard him say "I know you are a good teacher, and perhaps there is something I can learn from you."

"Thank you, sir. If I have caused offense, I apologize — that was not my intention."

"I am not offended. You have been polite and respectful, even if the things you said were not easy for me. But they were things that I think maybe I needed to hear, and I will think about these things."

"Thank you again. I'm glad that you were willing to talk to me."

I heard him say "You are welcome. I must go now", and the line go dead.

Well, I figured I'd at least gotten him to *think* about what I'd said (he certainly sounded like a man that would keep his word), and maybe even actually *listen* to Nawar, instead of just hearing what she said. All I could do was hope that I'd gotten things unstuck so that some solution could be found.

After that, it was a couple of days before I saw any kind of change in Nawar; even then, it was just a barely noticeable decrease in the tension she was under. The second day after that, however, she came to school looking as happy as I'd ever seen her.

She was several minutes ahead of the earliest I'd ever seen any of them, and when she came in she headed straight for where I was seated on the front of my desk. I barely had time to ask her "What has *you* so bright and chipper this morning?" before she had her arms wrapped around me and hugging me fiercely enough that I was actually concerned for my ribs. When she finally relaxed her hold, she told me "**Thank** you, Mister Thompson! Thank you so much! Last night, my mom and dad got me and my brothers and sisters to sit at the dining table with them, and they told us that we weren't going to have to do everything our grandparents tell us about following Paki customs and traditions any more. There's still some stuff we have to do, but almost all of it is regular parent-kid things that everybody I know has to do. I'm not grounded any more, and it's okay if my friends come to visit again."

I have her a brief and chaste (the door to the classroom was open, after all) hug back and told her "Congratulations! It sounds like your parents decided to think about what you said, after all."

She pulled away a little bit to look up at me with a mixture of exasperation and something close to worship and said "Yeah — but only after **YOU** called and talked to my dad! My brother knew your name when he answered the phone the other night, but he didn't say anything to me about you calling because he didn't want me to worry on top of everything else I was going through. That's why I was pretty surprised when my mom and dad wanted me to tell them again. It wasn't until after they told us that *they* would be the ones to set the rules that my brother told me you called; that's when I knew that it was whatever **YOU** said that changed things. And now everything is going to be better, all because of you!"

I gently patted her butt (after making sure no one was looking) and told her "No, *not* **all** because of me. Okay, I helped get things moving again; but it's because **YOU** were ready to stand up for something you believed in that it's going to be better. When I talked to your dad, I think he was already starting to understand at least a little bit of what you said — I think that's why he was willing to even listen to me in the first place. All I did, really, was get him thinking about it more, and sooner."

"Even so", she said, "it's because you **DID** talk to him that it's all over now, instead of taking so much longer." After releasing her hold on me and checking that no one else was around, she gave me a quick kiss on the lips before adding "Now I love you even more than I did before. After mom and dad talked to all of us, they had me stay behind. Daddy and Mom told me that they love me, and they were sorry for giving me such a hard time; and Daddy told me that you had called because you were worried about me in school. I know you called because you were just worried about **ME**, and school was just your excuse." As she looked at me, there was no mistaking the love she felt for me.

A few moments later, Mallory came in and took her seat. After giving me a smile of delight and gratitude, Nawar followed her example.

That was all several years ago.

The last year that I had all nine of them, Evette, Sharla, Mallory, and Kathrine all asked me to deflower them at different points. Only after I was sure that they were mature enough and ready for it did I agree, and all of them gave every indication of being satisfied (if not ecstatic) with the results. Tenisha was the only one that didn't even hint at it, for whatever reasons she had, and I respected her choice by never bringing the matter up.

I suspect that the ones I *was* involved with at least knew about each other, if they didn't actively cooperate with each other: there were never any "scheduling" conflicts, and if more than one of them wanted some time with me, they made that clear up front. I sometimes saw them with guys their own age around town in the evenings and on weekends, and was glad to see it — and told them so, to their relief.

As her parents had promised, Nawar's home life steadily improved; her parents ultimately stood up to her grandparents and made it clear that **THEY**, the parents, decided how to raise the kids. One consequence of that that I particularly appreciated was the change in Nawar's incredibly sexy tan lines, from the very modest outlines that I'd first seen to something appreciably less conservative.

I never got another chance to spend an entire night with any of them, but we did manage several rather extended periods, such as all day and well into the evening "study sessions". That particular one involved Nawar, Celia, and Darci, and saw Nawar learning the pleasures of sapphic love. It was most definitely an experience, but not one that I'd want to repeat too often — say, six or seven years apart.

At the end of the second year I was with the school, they felt obliged to change the class structure for administrative reasons. They remained with single-gender classes, but limited them to a two-year age range so that an entire classroom could be graduated at a time. That left me with Sharla, Evette, Mallory, and Kathrine from my original class, plus two newcomers from another: Consuela de la Paz and Erica Horowitz, both of them more than passably attractive. To my pleasure (for a number of reasons), it took them precious little time to fit in and become as open and inquiring as the others. For their benefit, the original four requested (and got) reenactments of the male climax and oral sex ed classes. After those, Consuela and Erica both eagerly became members of my part-time "harem", and eventually chose me as the one they wanted to have their first sexual experience with.

Several more classes followed, and I continued to treat each girl and each class with respect and courtesy. I also made sure my ass was covered for the sex ed classes, and taught them as the girls indicated they wanted — something that usually resulted in close repeats of what I'd first gone through, and with similar aftereffects.

I still don't have a steady girlfriend — and don't particularly need one, now.