

School Daze

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Alan closed the textbook and shook his head, taking off his glasses and rubbing his face. "Okay, we're good on Physics, and Math. What else?"

When he opened his eyes Karen looked a little blurred, but he could tell she was smiling. She stacked up their books then pulled out another book, a smaller one. She opened it and said, "Page 49."

Alan sighed, putting on his glasses.

"We can do more Physics if you want," she told him with a smirk.

"No, no -- what's this one?" he asked, moving a little closer.

"Are you sure?" she asked, smirking more and holding the book up to her chest so he couldn't see the pages. "We can stop for the day."

"No, let's keep going. We won't finish the book otherwise," he suggested.

She smiled. "Okay..." She opened the book in front of them both. "Gee, this is another one for your sister -- she's a lot more flexible than me."

Alan nodded, looking at the illustration in the book. "Yeah, she is, just one thing wrong with it."

"What's that?" Karen asked.

Alan made a face. "There's a *guy* in the picture."

Karen chortled a bit and nodded. She looked down at the picture again. "Hmmm... On my right side, right leg straight out on the bed, left leg straight up in the air, one of your knees in front of me, and the other behind me... Shall we?" she suggested with a smile, and running a hand lightly over his chest.

They quickly moved from sitting around the little table in her bedroom to her bed, undressing each other, caressing, touching, kissing. She brought moans from him as she ran her hands over his body. He reciprocated by kissing his way down hers, teasing her with his tongue.

“Oh, I enjoyed Chapter 3,” she moaned as he tongued her.

“So did I,” he rumbled, kissing her mound and warming her up.

After a few minutes, he pulled back, and after stretching, helped move her to her right side.

Karen raised her left leg, looking at him with a lusty glow.

He ran his fingertips along her legs, enjoying the noises she made. He straddled her right leg and eased closer. As he did, she reached down and encouraged him with her fingertips, guiding him into her.

“Oh, that’s better,” she sighed as he slid in.

Each stroke took Alan in deeper. “*Much* better,” she sighed. He moved closer, holding her raised leg and kissing her calf.

“Oh, closer,” she sighed, wrapping her arms around the pillow she’d moved under her head.

He moved forward a bit and rolled his hips, settling in deeper.

“Closer,” she urged.

He hugged her leg and moved closer, advancing his knees on either side of her body, until he couldn’t move any more.

“Oh, that’s good,” she said, looking at him. Still holding his eyes in hers, she started rocking her hips.

Alan moaned and held on to her leg. He reached down and found her button, touching her lightly, letting the motion of her hips do the work, and thrusting into her in counterpoint.

“Oh, that’s it...” she moaned. “More, please ... finger ...”

Alan put more pressure on her button as he held on to her leg with his other arm, closing his eyes and enjoying. He paid more attention to her button, and was rewarded by more motion from her hips, and sounds from her letting him know she was getting very close.

As was he, and Karen could hear and feel it, could feel him slowing slightly, pressing deeper and stiffening up... “Oh yes!” she called out, as she pushed her hands into the bends of

his knees and pulled with her arms as she pushed against him with her torso, mashing them together even more.

That did it for Alan, pushing him over the edge, wrapping both arms around her leg, kissing skin and holding on, pushing deeper and rolling his hips as he filled her.

“Oh nice,” she cooed, moving her hips to swirl him around inside her, coaxing out one more spurt.

As they started to unwind later, she said, “Where do we go from ... uh ...”

Alan moved to his side behind her, straightening his legs and letting hers down, laying down on his side behind her, still attached. He slid his lower arm under her neck, and put his other arm around her waist. She drew it up, kissed his hand, and put his hand on a breast.

“Did you set the clock?” he asked with a sigh.

“Yeah,” she sighed in response, kneading her breast with his hand.

He kissed the back of her neck as they snuggled closer for a nap.

She held his hand between her breasts. “This is the best part,” she whispered.

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Joan’s eyes were closed, her head arched back and her face filled with sexual satisfaction as she held Linda to her breast.

Linda held Joan gently, suckling contentedly, not quite awake, not wanting to be awake.

Joan slid a hand *just so* behind Linda’s head, urging her more to her breast, and was rewarded by Linda’s cry of pleasure. Joan rolled more on top of Linda, pulling her tighter to her breast, suffocating her to her breast.

And Linda loved it, holding on, pulling Joan more on top of her, sucking faster and stronger, not able to breathe...

Until Joan loosened her grip and moved Linda between her breasts.

Linda gasped, snuggling in, filled with the sound of Joan’s heart beating in her ear. She whispered, “Oh God, that is so good...”

Joan held her closer and kissed her on the top of the head. “I agree...”

Linda was practically in tears. “It... It feels so good to go to sleep in your arms, and then wake up being held, sucking on you...”

Joan held Linda close. "Oh, I know... And waking up to you holding me and sucking on me..."

Linda sighed, "And oh the way you make me cum..."

Joan kissed her on the head again. "Mmm... You're pretty good at that yourself..." She moved a little and aimed Linda at her other nipple, which Linda took hungrily.

Linda was suckling happily and contemplating moving a hand between Joan's legs again when Joan laughed softly and gave her a squeeze. Linda moved her head back between Joan's breasts again, relaxing once more to the soothing music of her heart. "What's so funny?" she asked.

Joan sighed. "Oh nothing, us... my parents... I guess I was nine or ten; early one morning I heard something from my parents' bedroom, and I peeked in -- their door wasn't closed all the way. My mom was holding my dad to a tit, holding him tight -- I could see the muscles in her arm -- and the smile she had on her face was amazing, and he was holding her, making noise..."

"Sounds like fun..." Linda said, kissing the side of one of Joan's breasts.

"Oh yeah," Joan agreed, holding Linda.

Linda kissed Joan's right breast again. "Are you still sore? I'm so sorry that I ..."

Joan squeezed her tight. "I'm fine! Oh yeah I was a little sore from you sucking on me *all night long*, but it was a *really good* kind of sore! Every time I felt it, I remembered being with you, holding you and being held, all night long -- that's another thing my folks say, sleeping alone is bad for you..."

"Oh yeah," agreed Linda. "That was so good. We need to do that again, soon. I mean, naps are nice, but the whole night is so much better..."

"And it's going to be my turn," Joan said, "to curl up in your arms and be held..." She ran fingers through Linda's hair.

"Mmm..." Linda agreed. Then she asked, "You mentioned the Senior Prom earlier?"

Joan sighed. "Still want to go?"

Linda burrowed in more. "With you," she sulked.

"Yeah..." Joan sighed. "I didn't tell you, I wanted to work it more, first... A few weeks ago I was riding with my dad, and he asked about the prom, if I was going. I told him, like with who? And he looked at me and said, 'Linda, who else?'"

Linda was startled. "No shit?"

"No shit! Am I glad I wasn't driving! After I recovered, I told him I didn't know how we could do that. And he suggested I find a beard."

"A what?" Linda asked.

"That's like what I said -- what's that mean, so he explained, like, find a couple of guys who are in the same position, and like work it out so we could all..."

Linda pulled away and said loudly, "NOT PETER!"

Joan gave her a strange and surprised look and pulled her back where she belonged. "Fuck no, not Peter!" she agreed vehemently. She put Linda back on a nipple, which Linda took with an intensity that closed Joan's eyes and curled her toes. "I don't even know who or what he's going with this week, and I don't give a damn! No, I remembered what my bro told me about their trip," Joan continued on after a her toes uncurled.

Linda pulled away from Joan's nipple for a moment. "Sorry... It's just that Peter is just such a flaming gay asshole..."

Joan laughed, holding her. "Oh yeah... But on the trip..."

"What trip?" Linda interrupted, putting little kisses on Joan's breasts as she spoke.

"Alan is in choir, and choir and the orchestra went to Seattle over Spring Break, remember?"

"Oh, okay, guess I do -- so?"

"Well, Alan was supposed to room with another choir dude, Dennis. But Dennis asked Alan if he could, please, switch so Larry in the orchestra could stay with him! And Alan was cool with that."

"Dennis in choir and Larry in the orchestra? Haven't heard of them being a couple, or seen them."

"Oh, you've seen them -- once you start watching, you notice, but they're really cool. Not like flaming Peter and whatever he's pawing and drooling on at the moment. They just hang out together like good buds, like Alan and his geek friends from Java or Linux lab."

"And so?"

Joan sighed and gave Linda another squeeze. "And so I like *talked* to them, to Dennis and Larry, to see if they wanted to go to the Prom and would be cool with a double date."

Linda smiled and snuggled closer again, closing her eyes as she pressed the side of her head between Joan's breasts. "Oh, this sounds good... What happened? They interested?"

"Oh yeah! Turns out they've wanted to come out of the closet all year! Well, sort of. They're all for it. We can get together and talk more ..."

"Today?" Linda asked excitedly.

Joan gave her a squeeze. "We *could* have done it today, but *someone* was *so hot* to drag me back to her bed..."

Linda pushed her lower lip out in a pout, and kissed the side of the breast closest to her. "I missed you. We haven't had any time together for *days*..."

"Yeah, like *three*..."

"Well..." Linda sulked.

Joan sighed and held her, rocking her gently. "Oh I miss it too, really I do," she said softly. "I miss holding you, and being held."

Linda smiled again, holding Joan and pulling her more on top.

Joan smiled. "Want to hear more? Or talk later?"

Linda chuckled. "Talk!" she said, giving Joan a quick squeeze.

"They thought about it and talked it over. We can get together tomorrow after school like at Jamba Juice and work out details. I told them we'd give them money for one of the bids, and I'd help pay for limo and dinner and shit."

Linda made happy noises as she hugged Joan and spread kisses over her breasts, working her way up her neck, ending in a passionate liplock.

Smiling broadly and looking in Joan's eyes she said, "Oh thank you! This is going to be so cool!"

Joan nodded with a smirk. "We ain't out of the woods yet sweetie -- Larry is Asian and Dennis is Indian -- which one will freak out *your* parents the least?"

Linda sighed, her smile disappearing. "Yeah... You? At least you're white... Probably Larry..." She sighed again. "I'll talk to mom. Probably Larry. You won't have a problem?"

Joan cradled Linda to her shoulder. "Nah -- I figure my folks know it's a ruse anyway. When mom did girl scouts, we had lots of Asian and Indian kids; not something that bugs them."

“You’re so lucky,” Linda sighed.

“We’re so lucky,” Joan corrected her. “We’re so lucky your folks don’t get home till late, and are so cool with me sleeping over.”

“Clueless is more like it,” Linda muttered. “Dad would have a fucking cow...”

“Shhh,” Joan whispered in her ear, moving a hand to Linda’s breasts, touching softly, enticingly.

“Ohhhh....” Linda sighed.

“I’m hungry, and I need to be held and comforted,” Joan whispered in Linda’s ear as she gently teased and encouraged a rapidly tightening nipple.

“Mmmmm,” sighed Linda lustily, moving up in her bed a bit and easing Joan down. “I know what you need...”

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Sharon gave the salad another toss, sprinkling on some grated Romano cheese and reaching for the pepper grinder.

“Alan! Your turn to feed the dog!” she called out. “Joan, please set the table, now! Rob, we could use a bottle of white wine!”

At least the dog responded, hustling into the kitchen and sitting in front of the cabinet holding his dog food, his tail wagging enthusiastically.

“Rob! Alan! Joan!” Sharon called out again. She looked at the dog. “Go talk to Alan -- he’s feeding you tonight!”

A few minutes later, the family was sitting at the dining room table.

“Happy Wednesday,” Rob said, lifting his wine glass. The members of the family raised their glasses, the traditional start of their evening meal.

“Passthebreadplease,” Alan muttered as he spooned veggies on to his plate.

“You two look like you had a good day at school,” Rob mentioned a short time later. Alan shrugged and took a piece of bread from the basket, passing it to his mom.

“Not too bad,” agreed Joan.

Sharon added, "Alan, I received a very nice note from Karen's parents -- her grades in Physics and Math have really picked up, and your French grade has improved a lot, too."

"That's great!" Rob agreed. "Should have started doing that earlier."

"Yeah," Joan smirked, looking at her brother. "How are you doing on your book project? Kimberly says they're almost halfw... Ow! He kicked me!" she exclaimed loudly.

Alan gave his sister a smug look and said, "If you'd read it, you'd know it isn't about who finishes *first*."

Joan smirked and chortled at that. "I've read chapter three..."

Alan's turn to smirk. "Bet you have -- it's one of my favorites."

"Really?" his sister asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, really!" Alan said with a smug smile.

"What book is this? Is it for drama?" Sharon asked. Drama was the only class Alan and Joan had in common.

Joan gave her brother a sly how you gonna get out of this look and raised an eyebrow.

"It's an extra-credit thing some of us are doing for ..." Alan started to explain.

"Paired up to do," Joan interrupted, swing her legs wide on her chair so Alan couldn't kick her again, and he tried.

"Yeah, mostly drama kids," Alan agreed giving his sister a brief but nasty look. "Oh, dad -- we need to pick up some lights at Musson on Saturday, and some sheets of cheesy ply for the flats we're building," he added, trying to change the subject.

"What book is it?" Sharon asked.

"It's a translation of an old thing, sort of like Canterbury Tales," Alan offered. "Oh, and we could use your help putting on connectors -- you're better at soldering the bigger stuff," he returned to his dad.

Joan was having a hard time keeping a straight face. Alan gave her a poisonous stare.

"Now was that nice?" Sharon accused her son.

"Wasn't meant to be," he replied, stabbing a slice of tomato from the salad bowl with his fork, still glowering at his sister.

“Oh crap,” Rob muttered. “I left a file I need at work -- would you like to drive me there and back after dinner, sweetie?” Rob asked his daughter.

“Sure!” she agreed. She stuck out her tongue at her brother quickly.

“Joan!” Sharon chastised.

The dog took this as the signal that dinner was over, and he could come into the dining room to help with the dishes.

“Who invited you, fur face?” Alan told the dog crossly, pointing to the doorway. “Out!”

The dog looked confused, but left the dining room, laying down just outside the boundary, well, maybe with his front paws in the dining room. He put his head down with a disgusted furry sigh.

Rob chuckled and held his nearly empty wine glass out to Alan, who was sitting closest to the wine bottle. “Please?” he asked, “and mom needs some more as well.”

“Yes I do,” she agreed.

*

Later that night in their bathroom, Rob hugged his wife as she was trying to brush her teeth.

“You are so lucky,” he told her, holding her and kissing her neck.

“What for this time?” she asked, rinsing her mouth.

“You’re lucky I’m so tired -- I just need to be held,” he sighed, moving to his sink and washing up.

She put a hand on his back, leaning on him a little. “I know what you need... What did you and Joanie talk about?”

“Mmph -- was I that transparent?” Rob answered, spitting out a mouthful of toothpaste.

Sharon chuckled and rubbed his back. “I love you. You were very good.”

Rob wound his arms around her, leaning his head on her shoulder and kissing her neck.

“The prom,” he said. “She’s asking Linda.”

“But how?” queried Sharon.

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“When we talked about it earlier, I told her to get a beard -- find a couple of boys in a similar predicament and...”

“Not Peter!” Sharon exclaimed.

“Shhh!” Rob said, giving her a squeeze. “No, of course not Peter -- our daughter is brighter than that! She found a likely pair; the four of them are going to talk tomorrow after school.”

Sharon held her husband. “That sounds wonderful... Still, I worry about Linda’s parents...”

“We talked about that -- so have they -- one of the boys is Asian, the other Indian.”

Sharon sighed. “And that poor girl’s father is as redneck as they come...”

“They’re well aware -- they figure the Asian kid is the better choice; he’s in orchestra, and has scholarships to Stanford. I told her we’d cover their ticket, and kick in for half the limo and dinner so the boys don’t get stuck with everything.”

“Oh Rob,” Sharon sighed.

Rob kissed her on the neck again. “I haven’t seen her happier, or with better grades, in a long time. And I gather Linda’s grades have picked up markedly as well.”

Sharon nodded. “I know; they’re so happy together. And our little boy -- I got a note from his French teacher -- if he keeps at it, he’ll get an ‘A’ in the class! And Karen’s parents are overjoyed! Evidently she’d been hanging around with some pretty wild kids; our Alan is a moderating influence!”

“I’m glad he’s figured it out,” Rob agreed.

“Happy, healthy, and loved -- that’s what’s important,” Sharon whispered, holding him.

“And I love *you*,” he said, standing up and moving his hands to caress her breasts.

“I love you, darling -- let’s go to bed,” she told him, “and we’ll see just how tired you are...”

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