

Twins Part I

"I dare you to eat a bug."

That's how it got started for Stacy and Tracy. The twin girls where just five at the time and ever since they had been daring each other to do wilder and crazier things. At sixteen they had discovered boys and boys had discovered them. Long blonde hair, slim with those coltish good looks that teenage girls seem to attain so easily and older woman try the rest of their lives to get back. Their dares too had taken on a distinctly sexual nature. And that, dear reader, is where we come in.

"I'm bored." Stacy did her best pout for her sister. It was a pout she was famous for and it always helped her get her way with her parents. Tracy was not moved at all. She knew her sister to well.

"So go read a book or something." Which is exactly what Tracy was doing. She showed the book to Stacy, hoping it would get her to go do something else. Stacy made a big show of squinting while she read the title.

"'Schrodinger's Cat.' What's it about?"

"Quantum physics."

"Oh goody. Dibs on reading it after you." She literally dripped sarcasm.

"Fine. I will keep it all too myself then." The book's title was indeed from a Quantum Physics theory about a cat in a box. The story however was pure porn. Tracy liked to outsmart her sister like this. It helped to make up for all the times Stacy had manipulated their parents. Tracy was never any good at that. She went back to her story while her sister paced about their lounge room.

"Dammit, I'm bored. I need something to do." She pulled down Tracy's book and looked her straight in the eye. "Give me a dare," she teased.

"Some other time. I really want to finish this book." Some woman was frigging herself with a banana while her brother in law watched. It was really getting interesting.

"Come on. I'm really, really bored. It's a proven medical fact that people can die from boredom. You don't want me to die do you?"

"Well at least I will finally get some peace and quiet."

"Pleeeeeease!"

At that moment Tracy spied someone walking by the house. It was Clifford, the school nerd. Her eyes lit up as she saw her opportunity to embarrass her sister.

"Okay, I have a dare for you."

Stacy saw the look in her sister's eyes and new straight away this was not going to be pretty. She thought briefly about trying to back out, but knew that would make her a slave for life to Tracy.

“What is it?”

“I dare you to go outside, get Clifford who is walking by right now, and bring him in here.”

“Is that it?” Stacy was overjoyed at how easy this dare was. Her joy was to be short lived though.

“No, that’s not all. When you get him in here you have to make him cum.” Tracy was trying hard not to laugh out loud. Stacy was going to be so embarrassed about this. Stacy’s jaw dropped.

“No way. I am not going to get that geek to cum. Not a chance.”

“Okay slave for life. I need a foot massage.” Tracy kicked her shoes off and waggled her toes at her sister.

“Oh god no, anything but that. All right I’ll do it. But what about Mom and Dad?”

“They won’t be home for hours. You know what mom is like when she goes shopping for clothes.”

“Yeah I guess, are you going to sit there and watch?”

“Oh I’ll be watching all right, but I’ll do it from in there.” She pointed to a cupboard with a louvered door. It was almost impossible to see in but very easy to see out. Tracy dropped a wink at Stacy as she got up and walked towards the cupboard.

“I don’t know how, but you are going to pay for this, sis.” Stacy opened the front door and took off after Clifford.

Tracy opened the cupboard and stepped inside. Closing the door behind her she pulled up an old stool from the back of the cupboard and sat down. She adjusted the louvers just as she heard Stacy and Clifford come in through the front door.

“I still don’t understand why you wanted me to come in here, Stacy. Why won’t you tell me what you want?” Tracy knew that Clifford’s whiney voice must have been driving Stacy nuts. She chuckled quietly to herself.

“I just needed to tell you how hot you are.” Stacy gave a sideways glance at the cupboard. Visions of sharp pointy objects danced merrily through her head.

“Really? Me?”

“Oh dear God, his voice gets even squeakier when he’s nervous,” thought Stacy. She could feel a headache coming on. But a dare was a dare so she carried on regardless.

“Do you think I’m hot, Cliffy?”

“Oh yes, very hot.” Clifford was blushing under his coke-bottle glasses.

“Thank you, Cliffy. That is so nice of you to say so.” She batted her eyelashes at him. “But do you know what really gets me hot? What really turns me on?”

“No.”

"I just love it when guys wank for me. It makes me sooo horny."

"Really?" Clifford swallowed hard. Was this girl actually coming on to him?

"Oh yes, Cliffy." She ran her fingers lightly over his chest. "I just love it when I see a man stroking himself in front of me. It makes me want to throw him to the floor and fuck him. Do you want me to do that to you, Cliffy?"

"Umm... Ok." He was starting to sweat now. He had never been in this sort of situation before.

Stacy leaned close to Clifford and whispered into his ear.

"Wank for me, Cliffy."

"I don't know if I can. I need... inspiration."

Stacy felt like screaming at him. What did she have to do to get him to wank for Christ's sake? She tried her best to remain calm.

"Would you like me to talk dirty to you? Would that help?"

"Yeah it would help a bit."

"Okay, Cliffy, anything for you." She nearly choked on her words. Tracy was going to pay dearly for this. She swore she could hear sniggering coming from the cupboard.

"First lets get you out of those clothes." She unbuttoned his shirt and slid it off his shoulders. Stacy was surprised to see that he had a reasonably good body under that plaid shirt. The nerd must work out.

"I want to feel your body against mine, Cliffy. I want to feel your naked flesh on mine. Is this working for you, Cliffy?" she asked in her sexiest voice as she undid his belt.

"Oh yes" he sighed. He couldn't believe this beautiful young woman was doing this to him.

Stacy undid his fly and let his pants slide to the floor. She marvelled at the world's worst boxers underneath. Stacy wondered how old they where.

"Is this getting you hard, Cliffy? Are you ready to do it for me?"

"Oh god nearly. Could you touch it?"

She was going to puke. Swear to god she was going to puke. There was no way she was touching it. She would rather be a slave than this.

Or perhaps not.

Maybe if she just breathed on it a little it would do the job. After all he was the class nerd. He had to be a virgin. By all rights he should be creaming his pants right now. She knelt before him and grabbed the side of his boxers. With one quick movement she pulled them down to his ankles.

She noticed two important things.

First, he was already hard. Second, he was huge. Absolutely huge. My god he had to be nine inches long and at least four inches across.

“I think I can do it now, Stacy. Wank I mean.”

“No that’s ok, I’ll do it for you.” She reached forward and took him in her hands. She had never seen one this big before. She wondered what it would feel like taking one this big as she wrapped her fingers around it.

“Do you want me to suck it, Cliffy?”

“Oh yes please.” He looked down at her as she licked around the head, making it moist.

“Mm tastes nice.” Stacy wrapped her lips around his cock and slowly slid it into her mouth. She moved her head down slowly till the tip of his cock pressed against the back of her throat. It was hardly half way in. She moved her position slightly so Tracy could see what was going on. Stacy knew her sister loved a big cock and she hoped she was turning green with envy. She started to suck a bit harder as she moved her head up his shaft, then pushed down further than before. She was determined to get it all in. She took a breath and then eased it down her throat. Further and further it slid in until at last her nose pressed into his pubic hair. She pulled back all the way to the top and started to bob her head up and down his shaft in quick, bird-like movements.

“Oh god I’m going to cum,” groaned Clifford, his neck muscles standing out as he strained to keep control.

“Don’t you dare,” cried Stacy as she released him. “You have to fuck me first.”

Tracy could not believe what was going on in front of her. This was not the way it was supposed to go. It was supposed to be embarrassing for her sister. She wasn’t supposed to get fucked by a huge dick like that. She watched as her sister stripped off her clothes and got on all fours. And dammed if she hadn’t positioned herself so Tracy could see Clifford slide it into her pussy. This was cruel and unusual punishment. It was also an incredible turn on. Her fingers slid inside her panties as she watched Clifford slide his monster cock into Stacy.

Stacy was in heaven. She had never been so completely filled by a cock before. Well ok, she hadn’t fucked all that many guys before, but none of them had come close to having a cock like this. Who would of thought the class nerd was hung like a horse. She wondered if she could convince Cliffy to have it bronzed. She moaned as he started to pump his cock into her pussy.

“Oh god, fuck me, Cliffy, fuck me with your huge cock. Make me cum, Cliffy.”

“Oh yeah baby. Cliffy’s gonna fuck you hard. Cliffy’s gonna make you cum.” Clifford was having the time of his life. He was so glad that he was finally getting laid. He started to hammer Stacy as hard as he could.

Tracy was fingering her pussy with great enthusiasm as she watched her sister get fucked. As an orgasm started to build within her she imagined what it would be like to get fucked with a monster cock like Clifford's. With any luck she would soon find out. She started to whimper quietly as her orgasm swept over her

Stacy cried out as she started to cum.

"Oh fuck I'm cuming. Fuck me, Cliffy, fuck me hard." Her body trembled and convulsed as waves of pleasure broke over her. She clamped down hard on the cock within her.

It was too much for Clifford and he came with a rush, pumping his cum deeply into Stacy's pussy. She milked every drop she could from him then released her grip and allowed him to topple onto his back. Clifford found his head between the naked ankles of Tracy who was standing over him. He couldn't help but notice the juices running down her inner thighs.

"So much for the preliminary. Are you ready for the main event, Clifford?"

Clifford could not believe his eyes. He had just fucked and incredibly beautiful girl and now her identical twin wanted to do it too. He flinched as drops of pussy juice splattered onto his glasses.

"You better take those off. I don't want to break them when I sit on your face."

"Sit on my face?"

"Yes, Clifford your face. It will make it easier for you to lick my pussy."

"Lick your pussy?"

"What are you, an echo? I want you to tongue fuck my pussy. Do you understand?"

"I don't know about this. I..." His protests were cut off as Tracy ground her dripping pussy onto his face.

"Mm that's it, lick my cunt while I suck your cock." She bent over and took his limp dick into her mouth. Some expert sucking and he was soon as hard as a flagpole again.

Stacy looked on and started to pout again. "It's not fair. He didn't eat me out. How come he gets to eat you?"

"Well you should have thought about that before. It's a pity too. He licks good pussy. Isn't that right, Clifford?"

"Mmff mmff."

"See? Oh this is sooo good. You should feel the way his tongue probes every nook and cranny of my puss." Tracy just couldn't help teasing her sister. It was one of the good things in life.

Stacy decided to play her trump card. "Well at least I got to have his cock in my pussy. Oh it was sooo good. The way it seemed to fill me completely. I can honestly say it was the best fuck I ever had."

Tracy looked up at her sister, her mouth still full of cock.

“Whawee?”

“Tsk tsk. How many times has mother told you not to speak with your mouth full?”

Tracy released Clifford with a plop. “I said, really?”

“Yes really. He has a very talented cock.”

Tracy looked at her sister then down at Clifford’s dick, then back at her sister. “Okay, his face is yours. I want this cock inside me.”

She jumped up and spun around to squat over Clifford. Clifford, who was starting to turn blue, gulped in as much air as he could.

“Shit, are you trying to kill me? I could barely breath under...” Once again a mouth full of pussy cut him off.

“Oh lick it, babe,” moaned Stacy as she squirmed on his face.

Tracy lowered herself onto Clifford’s cock, slowly savouring every inch. She bottomed out then began to slowly rock back and forth. Stacy too was rocking on Clifford’s face and eventually the two of them brushed nipples. They both felt the sensations from the brief touch and adjusted their rhythms so they brushed with every movement. Their hands moved over the body beneath them until they found each other. Clasp hands they leaned together and kissed, their tongues twining together. The sisters ran their hands over their twins’ body, playfully pinching and flicking nipples. Then, in that strange connection that twins have, they clutched each other as they climaxed at the same time. As they regain a sense of their surroundings Stacy noticed that Clifford had stopped licking.

“Hey no slacking off, Cliffy, I want multiple orgasms here.”

There was no response from Clifford.

“Cliffy? Are you still there?”

“I know his dick is still hard,” said Tracy as she continued to grind against him.

Stacy climbed off and looked down at Clifford. His face was a very deep shade of blue.

“Umm, Tracy.”

“Not now, I’m gonna cum again.”

“Tracy.”

“Ooh god yes, Clifford, fuck my tight little pussy. Make me cum baby.”

“Tracy!”

“Oh yeah, oh yeah. I’m cuming baby. I’m cuming.”

“TRACY!”

“Oooooooooohhhhhh.”

“God dammit, Tracy I think we killed him.”

“Wha?” Tracy was in a very fuzzy frame of mind.

“I said I think we killed him.”

Tracy looked down at Clifford. He really did look dead.

“You better give him mouth to mouth Stacy.”

“Eeeww gross. I ain’t doing it.”

“For Christs sake, Stacy, you just had his dick in your mouth. Why can’t you give him mouth to mouth?”

“He’s all icky looking.”

“Well of course he’s icky looking, you killed him.”

“Me?”

“It was your fat pussy that smothered him.”

“It is not fat.”

“Oh please, if it was any bigger you would need to put a ‘Wide Load’ sign on your arse.”

“Well at least I don’t have saggy tit’s.”

“No, you have no tit’s at all.”

“They’re exactly the same size as yours!”

“So they’re just as saggy as mine then.”

“No they’re not! Yours are saggier.”

“Scuse me,” came a voice from below.

“They’re the same. Slut!”

“Ahem, can someone help me?”

“Whore!”

“Scrag!”

“Cunt!”

“What did you call me?”

“You heard.”

The two sisters were so busy with their fighting that they didn't notice Clifford, who had regained consciousness, was gathering his clothes and getting dressed.

"I can't believe you called me the 'C' word. I'm telling Mum when she gets home."

"Oh yeah. Good idea. Mum, we were fucking the class nerd and after we killed him Stacy called me a cunt. Oh and what are we going to do with the body?"

"What body?"

"That body right..." The words died in Stacy's throat as she realised that Clifford was no longer lying there. In fact Clifford was nowhere to be seen.

"His clothes are gone too. And the front door is open. Do you think he left?"

"Well an ambulance could have come and taken him away. I wouldn't have heard the siren over your shrieking."

"Cow!"

"Bat!"

Clifford could hear the twins arguing as he walked away from their house. A big smile broke over his face as he thought about the tale he could tell at school on Monday. But then he realised that the twins were very popular at school and if it came down to his word against theirs he would lose. Not to worry though. They obviously liked his big dick (he personally thought of it as a nuisance until now) so maybe he could get a repeat performance. He would just have to learn to breathe through his ears.

Twins 2 Aphrodisiac

“Clifford, wait up.”

Cliff spun around to see Tracy running towards him down the deserted hallway. He loved the way her hair flew out behind her as she ran. Almost as much as he loved watching her breasts bounce in her school blouse. He could sit and watch that for hours.

“Hi, Tracy.” Cliff looked around to see if anyone was watching. Tracy and her twin sister Stacy had introduced Cliff to sex just the other day but since then they had practically ignored him at school (see Twins 1 – shameless plug --). He guessed that hanging out with the school nerd would affect their popularity. He didn’t really care too much, as long as he got to screw them again. But here was Tracy calling out his name in the middle of school. Ok it was between classes and there was no one in sight but someone could turn up at any second. Maybe Tracy had decided that she didn’t care who knew about her and Cliff. Maybe she wanted people to see. Maybe she was in love with Clifford. He smiled at her as she approached.

“What can I do....” He was cut off in mid sentence as he was dragged into a nearby janitor’s closet.

“Jesus, Clifford, keep it down will you? Someone might see me talking to you.”

Clifford sighed as his dreams blew away in a puff of reality. Oh well, it was to be expected he thought.

“Okay,” he said in a whisper, “what can I do for you?”

“Well it’s about me and Stacy. We kind of got into a dare thing again.”

Clifford nodded. He remembered that the time he screwed the twins started out as a dare to get him to wank in front of Stacy. That quickly changed when they caught sight of his monster dick.

“What’s the dare this time?” he asked.

“Well you know the party that’s on Friday night?”

“Yes.”

Everyone knew about the party at Janet’s house. Her parents were away for the weekend and she was holding a celebration party with all her friends. All the cool people would be there. Tracy and Stacy would be there, they were the coolest girls in school. Clifford though, was definitely not invited.

“Well there is probably going to be some serious screwing going on,” said Tracy. “There always is at these types of parties. Stacy dared me to get Janet laid.”

“Well jeez that shouldn’t be too hard. I’ve heard she likes to fuck, and that she’s bi. So what’s the problem?”

“The problem is who she is supposed to screw. No it’s not you so you can take that smile off your face. We want to keep that dick of yours to ourselves.” She gave him a lustful smile that had Cliff’s blood rushing to the lower regions of his body.

“So who is it then?”

“Willy.”

“Willy?” Cliff had to bite his lip to keep from bursting into hysterical laughter. Willy had to be pushing 300 pounds. They didn’t call him Free Willy for nothing. He shuddered at the thought of him on top of Janet. Willy also had a personal freshness problem. To be blunt, Willy stunk. Every school has one person that is right at the bottom of the food chain. Willy was the plankton of Piedmont High.

“You’re screwed, Tracy. You’ll never get Janet to fuck Willy. Not even if you got her plied her full of alcohol. No one could be that drunk and live.”

“There is no way I am going to be Stacy’s slave for life. Besides, I have a plan. And that’s where you come in.” She gave Clifford a wink that had his pants straining at the seams.

“Oh? And what plan is that?”

“An aphrodisiac. I found this formula in an old textbook for something called Spanish Fly. I need your help with this, Clifford. You know all about chemistry and stuff.”

“I’ve heard of Spanish Fly. But it’s supposed to be a myth. I doubt it will work but there is no harm in trying it I guess. Do you have the book with you?”

“Yes it’s in my bag. Hold on I’ll get it out.” Tracy squatted down and rummaged through her bag.

The room was cramped with the two of them in there so she was literally at Cliff’s feet. He could see down her blouse and the swell of her breasts within. Her face was right in front of his fly and Cliff could feel her breath on his cock. If this kept up he was in serious danger of shooting in his pants. He tried to move back a bit but a shelf of cleaning products stopped him.

Tracy was quite aware of Clifford’s discomfort. She liked to tease him like this, and it helped to keep control over him. He would do anything for her if he thought she would fuck him. It wasn’t all tease though. She was dying for a repeat of the other day. Only this time it would be just her and Cliff. She was getting wet at the thought of having his huge cock pound into her tiny puss. She was trying really hard to remain focused on the job at hand. She found the book and slowly stood up again, making sure to rub her body against Clifford’s as she did.

“Here you go, Clifford. Why are you sweating?”

“Umm I guess it’s a bit warm in here. Shared body heat and all. Here, let me see that.” He took the book from Tracy and opened it to the place she had marked with piece of paper. He felt Tracy’s hand wander over the material covering his cock.

“It doesn’t look like this will be too hard to do. I can get all these chemicals from the chemistry lab. I have the keys so I can stay back late after school tomorrow and whip up a batch. But we will have to find a way of testing it first. We need some subjects that have no physical interest in each other, just to make sure it works. Umm, Tracy why are you unzipping my fly?”

“Well I don’t know about you but my next class doesn’t start for another thirty minutes. So what do you say, Cliff? Wanna fuck?”

It was a stupid question really.

After school the next day Clifford was in the lab reading the book while he combined chemicals. It was hard to concentrate on the job at hand. His mind kept flashing back to yesterday in the janitor’s closet. He closed his eyes and replayed the events in his head.

Tracy had taken his cock out and was stroking it as he unbuttoned her blouse. She put her arms around his neck and asked him to lift her up. Cliff slid his hands under her skirt and was surprised to discover she was not wearing any panties. He smiled and squeezed her firm young arse. With a quick movement he lifted her up so she could wrap her long legs around him.

He smiled as he remembered that silky feeling of sliding into her tight pussy. It was a quick fuck, but a satisfying one. Tracy had moaned his name as she climaxed which was all the encouragement Cliff needed for his own orgasm. Then they cleaned themselves up and went back to class.

And now he was alone in this lab mixing together a concoction that he wasn’t entirely sure would work. But Tracy had wanted him to do it so he did it. It was that simple. At least there was nothing in it that was poisonous. He added on last ingredient and sat back to watch it foam in the beaker.

“There, it’s done,” he said to no one in particular. He wondered who they were going to test it on. Tracy had told him not to worry about it because she had it all worked out. He heard the door open behind him.

“Tracy?”

“No it’s Stacy. Tracy got detention for skipping class. You didn’t have anything to do with that did you, Cliffy?” She draped her arms around his neck and looked over his shoulder at the concoction in front of him. “Is it ready?”

“Yeah it’s finished. But it has to be tested. Tracy said she had someone but now she’s not here.”

“Don’t worry, Cliffy, she told me all about it.” She pulled out an empty coke bottle from her school bag and handed it to Cliff. “Here, pour it into here and grab your stuff. We have to hurry before they go home.”

“Before who goes home? Who are we going to try this on?”

“Don’t worry about that, just fill that bottle and come on.”

Clifford carefully poured the brown liquid into the coke bottle and screwed the cap on. He was about to ask Stacy again who they were going to test it on but before he could utter a word she grabbed his arm and dragged him out of the room.

They made their way down the halls to the office of the student newspaper. Clifford opened his mouth to speak but Stacy shushed him. They peeked in through the small glass window set into the door to see if anyone was about. Inside were Kerry Anne and Ian Dury, talking and sipping coffee. They were both editors for the paper and had a reputation for being elitist. Clifford had been the bane of their sarcastic jokes more than once and Stacy had often been lampooned in their paper along with her sister. To her this was a punishment long overdue.

“How much of this stuff do we need to use, Cliffy?” She held up the brew and waggled it in Clifford’s face.

“Only a few drops, it’s very potent.”

“Okay, you create a distraction out here and I will slip it into their coffee.” She opened the door and walked into the room. Kerry and Ian looked up at the new arrival as she sauntered in.

“Oh look, it’s miss teen slut 1999. Who are we sleeping with this week?” Kerry’s sarcasm dripped from her tongue like poison.

“Well isn’t that nice? I just came in here to offer my help on your little rag and this is the greeting I get.”

Clifford watched Stacy exchange glares with Kerry then turned his attention to the hall. What could he do to create a distraction? A fire alarm would be no good, they wanted Kerry and Ian to stay long enough to drink the coffee, not run from the building. He turned to walk down the hall and look for something better when his feet got tangled up in Stacy’s bag. He reached out to grab something to keep himself from falling but only managed to pull down a nearby locker with him as he fell. The crash of the falling locker reverberated through the empty halls. He rolled over onto his back to see Kerry and Ian standing in the empty doorway. Cliff noticed that Ian had a camera in his hand just as he started taking photos of Clifford’s predicament.

“Thanks, Cliff. Now we have a picture for next issue’s front page.” Ian gave a cruel grin that made Clifford cringe. Then he noticed Stacy appear behind them and smiled as she gave him the thumbs up.

“Pick up this mess, Clifford,” said Kerry in her most condescending tone. “We have a paper to print so do it quietly.” And with that they disappeared back into the room, closing the door behind them. Stacy and Clifford were left alone in the hallway.

“Did you spike their coffee?” asked Clifford as he picked up the fallen locker.

“Yup. Put in half a bottle.”

“Half a bottle? I told you that stuff was powerful. You only need a few drops.”

“Well they insulted me,” pouted Stacy.

“Jesus, they’ll probably kill each other.”

They peeked in through the window again to see what was happening. Kerry and Ian were talking again, too low for Stacy and Clifford to hear what they were saying. While they spoke they took sips of coffee from their cup. Clifford noticed that Kerry seemed to be a little flushed.

Stacy noticed the bulge slowly swelling in Ian's pants.

"Holy shit, that stuff actually works," said Clifford. "Hang on a second, I have an idea. Be right back." And with that he raced down the hall and disappeared around the corner.

Stacy watched him run off and wondered where he was going. She turned back to the window and saw that Ian was unconsciously rubbing himself through his pants. Kerry had one hand inside her blouse and was gently pinching her nipple. Stacy was amazed that they were still talking normally as they did these things. It was as if they had not noticed what either of them was doing. She suddenly became aware of a presence beside her. She looked over to see Clifford setting up a video camera on a tripod.

"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing? Don't tell me the idea of blackmail offends you."

"Clifford, you surprise me. I had no idea you had it in you."

"I would rather have it in you," mumbled Clifford under his breath. Stacy heard what he said but chose to ignore it, for now. She was surprised that Clifford had thought of taping this so they could blackmail them afterwards. But the idea definitely appealed to her. She thought that if Clifford were a bit less nerdish she wouldn't mind hanging out with him. She decided to talk to Tracy about it later. Maybe they could fix him up a bit. Make him more appealing for mass consumption. She turned back to the window to watch the festivities. She was shocked to see that Kerry and Ian were now practically naked but still talking as if nothing unusual was happening.

"What's wrong with them, Cliffy? Why are they acting like that?"

"I don't know. Maybe they just don't want to accept that they are horny for each other. It won't last though. With the amount that you gave them it will only be a matter of time before they start screwing."

As if on cue coffee mugs and clothing went flying as Kerry and Ian fell upon each other. In an instant they were licking and sucking each other in the middle of the floor, Ian on his back with Kerry writhing on top.

"Are you getting all this Cliffy?" whispered Stacy out of the corner of her mouth. She didn't want to take her eyes off them in case she missed something.

"Yes, I have it on automatic. It's recording everything that happens in there. This will teach those pricks. Try to embarrass me will they?" Clifford was enjoying this immensely. It wasn't often he got to exact revenge on someone. He discovered that he liked it. In fact it was giving him a hard-on. Or was it from the show going on in front of him? Whatever it was, it was getting him hard. He looked over at Stacy and noticed she was licking her lips as she watched the show. He wondered if she was as horny as he was.

"Oh my yes Ian. Lavish my petite velvet cavern with your oral appendage. Insert your manly tongue deep within me." Kerry had no idea what had come over her. One minute she was discussing that nerd Clifford with Ian and the next thing she knew she was naked and sucking on his cock. She just couldn't help herself. She had never done anything like this before but now she just couldn't get enough. She ground her hips down on Ian's face while she sucked

and stroked his cock. He was giving it his best but his tongue just wasn't getting the job done. With a cry of frustration she rolled off him onto her back and spread her legs for him.

"Copulate with me Ian. Insert your rampant manhood into my opening of desire."

Ian looked at her with a mixture of lust and confusion in his eyes.

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Fuck my cunt you asshole. Fuck me hard and fuck me now." She grabbed her ankles and spread her legs wider to emphasise her point.

Ian, who was so horny that not even the crack of dawn was safe, threw himself on Kerry and started humping like a fox terrier on speed. In a matter of seconds he started to jerk, pulling himself free of Kerry. His orgasm caused him to have a mild seizure, which in turn caused him to shoot cum everywhere. As he regained his senses he saw that cum was all over the place. Dripping from tables and chairs, splashed on computers and photocopiers, hanging from pictures and the wall clock. But most of all it was on Kerry. She was swimming in it. But it appeared that she had not noticed that Ian had cum. She was still writhing and moaning as if he was still fucking her. Ian was shocked. How could she be so slutty? How could she act like such a whore? How could she do this without him? He looked down and was pleased to see he was still hard. With a cry that sounded very much like "Geronimo" he leapt back into the fray.

Stacy and Clifford were still watching the show as it entered the second act. Stacy looked down at Cliff's pants and noticed a familiar bulge. It had been a few days since she had been fucked and it was very frustrating for her. The activities going on inside the office were not making it any easier for her.

"Cliffy?"

"Yes?"

"Will that keep recording by itself?"

"Yup, or at least till it runs out of tape in about three hours."

"Cliffy? Is this getting you hard?"

"Very much so."

She moved behind him and ran her hands over his bulge. He tried to turn to her but she stopped him.

"No, don't turn around. Just keep watching the show. I want you to watch them while I do this."

She slid her hands inside his pants and gently rubbed his cock. Clifford let out a sigh as she pulled down his pants enough to free him. With his cock out she was free to stroke him properly. With long slow strokes she soon had him on the edge of orgasm.

"Do you want to cum, Cliffy?" she whispered into his ear.

“Oh God yes” he moaned.

“You have to promise to do something for me then.”

“Anything.” He was so close now his vision was beginning to cloud. He could feel her grip on him strengthen to stop him from cuming.

“You have to eat me while I watch them fuck, Cliffy. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes, anything. Just let me cum.”

“Good boy.” She relaxed her grip and Cliffy shot his load all over the door in front of him. He found himself bucking uncontrollably as he did. It was the most intense orgasm that he had ever experienced. With a sigh he collapsed with his back against the door, totally exhausted. He opened his eyes to find Stacy’s pussy thrust into his face.

“Your turn, Cliffy. Eat me.” She pushed her pussy onto Cliff’s waiting mouth and ground her hips against him as she watched Kerry and Ian.

Kerry was in the throws of a massive orgasm. She had long ago lost count of her orgasms and to be honest she really couldn’t care less. Ian’s sexual abilities came as a complete surprise to her. She had no idea that he could fuck like this. The fact that Ian was totally unable to keep up with her never came close to entering her lust-fogged mind.

In fact Ian had only been a factor in less than half of her orgasms. Most of the time he was sitting in a heap trying to catch his breath. He desperately wanted to rest but his body and Kerry’s insatiable lust would not allow him. He tried to crawl away but Kerry grabbed him by the ankle, threw him on his back and was on him faster than a sailor on a two-dollar whore. Ian groaned in terror as his cock once again rose to the challenge.

Stacy climaxed, flooding Cliff’s face with her juices, and slid down his chest to straddle him.

“Damn Cliffy, you’re getting good at that. We might just have to keep you around.”

Clifford was not fooled for a second. He knew they were only using him till he was of no use to them, then he would be cast aside. But he didn’t care one bit. Clifford knew that for now he was having the time of his life. He would worry about bad things when bad things happened. He reached up and gave Stacy a playful squeeze of her breasts.

“So I guess this means the experiment was a success then. Is there enough left for the party on Friday night?”

“Not really. Not for what I have in mind.”

“I thought it was Tracy that had to do the dare.”

“It is dear, Cliffy. But I have some plans of my own.” She gave Cliff a mischievous grin that both scared and excited him.

“What are you planning, Stacy?”

“You’ll find out on Friday, Cliffy.”

“But I’m not invited to the party. No nerds allowed remember?”

“You just let me and Tracy worry about that, Cliffy. Now about that brew. Can you make some more?”

“Sure, I have all the stuff I need in the lab.” And indeed he had. In fact he had more than enough. He had done some research on the ingredients before he started putting them together and had become more and more convinced that it would work. So he had obtained a little extra for himself. Clifford had his own plans.

“We had better get all this stuff packed up before someone comes,” said Cliff looking around. He was worried that they would get caught even though the school was obviously deserted.

“Not just yet, Cliffy,” said Stacy as she gently eased his cock into her pussy. “We have enough time.”

Kerry came too in the early hours of the morning. She looked down and saw a coffee mug protruding from her aching pussy. As her eyes adjusted to the gloom she saw a trembling mass huddled in the corner. It looked vaguely familiar.

“Ian?”

“No. Go away. Leave me alone. I don’t want to fuck any more and you can’t make it.” It was the voice of a petulant child.

“Ian I...” She gasped as she pulled the mug free only to find another one inserted behind it. She managed to pull it free as well as the banana that was stuck in her arse.

“What the hell happened?”

“You can’t make me, Kerry. You can’t make me.”

“Oh grow up Ian. We had sex. Get over it.”

“Just sex? You tried to kill me. You tried to fuck me to death. My dick is so raw I can’t touch it. Why wouldn’t you leave me alone? Why didn’t you stop when I begged you too? You were like a wild animal.”

Kerry could not explain why she acted the way she did. She was just overcome by incredible lust for Ian. A lust she couldn’t control. She got up and walked over to Ian.

“Come on, get up. You’re not hurt.”

Ian dragged himself to his feet and walked over to where his cloths were. He was about to pick them up when he noticed a paper sign on the combination VCR and Television the school paper had borrowed from the media studies room. He bent over and read it out loud.

“Leave Clifford alone. Play me to find out why.”

“What?” Kerry was wondering what Ian was doing.

“It says play me.” He reached over and pressed the play button on the VCR. The Television burst into life to show Kerry and Ian screwing on the floor of the office. Ian stood there with his mouth open.

Kerry was a little more vocal.

“Son of a Bitch!”

Twins 3 The Party

Clifford was standing naked in the twin's bedroom. Normally he would be delighted to be in this position but this was bordering on embarrassing. He stood perfectly still as the two young blondes circled him, inspecting his body and making comments on what they saw.

"Well that will have to go."

"Yes I agree." Tracy reached up and took Clifford's thick rimmed glasses off. He blinked to try to clear his blurred vision but it was a lost cause. Without his glasses he was as blind as a bat.

"Who chose these ugly things, Clifford?" Tracy turned the glasses over in her hands and pulled a face at them. "Honestly, you could have gotten something a lot better than these. Not to worry though. Here, try these." She handed him a small plastic container.

"What are they?" Clifford could see printing on the small white box but could not read it through the haze.

"Contact lenses. And don't bother asking how I got the prescription, a girl has to have some secrets." She dropped a wink at Cliff that he missed completely. He opened the box and felt one of the small disks under his fingers. They were moist to the touch and he felt it stick to the pad of his finger. Clifford lifted it up to his eye and gently positioned it into place. He blinked a few times and was surprised to find that it stayed glued to his eyeball. Closing his unclad eye he found that he could see quite clearly. With a smile he quickly put the remaining lens in place.

"Do you have a mirror?" he asked Stacy. She handed one to him and he looked at his naked face clearly for the first time in his life.

"That's a big improvement isn't it, Tracy? He is beginning to look normal. Now what are we going to do about that hair? It's so greasy. Don't you ever shampoo, Cliffy?" She reached up and almost touched his hair before pulling her hand away and making a big show of wiping it on her top.

"Of course I wash it. Every day in fact. It's not my fault my glands are pushing out oil by the barrel load."

"Well at least your face has cleared up. I wonder what caused that?" Stacy gave him a mischievous smile. "But we really have to do something about that hair. Tracy could you hand me that gel?" Stacy went to work on Clifford's hair with the gel and an old brush. In a matter of minutes she had his hair under some semblance of control.

"There, all done. Damn, Cliffy you look almost human now. That just leaves the clothing." She walked over to the bed and opened a large shopping bag that was sitting on it. She reached in and started pulling out clothes that she then handed to Clifford.

"Here put these on. I think the colour should suit you." Clifford put the clothes on and stood in front of the girls.

"So? How do I look? Do you think I could get into the party now?"

The twins looked at him and nodded in unison.

“You look perfect, Clifford,” said Tracy as she ran her eyes up and down his body. “Do you have the brew with you?”

The brew in question was an aphrodisiac called Spanish Fly that Cliffy had put together for the girls a few days ago. He and Tracy had then tested it on Kerry and Ian with favourable results (Twins 2 --- another shameless plug ---). He bent down and patted a small gym bag at his feet.

“Yes I have it right here. Just remember though, you only need a few drops.” He looked pointedly at Stacy. She had used half a bottle on Kerry and Ian. They still hadn’t been seen at school and rumours were running rife about what happened to them. Stacy had started most of those rumours.

“Okay then, Clifford, grab the bag and we will be on our way. Janet won’t know what hit her.” Tracy laughed at the thought of what was in store. Her sister had dared her to get Janet to screw Willy, or Free Willy as he was known at school. Willy had a bit of a weight problem. Like the way Bill Clinton had a bit of a problem keeping his dick to himself. There was a rumour going around school that Willy had broken the scales in the school infirmary. Stacy could take credit for that one too. Stacy could take credit for a lot of the rumours that floated around Piedmont High.

They grabbed their stuff and were heading out the door when Clifford stopped them.

“Aren’t we forgetting something?” he asked.

“What?”

“How are we going to get Willy to the party? Or inside for that matter.”

Tracy walked up to Clifford and draped her arms around his neck. “That is your problem, Clifford. We can get you into the party but in return you have to get Willy there. You don’t have to get him inside, we’ll handle that. But you have to find a way of getting him there. Do you think you can handle that, Clifford?”

“Yeah I think I might know a way of doing it. Come on, let’s get going.”

And with that the trio walked out the front door.

Willy was hungry. Actually he was starving. He hadn’t eaten anything since lunch and now it looked like dinner was going to be late because his mother was still at bingo. He opened the refrigerator to see what was in there to eat.

“Damn,” he muttered to himself. “Nothing edible.” All he could see was some tupperware containers that contained several different varieties of salads. His mother was on a health kick again. Willy hated it when she did this. He opened the crisper draw and saw a solitary apple. He contemplated eating it but decided against it. Healthy food was not really something he was fond of. His four basic food groups consisted of burgers, fries, chocolate and Coke. Anything else just wasn’t good enough. It had taken him years but he had finally managed to put his metabolism into a coma.

“Maybe there’s some Spam in the cupboard” he said to no one in particular. He was about to open it when the doorbell rang. Hoping against hope that the ice cream man now made door

to door deliveries he rushed to the front door and opened it. Before him stood a person that looked vaguely familiar. He thought he looked a bit like Clifford, only a lot cooler. He scrunched his face up as he thought hard about who this stranger could be.

“Hello, Willy.”

“Clifford?”

“Yep. How are you, Willy?”

“Oh I’m ok. A little hungry at the moment but Mum will be home soon. What happened to you, Clifford? You look...”

“Don’t worry about it Willy. We need you to do something for us.”

“Us?” He looked around Clifford to the car parked outside his house.

“Is that who I think it is?” He could hardly believe his eyes. Clifford was with Tracy and Stacy. How on earth did he manage to hook up with those two?

“Yes it is, Willy. Now we have a problem and you are just the person to help us out.”

“What sort of problem?”

“Well you know the party that’s on tonight at Janet’s house?”

“Yes. But I’m not invited. I don’t really fit in with that crowd.”

“Don’t worry about it, Willy. You see, there is going to be a pie eating contest at the party tonight.” Clifford draped an arm around Willie’s shoulder and started to lead him towards the car.

“And you’re our secret weapon.”

“Really?”

“Yes really. You and I both know that no one could ever beat you in a pie eating contest.”

“Well I try my best.” Willy was blushing under Clifford’s praise. They reached the car and Clifford opened the back door for him.

“Hop in, Willy. I guarantee that you are going to get some mighty fine pie tonight.” He watched as Willy forced his large frame in the back of the car then walked around to the driver’s side and slid behind the wheel.

“You ok back there Willy?”

“Yes thanks. It’s a little cramped but I’m used to that.” He turned to the pretty blonde sitting next to him. “Hi.”

“Hi, Willy. I’m Stacy and that’s my sister Tracy in the front with Cliffy. I’m so glad you could come with us tonight. We really want to win this contest. Tracy more than any of us. Isn’t that right, Tracy?” She winked at her twin in the front seat and Tracy winked back.

“What kind of pie eating contest is it?”

“What kind of contest, Willy?”

“I mean what flavour pies are they using?”

“Hair pie” mumbled Clifford. Tracy leaned over and gave him a punch on the arm.

“Shh you big idiot”: she practically hissed into his ear. She didn’t want anything to go wrong with her plan. Tracy had put a lot of time and effort into this caper and the last thing she wanted was for Willy to get cold feet and make a run for it.

Willy had heard Clifford say something and saw the way Tracy had reacted. He was always suspicious of people being nice to him, it usually meant that they were setting him up for something. But he knew Clifford was in the same boat as him. Or at least he used to be. Clifford looked totally different to how he usually was at school. The fact that the twins were hanging around him was a reason to be wary. He decided to go along for now, but would keep his eye open for the slightest hint of a set up. He turned away from the occupants of the car and watched the sleepy neighbourhood sweep by outside.

The four arrived at the party at around nine o’clock. Things were just starting to warm up and even at the end of the street Clifford could hear the music blaring from the stereo. They parked the car a few streets away; to get a park any closer would have been impossible. Just as they got to the front of Janet’s house Stacy grabbed Willy and led him down an alley which ran along the back of the house. Tracy and Clifford proceeded to the front door where they were greeted by the host herself.

“Tracy, glad you could make it. Is this your date?” She looked at Clifford and he was glad to see she didn’t recognise him.

“It certainly is. His name is Raphael. He’s Italian.”

Clifford opened his mouth to say hello but Tracy cut him off.

“He doesn’t speak English I’m afraid. But we call him the Italian Stallion.”

“Oh really? Why is that?”

“Because he is hung like a horse. Come on, Raph.” And before Janet could reply Tracy dragged Clifford inside.

Once they got inside Clifford managed to whisper to Tracy without anyone overhearing.

“Italian?”

“Well if you had spoken to her she would have recognised your voice, Clifford. Now come on, we have to get around the back to let Stacy and Willy in. And for gods sake, don’t lose that brew.”

Clifford patted the flask that he had under his jacket. He had poured a few drops of the brew into it in the car before they had picked up Willy. The rest of the flask was filled with Bourbon. They made their way out the back door and around the pool to the gate in the back fence. Tracy swung it open to reveal Stacy and Willy.

Willy looked around suspiciously. This was not the way one arrived at a pie-eating contest. Not that he had ever been to one but he guessed that protocol would dictate arriving at the front door, not scrambling down an alley and waiting for someone inside to open the back door. This was how you snuck into a theatre without paying.

“I don’t know about this. This is giving me a bad feeling.”

“Oh relax, Willy.” Stacy was trying her best to placate him. If he ran she would win and Tracy, who would be unable to complete the dare, would be her slave for life. But she wanted to see Janet with a mouth full of Willy even more than have her own personal slave.

“We told you before you are our secret weapon. We can’t let them see you till the contest is about to begin. We have money bet on you so you better win.”

“So that was it,” thought Willy. He understood now that their motives were sneaky and underhanded. It made him feel a lot better knowing they were just using him. It meant that he knew where he stood.

“Ok, Willy hide in here,” said Tracy as she opened the pool house door. “When the contest is about to begin we will come and get you ok?” She closed the door before Willy could respond. Tracy turned to Stacy.

“Oh by the way, this is our Italian friend Raphael,” she said pointing at Clifford. “He doesn’t speak English.”

“Ooh I’ve never had an Italian before. How about it, Raphy baby? Want to break my European cherry?”

“Hmm let me think about it.” Clifford paused for exactly one second. “Okay.”

Tracy fumed at the both of them.

“We have a job to do here. There will be no fucking till the fat man cum’s. Got it?”

Clifford and Stacy looked down at their shoes, blushing under the gaze of Tracy.

“Okay” they said in unison.

“All right then. Now lets go back to the party and find Janet. I want to get this over and done with.” She turned and walked back to the house.

Clifford and Stacy looked at each other, a playful smile gracing both their faces. Then they joined hands and skipped merrily after Tracy.

Janet was looking for that tall Italian hunk that Tracy had brought with her. She dearly wanted to know if what Tracy had said was true. Janet had a weakness for big cocks. She just couldn’t get enough of them. It was her fantasy to be fucked by a group of well hung studs, each one taking his turn to pound her pussy till she begged for mercy. Not that she ever would beg. She could keep going long after they had passed out. She saw the twins and that hunk walk in through the back door. She dearly hoped that she could get him alone. It would just be her luck if Tracy took him to a private room and spent the night riding him. Janet knew that Tracy also liked huge cocks and they were very competitive about it. She almost clapped her hands with joy as the trio split up and started moving through the crowd. She made a beeline for Raphael and intercepted him just as he was about to enter the

kitchen. She made a point of accidentally bumping into him and took the opportunity to quickly try to feel his dick. She was pleased to discover that Tracy had not lied.

“Oh I’m terribly sorry about that, Raphael. You must think I’m such an oaf.” She batted her eyes at him and did her best to appeal to him.

Clifford was a bit embarrassed about the way Janet had felt him up. It was obvious to him what she had in mind. He was about to speak when he remembered that he wasn’t supposed to know any English. His mind raced back to the time he had found some Italian phrases on a website. He hoped that he could remember them properly.

“Desidero avervi sesso con.”

“Oh I love the sound of a sexy Italian voice,” cooed Janet as she led him into the kitchen. “It just makes me sooo hot.” She opened the pantry door and led him inside. Clifford was surprised to see that it was almost as big as his bedroom.

“Speak some more Italian to me you sexy hunk.” Janet started to seductively rub her body against him.

“Potete avete messo le vostre caviglie dietro i vostri orecchi?”

“Oh god that turns me on.” Janet reached down and quickly undid his fly. In a matter of seconds Clifford’s cock was exposed to the air. She slowly sank to her knees before him.

Tracy was getting annoyed now. She couldn’t find Janet anywhere. If they didn’t find her soon Willy was bound to get tired of waiting and leave. She underestimated Willie’s penchant for pie. She saw her sister standing next to the punch bowl and made her way over there. She arrived just in time to see Stacy pour some liquid into the bowl.

“Stacy dear, I have a feeling that the punch was spiked a long time before we got here.”

“Well then a little more wouldn’t hurt now would it? Did you find Janet?”

“No I can’t find her anywhere. Maybe Clifford has had better luck. Have you seen him?”

“No. I think he was going to check the kitchen but I haven’t seen him since. Want to go check?”

“Sure.” They made their way into the kitchen but found it was deserted. They were about to leave when they heard moaning coming from the pantry. Tracy swung open the door to find Janet impaled on Clifford’s cock and riding him for all he was worth. Clifford looked like he was having anything but fun. In fact he looked like a mongoose had mistaken his dick for a cobra. Tracy closed the door before either of them noticed she was there. She tried to control herself as she turned to Stacy.

“Well I found Clifford. And it looks like he found Janet. Or she found him. We’ll just wait for them to finish.” They went to the refrigerator and found some soft drinks and cake to munch on while they waited. Fifteen minutes later the pantry door swung open and Clifford and Janet stepped into the kitchen. Janet saw Tracy and walked over to her.

“Oh my God, Tracy, where have you been hiding this boy? He was incredible. You have to let me borrow him again someday.”

“If you think he’s good you should try Stacy’s boyfriend. He makes Raphael look small.”

“My boyfriend? What are you....” Stacy was shushed by a look from Tracy that could of frozen fire.

“Yes, your boyfriend. The one you left in the pool house.” Tracy turned back to Janet. “You would just love him. He’s got a cock you just wouldn’t believe.”

“Really? Well I don’t know, I mean I could always go another round with Raphael here.”

“Desiderate sedersi sul mio rubinetto?” Clifford was really getting into this Italian stuff.

“Doesn’t he just have the sexiest voice?”

“Yes he does, Janet. I guess you can have him if you want. Stacy and I will be in the pool house having the fuck of our lives. See you later.” The twins turned and headed for the door. They didn’t get far.

“Wait. Why don’t we all go. We could share them.”

Tracy felt a smile start to cross her lips.

“Good idea. Let’s celebrate with a drink shall we? Raphael?”

Clifford reached into his jacket and pulled out the flask. He handed it to Tracy who in turn handed it to Janet.

Janet took a sip of the Bourbon and liked what she tasted. She offered it to the twins but they declined.

“No thanks,” said Tracy, “we filled up on Coke.”

Janet took the flask and drained it in a gulp. She could feel its warmth explode in her stomach. It gave her a feeling that she quite enjoyed.

“Okay folks, let’s go get some.” The foursome made their way out to the pool house.

As they reached the pool area Tracy pulled Clifford back so she could talk to him.

“Have a nice fuck did we?”

“Well it’s not like I had any choice in the matter. She practically raped me.”

“Oh yeah I could see you where desperate to get away from her. It must have been terrible having a gorgeous girl fuck your brains out like that.”

“Oh come on, Tracy, I never wanted to screw her. She just jumped me. I had to cum in self defence.”

“Whatever, Clifford. I don’t want to know about it.”

“Oh my God. Are you jealous?” The thought that Tracy was jealous of Janet screwing him made Clifford stop and think. Maybe Tracy had feelings for him after all. He would have to talk to her about it later. But for now they had reached the pool house and the real fun was about to begin.

Stacy opened the door and stood back to allow Janet to enter first.

“Willy!” called Stacy. “Its pie-eating time.”

“Willy?” asked Janet turning to Stacy. “Not Free Willy”

“The one and only,” declared Stacy as she shoved Janet through the door. With a flourish she slammed the door shut and locked it. “And that’s that. Well I am going back inside to see what’s happening with the punch.”

“Stacy what did you put in the punch?” Tracy had remembered seeing her sister spike it.

“Oh just a little something to spice up the party. The same thing that you gave to Janet.”

“You didn’t.”

“I did.”

“No way.”

“Yes way.”

“Holy shit.”

“Yup,” giggled Stacy. She went back to the party while Tracy and Clifford made their way to the windows of the pool house.

Janet was furious. How dare they lock her in here with this fat fuck? Did they have any idea what she would do to them when she got out? She absent-mindedly started rubbing her breasts.

“I’ll bet this is because I fucked her boyfriend. Stupid cow hates it when I get the better of her. And I’ll bet I was a better lay than she was. I think I’ll screw Raphael again when I get out of here. In fact, I think I’ll tie that bitch up and make her watch us do it. That will teach her. I can’t wait to see her face as I slide that huge cock into my pussy, and then start to ride him like an Italian Stallion should be ridden. Oh it will be so good, watching her twist and turn in her bonds, aching to get loose while I cum again and again.”

Willy was watching Janet with mounting fear. She looked pissed as she spoke to herself. But she also appeared to be getting off on what she was saying and thinking. He watched as she slid her hand between her legs and started rubbing.

“My God,” he thought. “I think she going to get herself off right in front of me.” Willy could feel himself getting hard.

Janet was indeed getting off but her thoughts of revenge where all that filled her conscious mind. Without even realising what she was doing she stripped off her clothing so she had better access to her body. A body that was now aflame with primitive animal lust.

She imagined Tracy straining at her ropes as she fucked Raphael with the passion of an untamed beast. She could feel that huge cock inside her, filling her tight little pussy to the point of overflowing. Her nipples tingled as she imagined him reaching up and twisted them savagely.

Her mind might have been occupied with Raphael but her body was an entity unto itself. Her left hand pinched and pulled at her nipples while her right was permanently fixed to her hungry cunt. She thrust two fingers deep inside herself as her juices flooded out over her hand and down her thighs. Janet started to rapidly finger fuck herself, her mind filled with thoughts of lust and torture. Her hips bucked against her hand as her body was devoured by a monstrous orgasm. Waves of overwhelming sensations crashed over her, pushing all thoughts from her head as she succumbed to the pleasure.

“Now that’s and orgasm.” Clifford had his nose pressed up against the window, watching the show inside.

“But why isn’t she fucking Willy? Is this stuff going to work on her or not, Clifford?” Tracy was getting worried. The dare had involved Janet screwing Willy, not her own hand. She had a bad feeling about this. It was starting to look like she would be Stacy’s slave for the rest of her life.

“Don’t worry about it, Tracy. She will. She has only just gotten started. Stacy should be here to see this though. I wonder what she’s doing?”

Stacy was in the main house watching a very interesting show. The punch she had spiked was completely gone. And judging by what she saw everyone had drunk a glass or two. A sea of bodies lay before her. Everywhere she looked there were couples fucking, threesomes fucking, foursomes fucking. There was even one girl near the stereo who had five guys jerking off over her while another girl ate her out. Stacy slowly scanned the crowd, taking note of couplings for the future. The girl that was getting a cum bath was one of the head cheerleaders, that bit of knowledge would come in handy. And wasn’t that the two best players on the football team gobbling each other’s cocks?

“Damn, I should be writing this down.” She spied a notepad and pen on a nearby coffee table and grabbed it before the couple screwing on the ornate furniture could roll on top of it again. She started taking down notes.

“School captain getting herself well and truly fucked by the school drug dealer as she sucks the band leader’s cock. Head cheerleader being nailed by five of the football team. I always thought those two were gay. Captain of the football team has really small dick.” She closed the notebook after filling a couple of pages and placed it in her small bag, right next to the empty coke bottle she had used to spike the punch with.

“Let’s see what’s happening with Janet and Willy” she said to herself and walked back towards the pool house.

Willy was getting worried. He had just watched Janet bring herself to orgasm and then collapse against the wall, unconscious. He moved slowly towards her naked form, his erection forgotten for now.

“Janet? Are you ok? Do you need a doctor or something?” He was about to reach down and give her a gentle shake when her eyes flew open and locked with his. Willy was no longer worried.

Willy was scared shitless.

“What’s happening?” Stacy had just arrived back at the pool house and looked through the same window Tracy and Clifford were at.

“Sshh,” hissed Tracy. “It’s about to get good.”

All three watched in awe as Janet leapt on Willy. Willy let out a shriek of terror before it was abruptly cut off by Janet’s tongue forcing its way down his throat. She pushed him to the ground and tore open his shirt. Willie’s man boobs wobbled as he shook with fright. Janet’s eyes lit up when she saw them and instantly latched on to one of his nipples, sucking it like a newborn.

“Well this is interesting. I guess she likes tit’s no matter who owns them.” Stacy giggled at her own joke. “Did you hear me? I said she likes tits. Even man tit’s.”

“Will you shut up? I can’t hear what’s going on in there.” Tracy was on edge. The dare would not be completed until Willy had his cock in Janet’s puss. She would not relax until that happened.

Meanwhile Janet was removing Willie’s pants with her teeth. She freed his cock from their confines and watched as it popped up like a tiny soldier coming to attention. She looked up at Willy, then fell on it like a hungry dog.

Willy let out a yelp that quickly turned to a moan of pleasure. He grabbed Janet by the hair and forced her head down on his cock.

“Wow he sure learns fast,” said Clifford, genuinely impressed. “I think he is actually enjoying himself now.”

Willy was indeed enjoying himself. He had never done it with a girl before. To be honest they had always scared him. He thought that all women were as overbearing as his mother was. But he had no idea that there could be so much pleasure to be had from a woman taking control of him. He lay back and let Janet’s mouth work on his cock. Willy thought that maybe he could get to enjoy this sex stuff. He knew what an orgasm was, he had played with himself a couple of times in the shower, but his hand had never been as good as this. And his hand had never sucked on his breasts like that either. He wished he could get her to do that again. He felt that familiar feeling in his loins and was disappointed that it would all be over soon. He ran his fingers through Janet’s hair and groaned as he began to shoot.

“Oh no he’s cuming,” cried Tracy. “Now I’ll never complete the dare. I’m doomed to be a slave for life.”

“Don’t worry, sis, I’ll be a benevolent master. Now be a good slave and rub my feet, they hurt terribly.”

“Oh shut up, cow.”

“Tsk, ts, is that any way to talk to your master?” Stacy was really enjoying this. She could imagine Tracy waiting on her hand and foot.

“I am not rubbing your feet.”

“Would you rather give Willy a blow job?”

“Oh for Christs sake. Ok I’ll rub your damned hoof then.” She started to bend down but Clifford grabbed her by the shoulder.

“Hold on a sec, Tracy. Janet hasn’t finished yet.”

Tracy looked back through the window again to see that Clifford was right. Janet was still sucking Willie’s cock, a cock that was still rock hard.

Willy was amazed that Janet had not stopped. She had gulped down his cum and kept right on sucking.

“She’s a sucking machine,” he said to himself. “Janet the Electrolux.”

Janet must have heard him because she stopped her sucking and looked up at him. She released his cock with a plop and smiled at him. Without a word she got up and squatted over his dick, her juices raining down on it.

“Are you ready now, Willy? I hope so. Because I am going to fuck your brains out.” She dropped like a stone, impaling herself on him.

Willie’s mind reeled with a newfound pleasure. He watched as she started to bounce on him like a small child bounces on their parent’s bed. He could swear that he heard cheering but decided it was just his mind playing tricks on him. He reached up and grabbed Janet by the arms. Willy pulled her down so that her face was pressed against his breasts. Janet got the hint and started to suck greedily on them, one by one.

Outside the pool house Tracy was jumping and cheering.

“I win, I win. In your face, bitch.” She wagged her finger at her twin sister to emphasise her point.

“Alright, you don’t have to rub it in.” Stacy was a little upset that she had lost but there would be other dares.

Tracy walked over to Clifford who was watching the proceedings with bemusement.

“Where did you learn Italian?”

“I found some phrases on a website.”

Tracy draped her arms around his neck and looked into his eyes.

“Say something to me in Italian.”

“Desidero leccare il vostro pussy.”

“Mmm. Janet was right. You have a sexy Italian voice. Doesn’t he, Stacy?”

“Yes he does.” Stacy knew where this was leading and moved closer to the pair.

“Raphael?” asked Tracy

“Si?”

“We’re horny. Take us home and fuck us.”

“Sì i miei amori.”

Twins 4 Cheerleader Blues Part I

Stacy was in lust. She watched him go up for the mark, his muscles rippling under his tight football jersey. He gathered the ball in, despite all those hands trying to knock the ball free. Angus was the best football player that Piedmont High had ever seen. His grace and skill put him way out in front of anyone else. It was only a matter of time before he was called up to the AFL. Almost every girl in school wanted him for themselves. They could see a way to fame and fortune if only they could be his girlfriend.

Stacy was different. She only wanted him for his body. His hard, masculine body. She practically drooled every time she saw him. Once she had hidden in a locker in the change rooms just so she could see him standing naked in the showers after a game.

But Angus only ever dated cheerleaders. Stacy had heard rumours of how he would only date a girl until she puts out, then dump her, which was fine with Stacy. In fact she would be annoyed if he wanted to stay the night after they did it. But before she could use him she had to attract his attention. And there was only two ways that she could think of. She turned to her twin sister Tracy who was sitting with their friend Clifford. She noticed that Tracy was sitting on his lap and smiling. It was so obvious that she liked him, maybe even loved him a little. But there was no way Tracy would admit that she was in love with the class nerd.

'Class nerd?' thought Stacy. 'He sure doesn't look like one any more.'

And it was true. Clifford's skin had cleared up, the nerdish glasses were replaced by contact lenses and now, thanks to the twins he had some sort of dress sense. He actually looked pretty good to Stacy. She could understand why her sister might be attracted to him. Of course his huge dick helped.

After the party last week when they had managed to get Janet to fuck Willy (Free Willy to anyone but his friends), they had driven home and taken turns screwing Clifford in the back seat while the other drove. There had also been a time when Clifford drove while the girls were in the back. It was really just to give Clifford time to catch his breath but they had been drinking the leftover bottle of Bourbon. One thing had led to another and before they knew it there was some serious action happening in the back of Cliff's car while he watched in the rear-view mirror. It wasn't something they had planned or even really thought of doing. Oh they had shared guys before and it had involved a bit of touching and feeling of each other but never anything like this. Stacy had known what to do, she had gone down on girls before and Tracy picked it up fairly quickly so they had both gotten a lot out of it. Plus the thrill of doing something that was frowned on added to the excitement. To the twins it was just a bit of experimentation. It might happen again, it might not. Stacy secretly hoped that it would.

But the most important thing about last Friday night was the fact that they had used a concoction called Spanish Fly to get Janet to screw Willy. It was an aphrodisiac that Tracy had found in an old chemistry book and had gotten Clifford to make up in the school lab (twins 2 and 3). It was just what she needed to get Angus into her pants. She was about to ask Clifford if he had any left when she noticed that Tracy was rocking very slowly on his lap. It was a very slight movement but hard to miss when you were sitting this close. One look of Clifford's face told her exactly what was going on.

"Oh my god. Are you two doing it?"

"Could you say that a little louder, Stacy? I don't think the opposing team heard you." Tracy was only mildly annoyed with her sister. She was having far too much fun to be upset. They were indeed 'doing it', in fact they had been at it for nearly half an hour. She was surprised that no one had noticed earlier.

"I can't believe you two are fucking in the middle of a football game. Why don't you go do it in the middle of the field so everyone can see?"

"Mm that's a good idea isn't it, Clifford? Would be fun to have hundreds of people watching me suck that big cock of yours."

Clifford just nodded dumbly. He was very close to climaxing so any chance of coherent thought was beyond him. He placed his hands on Tracy's hips and started to move her a little faster. She responded by clamping down on his cock.

"Oh not yet, Clifford, just a little bit longer, baby. Please."

Stacy looked away in disgust and waited till they finished. A couple of minutes later and some low moans followed by the distinctive smell of cigarette smoke told her it was safe to turn back.

"I can't believe you guy's did that. Have you no shame?"

"Nope. None whatsoever. Do we, Clifford?" Tracy leaned back and kissed him on the lips. She no longer cared who knew she was with Clifford. As long as he could do that to her she would be happy to be with him.

"Yuck. Gross." Stacy made mock retching sounds until she realised that no one was paying attention. She decided to just get on with asking Clifford an important question.

"Cliffy do we have any of that stuff left over from the party?"

"No Stacy, I poured it all out. It's too dangerous. Don't forget what happened to Kerry and Ian."

Stacy and Clifford had tried the brew on Kerry and Ian with dramatic results. After an amazing performance the two had not been seen back at school for nearly a week. Then last Thursday in the middle of history class the two of them had started fucking, right there on the floor. The principle was called and he had to hose them down before they stopped. Clifford had called it a flash back, a bit like when takers of acid sometimes started tripping long after they had stopped using it.

"But my love for Angus is far more important than a few harmless side effects."

"Harmless? Kerry and Ian are in a mental hospital. Willy had to call the police because Janet was stalking him. God knows how many people are suffering side effects after you spiked the punch with that stuff."

"But I want to have sex with Angus." Stacy put on her best pouty face. She could tell Clifford was touched but Tracy just rolled her eyes. Looking at Clifford Tracy could see he about to give in.

"Don't even think about it, Clifford. She knows what kind of girl Angus likes. And she knows what she has to do if she wants to screw him." She glared at Stacy.

"No not that. Anything but that."

"Yes that."

"But I don't want to do it."

"You will have to forget about him then."

"Noooooooo. I want to screw him."

"Then you know what to do Stacy. You will have to become..." She paused for dramatic effect.

"A cheerleader."

Stacy was not happy. She was standing in the school gym with fifteen other hopefuls, waiting for the start of cheerleader trials. She was wearing the clothing recommended in the application form (extremely short skirt, lycra top, underwear optional) and glaring at the other girls. Stacy figured that if a few of them withered under her death stares then that would mean less competition. The main door opened and in walked Sarah, the head cheerleader. She strode to the centre of the room and motioned for the girls to gather around her. She looked at the recruits and sighed. Just once she wished that someone else could do this job. How was she supposed to find someone who was cheerleader material from this lot?

"Okay girls, gather around. We are going to run through some routines to see just how coordinated you are. Now line up along here and follow my lead."

She walked over to a tape recorder and switched on some Sonic Animation. Then she turned to the girls and started a few basic moves. Within fifteen seconds half the girls were lying on the floor. Stacy however was following the routine with ease. She liked to keep herself in shape so she could get every little bit of enjoyment she could from sex and now it was coming in useful for other things. After five minutes only three girls remained and one of those three was flagging badly. Sarah went down into a splits move and all three girls followed, but only Stacy and Magenta got back to their feet.

Sarah gave a sigh of relief and stopped the routine.

"Okay, that's it. You all did a great job," Sarah tried hard not to gag on that one, "but we can only take two. And those two are Magenta and Cyan."

Stacy was shocked.

Stacy was outraged.

Stacy was going to have Sarah's head on a spike.

"What? You can't be serious."

"I'm sorry Stacy," said Sarah who was not really sorry at all.

"But you can't give it to that fat cow. Look at her. She's going blue in the face."

Cyan, who was indeed looking a little flustered, looked up at Stacy and managed a grin.

"How you can you pick her over me? I finished the routine. She couldn't finish a thought without breaking into a sweat."

"Because she goes down on the fullback."

Stacy stood open mouthed as the others slowly filtered out of the room. As Sarah gathered up her things Stacy grabbed her by the arm.

"Look you don't understand. I need to be a cheerleader." Never in Stacy's short life did she ever think she would utter such a sentence.

"It's no longer up to me. You will have to talk to Ms. Spencer." Sarah shook her arm free from Stacy's grasp and walked out of the gym.

Stacy decided to talk to Ms. Spencer. She was determined to be a cheerleader no matter what. Nothing was going to keep her from sleeping with Angus. She held her head high and walked to the front door. When Stacy made up her mind nothing would slow her down.

Except for the front door which was now locked.

"Shit! What else could go wrong?"

She was answered by darkness as the gym lights were switched off.

"Double Shit!"

Maggie Spencer was walking down the hallway when she heard banging coming from the gym. She took her keys out of her pocket and walked over to the door. Quickly unlocking it she swung it open to find a beautiful young blonde girl looking up at her.

"Oh thank you, Ms. Spencer. I have been trapped in there for ages."

Maggie looked at the girl who was wearing the briefest of cheerleader attire. She marvelled at the pert young breasts that were obviously not restricted by a bra and noticed that the coldness of the gym had caused the nipples to stand out. Maggie wondered if the young girl was wearing any panties.

"Um, Ms. Spencer? I was wondering if I could talk to you about getting onto the squad."

Maggie fantasised about slowly undressing the young blonde, letting her hands run over the taught, young body.

"Ms Spencer?"

"You're very beautiful young lady."

Stacy knew what the teacher was thinking. She had seen that look before. Ms. Spencer was a big woman, not fat but with broad shoulders and large breasts. She really wanted to get on the cheerleading squad so she made a quick decision. She stepped back and placed her hand on one of her breasts, slowly tracing a finger around the erect nipple while she cocked her head in a little girl way.

"I really want to be a cheerleader, Ms. Spencer."

"You do?" Maggie had a difficulty in swallowing. Was this student actually trying to seduce her?

"Yes, I do." Stacy gripped her top and slowly pulled it over her head, letting her breasts swing free.

"How much do you want to be a cheerleader?"

Stacy slid one hand beneath her skirt and slowly caressed her pussy.

"Very, very much, Ms."

She turned her back on the teacher and slowly pulled up her skirt, revealing the black G-string panties beneath. Glancing back at Ms. Spencer she slowly bent over, sliding her hands down her shapely legs.

"I want it so much, Ms. Spencer. I would do anything to be a cheerleader. Anything."

Stacy slid a hand between her legs and ran a finger over the thin fabric covering her pussy. From her vantage point Maggie could see everything that finger touched.

Maggie could take no more. She lunged forward and fell on her knees behind the teenager. She ran her tongue over the wet panties and was rewarded by a visible shiver running through Stacy's body.

"Oh, Ms. Spencer, you have done this before. Oh god my pussy is so wet for you. I want you in the worst possible way."

Maggie knew that what she was doing was wrong. If she was caught having sex with a student she would be fired for sure. But she had a weakness for teenage girls. All those years of taking the girls for physical education had been torture for her. All those lithe young bodies running and stretching in front of her. It was more than she could take. And she knew that several of the girls she had taught liked to sleep with other girls. It was so obvious, the way they 'accidentally' bumped into one another during their routines, the way their hands had lingered on each other's body.

Maggie had even caught two of the girls in the locker room after class. She had walked in just in time to see them undressing each other then slowly caressing their partner's body. Maggie had considered stopping them but instead had pulled back into the shadows and watched. As the girls went down on each other the teacher had watched and masturbated. She came as quietly as she could and then left, the sounds of their lovemaking echoing in her ears. And now here she was licking the pussy of a girl who could not be any older than sixteen. She knew it was wrong but she was helpless to resist. She gently peeled the panties down and ran her long tongue over the eager young snatch. Pressing her face against the young puss as hard as she could thrust her tongue in deeply and was rewarded by feeling Stacy clamp down on it. She lapped eagerly and in a matter of seconds her face was covered in the juices of the young girl. Maggie pulled back for a second and told Stacy to lie down, which she quickly did. As Stacy played with her own breasts Maggie went down on her again, swirling her tongue expertly around inside, caressing every nook and cranny she could reach.

Stacy moaned with pleasure under the expert touch of the teacher. She pulled and pinched her nipples, making them stand up under her touch. Stacy loved being eaten, it was her favourite part of sex. Which was why she didn't think twice about having sex with a woman. Nobody knows what turns a woman on like another woman does. And this woman knew exactly what turned her on. She felt the teacher slide two fingers into her pussy and moaned again. If she

had known that she could be a cheerleader this way she would of come to Ms. Spencer straight away.

Maggie placed her mouth over Stacy's clit and gently sucked as she slid her fingers in and out of the eager young pussy. She felt Stacy's hips buck beneath her and went with it, not losing contact with her clit for a second. Her tongue darted out and quickly flicked across its surface. Stacy's hips bucked again and Maggie knew it was time.

Stacy cried aloud as she climaxed, the sound echoing off the walls of the empty gymnasium. She savagely squeezed her own breasts as she wrapped her legs around Maggie's head, her body now a slave to the pleasure that swept over her.

As the teenager lay on the floor trying to catch her breath Ms. Spencer slowly got undressed.

"Did you enjoy that, young lady?"

"Oh yes, Ms. Spencer, very much so. I just wish there was something I could do for you."

"There is young lady."

Maggie finished undressing and lay down on the floor, her legs parted to show exactly what it was she wanted Stacy to do.

Stacy smiled as she went down on her.

Tracy slowly rocked back and forth on top of Clifford. The two had been making love in her bed for over an hour now. She had climaxed several times already and was rapidly approaching the brink again. She closed her eyes and started to move her hips rapidly, grinding down on her lover, trying to force every last bit of him inside her. She smiled as she felt his hands on her breasts. She loved it when he squeezed her breasts as she came, it added so much more to the pleasure. Clifford was a fast learner. She came in a rush, yelping in ecstasy as she felt Clifford cum with her. Tracy felt an incredible force take over her body, filling her with energy and light. As it ebbed she collapsed on top of Clifford and felt his arms around her. She smiled and thought that she could stay like this forever. Suddenly her bedroom door slammed open to reveal an infuriated Stacy.

"I don't fucking believe this. Oh hi, Cliffy. Fucking my sister again I see."

Clifford offered a halfhearted wave to her as Tracy sat up to talk to her twin.

"What's wrong, Stacy?"

"Oh nothing much. I passed the cheerleader exam only to be told that I couldn't be on the squad because I hadn't sucked the fullback's cock."

"I'm sure that was a simple oversight on your part, Stacy. There can't be too many cocks in this school that you haven't sucked."

"Oh ha ha, Tracy. You are just so fucking funny. Do you want me to tell you the rest or will you be too busy with your new career as a comedienne?"

"Oh please continue. It's not as if I was busy or anything." Tracy hoped her sarcasm would strike her sister dead but Stacy just took a breath and went on with her story.

"So anyway that slut Sarah told me I had to talk to Ms. Spencer."

"And did you?"

"In a matter of speaking."

"What does that mean?"

"Well I got to talk to her after."

"After what? Oh god you didn't. Not Ms. Spencer. Tell me you didn't fuck Ms. Spencer."

"But I really wanted to be on the squad," cried Stacy.

"But Ms. Spencer?"

"Well actually she's not that bad at it."

"Oh god I am going to puke."

"I'm not sure Cliffy would like that. Would you, Cliffy?"

Clifford new better than to get involved in these sorts of conversations so he just shrugged non-committedly.

"So are you on the squad now?" Tracy wanted to get back to screwing Clifford but she also wanted to hear the end of the story.

"Am I on the squad? Well I would be, if that fat bitch actually was the one who decided who was on the squad."

"You mean...?"

"Yup. I ate that bitch for nothing."

"So who does decide?"

"Coach Baxter."

"Megaphone Baxter?" Coach Baxter was known as Megaphone because of the loud hailer he used during practice. The school rumour was that he used it to give instructions to his wife in bed.

"That's the one."

"But how are you going to persuade him to let you onto the squad?"

"Well I was talking to his daughter the other day and she told me about these video's that she found in his bedroom."

"What sort of videos?"

"Porn videos of a certain type. If we can act out our own little porn video for him, maybe I can persuade him to let me on the squad."

"I know I am going to regret this but what kind of porn video are we talking about here?"

"Lesbian incest video's."

"No."

"Oh come on, Tracy."

"No."

"I really need to get on to the cheerleader squad."

"NO! I will not do this just to get you laid by some jock."

"Then do it for Cliffy."

"Me?" Clifford did not like where this was going.

"What does Clifford have to do with this?"

"Nothing darling, she is just grasping at straws."

"Oh really, Cliffy? I take it you haven't told her then."

"Told me what? What is she talking about Clifford?"

"It's nothing really. Don't worry about it."

Tracy reached down and grabbed him by the balls.

"Tell me now, Clifford." She gave them a squeeze to show that she meant business.

"No, wait. I'll tell you. Just don't squeeze so hard." Clifford's voice had gone up an octave as he pleaded for his balls.

Tracy released her grip and glared down at him.

"Tell me now, Clifford or I will get a knife and Bobbit you."

"Okay, okay. Stacy dared me to help her get laid by Angus. And if she doesn't then I lose."

"And then he will be my slave for life Tracy. It will be so nice to have that dick at my beck and call."

"Oh you little bitch. How could you do that?"

"Lets just call it insurance. So what's it going to be, Tracy? Are you going to help me or not?"

Tracy looked down at Clifford then back at her sister. She opened her mouth and said...

Twins 5 Cheerleader Blues Part II

Tracy was nervous. She really didn't want to be here in the gym right now. Her twin sister Stacy had arranged for the both of them to meet Coach Baxter here for some special treatment.

Stacy wanted to be a cheerleader more than anything else and this was the only way she could be one. It wasn't because she wanted to do something useful with her life. She just wanted to sleep with Angus, the school jock. But Angus only dated cheerleaders. Stacy had gone for cheerleader tryouts but had failed because she wasn't currently sleeping with any of the football players. She had tried to persuade Ms. Spencer to let her be a cheerleader but soon found out that it was Coach Baxter that made the final decision. Stacy had done a little research on Coach Baxter and had discovered that he had a weakness for Incestuous, Lesbian porn movies (all this, plus other interesting titbits, is in Twins 04). Which is why Tracy was now freezing her arse off in the school gym waiting for the coach to turn up.

"I'm freezing my arse off," stated Tracy, confirming that the author did indeed have a grasp of the situation.

"Oh stop whining. At least you remembered to put on some underwear."

"If I had known it would be this cold I would of put on a hell of a lot more than this skimpy cheerleaders outfit. Or better still, I would have stayed at home in bed with Clifford."

"Well you can leave if you want. Of course if you did then I would have no chance of becoming a cheerleader, which means I wouldn't get to screw Angus and then Cliffy would lose his dare, so it will be me being kept warm by his hot bod instead of you." (See Twins 04)

Tracy glared at her sister. If looks could kill Stacy would be worm food right now. The thought of Stacy's body being consumed by maggots brought a thin smile to Tracy's lips. She was about to get up and start jogging around the gym to keep warm when the main door swung open.

Coach Baxter stood in the open doorway and looked at the girls. Tracy thought it was a very hungry look. She shivered but it was not because of the cold.

Stacy got up and sauntered over to the coach. She stopped in front of him, placed her hands behind her back to thrust out her young breasts and looked up at him in her best little girl pose.

"Hello, Coach. I'm Stacy and that is Tracy." She gestured behind her to the mats in the middle of the gym where Tracy was seated.

"I want to be a cheerleader, Coach Baxter, and I was hoping you could help me."

"Cheerleader quota is full," said the coach in an abrupt tone but Stacy noticed he was looking at her in a very lustful way. She decided to work on that.

"Oh there must be a 'position' for me," said Stacy, thrusting her breasts out as far as she could and absent-mindedly running a finger over her lips. Coach just kept staring at her so she gently took his hand and led him over to the mats. She let go of his hand then sat down on the mat next to Tracy.

"I really want to be a cheerleader coach. More than anything. And Tracy said she would help me."

"Only because you're a dirty, blackmailing whore," muttered Tracy under her breath.

"And we are here to make your every fantasy come true," breathed Stacy, totally ignoring her sister.

Coach Baxter just stood where he was with his arms folded, glowering at the girls. Stacy was beginning to wonder if this was going to work. She decided to see if a little action wouldn't help to thaw out the coach. She turned to her twin and kissed her lightly on the lips. Tracy made no effort to return the kiss.

"Play along," whispered Stacy, "or Clifford will be fucking me by morning."

Tracy glared at her sister and then returned the kiss. It quickly grew in intensity, their young tongues twining together as they held each other close.

Stacy reached down and grabbed Tracy's sweater then gently lifted it up over her head. Tracy raised her arms to make it easier for her sister to remove the garment, then returned to kissing her.

Stacy slowly moved her lips down to Tracy's throat, placing soft kisses as she went. Tracy leaned her head back and gave a low moan. If nothing else, Stacy certainly knew how to turn her on. Stacy continued to move down until she reached the lacy white bra that her sister was wearing. She placed her mouth over one fabric-clad nipple and gently sucked.

Tracy reached behind her own back and quickly undid her bra, allowing Stacy to push it aside to reach her breasts. Placing her hands on Stacy's head, she gently pulled her closer to her breast. She surprised herself with how much she was enjoying this. They had fooled around before in the back of Clifford's car on the way home from a party but they had been drunk at the time. Now she was clear-headed and really getting into it. It was surprising just how much sensation you miss when you are drunk. She moaned again as Stacy gently nipped her nipple with her teeth. She reached behind Stacy to grab her top and started to pull it up. Stacy released Tracy's breast so she could pull her top off, but it didn't stop there. In a matter of seconds the girls were completely naked.

Stacy looked over at Coach Baxter and was disturbed to find that he was still standing with his arms crossed, staring down at them in that stern manner of his.

Then she looked at his pants. They were virtually bursting at the seams. From Stacy's vantage point it looked like the coach was not only horny but also hung like a horse. She envied Mrs. Baxter. She turned back to her sister who was lying on her back on the mat. Stacy climbed on top of her twin and positioned herself so that their nipples were just brushing. She smiled as Tracy opened her legs to allow Stacy to lie between them. She pushed her hips against Tracy's and slowly rubbed against her puss.

Tracy wrapped her long legs around her twin sister and they started to rock, Stacy pretending to thrust into her sister. The motion and friction was quickly getting to Tracy and before she knew it she was climaxing beneath her sister. She held her tightly as her body bucked against her sister. When it subsided Stacy bent down and they kissed again. Then Stacy slowly slid down till her breath was playing over Tracy's still throbbing pussy. She started to run her tongue over Tracy's moist lips and was pleased to see her sister tremble under her touch. Stacy started to run her tongue around the entrance to Tracy's puss in ever decreasing circles. She reached the centre and thrust her tongue in as deeply as she could.

Tracy gasped as she felt her sister penetrate her. She reached down and ran her hands through her sister's long, blonde hair. Lifting her legs she placed them on Stacy's shoulders, lifting her hips to allow her twin to thrust her tongue in deeper.

Stacy took her cue and did exactly that, making swirling motions to try to reach every spot that she could.

Tracy could feel another orgasm coming on when suddenly she felt her sister pull back.
"No! Don't stop!"

Stacy looked up and smiled at her sister, then wet two of her fingers with her long tongue before sliding them into Tracy's wet pussy.

"Oh God yes. Finger fuck me. Slide those fingers into me. Make me cum."

Stacy had every intention of doing just that. She bent down and placed her mouth over Tracy's clit, gently applying pressure to it with her tongue as she began to suck.

This was all too much for Tracy and she fell willingly in to the abyss of an incredible orgasm, her whole body bucking under her sister.

Stacy was amazed at how powerful Tracy's orgasm was. She couldn't wait to have her twin do the same thing to her and was about to get into a 69 position when she felt two strong hands on her naked hips. 'Well it's about fucking time' she thought to herself. Her thoughts were cut off when she felt something large and warm at the entrance to her arse.

"Um, Coach, I think you have the wrong hole there. If you could just..." She nearly fainted as Coach Baxter thrust his nine-inch dick into her arse. The pain was exquisite. Stacy gasped as she fought to relax, knowing that the sooner that she could, the quicker the pain would go away.

"Fuck, Coach, you could have at least spat on it before you jammed it in there." She slowly relaxed and allowed the monster cock to work its way in deeper. As she grunted with the exertion she looked up at her sister to see a wry smile cross her face.

"I guess this is what they call, poetic justice," whispered Tracy.

"Shut up, I'm busy," grunted Stacy.

She tried her best to go with the thrusts of Coach Baxter but it was not easy. She felt like she was being torn apart. Sure she had done the anal sex thing before but not with someone this big. She thought that if she had the time to prepare she might actually enjoy this but right now she was too busy trying to catch her breath.

"Oh God, Coach, slow down a bit will you?"

She contemplated faking an orgasm in the hope that it would excite him enough to get him cum. She decided to wait for a couple of minutes. He was thrusting faster and faster so she didn't think he would last much longer.

Coach Baxter had indeed built up a head of steam and was moving faster than Britney Spears on Acid. With a moan he shot his load deep into Stacy's arse.

"Christ," thought Stacy, "I'm going to be shitting cum for a week."

As Coach pulled his rapidly deflating cock from Stacy's arse she turned to him and decided to ask the question.

"So, Coach Baxter, can I be on the squad?"

"No."

"No? Why the hell not? We put on a lez show for you. I even let you fuck my arse. Why can't I be on the squad?"

"Because it's not up to me."

Stacy stood before him with her hands on her hips. She was furious. This was the second time she had been fucked for nothing.

"Well then who the fuck is it up to?"

"Principal Pendergrast."

"What? Him? I have to fuck that old goat now?"

"Well no actually you don't."

"You mean he will just let me onto the squad?"

"No, I mean he doesn't like girls. Well at least I don't think he does. He never talks about them and I have never known him to go out on a date. So I guess he is either celibate, or gay. Either way I guess you are screwed." Coach Baxter pulled up his pants and started to walk towards the doors, but turned to give one last comment.

"Nice fuck by the way. You have one tight little arse. See ya."

Stacy stood fuming as she watched him walk out of the gym.

"I don't know how, but I am going to make him pay for what he did."

Tracy threw Stacy's clothes at her.

"Get dressed, we're leaving."

"Noooo. I have to go fuck Principal Pendergrast now. It is only six o'clock so he will still be in his office."

"You are not going to fuck the principal. You heard Coach, you're not his type."

"But I can't give up now. And you have to help me. You have just as much at stake here as I do. Unless you don't really care what happens to Cliffy."

"You know damn well I do. And I will help you, but first you have to remove that dare from him."

"But then you won't help me and I really want to fuck Angus. If I still can after what Coach did. I am surprised I can still walk."

"Ok then change the dare to me. I will take Clifford's place."

"Nope, sorry. A dare is a dare. I guess if you want his dick then you will just have to help me, won't you?"

Tracy glared at her sister.

"Fine. Now come on."

"Where are we going?"

"To Principal Pendergrast's house."

"But he won't be there, he's in his office."

"Just shut up and come on," said Tracy as she dragged her sister out of the gym.

Two dark figures slipped through the shadows of the room. One moving with the stealth of a cat, the other shuffling along and making faint whining sounds.

"I'm cold and my arse hurts."

"Shut up. I told you to wear underwear."

"What about my arse?"

"Well stop sticking large objects in it and it won't hurt."

"It wasn't exactly my idea you know."

"Ssh. I'm trying to concentrate. I need to let my eyes acclimatise to the darkness."

"Well why don't you just..."

"Will you please shut up!" hissed Tracy. She was beginning to wish she had come here alone.

"But..."

"If you don't shut up we will forget about the whole thing and go home."

Stacy reached behind her sister and flicked on the light switch.

"Aaahh! Shit!" Tracy covered her eyes in an attempt to stop the pain of sudden light lancing through her eyeballs.

"Are you trying to fucking blind me or something?"

"I just thought it would be easier to see with the lights on."

"Well of course it will. And it will be a lot easier for the neighbours to see us in the Principal's house."

"They won't see us, not through those heavy curtains."

Tracy looked at the windows and saw that her sister was right. Every window had heavy cloth curtains draped across it.

"Why would he have those on his windows? It's almost like he didn't want people to see in here."

The twins moved around what was obviously the Principal's bedroom. It was a large room, empty except for a double bed against one wall.

"There's something strange about this room," said Tracy. She just couldn't put her finger on what it was.

Her sister picked it up almost immediately.

"There's no wardrobe, nowhere to put his clothes."

"But there has to be. It's not like he goes around naked." Tracy walked over to one wall and started to inspect it.

Stacy walked over to the bed and flopped down on it. She rolled over on to her stomach and started to rub her arse.

"Will you look at my arse, Tracy? I am sure it's all bruised."

"I'm not going near that thing."

"Oh come on. I did a lot for you tonight."

"Oh yeah. I especially liked the bit where I had to have sex with my sister in front of Coach Baxter."

"Really?" asked Stacy.

"No, I was being sarcastic." Tracy continued to examine the wall. She had found a faint join running from floor to ceiling.

"Fine," pouted Stacy, "be like that then. You could at least be grateful that I made you cum."

She rolled over and grabbed the bedpost to help her sit up. The bedpost moved under her grip and she heard a faint clicking noise.

"Whoa," exclaimed Tracy as the wall in front of her started to accordion apart. What was revealed inside had her standing open-mouthed.

"What is it?" Stacy couldn't see from her position on the bed. No response from her sister had her leaping up to see what was in the hidden alcove.

"Oh my God" she said as she moved beside her sister.

"Principal Pendergrast has somewhat of a hidden life."

"No shit. Umm is that thing what I think it is?"

"I think so. I have seen pictures in magazines but never in real life."

"But how would he use it?"

Tracy looked up at the ceiling of the bedroom and saw what she was looking for over the bed.

"Up there" She pointed to the hooks in the ceiling. "He would just attach it to those."

"Okay so I guess we just blackmail him then."

"I don't know if that would work. It would just be two schoolgirl's word against a respected Principal. And he could always get rid of this stuff before anyone bothered to look in here."

"So what do we do?" Stacy was convinced that blackmail would work but she knew her sister was smarter than she was and she respected her decisions. They were often right. Tracy bent down and picked up a magazine from a box on the floor of the alcove. She flipped through a few pages and scanned the pictures.

"How's your arse, Stacy?"

"Still sore, why?"

"I think it is about to get a lot better."

Twins 6 Cheerleader Blues III

Reginald Pendergrast was exhausted. He had spent nearly fourteen hours at school and he was glad to finally be home. He threw his briefcase onto the kitchen table and loosened his tie as he walked into his bedroom. He removed his tie and was about to walk to the bed to open the wardrobe when he noticed it was already open.

That was his first shock.

The second was spying the young blonde girl standing in front of the open doors. She was clad in a leather dominatrix outfit and held a whip in her right hand. He watched her take a few steps towards him then stand on her 6-inch stiletto heels with her legs slightly apart.

“Who are you?” asked the slightly startled Principal.

“Shut up,” she growled and cracked the whip for emphasis.

Reginald found that he was growing hard as the young woman glared at him. She looked him up and down then cracked her whip again.

“Strip, slave,” she demanded.

Reginald Pendergrast, Principal of Piedmont High and teacher for over 25 years started to undress.

Coach Baxter was sitting in a bar, nursing his fifth beer for the night. There was not much point in going home, his wife had decided to cut him off. Was it his fault that he preferred anal sex to normal sex? Well yes it probably was but if she had just kept herself in shape then he wouldn't have to fuck her in the arse just too get some sort of sensation. But she claimed it was just too painful and had cut him off entirely.

Bitch.

He had always liked anal sex really. He loved the feeling of sliding into a tight arse. But he wasn't gay.

Nope.

No way.

None of that faggoty stuff for him. Sure some of the boys in his gym classes had nice firm, tight arses but he would never think about fucking them. Well not often anyway. Okay there was that one time that he had sex with a male student but that hardly counted. He almost looked like a girl anyway. And he was obviously gay. After all, the boy had cum just from being pumped in the arse. There was no way Coach Baxter would allow himself to be fucked in the arse like that so that meant he was definitely not gay. Just because he liked to fuck arses and have his cock sucked by either sex didn't make him gay.

He drained his glass and signalled for another drink when he felt someone sit down beside him. He turned and saw it was that girl that he fucked in the gym the other night. No wait a second, it was the other one. Damn it was hard to tell twins apart. Especially as he was on his sixth beer for the night.

“You’re a bit young to be in here aren’t you?” he asked.

“I only came in here because I knew you would be here.”

“Is that a fact? And why do you want to see me?”

“Well it’s about the other night.”

“What about it?” His beer arrived and he took a sip before returning his attention the girl.

“Well you left before I could get a taste of that cock of yours.”

“You should have said something then.” He took another sip and noticed a young man sitting beside him. He appeared to be paying attention to the conversation.

“Can I help you, buddy?”

“No, it’s okay. I’m with her.”

Baxter turned back to the girl who was now smiling up at him.

“Is that true?”

“Yes. His name is Clifford. He wants to join us.”

“Us?”

“Yes us. You do want to fuck my arse don’t you?”

“I don’t do guys.”

“That’s not what we heard,” said Clifford. He gave the coach a sly grin.

“We heard you liked to fuck guys too. Especially young guys like Clifford here. How about it, Coach? You want to fuck us both? We could go back to Clifford’s place. His folks are away for the week. We could spend the whole night sucking and fucking. What do you say, Coach?”

Coach Baxter didn’t know what to say. It was a very tempting offer. He drank some more of his beer while he thought it over. His head felt a little fuzzy from the alcohol and it was hard to think properly but he did know one thing for sure. He was horny as hell.

“Okay, what the fuck.” He finished his beer in one gulp. “Let’s go.”

Stacy was really beginning to enjoy herself. After Principal Pendergrast had stripped she had made him put on a collar and leash. Then she had ordered him to get on all fours and she led him around the room like a dog. Every now and then she would give him a quick whip across the buttocks, leaving a red mark with every lash. She noticed that this excited him immensely, judging by the raging hard-on that he was sporting. She went to the wardrobe and swapped the whip for a riding crop.

“What are you going to do with that?” asked Pendergrast, obviously excited by the possibilities.

“I am going to ride you around for a while. My legs are tired. And you better move at a good pace too or you will feel this crop on your arse.”

The Principal smiled as he felt the young woman climb onto his back.

“Come on, slave, take me for a ride.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Coach Baxter wasn't entirely sure but he thought he was in the back of a taxi. He was having trouble focusing. His vision was blurred and everything appeared to have a dream like quality. He slowly moved his head to look at the young couple sitting beside him. They appeared to be watching him and talking to each other.

“Is it working, Clifford?”

“I think so. He looks pretty out of it.”

“You sure do come in handy sometimes. Where did you find that drug?”

“I read about it in a newspaper article about date rape. It's called ***** (censored because author doesn't want people using this drug and then blaming him). First time I heard about it being used on a man though.”

“What does it do to him? Will he pass out?”

“Eventually. But for now he is pretty much at our will.”

“Good. This is going to be so much fun.”

The words made no sense to Baxter. It was just gibberish in a sea of apathy. He didn't give a stuff about anything and when the girl reached over and pinched him he didn't feel a thing.

“So will he remember any of this?”

“No, not a thing.”

“And he won't feel anything?”

“Not while he's drugged. Maybe when he comes too.”

“Can he get an erection while he's drugged?”

“I doubt it. But don't quote me on that.”

“Well there is only one way to find out. Swap places with me.”

The two partners in crime swapped over and Tracy placed her hand on the coach's crotch. She started to gently rub her hand up and down.

“Is it working?”

“No, not at all. I will have to try direct contact.”

She unzipped the coach’s pants and pulled out his cock. Even flaccid it was a big cock. She started to stroke it, trying to get some life out of it. It was all to no avail. The coach’s cock was as lifeless as the English Test team.

“Damn, not a thing. You try it, Clifford.”

“Who me?”

“Do you see any other Cliffords in here?”

“Well I was hoping the driver might have been named Clifford.”

“Is your name Clifford?” Tracy asked the Taxi driver but, as detailed in the international rules governing Taxi and Cab drivers, he could speak no English and just muttered a reply in an obscure accent.

“See? He said his name was Clifford and he won’t do it either.” Clifford was grasping at straws here.

“He did not. For all you know he could have been asking you if you wanted to buy his goat. Now just do it will you? I want to see if guys get him hard.”

Tracy climbed over Coach Baxter and sat on the other side of him, allowing Clifford to get close to him.

“Go on Clifford, just touch him.”

“Jesus, the things I do for you,” muttered Clifford. He cautiously reached over and touched the coach’s dick. He was surprised to see it jump under his touch.

“There see? It worked, Clifford. Keep going.”

Clifford looked up at her.

“You can’t be serious.”

“I want to see you get it hard. Do it for me, Clifford. Please?”

“Shit. That’s not fair, you know I would do anything for you.”

“Then do this.”

Clifford looked back down at the cock then slowly took it in hand. He started to stroke it and was pleased to see it start to swell.

“Get it really hard Clifford. As hard as you can.”

“Why? Are you going to fuck him?”

“I might. Does that upset you, Clifford?”

“No,” he lied. He hated to admit it but he was falling for Tracy. He decided to do it just because it would make her happy. Clifford went back to work on Coach.

“Is that as hard as you can get it, Clifford? It doesn’t look very hard.”

“It must be the drug. It just won’t get any bigger.”

“Try sucking it.”

“What?” Clifford looked at her with his mouth wide open.

“Suck it. I do it for you.”

“But that’s different. If you had a dick I would suck it for you too, but this is Coach.”

“Please, Clifford. I really want this.”

“Oh God. I can’t believe I am even considering this.”

“Come on, Clifford. If I mean anything at all to you then you’ll suck his dick.”

Clifford bent down and opened his mouth to take in the coach’s cock. His breath played over the tip and that was all it needed. It sprung to attention, banging off Clifford’s teeth.

“Yay Clifford, you did it. Now move back so I can do him.” Tracy quickly shucked off her panties and climbed on top Coach. She slowly eased herself down on it, taking her time to get every inch inside her.

Clifford sat back and watched. He could feel himself getting hard as he watched Tracy slide up and down on Coach’s big dick. He glanced at the driver and saw that he was watching them in the rear view mirror. He thought about making a comment but decided that he couldn’t be bothered. He turned back to watch Tracy but noticed she had stopped.

“Shit.”

“What’s wrong, Tracy?”

“He’s going soft again.”

“Damn. That’s a real shame.” Clifford tried hard to keep the sarcasm out of his voice but failed miserably.

“I know. And I am really horny now too.” She looked at Clifford and noticed the bulge in his pants.

“Uh oh, I know that look.” Clifford did indeed know that look. It usually meant he was about to get laid.

“Get it out, Clifford. Let’s fuck.”

Stacy had the Principal strapped to the bed with leather straps. She had just applied clips to his nipples and was now hovering over his balls with another one.

“Are you ready, Slave?” Principle Pendergrast had asked her to call him slave and she was all for it. She had discovered that she liked torturing people in a sexual way. In fact she was getting wet with every passing moment.

“Yes, Mistress.” Pendergrast was having a great time. He moaned out loud as his leather clad mistress applied the metal clip to his balls.

“There, that should hold you for now. Now you have to do something for me.” She got up onto the bed and positioned herself over Pendergrast’s face. With a flick of a buckle her leather panties came free and her pussy was dripping delectable juices onto the principals mouth.

“Lick me slave.” She lowered herself onto the Principal’s face and squeaked with delight as his tongue went to work on her.

Clifford was in ecstasy. Tracy was pounding up and down on his cock and moaning the way that she does when she is about to cum. Coach Baxter was sitting next to them like a zombie with his dick hanging out of his pants. And the Taxi driver was driving with only one hand on the wheel. They where a rolling orgy.

Tracy grabbed Clifford’s head and pulled it against her breasts as she came, her pussy pulsing and clamping down on his cock. It was all too much for Clifford and he came with her, shooting his cum into her as deeply as he could. They held each other for a while then Tracy turned to see how close they were to their destination.

“Come on Clifford, we are nearly there. Let me up.”

“No.”

“What do you mean no?”

“I want to stay inside you forever.”

“Won’t that make it difficult to get around?”

“I don’t care. Tracy, I love you.”

“You do?”

“Yes.”

“Umm that’s nice.”

“Nice? Is that all it is? Just nice?”

“Well I don’t know what to say, Clifford.”

“Well how about saying I love you too.”

“You want me to lie too you?”

“Okay, forget I said anything.”

“We will talk about it later okay? We’re here.” She jumped off Clifford and turned to the driver.

“How much do we owe you?”

The driver made some strange noises and pointed to Tracy’s discarded panties.

“Is that all you want? Cool.” Tracy handed her panties to the driver who placed them against his nose and breathed deeply. His smile said it all.

Principal Pendergrast’s bedroom was filled with moaning and slurping sounds. Stacy was holding the head of the bed for support as she ground her pussy onto the Principal’s face.

Pendergrast’s face was covered in fluids. He was trying his best to make his Mistress happy with his tongue. He just hoped he would be rewarded for his efforts. Sexually this was not doing anything for him, he was getting pleasure from serving his Mistress. Reginald Pendergrast was not interested in normal sex with normal girls. He was more interested in strange sex with strange men. But he also liked to be dominated by either sex. And that was exactly what he was getting. He twisted his hips, causing the clip on his balls to bite into them, sending excruciating but pleasurable pain shooting through his body.

“Oh what a good slave you are. Keep licking my pussy. Make your Mistress happy.” Stacy was close to the last in a long line of orgasms when a voice behind her brought her back to reality.

“Are you having fun there, Stacy?”

Stacy whirled around to see her twin sister and Clifford standing in the doorway of the bedroom.

“Could you come back in about half an hour? I’m a little busy right now.”

“Well we could but you know who will be sober by then.”

“Who are they talking about, Mistress?” asked Pendergrast from below.

“Your reward, slave.”

“My reward is here?”

“Yes, slave. Now be quiet. There is something your Mistress must tell you.” She slid down and sat at the foot of the bed, looking back up at her newfound slave.

“I want to be a cheerleader. And you are going to make me one.”

“But that is a school matter. I don’t discuss school when I am at home.”

“Well today you will. Clifford, grab the gear and get his reward ready will you?”

Clifford went to the wardrobe and grabbed a contraption consisting of leather straps and buckles. He then left the room with Tracy in tow.

“Now then, slave, back to business. I want to be a cheerleader.” She caressed the ball clip as she spoke. “Are you going to make me one?”

“I can’t discuss this here. It’s a school matter.”

Stacy gave the clip a twist, causing Pendergrast to breathe in sharply.

“How about now? Have you changed your mind?”

“No. Are you going to do that again?” he asked eagerly.

Stacy realised that this method was going nowhere. He liked this sort of thing too much. She got up and walked to the door.

“You’re not leaving are you?”

“Well there is nothing I can do to change your mind. So I might as well go.”

“No wait. Let’s talk about this.”

Stacy smiled as she turned back to the bed.

“So you have reconsidered?”

“I can’t just give every student what they want. It’s just not right.”

“But I am not just any student, I’m your Mistress. And not every student can give you what I am about to give you.”

“What are you going to give me?”

“Can I be a cheerleader?”

“Yes you can be a cheerleader. I will arrange it with Coach Baxter tomorrow. Now what is my reward?”

Stacy called out to her sister in the other room. “Is he ready?”

“Yes, all set.”

Stacy walked back over to the bed and grabbed her panties. She wrapped them around Pendergrast’s head, effectively blindfolding him.

“Now just be patient. Ok bring him in.”

Reginald could hear movement in the room followed by the sound of rattling chains and straining bodies. Then he felt hands on his bonds and before he knew it he was free. He was helped off the bed and the blindfold was removed from his eyes.

“Oh my. Is that for me?”

“It certainly is slave.”

Coach Baxter was naked and bound in a harness, suspended over the bed. His legs hung down, revealing his bare arse to the Principal.

“He’s all your’s, slave. Enjoy yourself. And I will see you tomorrow in school.” Stacy was pulling on a coat as she spoke, covering up her outfit. She turned to her sister and Clifford.

“Ready to go?”

Tracy nodded and they turned to go.

“Let’s see how Coach Baxter likes having his arse pumped for a change.” Stacy smiled at the thought of gaining revenge on him.

The trio walked out of the room as Principal Pendergrast enjoyed his reward.

Tracy and Clifford were in bed, relaxing after a prolonged bout of lovemaking.

“So, Clifford, did you enjoy that?”

“Yes I did. How about you?”

“Yes, Clifford I did. I always enjoy screwing you.”

“But you don’t love me.”

“Clifford I admit, I do have feelings for you, but I don’t think it is love. Yet.”

“Well I guess it will have to do for now. I wonder how Stacy went on her date.”

Stacy had been a cheerleader for exactly a week before Angus had asked her out. Tonight she and Angus had gone to a movie and dinner. Stacy had made no secret of her intent to fuck Angus at least once during their date.

“I doubt we will see her before morning Clifford. She will spend the night with him. Stacy went through a lot to get Angus.”

The door to the bedroom burst open, revealing one very mad Stacy.

“I don’t fucking believe it!” she yelled and plonked herself down on Tracy’s bed.

“Oh what a surprise. You too are screwing again. Why don’t you two get a room?”

“I thought we did,” muttered Clifford.

“So how was the date, Tracy? Did you screw Angus?” Tracy was curious as to why her twin sister was back so soon.

“If you could call it screwing.”

“Ok what happened?”

“Oh it was great. We saw a movie, we had dinner at McDonald’s, the cheap fuck. Then we went back to his place. We went to his room. We got undressed. We got into bed. He stuck his dick in me, thrust a total of three, count them three, times then came. And then that asshole rolled over and went to sleep. I don’t fucking believe it. I had to audition for

cheerleader try-outs, fuck two teachers, dominate a school principal and set up the coach of the football team to get sodomised for two minutes of pathetic sex.”

She looked at her sister.

“Are you laughing at me?”

“No,” said Tracy, trying to stifle her giggles.

“You better not be. I am really pissed off right now.”

“Of course you are, and I sympathise, really I do.” Tracy was close to hysterical laughter now. Clifford had pulled the sheets over his head but the whole bed was trembling as he tried to laugh quietly.

“You are laughing aren’t you? You bastards.”

Stacy stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Clifford pulled the sheet down and looked up at Tracy.

They dissolved into laughter.

Twins 7 The Coach Strikes Back

Into each life a little rain must fall. Sometimes things just don't go the way you would like them to. You try and you try but things just seem to go wrong, no matter what. It's an interesting little fact of life, one that Coach Baxter knew all about.

It all started the other night when he was having a few quiet drinks in his favourite bar. He was minding his own business when this little blonde piece of oh-so-sweet arse slid onto the stool next to his. In a matter of minutes she was suggesting that they go back to her boyfriend's place and engage in some serious fucking. She even offered her boyfriend to him, not that he would ever fuck some guy. He was not some arse pumping fag. Nope, no way, that was not for him. But that young guy sure had a sweet arse, if you went in for that sort of thing. Which he didn't because he was definitely 100% straight, right down the line, no deviation whatsoever.

The three of them had gotten into a cab and... well that's where things got a little hazy. He recalled some sort of sexual act in the back of the cab, but he couldn't remember what exactly happened. And then he must of passed out because he dreamed of getting it on with Principal Pendergrast, but that was just a dream because he didn't go in for that sort of thing. The last thing he remembered was staggering in through the front door of his home and hearing his wife yell at him for coming in late. No big deal, she often yelled at him or cried or did some other stupid female thing. It was like she was on the rag twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. But it always blew over.

Well, usually.

Three days later she was waving some photographs in his face and screaming about divorce. He had finally calmed her down enough to get a look at the photos. What he saw was a fake, it had to be, because he was 100% straight, right down the line, no deviation whatsoever.

That couldn't possibly be him sucking cock, getting pumped in the arse, and other things too disgusting to even think about. The other man's face was covered with a leather hood, but Coach Baxter's face was easy to recognise. He tried to explain this to his wife but she wanted nothing to do with him. The next day she was out of there, packed her bags and gone to her sister's for God knows how long. And now he was sitting in his favourite bar, drinking his favourite beer, and wondering just how the hell things had gotten so fucked up.

He finished his beer and put his hand in his pocket to get some change for the cigarette machine. As he was rummaging around his fingers brushed against what felt like a postcard. He pulled it out and found it was one of the fake photos, the one where he was sucking some fag's cock. He looked at it, trying to see where the cut lines were, and then he saw something in the background.

A mirror.

And in that mirror a reflection of the person who took the photo. About 5'8", long blonde hair, and wearing a leather bondage outfit. The girl who had met him in this very bar on the night his problems started.

"Son of a bitch," he muttered.

Tracy Murdoch was close to orgasm. She and Clifford were in bed (which seemed to happen a lot lately) and they were, to put it bluntly, going at it like rabbits.

“Oh God yes, Clifford, make me cum,” she groaned as she wrapped her legs tightly around his hips and dug her fingernails into his chest.

“Uh,” replied Clifford as he thrust into her as deeply as he could, the muscles in his upper arms and chest tightening with exertion. He was not one for conversation when he was close to orgasm.

Just then the bedroom door swung open with a bang, and a 5’8” bundle of blonde haired fury named Stacy stormed into the room.

“I don’t fucking believe this,” she yelled. “Cliffy, take your dick out of my sister and listen to me for a second.” She ducked easily under the pillows and assorted stuffed animals that came flying through the air towards her, and plopped herself down on the bed. “Jeez, don’t you guys do anything but screw?”

“I wouldn’t know,” fumed her sister, “every time we try to, someone interrupts us.”

“That’s a shame,” said Stacy, flicking her long hair back over her shoulder. “You two should put a lock on the door or something.”

“I think it would be easier to just kill you.” Tracy gently but firmly pushed Clifford off and sat up to face her sister.

“Wow, look at you,” marvelled Tracy, “you’re all flushed. Were you about to cum or something?”

“Was there something you wanted before I kill you?”

“Oh stop it, you wouldn’t kill me, I’m your twin sister, you love me. Now help me with this.” She held out a sheet of paper to her sister so she could read it.

“It’s a report card,” said Tracy, giving it a cursory glance.

“Oh very good. I can see how you get all those A’s. I, however, am failing chemistry. I don’t want to fail chemistry. If I fail, Daddy will take away my new Beetle car. I love my Beetle.” Stacy sat on the bed and pouted.

“So what do you want me to do about it? You don’t want me to take your test for you again, do you? I know we’re identical twins but I don’t think they’ll believe you suddenly knew what you were doing in lab.”

Tracy recalled the one time the twins had swapped places in class. Tracy had taken a history exam for Stacy while Stacy had taken Tracy’s place in physical education. Tracy had passed the exam but Stacy had done something during Phys Ed, something that had given Tracy a reputation for liking girls in more than a friendly way. Stacy was openly bisexual, while Tracy preferred men. She had slept with girls before, she even had sex with Stacy, but that was under duress. When it came down to it, Tracy couldn’t pass up a good dick. But that one time when they had swapped, Stacy had been caught having sex with four girls in the middle of class. It just goes to show what will happen when the teacher turns her back for five minutes. There was no way in the wide world of sports that Tracy was going to let that happen again.

“Well actually,” said Stacy, wondering what Tracy was so upset about, “I was wondering if I could borrow Clifford. For tutoring purposes only.”

Tracy wasn’t too keen on that idea. She liked Clifford more than she cared to admit, and she knew what Stacy was like around guys, especially ones who were hung like Cliff. But she couldn’t show him that he meant something to her, it would give him the upper hand. So she decided to play it cool. “It’s up to Clifford, not me.”

“Yay,” responded Stacy, clapping her hands. “What about it, Cliffy? Want to help me out? I promise I’ll make it worth your while.” She dropped him a wink full of the promises of carnal delights.

“I don’t know.” Clifford wasn’t sure if this was such a good idea. He desperately wanted to know if Tracy loved him as much as he loved her. If he did this for Stacy, would Tracy be upset? “Are you okay with this, Tracy?”

“Sure, makes no difference to me. Go ahead and tutor her,” said Tracy, pretending it meant nothing to her. She knew Stacy would try to seduce him. The little cow would screw anything with a heartbeat.

“Okay, I’ll do it then.” Clifford recoiled slightly as Stacy leapt onto him smothering his cheeks with kisses. He glanced over at Tracy to see if there was any reaction.

“Well I guess you two better get on with it then,” said Tracy, quietly fuming.

“Good idea,” agreed Stacy, taking Clifford by the hand and dragging him out of bed. “Come on, Cliffy, we have to get going. Do you still have the keys to the lab?”

“Umm yes, but do you mind if I get dressed first?” Clifford was standing almost completely naked in the middle of the bedroom.

“What are you talking about? You’re wearing something,” said Stacy, pointing at the one thing he was wearing.

Clifford reached down and pulled it off. “Condoms don’t count.” He dropped it into a plastic bag and pulled on his clothes. After lacing up his Nikes (blatant plug because the author needs new shoes) he picked up the bag and walked out to the kitchen to put it in the rubbish bin. Stacy watched him go, then turned to her twin sister.

“By the way, I have cheerleader practice now. You won’t mind taking that for me, will you?” She ran from the room, one of Tracy’s pillows in hot pursuit.

Coach Baxter sat in his office at school, several items sitting on his desk in front of him. He had found out easily enough from school records who the twin girls were. He even found the name of the boyfriend. Then it was a simple matter of going through some lockers. Aside from a box-load of sexual aids (just how many dildos and vibrators do teenage girls need anyway?) he found the camera used to take the incriminating photos, an interesting leather bondage outfit, and a coke bottle of brownish liquid. The bottle had a label that read “Spanish Fly, use sparingly.”

Coach Baxter remembered a rumour about the kids who ran the school newspaper, about how they were drugged with something that drove them into a sexual fervour. He picked up the bottle and inspected it. Was this the stuff that caused those kids to lose all control? Was it

possible that this brown liquid could cause a sexual fugue impossible to resist? A smile surfaced on his lips, a smile that quickly turned into an evil grin.

Stacy dragged Clifford all the way from her house to the school, chattering about how good it would be to pass chemistry, and then telling her teacher, Mrs. Wigglebottom, to take her class and shove it up that cobweb-laden hole of hers. Clifford was always amused at how much energy Stacy seemed to have. She threw herself into anything she set her mind to with a determination that was astounding. He thought to himself that they wouldn't be here now if she had shown that sort of enthusiasm for her schoolwork. Come to think of it, Stacy was never keen about any sort of schoolwork.

They arrived at the school lab and Clifford used his keys to let them in. He was an honour student at Piedmont High and was trusted with keys to most of the school. He walked inside and turned on the lights. As the last of the fluorescents came to life he turned to Stacy.

"Okay, suppose you tell me what we're really doing here?"

"Whatever do you mean, Cliffy?" asked Stacy sweetly. She opened her blue eyes wide in a mock picture of youthful innocence.

"I have never seen you keen to do any sort of schoolwork, not since I first saw you in third grade." Clifford put his hands on his hips and tried to look stern. "Now tell me why you dragged me down here.

Stacy placed her hands behind her back and thrust out her breasts, then casually twisted her lithe body from side to side like a little girl who had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar. "Well Cliffy, I thought you might like to have a bit of fun with me." She smiled coyly, for emphasis.

"Stacy, you know I love Tracy." He started to sweat as Stacy stepped towards him and started to stroke his arm. "I mean, you're very attractive and all but..." his words were cut off as Stacy reached up and kissed him, her tongue darting between his lips before he could react. He pushed her back, breaking their kiss. "I need a coke," he said nervously, "you want one?" He eased past her and out the door into the hallway, closing the door behind him. As soon as he was outside he sighed and leaned against the wall.

"Christ," he thought to himself, "that was close. Dammit, why does she have to be so sexy?" He pushed away from the wall and made his way down the hallway. There was a coke machine just around the corner and that was where he was headed. He rounded the corner to see a dark figure next to the machine.

"Shit," said the figure, looking at a can of soft drink.

Clifford froze in his tracks. It was Coach Baxter. If he saw Clifford here he was in the shit for sure, after what he and the Murdoch twins had done to the coach the other night. He thought that maybe the effect of the drug would mean that Coach would not remember their part in it, but he couldn't be sure. He was just about to turn around and go back to the lab when Coach Baxter spied him.

"Hey, you want a coke?" The coach offered the can to him. "I just bought this damn thing, even opened it before I realised it wasn't a Dr Pepper. I'm just gonna throw it out, unless you want it."

Clifford studied the coach for a few seconds, but couldn't see any recognition in Baxter's eyes. "Sure," he replied, reaching for the can. A free coke was too good to pass up, plus it helped set his mind at ease about Coach Baxter. Obviously he didn't recognise Clifford from the other night. He took the coke, thanked the coach, and made his way back to the lab. Now if only he could deal with Stacy. He took a sip of coke and opened the lab door. All but one of the lights had been turned off. The one that remained lit up one of the lab benches - and the naked blonde girl lying on it.

"I've been waiting for you. It's been so long since I've had a decent fuck, Cliffy." She circled one delicate finger around a rapidly hardening nipple.

"You slept with Angus just two days ago," replied Clifford.

"I said a decent fuck, Cliffy. Angus lasted all of thirty seconds. Plus, he has a dick like a cocktail frank. I want something substantial, like yours." She gave him her best come hither look, but was mildly annoyed to see him just stand there and take another sip of his damn coke.

"But don't you want to pass chemistry?" asked Clifford, trying his best to stall the inevitable. "I thought your father was going to take away your car if you failed."

"Oh don't worry about that, Cliffy," replied Stacy as she slid sensually from the bench and padded over to him. "I'll just sleep with Mrs. Wigglebottom again. How do you think I've managed to pass for this long?"

"Is there anyone on the teaching staff you haven't slept with?" inquired Clifford as he watched this beautiful young woman walk towards him.

Stacy took the can from Clifford and drank deeply from it, before throwing it into the void behind her. "Does the janitor count?" she asked as she draped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply, finding him responding at last. In fact he seemed to be quite eager. She found herself being lifted up off her feet and carried back to the bench.

"Oh Cliffy," she cooed, "I knew you had it in you."

"And pretty soon it's gonna be in you." He placed her on the bench then pulled back, just long enough to strip his clothes off.

Stacy looked down at his crotch and saw he was hard. Really hard. Monstrously hard. She could see a vein pulsing along the shaft. Looking up again she saw something even harder in his eyes. "Um, Cliffy? Are you okay?"

"I'm gonna fuck your brains out Stacy, gonna fuck you till you scream. Then I'm gonna fuck you some more." He moved toward her again, grabbing her by the thighs and burying himself deep into her.

"Oh God Cliffy, do me," sighed Stacy.

Neither of them saw the shadow under the door to the lab. It stayed for a while, until their groans of lust grew loud, and then moved away into the night.

Tracy considered the benefits of being an only child. No more bickering, no more of her clothes mysteriously disappearing, only to reappear with strange stains on them, and no more cleaning up after her sister.

She half-heartedly shook her pom-poms and wondered how many years she would get for killing Stacy.

"Stacy, please try to be a little more enthusiastic," chided Ms. Spencer, the cheerleader coach. "Maybe you could think of something that excites you."

"Maybe you could kiss my arse," muttered Tracy under her breath.

"What was that, dear?"

"I said I don't feel well. I think I'll go home." Tracy grabbed her pom-poms and headed for the locker rooms to change. As she walked across the field some football players who were training whistled after her. Stacy might have liked that sort of attention but Tracy couldn't stand it. She gave them death stares as she passed.

"Damn Neanderthals," she thought to herself, "they've got nothing on Clifford." And then it hit her. She was falling in love with Clifford. "Shit," she muttered, "I can't be falling in love with him. I'm too young to tie myself down to one guy. I need to get laid by someone else." She thought about the last time she had sex with a guy who wasn't Clifford, and shocked herself by realising she couldn't remember how long it had been. "My God, I haven't slept with another guy since I met Clifford." She was still mulling this development over in her mind when she finally entered the locker rooms. She failed to see the dark shadow in the corner as she stripped off her top and skirt. As she removed her sports bra the shadow moved into the light behind her.

"Hello, bitch."

Tracy spun around to see Coach Baxter standing before her. Her hands instinctively flew up to her breasts, hiding them from his gaze. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Payback. You and your slut sister fucked up my marriage. I've already fixed her, now it's your turn." He moved closer, letting his eyes wander over her fit young body.

"What did you do to her?" asked Tracy. Short of killing her she couldn't imagine the coach doing anything to Stacy that she wouldn't take as a challenge.

"I gave her and her dipshit boyfriend a nice healthy dose of that Spanish Fly of yours. They should be fucking each other to death right now." He gave her the most evil smile he could muster.

Tracy's first thought was that Coach Baxter had mistaken her for Stacy. Her second thought was that Stacy had kept some of that damn Spanish Fly, even though she had specifically told her to get rid of it. The third was that Stacy was right at this minute screwing Clifford. She felt pain, but swallowed it as best she could. "So what do you plan to do to me?"

"I plan to fuck you, bitch."

"Okay."

"What? Didn't you hear me? I said I was going to fuck you. Rape you in fact." Coach tried his best to look menacing.

"I heard you. But it won't be rape because I want you to fuck me." Tracy dropped her hands to her sides, exposing the supple white flesh of her breasts.

"Um, wait a minute. You're supposed to be scared." Coach Baxter was getting more confused by the minute. This was not the way things were supposed to go.

"Come on Coach, get that big dick of yours out. I want it, right here, right now." Tracy reached down and started to unbuckle the coach's pants.

Clifford pushed himself into Stacy, holding her by the hips as he took her from behind. They were both standing, with Stacy leaning forward against the lab bench. They had been fucking for an hour now and hadn't slowed down for a second. Every time Clifford came they took it as an opportunity to change positions. Stacy looked back over her shoulder.

"Fuck me, Cliffy, fuck me hard," she urged.

"I am, Stacy, I am," replied Clifford. He was getting tired from all the thrusting and pumping he had been doing.

"Well do it faster, Cliffy," retorted Stacy, "I want to be fucked faster."

"All right, all right, quit nagging me will you?"

"And harder too. Slam your big, hard cock into my pussy as hard as you can."

"For Christ's sake, will you shut up? I'm fucking you as hard and as fast as I can." Clifford kept up his pace, even though every muscle in his body was crying out for him to stop.

"And deeper too, fuck me as deep as..." Her words were cut off as Clifford spun her around and pushed her down on her knees. She found his cock in front of her face and instantly swallowed it, sucking it into her mouth as far as she could.

"Ah, that's better," sighed Clifford, "peace and quiet at last." He rested his hand on her head, feeling her long silky hair between his fingers. "Oh God, Tracy, you are so good at giving head."

"Mmmf," replied the girl kneeling before him.

"What was that?" he asked.

Stacy took his cock out of her mouth. "I said Stacy, my name is Stacy. Tracy's sister, remember?" She went back to blowing him.

"Oh yeah, that's right, Stacy. I'm screwing Stacy, not Tracy. I love Tracy but I'm screwing Stacy. Why am I screwing Stacy?" Clifford's head spun in confusion.

"Mmmf mmm mmmf."

"What?"

Once again Stacy took his cock out of her mouth long enough to say, "I don't know, you just are."

"Yes, but why am I screwing you? We don't do this anymore. I'm in love with Tracy."

Stacy looked up at him. "You don't love me?"

"It's not the same as with Tracy, I want to spend the rest of my life with her. Now keep sucking." He gently guided Stacy's head back to work. But his mind felt fuzzy. He was doing something that he wouldn't normally do. Something sexual, with someone other than Tracy. It was the wrong thing to do, but he couldn't help himself. Then it hit him.

"Holy shit!" he yelled. He pulled away from Stacy, letting her fall forward as she tried to go with him.

"Hey! What are you doing?" protested Stacy from the floor. "I thought we were fucking."

"I think we've been drugged," replied Clifford as he searched for the discarded Coke can. He spied it resting in a corner and scooped it up. Bringing it up to his nose he sniffed and detected a faint odour. The smell of Spanish Fly.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath, "why didn't I smell it before we drank from it?" He felt hands around his waist and his body responded. He turned into the arms of Stacy and kissed her, his body reacting to the drug. "Wait," he protested, breaking away from her, "we can't give in. We have to take the antidote, otherwise the drug will drive us insane."

"You have an antidote?" asked Stacy, just before licking his chest.

"Mmm, yes. Oh, Stacy, that feels so good." Clifford shook his head, trying to clear the foggy mess the drug was causing. "I have some here. It's in the cupboard where we keep the chemicals."

"We better take some then," said Stacy as she ran her hand down Clifford's stomach before twining his pubic hair between her fingers.

"Yes," sighed Clifford, "we better."

"When?" asked Stacy, looking up into his eyes.

"After," he replied and took her again.

Things were not going too well for Coach Baxter. He had fully intended to denigrate this girl, make her do all sorts of disgusting, debasing things. But she beat him to it.

Tracy had started by tearing his clothes off and pushing him down onto the floor. He had protested, but to no avail. In the blink of an eye she pounced on his dick, devouring it like a wild animal. Coach Baxter might not have been too keen, but his body was all for it. His cock was almost instantly rock hard and the young blonde was slurping on it like a young boy attacking a lollipop.

"Hang on a second here, I'm in control, young lady." He tried to lift her head but his arms felt too weak, or maybe his body wasn't ready to give up what it had just yet. He lay back and moaned slightly.

Tracy looked up at him, and smiled around his dick. She let him go and climbed on top, slowly easing herself down on him, shivering as she felt him enter her. Tracy leaned forward and started to rock her hips slowly back and forth. She looked down at the coach and noticed he was lying on something familiar.

“Is that Sta... my leather bondage outfit you’re lying on, Coach?” She leaned forward, running her hands over his hairy chest.

“Umm, yes, I think it is.”

“Where did you get it from? I was looking for it the other day.”

“It was in your locker, along with twelve dildos, twenty-three vibrators, and an Antonio Banderas inflatable love doll,” sighed Coach Baxter. He had decided to enjoy the ride, for now.

“God, that Stacy is such a slut,” muttered Tracy.

“What was that?” asked Coach Baxter.

“I said you make me want to be a total slut, you stud you.” Tracy quickened her pace a little, feeling the coach’s dick start to work on her body. She lay down on his torso and ran her hands up his arms to his wrists.

“Oh Coach, your cock feels so good in my little pussy. Mmm, I’m cumming Coach, I’m cumming.” She sat up quickly, her long hair arcing through the air like a blonde wave. She rammed her body down on top of Coach as she climaxed, her cries echoing off the steel lockers that surrounded them. At last her orgasm subsided and she looked down at the man beneath her. “That was great, Coach. Not as good as Clifford, but pretty good nonetheless.”

Coach Baxter tried to reach up and feel her body with his hands but he couldn’t. Something was holding him back. He looked up at his hands and found they were tied to one of the benches behind him. Tracy had used the leather straps from the bondage outfit to tie his wrists to the legs of the bench, which was in turn bolted to the concrete floor. He struggled against the bonds, but found they were too strong for him.

“Hey,” he said. “What do you think you’re doing? Let me up this instant, you little bitch.” He was furious at the girl who was still mounted on top of him.

“Tsk, ts. Such nasty language. Is that any way to talk to someone who has your career in her hands? It would be terrible if copies of certain photos were leaked to the local press, especially if the person identified in those pictures was found engaging in some sort of twisted bondage stuff in the student locker room. That sort of thing could ruin a life you know.” Tracy started to rock her hips again. The power she had over Coach Baxter was intoxicating, and it was making her very horny. She almost didn’t hear the door behind her open.

“See, Clifford? I told you she would be okay.” Stacy moved into view, dragging a shocked Clifford with her.

“Are you okay, Tracy?” he asked, looking down at the couple on the floor. “Did he drug you too?”

“No, Clifford, I’m fine,” replied Tracy as she continued to fuck Coach. “But I thought Coach had drugged you two.”

“He had,” replied Stacy, “but Cliffy had an antidote, so we’re okay now.”

“I see,” said Tracy. “Why don’t you two go home, I’ll be along when I’m finished here.”

“B-B-But...” stammered Clifford.

“Go home, Clifford, I’ll be okay.”

“That’s right, boy, why don’t you go home and let us adults get down to business,” said Coach Baxter, never one to miss an opportunity to belittle someone.

“Come on, Cliffy,” said Stacy, grabbing him by the arm, “Tracy has everything under control here, let’s go home.” She slowly dragged him out the door. Tracy could see that Clifford felt hurt to see her with Coach, but she would make up for it when she got home. Right now she had other things to worry about. She turned back to the figure beneath her.

“Okay Coach, I know you wouldn’t just want to fuck me, you would have something else a lot more degrading than that to do to me. Fess up Coach, tell me what you had planned.” She was met by a stony silence from below. “Okay, I guess I better get going if I want to phone the newspaper before they close.” She started to get up.

“No wait, don’t call them. Let’s talk about this,” pleaded the coach.

“Tell me what you had planned and I’ll think about it.” Tracy enjoyed having the upper hand. “Did you intend drugging me too?”

“No, the football team. I put the drug in their water bottles. I was going to tie you up and leave you here for them when they finished their training,” gloated Baxter. It was a good plan, if it had worked.

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed coach, but this is the girls locker room. How were you going to get the boys in here?”

“I put a notice on the door to the boys locker rooms, saying they were closed for renovations, and to use the girls locker room for now.”

“Oh dear. So they were going to come in here, all horny from the Spanish Fly, only to find me, trussed up and naked? Were you going to do that to little old me? That’s terrible.” She shook her finger at him in mock seriousness.

“Okay, I told you. Can I get up now?”

“Umm,” said Tracy pretending to think about it. “Nope.” She got up and started to get dressed.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Coach Baxter was beginning to panic. “They’ll be here in a minute.”

“Yes they will,” agreed Tracy, “but instead of finding me all trussed up like a Christmas turkey, they’ll find you.” She finished dressing and stuffed her uniform into a gym bag. Throwing the bag over her shoulder she walked towards the door, then stopped and turned back.

“Oh, and by the way. When that drug takes affect, you don’t care who you’re doing it with. Girls, guys, it makes no difference. Goodbye Coach. Don’t ever fuck with us again.” She slipped out the back door just as the sounds of the football team entering the change rooms reached Coach Baxter’s ears.

Tracy walked into her bedroom and threw her gym bag on the bed. She expected to see Clifford waiting there for her, but instead there was only her sister, Stacy.

“So how did it go Tracy?” asked Stacy, “Did you get the coach to give you a good seeing to?”

“I wasn’t there to enjoy myself you know. He tried to screw us, but I screwed him instead. Right about now he should be enjoying the company of the school football team.” She dropped a sly wink at Stacy.

“Well from our position, it looked like you were having a bit of fun with the coach. Have you decided to ditch Cliffy?” Stacy was genuinely interested in what Tracy had to say, not because she wanted Cliffy for herself, but because she was sure there was something growing between him and her sister.

“I thought about it,” admitted Tracy. “Did you know that Clifford was the only guy I had slept with in ages? Before Coach that it is.”

“Yes, I noticed that. To be honest I thought that maybe you had feelings for Cliffy. But after watching you go at it with Coach Baxter, I guess I was wrong.”

“No, you’re not wrong. I enjoyed doing Coach, but I realised that the one I really want is Clifford.” She looked around. “Where is he anyway?”

“Um, well that’s just it you see. When you told him to go home, he thought you meant that it was over between you two.” Stacy dropped her eyes to the floor. “I think you may have broken his heart.”

“What? No, that’s not how it is. I didn’t mean for him to leave, just to come here and wait for me. I had to find out what Coach was up to, and I couldn’t do that with Clifford there.” She looked worried to Stacy, almost scared. “I’m gonna call him at home, tell him what I really meant and not to be silly.” Tracy reached for the phone, but her sister stopped her.

“He didn’t go home Tracy.”

“Where did he go?”

“You remember Janet? The girl who tried to steal Cliffy at the party? The girl we drugged and fixed up with Free Willy?”

“You don’t mean...”

“Yup, Cliffy went to Janet’s.”

Twins 8. The Quest for Clifford.

Clifford sat up in bed feeling the warm body lying next to him. He looked down at the shape in the near darkness.

Janet.

Christ, why did it have to be this way? He had loved Tracy, he still did. So why was he in Janet's bed? Why did he have sex with her? Four times? Not one of them was anything like the times he had been with Tracy, and yet...

He got out of bed and made his way to the window, padding in his bare feet across the carpet. He slowly pulled open the curtains and looked out at the night. From his first floor window he could see a dark figure across the road. As he watched, the figure lit a cigarette, the flame from the lighter briefly illuminating her face.

Tracy.

Clifford felt his blood run cold as Tracy reached inside her heavy coat and slowly withdrew a knife. The light from the street lamp bounced off the wickedly-shaped blade. She started to walk towards him, across the silent street, over the front lawn, until she disappeared under the branches of a tree standing in front of the window. Clifford craned his neck but couldn't see where she went.

And then she was there, standing right outside the window, the knife poised to strike. She screamed and launched herself at him, smashing through the window and sending slivers of glass into his naked body. He fell backwards and she straddled him as he lay on the floor.

"Say goodbye to your dick, Clifford," she said and brought down the knife.

Clifford sat bolt upright in bed, his body covered in sweat. Beside him lay Janet, sleeping soundly. He took this as a sign that he didn't scream during his nightmare. He considered going to the window to look out, but decided against it.

"Are you okay, Raphael?" said Janet sleepily. She knew him as Raphael, the Italian Stallion, from the party Clifford had attended with the twins and Willy. She had screwed his brains out in the kitchen that night, something Clifford had remembered when he went looking for a way to ease the pain. The pain of losing Tracy.

"Si, whatever," he replied, not really wanting to bother with small talk right now. Clifford was relieved to hear her breathing deepen and develop into a light snoring. He looked again at the window and decided to go back to sleep, or at least try to. He lay back in bed and surprised himself by drifting off.

Outside, a lone figure stood watching the window, a cigarette clasped between clenched teeth. It dropped the cigarette on the footpath and stomped on it.

"Clifford," it said, with a voice full of hate and pain.

"Come on, cheer up, sis. There's plenty of other fish in the sea." Stacy put her arm around her sister, Tracy, and gave her a squeeze. "You just have to catch one, and believe me, you have the right bait."

"I don't want fish, I want Clifford," pouted Tracy in Stacy-like fashion. "Maybe I should just swear off men altogether."

"Well I wouldn't go that far," said Stacy, "but it never hurts to broaden your horizons. I happen to know a girl who is right up your alley."

"I don't know how to have sex with a girl, Stacy. Maybe I should just be a virgin." Tracy collapsed on her bed and curled up into a ball.

"I think it's a bit late to be a virgin, hon. As for not knowing how to pleasure a woman, well it's actually quite easy. After all, you're a woman yourself, you know what feels good." She looked down at her despondent sister. "I can help if you want."

Tracy looked up at her sibling. "You? How?"

Stacy just smiled and began to undress. In no time at all she was completely naked. She bent down and removed Tracy's bunny slippers from her sister's feet. "Come on, let's get you naked. It will make it easier."

"I don't know about this, Stacy. We're sisters after all. Isn't this kind of illegal?" She didn't resist as Stacy pulled down her pyjama pants, quickly followed by her sensible cotton panties.

"That's cousins," replied Stacy, pulling Tracy's top off over her head. "There, all naked. Are you comfy?" "I guess," replied Tracy, looking at her hands that just sat in her lap. "I don't think I'll like this very much."

"You didn't seem to mind it when I went down on you in front of Coach Baxter," said Stacy as she sat on the bed. She bent down and started to kiss Tracy's breasts. She was pleased to see her sibling's nipples harden under her ministrations, and gently teased them with her teeth.

"I just did that for you," said Tracy, trying vainly not to sigh with pleasure. "I didn't get anything out of it."

"Oh you didn't, huh?" said Stacy looking up at her sister. "What about the two orgasms you had?"

"I...umm..." There was no real answer to that. Instead she just smiled at her sister. "Okay, show me."

Stacy gently pushed her back so that Tracy was lying on the bed. She started to kiss her sister's breasts again, making them shiny with moisture. "I'll show you what to do." Kiss. "Then you," kiss, "can do it," kiss, "to me." She made her way down over her sister's belly, trailing kisses as she went. She was secretly pleased to feel Tracy wriggle in anticipation. Stacy positioned herself between Tracy's legs and began to gently run the tip of her tongue over the swollen lips of her sibling's pussy.

Tracy clamped her thighs around Stacy's head and moaned. She felt her sister's tongue start to lap faster and faster and her head began to wiggle and shake between her legs. As Tracy began to orgasm she noticed that Stacy's whole body was shaking as well, and assumed that she was also cumming. At last her climax subsided and she released her grip on Stacy's head.

Stacy rolled away from her sister, gasping for breath. Her face had turned an interesting shade of blue. "My God," she wheezed, "You nearly killed me. I couldn't breathe in there." She looked up at her sister to see that familiar flush on her face and breasts. "There, that wasn't so bad now was it?"

"I must admit, I really enjoyed it. Thanks, Stacy."

"No need to thank me," said Stacy, lying down on the bed and spreading her legs. "Just do me."

"Nope," said Tracy getting off the bed and getting dressed.

"Why the hell not? I did it for you, you have to do it for me," pouted Stacy.

"No I won't, because I have a better idea." Tracy finished dressing and looked at her sister.

"What idea?" asked Stacy.

"Revenge."

Clifford was nervous. Janet had declared that he was her new boyfriend and this Friday she was going to show him off to everyone by throwing a party. Clifford was amazed that she hadn't worked out that he was not Raphael, the Italian Stallion, but Clifford, the class nerd. He missed Tracy, she would have seen through this charade almost instantly. Hell, even Stacy was smarter than Janet. He was presently in bed, waiting for Janet to come back from the bathroom. He was sure the only reason she kept him around was because of his dick. At nine inches he was bigger than average, and Janet could not get enough of him. It felt like every few minutes she was jamming his cock into her body and riding him like a renegade cowgirl off to the rodeo. He felt like a piece of meat to her, only good for one thing.

Clifford felt like a walking talking dildo.

He came to an important decision as he sat in bed waiting for Janet to return. He was leaving. He could go back to being the class nerd. It might mean he would never get laid again, but he thought it had to be better than this. Maybe one day he could get Tracy back. He looked up as Janet came back into the room wearing a black lace teddy and carrying a small tube of KY.

"Raphael, I've decided I want you to be my first," she said, showing him the tube.

"C'est?" asked Clifford. He had long since run out of Italian phrases and was just winging it now.

"I said," she pronounced as she bent over, showing him her cleavage, "I want you to be my first. I want you to fuck me in the arse, Raphael." She waggled the tube in front of him. "Want me to lube you up?"

Clifford decided to postpone his plans for leaving.

Stacy was in bed, and she wasn't alone. She was, however, having the time of her life.

"Oh yes, lick my pussy. Oh God, that feels so good."

Suddenly the bedroom door burst open and Tracy rushed into the room.

"Stacy, guess what. Janet's throwing a party on Friday and Cliff is going to be there. Now I have a plan that..." Her words were cut off as she realised that Stacy had company. "Oh hi...er...umm...Willy." The last time Tracy had seen Willy was when he was in the pool shed screwing Janet. "It's nice to...umm...see you again."

"Hi," responded Willy, coming up for air.

"Oh Tracy, you should try him," gushed Stacy. "I have never met anyone who could lick like him. All I had to do was spread a little dab of peanut butter..."

"No! Don't tell me," demanded Tracy, "I don't want to hear it." She grabbed Stacy by the arm and dragged her out of bed. "Come with me, we have to talk."

"But I'm not finished yet," protested Stacy as she skidded from the room, buck naked and dripping peanut butter.

Tracy grabbed a towel and thrust it at her sister. "Here, wipe yourself clean. Now we have got to go to that party."

"Okay, it sounds like fun. I might even get laid. Scratch that, I will get laid, a lot." She smiled at the thought of all that sex.

"No, there will be no sex, not until I get what I want." Tracy paced up and down in front of her sister.

"And what exactly is it that you want?" asked Stacy.

"I want Clifford. And I want Janet to suffer for taking him away from me."

"But didn't Clifford leave on his own? After you told him to leave?"

"I'm not interested in the facts, thank you very much. I just want revenge," said Tracy, the rage evident in her eyes.

"Oh, well, that's different," said Stacy, her eyes lighting up. "Count me in. What's the plan?"

"I don't know," cried Tracy, collapsing on the lounge. "I can't think straight without Clifford here. It's not fair. Why did he have to make me fall in love with him?" Stacy was concerned. This was not the usual sure-minded sister she had grown up with. Tracy had never been at a loss for a plan. She had even planned out the time the Twins had lost their virginity (to be told in a later story). Stacy sighed as she remembered that day, the incredible sex the two young girls engaged in. She sat down on the lounge and let her hands roam over her body as her mind travelled back to that day.

"Stacy? Are you listening to me?" Tracy waved her hand in front of her sister's face, trying to attract her attention. "Are you going to help me devise a plan, or would you prefer to sit there and diddle yourself?"

"Can't we do both?" asked her sister, a mischievous smile on her face.

"God, you're impossible." She took her sister by the hand and looked her in the eye. "I really need your help, Stacy. I need to get Clifford back."

"Ok, I'll do it," said Stacy, "for a price."

Tracy's shoulders slumped as she sighed. "How much?" she asked.

"I don't know yet. Let's just say you owe me, big time." She got up from the couch and headed back to her bedroom.

"Where are you going?" asked Tracy. "We still have to devise a plan."

"I'm going back to Willy. I do my best thinking when I'm getting laid."

"You must get a hell of a lot of thinking done then," muttered Tracy to herself.

"What was that?" asked Stacy.

"I said you can't be serious. He must weigh 300 pounds," said Tracy, gesturing to the bedroom.

"Sure he's fat," admitted Stacy, "but the boy can lick." She flounced into the bedroom, turning to face her sister at the doorway. "You coming?"

"I have to watch you two?" asked Tracy, flabbergasted.

"Well yeah. Someone has to take notes."

Tracy considered gouging out her own eyes as she walked forlornly into the bedroom.

Tracy had seen some gross looking things before, but watching Willy and Stacy screw had to top everything. At first it wasn't too bad, as all Willy did was go down on her sister. He must have been pretty damn good at it judging by the way Stacy was going off. But then Willy wanted to get off himself, and seeing as he had put so much effort into Stacy she felt obliged to let him go for it. After about two minutes of lying beneath his monstrous weight Stacy suggested they change positions. Actually Stacy had just waved pleadingly at Tracy, because that was the only movement she was capable of, and Tracy had smacked Willy across the back of the head a few times until he got the idea.

After Willy rolled over, Stacy attempted to climb on top. It took her a while to find a foothold in the glutenous mass. When she finally got on top she considered planting a flag, but decided instead to plant herself on Willy's dick. She tried to get a motion going but it was like sex on a waterbed. Any motion she started quickly escalated until she felt like an extra on the set of "Perfect Storm." She had to stifle an urge to yell, "She's going down! Everyone into the lifeboats!" Eventually, after a full five minutes of holding on for dear life, Willy grunted and shot his load. Unfortunately for Stacy he also bucked his hips, hard, and sent her flying from the bed. She wound up lying against the wall upside down.

"Need a hand?" asked Tracy, offering her one.

"Thanks," replied Stacy, taking the offered hand and getting up. "Boy, what a ride." She looked over to the bed and discovered that Willy had passed out from the exertion. "Oh great, I killed him. Oh well, let's go back to the living room. I think I have a plan for getting Clifford back."

"I can't believe this is your plan," lamented Tracy.

It was the night of the party at Janet's house and the streets were crammed with hordes of drunken, horny teenagers. The bushes were full of naked bodies doing whatever they could get away with in the cramped conditions. The neighbours had known about the party since Tuesday and had developed a sudden urge to visit out-of-town relatives, or out-of-town friends, or anyone, just as long as they were way out of town. Janet's parties had developed a reputation and the police had cordoned off the area for a six-block radius. Anyone over the age of twenty-one left inside the blockade was considered to be suicidal and not worth rescuing.

The twins walked through the maddening crowds towards Janet's house. Stacy was wearing her usual party gear consisting of short skirt, short top, long heels, underwear optional. Tracy looked anything but typical. The plan devised by Stacy required Tracy to wear something interesting, which turned out to be an extremely tight black leather mini over a bright red g-string, white see-through blouse with no bra, and thigh-high black leather boots with 5" heels that thrust her arse out so far she could have been used as a bike rack.

"What's wrong with my plan?" asked Stacy. "You go inside, you find Clifford, you fuck his brains out, then you leave with him. A plan so cunningly simple it's bound to work."

"You're an idiot," said Tracy, shaking her head.

"I'm not the one in the see-through blouse and fuck-me boots," replied Stacy.

"You're right. I'm an even bigger idiot." Tracy felt depressed. "I'll never get him back dressed like this. If Clifford liked sluts he would have been with you."

"Thanks," said Stacy, "I'll take that as a compliment."

"Of course you will," replied Tracy, feeling even more depressed. She couldn't even insult her sister anymore. What was the point of going on?

The twins finally reached the front door and walked into what could only be described as an orgy. Nine Inch Nails blasted out of the stereo as a sea of bodies got to know each other in many interesting and varied ways. Stacy ducked under a flying beer bottle and made her way to the kitchen, dragging her sister behind her. Just as they reached the swinging doors a pair of ladies panties flew out of the crowd and hit Stacy in the face. She pulled the offending garment off her head, sniffed it, and hurled it back into the crowd.

"Tina!" she yelled. "You dropped something." She pulled open the door and dragged her sister inside. The kitchen was a lot quieter than the lounge room. You could almost hear the couple in the pantry having sex.

"This is never going to work," lamented Tracy. "We may as well go home."

"No way," said Stacy. "We haven't found Cliffy yet. Not to mention that I haven't gotten laid." She put her arm around her sister. "Buck up, girl, we'll get him back."

Just then the kitchen door swung open, letting a fresh blast of NIN's "Starfuckers Inc" sweep into the room, along with Janet and Clifford.

"Tracy," whispered Clifford as he stood transfixed just inside the doorway.

"Clifford," whispered Tracy, staring at the man she had come for.

"Christ," whispered Stacy, looking at the two of them. "Do I have to do everything around here?" She grabbed Janet by the arm, steering her away from Clifford. "Oh my God, Janet, did you hear?"

"Hear what? Let go of my arm." Janet struggled in her grasp but Stacy held on like tassles on a stripper's tits.

"Miguel the Moroccan, he's at the party."

"Who or what is a Miguel?" Janet had decided that Stacy was clinically insane. She wondered if Daddy still kept a loaded gun in the pantry.

"Miguel the Moroccan is rumoured to be the biggest guy in school," confided Stacy.

"He plays basketball?" asked Janet.

"No, not like that," said Stacy holding her hand above her head. She pointed to her crotch. "Like that. He's rumoured to be over twelve inches long." She smiled inwardly as a lustful grin spread over Janet's face.

"Where? I wanna see. Oh. But what about Raphael?" She looked at her new boyfriend who appeared to be just standing there, staring at that slut Tracy.

"Don't worry about him," said Stacy guiding Janet out the door. "He's a big boy, he can look after himself." As she entered the lounge room with Janet she back-heeled the door, causing it to swing violently inward and smacking Clifford in the back. He fell forward, into the arms of Tracy.

"Umm, hi," he said.

"Hi," responded Tracy.

"I didn't expect to see you here tonight, what with you hating Janet's guts and all."

"Yeah well, I thought I should get out a bit. Party and all that... stuff."

"Oh. Partying is good, I guess."

"Yeah, I guess."

They stood there for a few minutes, just looking at each other.

"So which one is Miguel?" asked Janet.

"Oh he's... umm," Stacy looked around, trying to find a suitable candidate. There was no Miguel, it was simply a ploy to get Janet away from Cliffy. She spotted a likely suspect and pointed him out to Janet. "There he is, the dark haired one in the corner. Come on, let's go." She dragged Janet over to the victim. "Hi, Miguel, this is Janet and she wants to fuck you."

"What?" asked a somewhat confused person. It was the last thing he said before Janet dragged him into a nearby closet.

Stacy closed the door behind the couple and leaned against it, making sure neither of them escaped. After about ten minutes, when the noise inside had died down, she opened it again to reveal an agitated Janet.

"Are you sure that was Miguel the Moroccan?" she asked Stacy.

"I think so," replied the innocent looking twin.

"He's only half the size you said he was."

"Oh."

"And he said his name was Jim." Janet looked visibly upset.

"Umm, I guess I made a mistake," said Stacy, looking around the room. A well-muscled blonde lad walked by and she grabbed him by the wrist. "Here he is, this is Miguel." She pushed the blonde and Janet back into the closet, making sure Jim managed to get out of the way first. She slammed the door shut and leaned against it. She grabbed a bottle of beer from a passing cooler and popped it open on the corner of an expensive looking antique table.

"I hope Tracy appreciates what I'm going through," she said to herself as she sipped her drink.

Tracy and Clifford were holding each other in the middle of the kitchen. Tracy felt really good about herself for the first time in a week.

"Why did you leave me?" she asked as she rested her head on his chest.

"Because you told me to," replied Clifford stroking her hair.

"I did not," said an indignant Tracy as she pulled out of his grasp. "I told you to go home and wait for me."

"Oh, well I guess it's all my fault then," responded an angry Clifford. "I guess it was hard to hear what you said properly, what with you fucking Coach and all."

"I had to do that. It's not like I enjoyed fucking him." Tracy couldn't believe how mad she was with Clifford.

"Oh I could see how much you hated it when you started thrashing about as you came."

"You fucking bastard."

"Bitch!"

"Prick!"

"Slut!"

They stared lightning bolts at each other, panting with the excess adrenaline coursing through their veins. Then they grabbed each other, kissing passionately as they started to tear their clothes off.

Stacy was starting to get worried. So far she had sent fifteen boys into the closet with Janet, and not one of them had turned out to be anything like Miguel the Moroccan. There was a fairly good chance that Janet would end up screwing every guy at the party. Even worse, there was a chance that Stacy wouldn't get to screw anyone. She felt the door behind her open and another worn out teenage boy staggered naked from the closet to collapse on the couch. Janet poked her head around the door.

"I'm beginning to think there is no Miguel the Moroccan," she said with just the slightest hint of exasperation.

"Of course there is, Janet. And here he is." Stacy grabbed a hapless passer-by and threw him into the closet, closing the door behind him. "Just what the hell are Tracy and Clifford doing in there," she thought to herself, looking at the closed kitchen door.

"Excuse me," came a voice from behind her.

"Yes," said Stacy, turning to find a somewhat nerdish boy standing before her. She wondered how he had managed to get into the party without being set upon by a marauding herd of jocks.

"Someone said that there was girl around here having sex with every guy she could." He pushed his thick-rimmed glasses up his pimply nose.

Stacy stared at him, an idea slowly forming in her mind.

"You're right," she said, placing an arm gingerly around his shoulders. "But these things don't come for free you know."

"Really?" asked the nerd.

"Really."

Tracy and Clifford were tearing the kitchen apart. Their near-naked bodies - Tracy still had her boots on as they would have taken precious screwing time to get off - were rolling and writhing all over the floor. Tracy had her legs wrapped tightly around Clifford's hips and was digging her heels into his butt, urging him to thrust harder and harder. Clifford picked Tracy up and placed her on the kitchen table, after sweeping a couple of plates of party snacks onto the floor, allowing her to lie back as he humped her. She arched her back and shouted encouragement to him.

"Yes, Clifford, fuck me, fuck me hard. Oh God I want to cum, make me cum, Clifford."

Clifford was not about to disobey a direct order, especially one like that. He doubled his speed, grabbing Tracy by the hips and driving himself into her again and again, his feet scrambling for a grip on the messy floor. After a while he gave up trying to get leverage and climbed up onto the table with Tracy, kneeling between her legs. He lifted her arse off the tabletop and started pumping again, making the table rock beneath them. Clifford thought for

a second that the furniture might not be up to it, but quickly pushed it out of his mind. All he cared about was being with Tracy.

Stacy was making a small fortune. She was charging \$50 for five minutes in the closet with Janet and had already made \$500. She was worried about not making enough money before Tracy and Clifford made up, but she discovered she could throw three guys at a time in with Janet and all three would come out satisfied. She wasn't sure how they could see where they were putting what, considering how dark it was in there, but she just had to look at the wad of cash to dismiss any worries. As she was counting her money for the fifteenth time she thought she heard a crash come from the kitchen. Stacy smiled quietly to herself.

"Excuse me..."

"Take a number and I'll be right with you," said Stacy, pointing to a ticket vending machine she had found in the corner of the lounge room, next to a stop sign and a goat.

An hour later Stacy decided it was time to see what was happening in the kitchen. She had made a thousand bucks and had just about run out of desperate nerds, even the ones that had come back for seconds and thirds. She tried to push open the kitchen door but something was blocking it. Putting her shoulder to it she gave it everything she had, pushing so hard that the tendons in her neck stood out like wire cables. After five minutes of fruitless effort she decided to change tactics and pulled it open instead. What she saw looked like Beirut on a bad day. Cupboard doors hung open, their contents spilled everywhere, pots and pans dotted the floor, and broken plates and glasses lay everywhere. The place was a scene of mass destruction.

"Tracy? Clifford? Are you two alright?" she asked tentatively, looking around for some sign of life. A creaking sound drew her attention to the far side of the room where the refrigerator door was slowly opening. She could see the pair inside, still coupled and panting like greyhounds that had just done a few quick laps around Ayers Rock. They were covered in food they had obviously tried eating from each other.

"I take it you two have made up," said Stacy, picking her way through the mess.

"Yeah, I guess we have," said Tracy. "Haven't we, Clifford?"

Clifford just nodded. He hadn't managed to regain his breath yet.

"Could you get our clothes please, Stacy?" asked Tracy, pointing to a bundle of clothing hanging from one of the open cupboard doors.

Stacy grabbed the articles and handed them to the pair before standing back to let them exit the refrigerator. "So I guess this means we can go home now?"

"Not yet, I still have to get even with Janet. I intend to get her screwed by every pimply, sweaty, disgusting nerd I can find." She turned to her sister. "Stacy? Why are you laughing?"

The trio slowly made their way down the front stairs of Janet's house. Tracy and Clifford were together again, Stacy had made a small fortune selling Janet's body to the school nerds, and the three were the happiest they had been for nearly a week. The scene outside had calmed

down a bit from when they had arrived. Several dozen bodies lay passed out on the footpath and one girl was wandering around naked calling for someone named Jeff.

"Stacy! Wait up."

The three friends turned to see Janet running down the street after them.

"What is it?" asked Stacy, hiding the money she had made that night behind her back.

"I just wanted to thank you for Miguel the Moroccan. He was incredible. I've never had such a big cock." She kissed Stacy on the cheek before turning back to rejoin the party.

"There really is a Miguel?" Stacy started back towards the party.

Tracy looked at Clifford. "Grab her," she said. The pair grabbed Stacy by the arms and started to drag her away.

"No, wait. I have to find Miguel. Let me go. Let me gooooooooo!"