

CHUCK AND MAGGIE NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART ONE
MONDAY

CHAPTER ONE
MAGGIE

Let's see. They want me to prance naked around the school for a week.

Do you get penalized for asking for relief once every single class?

Hi, I'm Maggie Benson, and I'm Westport High's very own semen depository. Any time, any place, any orifice. And they're letting me walk around school **naked** for a week? There ought to be a law against a girl having **that** much fun! Really. While I was walking through the school to the principal's office this morning after they called my name, I saw half the guys in school's eyes light up. Oh, I was gonna have a **good** time! Not that I don't anyway, mind you. One thing I've found is, that if you like sex, and you're a girl, it's **real** easy to indulge yourself. Not having to take any clothes off beforehand just makes it easier.

Now, there **were** drawbacks to the whole thing, mind you. Being naked means all my little illusion tricks were gone. Y'see, I don't have much of a body. I know what to do with what I've got, mind you, but the visuals aren't all that impressive. And the water-filled bras and padded-in-the-butt panties were going right out the window with the rest of my clothes. Usually, once I get to the stripping stage, I've got the guy so worked up he wouldn't give a shit if I didn't have any boobs at all. Now I'd have to reveal the lack of boobs long before we got to that point. So, that was a worry.

My solution? Well, it's my solution to everything. Exude sexuality. And one thing I've found out—for most guys, there's nothing sexier than a girl that doesn't say no.

I'm addicted, I admit it. Started when I was all of twelve. I had an older cousin I was close to, she was 15 at the time, and sexually active—and loved telling her poor, impressionable little cousin all about it. I liked hearing it. One day, I was at her house, nobody else there—she was “babysitting” me—and over comes her boyfriend. “Well, all that stuff I've been telling you about—I'll let you give it a try with him,” my cousin says. So the boyfriend comes over, feels me up a bit—then goes down on me.

Now, it's my experience—and I **do** have enough experience—that a 15-year-old guy who will go down on a girl is a rare creature indeed. And, of the few that will do it, it's even rarer to find one that's good at it. **This** guy was **really** good at it. After all the sex I've had in the five years since this happened, he's **still** at the top of my personal cunny-lapping list. I don't know if my cousin trained him or what, but he was well-trained, let me tell you. And, at 12 years old, I made a discovery. I was **really** orgasmic. After three screaming cums at the end of this guy's tongue, I was hollering “Fuck me! Stick it in me! Fuck me!” So he did. He wasn't all that big—good thing, since I **was** only 12—but he

knew what he was doing. It hurt a bit at first, but I was cumming **hard** in not much time at all.

My cousin moved away shortly after all this, and I never saw her boyfriend again. Too bad. I'd like to thank him! Because I've been addicted to sex since that day.

Now, it hasn't been trouble-free. I have a reputation. Well, that I have a reputation for **that** goes without saying. No, the reputation that bothers me is that I'm aggressive. I'd rather I wasn't, actually.

Y'see, that first experience happened in the summer before seventh grade. So, I'm all pent up, right? Here's a trick about seventh-grade boys: they're clueless. You wait for them to make a move on **you**, and you'll be waiting until you're old and gray. So, pent up as I was, **I** made the moves. I'll never forget the first guy I walked up to and said, "Hi, I'm Maggie. You want to have sex?" He almost fainted! But it worked—I got laid. Most of middle school was like that, out of sheer necessity. If I wanted to get laid, **I** had to make a move. The problem is, now I've got this reputation for being aggressive. And I'm near the end of my junior year in high school, and I **still** have to make the moves, because everyone assumes I **like** it that way. Not really. It was just a necessity at first.

Actually, it's kind of nice when someone makes the moves on **me** for a change. Tells me that they want **me**, and not just whoever'll put out. It doesn't happen often, though.

Anyhow, being naked should change a little of **that**. Here I am boys, come and get me!

I walked into Mr. Tilling's office all ready. I wondered who my partner was going to be. Then, in the office, I saw him. And looked at Mr. Tilling and screamed, "NO FUCKING WAY!!!"

CHAPTER TWO

CHUCK

I guess I kind of ignored The Program. I saw other people in it, but, you know, didn't pay much attention. I also didn't pay much attention to the literature—I **could've** gotten out of it. But I never did, I kind of blew the whole thing off—and, here I am, in the stupid thing.

I don't know. The whole thing's just too 'rah rah school spirit' to me. Oh, let's all bond by going through school naked one week. I didn't want to bond.

I'm Chuck, Chuck Braden, by the way, and I hated Westport High with a singular passion. I just wanted to do my time there and get out. The place is a cesspool of jealousy, pettiness, gossip, and rumor. Oh, and Westport High's collective opinion of **me** wasn't all that high, either.

I've got this reputation—the guy who fucks and tells. Not true. Now, I made this mistake **once**. I told the wrong people something. Just a select few, people I thought I could trust

—and I was wrong about that. The story got all over school, and **mangled** at that. Since then, the reputation has dogged me. I've heard stories about me that would almost be enviable if they were **true**. Half the cheerleading squad in one afternoon? Yeah, I **wish**. But people believe **I** start this shit—and half the cheerleading squad won't talk to me.

Y'see, that's the upshot of the rumors. I learned that the vast majority of the guys in this school are not to be trusted. However, because of the rumors, the vast majority of girls in this school think that **I** am not to be trusted. So, I don't have many friends—and I don't date. That's why the rumors are so infuriating. Two months ago, I supposedly had three hours of wild sex with a girl that won't even **speak** to me.

So, I mainly just try to keep my head down and get through the day. I don't like to draw even **more** attention to myself. Guess what The Program's gonna do? Draw more attention to myself.

And I **had** to do it. I wasn't going to revolt. Look, I get good grades, good enough to go to a good college. I figure, only a little over a year, and I can get the hell out of here and go somewhere where nobody knows me, and maybe get a fucking life. But, to do that, I had to get through that last year-and-a-bit, and that meant following the rules.

And **that** meant going through with The Program.

I walked into Mr. Tilling's office, and he greeted me, smiling. He told me I was going in the program, and I told him I had figured that out. Resigned, I sat in the seat, waiting for my partner to show up. Maybe it'd be one of the few girls in school that didn't hate my guts.

Nope, I thought, my stomach sinking as the door opened. Nope, these assholes put me in with Maggie fucking Benson.

There's **nobody** in the whole school that hates my guts more than Maggie Benson. And the feeling, believe me, is mutual.

Oh, what a fun week **this** was going to be.

CHAPTER THREE

MAGGIE

"Chuck Braden? You put me in with CHUCK BRADEN? What **were** you thinking?" I was screaming at Mr. Tilling.

"Maggie, if you'll just calm down...."

"Who puts these pairings together, anyway, the Marquis de Sade?"

"No, Maggie," Mr. Tilling chuckled, "Ms. T and I do. We think you and Chuck have a lot to learn from one another."

“What?”

“You’ll have to figure that one out by yourselves.”

“The only thing I can think of that I can learn from Chuck is how to be an asshole!”

“Well, I guess I can take slut lessons from you,” Chuck said from behind me.

“You already are one. And a slut that broadcasts,” I said disgustedly. “Anyhow, Mr. Tilling, I demand another partner.”

“Ditto,” Chuck said.

“No can do. You’re stuck with one another.” Damn Mr. Tilling, he said that with a little grin. He was **enjoying** this! “Now, I need you to strip.”

“This sucks,” I said.

“I agree,” Chuck echoed. Mr. Tilling was impervious. Damn him. I sighed, bitterly, and started stripping off my clothes. When I got done, still glaring at Mr. Tilling, I heard laughter from behind me. I turned and glared at Chuck.

“Oh my God. Maggie Benson pads her bra,” he said, laughing his stupid ass off.

“It’s a water bra,” I said petulantly.

“Who would’ve thought?” He was still laughing. “The school slut is the president of the Itty Bitty Tittie Committee.” See? What did I tell you. Asshole.

“Chuck....,” Mr. Tilling said in a tone of warning. Chuck shut up, but was still grinning. “Your turn,” Mr. Tilling said. Chuck started stripping.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. After his comments about my tits, I was **looking** for something to throw back in his face. I mean, searching for it, desperately. Any flaw at all. I couldn’t fucking find one. Jesus Christ, Chuck Braden was **fine**. I already knew he had a good looking face. And now I saw his body. Muscular but not too much so—you know, just nicely defined. All over. He was also smooth, not too much hair, which I like. Between his legs? No complaints there. He’s no Jared Wicklow, but who is? This was one hell of a specimen of manliness. Why on **earth** did he have to be such an asshole?

And, Goddamn it all, he caught me looking. “Why, thank you very much, Maggie, but you can stop drooling now,” he said with a shit-eating grin on his face. Then he strut towards the door. “In point of repayment, let me mention that you don’t really need the water bra. They’re big enough.” And then he was gone.

I turned to Mr. Tilling, and glared at him. “You’re gonna pay. Oh, mark my words, you are going to **pay** for this!”

The sonovabitch never stopped grinning at me.

CHAPTER FOUR

CHUCK

All right. I couldn’t resist. I just couldn’t, when I realized that her bustline was getting artificial help. I mean, Maggie? What did **she** have to enhance it for? It’s not like she didn’t have other tools at her disposal to lure a guy into her bed. And, I wasn’t kidding at the end, she really **didn’t** need it. She wasn’t big, sure, but she was a small girl all over. They were proportional, you know. Probably about an A-cup, yeah, but we’re talking about a girl that probably wore a size extra-small shirt. They were big enough. More than a mouthful’s a waste, and all that.

But I couldn’t resist that Itty Bitty Tittie Committee crack. Nor could I resist the crack when I realized she was staring at me. If this week were to be a battle of wills—which, knowing what Maggie and I were both like, it was--score one for me.

I walked out of the office, still grinning, past the crowd that had gathered there. Mostly **her** friends. They more or less ignored me.

I had gym first period. I knew the drill, so into the girls’ locker room I went. I wasn’t looking forward to it. Tara Boucher was in that class. It was easy to avoid her in class, but, in the locker room, I was going to stick out like a sore thumb.

You see, Tara and I have a history—and not a good one. This was the one that **was** my fault. I hurt her badly, and I’ve never been able to get her to understand that I was sorry about it. And she walked in as I was standing there in my altogether, putting my bookbag in my locker. She glared for a second, and then turned away from me.

It was worse in the shower, afterwards. I was in there with a gaggle of girls, all of which ignored me—except for Tara. She glared, the whole time. I didn’t say anything. A year and a half of trying to apologize hadn’t worked, so I just let her glare at me. I got myself washed and got out of there.

I was getting groped a bit in the halls, more than I would’ve expected. I didn’t mind. Especially the younger girls, freshmen and sophomores. They must’ve not heard I was supposed to be a pariah.

The good part was third period—Spanish. Maggie’s in that class. She was already there when I got there, I took one look at her—and she started **blushing**! Maggie Benson! I couldn’t believe it! I grinned at her, and, when I walked past her, I leaned over and whispered, “Yeah, they’d fit real nice in my hand,” and kept walking.

Yeah, I was playing to type, I know it. But I “got” Maggie **so** infrequently that I had to take any chance I had!

CHAPTER FIVE

MAGGIE

I got out of Mr. Tilling’s office and found all my friends there waiting for me. That was cool.

“Welcome to the club,” Amanda grinned at me.

“Who’s your partner?” Jared asked.

I waved my hand in frustration down the hall at him. “**Him**. Chuck fucking Braden.”

“Oh, shit,” Cassie said.

“Damn, but he’s good looking, though, isn’t he?” Amanda said.

“Yeah, he is. Doesn’t **that** suck? And he caught me staring! And this **after** he made fun of my boobs.”

“How could he **find** your boobs to make fun of them?” Ed said.

“Oh, fuck you, Ed,” I spat out.

“Come on, Maggie, I was just joking.”

“Sometimes your jokes wear thin,” I said, and stormed off down the hall.

Afterwards, I felt bad, though. That was just Ed being Ed. Hell, I had made fun of his dick when **he** was in the program. Lily Woodard had **really** made fun of his dick. He took it in the spirit in which it was intended. And here I am, going off on him. I wasn’t mad at **him**. I knew he was just teasing. Luckily, we had the same class second period. I walked up to him outside of class and said, “Hey, Ed. I’m sorry.”

“No, I’m sorry, Maggie,” he said. “I didn’t realize you were sensitive about that. You’ve joked about it in the past yourself. They’re really not **that** small, you know. Especially naked.”

“Thanks,” I grinned at him. “And, you’re right, I’m usually not that sensitive about them. Chuck just rubbed my last nerve raw. He called me the president of the Itty Bitty Tittie Committee!”

“Ah,” Ed said.

“Still friends?” I grinned.

“Of course,” he grinned back. “So, have you asked for relief twelve times in the past hour?”

“Actually, I’ve been so pissed off I haven’t had the energy to get horny.”

“Oh my God, somebody catch me, I’m gonna faint,” Ed said. **That** I laughed at.

I’m glad I fixed things with Ed, but next period I saw Chuck again. And he had the audacity to say that my tits would feel real nice in his hand! Yeah, like **he** was ever going to find out!

Damn. He was getting to me. That’s just not allowed.

I went to lunch, sat with the gang. I got involved in the banter and didn’t get pissed off at the jokes. Afterwards, I headed to Bio. Ms. T’s famous fifth period Bio class. A lot of my gang is in that class-but so is Chuck. We got in, and Ms. T welcomed us to The Program, and asked Chuck if he needed relief. He said no. Then she asked me.

“Why not? I could use a good cum,” I grinned.

“Yeah, what **else** is new?” Ed teased.

Ms. T asked if anyone wanted to help. Just about every guy in the room put his hand up. I almost picked Jared, remembering that I gave him his first relief on his first day in The Program—in this very room, in fact. I thought it would be a nice turnaround. But then I saw Chuck with his hand up, grinning at me, a definite challenge in his eyes.

Ah-HAH! Get **me** all flustered, eh? “All right, Braden. You think you can get me off? Give it your best shot,” I said.

“Don’t mind if I do,” he grinned, and headed towards the front of the class.

“Ah, Braden?” I said. “Keep in mind, I can control my orgasms even with people I **like**. And I’m not really all that pent up at the moment. And you only have five minutes.”

“Five whole minutes? I may be able to go for two,” he grinned. Cocky SOB. We’d see about **that**.

He didn’t crouch down in front of me. No, he grabbed a spare chair, sat in it, and spun my chair so I was facing him. Then, instead of going for my pussy, he went for the tit.

“Hmm, I was right,” he said. “Fits **real** good in my hand. Oh, and I **do** like a girl with sensitive nipples.”

Which I had. And he had them nice and big and erect in **seconds**. He was rubbing his whole hand all over my tit. Then he went for the pussy. He took his hand and languidly

ran it up and down my lips, no real effort in it. I was getting a little moist, but that was about it. And, OK, I'll admit, he was doing wonderful things to my tit with his hands. But that's not enough to get me to cum, especially when I'm resisting cumming in the first place. "Four minutes thirty seconds," I said to him with an evil grin.

"Oh, I'm just getting started," he said.

Another thirty seconds of this. His finger just kind of lazily snaking up and down my labia. I wondered, does this doofus even know where my clit **is**? Oh, I was going to win **this** little battle. Wait until the school found out that Mister Chuck Braden couldn't even make the school sexpot cum. That'd put the lie to all his Grand Conquest stories, now, wouldn't it?

"Four minutes and counting," I grinned at him.

He grinned back—and slipped a finger into my pussy. **Very** slowly. Then it was two fingers—again, very, very slowly. He started dragging them in and out of me—and on every out motion, he very slowly dragged his fingertips across my g-spot.

Oh, **shit**.

He's doing this, and the next thing I know, he's out of the chair. He's kneeling in front of me. He gave my tittie a little suck on the way down, then went right for the pussy with his tongue.

OK, so he knew where my clit was. Oh SHIT did he know where my clit was! He was sucking on it, and tickling it with his tongue, and nibbling on it—all the while his fingers are doing that dragging thing over my g-spot.

Four minutes? He didn't even need **two**. I tried to resist, believe me—I tried with all my might. Tried saying the alphabet backwards, remembering the third verse to "The Star-Spangled Banner," did multiplication tables, all that stuff. It was no use. My pussy was not cooperating. No, it was headed towards cumming. And when he felt me getting close, he put his fingers right on my g-spot and **drummed** on it—while he sucked my whole clit into his mouth. Shit, he was better than my cousin's boyfriend. By a **lot**. I came, **screaming**, my ass rising up off the seat and my pussy grinding into his mouth. And, mother of God, I **shot**. Ejaculated. I've done that I think **once** in my life, with all the sex I've had. I was **gushing**.

And that asshole—while I was sitting there, trying to **breathe**, that fucker grins at me and says, "You're welcome," and goes back to his seat. He could've at least offered to help me stand up, for Chrissakes! Because I was having a hard time doing it on my own.

Damn. I **hated** this motherfucker. Hated his fucking guts. And he had just given me one of the top three cums of my life. In front of the entire biology class. Damn him.

When bio class ended, my legs were **still** shaking.

CHAPTER SIX

CHUCK

OK, so I really went overboard. Hey, it was a nice little score on my side, though. And, hell, maybe I'd get a few dates out of it. Even if I had the reputation of being a talker—now maybe I'd get a reputation as the guy who actually made Maggie Benson incoherent.

Look, my love life had tapered off in the past year since I got the rep as being a talker, but last year was pretty good. And I learned a lot. I had one date, an older girl—a senior when I was a sophomore—who taught me how to eat pussy properly. It's a lesson I never forgot. I hadn't had the chance to do it in a while, though. Glad to know I hadn't forgotten anything.

I just couldn't resist getting her going. Hey, I had to have **some** fun this week, right?

And, I admit it. Watching her cum like that was a fantastic experience. She really does get all into it. Even when she was trying to resist. Imagine what she'd be like if she just went with it. Jesus.

And it was definitely satisfying to watch her staggering out of class! She was still weak-kneed 40 minutes later! We both had the same class next period, English. Of course, I had to rub salt in the wound, right? I walked up to her, and said, "Hi, Maggie. Need some help getting to English?" Oh, the **look** she shot me! "Suit yourself," I grinned, and kept walking.

Oh, she sat in English class and shot **daggers** at me. Except, when she thought I wasn't looking, she kept idly rubbing at her pussy.

Yeah, I owed her. She did something to me that wasn't very nice that contributed to my current problems. I don't know if she knew that I knew it was her—if that makes any sense—but I did. But, hell, I thought that was pretty generous of me. Yeah, I was trying to score points—but I gave her a hell of a cum in the process, right? I could think of more painful ways to try to score points.

The rest of the day was fine. And she was waiting for me as I got out of school to get dressed.

"You **asshole**! How could you **do** that to me?" she howled.

"Do what? Make you cum? I thought you **liked** that," I grinned.

"Not from **you**."

"Then you shouldn't have picked me." She couldn't say anything like that. "Look, you were trying to score points. As was I. I won that round. But I think you got a few fringe benefits in the bargain," I grinned. "Has anyone ever made you squirt before?"

“Only once,” she admitted. I smiled wider, then she shook her head. “That’s not the fucking point! The point is that I **hate** you!”

“Yeah, well I hate you, too.”

“Huh?” she said, puzzled. “Why do you hate me?”

“Think about it. You’ll figure it out.”

“And if you hate me,” she said, swallowing, “**how** could you make me **cum** like that?”

“Two reasons. First, like I said, I was trying to score points. Second reason is that I’m not the asshole you think I am.” I was dressed by then, so I just walked away. I turned back and said, “See you tomorrow, Maggie. Ought to be fun.” Then I was gone.

You know what? It hadn’t been a bad day at all.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MAGGIE

Motherfucker.

God damned motherfucker.

Oh, I wanted him **dead**. Dead, dead, dead. Him **and** his shit-eating grin and his magical tongue and his stupendous fingers and FUCK!

I trudged home, thoroughly disgusted.

I live with my Daddy, my younger brother Joe—who’s 12—and my older brother Vinny, who is 20 and just finished his sophomore year in college. He was home for the summer. Yeah, me and a house full of guys. Is it any wonder I like guys? The three I lived with were three of the best—even Joe when he’s not being a complete pest. I love my Daddy, and Vinny’s been my main confidant since I was 7. He’s the one person that really knows what I’m like, sex life and all. I was really glad he was home for the summer.

My mother? Ran off when I was ten. Nobody knows what happened to her. Ran off with some other guy. Apparently she was cheating on Dad throughout the whole marriage anyway. But she abandoned three kids, too. Vinny and I were fine, we supported each other. But Joe was only five when she left—it really affected him. I’ll never forgive the bitch for that.

Anyhow, I got home, and Vinny was there.

“Hey, Dicktease. How’s it going?”

“Oh, I got to tell you, Dickless, I had a **day** today.” Yes, Dicktease and Dickless are our pet names for one another. Hey, whaddaya want?

“Come tell Vinny all about it, Mags.”

“Got put in The Program. And my partner is Chuck Braden! Who I **hate**!”

“Well, you can avoid him, can’t you?”

“I can. But I didn’t. Stupid me.” I told Vinny the whole story.

“So, let me get this straight,” he said when I got to the end. “He gave you an earthshattering cum, and this is a **bad** thing? This is not like **you**, Mags.”

“But I hate him!”

“You must like his **tongue**,” he grinned at me.

“That’s the fucking problem! How can such an asshole be so good at **that**? Fucking, I can believe. But usually assholes can’t suck pussy worth a damn—because they don’t get anything out of it.”

“Maybe you’ve misjudged him.”

“Fat chance of **that**. I know too many of his victims.”

“I think you should think about this some more, Mags,” Vinny said. “Look, you know how it works in high school. Shit gets blown out of proportion. Rumors spread.”

“There’s just too many about **him**, though. It’s not like it was just one.”

“So, what are you going to do?”

“Plan my revenge, what else?” I grinned.

“I think you just let him eat you out again, you’ll be singing a different tune.”

“Not a chance,” I grinned again. “This is **war**.”

--End of Part One--

**CHUCK AND MAGGIE NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART TWO
TUESDAY**

CHAPTER EIGHT

CHUCK

I woke up Tuesday in a pretty good mood.

I had told my parents about The Program the night before. They were mildly interested. Then again, that's their usual. Don't get me wrong, I love my parents, we get along—but we don't interfere in each others' lives much. I have mine, they have theirs, and we swap stories over the dinner table. Hey, they're supportive—if I had a **real** problem, they'd be the first to lend a hand. But I try to handle most of my life by myself and leave them out of it.

I drive to school. Maggie walks, I know that. I beat her there, I was close to a half-hour early. So, I went to the entrance, and waited for her. She showed up in no time at all.

“Well, hello, Chuckles,” she said.

“Good morning, Margaret,” I grinned.

“**Don't** call me Margaret!” she fumed.

“Anything you say, Margaret,” I said, choking down a laugh.

“Asshole,” she grumbled.

“You love me and you know it,” I grinned at her. Boy, did I get a look! “So, Maggie. Do you need help getting your clothes off?”

“Uh, I don't think so.” She started stripping right there.

“Too bad. Would've been fun.” I reached for my shirt. In no time at all, we were naked. She pranced into the door ahead of me, pretty much ignoring me. Boy, was **she** getting a lot of attention! She couldn't go three feet without having a hand in her pussy. I'll give her credit. She genuinely enjoyed it. I'd always kind of wondered about her—was she really that enthusiastic about sex? I had gotten a hint when I had eaten her out yesterday. I got another hint today. She really was that enthusiastic.

I have to admit, I found it incredibly appealing.

Anyhow, I was getting groped more today. I even got groped in the gym shower—Tara was shooting daggers at the person doing it, but my groper didn't seem to care—so I spent most of the morning with my hormones doing a slow boil. By the time the afternoon, and Biology, came, I was horny as all hell.

So, I asked for relief. And I wondered. Would Maggie offer to return the favor? She did, with a little challenging smile on her face. Of course I picked her.

She came up front and I said, “This isn’t any sort of challenge for you, you know. I concede. I’m horny, it’s been a while, and I know how good you are, so you’ll have no trouble getting me off.”

She gave me an evil grin, and said, “Oh, I know I won’t. However, I’ve got another challenge for you. I dare you not to react verbally. No moans, no groans, no squeaks, no ‘Oh my god Maggie you’re so GOOD!’ None of that. Bet you can’t do it.”

Oh, this girl had **style**! “You’re on, Benson.”

“Get ready for the blowjob of your life, Braden.” She took me in in one gulp. In-fucking-credible. She was working me over very nicely, but I managed not to say anything. I just kept grinning at her.

Then she bit me! My mouth popped open and I glared at her, but I didn’t say anything. She dragged her teeth down the length of my dick. This was not pleasant. Then she bit me again, harder, not enough to break the skin or anything, but it **hurt**. “OW!” I said.

She pulled off me, glared at me evilly, and said, “You lose.” She tried to get back on my dick, but I pushed her away. “I think I’m done,” I said coldly, and got up and went back to my seat.

“What just happened?” Ms. T said.

“Nothing. Forget it. I’m fine,” I said. Maggie was still on her knees in front of the empty chair. She got up and went back to her seat, staring at me. Ms. T looked at me, but I didn’t say anything else. She just shrugged and continued the class.

At least my dick went down. Out of **pain**. That little bitch. I wanted her head on a platter.

CHAPTER NINE

MAGGIE

I think I went too far.

Damn, I wasn’t trying to **hurt** him! Just tweak him a little bit. Make him make noise, you know?

But, you know what? This was Chuck Braden. Fuck him.

But, boy, was he **pissed**! I didn’t want to deal with him, so I made sure I got out of school in a hurry at the end of the day. Unfortunately, I wasn’t quick enough.

“BENSON!” I heard from behind me. “You **bitch**!” I just kept walking away from him. I ended up on the empty football field, but he had pretty much caught up with me.

“Benson, stop!”

“What’s the matter, Braden? Did I bruise your little wee-wee?” I giggled.

“That was uncalled for. That was low-down. I don’t mind playing a little game with you, but I’d **never** physically hurt you.” Damn, he really **was** pissed.

I probably should’ve given in, because I probably **did** go too far. But giving in isn’t my style. “Oh, I didn’t hurt you, you big baby.”

“Your teeth are sharper than you realize.”

“OK, so I **did** hurt you. You deserve it.”

“Why?”

“Well, we can start with Tara Boucher, OK?” I blurted. “She’s a friend of mine.”

Chuck stopped glaring at me, and looked down. “You don’t need to hurt me for that one. I’ve been beating myself up for a year and a half.”

“What?” I said.

He took a deep breath. “You don’t know the whole story. Nobody does. That three girls in three nights stuff? That never happened. I had three **dates** in three nights. The last one was with Tara. She’s the only one I ever slept with, though. She was, in fact, my first.”

“We had been dating for a couple months, but we weren’t exclusive. I dated other people. But she was the only one I ever slept with—like I said, that night was my first. And I asked her to go out with me that night. She said yes.”

“I told **three** fucking people about it. I was excited. Those three people were friends, people I thought I could trust. They spread it all around the school, and mangled the story while they were at it. Tara was devastated, and I’ve been trying to apologize to her since then. She dumped me, and won’t talk to me. Dammit, Maggie, I **liked** her. I’ve felt horrible since then.”

“OK,” I said, “but then why didn’t you learn your lesson?” He looked at me. “Why do you **keep** talking?”

“I don’t.” he said.

“What about Vicki Langham?”

“That’s a fine one to bring up, Maggie, **you** spread that one.”

“Hey, I heard that one from someone else,” I told him, “I didn’t start it.”

“I didn’t say you started it. I said you spread it. I never said a word about Vicki. Someone else did. I went out on a date with her, it was fun, I liked her—and the next thing I know it’s all over school that we slept together. I **never** told a **soul** that. And there’s someone else that won’t speak to me.”

“You never talked about anyone?” I said in disbelief.

“Except for Tara. And I wish I could take that one back. And that’s the truth.” He looked really despondent. “Is this why you hate me so much?”

“Kind of,” I admitted uncomfortably.

“Kind of?”

“You turned me down,” I said, looking at the ground, “when I asked you out. In ninth grade.”

“What, you never got turned down by anyone else?” he laughed.

“No, it was the **way** you did it.” I glared at him. “You acted like I was something that you scraped off your shoe, like I was beneath you. Like, no way were you going to stoop to going out with the school slut.”

His mouth dropped, and he gaped at me. “We have a serious misunderstanding.” I just looked at him. “I didn’t think any of that, **ever**.” He looked down. “I turned you down because I was **terrified**.”

“What?” I gasped.

“Remember. I just told you Tara was my first time. That was the beginning of tenth grade. You asked me out in the spring of ninth grade. I was a virgin. I was a lot scrawnier back then, and more shy. I was scared of girls to begin with. And you had your reputation by then. When you asked me out, I almost pissed my pants. You scared the living daylights out of me. And you’d **better** not repeat a **word** of this to **anyone**. This is very embarrassing to admit. But I couldn’t let you go on thinking that I was looking down on you.”

“Wow,” was all I could say.

“And, if it makes you feel any better, I regretted turning you down,” he grinned.

I smiled back. “God. I’ve been hating you for two years for no good reason.” I looked at him. “Why do you hate me?”

“For spreading the Vicki rumor. And because you hated me—because you don’t treat me well.”

“I’m sorry about the Vicki thing. And I’m sorry I bit you.”

“Apology accepted,” he said. “Hey, I’ve made my own bed with some of this. I really **did** fuck up with Tara. And I’m sure I could’ve turned you down with more finesse.” He grinned at me. “You’re intimidating—especially back then.”

“Me?” I laughed. “Miss Easy?”

“Well, your aggressiveness is intimidating.”

“A lot of that was by necessity, especially back then.” I took a breath. “I lost my virginity when I was 12, summer before seventh grade. I was **hooked**. And, you know what boys are like at that age, you were one. If I was waiting for the guy to make a move, I’d be waiting for a long time. And I wanted sex. So I made the moves. But since I started that way, that’s my reputation.” I grinned at him. “I don’t get asked out much. I have to do most of the asking, still.”

“You don’t like that,” he said.

I turned away from him. “Well, you know. It’d be nice.....” I couldn’t finish.

“For someone else to admit that **he** wanted **you**,” he finished.

“Yeah.”

I heard a deep breath from behind me. Then, “Maggie. I want you.” HUH? “I want you so bad I can barely make a fist. And I’m not just saying this.” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing! “Now that we’ve settled our differences, all I can think of is what you looked like when you came yesterday in bio. I want to see that again. I want to **do** that to you again. It’s the most fantastic thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

I still couldn’t turn around. “We hated each other fifteen minutes ago!”

“Even then, I wanted you. I just couldn’t admit it,” he said.

Oh my God.

CHAPTER TEN

CHUCK

OK, the moment of truth.

Look, I said I hated her, but I didn’t. I was pissed at her for spreading the Vicki rumor around, but I know she didn’t start it. It was mostly a reaction towards her antipathy for **me**. And, now that I knew what **caused** that, it all just didn’t seem to matter anymore. The only thing that seemed to matter was what she looked like yesterday when she came. I think it was permanently burned onto my eyeballs.

Look, I thought Maggie was attractive. She was slim and compact, but that was fine. And she had an absolutely gorgeous smile. I'm attracted to nice smiles. But I guess I didn't understand until yesterday how sexy she was.

And then she turned around. Finally. And I **really** understood how sexy she was, because I've **never** seen desire like I saw in her eyes. "You better not be bullshitting me," she said.

"Not on your life," I said.

She was on me before I even knew what was happening. Her lips were devouring mine. She was wrapped around my body. I had to lower her onto the ground before she tackled me.

Which I suppose would've been appropriate, seeing as we were on the football field, but I wasn't wearing pads!

In fact, I wasn't wearing anything. Neither was she. We had been in such a hurry after school—her to get away, me to catch her—that we had never gotten dressed. At the moment, that was very handy. I was on the ground, Maggie sprawled on top of me, our lips locked, our tongues dancing. My hand went to her boob, and she groaned. We were like that for a few minutes, kissing, our hands running all over each other. Then I grabbed her hips, and started pulling on them, upwards. I was hoping she'd get the hint.

She did. She crawled up me, and then crouched above my face. She lowered her pussy towards my waiting tongue. I licked up and down the length of her pussy with my tongue. I did this for a few minutes, then went for her clit. I sucked it gently into my mouth. Maggie had a prominent one. I liked that—lots more surface area for me to play with.

"Oh, God, that's so fucking good!" Maggie moaned from above me. I drew little circles around the tip of her clit with my tongue while I sucked it between my lips. I felt her thighs tighten around my ears. My hands were on her hips, and she was gently rocking back and forth, just a little, above me.

"I-I've never done this like this before," she got out. "With me on top, I mean." Imagine that, I actually showed Maggie Benson a new trick. "Oh, God," she moaned. "Ohgodohgod!" She increased the undulating of her hips—I was doing all I could do to keep in contact with her clit. She ground her pussy into my chin. Then she screamed "OH FUCK!" and dropped **right** down on top of me, grinding her pussy into my face as she came. She flopped forward, landing on her hands—which was a good thing, I was having trouble breathing—and tried to catch her breath, leaning on her hands and knees.

"Oh, God, that was spectacular," she gasped.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," I promised. I crawled out from underneath her, and took her by her hips and gently flipped her over, so she was on her back. I positioned myself

between her legs, and slid my cock up and down her pussy. She grinned up at me. I grinned back, put my dick in place, and slowly slid into her.

OK, I didn't expect it. I knew how experienced she was—and, while I'm not small, I'm not all that big, either. She'd had a lot bigger than me, no doubt in my mind. So how in **hell** was she so **tight**? I got in all the way—finally—and she had a big shit-eating grin on her face. So, I asked her. “Don't take this the wrong way, Maggie, but you are **tight**!”

“Oh, that ain't tight,” she grinned—and then I felt her pussy squeeze my dick. Then it rippled all around it. Jesus Christ, you want to talk about muscle control? Incredible. I looked at her in complete astonishment, as she still grinned at me, working her pussy all around my dick.

“You might wanna ease up on that if you want this to last longer than eight seconds,” I said. She laughed, but I noticed the motion down below had quieted a bit. I slowly pulled out, and then slid myself back in. And what **she** was doing! She opened up as I slid in, and squeezed together as I slid out. It was absolutely incredible. Trying not to go too soon, I pushed all the way in and held there for a minute, trying to take the edge off. Immediately grasping what I was getting at, she clamped down hard on me for a few seconds.

I had **never** felt anything like this. Now I know where Maggie got her reputation. She was incredible.

“**Jesus**, you're good,” she gasped out.

“ME?” I said incredulously. She just laughed. I kept sliding in and out of her, and she kept with that muscle control. After a while, I started going faster. She went right with me. Her legs came up and hooked around my ass, and her hands were on my sides, as she pulled me into her. She squeaked every time I bottomed out. The sounds of our bodies slamming together and Maggie's squeaks echoed throughout the empty football stadium.

I was close, but could sense that she was, too, so I desperately tried to hold on. Then, she went, howling—and there was no way I was going to hold on through **that**, not with her pussy doing the fucking twist around my dick. I plowed through her contractions for a few strokes and poured myself into her.

Afterward, spent like never before, I pulled her into my arms and rolled us onto our sides, and cuddled her as we both tried to catch our breath.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MAGGIE

Oh, God, I was **drained**. What a fuck he was. Almost as good as he was with his tongue—which was saying something!

God, it took me forever to catch my breath! “That was something,” I said to him.

“You’re telling me,” he grinned. “Now I know where you got your reputation.” I just laughed, and started to disengage myself from him. “Where you going?” he said.

“Well....” I wasn’t much for post-sex cuddling. Well, most **guys** I’m with aren’t much for it.

“Don’t go,” he asked, and held me tighter. “Unless you have to go home.”

“OK,” I smiled, and relaxed. Well, **this** was new. “I don’t have to go home. Daddy’s cool.”

“Is your mother cool?”

“My mother ran off when I was ten,” I told him.

“Oh, damn, Maggie, I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“I know you didn’t,” I said.

“You have a brother, don’t you?” he asked.

“Two,” I smiled. “Joe is 12, he’s in sixth grade. Vinny’s 20, he just finished his sophomore year at State. Vinny’s probably my best friend outside of Amanda. We got each other through all the bullshit when Mom left. Joe’s the one it really affected. How about you?”

“No brothers or sisters. Both parents. They’re OK. They love me, but we kind of lead separate lives.”

“My Daddy’s the best,” I told him, “but we kind of lead separate lives, too. Less so, now, but when Mom first ran off, well, he was upset himself. And he had to worry about Joe more.”

“Does he know what you’re like?” Chuck asked me with a chuckle.

“A little, not the whole thing,” I laughed back. “He knows I’m responsible, though. Vinny’s the only one that **really** knows what I’m like. He worries about me.”

“Why?”

“Mom. Y’see, Mom couldn’t handle being with one man. That’s why she left. She got bored with Daddy. Vinny worries that I’m like that. Honestly, I worry about it, too. Leaving a man is one thing—leaving three kids, one of whom is only five, is another.”

“Have you ever had an actual relationship?”

“Well, I’ve had steady fucks, but it’s never been exclusive.”

“I don’t know if it has to be. I know Jared and Amanda aren’t completely exclusive.”

“I couldn’t do that,” I told him. “Believe it or not, I’m the jealous type. Look, I’m very good at giving my pussy away. I’m less good at giving my heart away. If I ever do it, I’d better be getting the other person’s heart back in return, and I mean completely. Because I think if I ever **do** fall in love, it’ll be with everything I’ve got. I’m not a halfway type of person.”

“No, you are not,” he laughed. “Have you ever come close? To falling in love, I mean.”

“Once. Well, twice, almost. The first was Rick Ronning. We had one of those steady non-exclusive fuck relationships last year. I was thinking about asking him if he wanted to make it exclusive. I liked him a lot, I know that much. Before I worked up my nerve, he came and told me that he couldn’t be with me any more, because he was going out with Amy Purcell.”

“Damn. Who was the other one?”

“That’s the tough one,” I said. “It’s not that I almost did, it’s that I know I **could**, if circumstances were different.” I took a deep breath. “Mike Kirkland.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. But he’s never, ever thought of me that way, and I know it. We went to bed once, it was great, but that was it. And now he’s got Lily, and that one’s for life—even I can see that.” I took a breath. “How about you?”

“Tara,” he said sadly.

“Oh, damn, Chuck.”

“I’m over it. Well, mostly. It’s hard to think of what if when you’re the one that blew it, you know?”

“Yeah.”

There was a moment’s silence, and then he said, “Do you like it?”

“What?”

“Being the junior class slut.”

I cracked up laughing. “Look, I like sex, I’m not going to lie.”

“Yes, you do,” he agreed with a laugh.

“Yup. But it has its disadvantages. Look, Rick Ronning’s a good example. I don’t think he ever even entertained having something with me other than a fuck buddy, because people don’t think of me that way. Even if I **did** want an actual relationship with someone, I don’t know if anyone would believe me. Including the guy I wanted the relationship with.”

“That bothers you,” he said.

“Yeah. I also don’t know if people think they can trust me.”

“In other words, a guy would think that you’d be cheating.”

“Exactly. My only consolation is that I’m young. Which is one of the reasons I am the way I am. I’m only 17—this is the time to sow wild oats, right?”

“You’ve sown enough for eight people,” he laughed.

“Oh, **thanks**,” I laughed back. “What about you? You looking for a steady relationship?”

“Here? With my reputation? I don’t think so. That, I think, is going to have to wait until I get out of high school, and get to college, where nobody thinks I’m The Mouth That Roared.”

“I’m sorry for my part in that,” I said sincerely.

“It wasn’t just you, and the first mistake was mine.”

“I’m surprised to find you’re really a nice guy,” I admitted. He laughed. “I’m not used to this, you know.”

“Used to what?”

“Cuddling after sex.” We were still wrapped around each other in the middle of the football field, my head up against his chest. “I usually get shown the door right after the event.” I took a breath, and said, softly, “It’s nice.”

“Yeah,” he agreed. “I always thought you were hell on wheels. You’ve got a soft side.”

“Keep that to yourself,” I said. He laughed. “At least we’re friends now. It’ll make the rest of the week go better.”

“Absolutely. Don’t tell Mr. Tilling, though, we don’t want to give him the satisfaction.”

I cracked up laughing. “Good point. That’s all he needs. With all the program partners that have hooked up this year, he probably thinks he’s the matchmaker of all time.”

“Yup,” he agreed.

I took a deep breath, and said, “Chuck? I’m usually not Miss Discreet, but could you not tell anyone about this right away, please?”

“Sure,” he said. “Like I said, I’ve learned my lesson.”

“Well, like I said, I usually don’t care, but—well, it’s funny. It’s going to take a lot of people by surprise, and I’m not sure I want to deal with that. Plus—well, I think I have to tell Tara, and I don’t want her to hear it from somewhere else.”

“OK.”

“Thanks.” I started to get out from his arms. “I have to go, now, though.”

“OK.” He stood up, and helped me up. “Maggie? Thanks. That was something else.”

“You were something else yourself. Thanks for asking. It meant a lot,” I admitted. “And thanks for afterwards. That meant a lot, too.” I leaned up and kissed him. “See you tomorrow.”

“I’ll be there.”

I didn’t even bother to go back to the box to get my clothes. I’d get them tomorrow. I just wanted to get home. I got lots of cars honking at me on the way home, though! And when I walked in, I got a series of comments from Vinny. I just told him to shut up.

I grabbed some clothes up in my room, went down and ate dinner, then went back upstairs. I had to talk to someone. I called Amanda.

I told her what had happened. “You slept with **Chuck**?”

“Yeah.”

“I thought you hated him?”

“So did I,” I told her. I went into some of the things we had discussed about his reputation and stuff. “I believe him, you know. I think he made the one mistake with Tara, and it got out of hand.”

“So, how was it?”

“Fantastic. And, afterwards, we cuddled and talked for quite a while. That’s new for me. And **he** told me he wanted **me**, not the other way around. This was **not** my usual experience, at all.”

“You sound like you enjoyed it,” Amanda pointed out.

“I did. It also confused the hell out of me.”

Amanda gasped from the other end of the phone. “You **like** him!”

“I think I might. I don’t quite know yet. But I think I might.”

“Now, **this** was unpredictable. After you bit his dick in bio, I figured that if you ever got together, it’d be with weapons.”

I cracked up laughing. “Oh, you figured out what I did?”

“Yup,” she laughed.

“It was bad of me. I apologized. I was just trying to score points.”

“I take it that it was still working even after you damaged it,” she cracked up.

“Oh, it was working **just** fine,” I laughed back. “His tongue was working even better.”

“So, you had a good afternoon,” she told me.

“Yes I did. Now I just have to figure out what it means.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

CHUCK

I walked back out to the school entrance, fetched my clothes, and drove home.

I ate, then went up to do homework. I got some of it done, but found my mind wandering quite a bit.

Damn, she got under my skin. It was funny. I thought she was Miss Experience. In a lot of ways, of course, she was. But she doesn’t get cuddled after sex? I thought girls pretty much **demand**ed that! This time, it was me that coaxed her into it. I’m glad I did, because it made her relax.

You see someone in school every day for a number of years. You hear about them. You know certain things about them. And then, in one afternoon, you find out how erroneous, or sketchy, or incomplete the knowledge is. Her about me, of course—with all the rumors about me, she had a wrong impression of me. But I found out a lot about her, too. It wasn’t that the information in her case was wrong, just incomplete. **Woefully** incomplete. She really is a lot softer than I ever would have guessed. And, though I wasn’t going to **say** this to her, a lot more vulnerable. And complex. Very complex. There were depths to this girl that I’d only seen the surface of.

The problem was this—I liked her. I think I liked her quite a bit. At first, it was just sex. I **did** want her, a **lot**. But, afterwards, it wasn't just sex anymore. I hadn't spent an afternoon that delightful in a very long time. But I still had to tread lightly. As she had said, we'd spent a lot of time up until **very** recently hating each other. Trying to figure out if we liked each other was very new. Also, I don't think she completely trusted me. As an added kicker, it's not like I didn't have competition. She could go out with a different guy every night of the week and just pencil me in for Tuesdays if that's what she wanted to do.

What was funny was, before today, I would've guessed that's exactly what she'd prefer. Now, I wasn't so sure, after what she said.

Well, I had time to figure this all out, I supposed. I went to bed, looking forward to tomorrow.

Looking forward to another day in The Program with Maggie Benson. Who would've ever thought **that**?

--end of part two—

CHUCK AND MAGGIE NAKED IN SCHOOL PART THREE WEDNESDAY

CHAPTER THIRTEEN MAGGIE

I got to school fairly early Wednesday morning. I went to the entrance, and Chuck was already there.

“Hey, Braden,” I said.

“Well, good morning, Benson,” he grinned at me.

“You're mighty chipper this morning,” I said.

“I got a good night's sleep,” he grinned at me.

“Funny, so did I,” I laughed. “Hey, listen. Is that offer you made to me yesterday morning still open?”

He looked at me, puzzled, for a moment, and then smiled. “It sure is.”

“Good,” was all I said. He walked up to me, grinning, and started undoing the buttons on my blouse. When he got them undone, he slipped the blouse off, and then reached behind me to undo my bra strap. He slipped that off of me, then went for the snap of my pants.

Before he undid it, though, he lowered his mouth to my boob and took my nipple into his mouth. Oh **Jesus**. I thought I was just going to get a nice undressing!

And he didn't stop! The whole time he was taking my pants off, he had his lips wrapped around my nipple. It was delicious. Then he broke off, grabbed me, and hoisted me up onto the wall. The next thing I knew, his face was buried between my legs.

Oh my goodness. I had **never** met a guy who was so damn enthusiastic about cunny-lapping. Three times in three days? Never. Oh, I'd gotten fucked three times in three days. Sometimes I'd gotten fucked three times in three **hours**. But someone going down on me? Nope.

It was still early, but a few people had arrived and had gathered to watch the show. And, believe me, they were getting a show. I was moaning and squealing and squirming and all that. I couldn't help it. He was doing that thing again, where he sucked my clit in between his lips and teased it with his tongue. And he had two fingers up inside me and they were beating on my g-spot like Keith fucking Moon. It didn't take much of **that** before I had his head pinned between my legs, my pussy grinding on his face. I came, **howling**.

By the time I had come back to earth, he was standing in front of me, grinning—completely naked. He had stripped while I was trying to catch my breath.

“Hey, I thought it was my turn,” I said.

“Not today,” he grinned, then walked over to me. He leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Benson, I get the impression that you don't get too many freebies. That was a freebie.” And then he was gone, through the doors and into the school.

My stomach went **thud**. I sat there, on that wall, staring at the door until the first bell rang—which was a good ten minutes. I was right—this guy knew how to push every single one of my buttons. But, now, it wasn't the drive-Maggie-crazy buttons. It was the make-Maggie-goopy buttons.

I did **not** do gooey. Right now? I was melted-caramel gooey.

I shook my head—to clear the fucking insanity out of it—hopped down from the wall, and trudged into school. Very shakily.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

CHUCK

Y'see, I had thought about it, and this is what I had decided.

I liked her. I wasn't sure what to make of that, quite yet, but I liked her.

Maggie thought she knew guys. She didn't know **me**. He knew guys that just wanted a quick fuck. Well, I'd **had** that. If that's all I wanted, I'd be done. I wasn't sure **what** I

wanted, but I knew it was more than that. So, while I figured that out, I decided to keep her off balance. A freebie pussy-eating was just the trick.

And it **worked!** The **look** on her face was priceless! Believe me, though, I wasn't making any kind of sacrifice. I enjoyed going down on a girl. I especially enjoyed going down on Maggie. She had the sweetest pussy I'd ever tasted. I'd heard that all girls taste pretty much the same—and in the five or so I'd gone down on previously, I'd agree. Minor variations, but pretty much the same. Not Maggie. Don't know why, but she was different. And the reactions she gave! Just fantastic. I could go down on her all day long. Wouldn't **that** blow her mind!

I didn't let up, either. When we were walking into Spanish third period, I leaned into her and whispered in her ear, "Your pussy tastes like honey, you know," and then kept walking. She actually **blushed!** Maggie Benson!

Even if nothing came of this, at least I was having a good time.

Look, like I said, my feelings were kind of unsettled. And I had no illusions—I was trying to conquer Maggie The Unconquerable. So, this might turn out to be just an elaborate game. Well, if that's what it was, I was going to enjoy it. If it was more than that? Well, then, we'd see, wouldn't we?

I'd felt very isolated since all those rumors had started. At least I had a human being to relate to, in some way—and a very cool one to boot.

Of course, I should've known—Maggie wasn't the type to stay on the defensive for long. I was at lunch, just having sat down, and here she came—she dropped her tray in front of mine and plopped down on the chair opposite me. "OK, Braden—just **what** are you doing?"

"Why? Didn't you enjoy it?"

"You **know** I did. But there's something going on in that head of yours, I know there is."

"Who, me?" I said, all innocence. Then I leaned over closer to her so I could lower my voice. "I wasn't kidding, you know. Your pussy is heavenly. I don't think I can get enough of it." She blushed again! "Sugarlips." Oh, she **really** blushed at that one! "Maybe I should crawl under the table..."

"NO!" she blurted out. "I mean, not **here!**" She took a breath. "Look, Braden, I don't like to be toyed with."

"How would you know? I don't think you've ever let a guy toy with you in your life."

"I like to stay in control," she claimed.

“Yeah, I know. Because if you stay in control, you can keep emotions out of it.” Her jaw **dropped**. “You can keep it on the Maggie-shares-her-pussy level, and not have to think any deeper about it.”

“Don’t you dare judge me!” she hissed.

“I’m **not**. Not for a second. Who the hell am **I** to judge **anyone**? Nope, your lifestyle has worked for you. You do what you want, and you enjoy yourself. Good for you. I don’t see anything wrong with it.”

“Then why are you **doing** this?” she said plaintively.

“Doing what?”

“Pushing my buttons.”

“Because I’m trying to get inside your head.”

“Why?”

“To see what’s there.”

“**Why?**”

“Because I’m interested.”

She stared at me for a good minute, then shook her head. “Braden, I don’t get you. I just don’t get you.”

“Good,” I grinned.

“You know, I don’t have to play these games with you. I can just get up from this table and walk away, and ignore you.”

“You’re right. You can. But you won’t.”

“What makes you so sure?”

“Because you like it.” She glared at me. “Yes, you do. You, Maggie Benson, are bored. You’re bored with the ‘Hi I’m Maggie fuck me’ routine. You are intrigued by me and you’re wondering what I’m going to do next.”

“You’re so damn sure of yourself,” she spat.

“No, actually, I’m not. I’m **completely** winging this,” I grinned. **That** got a smile out of her. “Look, I’ll drop the games for a minute. You know I’m persona non grata around here. And I’m tangling with Maggie Benson, who has forgotten more about guys than I’ll

ever know about girls. Believe me, I know it. But there's something about you. I don't know what it is, but there's something. I'm determined to figure it out."

"OK. So, you can take your best shot," she grinned.

"I aim to do just that, Sugarlips," I grinned back, while she blushed. "You don't know how satisfying it is to know I can make Maggie Benson blush."

"I've never been told I **taste** good before," she admitted.

"It must be just some sort of chemical reaction between my tastebuds and your pussy, Sugarlips."

"Stop **calling** me that!"

"Not on your life."

"Fine. Whatever. Listen. The bell's going to ring soon, and we have to go to bio. Ask for relief, please, and pick me. I owe you for yesterday. I still feel bad about that. No teeth, I promise."

"Hmmm. Are you being nice here, or trying to get the upper hand?"

"A little of both," she admitted with a grin.

"Fair enough. I'll give you a shot."

Just then, the bell rang.

We went to bio, and, as promised, I asked for relief, Maggie volunteered, and I chose her.

"Are you **sure**?" Ms. T asked me. "I'm not quite sure what went on yesterday, but I know there was some funny business, and I don't want it repeated."

"No funny business, I promise," Maggie said. She came up to me and said, "Same deal as yesterday—I dare you not to make noise—but I'll play fair this time."

"Deal," I grinned at her. She knelt down between my legs, and devoured my dick.

Oh Jesus. This was **talent**. She bobbed up and down on my dick, hitting every good spot with her tongue. I was trying not to make noise, but it was **not** easy. She worked my dick like a maestro. When she sensed that I was getting close, she took it all in her mouth, and swallowed. And then started **humming**.

"Oh, Jesus, Maggie!" I howled, as I sprayed her tonsils.

She gulped it down, licked her lips, grinned up at me and said, "You lose."

Still trying to catch my breath, I looked down at her and said, “No, I most certainly did **not**.” It must’ve been the right thing to say, because she lit up like a neon sign.

We went back to our seats—her far more steadily than I—and spent the rest of the period—and the next one, which we also shared—shooting little looks at each other.

I was **thoroughly** enjoying this. And I think she was, too.

Unfortunately, it was right afterwards that all hell broke loose.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

MAGGIE

He had me so off-balance I thought I was going to fall over.

Nobody had **ever** done this to me, not once. I met guys head-on. I didn’t play games. I’m Maggie, I’ll spread my legs if you’re interested. Bam, end of story. Nobody every spun my head around.

Braden had my head doing **loops**.

For one thing, he was going from being cocky out of his mind to disarmingly sincere in a heartbeat—like when he admitted he was just winging it. I was almost prepared to dislike him before he admitted that. Almost. Because, he was right, though I wasn’t going to admit it to **him**—I **was** bored.

What I didn’t know, and what scared me, was whether or not this was just a game to him. If that’s **all** it was, I wanted no part of it. But I didn’t think so. He was trying to get inside my head. There was a reason.

And if he called me Sugarlips one more time, I was going to slug him. Oh, fuck that—I was going to jump into his arms and not let go, I admit it. Look, sex is a big part of my life. Romance has not been. He was being romantic about sex. He gives me a sweet pet name that’s blatantly sexual. That right there was enough to make my brain start leaking out my left ear.

It almost seemed too good to be true.

Then, I found out, it was. After English—the last class Braden and I have together—I was walking to my next class when I heard it for the first time. “Maggie, you and Braden? Wow!”

“What, you mean this morning?” I laughed. “We’re partners in the program, so he got me off. I returned the favor in Bio today.”

“No, I heard you guys fucked on the football field yesterday.”

“WHAT?” I said, incensed.

And, that wasn’t the only one. I heard it for the next two periods. “Hey, you and Braden?” “I can’t believe you fucked Chuck Braden!” And so on.

By the time we got out of school, I was completely livid. I knew I got out before him so I went to the entrance and waited for him. He arrived shortly. “Braden, you lying sonovabitch!” I screamed.

“Not here,” he said, and led me into the woods. We stopped at an open area. “You **fuck!**” I yelled. “You gave me your word! I **trusted** you!”

“Maggie, I didn’t say anything.”

“Oh, yeah, right,” I stormed. “Like you didn’t say anything about all those other girls. You’re a fucking liar, Braden. Every girl you end up with, it gets broadcast.”

“I don’t know how this happened, but, I didn’t say a word, Maggie. Not to anyone.”

“Oh, yeah, Mister Innocent. You fuck,” I blasted.

“Maggie, I did **not** say a **word!**” He was starting to get pissed. Then the expression on his face changed. And, Goddammit, it changed to complete despair. “But you’re not going to believe me, are you? No matter what I say, you won’t believe me. Fuck. I’m going to be paying for Tara Boucher for the rest of my life. I can’t convince you. There’s no way.”

He started walking away. Before I could think of anything to say, he turned back to me. “And you know what really sucks? Over the past couple of days, I was really starting to like you. That’s what all the game-playing was about. I was trying to burrow my way into your mind. I wanted to get so deep into it that you’d get used to me being there. Every minute I spend with you, I like you more. You’re the most interesting, unfathomable, intoxicating girl I’ve ever met. There’s so much more to you than Maggie the Fuck Bunny. I wanted to explore the whole Maggie.” He took a breath. “But my fucking reputation blew **that**. Again.” Then he turned and started walking away again.

I couldn’t let him go. Not after **that**. “Braden! Wait! Stop!” He stopped walking.

“Why, so you can berate me some more?” he said without turning back around.

“No. So I can apologize for jumping to conclusions.” **That** made him turn around. “I’m sorry. What you just said—well, it might be the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me.”

“I meant it. No games.”

“I know.” I took a deep breath. “I suppose I shouldn’t care anyway. I was just upset that I thought you had lied to me. I shouldn’t care about it getting out, I just wanted to tell Tara first, and I did that this morning.”

“You told Tara?” he said, faintly horrified.

“Yeah, I told you I was going to. I thought she should know, considering your history and considering she’s a friend of mine.”

“Right. You did tell me. And it didn’t hit me at first, but now it did.” I just looked at him. “Maggie, this is Tara’s Revenge. **She** spread it around.”

“Oh **shit**. You’re **right**! Dammit, Chuck, why didn’t I think of that? I’m so, so sorry.”

“You’re forgiven,” he grinned. “And I probably deserved what Tara did. **You** didn’t though.”

“I don’t care anymore,” I grinned at him. “Let her spread all the rumors she wants.”

“At least **this** one was **true**,” he laughed. “Listen, Benson. Are you hungry?”

“Yeah.”

“Let’s hit the Mariner for an early supper. Then we can hit an early movie.”

I just gaped at him. “Chuck Braden, did you just ask me out on an honest-to-goodness **date**?”

“Sure did. You got a problem with that?”

“Well, complete and utter **shock**. I don’t go on dates, Chuck.”

“Is that a no?” he said.

“Are you kidding me? Of course I’ll go out on a date with you.” I rolled my eyes. “Jesus. What are you going to think of next? Going out and not having sex?”

“There will be no sex,” he pronounced. “We’ve **had** sex. If I have my way, we’ll have sex again. But tonight is for courting.”

“**COURTING**?” I blurted out, incredulously. “Did you forget exactly **who** you’re with, Braden?”

“Not for a second,” he grinned at me.

“You’re fucking with my mind again,” I said.

“Of course I am,” he said, still grinning. “But not the way you think.” His expression got serious. “I don’t want Maggie the Fuck Bunny tonight. I want that other Maggie, the one you keep trying to hide.”

“What if I want to **be** Maggie the Fuck Bunny?” I asked.

“Well, I’ll be honest and tell you right up front that I’d be incapable of resisting. But anticipation is half the fun, Sugarlips.”

Damn him, making me blush! “OK, Braden. Have it your way. Let’s go get our clothes.”

We got dressed—he even snapped my bra for me—and headed for his car. Walking towards the parking lot, he actually held my **hand**, of all things!

“I think the last person who held my hand was my father. When I was about ten,” I giggled.

“Was that a hint to let go?”

“Not even a little bit,” I admitted. He just grinned and led me to his car. Then opened the passenger’s side door for me. Jesus, now I’m getting **chivalry**!

We drove to The Mariner in companionable silence. We got out, he took my hand again, and we went in. Ordered our food, he paid, then we grabbed a table.

“We’re actually out in public together,” he teased.

“Good,” I teased back. “And we’re not fucking in public. People are going to think I’ve lost my mind.”

“You?” he asked. “Think of it this way. I know, and you do too, that if I said ‘let’s fuck’ right now we’d be out of this restaurant in a heartbeat.” I grinned and nodded. “So, I am turning down a fuck with the all-time Westport High fuck champion. Jesus. Last time I checked, I **was** a **guy**.”

I broke up laughing. “Yeah, but I think your devious little games are more fulfilling to you than sex.”

“Well, not **quite**,” he laughed. “Besides which, I’m not being devious.”

Just then, they called our number. Chuck went up and got the food. He came back with it and we ate a bit, not saying anything.

Then he said, “You see, this is the deal. Because of my reputation, I’m isolated. I have few friends and this is my first date in a long time. You, on the other hand, have a good number of friends. You might not have ‘dates’ per se, but you can have male companionship any time you want it, and can pick from half the school to get it.” I

nodded, while he gobbled a french fry. “So,” he continued, swallowing, “what I’m trying to figure out is exactly why you’re as lonely as I am.”

I dropped my fucking fork. CLANK. And stared at him in horror.

“Because you are. I’ve seen it in your eyes. I’ve seen it when I took your hand. Shit, I saw it when I told you that I gave you a freebie this morning. You’re lonely, Maggie Benson.”

“God damn you Braden,” I hissed in a whisper, “get **out** of my fucking **head**!”

“No,” he said in all seriousness. “I’m not going to do that.”

“**Why** are you doing this to me?” I said, real shaky.

“What? Trying to figure you out?”

“Yeah. Why do you want to do that?”

“Because I think I want more from you.” I just looked at him. Just fucking stared at him.

“God, Braden, why **me**?” I said in a squeaky whisper.

“Because of what I said earlier. You’re intoxicating.” He took a breath. “Benson, you made two mistakes. The first was picking me to get you off on Monday in bio. The second was allowing yourself to cuddle and talk after we were done yesterday. Both things gave me a glimpse. I want more than a glimpse.”

“So, what do you want **me** to do?”

“Not leave. See what happens. That’s all.”

“I can do that,” I said. “Braden, I **am** lonely. You’re the only person that’s ever twigged onto that.”

“I figured,” he said.

“I’ve not found anyone to cure that, yet.”

“Figured that as well.”

I looked at him. “I don’t know if you’re the person to do it. I didn’t say you’re not. I said I don’t know.”

“Fair enough. I don’t know if I am, either. I also don’t know if **you** are the one to cure **mine**. I’d like to find out.”

“Fair enough,” I said. “Braden, if there’s someone out there for me, sex **has** to be an important part of the equation. It’s too vital to me.”

“I know that,” he grinned.

“So. Tell me again why we’re going to the movies and not somewhere to fuck after we’re done eating.”

“Look, Maggie,” he said, “We’ve made love. I’ve eaten you out three times. You gave me a blowjob. Any complaints?”

“Hell, **no**,” I grinned.

“Good, me neither,” he laughed. “I think we’re **very** compatible sexually. I don’t think that’s a problem. I don’t think there’s any decisions to be made there. That’s why I don’t want to right now.”

“That makes sense. Just remember one thing. Keeping me horny isn’t any way to get on my good side,” I grinned. He grinned back. “I’m in The Program, it’s Wednesday, I figured I’d have gotten laid ten times by now. I’ve gotten **one**.”

“So, go get more. Just not with me, not right now.”

“Wait a minute. You think you like me. You want to explore that with me. And you want me to fuck somebody **else**?”

“If you feel the need,” he said calmly. “You have needs, I know that.”

“What about **your** needs?” I asked him.

“They’re being fulfilled right now. I’m out on a date with a girl I want to get to know better.” I just smirked at him. “If you’re talking about **other** types of needs, well, yesterday was my first in almost a year. And that one was so good I should be able to at least get a couple days off of it.”

I cracked up laughing. “Good. At least I’ve made an impression.”

“You’ve made several,” he said.

After we ate, we headed to his car. When we got there, I said, “Look, Chuck. Don’t take this the wrong way but I’m really not in the mood for a movie.”

“Ah. Did you want to go home then?”

“No, not at all,” I admitted.

“No sex,” he said, wagging his finger at me.

“OK, no sex,” I laughed.

“You want to just cruise?”

“Actually, yeah. That’d be great.”

“We need cruising music, then,” he grinned. “There’s a CD folder under your seat.” I reached under and got it, and handed it to him. He withdrew a CD and put it in his CD player. It started playing.

“Frank Sinatra?” I asked.

“I love Sinatra. Not your speed?”

“He’s my **Daddy’s** favorite,” I grinned. “Actually, I like him, sometimes. I’m more into stuff like The Donnas, if you want to know the truth.”

“Maggie The Punk,” he teased. “I like the Donnas, too. But, you know, every occasion has its own music. I’m cruising around on a hot night with a beautiful girl beside me. That almost **screams** for Ol’ Blue Eyes.”

“Or the Beach Boys,” I teased.

“No, you’re not blonde. And I know that for a fact, Sugarlips.”

I blushed and grinned at the same time. “I was once. Eight grade. I looked ridiculous.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” he grinned.

We cruised all around Westport. We stopped into Fuzzy’s and got some ice cream. We cruised around some more. We talked, a lot. I actually told him about my mother. I don’t tell **anyone** about my mother. How in the world he got me to do that is beyond me. Not that she left—I’d already told him that—but how it made me feel. Abandoned, not quite good enough, a ‘bad’ daughter. Why would she leave if she really loved me? I hadn’t said anything like this to anyone in seven years.

I didn’t get it. I just didn’t get it. He had burrowed **so** deep into my head and I couldn’t get him out. I didn’t **want** to get him out. Did I?

Dammit, I’m Maggie the Fuck Bunny! **I** control guys, not the other way around! Somehow I had lost **complete** control of this situation and I wasn’t sure how I felt about it. Well, until he got me home. That’s when he walked me to my door, hand-in-hand. True to his word, there wasn’t any sex. I guess kissing isn’t sex—because I got well and truly kissed. Oh, he’d kissed me yesterday, but that was a prelude. This wasn’t. This was the end game. I got supremely kissed knowing that there wasn’t anything else coming.

I liked it. A **lot**.

I went up to my room and cried. I'm not quite sure why. They might have been tears of joy. They might not have. I'm **not** a crier—but I cried that night, for reasons I couldn't explain.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CHUCK

Dammit, I went too far.

I knew that before I dropped her off. After she got done telling me about her mother, I could see the fear in her eyes. She was terrified that she had told me all that.

Even before then—when I quite accurately told her that she was lonely—I saw fear then, too.

So, if I were playing this game, I was pushing too hard. There was only one problem. I wasn't playing a game anymore. The minute she listened to me and accepted that I didn't spread the thing about us around, I stopped playing games.

I used the right word earlier—she was intoxicating. And unfathomable. And altogether delightful. What can you make of a girl that will fuck all comers with a smile on her face but blushes when you hold her hand? That gets asked for blowjobs but doesn't get asked for dates? That has been on intimate terms with half the high school but has never been courted? You have a puzzle, that's what you have. I guess part of me wanted to solve the puzzle, still. Another part of me just wanted to cherish the pieces.

But I had gone too far, and I knew it. Too much, too soon. No, it wasn't completely my fault—I didn't push her when she told me all that stuff about her mother, it just came out. But I think that was from a couple of days of wearing down her defenses.

And if I knew Maggie—and I was beginning to think I **did**—those defenses were going to be rebuilt. I was waiting for her to go on the offensive. I knew it was coming.

I just hoped I could hang on for the ride.

--end of part three--

CHUCK AND MAGGIE NAKED IN SCHOOL

PART FOUR

THURSDAY

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

MAGGIE

I needed to regain control. That was the foremost thought in my mind as I awoke Thursday morning. I needed my control back. I was losing control over myself and I did **not** like it.

All right, I was horny, too. Look, the whole Maggie the Fuck Bunny thing wasn't a smokescreen. This wasn't Maggie using sex to get love. I wasn't that pathetic, OK? My Dad loved me, my brothers loved me, my friends loved me. I **was** lonely in a certain way, true. But that's not what my promiscuity was all about. I had a lot of sex because I genuinely **liked** sex. And I mean that in a purely physical way. Orgasms rule, that's all there is to it. And I liked the feeling of being filled up by a guy.

But, yeah, it **was** a way for me to also maintain control, and I knew it—especially the multiple-partners aspect of it. I wasn't willing to surrender that control unless I met the right guy.

The really scary part is that I was thinking that I just might have. Met the right guy, that is. But I wasn't sure, and I was shaky, and I was confused—and I was horny. Yeah, back to that.

So, what I did was, I beat Chuck to school and got myself undressed. As soon as there was anyone around, I yelled out, “who wants to get laid?”

Of course, somebody did. So in a matter of seconds, I was sitting on the wall spread-eagled with a big hard cock pumping in and out of me. I didn't even know who it was, and I didn't much care. I came, right before he did.

Chuck showed up right before I came. When my lover dismounted, I looked up and he had this very strange grin on his face. He walked past me and said, “Hi, Sugarlips,” and then went in the building.

I asked for relief twice in the first four periods—and **not** in the class that Chuck was in.

On the way to lunch, I got propositioned. Of course, I took advantage. A nice hot knee-trembler right in the middle of the crowded hall. It was fantastic. When I got done, I noticed Jared and Amanda standing there grinning at me—with Chuck standing right behind them.

“Well, Maggie, it looks like you're back to your old self again,” Amanda grinned.

“Yeah, you'd been kind of subdued this week. We figured you'd use The Program to your full advantage,” Jared added.

“I am now,” I grinned.

Chuck leaned in and said, “Yup, it looks like Maggie the Fuck Bunny is back.” I gave him a shit-eating grin. Then he turned to Jared and Amanda and said, “Do you know that she gets goose bumps on her arms when you hold her hand?” And then he disappeared.

I just **stood** there, jaw all agape. Amanda looked at me funny. I didn't know what to say. I just shrugged my shoulders, and we walked to lunch. I ate with the gang, not Chuck.

Unfortunately, I got called down the office halfway during lunch to be reprimanded. Evidently, intercourse in the middle of the school hall isn't a 'reasonable request'. Hey, sounded reasonable to **me**. And I was on the receiving end of the request, wasn't I? Mr. Tilling disagreed. "Too disruptive," or something like that.

So, I had to wait until after school. Which I did. "Who wants to go in the woods?" I had a number of volunteers. I picked a cutie, took him into the woods, and got myself laid again. That's three today. Much, much better.

He took off after we did the deed. I got myself up off the ground and proceeded to start to get out of the woods myself—when, from behind a tree, out popped Braden. Grinning at me.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

CHUCK

I don't know if she was under the (very erroneous) impression that I had given **up**, or something. Because she almost looked surprised to see me. Of course, she covered it well.

"Hey, Braden. Taking notes?" she grinned.

"Do you really think I have to?" I grinned back. She didn't know what to say to that. "How many is that today?"

"Three."

"Back in the swing of things?"

"You know it," she grinned.

"Good. Hey, listen, I need to go to the mall, buy a couple things. I was wondering if you'd like to come with. We can go to Burger Hut or something afterwards for supper."

She looked at me like I was an alien. Then she shook her head. Then she said, "What?"

"I'm going to the mall. Need to buy a few things," I reiterated. "I'd like your company."

"Um, well, OK. Sure."

"Good. You want to get dressed first?"

“Yeah, I’d better,” she grinned. “Wouldn’t want to cause a stampede in front of the Target, or anything.”

“Uh-huh.” We went back to the school building. I could see the guy’s cum running down her legs. She fetched her clothes and then put them on. I had already gotten dressed.

“Do you know you have cum down your thighs?” I asked.

“Yeah. Like I’m not **used** to that?” she laughed defiantly. “What, jealous it’s not yours?”

Keep trying to bait me, Maggie—ain’t gonna work. “No,” I said. No, because I know what I want, I didn’t say. And it’s not your pussy. Not unless it comes with the rest of you.

“No? I thought you were attracted to me,” she said.

Aha. Now we were getting somewhere. “You forget, Sugarlips, that when we **did** make love on Tuesday, I was the one that asked.”

“No, I didn’t forget,” she said. “So you got it once, you don’t want it again? Then why do you keep hanging around?”

“I never said I didn’t want it again,” I told her.

“Well? Then why don’t we go back in the woods?” she said plaintively.

“Haven’t you had enough today?” I chuckled.

“There’s no such thing as enough,” she smirked.

“Maggie’s philosophy of life?” She nodded, grinning. “Ah. Well, anyhow, let’s go.”

“To the woods?”

“To the mall.”

She sighed, and stared at me. “You’re turning me down again.”

“If I was turning you down, I wouldn’t be asking you to go to the mall with me.” She just starred at me. I took her hand, and led her to my car. I opened the door, and she climbed in. Then I went and got in the driver’s side.

“Braden, you’re insane, you know that?” she finally said. I just laughed. We drove to the mall, not saying much. When we got there, I took her hand again. And, I was right—goose bumps.

“I need to hit the CD store first,” I told her.

“Cool. I could pick up a few things myself,” she said.

We wandered through the CD store. I found what I was looking for, and she chose a couple for herself. Then I told her I had to go to the pharmacy, for toiletries and stuff like that. There was a clothes store right next door to the pharmacy. She wanted to go there, and we made arrangements to meet afterwards.

I got what I needed in the pharmacy—and then I saw it. It was a little teddy bear. It was holding a red heart, and on the heart was printed “THUMP! THUMP!” It was adorable. I bought it.

When we met outside the stores in the mall, I said to her, “Hey. Did you buy some stuff?”

“Sure did,” she grinned. She showed me a shorts set, a dress, and a skirt-and-top set. “What did you get?”

“Oh, much more boring stuff.” I went through my bag. “See? Deodorant, shaving cream, shampoo, candy bars.” I took out the teddy bear. “This is for you.” I handed it to her, very nonchalantly, and kept going through the bag. “Razor blades, soap, aspirin. You know, boring stuff.” Not until then did I look at her. She was gazing at the teddy bear wide-eyed. “I’m starving,” I went on, “you want to hit the Burger Hut?”

She didn’t look at me for a good minute. When she did, she practically whispered, “You bought this for me?”

“Yeah. You like it?”

“Yeah,” she said. The next thing I knew, I was being wrapped in a hug. “Thank you,” she whispered in my ear. She broke the hug, visibly regained her composure, and grinned. “Burger Hut, you say?”

“Yeah.”

“Lead the way,” she said. This time, she took **my** hand, clutching her bags—and the teddy bear—in the other one.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

MAGGIE

A teddy bear. A fucking **teddy** bear.

I can’t remember the last time somebody bought me a teddy bear. It was probably my Dad. Or maybe Vinny. And I was probably about **eleven**. Jesus.

I pretty much **begged** him to have sex with me—and he wants to go to the **mall** instead. And then he buys me a teddy bear!

It was kind of pathetic, in a way. I don't know, maybe it wasn't. But I wondered—was I susceptible, to **this** degree, to any guy that treated me like an entire person instead of just a pussy with legs? Did I need to be treated that way **this** much? Or was it him? I couldn't figure it out. And I **needed** to figure it out. Because he was making me so damn **drawn** to him that I didn't know what the hell to do about it.

So, as we drove from the mall to the Burger Hut, I thought. I thought about **him**. Was I attracted to him? Hell, it was a lot more than that. Why? That was the tough one. Was it just because of the way he treated me? Was it because he was a 'man of mystery'? Nah, it wasn't the last—he was actually rather transparent, come to think of it. He was blatantly trying to make me fall for him. What was scary was that he was succeeding.

Again, why? Well, he was sweet. He was intelligent, witty. Of course, he was gorgeous. He was **interesting**. He was—hell, I don't know! Who can explain this shit? Not me. Maybe I'd have to ask Jared and Amanda why they fell for each other. Actually, I've done that—and the only answer they could come up with was 'we just did'.

That did **not** help me a whole hell of a lot.

Anyhow, we got to the Burger Hut, and got our food. Sat down, and I asked him, "You know what? I don't know much about you. What do you do with your spare time? Hobbies?"

"I read a lot. That's a biggie. There's another one, but that's more of a future career, I hope, than a hobby."

"Yeah? So what is it?"

"Easier to show you than tell you," he said. "After we eat."

"Oooooooooh-kay," I said.

"Do you have any hobbies?"

"You mean besides sex?" I laughed.

"Yeah," he grinned.

"Well," I said sheepishly, "there's one. I don't admit this to too many people, doesn't go with my image. Needlepoint."

"Really?" he grinned.

"Yeah."

"That's cool, you know. Maggie's got an artistic side."

I just grinned at him and kept on eating. We finished, then he walked me to his car. We started driving.

“Where we going?”

“My house. I want to show you my hobby slash career goal.”

“OK.” We drove for a bit then pulled up to his house. We walked in and the place seemed deserted. “What, do you live alone?”

He laughed. “No, Mom and Dad are in the Bahamas. Come on.” He led me up a flight of stairs, into a door, and flicked on a light. It was obviously his room. It was huge.

Scattered all around were all kinds of stuff. Models, built out of papier-mâché and cardboard and clay. Drawings—blueprints, really. In the center seemed to be a model and a bunch of blueprints for a house—an absolutely **stunning** house. All of it was quite incredible.

“You want to be an architect,” I twigged on immediately.

“Yeah,” he grinned.

“What’s that?” I asked him, pointing to the house thing.

“That’s my dream house. I’ve been designing that one for a long time. Someday I hope to build it.”

“It’s fantastic,” she said.

“Thanks. Buildings have soul, you know—the good ones. The ones that are designed with care and love. They have soul.”

“I can see it in your stuff,” I told him. “That house. That’s **your** soul.”

“Pretty much,” he grinned.

“It’s beautiful,” I whispered. **Now** I saw. Now I saw what I was dealing with, **finally**. I’d had an inkling, but didn’t have the whole picture. Now I got it. It’s hard to explain so it makes sense. But I’d felt like I’d seen his soul. **All** of it. Instead of the bits and pieces I had been seeing. And it all made sense. And it was beautiful.

And he **knew** I got it. He saw it in my eyes. The next thing I knew, I was being hustled out of his bedroom—and into a bathroom. And he started taking my clothes off.

“What?” I said.

“Shower,” was all he said. He turned it on, and dragged me in, and washed me—and if anyone can be breathtakingly tender and in an absolute **fury** at the same time, he was. It felt like ten thousand fingers skittering over my skin, washing me. Especially between the legs. He let me wash him, got out, dried us both off—then **picked** me up and **carried** me back into his bedroom! He placed me on his bed—and then was hovering over me.

“I needed to wash those other guys off,” he said—I’d figured that out, actually, “because I want my Sugarlips untainted.” I had to giggle at that. “Now, I’m going to burn every other guy you’ve ever had right out of your mind.”

Before I could even think to come up with a snappy response to that, he was kissing me. And kissing me. And kissing me some more. Then he was kissing my neck, and nibbling on my earlobe, then down to my neck again, down my chest. Then he was sucking on my boob. Very nicely, I might add.

Hey, I knew how foreplay went. I generally got more from him than I usually did, what with his enthusiasm at going down on me. But I knew the basic foreplay scheme. I figured I’d get a hop from the tittie to the pussy.

Well, I didn’t. He brought his mouth off my nipple and kissed down the underside of my breast. Then down my stomach. He tongued my bellybutton. Then kept going, down my stomach. I have to admit, this felt **real** good. Then he was past my stomach, right at the top of my pubes, kissing the skin right there above my pubes. Oh, go lower, keep going, I thought. I was waiting for him to keep going.

The next thing I knew he was nibbling on my **toes**! And his hand was rubbing my calf while he sucked my toes. Nobody’d ever done **that** before. And, yes, I liked it. Oh **boy** did I like it. Then he was kissing up my calf—his hand on my thigh but carefully avoiding any pussy contact—and then he kissed the back of my knee. Oh **man**. Who ever heard of an erogenous zone **there**? Not me, I’ll tell you.

Then he was kissing up my thigh, very slowly, getting closer and closer, right into my groin, oh my GOD that felt good, and then, oh God.....he went to the toes on my other foot!

“Oh, GOD, Chuck!” I moaned, squirming.

“Patience, Sugarlips,” he said. “I want **all** of you, not just that.” He went back to sucking on my toes, then back up my calf. Then to the back of my knee again. I was **so** turned on by now! I mean, come on, I had a hair-trigger to begin with, right? I didn’t need working up. But, damn, I **liked** it. Even if I was going completely nuts by this time.

He was kissing up my thigh again. Then he was all around—my groin, at the top of my pubes, as close to my mons as he could possibly be without actually going there. Then he was kissing my pubes, closer, closer, oh GOD.

I was completely incoherent by this point. He was so damn **thorough**. When he finally brought his tongue up the length of my pussy, it seemed like I had been waiting for it for a thousand years. I shrieked.

He **dove** into my pussy. It felt like he had three tongues. He pulled away for a second and moaned, “I could eat these Sugarlips all day,” then he dove back in. Shit, like I said, I have a hair-trigger, but I’ve **never** come that quickly. He had me so worked up. And he didn’t **stop**. He kept going. And his fingers were in me, doing that drumming on my G-spot, and he was **devouring** my pussy, and I just kept **cumming**. I was howling, and jerking off the bed, and sweat was pouring off me, and I couldn’t see, and it was stupendous.

I lost count. I got to four or five before I finally had to say, “Oh, God, no more, stop, I need a rest!” I was still shivering and quaking and gasping—and, suddenly, he was on top of me, sliding into me. Jesus. I came **again**, just from that!

He held himself all the way into me, just stopping there while I came. I caught my breath, and opened my eyes, and there he was—staring down at me, grinning. He brushed my hair out of my eyes. He wiped the sweat off my forehead. He was still grinning at me.

“Oh, my,” I moaned.

“Good answer,” he grinned.

“I think my brain’s in orbit.”

“Imagine that. And I’m not even done yet,” he chuckled.

“Jesus. I’m the school slut, remember? Why do you make me feel like I’ve never had sex before?”

He leaned over and whispered, “Because you’ve never had sex before with someone you were crazy about. And who was crazy about you.” And, before I could say a word, he started moving, slowly and gently, in and out of me.

I almost begged him to speed up, to ram it into me. But I decided against it. He’d done everything right so far—why not trust him? And, **shit**, was I glad I did. He built me up **so** slowly, that when I finally did cum—again—it was insane. **Then** he started going faster. I just kept riding the waves, until he finally spent himself into me.

I felt like I had run three marathons—and it was unbelievably fantastic. Every nerve on my body tingled. I felt **so damn alive**.

And I was getting cuddled again. He had his arms around me, he was murmuring sweet nothings in my hear, he was nuzzling my neck. This was almost better than the sex. Almost.

“Maggie?” he said after a while.

“Hmmm?”

“I’d like you to spend the night.”

Hmmm. There’s another new one. “OK,” I said softly. Easiest decision I’ve ever made. “I need to call home, though.” He reached behind him, and handed me a cordless phone. I called, talked to Vinny, with Chuck nuzzling my neck the whole time. I handed him the phone back and he hung it up—then snuggled me from behind again.

I fell asleep in his arms.

--end of part four--

CHUCK AND MAGGIE NAKED IN SCHOOL PART FIVE FRIDAY

CHAPTER TWENTY CHUCK

I woke up before the alarm went off. I was a wee bit disoriented, not being used to waking up with company.

Maggie had shifted some time during the night. When we had fallen asleep, we had been spooning. She had flipped over. Now she was facing me, one leg wrapped over mine, her right hand around my waist, her left hand up against my chest—along with her face, which was **buried** into my chest. My hand had ended up on her hip. She looked so sweet and peaceful wrapped around me like that.

I thought about things while I watched her. I’d been going on instinct, really—not really analyzing my feelings for her. Of course I knew I liked her. Gazing down at her sleeping form is when it really hit me—I had gone **way** past ‘like’. She was sweet and tender—and also brash and forthright. She was vulnerable—and also gutsy and bold. She was obsessed with sex—and really wanted to be loved. She was, in short, beguiling. Enchanting. Even **more** intoxicating than I first realized.

I could wake up with this adorable little minx wrapped around me every day. God knows I’d never get bored! Why the hell hadn’t any of the many other guys she’d been with ever fallen head-over-heels for her? Actually, I knew the answer to that—all they saw was the pussy. I somehow saw so much more than that.

Even if **I** was the one that had nicknamed her Sugarlips.

I meditated on all this for about 20 minutes, staring at her the whole time. Then she woke up.

“Hmmm?” she groaned sleepily.

“Good morning Sugarlips,” I said, kissing her on the forehead.

“Morning,” she said awkwardly, clearly self-conscious. It seemed like she was trying to extricate herself from our embrace.

“Where are you going?” I said, wrapping my arm around her.

“I’m uncomfortable.”

“Bullshit. I’ve been watching you sleep for the last 20 minutes. You couldn’t have looked more comfortable if you had been sleeping on a cloud.”

“OK, so I’m **mentally** uncomfortable.”

“Bullshit.”

She sighed. “Fine. I liked waking up like this a whole **hell** of a lot and it scares the shit out of me. Happy?”

“Ah, good. A little honesty.”

“You gonna let me go now that I’ve been honest?”

“Not on your life.”

She sighed again. “You’re impossible.”

“You love me.”

She looked at me with a start. “I **what?**”

“You love me.”

“You’re impossible **and** crazy.”

“Come here,” I leaned down to her. “I want to kiss you.” She let me kiss her. Actually, she started out letting me kiss her—she ended by kissing back with remarkable vigor. “Hmm,” I said after we broke the kiss, “I think Sugarlips has a double meaning.”

“Oh, you,” she snorted.

“Admit it. You like that nickname.”

“OK. I admit it. It’s unbearably sweet and totally nasty all at once.”

“Which means it’s perfect for you.” She blushed at that.

“What time is it anyway?” she asked.

“Five minutes before my alarm goes off.”

“Aah. Not enough time for a little nookie, I suppose,” she grinned.

“Not unless it was a quickie.”

“I **like** quickies.”

“I don’t. Especially not with you.”

She sighed, and this time **did** unravel herself from my arms. “I need to pee anyway.” I grinned at her and let her get back up. When she came back, I said, “My turn,” and went to the bathroom myself.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

MAGGIE

OK, I liked waking up in his arms **way** more than I wanted to admit. To myself, and **certainly** to him. All this “you love me” crap.

Damn, it was nice.

He came back after a few minutes, grabbed clothes, and started putting them on. “Get dressed. All your stuff is on that chair there. Meet you downstairs.” Then he was gone.

Jesus, what a fucking puzzle.

I got dressed, got downstairs, and found him in the kitchen. The coffee was brewing, and he was frying bacon. “Jeez, look at this!” I said. “How domestic!”

“Mom made sure I learned how to cook. How do you take your eggs?”

“Sunny side.” A guy **cooking** for us? Jesus. Head, stop spinning. I watched him finish the bacon, then do the eggs. He then served everything—even toast—and poured us each a coffee.

We were eating pleasantly, when he said cryptically, “You have until tomorrow.”

“For what?”

“To decide.”

“To decide **what**?”

“The answer to this question.” He took a breath and looked right at me. “Maggie, will you go out with me?”

I dropped my fork. He just had billions and billions of ways to make me **completely** discombobulated, didn’t he? “Are you **serious**?”

“As serious as it gets. Maggie—no games. No playing around.” He looked **right** into my eyes. “I’m falling in love with you.”

“You **are**?” I squeaked.

“Yeah. But I don’t know how **you** feel.” I started to say something, but he cut me off. “And I don’t **want** to know—not right now. Look, it’s the last day for us in The Program. Have fun. Do what you want. I’m not going to force you to make a decision **today**, when your hormones are going to be, no doubt, running wild.” He took a breath. “Because, if you say yes, I’m going to hold you to what you said earlier.” I looked at him, a question in my eyes. “You said that if you ever met anyone that you decided you wanted to have an actual relationship with, you’d be monogamous. I want all of you. I don’t want to share. And you need to decide if you can do that.”

“Wow,” was all I could come up with. I had a lot to think about.

He drove me to school, we undressed at the entrance just like all week, he kissed me lightly on the cheek—then he disappeared.

What a morning. My poor teachers. Usually I’m a decent student, though I’m no Natalie Weinberg. Not this day. I was in a complete fog.

I had one constant mantra running through my head: Love or sex. Love or sex. Love or sex. I couldn’t get it out of my mind. Because there was no longer any doubt in my mind about one thing—I was falling in love with him as surely as he was with me. And **him** loving **me** was as good as it gets. He made me feel like a fucking princess.

So, Maggie the Princess or Maggie the Fuck Bunny? Shit, some guys I’d done had barely known my name. I was just an available pussy. Chuck not only knew my name—and a whole lot else about me—he had even named my **pussy**, for Chrissakes!

How could I turn **this** down?

Well, all too easily, one part of my brain told me. The part that contained my libido. This would be a **major** lifestyle change. Could I live with that? My brain was fighting this war all morning. I decided I needed someone to talk to. At lunch, I asked Amanda to grab a private table with me.

“Chuck asked me to go out with him,” I told her without preamble.

“Cool! What did you say?”

“Nothing, yet. He doesn’t want an answer until tomorrow.”

“Huh?”

“He said it’s my last day in The Program, and he wanted me to sleep on it. I spent the night with him last night, all night.”

“Wow,” Amanda said. “What are you going to do?”

“I don’t know. Amanda, I think I’m falling in love with him. But can I give up sex?”

“If you spent the night with him, I don’t think you’re giving up sex,” she laughed.

“You know what I mean. Sex with **other** people.”

“Is that so important?”

“I don’t know. That’s what I’m trying to figure out,” I admitted.

“Look,” Amanda asked, “how is sex with **him**?”

“Unbelievable,” I admitted.

“Quality over quantity,” Amanda grinned.

“True. But variety is nice sometimes.” I sighed. “You know me and controlling my sex life. If I’m in a steady relationship, I surrender some of that control.”

“Remember how much control **I** surrendered when I started going out with Jared. A different situation, but control was involved. Maggie? It’s **worth** it.”

“For you, yes. For me?” I sighed again.

“Look, who’s the best person you’ve ever been with?” she asked me.

“Well, Chuck.”

“Besides him.”

“Oh, that’s easy,” I grinned. “Jared.”

“Good choice,” she grinned back. “I think I need to lend Jared to you this afternoon.” I just looked at her. “He’s your favorite bed partner, right? Then he’s the best thing you’d be giving up. It might help you make your decision.”

“Partially, it might at that. Not completely, because of the variety thing. But, yeah, it couldn’t hurt,” I admitted.

“I’ll set it up.”

Lunch ended then, and we went to bio. The rest of the afternoon went as usual, and, after school, I found Jared waiting for me. Chuck was there, too, getting dressed. He just winked at me then took off.

“Amanda said you needed a little lovin’,” Jared grinned at me.

“Yeah. Did she tell you **why**? It’s occurred to me that, if I do this, I’d be blatantly using you.”

“Yeah, she told me why,” he said. “You might be using me, but it’s for a good reason. Hell, Maggie, what are friends for?” I laughed at his salacious little grin. “Besides which, if you **do** go with Chuck, this’ll be my last chance. And you **are** the second-best I’ve ever been with. Use me, abuse me, anything you want.”

I cracked up laughing. “Jared, you’re a peach.”

“That I am. Let’s go.”

We went back to my house, no one was there. Jared took me in his arms and made love to me. He went down on me—something he’s very good at—then fucked my brains out. Jared is an accomplished, considerate, and caring lover—and he has the biggest dick I’d ever had. In other words, if you wanted to beat Jared Wicklow at lovemaking, you’d better be awfully good.

Or, you’d better have one hell of an emotional attachment to the person you’re in bed with.

When we were done—and I had enjoyed multiple screaming orgasms—I **knew**. I absolutely knew. Jared was one of my best friends. I adored him. But I wasn’t in **love** with him—Amanda was.

And it just wasn’t the same.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

CHUCK

It was with no small amount of trepidation that I had given her that ultimatum, believe me.

But I couldn't help it. I needed to know. I realized, belatedly, that the thought that I was the fourth guy she was with yesterday made me sick. I wanted her all to myself.

School was torturous, because I decided to try to avoid her. For the first time all week, I didn't want to play games with her, or try to push her into anything. **She** needed to decide this. Sticking myself in her face every five seconds wasn't going to help.

And, since I was my last day in the program, I got quite a few last-day fondles. I was **horny** as hell. And I didn't do anything about it—not even ask for relief. I had given **her** the day to play around—but I didn't give myself the same luxury. I couldn't.

All I wanted was Maggie Benson.

Imagine that. Like I **ever** thought I'd be saying **that**!

I got through the day, went home, hung around. My parents were still in the Bahamas. After a few hours, I made myself some supper. I'd never minded being alone before. Now, I did. I went upstairs and decided to do some drawing.

It was about an hour later that the doorbell rang. I went and answered it. There stood Maggie. She was wearing the dress she had bought yesterday. She was carrying the teddy bear I had bought her yesterday.

"Hi," I said. "You toting Teddy around?"

She grinned and said, "He was in my bookbag all day, even."

"Come in," I said, and led her into the living room.

She sat down on the couch next to me, carefully placed the teddy bear on the coffee table in front of us, and turned to me. "I don't need until tomorrow," she said.

"OK."

"I thought about this all day. I had a talk with Amanda. I even took Jared to bed this afternoon." I shot her a look. She giggled. "Jared's the best I've ever been with. Until this week," she admitted. "So, Jared's what I'd have to give up. I guess I was trying to figure out, in some weird way, if it would be worth it."

"What did you decide?" I asked tentatively.

"Jared's one of my best friends. He's a great lover. I've always loved having sex with him." She took a breath. "And when we got done today, all I could think was that it just wasn't the same. And if I thought that with **him**, well, anybody else pales in comparison." She sighed. "Look. This is a major, major lifestyle change for me. I can't promise it'll be easy. But I want to try."

“Because I’m in love with you,” she admitted. “You make me feel like nobody has ever made me feel. I want to go out with you.”

“Thank **God**,” I breathed, and leaned over and grabbed her and wrapped my arms around her. She giggled. Then she pulled herself back so she could look at me.

“This isn’t going to be easy for me,” she said.

“I know.”

“I’m going to be tempted.”

“I know. Look, I’d prefer it if you don’t slip up, but if you do.....hey, I know what I’m getting into.”

“I won’t slip up.” She got a little twinkle in her eye. “But I’m going to need a **lot** of sex.”

“I think I can handle that,” I grinned. I stood up off the couch, reached over, and picked her right up off of it. She giggled and squealed, and wrapped her arms around my neck. I started carrying her up the stairs.

“What are you **doing**?” she laughed.

“Taking you up to my room so we can get started on that whole ‘a lot of sex’ thing.”

“And you were the one that didn’t want to go to bed with me two days ago,” she laughed as we walked up the stairs.

“Didn’t you notice that I kind of blew that all to hell yesterday?” I laughed.

“Yeah, true.” We were in my room by then, and I set her down on my bed. “And I didn’t mind a bit,” she said.

“Neither did I, to be honest,” I grinned. I crawled in next to her and pulled her to me.

“Maggie, I really do love you.”

“I know. I love you, too.” She took a breath. “Just, please, remember how fucking scary this is for me, OK?”

“I will,” I promised. “Look, I kind of went into overdrive this week, because I was trying to ingratiate myself. But I’ve never had a girlfriend, either. I’m not exactly calm about this.” I took a breath. “And the girl I pick to go out with is a tornado with legs,” I chuckled.

“I’m not that bad,” she claimed. “You know how to take the tornado right out of me.”

“Good,” I said, and kissed her, long and deep. I nibbled all over her neck and ears. Then I unbuttoned the top of her dress—she wasn’t wearing a bra—and kissed my way down to her nipples.

“I could get really used to all this foreplay,” she sighed.

“Good,” I told her, then went back to her boob. While I was nibbling on her nipple, I slipped a hand under the dress, and rubbed her pussy through her panties. She sighed, and moaned a little. She started undoing the rest of the buttons on her dress, then pushed my hand and face away to get the dress all the way off. She stripped her panties off afterwards, then went to work on my clothes. I helped her, then rolled onto my back and grinned at her.

“What?” she said. I just grinned wider and pointed to my face. “Get on and take a ride, little girl,” I teased her. “I know you liked it this way.”

She grinned back at me, and swung her leg over me, straddling my head. She lowered her pussy to my waiting mouth, and gripped my headboard. I put my hands on her hips to balance her, and ran my tongue up and down her labia. “Oh GOD,” she moaned. I stuck my tongue into her opening as far as I could, and plunged it in and out a few times. Then I went back up her labia, and zeroed in on her clit, sucking in between my lips. She started moaning, and rocking back and forth over me—and every time she rocked, it pulled on her clit more, because I kept it tight in my mouth. She went berserk, waving her hips above me and squealing every time her clit got stretched. After a few minutes of this, I felt her whole body stiffen, she lowered herself further on my face, and she came with a banshee scream.

She flopped forward, leaning on the headboard, her pussy right in my face, her legs weak. But I wasn’t done. After she came down a little, I started licking her pussy again. She groaned and started undulating a bit over my tongue. I still had my hands on her hips, and I dropped the right one. I reached under her from behind and diddled her pussy with my fingers, spreading her wetness on my fingers. There was no angle to slip a finger into her pussy the way we were, so I did the next best thing. I took one of my fingers that I had gotten wet from her, and gently slipped in into her ass.

“Ayyyyyiiiiiieeeeeeee! OH FUCK!” she howled, and started thrashing wildly above me. It was all I could do to maintain contact between my tongue and her clit, but I managed. She was furiously rubbing her pussy all over my face, and bucking back as I slipped my finger in and out of her ass. I added a second finger. “CHUCK! OH SHIT!” she howled, “FuckFuckFuckFUCK!”

She was going berserk. I tried to time my licks of her clit with my fingers plunging into her ass—not easy with the way she was moving on me—but I did OK. And I could tell, because every time I did it, she went “AAAAGGGGHHH! OOOOOOHHHH! AYYYYIEEEEE!” Damn, she was vocal. I **loved** it. And when she came? Jesus, I thought she let out a scream with the **first** one. With this one, I think she broke my mirror!

She flopped on top of me. I nudged her off my face a bit—I did need to breathe, after all—and she slid down so she was straddling my chest. She was wheezing and gasping and flushed and still quivering and I loved watching her like that.

“Man, oh, man, I just can’t get enough of those Sugarlips,” I said to her.

“That’s good. Because I can’t get enough of that magical tongue,” she managed to say. She slipped off me and flopped down next to me on the bed. “You’re something else.”

“Do you know how beautiful you are right after you’ve cum?” I told her.

“Oh, man, keep saying stuff like that to me and I’ll be yours forever.”

“Good,” I grinned. I maneuvered myself on top of her. She grinned and spread her legs. As I entered her, she reached up and ran her fingers through my hair. I hit bottom, and she pulled my head down towards hers, and kissed me.

I slowly moved in and out of her as her lips nibbled on mine. She released a little moan into my mouth every time I pushed into her. She ran her tongue all over my lips and then into my mouth as I moved in and out of her. “Oh GOD it’s so GOOD,” she moaned. She lifted her legs around my hips, and then started in on that muscle-control thing, squeezing my dick with her pussy as I fucked her.

I started moving in and out of her faster, and she slammed her lips into mine, moaning “MMMMMM! MMMMMMM! MMMMMMM!” into my mouth with every stroke. I was close, but so was she. I started moving a little harder, and she started humping herself up wildly at me. I broke the kiss and whispered “Cum, Maggie,” into her ear. Her eyes opened wide, she slammed her lips back into mine, practically stuck her tongue down my throat, and spasmed underneath me, screaming into my mouth the whole time. As she ground her clenching pussy into me, I filled her up.

When we were done, I reached underneath her, and flipped us both over, so she was on top of me. She opened her eyes and giggled at being flipped. Then I cuddled her into my chest.

“Oh, God. Oh, God, oh, God!” she moaned. “You’re unbelievable.”

“Same goes for you, Sugarlips.”

“Kissing during sex. What will they think of next?” she giggled.

“It was great. I think I want you to stick your tongue down my throat every time you cum from now on.”

She giggled. “Anything you say.”

“Yeah, riiiiiiight,” I laughed. “You haven’t gone through a complete personality transplant. Don’t you dare start getting all reserved and docile and obedient on me.”

“Not on your life,” she laughed.

“Are you spending the night again tonight?”

“If that’s an invitation, then yes,” she sighed happily, snuggling harder into me.

“Good. You need to call home?”

“No,” she giggled, “I already told Daddy not to expect me.”

“Good.” I flipped her so that she was on the bed next to me, and she happily snuggled her face into my chest again. I, for one, slept like a baby. Pretty sure she did, too.

---end of part five---

CHUCK AND MAGGIE NAKED IN SCHOOL PART SIX SATURDAY/SUNDAY

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE MAGGIE

For the second morning in a row, I woke up in a guy’s arms. More amazingly, it was the **same** guy. **Most** amazingly, it was my **boyfriend**!

Boyfriend. **Me**. What a stunning turn of events **this** was!

I was all hunched up into Chuck’s chest when I woke up, so I kind of flicked my eyes upward to get a peek at him. He was still sleeping.

Hmm. What an opportunity, yes? That was kind of something I’d dreamed about. As I’ve said, back when I was Little Miss One-Night-Stand, sleeping over just wasn’t done. But I’d thought of it, and Amanda had often gushed about the fun of waking Jared with a morning blowjob. So, there I was, in Chuck’s arms, thinking about giving it a go. Hey, creeping monogamy or not, it would be a very Maggie Benson thing to do, wouldn’t it?

Problem was, I was so damn **comfortable** right where I was. Chuck was right, yesterday—when he said that it looked like I was sleeping on a cloud. It was that nice. So, I didn’t move down and go for the dick. I stayed right where I was, enjoying it.

Maggie Benson actually chose cuddling over a blowjob. Stop the fucking presses!

I was in his sleeping arms in complete bliss for about 10 minutes. Then his alarm went off. At 7 AM on a Saturday? He kind of almost woke up, grumbling, and smacked the alarm off. Then he looked down, to see me grinning at him.

He grinned back. “Good morning, Sugarlips.”

“Morning yourself, Magic Tongue.”

He cracked up at that one. “How long you been awake?”

“Fifteen minutes or so? Something like that. Just enjoying sleeping on my cloud.” He chuckled at that. “So, why the hell do you have an alarm set on a Saturday, anyway?”

“I’ve got something to do.”

“Oh. I see. We’re back to the man of mystery again.”

He laughed. “Well, if you **must** know, I have to go pick my parents up at the airport. They’re coming home from the Bahamas this morning.” He looked down at me. “Come with?”

“Show me off to the parents, huh? Sure, I’ll go.”

“Good.”

“Then we have to go to the class picnic.”

His eyes clouded over. “I hadn’t planned on going to that.”

“Why not? It’s the last big bash before finals prep, and then finals.”

He took a deep breath. “I don’t do ‘class’ things much. Considering I’m not the class’s favorite person.”

“Oh.” How could I convince him? I really wanted to go. And I wanted **him** to go with me.

Turns out, I didn’t have to. “If you really want to go, Sugarlips, we can go.”

“Really?”

“For you? Anything.”

“Braden, you’re the best.”

He let out a wry chuckle. “Do me a favor, then. Tell all your friends how wonderful I am. So they don’t look at me like I’m a axe murderer all day.”

“Believe me, I plan on it,” I grinned at him. “Don’t worry. You’ll be fine. What time does your parents’ flight get in?”

“Nine-fifteen.”

“Damn. No time for nookie.”

“That really is **all** you think about, isn’t it?” he laughed.

I snorted at him. “Not any more, it seems.” He looked at me. “Amanda always waxes rhapsodic about the joys of waking Jared up with a blowjob. And I just had the **perfect** opportunity. And I passed it up, because I was too comfortable. **Cuddling**, of all things!” He laughed. “Don’t you dare fucking laugh at me, Chuck Braden! You’re making me **goeey**! I **hate** goeey!”

“No, you don’t,” he said, still laughing. I glared at him. “Benson, listen to me. There’s no need to worry about your reputation **here**. I’ll never cuddle and tell.” He grinned at me. “This from a girl who carried my teddy bear in her bookbag all day yesterday.”

“I’m **never** gonna live that one down,” I moaned.

“I won’t tell a soul,” he grinned. “Little Miss Goeey.” I buried my face in my hands. He just smiled wider. “C’mere, Sugarlips,” he said, pulling me up so our lips could meet. For a nice **long** time. Tingle, tingle, tingle.

“OK. So maybe I don’t mind goeey,” I admitted. “Least not around you,” I sighed.

“That’s the spirit. But now we have to get up.”

“OK.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

CHUCK

We got dressed, then got in the car. We stopped at a fast food joint for coffee and some breakfast sandwiches.

We talked for a while. Generalities, possible college plans, favorite music and movies and stuff. You know, just getting to know one another better.

Then, she asked, “So, what are your parents like?”

I shrugged. “Parents. You know. They’re OK.”

“Oh, I thought I was coming for approval or something.”

“Nah. I just want them to know who the strange chick that sometimes sleeps in my bed is.” She giggled. “Mostly, I just wanted you here, is all.”

“Gooley,” she snorted.

“Yeah. And who insisted on bringing the teddy bear along for the ride?” It was in her lap. “And **I** am gooley?”

“Who **bought** the thing?” she retorted.

I just laughed. “You know what, Sugarlips? I love you.”

“I love you, too,” she said softly. Then, a little louder, “Even if you do insist on making me gooley.”

We were at the airport by then. We parked, and went in and found the proper gate. Shortly, thereafter, my parents got off the plane, looking tanned and happy. “Hey, Chuck!” Dad said. Mom kissed me on the cheek. I caught Maggie’s little grin at that.

“So, did you make it through the program all right?” Mom asked.

“Yeah.” I turned to Maggie. “I told them Monday night that I was in it, when they called.”

She grinned at me. “Did you tell them that big bad Mr. Tilling made you partner up with a girl you couldn’t stand?”

“Yeah, I think I remember mentioning that.” Mom and Dad were looking at all this with interest. “Mom, Dad, this is my girlfriend Maggie. Mags, these are my folks.”

“Girlfriend?” Mom asked. “Is this the same girl you couldn’t stand?” she asked, grinning.

“We worked it out,” I shrugged.

“He wouldn’t leave me alone.” Maggie said.

“And you loved every minute of it.”

She turned to my folks. “So, are you two responsible for this rapidly inflating ego of his that I have to slap down every so often?”

My parents just cracked up laughing. We went down to the luggage pickup and found the bags, and Dad and I carried them out to the car. I gave the keys to Dad, and Maggie and I climbed into the back seat.

“Hmmm. I don’t think this is mine,” Mom said with a smile, holding the teddy bear back over the seat.

“Thank you,” Maggie said, clearly embarrassed. “Your son bought it for me. He thought he could soften me up.”

“Worked, didn’t it?” I grinned.

“Not hardly,” she snorted.

“Yeah. That’s why you’ve been toting it around like your best friend for three days.”

“Braden, if you try to get me all gooey in front of your parents, I’m going to **slug** you!”

“Promises, promises, Sugarlips.” She looked at me in complete horror. Didn’t think I was going to use that nickname in front of the parental units, did she? Hee hee. Let Mom and Dad think I was talking about the **upper** lips. If they did, that is—they’re not stupid.

Mom and Dad were chuckling. “Do you guys have plans for the day?” Dad asked.

“Yeah, we’re going to the class picnic.”

Mom turned around and looked at me. “**You** are going to a school event?”

“Yeah, and in the nude, even,” Maggie giggled. “The Program lasts until Sunday, for school events.”

“Maggie wanted to go,” I shrugged. “She’s the junior class social butterfly.”

“So, you’re going because Maggie wants to go,” Mom said incredulously.

“Yeah, isn’t it great?” Maggie grinned. “We’ve been together less than a week, and I’ve got him sooooo whipped!” Ok, Maggie, touché. That gets me back for the Sugarlips.

“Yeah, dream on,” is what I said. “I’ll just keep buying you teddy bears. And **flowers**. And cute little heart-shaped boxes of **chocolates**! I might even, for no reason whatsoever, go down to the Hallmark and buy you a really, **really** mushy card.”

“You, Braden, are going to make me go into sugar shock, you know that, right?” she grinned. “Diabetic coma, here I come,” she said to Mom, sitting in front of her. “And I’m not even diabetic. Your son is the King of Gooey.”

“Fine, I’ll just take that teddy bear back then.”

“Not on your life! And you’re **still** whipped, you know.”

“You keep that up. I’ve got other ideas. Maybe even a little heart-shaped **pendant**. On a chain. Inscribed, to Sugarlips, love Gooey,” I grinned at her.

“You’ve lost all your marbles. If you had any in the first place, that is.”

“You know what, Benson? If we weren’t cooped up in these seatbelts, I’d come over there and kiss you until you couldn’t breathe.”

“Hold that thought,” she grinned. My parents were in absolute **hysterics**.

We got back to the house, and I helped Dad with the bags. We got everything in, and I said to Maggie, “When do we have to go to this picnic?”

“Well, it’s what, eleven? It starts at noon. So, we have time. I should stop in at home, I haven’t been there in three days,” she laughed. I looked at my parents to see if they caught **that** one. Oops. I think they did. Ah well. “But right now, I need to use the facilities.”

“You know where they are.”

“Be back soon,” she said, and kissed me on the way. I sat down in the living room with my parents, who were still grinning.

“Chuck,” Dad said, “if you’re smart—and you are—you will hold on to that young lady. Do **not** let her get away.”

“I agree,” Mom said. “She’s delightful. And she’s **perfect** for you.”

Wow. I must say, **this** I didn’t expect! “Yeah, I agree with that.”

“I don’t think you’ll ever be bored,” Dad laughed.

“Not a chance.”

Mom got a bit of a look of concern. “However, did I hear her say she hasn’t been home for three days? I take it she’s been here.”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “She has been calling home.”

“So they know where she is.”

“Yeah,” I said.

“We really don’t mind, as long as her family doesn’t. You’re a big boy. She is crazy about you, you know,” Mom grinned at me.

“The feeling’s kind of mutual,” I grinned right back. Just then, Maggie emerged back in the room.

“We were just telling Chuck how perfect you are for each other,” Mom said.

“I hope so,” she grinned.

“Trust us,” Mom said, “we know our son. You keep him on his toes.”

“Yeah,” Maggie said, a little subdued.

“You OK?” I asked her.

She sighed. “Well, I don’t know. You know how I am. I worry.” She looked at Mom and Dad. “You should know certain things, since I’m dating your son.”

“They don’t have to know, Maggie,” I told her.

“Chuck, if something happens, they’re going to have to be the ones to deal with you,” she said adamantly. She turned back to my parents. “Chuck’s my first real boyfriend. He’s **not** my **first**, if you know what I mean, and not by a long shot. I’ve never done monogamy before.”

“You’ve never been in love before, you told me that,” I said to her.

“True. But, you know. I just hope...you know. My mother,” Maggie said haltingly.

“What about your mother?” Mom asked.

“I haven’t seen her since I was ten. What was worse is that my brother Joe was only five. She got bored, and just walked out.” Her voice got a little softer. “I worry I’m like her. I’ve spent this week euphoric. I’m worried that when that wears off, I’ll hurt Chuck.”

“You’re not going to, not intentionally, and you’re not anything like your mother. I’ve figured **that** out,” I told her.

“How can you say that?” she asked.

“Amanda. Jared. Ed, Mike, Cassie. Vinnie and Joe, those most especially. When it comes to people you love, there is **nobody** more loyal than you are. You don’t hurt people you love, you just **don’t**. I’ve figured that out.” He turned to his parents. “When we were driving to pick you guys up at the airport, you know what she told me? That she’s looking at colleges she can commute to, because she’s the closest thing her little brother Joe has to a mother, and she doesn’t want to go away and leave him when he’s 14, 15. Does **this** sound to you like someone who’d just dump someone she loved for no good reason?”

“No,” Mom grinned, “not at all.”

She **launched** herself into my lap, and buried her head into my shoulders—desperately, I could tell, trying **not** to cry. “Thank you,” she whispered to me with a sniffle. After a minute of that, she controlled herself, pulled her head up, gave me a big grin, and said, “If you **ever** make me almost cry in front of your parents ever again, I’ll cut your balls off and feed them to Eddie Bauer’s dogs. Capice?”

“You’re right,” I grinned at the folks. “She’s pretty much perfect, isn’t she?” I stood up from the chair—picking her up as I did. “Let’s go to a picnic, shall we?”

“Put me down!”

“You didn’t seem to mind last night, when I was carrying you to **bed**.” She actually blushed. Mom and Dad were trying to stifle giggles. “See you tonight, folks,” I said to them. “She’ll probably stay over again. If, that is, she’s still speaking to me by then.” And I carried her out the door.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

MAGGIE

He’s insane. He’s crazy. He’s completely out of his mind. And he’s the most wonderful thing **ever**.

I don’t think I could ever properly thank him for saying what he said. It meant the world. Because he’s **right**. I **am** loyal. Sometimes I forget that.

“Braden, what is this big thing with **carrying** me?”

“I don’t know. I just like it.” He smoothly opened the car door and deposited me inside.

“You **are** crazy,” I said when he got into the passenger’s seat.

“Only when you’re around, strangely enough.”

“Yeah, yeah. We do need to stop at my house. I need to check in with Daddy. Plus, I need suntan lotion. If I’m going to be out in the sun naked, I’m getting me an all-over tan.”

“That’d be cool,” he grinned. “Well, lead me to your house, Sugarlips.”

We got there. Chuck met Daddy. Daddy liked him. And, then, here came Vinnie.

“Vin, this is Chuck, my boyfriend.”

“Nice to meet you,” Vinnie said, shaking Chuck’s hand. “Boyfriend? You actually **tamed** my **sister**?”

“Not possible, even a little bit,” Chuck grinned. “I just convinced her to hang around the same patch of jungle.”

“Oh, **good** answer, Braden!” I punched him on the bicep. “He’s **so** whipped,” I told Vin.

“I just-a wanna be, your teddy bear,” he sang in a half-passable Elvis. I slugged him again. “Come on, Sugarlips. Let’s hit your party.”

We got in the car, I looked at him, and just started **laughing**. “What’s the giggles, for, Sugarlips?”

“You make me **so** damn happy,” I admitted. Then I glared at him. “Don’t let it go to your head.”

“ **Which** head?”

“The one on your neck. You can worry about the other one later,” I grinned.

“How about I let **you** worry about the other one later? I’ll be too busy getting me some honey,” he leered.

“I won’t complain.”

“I’ll make sure that you never do.”

“I’m holding you to that, Braden.”

We got to the lake where they held the class picnics every year. The seniors went first, because they got out of school earlier. Then the freshmen and sophomores. The juniors had theirs last, a week before finals. It was a lovely setting. There was, as I said, a lake, perfect for swimming, even in June. There was a clearing, where volleyball nets were set up. Shade with picnic tables, and shaded areas on the grass. One of the shaded areas on the grass is where I found the crew.

We were obviously last to get there. Jared and Amanda were there, as were Mike and Lily, Ed and Natalie, Frankie and Cassie, and Missy and Dave. We took off our clothes and just threw them into Chuck’s car. The gang called out to me, and we walked over. I could see the quizzical expressions on everyone’s faces when they saw Chuck with me—except for Amanda, who knew what was up. It was time to be the sweet, supporting girlfriend. I took Chuck’s hand—he was obviously nervous—and said, “Don’t worry, honey. It’ll be fine.” He gave me half a smile.

“Maggie,” Ed called out. “Now the party can begin!”

“You bet your ass. Hey, you all know my new boyfriend Chuck, right?” I grinned. It took a minute. Then I saw the absolute **stunned** look on most of the faces in the group.

“You,” Ed gasped, “have a **boyfriend**? As in monogamous? One guy? Just you and him?”

“Yup,” I grinned.

“Congratulations,” Ed said. “You must be a miracle worker,” he said to Chuck. “What’s gonna happen next, the earth stop spinning on its axis?”

“Natalie will forget how to draw?” Cassie said.

“Ed will stop being funny?” Nat said.

“Jared will forget how to suck pussy?” Amanda giggled.

“Frankie will actually throw a fastball?” Mike teased.

“The Red Sox will win the World Series?” Lily offered.

“Oh, come on now, Lily, let’s not be **ridiculous**, huh?” Ed said. “Maggie actually sticking to one guy is a lot less far-fetched than **that**.”

“Fuck you,” Lily said. We all cracked up laughing.

Amanda, just then, seemed to realize Chuck and I were naked. “Oh, yeah, this counts as part of the program week for you, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Chuck said. I should’ve known what was coming next. Amanda got a little gleam in her eye, and looked at Jared. Their clothes came off remarkably quickly. Missy and David, who had also discovered the joys of nudity, followed suit.

“When in Rome...” Mike giggled, and took **his** clothes off—then reached for Lily’s shirt. She laughed and let him take her clothes off. Frankie, Cassie, Ed and Natalie quickly followed suit. All 12 of us were there, as naked as they day we were born, laughing and ragging on one another.

“I’ve been noticing this all week,” Amanda said with a little sly grin. “Chuck Braden, you are **fine**.” Chuck actually blushed! “Hey, Maggie ogles Jared every chance she gets.”

“She’s **slept** with Jared,” Chuck said, bemused. Jared looked upset—until he saw the look on Chuck’s face. He was **teasing**! “Which completely boggles **my** mind. She’s as tight as a drum.” He looked at me. “How in **hell** did you **ever** fit him in?”

“Oh, you don’t even know the half of it,” I grinned at him.

“I don’t **want** to know, do I?” he said.

I was still grinning. “Jared’s been in the rear entrance.”

“GET OUT!” he yelled.

“That’s what I said. But only after I came. Before that, I was enjoying myself **just** fine.”

“I’ll just **bet**,” he chuckled.

“Believe me, Chuck, she’s the **only** one that’s been able to ever do that,” Jared said.

“I’m working on it,” Amanda grinned. Jared and Amanda, being how they were, were cool—but everyone else was looking at us in amazement during this discussion. It was Missy who said something.

“Chuck. You mean you can talk about—it doesn’t bother you that, you know, Maggie’s been....”

“Hey. The past is the past,” he said. “If I got all upset every time Maggie came in contact with someone that she once slept with, I’d be upset a whole hell of a lot.”

“True story,” I grinned.

“Besides,” he grinned, “her best friend just told me how **fine** I was. That ought to keep her in check.”

“You **hope**, Braden. You just **hope**.”

“Shut up and kiss me.” Who can refuse an invitation like that? The rest of the crew giggled. I broke the kiss and glared at the rest of them. “You know, we **are** all couples here. Chuck and I don’t own the kissing concession.”

“We’re waiting for after lunch, so we can play spin the bottle,” Ed joked.

“You can play spin the bottle. **I** am going to be playing spin the catcher,” Lily said.

“And Braden over here needs to play put the suntan lotion on his girlfriend,” I grinned. I handed him the lotion. He did a **very** thorough job. I’m sure someone would’ve chortled and made rude remarks—starting with Ed and continuing with Lily, no doubt—except all the other girls thought I had a **dynamite** idea and were getting lotion spread on **them** by their guys.

There are times when nudity is just **too** much fun!

Shortly after the lotion-fest was over—and, yes, I had a little quiet cum from Magic Fingers—they announced that the food was ready. We all got in line to get some. Some of the rest of the class was staring at us in our nakedness, but we didn’t care. A couple of guys were blatantly staring at Amanda—and she thrust her tits out at them. She can do that, she **has** tits. Ah, well. I had to console myself with playing grab-ass with Chuck as I stood behind him in line. Sonuvabitch barely reacted—just turned to me and said, “Payback’s a bitch, Sugarlips.”

“What are you going to do about it?”

“Go down on you in front of the whole junior class?” he threatened.

“You forget who you’re dealing with. I’d **like** that.”

“Oh, yeah. Good point. I’ll think of something. Give you a dozen roses in front of the whole class in bio next week.”

“OK, **now** you’re playing dirty!”

We got our food and went back where we were, eating and chatting and generally having a good time. My friends **were** accepting Chuck, as I had hoped. They’d figured if he was good enough to snare **me**, he must be OK. Loyalty goes both ways. This group taught me that.

Just then, Mr. Tilling happened over, looking very relaxed in a tee-shirt and shorts.

“Hey, if it isn’t Bob The Matchmaker Tilling!” Ed yelled. “Look, Mr. Tilling—the results of your painstaking program partner pairups. All this luuuuuv.”

“That wasn’t the intention,” he laughed. “It’s a nice side-effect, but it wasn’t the intention. I actually would have only predicted one of these pairings to eventually end up in a romance.” He sat down with us, eating his hamburger.

“Which one?” I asked.

“Jared and Amanda. I kind of suspected that one might burst into flames,” he said. The rest of us went ‘whoo-hooo’ while those two just blushed. “Though I probably would have predicted Mike and Lily if I had known Lily better when she got put in The Program.”

“The rest of us?” Ed asked.

“Actually, Ed, I thought you and Natalie were both too gun-shy. I thought that Frankie and Cassie were too close as friends. I thought that Dave was too nice for Missy, because I didn’t know, deep down, Missy very well. And as for Maggie—I didn’t think she’d end up with an actual one-guy-one-girl romance even if I fixed her up with the most perfect man in the world.” **Everybody** howled at that one—OK, me included. “Hey, there’s been a lot of kids go through The Program this year. You twelve are the only ones I know that hooked up. Friendships, yeah—and I’m sure there’s been some extracurricular activities.” We all hooted at that one. “But The Program wasn’t meant to be a dating service. Believe me, that you guys found people out of it thrills me to no end.”

“Just us, huh?” Ed said. Then he raised his coke. “To us. The PCC. The Program Couples Club!”

“Hear hear!”

“Hey, school ends in two weeks. We got to get together this summer,” Amanda said.

“Absolutely,” I agreed. “Six Flags.”

“Trips to the beach,” Chuck added.

“A party or two,” Mike said

“A minor league baseball game!” Lily enthused.

“Yeah, and we can come back here!” Dave added.

“Nude mall-walking!” Cassie said.

“GROUP SEX!” That was Ed, of course. Natalie hit him, of course!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

CHUCK

You know what? I was having a **good** time.

Now I know why Maggie was so loyal to these people. They’re good people. And they’re loyal to her right back.

The afternoon progressed. We played a little volleyball. We went swimming. First time ever for me skinny-dipping! Of course, when we got out of the water, Maggie needed her lotion reapplied. I didn’t mind at all!

We were there until the sun went down. Then we headed out, all of us making plans to get together again after school got out.

Maggie and I got in the car, and headed out. “Am I taking you home?”

“No,” she snorted. “What are you, nuts?”

“Just making sure. You know, I’m a little rusty on boyfriend etiquette.”

“Well, you know, so am I,” she said, chagrined. “Are you **sure** this is OK with your parents?”

“Yes. Positive.”

“Good. Then you’re taking me to your bed, and you’re making mad love to me.”

“Your wish is my command.”

“And don’t you forget it!”

We drove in silence for a little while, and then I said, “Maggie? Thanks.”

“For what?”

“For convincing me to come to the picnic. I had a very good time. I didn’t feel like an outsider for once.”

“And you never will again,” she promised. “You’re mine, so you’re one of us. Period.”

“I know. It means a lot.”

She smiled and rubbed my arm. Then she laughed. “You know, we never did bother putting our clothes back on. Should we do so before we go in your house?”

“Nah. My parents won’t freak. You **did** get a nice tan, by the way.”

“I’ve got some Italian in me, I tan pretty well.”

We got to my house, and grabbed our clothes—Maggie grabbed her purse—and we walked in. Mom was there. She saw us nude and grinned.

“Well, hello. Did you drive back from the lake like that?”

“Yeah,” I admitted.

“Did you have a good time?”

“Yeah, we did. Maggie’s got some cool friends. It was an excellent time.”

“Y’see?” Maggie butt in. “Maggie’s always right.”

“Oh, Chuck, you have got your hands full with this one.”

“I think I can handle her.” I, of course, picked her up again. “Good night.”

“Good night,” Mom said, laughing heartily, as I carried a squealing Maggie up the stairs.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

MAGGIE

After Chuck ended Saturday night by licking, sucking, and fucking me **right** out of my mind, we both fell into a deep sleep. I woke up again first on Sunday morning.

Hmmm, I thought. Well, alternating would be cool, right? I cuddled yesterday morning. Today? Wake-up-blowjob time!

I had my head snuggled up into his chest again, so I didn’t have far to go. And he was half-hard, I could feel it up against my stomach. I slid down, quietly—and, when I did, his

dick dragged along one of my boobs. Hmmmmmm! That's the one thing about being not-so-well-endowed—no tittie fucking. Ah well.

I slid down and sucked him right into my mouth. Let's see how long he could stay asleep with **this** going on! Well, he started moaning in a hurry—but I think he was still asleep, or at least mostly asleep. I just kept doing what I was doing. After a few minutes, I heard, “Mmmm, Sugarlips!” I looked up and he was grinning at me. “Decided against cuddling this morning, eh?”

I disengaged. “Complaining?”

“Not on your life.”

“That's what I thought,” I laughed. “As for my choice, I figured I'd alternate. Cuddling yesterday, blowjob today, and so on.”

“Ah. Does that mean the lady plans on spending a lot of time in my bed?”

“Only if the lady is invited.” I grimaced. “Well, after the next two weeks. I really **do** have to study for finals.”

“Ditto. As for the other thing, the lady is **always** invited.”

“I like that idea,” I grinned—then lowered my mouth back to his stiffie. I ran my tongue up and down the shaft, then drew the head into my mouth, sucking up and down a few inches. I did that for a bit, enjoying his groans, and then did my special trick—I deep-throated him and started humming. He exploded, sending nice satisfying blasts of semen careening down my throat. Oh, I love it when I do that!

I climbed up next to him. He was sweating, and panting, and had his eyes closed, and gasping for air, and all that good stuff. I looked at him and said, “My gosh! I done slayed my man!”

He opened one eye, glared at me, and the next thing I knew I was flat on my back. There was a hand in my pussy, another one on a tittie, and I was being kissed to within an inch of my life. He broke the kiss and growled, “Not hardly,” and then went back to it.

Wow. His hands were **all** over me, his tongue was spearing into my mouth. Boy, did I get **him** going! His fingers were in my pussy, rubbing all over my G-spot. His other hand was all over my boob, the thumb dragging over my nipple. And he was nibbling my lips, sucking my tongue. Oh **man**. That was an orgasm that **really** snuck up on me. All of a sudden--BLAM! And it was a **good** one, too.

He, of course, knew I went off—I ain't quiet—and was grinning at me. I grabbed his face, looked into his eyes, and snarled, “Fuck me! Now!” As much as I love his cunny-lapping, I was too worked up too fast for that right now. I needed a fuck.

He obliged. With a **vengeance**. He **slammed** into me, one stroke, bottomed **right** out. I howled like a banshee. He'd been gentle before this. He taught me how wonderful gentle could be, actually. He wasn't gentle this morning. I wasn't complaining! I was, however, trying very hard not to scream, because I remembered that his parents were home. I succeeded. Mostly. Luckily, I didn't have to do it for too long, because I came nice and fast, and so did he, **slamming** himself into me and moaning as he squirted into me.

I gasped for air and tried to re-focus my eyes. I looked up and saw him grinning at me. I grinned back. Then I realized something. Actually, I think we both realized it at the same time.

He was still hard. He looked down at where his still rock-hard rod was buried in my pussy, and laughed. "Jesus. How the hell did **that** happen? I've cum twice in the past half-hour!"

I broke up laughing, and then went, "OOOOooooohhh!"

"What?"

"When I laugh with you in me like that, it feels **real** good," I told him. I shouldn't have. He started **tickling** me! I was giggling and moaning simultaneously.

Then he stopped tickling me—and started moving in and out of me again, slow and easy this time. "Oh, God, Chuck," I moaned.

"Hang on, Sugarlips. Since I've gone twice already this morning, this could take a while."

"Oh **goody**!" And, man, he wasn't kidding. Wow! He slowly slipped in and out of me for a good long time. Oh, it was **glorious**! I can't remember how many times I came.

Afterwards, we went down and joined his parents for breakfast. His mother was giving me these little grins all the time. I guess I was louder than I thought I was!

We hung around a bit, then I asked him to take me home. As much as I hated to admit it, I **did** have to get some studying in. He agreed, and took me home.

He must've gone to the mall after he dropped me off, because it was the next morning that he did it. I was early for school, and standing outside, just chatting with the crew. Then I feel hands on the back of my neck, along with **something** tickling my neck and down to my chest. Before I can react, there he is, kissing the breath out of me. He broke the kiss, said, "See you later, Sugarlips", and headed into the school.

I looked down. A fucking **pendant**. A gold heart, on a gold chain. The heart was inscribed "Chuck loves Maggie." It was beautiful. It was wonderful. It sparkled in the sunlight as I made my way towards school. And, oh man, it made me **completely** fucking gooey.

Damn him. He made me get **weepy** in front of my **friends**! Jesus. Ed Bauer's going to tease me about this one until we're occupying adjacent rooms in the old age home. Damn!

I headed into school, thinking up ways I could torture him when we were alone. Damn. A gold heart on a chain, and he gives it to me in **public**. I could **kill** him.

Oh, man, I could **really** get used to this. He's beautiful, isn't he?

--The end--

