

A Not So Sheltered Life

When the car stopped at the end of the driveway, Margo Townsend came out of her reverie to see where she'd been delivered to THIS time.

What she saw surprised her: a somewhat large house that was connected by an enclosed walkway to a larger building that she figured could only be a dorm. They'd said they were taking her to a group home, so she figured the long building with a lot of windows had to be the "group" part of it. On the other side of the house, there was a smaller building off by itself that looked like it could be anything. Dropping away from the buildings, the driveway bisected an amazing stretch of well-manicured lawn. The buildings themselves looked to be in excellent condition — neat, clean, and freshly painted. Scattered around were a number of large trees that provided plenty of shade for the benches and other seating underneath them.

Her examination of the grounds was interrupted by Mrs. Fields opening the door and cheerily telling her "Okay, Margo, we're here! I'm *sure* you're going to just **love** it here — there are plenty of other girls already here, and I just know you're going to find plenty of people to be friends with! And Mister Harrison is such a GOOD man, building a separate place for unlucky girls like you to stay, and providing you with absolutely *everything* you need: clothes, schooling, food, a safe place to sleep and clean up, and even POCKET money!"

The first time Margo had met Mrs. Fields, she'd hated the woman right on the spot: that one person could be so overwhelmingly cheery and disgustingly positive was both depressing and frightening at the same time. Since that time, Margo's opinion of the old bat (well into her sixties, Margo was sure) had only gone downhill. At no point during any of the several "discussions" they'd had had Mrs. Fields ever let her get more than a couple of words out... and never so much as a complete sentence. It seemed that any time the conversation even thought about going in a direction other than what Mrs. Fields thought it should, she'd speak up and just bulldoze her way over anyone else. Margo had finally given up trying to speak, and contented herself with nodding and the infrequent "mmm-hmm".

As the two of them walked toward the front door, Margo ignored Mrs. Fields' verbal diarrhea in favor of continuing to look around as surreptitiously as she could. She was able to spot a tennis court and a large swimming pool before having to pull up short to avoid bumping into Mrs. Fields. The door they were in front of was a massive wooden thing, obviously hand-carved and expensive. Next to it was a button for a doorbell; above that was an equally expensive-looking cast metal sign that said "Harrison Academy". A minute or so after the old woman pressed the button for the bell, the door opened, revealing a middle-aged man dressed in casual but clearly high-end clothing. On seeing him, Mrs. Fields exclaimed "It's such a *pleasure* to see you again, Mr. Harrison, though I'm sorry about the reason. This is Margo Townsend, the young woman I called you about."

The man stepped aside, and invited them in, then led them to a large room that was clearly his office. After seating himself behind a massive oak desk, he asked if they wanted anything. Mrs. Fields asked for tea, and Margo requested a Coke. The man pressed a button on the phone on his desk, and told someone to bring in the requested items, as well as coffee. That done, he sat back and chatted with Mrs. Fields until a young girl came in with a tray bearing the drinks. She served all of them, then gave the man a smile before leaving again.

"Isn't that Denise? Denise Richards?", Mrs. Fields wanted to know.

The man smiled and answered "Yes, it is. Quite a change from when she got here, wouldn't you say?"

"It is, indeed! Why, the day I brought her here, she was *quite* vocal about how we couldn't do that to her, that she wasn't going to stay, and all **manner** of things. And rather loudly and crudely, I might add!", Mrs. Fields responded. Turning to Margo, she said "The young lady that was just here is someone I brought here myself, not six months ago. Believe me, she'd been in MUCH worse conditions than you were... and NOW look at her!"

With that, the man sat up and told Margo "Mrs. Fields has told me who you are, and has probably only told you that I'm Mr. Harrison. My first name is Thomas, but I ask everyone to just call me Tom. Knowing Mrs. Fields, she's probably also told you some about this place, but hasn't explained things or told you how it works here. So what I'd like to do is take care of that; then you can decide if you want to stay here or not."

Seeing the surprise on Margo's face, he laughed and told her "That's right — you don't have to stay here. That's one of the first things I want to explain to you: Mrs. Fields is here to listen while I tell you about myself, this place, and what we do here. After you hear all that, it's **your** choice about whether to stay or not; I won't have anyone that doesn't want to be here. So please pay attention so you can make the decision that's right for YOU, okay?"

Margo nodded her head, and Tom began to tell her the kinds of things that she'd *wanted* to know, but Mrs. Fields hadn't said anything about.

"I'm Tom Harrison. My family was dirt poor as I was growing up, and I went into the military as soon as I was old enough to get away from the poverty. The Air Force decided I might be a good mechanic, and ran me through a bunch of schools. Well, it turned out they were right — with the schooling they provided, I was able to do pretty good. After I got out, I went to college to get a degree. While I was still in school, I got a couple of ideas and after filing the rough edges off of them, got them patented. Those patents got the attention of some companies, and with the help of a pretty sharp lawyer, I started making some money off them. Once I graduated, I had a few more ideas, and did the same thing: got them into workable shape, patented them, and then worked deals with companies that were interested in using them. That got me enough breathing space that I could see what else I could come up with without having to worry about getting a real job. Since then, I've continued to have good ideas and make money off them. One of the things that I learned in the military is that we all have to be able to depend on each other to one extent or another; since I could easily have found myself homeless and on my own well before I was anywhere near ready to survive, I decided to establish a facility to help those that weren't as lucky as I was. Boys can usually manage to take care of themselves, but girls are subject to a lot more potential abuse, so I focused on helping young women. I didn't want to just take the storehouse approach that most places do; that's why there are a limited number of girls here. The youngest is thirteen and the oldest is sixteen, and all of them came here from the streets by way of one of the social assistance agencies such as the one Mrs. Fields is with."

"There are two girls to a room, and two rooms share a full bathroom. Rooms lock individually, and the entire residence building locks down at ten at night except for the alarmed emergency exits until six the next morning. You are expected to be in the building between those hours, for your safety and our peace of mind; otherwise, you're free to come and go at will to wherever strikes your fancy. The only exception to that is that for the first thirty days, you're restricted to the grounds here except for school

when it's in session. For transportation, you can walk or ride the bicycle we'll be happy to give you. If you want to ride the city bus, we'll provide you with subsidized passes that you'll pay for. Meals are served three times a day, and you can pick which one of several different choices you want in advance. There are also snack machines available. While you're in school, your school supplies will be provided. If you want to participate in any extra-curricular activities, you're welcome to do so; if that activity is something that incurs an expense, you'll be expected to pay part of that cost by performing extra chores, above those that you'll be assigned. You'll receive a regular allowance as long as you do the jobs you're given. Nobody will fuss at you if you don't do them — but you won't get all of your allowance, either. The work assignments aren't difficult, and nearly all of them are things that you'd be expected to help with almost anywhere you went. You'll be given a minimal clothing inventory; anything you want beyond that is your own responsibility. The same applies to your grooming needs... you'll get shampoo with conditioner and beauty soap; cosmetics or anything else are up to you. For your feminine needs, we provide both internal and external generic products. If you want something specific, it will be up to you to get it."

Taking a breath, he went on "Our rules here are brief, but written down — you'll get the chance to read them over before making your decision. Basically, they amount to specific examples of the golden rule... if you can play well with others, then you'll be fine. Again, a lesson from the military: there is a clearly defined hierarchy here, and if you can't get something resolved by someone at one level, then you know exactly who to go to next, until you finally end up talking to me. The same applies to disciplinary actions: if there's a problem, we try to resolve it at the lowest level possible. That usually works quite well, since the higher a problem goes, the more severe the consequences or harsh the solution. We try to foster cooperation here, but we also understand that people may have reasons for acting the way they do, so as long as you don't get into physical confrontations with others, you're free to do as you please. Considering where some of the girls here have come from, and what they've been through, I think you'll find that if you can bring yourself to talk about whatever is bothering you, there are others that will understand and help — but that is YOUR choice; nobody here is going to pry or push. If there's anybody you want to communicate with, you're allowed unlimited letters in or out; phone calls are limited to ten minutes once a day. There is one computer per room that you'll share with your roommate, so email and the like are up to you and the other person. There's no restriction on who you can have as friends, or who you hang out with... you can have whatever association with anyone else that you and they agree on. If you have any questions, you're encouraged to ask one of the other girls, or any of the staff. If there's a problem of some kind, we'd prefer that you try to get it settled as quickly and quietly as possible. Finally, if you see or hear about something going on that you know is wrong, or aren't sure about, *please* tell one of the staff—anything you say to any of us is **strictly** confidential, so no one will ever know who said anything about it."

Margo nodded that she understood, and after a few seconds, he asked "Would you like to see the room you'd be staying in?"

That was enough to get Margo to finally speak up by telling him "Yeah, I would." She'd been in enough different facilities to know that the actual living conditions were a pretty good indicator of what a place was really like.

Hearing that, Tom got up, as did Mrs. Fields. Tom led the way out of his office, through a couple of turns, then out a door and down the covered walkway leading to the other building. Once at the door at the end of the walkway, Tom pulled a small card out of his pocket and put it in a slot next to the door.

Margo could hear a small alarm sound for several seconds, after which Tom told her "If you choose to stay here, you'll be given an ID card. Any time you enter this building, you'll need to slide it into this reader to open the door and so we know you're here. MY card is different: it turns on an alarm that lets everyone in this building know that there's a male in the building so there aren't any... incidents. After the alarm ends, there's a twenty second delay before the door unlocks, so that girls that might not be fully clothed can find someplace to go before I get inside."

A second or two after he finished, Margo heard the door release a loud "THUNK!"; Tom opened it, and she and Mrs. Fields followed him into the building. He led the way up a set of stairs, then down a carpeted hallway with doors regularly spaced along the walls. When he got to one in particular, he pulled a keyring out of his pocket and used one of the keys to unlock it. Before opening it completely, he loudly announced "This is Tom, wanting to show a new girl her room." There wasn't any reply, and after a couple of seconds, he opened the door and led them inside.

When Margo looked around, she was surprised by what she saw: not only were the furnishings good, but whoever had designed the room had taken the time and trouble to ensure that each of the residents had at least some private space while making it possible for them to share the common facilities. She could see that each person had ample closet and dresser space, plus separate storage for personal items like jewelry and the like. Each person had a small desk area that was immediately next to the shared computer. Looking at the computer, Margo was mildly impressed to see that it was a solid mid-line model; not high-end, but certainly an improvement over the obsolete cast-offs she was used to seeing. The door to the shared bathroom was obvious, and Margo went in to have a look. It was clean, in good repair, and had clearly-defined areas for each of the four users to keep her individual items.

Going back into the other room, Margo went to the unoccupied area and opened the door to the closet; inside, she found what could only be the "basic" clothing Mr. Harrison had mentioned. Again, it wasn't top-line, but definitely better than the donated items she was used to. Similarly, it wasn't cutting-edge fashionable, but more of the "basic staples" variety—as were the underthings and accessories she found in one of the dresser drawers. Nothing she saw was particularly noteworthy... but taken as a whole, it told her a lot.

Looking at Tom, she said "Thank you for letting me see this. I'd like to stay here, if it's still okay."

Mrs. Fields, of course, looked pleased as she could be; Tom just smiled briefly and answered "Of course it's okay. If you'll follow me back to my office?"

When they were outside the building, Tom slid his card into the slot again; Margo heard another alarm, but with a different tone. She realized almost immediately that it was an "all clear" signal to the residents, letting them know that they had the place to themselves again. She and Mrs. Fields both followed Tom back to his office, where they both took their previous seats. Tom got some papers out of a folder and passed them across to Margo, saying "This first one is the rules here, the second is the disciplinary process, and the last one is a list of the things that we've provided you. If you'll read the first two and sign them, Mrs. Fields will sign as an independent witness that you read them. You and she will each get a copy to keep, and the last will go into your folder here. The list is so you can make sure you got everything you're supposed to; if something is missing, let us know."

The rules and discipline papers were each only a single page, and didn't take long to read. Both were written explanations of what he'd already told her, and she didn't have any qualms about signing each. After Mrs. Fields had signed, Tom separated out the pages and distributed them. That accomplished, he

had them follow him into another room where Margo had her picture taken for the ID card she was given, along with a key and the explanation "IF there's ever a power outage to the building, you can still get in using your room key—which only works on YOUR room. You'll see that there's an ID number on the card; if you can remember to use it, it'll help keep things organized, but we don't *demand* you use it. If you're willing to accept that there will be more mistakes or misunderstandings if you do, you're certainly free to just use your name for things like your meal tickets and the like."

Margo voiced her understanding, and Tom led the way back to his office. When they were all seated again, he asked "Is there anything you don't understand, or aren't sure about? Or are you ready to get settled in? Do you have any bags or anything?"

Margo answered "No, thank you. You've made it pretty clear."

Mrs. Field spoke then, saying "Margo has just the one bag, and it's out in the trunk."

Margo was silently grateful that the old biddy had said "bag" instead of "worn out old knapsack", which is what it really was. Tom answered "That's fine. If you want to get it, Margo, Mrs. Fields is certainly free to help you get moved in, if you want. I doubt that you need or want me around for that, so I'll be staying here for a while; if you think of anything you need to ask or want to say, any of the other girls or staff can tell you how to get back here. Don't worry if you get a little bit lost: nobody's going to get on you about it, and you'll learn your way around soon enough."

With that, Mrs. Fields got up with the obvious intention of leaving; Margo followed her example, and the two of them went out to the car. When Margo had her knapsack full of meager belongings in her hand, Mrs. Fields asked "Do you need any help, dear, or can you manage from here?"—something that struck Margo as completely out of character. Still, she'd be glad to be rid of the old bat, and answered "I think I can handle it, Mrs. Fields. Thank you, anyway."

"I think you can, too, Margo", the older woman said. "You're not like *most* of the girls that I've brought out here, and I'm sure you're going to do just fine!" before moving to the car door. After giving Margo a small wave, she got into the car; as she was getting it started, Margo turned and headed for the walkway and her new home.

When she got to her room, Margo discovered that the other girl—a blond like her—was there.

"You must be the new girl", the other said. "My name is Isabelle."

"Margo", Margo said as she made her way to her bed. Setting her knapsack down, she took the sheet listing all the things she'd been given and opened her closet. Before she could get started, however, Isabelle told her "You really don't have to worry about that. They have a checklist they use, and whichever one of us that puts all the stuff together has to get one of the staff to double-check it. Since you're rooming with me, I was the one that got it all together and put it away for you. But you don't know me yet, and you're new, so if you want to check it anyway, I won't mind."

Margo considered it for a moment, then answered "Cool, thanks. It wouldn't hurt to make sure the sizes are close enough, though."

Isabelle responded by saying "Sure, that's probably a good idea. They told me how old you are, and showed me a picture, so I had to guess at some of the sizes."

Putting word to deed, Margo quietly went about checking the sizes on several things; while she was at

it, she also kept count and surreptitiously checked the list she'd been given. To her relief, the few classes of items that she checked were correct both in size and quantity. When she was done, she told Isabelle "Everything's fine; thank you."

"No prob. When I got here, *my* roommate did it for me, so I'm just passing it along."

Margo sat where she and Isabelle could see each other and, after a moments hesitation, asked "What Mr. Harrison told me about this place sounded pretty good, and it **seems** like it's nice enough—but what's it like REALLY?"

"Not as good as they want people outside to believe, but nowhere near as bad as a lot of places."

"C'mon, really. What's going on here?"

Isabella looked at Margo for several seconds, then seemed to reach a decision before answering "If all you're after is three hots and a cot while you finish school, it's fine. As long as you only need what they give you for free and only need the allowance they pay you, you'll be okay. If you only need a few real friends, that's good. But anything beyond that... I think you'll find out that life here isn't as sweet and nice as Tom and everybody makes it sound."

"How's that?"

Isabelle considered for a few moments before answering "Okay, Tom told you that you can do extra work to make more money, right?" Margo nodded, and Isabelle went on "Well, to get that extra work—at least, the stuff that doesn't suck donkey balls or pays halfway decent—you've got to get hooked up with the right people. And that means to get what YOU want, they've got to get what THEY want. Same thing with getting anything more than the free stuff, except with different people. As for the friends... there's only a few girls here, maybe a dozen, that don't play the game. They're the only ones that are honest and straight-up and everything as you'd want a friend to be; the thing about them is that they won't put you down for doing whatever you figure you have to, but they won't listen to any bitching and moaning about it, either. I've only been here a couple of months myself, but I've already figured out that it isn't an all or nothing deal. If you only want a little bit, you only have to DO a little bit. But if you want it all... well, you're pretty much selling yourself unless you can figure out how to make it to the top of the food chain. And even if you make it THAT far, you'd still have to deal with Tom."

"Deal with Tom how?"

Isabelle looked uncomfortable as she answered "I haven't actually seen it myself, but I've heard too many people talking, so I have to believe it: he isn't the angel he pretends to be. Nobody knows how, but he seems to *know* if girls start any kind of, uh, relationship, and he somehow gets them to, you know, **perform** for him. Once that starts, most girls can't keep the relationship going. If there's something special you want, or you don't want to have to deal with the other staff, you can ask him directly; but if you do, he's going to want something from you. Something... personal."

"What do you mean 'personal'?"

"Personal like something physical... sexual. If you're lucky, it's just for him to get to look at you naked and touch you a little bit. Or he might want something like a blowjob, which isn't too bad, I suppose. But if it's big enough, he'll want to fuck you—maybe even in the ass. And if it's something that happens again and again, you'll have to KEEP doing whatever it is. You had to have gotten the welcome speech

he gives everyone; Denise got the job as his 'personal assistant' because she was the first one to decide she was okay with having him playing with her tits and ass, and even finger-fucking her sometimes. I've heard that she even blows him sometimes, too. You can't tell by the clothes she wears, but she doesn't wear a bra or panties so Tom can get his hands on her as fast and easy as he can."

Both of them were silent for several seconds before Margo asked "What about the rest of the staff?"

"Almost all of the women are flat-out gay; the few of them that aren't are at least bi. There're a few guys, but they're all in the closet. They're only here to make it look good. For all of the staff, they'll give you a fair deal as long as it isn't against one of the players. If that happens, then you've got to come across with something they want—usually you—to even things up. That's why I said that if all you're after is to slide through here, you're fine. Anything more than that, though, and you can be sure it's going to cost you *something*: time, money, or most probably, sex."

"What about the basics, then? Anything special about them?"

"No, *that* part of all this is the real deal", Isabelle answered. "The chores we get aren't hard, and there's almost always plenty of people assigned to them, so you won't have to work at them too much. You've seen that the clothes are pretty lame, but girls get different styles and colors, and they don't care if you trade around. Of course, if you do and the other girl knows you want it bad enough, there'll be some kind of 'favor' she'll ask for. The shampoo and soap and such are pretty plain-vanilla, but they work OK. Same thing with the pads and tampons. As long as you're using the stuff they provide, it's safe in the bathroom; but if you get anything too good, it'll probably get used up faster than you expect. You're on your own for laundry; there's plenty of machines down in the basement, and there's a schedule sheet that you put your name on. Our bathroom door locks on this side, and there's a deadbolt thingy on the inside so whoever's in there can use it without being interrupted. If you forget to unlock it when you're done, you WILL hear about it—so don't. Mostly, girls just lock the bathroom door when they're on the toilet; that way it isn't tied up all the time. It's kind of a rule that if you're in the shower and you hear someone come in and use the toilet, you wait until you hear them leave before you get out. You're new, so the other girls are going to *look* if they see you in there at first, but that's it."

"You said something about girls here getting into relationships?" Margo asked.

"Yeah. Nobody's going to grab your ass or anything, but if somebody wants to get something going with you, you'll know it. If you're not interested, that's cool; just be nice about it and there won't be any trouble."

Margo nodded, then said "What about the rest of the time?"

"If you see one or two people kind of off by themselves, you don't just walk up to them. Stand back a little ways where they can see you, and if they don't mind company, they'll let you know. Otherwise, just keep going—some of the people here have had some seriously tough trouble, and a few of them can get pretty hardass when they're upset."

"What about meals?"

"You'll get whatever they give you tonight. But with supper, you'll get a list of what the choices are for the next day; just mark the ones you want and put your name or ID on the sheet—ID is best, but name usually works okay—and drop it in the box on your way out of the dining room. You probably haven't seen it yet, but there's another building that has a small dining room and a rec area. The rec area isn't

bad, but it's not all that good, either. Oh, I almost forgot: the only place to keep your stuff that locks is that top drawer, there; the key is inside. The one thing that Tom and the staff don't get involved in is how we deal with anybody that gets caught stealing. For the stuff they give us, nobody really cares much, but for anything personal or special, it's different. Right after I got here, a new girl stole a necklace from someone else. It wasn't expensive or fancy or anything, but she still got her ass kicked by damn near *everybody* even after she gave it back. She didn't have to go to the hospital or anything, but it was plain as it could be that SOMETHING happened to her, and nobody ever said anything about it. Anyway, the only other person that can open that drawer is Tom, and he'll only do it if they have some reason to think you've got something completely illegal in it. Otherwise, if they come in to do any kind of inspection or anything—which doesn't happen very often, anyway—that's the one place they won't even ASK to look in. So if you've got, like, a fourteen inch vibrator, that's the place to keep it!" Isabelle said, with a laugh.

Margo laughed, too, and answered "Sorry, nothing like that... I couldn't afford to keep it in batteries!", making Isabelle laugh in return.

The two of them chatted for nearly an hour when Isabelle wanted to know "Do you mind if I ask how you ended up here?"

Sighing, Margo answered "Probably like everyone else: a bunch of bullshit going on at home that I didn't want to deal with."

Isabelle nodded and said "Yeah, that sounds about right. Listen, that's one of the things that you can talk to damn near any one of us about and not have it get around. So if you ever DO want to talk to anybody about it, you don't have to worry about anyone else knowing. Me, my folks divorced, which sucked, but I learned to live with it. But when my mom got married again, my stepdad seemed to think that he was marrying ME, too. He started out just kind of hinting he'd like to do stuff with me, and I tried to shut him down without doing anything to make him bitch to my mom about me. But he kept getting worse and worse, and even grabbing my ass and rubbing himself against me. That's when I tried to tell my mom what was going on, but she didn't want to hear it. Finally, one night when mom was out with some friends of hers, he came into my bedroom naked and tried to get into bed with me. I managed to give him a shot to the balls and he limped out. I started getting stuff together, and after I heard my mom get home and go to bed, I packed everything, took the money I had, and split. Haven't been back since."

With a wry laugh, Isabelle added "I had what I thought was a pretty good chunk of money, but it didn't last as long as I thought it would. I finally had to start living on the street and panhandling to get enough money to eat. I was working the bus station one night when a couple of college kids came by and decided I needed to go with them. I knew I didn't want to, and was fighting and kicking and scratching and screaming and everything I could, but nobody did anything to help me. If a cop hadn't heard me a block away and come to see what was going on, I'd probably be toast. Anyway, when he pulled up, the kids took off and he went after one of them. That's when I split, too. The next day, I went to one of those runaway places, and they got me hooked up with a place to stay until something opened up where I could go back to school and everything. I left home when I was fourteen, and turned fifteen in that shelter. Anyway, that's how I ended up here. It isn't great, but it beats hell out of panhandling and eating what other people don't throw away when they leave a fast food joint, trying to sleep in some abandoned building while worrying about rats and bugs and who's going to find me, and maybe getting

fucked over by somebody I never met before. Can you believe I'm actually carrying a 3.7 at school, even?"

Margo looked at her roommate with heightened respect as she answered "Yeah, I *can* believe it."

In his office, Tom Harrison typed a few commands into the keyboard of his computer; moments later, the screen showed him a view of the room he'd assigned the new girl to while the sounds of their conversation came out of his speakers.

Despite (or perhaps because of) the blowjob he'd gotten from Denise before she left for the day, he was anxious to see what Margo looked like: she was certainly pretty enough, and the clothes she had on suggested she had a better body than he was used to seeing. Disappointed that all that was happening was Isabelle telling Margo how she'd ended up at his facility, Tom began cycling through the rest of the large number of cameras he'd had installed while the building was going up. Though the architect didn't know it, the changes he'd insisted on guaranteed that he'd have clear views of almost all of each of the dorm rooms, as well as the bathrooms and anyplace else that he'd thought he might find some action. Then he'd been surprised to learn just how cheap digital video cameras had gotten; his original estimation for hardware had allowed him to install not just fixed-position and -focus cameras, but ones with pan, tilt, and zoom. With the money he had available, it hadn't been difficult to find an out of work computer geek to design and configure the hardware and software. Getting the cameras and wiring installed had been even easier: paying top dollar for the construction had guaranteed him a pool of likely co-conspirators; finding the couple of them that he needed who were most amenable to a hefty chunk of under-the-table money ensured timely and quality installations. He didn't know all the ins and outs of what was going on... he was a mechanical engineer, and only knew enough about computers to be able to use them to get his work done. When they broke or acted up, he had his choice of nerds to call on to correct things.

As he went through the cameras, all he saw was the things that he was already familiar with: he already knew which girls were lovers, and he'd already seen all of them in various stages of undress, and even masturbating. The sole exception to that was, of course, the new girl, who he looked in on again. Isabelle was still bringing her up to speed on how the place worked, so he shut the monitoring software down. He wasn't particularly disappointed; while he'd been *hoping* to see Margo in some stage of undress, he hadn't really expected it to happen that soon.

As he sat there imagining the body that Margo might have under the clothes she'd been wearing, he felt himself growing longer and heavier in his pants... and realized that the blowjob Denise had given him had only whetted his appetite. What he really needed was to get **laid**. With that realization, he knew just what he wanted to do; after making a phone call, he told the person that answered he needed to see Laura in his office. The other person said they'd send her over, and that ended the conversation.

As he waited, he thought about who he'd asked for. Laura Stenson was the second youngest girl in the facility, but by less than a month. Her mother had died when Laura was only two and her older sister, Susan, only five. After that, their father had gradually turned to his daughters for fulfill his sexual desires. The older girl was old enough to know that what he was doing with them was wrong, but didn't know who to go to for help. As both girls grew, their father had gotten them more and more involved in pleasuring him: from simply having them masturbate him at first, he'd gone farther and farther with them. Even though he was physically intimate with both of them, he refrained from actually penetrating

Laura in favor of focusing his attentions on Susan. Susan had been only ten when he first sodomized her; she'd barely started puberty before he deflowered her. It was after she'd turned fifteen and told one of her teachers about what was happening that things went tits-up. The teacher had called the father to ask about the accusations, which he'd (of course) denied. When he got home, he'd beaten Susan severely before drinking himself into a stupor. While he slept, Susan had carefully tied him to his bed, then gotten a knife from the kitchen and used it to remove all his genitalia. Once he'd bled out, she'd calmly called the police and told them what she'd done—and why.

In the resulting furor, Laura had been sent to see a child psychologist several times to see if she was okay. By that point, she knew better than to reveal all she'd been through... she'd seen Susan taken away for telling what had happened, and since she didn't know where her sister had gone, she wasn't inclined to say anything that might cause her to find out. Accordingly, she'd solemnly claimed that nothing had ever happened between her and her father. She was willing to concede that she knew "something" was going on between him and Susan, but never admitted to having witnessed any of it. Between that and the medical exam she received verifying that she hadn't experienced any physical penetration, the authorities were finally willing to conclude that there wasn't anything wrong with her. What they didn't know, of course, was that after all she'd been through, she considered *any* kind of sex between any female and male to be perfectly reasonable and normal,

Tom had actually felt somewhat protective of her when she'd first arrived. It wasn't until he'd had to call her into his office for some infraction or other that he'd learned how unnecessary that was: after he'd explained that he couldn't let her keep doing what she'd done, she'd calmly asked "Could you make an exception for me? You can fuck me if you want, if that'll make it okay." Surprised by her response, he'd gotten the entire story from her. When he'd asked, she'd readily taken all her clothes off and sat on the edge of his desk and spreading her legs to show him that she was, in fact, still a virgin. She also offered to suck his cock, or let him fuck her in the ass if he had something slippery. Showing a measure of self-control that surprised even himself, he sent her away. But only until the following Saturday, when the office staff was gone. When he'd asked her to come to his office, she'd turned up promptly, and immediately stripped to bare skin. Tom had spent the next four hours enjoying everything she had to offer him: first she'd given him a blowjob that was easily as good as any he'd ever gotten before. When he recovered from that, she readily gave him her virginity—easily, and enthusiastically once they got going. The *coup de grace* had come when he'd been the first one to learn just how warm and tight her ass was. After that, he'd simply explained to the rest of the staff that because of what she'd been through at how young she was, he was willing to grant her a bit more leeway than the other girls got. In return, she was perfectly willing to accede to any of his requests at any time. Through a doctor he knew, he'd gotten her on a birth control implant, ensuring that he could enjoy her warm and always-tight pussy whenever he wanted.

His reverie was interrupted by her arrival. Smiling as she came into his office, she promptly began taking her clothes off as she asked "What do you want to do, Mr. Harrison?"

He'd told her, just as he had everyone else, that it was okay to just call him Tom, but she never did. As he watched, she finished undressing. Looking at her and seeing the small half-lemon-sized breasts on her chest and the sparseness of the hair on her mons, he grew even harder in anticipation. With Laura, he didn't have to dance around what he wanted to do as he had to with most of the other girls he used: "I want to eat your pussy first. Then you can blow me for a little bit before I fuck you."

Still smiling, Laura moved to stand in front of him before hopping up to sit on the edge of his desk. As she usually did, she waited until he leaned forward and spent a little time sucking on the puffy pink peaks of her developing breasts. When he pulled his head back, she quickly lay back and spread her legs in anticipation of the pleasure she was about to receive. It was only a few moments before she felt his head move between her parted thighs and his tongue begin its first caress.

As always, the faint tickling of Laura's wispy pubic hairs against his nose and lip only added to the pleasure Tom got from eating her young snatch; it was just another reminder of how young she was, and that he was the first man to know her as intimately as he did. And just as he was **every** time he did anything with her, Tom was surprised at how ready she was, even before he got started with her. Looking at her, her small, thin labia were beginning to darken and get slightly longer; they were already parted, and he could see that she was already wet enough that her oils were starting to leak out of her. He wasn't about to let them go to waste, and quickly ran his tongue from the bottom of her opening to the top of her cleft, finishing with a light pressure against her exposed clitoris. In response, Laura moaned softly as she arched her pelvis up in encouragement for him to continue—as if he needed it!

He'd learned that as small as she was (barely five feet), it made things a lot easier and more pleasureable if he got her nice and wet before he stuck his man-sized dick in her pubescent cunt; best of all was if he helped her have an orgasm first, so she was wet and relaxed enough for him to bury himself in her with a single stroke. But that was for later... right then, he was getting plenty of enjoyment from having his face buried in her crotch.

For the next several minutes, the only sounds in the room were the faint noises as Tom applied himself to arousing and satisfying the young girl, punctuated by her progressively louder and more frequent moans as he succeeded. Finally, with a soft cry, Laura's body arched just ahead of going through a series of spasms as she climaxed in response to his efforts. After giving her glistening pussy one final swipe with his tongue, Tom sat up, then leaned back in his chair so he could look at her nearly hairless mound while she got her breath back.

He didn't get to look for very long; young as she was, Laura recovered fairly quickly. Sitting up again, she looked at him eagerly as she waited to see if he wanted her to do him standing up. When he didn't move after several seconds, she scooted herself off the desk and knelt before him. Resting her arms on his legs, she leaned forward and took his nearly-erect stiffness into her mouth and happily went to work on him. Though she couldn't get as much of him into her mouth as she wanted to, she eagerly applied her skills to however much of him as she could get between her lips. When it took only a couple of minutes for her to get him fully erect and have him slowly trying to thrust himself into her mouth, she felt pleased with herself.

Though he was tempted to let Laura go ahead and finish him off with one of her usual exemplary blowjobs, the idea of burying himself in her tight little snatch simply appealed to him too much. When he shifted to try and pull his manhood out of her talented oral cavity, Laura raised her head and let him escape from between her lips. Standing up again, she looked at him and simply asked "How?"

On hearing him say "On your back on the desk", she hopped up to seat herself at the edge again, then laid back as she spread her legs. He stood up and shuffled forward the short distance needed to get the head of his erection nestled against her opening. When she felt him begin to press himself into her, she relaxed herself to make it as easy as possible for him... she *wanted* him inside her.

Feeling Laura trying to let him in fueled Tom's desire: knowing that the youngster was welcoming his efforts only increased his need to fill her with his manhood. He continued to push himself forward, enjoying the sensation of the hot tightness of her wrapping around more and more of his cock. Finally, to his pleasure and relief, he felt the tight ring of her opening clenched around the base of his shaft while the head softly pressed against the deepest recess of her. He held himself still in her for several seconds to give her some time to adjust to being stretched out again before starting to move himself in her. He began slowly, but as the youngster began to respond to the sensations he was creating in her, he started moving more quickly. It didn't take long until he was able to slide himself in and out of her almost as quickly as he would have a grown woman; her movements and noises made it clear that she wasn't having the slightest difficulty with his actions—far from it, in fact.

Standing as he repeatedly plunged his erect member in and out of her wet box, Tom reached down so he could begin playing with Laura's developing breasts. They didn't even completely fill his cupped hand, but he found holding them and playing with her puffy areolas and small nipples more stimulating than the larger breasts offered to him by the older girls. After several minutes of plundering the young girls tarnished treasure, Tom happened to look down to where the two of them were joined and found himself fascinated by the sight of his seemingly massive glistening cock sliding back and forth between the apparently tiny and delicate petals of her labia. The contrast between his adult manhood and her barely-developed genitals aroused him in a way he didn't expect, and it felt like his cock got even harder in response. Without realizing it, he started thrusting himself into the youngster harder than he ever had before; she responded by moaning her pleasure as she moved to wrap her legs around his waist and pull him closer.

When he felt Laura's heels pressing against his ass, Tom realized how hard he was moving himself into her. Shortly on the heels of that, he noticed that she was responding to his actions even more than she usually did; from there, it was easy for him to begin increasing his efforts... slowly at first, as he waited to see how much she could (or would) accept before letting him know it was too much. Much to his surprise, he felt like he was almost pounding into her before she indicated any discomfort. Once he backed off a little bit, she quickly returned to groaning her pleasure with his efforts.

Along with the vocal encouragement Tom was getting, he could feel the girl getting wetter and wetter around him; enough so that he could feel his balls being wetted by the overflow of her juices. Knowing that she was getting *that* worked up by having him fucking her that hard turned Tom on even more than he already was. It was only another couple of minutes until he could feel that he was almost ready to cum. That "almost" became "GONNA!" when he felt the thirteen-year-old tighten around him as she cried out with the start of an orgasm. Her already-snug sheath began a rhythmic clenching that was more than he could stand; stuffing as much of his cock as possible into her, he erupted, trying as best he could to fill her with his cum.

When his climax ended, Tom was amazed to discover that it had been intense and powerful enough to leave him a little unsteady on his feet. Easing his rapidly deflating cock out of her, he moved back so he could sit down again. That left him facing Laura's stretched opening, where his cum was already starting to leak out of her. About the time that it looked like his semen was going to dribble down across the crinkle of her anus, she sat up slightly; reaching between her parted thighs, she gathered the collected blobs of cum on her fingers and brought them up to her mouth, where she happily licked them off. Over the next few minutes, she continued gathering the leakage and disposing of it that way. It was the first time Tom had ever seen anything like that, and it both aroused and fascinated him. Only when

no more of his seed had appeared for some time did Laura move to slide off the desk; without prompting, she knelt down in front of him and calmly proceeded to lick their combined juices off of his shrunken penis.

When she was done with that task, she stood up again and told him "That was *really* great, Mr. Harrison" before moving to where she'd left her clothes. He watched as she got dressed again, then told her "Thanks, Laura" as she started for the door. She paused long enough to look at him and give him a big smile before answering "Any time, Mr. Harrison!" before continuing on her way.

Tom sat there for several minutes, reliving the pleasure he'd just experienced before pulling his underwear and pants back up. Shortly after that, he was in his living quarters in the upstairs part of the house—an area that was strictly off-limits to everyone.

Margo was actually pleased with the meal that had been selected for her when she got to the dining area: not only did it look like real food, but it had texture and flavor... a considerable improvement over the mixed-donation swill that she was used to. Isabelle stayed with her, and did the introductions as different girls sat with them or stopped by to chat. By the time the meal was over, Margo wasn't feeling quite as alone and isolated as she had when it started. She still wasn't comfortable about who everyone was and what they were like, but had at least **started** to fit in.

With some input from Isabelle, Margo got her meal plan for the next day filled out and deposited in the appropriate receptacle; from there, the two of them moved around the grounds for a while so that Isabelle could show her the recreation area, the pool (and explain the pool rules), and the rest of the features of the place. Along the way, they saw a few girls either sitting by themselves or with one other person on benches. Margo noticed that Isabelle was careful to guide them around a couple of those spots while quietly informing her who the people were and what they were like. Isabelle also used the opportunity to point out a few others, and explain who they were and what place they had in the grand scheme of things—as well as any "insider" information she had. By the time the two of them got back to the residence building, Margo felt like she had a pretty good start on understanding the local power structure and politics.

Inside the residence, Isabelle gave her a tour of the different facilities such as the laundry area (Margo used the opportunity to claim a laundry timeslot) which featured twice as many dryers as it had washers. Knowing that it took twice as long to dry as it did to wash, Margo had to credit *somebody* for actually thinking things through. Also visited were maintenance closets (where cleaning supplies and equipment were kept), rooms that could be used by several girls at once for various reasons, the vending machines, and a supply room that was accessible only by using an ID card. Isabelle explained that by telling Margo "There are enough people that don't live here coming in and out that they don't want some of the supplies leaving with the visitors. They kinda make a deal out of the supplies inventory; I don't know how, but they have some way of keeping track of what goes out of here, and who took it. It happened before I got here, but I heard about some girl that was taking stuff from here and selling it for pocket money. They knew **exactly** what she took, and when, and booted her out with only whatever was left of what she got here with... which wasn't much."

When the tour was over, the two of them made their way back to their room again. After they'd been chatting for a while, Isabelle said "Oh, the last thing: Tom told you that you're expected to be inside by ten o'clock? Well, they REALLY mean it; if you aren't, you WILL hear about it. But it isn't a big deal,

though. They don't turn off the lights except to dim them in the hallways; in the rooms, we can leave the lights on and stay up as late as we want. The thing is, we're still expected to get up and do whatever it is we're supposed to the next day: go to school, do our chores, whatever. This place is pretty cool, at least about that kind of stuff."

"Tom told me I'd be helping with the chores, but I haven't heard anything else about it; not what they are, what I'm supposed to do and when, or anything like that."

"You'll find out all that tomorrow. Sometime during the day, somebody will slip an envelope with your name on it under the door, and inside will be all the stuff that's particular to you: what chores you'll have, how much you'll get for an allowance—which depends on what chores you get—when you're supposed to do them, your user name and password for the computer, and all that kind of stuff. Really, the regular chores aren't bad at all; it's stuff like cleaning the bathroom, vacuuming the hallway, sweeping the stairs, and like that. Oh, on cleaning the bathroom? Everybody that uses it has a turn at cleaning it, so the better you clean up after yourself, the easier it is for ALL of us."

Margo got the message, and answered "Yeah, that makes sense" to let Isabelle know that it was understood.

Margo then asked "What about the extra stuff? The things that pay extra?"

Isabelle made a face before answering "Those are all OVER the place. I mean, some of them don't pay squat, and suck on top of that; others are pretty easy, and pay good. That's why I said that if you want the good jobs, you have to get hooked up with people, 'cause **everybody** wants the good jobs."

"What ARE some of the different jobs?"

"On the sucky end is stuff like 'kitchen help', where you'll do stuff like take out trash or clean trays off before they're washed or something like that. Those jobs don't pay very good because anybody can do them. Kind of in the middle is one of the groundskeeping jobs: they take time, but they're not hard or nasty. For those, you'd do something like drive the riding mower around to cut the grass. Or it might be 'after-hours cleanup'; that means you're on call to clean it up after somebody barfs, for example. It doesn't happen often, and doesn't take much time, but it's not fun. The best stuff is to do what they call 'Academy Ambassador'. That's when there's going to be somebody—or maybe a group—going to visit, and it's your job to show them around and tell them how wonderful the place is. It hardly ever happens any more, so you don't actually have to do anything very often... but you still get paid pretty good every week, whether there's any visitors, or not."

"Why does it pay so good if nothing happens most of the time?" Margo asked.

"Because the ambassadors are supposed to dress up nice—but not fancy—so they make a good impression. The extra money is supposed to cover the cost of some nicer clothes and a little more makeup."

Just then, Margo heard a single soft chime note from the hallway; before she could ask, Isabelle told her "That's just a reminder to let everyone know that it's ten o'clock, so everybody knows that leaving will set off the alarm. Like I said, you can still wander around inside the building all you want to—just don't go outside." A moment later, she added "Since school's out, I'd usually stay up a little longer, but one of my friends from school is having a pool party, and I want to get there early."

Right on the heels of that, Isabelle apologetically added "I'm sorry. Maybe I shouldn't have said

anything about that; I forgot you're still new, and on probation."

Margo smiled and waved the apology off, saying "No, it's okay. This isn't a bad place to be stuck in for a month. Go ahead and have fun!"

Isabelle looked considerably relieved as she said "Thanks."

With that, Isabelle got up and started to undress. Margo got up, too, and followed her example. Knowing that Isabelle was probably doing the same thing, Margo couldn't help looking at her roommate as the two of them took their clothes off. She saw that Isabelle was medium-framed with nice-looking legs and a bust of roughly average size. In return, she knew that Isabelle was seeing a slender girl with straight butter-blond hair, also with nice legs, and breasts that were a *bit* larger than most. When both were naked, Margo saw that Isabelle completely shaved her pubic area, and in doing so, revealing the edges of her thin labia and the hood of her clitoris; in contrast, Margo kept the naturally narrow vee of her pubic thatch trimmed at the edges, but no more. Above, Isabelle's breasts were capped with somewhat large dark pink areolas that surrounded surprisingly small nipples. Margo's mammaries sported quarter-sized areolas that weren't much darker than her pale pink skin, with nipples that were maybe half again the diameter and length of a pencil eraser.

Sitting on the edge of her bed, Isabelle told Margo "I hope you don't mind, but I usually sleep naked."

Grinning, Margo answered "Since you'll be in your bed and I'll be in mine, why would I mind? Besides, I do, too", bringing a smile to her roommates face.

Since she was the one still standing, Margo took the few steps needed to reach the light switch; after flipping it, she was surprised to see a small panel over the door begin to glow with just enough light to let her make her way back to her bed while not being bright enough to interfere with sleeping.

After Margo was between the sheets, she heard Isabelle say "If you want, I can wake you up any time before I leave tomorrow."

"Thanks, but that's okay. I **always** wake up pretty close to six o'clock, no matter what."

Isabelle laughed briefly, then asked "In that case, could you wake ME up around six thirty? I only bother with an alarm clock for school, and I want to make sure I get going early tomorrow."

"Sure, no problem", Margo answered with a laugh of her own.

A few minutes later, she was sound asleep.

The next morning, Margo woke up at her usual time; after spending a few minutes remembering all that had happened the previous day, she got up and went into the bathroom to take a shower. When she got out to dry off, she discovered that there was another girl in the bathroom... apparently waiting to take her own shower, if the towel and soap in her hand were any indication. Standing a little taller than Margo's five-four, the other girl was a slender brunette with a pair of smallish breasts that sported small, dime-size areolas and nipples that had to be half an inch long. Between her thighs, she had only a short, narrow strip of short but incredibly thick pubic hair. As Margo started to dry off, the other girl said "Hi! I'm Louise. I live in the other room—obviously!—so I guess we'll be seeing each other. Besides THIS way, I mean."

Margo had to smile at that, and Louise grinned in return before Margo said "Isabelle didn't say anything

about who uses the shower when; I always wake up around six, and usually clean up right after I get up. But I can wait, if that messes anybody else up."

"Oh, you're fine. I just got in here; I'm usually a few minutes later than this, and I've always been the first one in here. Um, just so you know? When school's in or there's some kind of rush, it isn't any big deal and doesn't mean anything if two people to shower at the same time. Since we have just the one, it's just a way to save time, you know? Sometimes they'll help each other, or even play around a little bit, but it's not **serious** like they're going to be a couple or something. So if somebody asks if they can shower with you, they're not, like, *hitting* on you or anything."

Still smiling, Margo answered "That's cool. I'll remember."

With that, Louise hung her towel up and went into the shower stall; shortly after that, the room started to fill with steam again. Before the mirror got fogged up again, Margo managed to get her hair combed and arranged, then went back into her room.

Figuring that it was probably close enough to when Isabelle wanted to get up, Margo went over to the other girl's bed and gently tapped her foot while saying her name. It took only a few seconds before Isabelle rolled over and looked up at her. Still naked, Margo went over to her closet and dug out the knapsack that she hadn't cleared out the evening before. Rummaging around in it, she finally came up with a bottle of lotion; sitting on the edge of her bed, she casually went about applying it to as much of her skin as she could reach as Isabelle watched. After she tried to contort herself enough to smear some of it between her shoulder blades, Isabelle spoke up to tell her "If you want, I can get that for you."

"Thanks, I'd appreciate that. I can't really manage it by myself, so it hardly ever gets done."

Isabelle threw her covers back, then went over to sit next to Margo. Margo handed the bottle over, and Isabelle carefully poured a small quantity into the palm of her hand. As she was doing that, Margo turned to make it easier to reach her back. Isabelle reached out and smeared the lotion across Margo's skin before beginning to spread it more evenly with circular motions of her hand. As the liquid was absorbed into Margo's skin, Isabelle lightened the pressure she applied; it wasn't until Margo asked "Has that got it, yet?" that Isabelle realized she'd continued caressing Margo's soft skin well past the point that the lotion had disappeared. Pulling her hand back quickly, she answered "Yeah, that's it. I guess I used more than I thought I did."

Getting up, Isabelle said "I think I'd better get in there and get my shower, now. Louise is probably almost done by now."

"Oh, she was already waiting when I got out, maybe fifteen or twenty minutes ago."

"Then she'll be out, even if she's still in the bathroom", Isabelle responded. Taking her towel in hand, Isabelle turned and made her way into the bathroom.

Margo knew that Isabelle's claim of excess lotion wasn't true; it was *hers*, after all, and she could tell by feel how much Isabelle had applied. She'd only said something because of time, not anything else. And it hadn't escaped her notice that Isabelle's nipples were longer when she headed for the bathroom than they'd been when she came over to apply the lotion; she was also pretty sure that she could see a little more of Isabelle's inner lips peeking out than had been visible before. But her roommate (and perhaps new friend) hadn't pushed the matter by doing or saying anything... besides which, the other girls touch had actually felt rather nice.

Setting the matter aside, Margo got up and went about getting dressed for the day. The little bit of clothing in her knapsack desperately needed washing, so she went ahead and put on some of the clothes they'd given her. The fit wasn't perfect, but Isabelle really had done a good job and gotten the sizes close enough.

Margo was brushing her hair out in preparation for going to breakfast when Isabelle returned. Seeing that Margo was dressed and appeared to be getting ready to leave, Isabelle told her "If you don't mind waiting a little bit while I get dressed, we can get breakfast together."

"Yeah, I'd like that", Margo answered. Without obviously doing so, Margo watched as the other girl put her clothes on; as Isabelle was putting her panties on, Margo couldn't help noticing that her roommate had a very nicely shaped ass; then when the other girl moved to put her bra on, it seemed likely that Isabelle's breasts were every bit as firm as her own, since they didn't sway or jiggle in the slightest in the process.

Once she was fully dressed, Isabelle gave her short locks a couple of quick passes with a brush, then set it aside before declaring "I'm about as ready as I'm going to be, and I **need** some coffee...", making Margo laugh as she stood up.

After they'd eaten, Isabelle returned to their room with Margo long enough to stuff a rather immodest swimsuit and a few other things into a small bag before leaving again. On her way back out the door, Isabelle told her "I'll be back before they finish serving supper, if you want to wait. If not, that's fine, too."

Alone in the room, Margo used the opportunity to unpack her knapsack and put its contents away; several items went into her private drawer, which she made sure was locked when she was done. Sure by that time that Isabelle wasn't going to be coming back, Margo then went to the computer; she leaned over and did something at the back of it before sitting down and turning it on, however. For the next couple of hours, she kept busy doing various things while nervously listening for anyone coming down the hall. Something after mid-morning, she carefully shut the computer down and left the room in favor of going out and getting some exercise and fresh air while waiting for lunch to be served.

When she got back to the room after eating, Margo found the promised envelope waiting for her on the floor. Opening it, she saw that it had all the information Isabelle had said it would: the chores she'd been assigned weren't anything she hadn't done before, the allowance she would get was frugal but workable, and so on. She paid particular attention to the username and password she'd been given for computer access. She promptly sat down in front of the computer and turned it on; when it was finished booting, she carefully signed on using the information she'd been provided. A few moments more and she was ready to go.

Just as the sheet has suggested, one of the first things she did was change her passwords. After that, she gave it the information needed so it could automatically fill in such things as her name, address, and so on. From there, she calmly went about making sure it would store her files in a way that made sense to HER, and opening the different programs and setting them up for her personal preferences. By the time she was done, it was approaching time for the start of evening meal service; she typed several different commands into the computer before starting another program. She was still running that same program when Isabelle got back.

"Have you eaten yet?", Isabelle wanted to know.

"Not yet. I'm not all that hungry, so I figured I'd wait for you."

"Good! If you're not hungry, then can I have what you don't finish? I'm *starving*!"

Margo laughed and nodded her head; Isabelle then said "Oh, THANK YOU! Let's go, before I faint from hunger!"

Smiling, Margo stood up, then asked "Is there any problem if I leave this running? Or do I need to shut it down?"

"Running, not running... nobody cares. C'mon, can't you see I'm almost dying, here?"

Both of them were laughing as they left the room for supper.

As they were eating, Isabelle wanted to know "You really like that computer stuff? Mostly, it just confuses ME. I mean, I can do stuff like papers for school and email and that sort of thing, but not much else." With a small laugh, she added "Even the stuff that I CAN do, I still have problems, sometimes."

Margo laughed with her before answering "I guess you could say I like it. I don't have any brothers or sisters, so there wasn't anybody to tell me I couldn't use it when my family got one when I was eight. They had to show me how to use it at first, but once I got started, it seemed pretty simple to me. I mean, it's just a different kind of machine: it's going to do the same thing the same way every time; if you don't get what you expected, that means YOU did something different, so all you have to do is figure out what that was."

"But what about all those *computer* terms? I never could understand half that stuff."

Margo said "Working with computers isn't any different than any other job or hobby people have... it's just got its own words that you have to learn so you can talk to other people with the same interest in the same language. Hell, I took a home economics class, and I'm **still** not sure I understand the difference between sauté and simmer, never mind all those different stitches in sewing!", prompting a smile from Isabelle before she moved on to something else.

After they'd finished their meal, the two of them went to the rec area and watched TV for a couple of hours before going back to their room.

"Come ON, Yolanda, you know how this works."

Back in the residence, a different scene was starting to play out among a group of girls behind a closed door.

In fact, Yolanda did know how "this" worked. She'd borrowed a relatively expensive leather skirt from another girl, and while wearing it to a party, it had been trashed. That the accident that ruined the skirt was beyond her control didn't matter: she'd borrowed it and worn it, so she was responsible for it. The owner was unwilling to accept any kind of payment schedule that was within Yolanda's meager budget, so she'd set herself up for even bigger problems by borrowing part of the money she needed from each of several different girls. Then, despite her best efforts, she'd been unable to pay the money back as she'd promised... even with the extensions some of the girls had granted her.

The unpaid girls had finally gotten tired of waiting for the money they were owed and understandably sought a way of collecting.

That had resulted in one of the staff calling Yolanda in for a "discussion", the gist of which was that Yolanda could either accept whatever unofficial arrangement the staff member could make, or the matter could become official and be sent "up the line", possibly as far as Tom.

As a sixteen-year-old rather buxom Latina with a strong resemblance to the singer Cher (something that she deliberately played to), Yolanda was more than a little afraid of what Tom would decide to do to or with her: she was still a virgin (something she sincerely hoped the others didn't know), and the idea of possibly being deflowered (or worse, sodomized) by him didn't bear thinking about. So she'd agreed to let the staff member mediate a deal... knowing that in all likelihood, she'd have to engage in SOME kind of girl-girl sex. Sex with another girl wasn't something that concerned her for the simple reason that she'd been involved with it with several of her friends.

No, what bothered her about the situation she was in just then was the fact that not only was she supposed to get herself off in front of these other girls—which wasn't all THAT bad, all things considered—but that she was going to have to go down on all of them, and let them do the same to her. Hell, even all that was something she might have enjoyed, under other circumstances. It was that she *had* to do all that stuff that ruined everything.

When the solution had been presented to her, Yolanda initially didn't have any problems with it and agreed easily enough. But instead of individual sessions with each of her creditors that she'd thought she'd get, she'd been aghast to learn that she was to pay all of them off in one big lesbo orgy of sorts. Still, she'd agreed; if she tried to back out now, she was virtually guaranteed a visit to see Tom.

Reconciling herself to her fate, Yolanda calmly proceeded to take her clothes off. When she slipped her bra off, she heard a couple of the girls gasp slightly; they were the ones that had never seen her naked, she supposed. When she'd slipped her panties down her legs and kicked them out of the way, she somehow managed to keep her equanimity as she found a seat on one of the chairs along the wall. Bringing her legs up, she braced her feet against the small coffee table in front of her before spreading her legs. Closing her eyes to avoid having to look at the girls she owed money to, and the staff member that had brokered the deal, Yolanda brought a hand up to one of her breasts as she moved the other between her thighs. She easily brought up the memory of the best experience she'd ever had with another girl, and as she replayed the events in her mind, she began touching herself.

The hand she used to cup her own breast didn't even begin to cover as much as half the surface of that mound; as Yolanda got more and more into her recollection, the others in the room could easily see as the dark brown half-dollars of her areolas began to crinkle and the cylinders of her nipples began to grow and harden. Farther down, Yolanda was running her fingertips through the short narrow strip of soft black hair that *just* covered her mons; below that, her labia began to darken and grow, showing themselves to be slightly thick and looking velvety soft.

After Yolanda finally extended her reach to include her large and exposed clitoris, it took only a couple of minutes before her vaginal lips had separated, their inner surfaces glistening with the same oils that were starting to collect at the opening they guarded. The sight was enough to cause more than a few pairs of nipples to start to erect, while the scent of Yolanda's increasing arousal prompted more than a couple of females to swallow the saliva their mouths were suddenly producing. All of them could easily detect the distinct scent of her, and found it appealing.

As the young girl gradually shifted from simply recalling the experience to reliving it, her arousal and desire increased apace. Both of her ample breasts looked like they were capped with miniature dark

volcanoes sending up dense columns of particularly thick smoke. Several of the watchers couldn't resist licking their lips repeatedly in anticipation of fastening their mouths on the tawny mounds rising from Yolanda's torso. None of the others in the room thought for a moment that Yolanda's actions were in any way faked; all of them felt some degree of envy at the passion and pleasure she was so obviously capable of.

While Yolanda continued to pleasure herself, others in the room began to do the same. When the clothes they were wearing interfered with their efforts, they didn't hesitate to remove it; it wasn't long until all of them were in some stage of undress—if not actually nude. On top of that, some of the others had begun fondling and molesting each other. But regardless of what else they were doing, none of the others in the room could take her eyes off the sight Yolanda presented: the obviously tight breasts capped with puckered areolas and aching-erect nipples, and the shiny, soft inner lips separated enough to reveal the small ring of her opening and the nectar beginning to drool out of it.

By the time it was clear that Yolanda was close to cumming, everyone watching her was both naked and highly aroused—whether from their own efforts, or those of someone next to them. All those watching her were also panting slightly with desire when the young woman finally found the release she'd been working toward: the sudden disappearance of her clitoris was immediately followed by Yolanda's lithe body arching forward and freezing in place as she cried out in relief... a sound that was echoed as some of those witnessing her actions found their own pleasure. Yolanda's body relaxed slightly only to seize up again several more times as her orgasm created waves of pleasure that overwhelmed her. When the spasms of ecstasy had faded, all she could do was fall back in the chair, gasping for the oxygen that her body was demanding after the intensity of what she'd just experienced.

When she was finally able to open her eyes again, Yolanda looked around, only to be surprised by the sight that greeted her: everybody else in the room was standing frozen, looking at her. It was blatantly obvious to her that all of them were highly aroused, and that some of them had even already had their own climaxes. Looking at Deirdre, the willowy blonde's small breasts were visibly tight and hard; her small areolas and nipples looked like pink funnels someone had stuck on the ends of her breasts; and between her legs, Yolanda could see that enough of Deirdre's pussy juice had escaped to form a shiny trail down the inside of one thigh. Next to her, Willow and Brianna still had a hand between each others legs while both of them were sporting erect nipples. A little farther away, she could see Nancy, whose bust was even larger than her own. Nancy's puffy peaks were visibly swollen, and her thick nipples were longer than Yolanda had ever seen them; immediately below the pale wedge of Nancy's muff, the girl's incredibly thin inner lips dangled down what HAD to be nearly an inch. Ellen, the staff member that had arranged everything, was glassy-eyed; the edges of her labia were well-separated while the shiny end of one of her fingers testified to how they'd gotten that way. There wasn't a single girl in the room that hadn't been affected by the show she'd given them... and surprisingly, that knowledge gave her all the confidence and inspiration she needed to finish what she'd started that evening. In a sudden flash of insight, she knew that she was *supposed* to be put and kept off-balance by the presence of so many other girls, and particularly Ellen. But having seen how they'd responded to what she'd done, the total confidence in herself that she felt was going to let her reverse the situation and leave THEM wondering what had happened—and more, confused why their plan hadn't worked the way they'd meant it to.

Smiling to herself with her new understanding and power, Yolanda sat up and boldly asked "How do we do this, and who's first?"

Brought out of her reverie by Yolanda's movement, Ellen knew that something was different about the situation... if not quite what. Trying to regain the control she'd lost, she said "We put a couple of cushions from the couch on that table in front of you, and you lay down on it. While you're eating one of us 'til we cum, another one gets to do the same to YOU; while that's going on, whoever wants to gets to *play* with you. It isn't over until you've made all of US cum, and all of us have made YOU cum. If you're still alive after that"—her tone of voice made it clear she didn't expect that to be the case—"it's **your** choice about what you and anyone else does."

Seeing the smile that developed on Yolanda's face, Ellen suddenly began to be afraid as she felt even more of her power escaping. Looking around, she could tell that the others that had been so eager before somehow weren't looking quite as confident as they had. But there wasn't anything for her to say or do: Yolanda had readily and easily stood up, clearly waiting for them to get the coffee table ready for her. After several seconds, a couple of the girls managed to get moving and each brought over one of the large, thick seat cushions. It was only a matter of a few moments to get them positioned, and Ellen felt a touch of fear again as she watched Yolanda lay down on them willingly... perhaps even *eagerly*.

Exercising the authority of her staff position, Ellen moved to kneel down between Yolanda's spread legs. Though she couldn't even begin to admit it to herself, she knew that she was trying to reclaim the power she'd somehow lost to the girl before her; and more, she knew that if she didn't succeed, she'd lose all of it. Lowering her head, she started something she'd wanted to do since the first time she'd seen the lovely Chicana.

Watching as Ellen moved between her parted thighs, Yolanda also knew that it was an all-or-nothing battle between the two of them—and knew just as certainly that SHE was going to be the victor. Closing her eyes, Yolanda let herself focus on the incredible sensation of Ellen's limber tongue dipping into her cleft, then sliding upwards to circle her erect clitoris a few times before it pulled away. The sequence repeated several more times, each more satisfying than the previous, before she felt someone moving over her head.

Opening her eyes again, she looked up to see that it was her friend Karen, a slender brunette with average-sized breasts and amazingly small areolas around her long, thin nipples. Yolanda was surprised to see that Karen had apparently done a little extra preparation for the event: the wide delta of dark hair that usually covered her pelvis had been completely shaved off, leaving her completely bare. As she looked at the engorged labia extending from Karen's mons, she heard the girls softly tell her "This wasn't my idea, Yolanda."

Looking up at her friend, Yolanda answered "I know, Karen. But it's okay, 'cause I'd have liked to do this with you, anyway", and saw the pleased surprise on the other girl's face. She only had to lift her head a little bit before she could extend her tongue and run it between the soft flesh petals of Karen's inner lips. As she did so, she got her first taste of Karen's juices and promptly fell in love with them. She eagerly repeated her actions several times before going on to expand on her efforts by including Karen's wet opening, and the small pearl at the top of her slit.

Even as Yolanda began fulfilling her obligations, she was letting her body take its pleasure in what Ellen was doing to her. To her amazement, she found that she could easily divide her attentions: while applying her laudable oral skills to her friend, she was equally capable of feeling and enjoying the stimulation being bestowed on her by Ellen. Without knowing HOW she did it, she was still able to give equal attention to both activities and experience them in full measure; it was something she'd

never known was possible before, and actually living it was only adding to her confidence and sense of control.

It didn't take long for Yolanda to realize that Ellen was deliberately taking her time about what she was doing. But instead of being concerned, Yolanda realized that she actually had a choice about how to respond. The two that seemed most promising were to either let Ellen continue as she was, which meant that Yolanda could finish the girls ahead of when they were finished with her, leaving her free to really enjoy the end of the process; or she could let Ellen's efforts have more of an effect than Ellen meant them to, and by doing so, further wrest control of the situation from the older woman. As much as she knew she'd enjoy the first option, Yolanda knew that following the second course would guarantee her control over her own life... and put it into effect. She found it surprisingly easy to "tell" her body to become even more aware of what was happening to it, and to experience the sensations it was experiencing even more intensely.

The downside to her plan was simply that if she was going to let herself be stimulated that easily, then it was going to be that much easier for her to orgasm as a consequence. Rather than shortchange her friend because of what Ellen was doing, Yolanda applied herself to bringing Karen even MORE pleasure in an effort to bring the girl to a climax before she, herself, had one. Feeling that she was having to rush things, Yolanda resolved to make it up to Karen the first time the two of them were together alone while she accelerated and intensified her actions at the other girl's crotch. It was a matter of only a few minutes until she had Karen moaning continuously, the volume of her sounds increasing steadily as she rapidly approached what promised to be one of the best orgasms of her young life.

For her part, Ellen couldn't understand why Yolanda's arousal had increased so dramatically over the last few minutes, despite her best efforts to go as slowly and softly as she could while she ate the younger girl's delicious pussy. Ellen KNEW that Yolanda's reactions were legitimate, and knew that the girls watching knew it, too... which only further frustrated her. Worse still, she knew that she could only do so much to draw things out before it became obvious to the others what was going on; that meant that the only thing she could do was keep going as she was, fully recognizing that she'd failed in what she'd tried to do.

Yolanda was relieved when she felt Karen's body tense above her. Her newly discovered ability to divide her attention the way she was was still novel enough that she didn't have the control over it that she'd have liked: the pleasure coming from below was threatening to overwhelm the pleasure she could dispense from above. Happily, she was going to be able to satisfy Karen's desires before succumbing to her own.

A minute or so later, Karen cried out softly as her body began to go through a series of mild spasm. Beneath her, Yolanda was delighted to discover that those pulses were pushing out small wavelets of Karen's heady oils for her to lap up. When the pleasure that had overtaken Karen's body tapered off, Yolanda felt her friend shakily rise up and move away. Looking down to where Ellen was still leisurely lapping at her labia, Yolanda felt thrilled when she saw how much of her juices were on the older woman's face; between the sight of Ellen's face buried in her crotch, and the sensations emanating from that area, it was little more than a minute until Yolanda felt herself slide into her own orgasm.

With the sound of Yolanda's cry of release in her ears and the sudden abundance of the girl's nectar in her mouth, Ellen knew that she'd lost the battle; in a way that she didn't understand, Yolanda had found the self-confidence and inner strength to take control of her own life away from Ellen herself and the

others like her. In a fit of pique, Ellen lifted her head from between the younger girls thighs, refusing—just as a spoiled child would, she knew—to finish a game that she'd patently lost. When Ellen moved to her feet, the looks she got from the girls that had been watching told her that they knew what she'd done... and why; and that they not only no longer feared her, but thought less of her because of it. Rather than face them any longer than necessary, Ellen used what was left of her tattered authority to position herself to be the next one to be satisfied by Yolanda so she could make her excuses and escape.

After she opened her eyes and got her breathing and senses back, Yolanda saw that Ellen's was the next pussy she'd have to eat. Knowing full well that she was adding insult to injury, Yolanda looked at one of the other girls, Rachel, and asked "Is there any reason I can't use my hands on whoever's on my face?"

There was a brief exchange of looks among the girls before Rachel answered "Not as long as you don't put them where your mouth is."

Yolanda nodded her understanding, then turned her gaze to Ellen. The two of them looked into each others eyes, and Ellen suddenly knew that she didn't dare let the younger girl's head between her legs. Knowing that it sounded weak and contrived even as she was saying it, Ellen told the rest of them "I just remembered that there's something else I have to do tonight, and I don't have time to stay here as long as I thought I would. I have to go now."

Detouring only long enough to gather the clothes she'd left on the floor, Ellen walked out of the room completely naked, closing the door behind her.

A couple of minutes silently passed after Ellen's departure while Yolanda looked around at the rest of girls in the room. Some of them looked back at her openly, in companionship; with others, it was in curiosity, or wonder. There were a few, though, that couldn't look at her. Yolanda wasn't surprised when they were the ones that made their own feeble excuses and left—if Ellen had been Queen, those few were her royal court. They'd been deposed along with Ellen, even if they didn't know why, or understand how.

When they'd gone, another of Yolanda's friends spoke up. An average-looking Black girl, her name was Victoria, and she said "'Landa, I guess you know that none of your friends wanted anything like **this** to happen. Me... yeah, I'd have liked the chance to find out if it could be as good swappin' spit and lickin' slits with you as I thought it could be. But I DAMN sure didn't want it to happen this way, all of us pullin' some kinda dyke train with you. That was all Ellen and her gang, wantin' to push you down even more than you already was. It wasn't until we was all in here and I started talkin' with Karen and a couple others that we figured out that that bunch made the whole thing sound like a done deal to psych us into goin' along with it when we coulda figure somethin' else out, instead. It's too damn late now, but I want you to know: I'm sorry as hell I let them bitches talk me into believin' you wasn't gonna pay me back if I didn't push you real hard like this—you've been too good a friend to me for too long for that kinda bullshit. So now that ain't nobody gettin' pushed into anything, if you wanna get into some action with me, I'm up for it. If not... well, I ain't lost nothin', long as I still got you for a friend." Looking around, Victoria added "Reckon I wouldn't mind gettin' something goin' with any of the rest of y'all, either, for that matter."

Getting to her feet, Yolanda walked over to where Victoria was standing and took the other girl into her arms before kissing her long and hard. After pulling her head back when the kiss ended, Yolanda told her "I *would* like to swap spit and lick slits with you, Vic. I already knew you weren't here because

YOU wanted to be."

Victoria's delighted smile was all Yolanda needed to guide her new lover to the floor, where they could get to know each other a LOT better on its carpeted surface. As the two of them kissed again, the other girls looked around, and after making eye contact with someone, started pairing off.

In the room that he used as a media center, Tom continued to watch the activities between Yolanda and Victoria, along with all the others in the room. He'd been forewarned about what was supposed to happen that evening, and had started recording the events as soon as they'd started. Watching as Yolanda had gotten herself off had aroused him tremendously; ever since she'd gotten there, he'd hoped for the opportunity to get his hands and mouth on her luscious tits, and fuck her. He didn't understand what had gone on between Ellen and Yolanda, however, despite being able to hear every sound in the room... whatever it was, it had been unspoken and something he'd have had to see in person to appreciate. Well, that was okay; as entertaining as it would have been to watch the young Latina servicing and being serviced by a collection of girls, he decided to let the recording continue: he still had plenty to occupy himself with that evening.

Nearly three months prior, he'd accepted twin redheaded sixteen-year-olds. He had two available beds at the time, but in different rooms. For a fairly trivial favor, the girl in one of the two half-occupied rooms had been willing to relocate, making it possible for him to put the twins in the same room. Attractive as they were, he'd figured that sooner or later one or both of them would provide him with the entertainment he sought. It had taken several weeks before he got the results he was after—though not in the way he'd expected. Rather than finding lovers among the rest of the residence hall population, they'd gone the route of satisfying *each other's* needs as he'd discovered one night.

Patiently, over a period of several days, he was able to watch several more sapphic episodes between them; only then was he ready to take advantage of the situation. In his office, his inquiries had drawn their solemn denials. But as he'd slowly brought up more and more details and asked more and more pointed questions, their claims and explanations became less and less plausible. Finally, they'd broken down and admitted their incestuous relationship, tearfully begging him not to do or say anything that would cause them to be separated.

The information he'd been able to gather about them easily explained their attachment to each other. Their mother had abandoned the family, leaving behind a note stating that she'd realized she just wasn't suited for life with a husband and children before effectively disappearing. Their father had filed for an end to the marriage, which had been granted. Following that, he'd started drinking more and more heavily until he'd finally died after crashing his car while driving home from a bar, intoxicated far above the legal limit; that left them with only each other as the last bit of stability in a world where they'd lost everyone else that mattered to them. Without any relatives to take them in, they'd been declared wards of the state at fifteen; their misfortune worsened when they were sent to one of the few foster care families that was in the program purely for the financial gain. When the girls had tired of the neglect and abuse they'd been subjected to, they'd left—only to be quickly recaptured. It was decided to separate them to prevent them from leaving the new foster homes they were sent to; the official plan failed when they contrived to escape and join up again before eluding authorities for nearly two weeks. It was at that point that they'd been brought to him, even though they were from a distant city.

So despite the change in activities that were happening in the residence hall, his evening was FAR from

ruined: in his bedroom, the twins were naked and waiting for him. Once they'd broken down and started begging him to let them stay, it had been easy to manipulate them into doing what he wanted them to: making themselves available for his pleasure. Though he fully intended to have both of them in every way possible, he had the patience to let things begin slowly: he'd simply gotten them to agree that BOTH of them needed to be involved in giving him reasons to keep them, and then settle on a specific day. When they'd learned that those reasons would be sexual, they'd resisted... particularly on learning that even though he was willing to "just" fuck one of them, he was adamant about taking the other of them anally. After making them understand that their choice was satisfy his wishes or leave (and be sent to separate jails, as they'd been warned would happen), he'd sent them off to decide between themselves which one would engage in which act. When they'd surreptitiously shown up (as they'd been instructed) to seal the bargain, he still didn't have any idea of what they'd settled on; he'd simply sequestered them in his bedroom and had them get naked so he could look them over before telling them he'd be back in a bit.

With the action in the residence being recorded for him to watch later, there wasn't any reason in the world not to go in and start enjoying the twins—which he'd also be recording, of course.

When he walked into his bedroom, both girls immediately stood up from where they'd been sitting at the foot of the bed. Though they weren't identical twins, they still bore an almost eerie resemblance to each other as he looked at their naked forms. Britney (on the left as he looked at them) and Bethany both had long, wavy hair that flowed just past their shoulders. It also did a fine job of framing their oval faces and made an outstanding counterpoint to their lovely green eyes and slightly full pink lips. Though they were redheads, they had neither freckles nor the pale white skin that so many redheads had to deal with; instead, the twins epidermis more closely resembled a delicate pink porcelain that was completely flawless: there wasn't a blemish of any kind to be found anywhere on them. They were on the slender side of medium-framed, which made their slightly oversized rounded breasts look even larger than they were. Each pair of mammaries were capped with small red cones that smoothly merged with the nipples that extended a full half inch beyond. Both girls were nicely curved at waist and hips, without carrying any excess weight. At the base of their bellies, each sported a small wedge of short luxurious hair the same dark red as that on their heads. Bracketing that fur arrowhead were their thighs, smooth and trim, which led his eyes down the graceful curves of their calves and ankles.

A small gesture was all it took to get them to turn around, and the sight that first drew his attention were the heart-shaped globes of their asses: small, obviously firm, and delightfully curved. Dragging his eyes away from those works of art, he easily concluded that they looked almost as good from the back as they had from the front. Taking a couple of steps forward, he was close enough to them that he could reach out and place a hand on each of their asses. Both started slightly, but remained still as he caressed the smooth, warm masses under his touch before giving them a squeeze and discovering just HOW firm they were. After playing with their asses for a minute or so, he was pleased that it took only a couple of gentle nudges to get them to understand that he wanted them to get on the bed. As they moved on their hands and knees toward the head of the bed, he enjoyed the sight of their virginal slits being exposed to him. When both girls had found their spots and were again facing him, he told them "Here's how this is going to go tonight. Whichever one of you is getting fucked in the ass is going to get her pussy eaten first, by me. While I'm doing that, the other one is going to suck my cock to get me hard, and keep me that way. Whoever's sucking me does NOT want to make me cum, for the simple reason that if I cum before I fuck you, I'm going to be able to fuck you for longer than I would

otherwise. It also means that when I'm done with you, it's going to take even longer for me to cum while I'm fucking your sister's ass."

Then he said "When I'm through, the one I've been eating can get the one losing her cherry ready... I expect you know how. I'm willing to give you some time to get ready to be fucked the first time, but don't push it. After I cum—and it WILL be in your sister—the one of you that I'll be fucking in the ass can try to get my cum out if you're worried about your sister getting pregnant; if you do, you'd better swallow it. We'll rest for a little bit while I play with you; when I'm ready to get started again, the one I'm going to fuck in the ass sucks on me while the other one gets her warmed up and then gets us both lubed up. After I cum again, the one I wasn't fucking will get something to clean me and her sister off so we can rest for a bit before we all go in and take a nice shower together. After that, you can go back to your room; if it's late, I'll open the door for you so there aren't any alarms. While I'm with one of you, I don't care if the two of you want to do things with each other—I'd like that, even, as long as you don't get in MY way. Is that clear?"

Both girls nodded, not trusting themselves to speak. Looking at the carefully neutral expressions on their faces, Tom could also see the fear and resignation in their eyes. He had no illusions that they were there because they wanted to be; it was enough for him that they WERE there, and compliant.

Satisfied that his new toys knew what was expected of them, Tom began to get undressed. Once shirtless, he snuck a look at them as he began to remove his pants, only to be amused at the sight of them trying not to look, but unable to stop themselves. When he slid his briefs down, he couldn't help quietly chuckling to himself when he saw their eyes get big at the sight of his semi-erect cock.

When he was naked, Tom casually got onto the bed and moved to lie down between them; it took a few seconds for them to realize that the time had finally arrived for them to make good on their pledge to give him reason to keep them at the Academy. Bethany was the first to move, with Britney quickly following her sister's example. After only a momentary hesitation, Bethany moved to get a knee on each side of his head while Britney moved toward his pelvis. With only a little minor adjustment on her part, Tom had easy access to the center of the teen's womanhood. Despite the look of concern in her eyes, he took the time to really look at her. That close to her, he could easily see that not only was her bush short and luxurious, but incredibly thick—enough so that he couldn't see the skin underneath. At the top of her slit, the hood of her clitoris was almost hidden behind the russet cloud covering her mons; inside a slight part in her pubic thatch, he could see that her labia were somewhat thick and meaty-looking while still looking smooth and soft. Unsurprisingly, there wasn't even the slightest hint that she felt any arousal or desire... but that was something he was very much looking forward to correcting.

Raising his arms, Tom got his hands on Bethany's ass—both to hold her still and so that he could enjoy the warm firmness of it under his touch. He'd only gotten as far as giving the globes of her ass a soft squeeze when he felt Britney take his penis in her soft, cool hand. As he lifted his head to begin getting Bethany worked up, Britney started slowly stroking him. The way she was going at it, though, told him that it was the first time she'd ever held a male cock in her hand, nevermind actually trying to arouse him or jerk him off. Well, she knew what she was *supposed* to be doing; until she did it, he was free to treat himself to her sister's treasures.

Lifting his head, he spent a few moments simply nuzzling the soft mat of Bethany's bush. The feel of it against his nose and upper lip were incredible, and it was only by reminding himself that what lay

further down would be even better did he manage to pull himself away from continuing. It took only a light pressure against her ass to get Bethany to tilt her pelvis forward slightly; that put her at just the angle he wanted before he extended his tongue and dipped the end of it into the bottom of her cleft and slowly drawing it upwards until he could finish with a few slow laps with the tip of it around her hidden clitoris. Above him, he heard her faint gasp, and knew that he was going to have a FINE time getting her going.

Bethany wasn't exposing herself to him that way of her own free will; nor was she a willing partner in what he was doing. But neither of those factors altered the fact that Tom was damn good at eating pussy. Despite her best intentions and all of her resolve, there was no denying that what he was doing felt good... damn good. Slowly, contrary to her wishes and in spite of herself, she could feel herself ever-so-gradually begin to respond to the things that he was doing to her. And as she responded, it became that much more difficult to resist the pleasure she received from his actions.

For her part, Britney found herself literally facing a different problem: Tom's semi-erect penis. She knew that she was supposed to get him hard and keep him that way; she'd heard Tom say that she was supposed to suck his cock, but that was the last thing she wanted to do... for him, or for anybody. So instead of doing what he'd said, she'd tried to see if she couldn't do something—anything!—else to make it happen, but without success. She suspected that her ignorance of how to do things with boys was the cause, but knew that it was far too late to correct that not-so-little problem. Looking toward where Bethany was positioned over Tom's face, she felt like she was letting her sister down because of her inability to get the man hard so that he'd take the irreversible and undeniable step of breaking HER hymen instead of Beth's. She knew that Beth wouldn't like getting fucked in the ass any more than she was going to like having Tom busting her cherry; at least afterwards, though, Beth would still demonstrably be a virgin (if only technically). As the older of the two of them (by all of a minute and a half), Britney felt a certain degree of protectiveness toward her sibling.

Realizing that she was finding different ways of procrastinating, Britney promptly did what she had to admit she should have done in the first place: open her mouth and get the head of Tom's penis between her lips.

She'd psyched herself up to not be grossed out by having a man's penis in her mouth, only to learn that his cock didn't taste like much of *anything*. In fact, it didn't taste all that much different than if she'd licked a random spot on her own skin, or even her sister's. Considerably relieved by what she'd discovered, Britney reluctantly began doing the things that she'd seen the women do in the the one and only adult movie that she and Beth had seen with some of their friends. Slowly and carefully (she remembered the admonition not to make him climax, which was the LAST thing she wanted to happen right then!), she began tentatively using her tongue on the mass of flesh in her mouth while **ever** so gently sucking on him.

When Britney had FINALLY taken the head of his penis in her mouth, Tom greeted that event with pleasure: now that she'd gotten past that step, she'd learn quickly enough how to accomplish the goal he'd given her of getting him hard. And that meant that it wouldn't be too long before he'd be able to sink his dick in her virgin twat. In the mean time, he was beginning to get the kind of responses he was after from Bethany; not only had she gotten wet (he loved the taste of her), and her labia grown longer, the soft noises of pleasure she was making were getting more and more audible as her desire increased and her inhibitions decreased. She seemed quite willing to hold herself in position over his busy mouth,

so he terminated his play with her ass in favor of sliding his hands up and getting them on her warm breasts. Those most obvious signs of her femininity easily overfilled his hands, and a few squeezes told him that her bust was appreciably firmer than most. For the next several minutes, he busied himself by thoroughly mapping out the surfaces of her mammaries, including their hard peaks. Once he'd accomplished that much, it was on to caressing them, gently squeezing them, playing with and teasing her nipples and areolas, and generally acting like any adolescent male with his first real pair of tits in his hands.

Though she wasn't happy that she was responding the way she was to Tom's efforts between her thighs, Bethany was taking what comfort she could in the fact that she was able to resist as much as she was. But when she felt him move his hands from her ass to her tits, she knew her resistance was futile: she simply like having her breasts played with too much. What he was doing with his mouth was tough enough to fight; having him doing those things to her pussy AND having his hands on her tits was going to be more than she could stand. When he started on her nipples by pinching and pulling on them, and running his fingertips across them... she couldn't *help* but respond.

Britney had been relieved when Tom's penis started to get thicker and harder in response to what she was doing to it. She'd even expanded her efforts to include taking more of him between her lips and starting to slide her mouth up and down him when she heard her sister make a noise that she was all too familiar with: it was a sound that Beth made only when she had reached a certain level of arousal. Hearing it in those circumstances told Britney that whatever Tom was doing, he was doing a good job of it—better than she'd thought he could, quite frankly. Neither one of them had wanted any part of doing anything sexual with Tom, and had agreed to this evening solely because it seemed the ONLY way that they'd be able to stay together. So to hear her sister make that particular sound then and there... it made her feel like she was in danger of somehow losing Bethany. What she would be losing Bethany to, she wasn't sure; but that didn't lessen the danger and fear she felt. The only thing Britney could think of to do to try and help Beth was to increase her own efforts, and thus perhaps distract Tom from whatever he was doing, so that Beth would have a chance to regain control of herself.

With that in mind, Britney was more willing to do what she could to please Tom; and to accomplish that, she didn't hesitate to try even more and different things to draw his attention away from Beth.

Tom was more than a little pleased when moving his hands from Bethany's ass to her tits brought him a wealth of returns. In addition to the simple pleasures of having his hands on her mammaries, his actions there seemed to have raised her to significantly higher arousal: not only was her pussy releasing even more of her tasty nectar, but he could feel that her vaginal lips had gotten longer and thicker. And that was in addition to how much harder her areolas and nipples had gotten! Then, to top things off, Britney had apparently decided that it was time to settle down and get serious about getting him hard—she was sliding her lips up and down nearly his entire length while continuing to suck on his cock and massage it with her tongue. She obviously lacked the knowledge and experience to give him a proper blowjob, which was actually to his benefit: what she was doing felt quite good, but it wasn't anywhere near enough to have him climaxing any time soon. In turn, that meant that he was free to devote his attention and efforts on the tasty little piece of ass over his head.

Bethany wasn't sure what was going on, but there was no mistaking the increase in enthusiasm Tom demonstrated when he licked across the entrance to her absolutely SOAKING vagina, or how he would take her heavy labia into his mouth and gently suck on them, or the increased attention he paid her

clitoris when he danced his tongue on and around it. With what he was doing with his hands at her breasts and all he was doing between her thighs, Bethany finally gave herself over to the incredible pleasure he was bringing her. Once she did, it didn't take but a few minutes for her to know that she was getting close to having an orgasm that promised to be one of the best she'd ever experienced.

From the noises Bethany was making, Britney knew her sister was on the verge of having an orgasm—and it sounded like it was going to be a biggie. For herself, Britney knew that she'd gotten Tom fully erect. Her hand barely fit around his hard member, and he'd gotten longer than she'd imagined he could. Knowing that he was going to put the hard mass in her hand and between her lips into her virginal pussy almost frightened her... but also left her feeling no small measure of anticipation. She'd already gotten instruction from her parents about how babies were made, and the school she'd gone to had a leading edge sex education program, so she more-or-less knew that Tom's erection **could** fit in her. Getting it there concerned her, of course; the idea of filling the empty sensation she got between her legs when she was aroused, however, appealed to her. She was fully aware of the change in attitude she was experiencing since she and Beth had first walked into Tom's bedroom, and tried to figure out how it had come about while she continued slowly bobbing her head on Tom's shaft.

Tom was having one of the better times of his life: Britney had not only gotten his dick as hard as it had ever felt, she was sliding him in and out of her mouth in a way that was indescribably pleasurable without overstimulating him in the slightest. While that was going on below his waist, Bethany was gracing him with a surprising amount of her juices as she edged closer and closer to an orgasm. All she could do was make unintelligible noises as she slowly arched her pelvis back and forth in response to the different things his lip and mouth and tongue were doing there, while holding her hands on top of his as he continued his ministrations to her firm, tight breasts. Tom was industriously fluttering his tongue across her exposed clitoris when she suddenly froze in place over him; a moment later, she released a deep, intense groan as her body began to spasm over him. With each arching of her body, her virginal chamber squeezed out a small surge of her juices for him to happily lap up. When the waves of pleasure coursing through her began to taper off, Tom applied himself to making sure that none of her essence was wasted by putting his mouth over her opening and gently sucking out whatever of her nectar her could before applying himself to licking her labia clean. When he was done, he looked up to see that she was looking down at him in appreciation... something that was a far cry from the attitude she'd first exhibited toward him that evening. With a soft pressure against the inside of one of her smooth thighs, she readily moved from over his head. Looking up at her, Tom told her "Whenever you're ready, you can start eating Britney's pussy. A bit of advice: the wetter she is, the easier it'll be for her."

Bethany nodded her understanding, and after only a moment's hesitation, moved toward the foot of the bed. Tom closed his eyes so he could focus his attention on how good his cock felt in the warm confines of Britney's mouth, but that didn't prevent him from feeling the small shifts on the bed as Bethany got herself positioned to prepare her sister for being deflowered.

He knew when Bethany started licking Britney when he felt Britney softly moan around his cock—something that he felt all the way into his balls—and dramatically slow her movements on him. That was okay with him, though, since it signalled that it wouldn't be much longer before he'd be able to sink himself into the tight confines of her virginal womanhood. Keeping his eyes closed, he thought about his plans for the twins; though they couldn't know it, he actually planned to be as gentle with them as possible... consistent with getting what HE wanted, of course. He had every intention of sinking his

cock into Britney only as fast as she could accept it without causing her any more pain than absolutely necessary. And once he was in her completely, he planned to give her some time to adjust to his presence before actually starting to fuck her, starting slowly and building up from there until he could quit having to worry about her. Then when it was time to sodomize Bethany, he was going to do the same thing, but with the addition of external lubrication. What he wanted was for both of them to be a lot more *agreeable* the next time he wanted to fuck them, and eventually even grow to be enthusiastic about the idea.

After Bethany had lain on her back and moved to get her head between Britney's legs, she'd been surprised to find that her sister was already more than a little bit aroused, and plainly already wet inside. Since all Britney was doing was using her mouth on Tom's erect penis, Bethany couldn't figure out what was going on to get Britney excited like that. With no answer coming to mind, she set the matter aside in favor of applying herself to doing what she could to help get Britney prepared for being filled (or over-filled, she thought, having seen the size of him) with Tom's hard cock.

As much as she distrusted his motives, Bethany intuitively knew that Tom had given her good advice about getting Britney as wet inside as possible. To achieve that goal, she did everything she knew Britney liked, and did it the best she could: trying even harder than usual to worm her tongue through the tight ring of Brit's opening; deliberately teasing her sister's erect and sensitive clitoris; taking the marginally older girl's soft labia between her lips and gently sucking on them... everything she did was with the goal of making it as easy as possible on her sister when she was penetrated by the seemingly massive pole of Tom's erection.

Britney knew what her twin was trying to do, and appreciated it... if not for the same reasons Beth likely thought she would. While she continued to keep Tom's cock hard, Britney has grown more and more aroused; in turn, that had resulted in her getting the familiar empty feeling between her legs. It didn't escape her notice that the hard shaft she had in her hand and mouth was *exactly* what was supposed to fill that emptiness. So Britney appreciated Beth's efforts to get her aroused and wet inside not because it would make it easier and less painful when Tom forced his way into her, but because being as slippery as she could be would make it possible for him to fill that hollowness within her with as little difficulty as possible—something that she was now anticipating rather than dreading.

Tom was drawn out of his reverie by the feeling of Britney letting his cock slip from between her lips. Opening his eyes, he saw that she was looking at him in question while Bethany was sliding herself out from under. It took only a second for him to understand that Britney was wanting to know what she should do next; he hadn't given her any indication of what position he wanted them in when he took her virginity. He sat up, then told her "Get up on your knees, then come here."

She did as she was told, and when she got close enough, he reached behind her to take the rounded orbs of her ass in his hands and gently pull her forward until she was close enough for him to lean in and fasten his lips on the peak of one of her breasts. It was a brief but pleasant task for him to get both of her areolas and nipples hard and glistening with his saliva while he squeezed and massaged the tight globes of her ass. When he was satisfied with his handiwork, he guided her to lay down on her back before moving himself over her. As he looked down at her, he was pleasantly surprised to see that her attitude had changed: rather than the cold indifference she'd shown when he came into the bedroom, she was looking up at him with interest... and perhaps even eagerness. As he adjusted his position to get the head of his penis lightly pressed against her opening, she spread her legs more and brought her

knees up to give him easier access. Holding his cock in position with one hand, Tom began to press himself into her. To his pleasure, she not only didn't fight the process but actually tried to relax herself to make it easier for him. The tip of his manhood wasn't far into her when he felt the obstruction of her maidenhead; as he continued to push into her, he felt that impediment stretching ahead of him.

Britney had felt considerable relief when Tom had begun by moving slowly and easily, instead of trying to stuff himself into her as quickly as he could. Though she was feeling a certain amount of discomfort (primarily from her stretched hymen), she was doing the best she could to make his entry as easy as possible for BOTH of them. It seemed as though his penis was even larger than when she'd had it in her hand and mouth when she felt him suddenly slip into her. Even as that was happening, she felt her hymen give way with a sharp but thankfully brief pain that caused her to gasp and grimace as a result.

Above her, Tom felt the head of his cock finally slip past the tight ring of her entrance, along with the sudden absence of pressure from her maidenhead. At the same time, he heard her gasp and saw a brief change in her expression. Knowing what had happened, he held himself still until he saw that she had recovered from the experience before slowly increasing the pressure to begin easing himself into her again.

Without being told so, Britney knew that Tom had waited while she got over the loss of her virginity, and had begun to adjust to the presence of his massive manhood in her formerly unused sheath. When she felt him begin to press into her again, she was ready, and did her best to let it happen.

Off to the side where she wouldn't be in the way, Bethany had watched in awe as Tom's manhood had slowly started to sink into her sister. When she saw the large knob at the end of it suddenly disappear accompanied by Brit's cry and look of distress, she knew instinctively what had happened and immediately felt sorry for her twin. But that only lasted the few seconds it took her to realize that Britney didn't look like she was actually in all that much pain; if anything, it seemed to have passed a lot quicker than she'd have thought it would. That brought on a sense of relief that Brit wasn't suffering, after all. Shortly after that, it occurred to her that it might not be as bad as she was afraid it would be when Tom stuck himself in her butt. In fact, she thought to herself, it would give her the chance to KIND of find out what it was like to be fucked, but without the actual pain of breaking her hymen... and that wasn't such a bad thing to know. Remaining silent to avoid disturbing her sister and Tom, or drawing attention to herself, Bethany continued to watch closely as she saw more of Tom's erection begin to disappear into her sister—who actually looked like she didn't mind that it was happening.

Tom was pleased to learn that Britney was wet enough inside to make it *relatively* easy for him to get his stiff dick into the deliciously tight confines of her pussy. Even so, he paused every so often and slid himself back and forth a little bit to make sure he stayed well lubricated with her oils before resuming the process of getting himself buried in her. He had maybe half his cock in her when he realized that she was starting to press herself up toward him, and had spread her thighs even farther, in welcome to his efforts. Still, he wasn't going to do anything to hurt her if he could help it, and continued to move slowly and carefully into her.

Britney was glad to discover that once the head of Tom's erection was inside her the worst of the discomfort was over. There was no mistaking that he was still stretching her inside, but he was going slowly enough that she wasn't having any difficulty accepting it. In fact, she realized, it was starting feel rather good...

From where she sat, Bethany had a clear view of both her sister's face and where Tom and her sister

were joined. It was easy for her to see that he'd gotten over half his erection in her by that point, something Beth hadn't been sure was possible. What surprised her even more was the reaction Brit was having: knowing her sister as she did, Bethany could easily tell that Brit not only wasn't experiencing any difficulty, but was actually starting to **enjoy** what was happening to her. THAT little gem of information got her re-thinking even more about the prospect of having Tom's cock in her ass.

It was something of a relief to Tom when a final gentle thrust of his hips ended with his cock thoroughly encased by Britney's hot snatch: the end of his penis was lightly touching the deepest part of her while her opening was clenched around the base of him. After she'd had a little time to adjust to his presence, he was going to finally be able to start fucking the lovely young teen—and it wasn't going to be the only time, if he had his way.

Britney, too, was relieved that Tom's massive penis was all the way inside her; and for reasons that weren't all that different than Tom's. Although he felt *huge* from the way he was stretching her inside, she could also feel herself adjusting to it... greatly assisted by the fact that he was holding still. As the seconds ticked by, the feeling of being stretched gradually changed over to one of simply being filled; and that wasn't a bad sensation at ALL.

Bethany could only look on in awe at the sight before her. Most amazing was that Tom was completely buried inside her sister's vagina, something that left her feeling a sense of wonder not much different than how she'd felt after her first orgasm. Less amazing, but still no small surprise, was the look of pleasure Britney was getting on her face. Beth had been sure that having something as positively huge as Tom's erect manhood in something as small and tight as her sister's chamber would leave the other girl a complete wreck; that Brit gave every indication of not just being comfortable, but actually enjoying it—it beggared belief. But the truth of the situation was right there in front of her: Brit was laying there not only looking comfortable, but even *smiling* faintly. And unless her eyes were deceiving her, it looked like Brit was even starting to lift her hips, as though she wanted even MORE of Tom in her, or... or actually wanted him to start moving in her. That latter possibility was one that Beth couldn't quite bring herself to believe, at first; but when Brit repeated her actions, and Bethany saw how Brit responded when Tom slowly eased his manhood out and back in again...

While holding himself over the young girl, Tom noticed that the small difference in their height meant that his head wasn't all that far from her delectable tits. With only a little bit of awkwardness, he managed to bend his body enough to let him get his mouth fastened on one of them and proceeded to begin sucking on not just her hard nipples, but random spots on the rest of her lovely mammaries—something that soon earned him a soft moan of pleasure from her. He was only able to keep his efforts up for a couple of minutes before his back began to complain, but that proved to be long enough: when he released her hard nipple from between his lips and straightened up again, he felt her lift her hips up slightly. When she did it again a second later, it was all the prompting he needed to begin fucking her. He slowly and carefully slid his cock out of her until only the head was in her, then reversed direction and just as meticulously buried himself again. As he did, she closed her eyes and got a look of near-ecstasy on her face, letting him know that his plan to get the girls to willingly accept intimacy with him was working. He repeated his actions again, a trifle faster, and drew a nearly identical response from the young girl beneath him; from there, he began gradually increasing his movements in her tight, wet sheath.

Tom's mouth on her breasts had felt pretty good the first time, but when he started sucking on them

again (and for even longer) while she was so nicely filled with his staff, Britney knew that sex wasn't a bad thing, after all. After he had stopped sucking and softly biting her nipple, something inside her said that it was time for him to start moving. She pressed herself up at him, then did it again; when he responded, she'd been dismayed by the feeling of his cock leaving her—only to be overjoyed by the sensation of it filling her up again in a single slow motion. Then when he did it again a little faster, the feeling was even better. Soon he was moving in her almost constantly, and that was when she knew that she'd be willing to let him fuck her any time he wanted.

As she watched Tom's hard rod plunging in and out of her sister, Bethany couldn't help beginning to feel excited: his cock was as shiny as it could be from her sister's juices, and Beth could hear the faint liquid noises created each time it disappeared into Brit's vagina—along with the soft noises of pleasure that her sibling was making. The angle she was at, Bethany could see as Brit's inner lips were stretched out every time Tom pulled out of her, only to be pushed back in again when he reversed direction. The sight fascinated her, and as she watched it happening over and over again, felt herself getting more and more aroused.

Tom's attention was focused almost entirely on the incredible sensation of Britney's tight pussy around his cock as he pistoned himself in and out of her. But there was still enough of his mind free to take note of the fact that she was vocally and physically responding to his thrusts. She'd wrapped her legs around his waist and was intermittently lifting her hips up off the bed in welcome to his penetrations. If she was that enthusiastic so soon after losing her cherry, he could only imagine what she'd be like with a little more experience.

Britney had thought that Tom's penis had felt pretty good when he first began moving it in her. But as he continued to piston himself in and out of her, that "pretty good" kept getting better and better. It wasn't that the feeling itself was changing, or that he was doing any special as he went along. Rather, it was as though each time he filled her with his manhood, it added just a little more to the pleasure she felt: there wasn't any individual thing that was making her feel so good, but the cumulative effect was phenomenal. She could feel the pressure building up inside, and kept wondering when it was going to end—every time he withdrew, she was convinced that his next thrust would bring an end to it.

To Bethany, it was plain as could be from the sounds that Brit was making that her twin was past the point of just wanting to orgasm, and actually feeling frustrated that it hadn't happened yet. She wasn't sure if Tom was actually clueless enough not to know that, if he simply didn't care, or there simply wasn't anything he could do. Whatever the problem was, it actually pained Beth to hear how badly Brit wanted to climax.

Tom could feel Britney's hot, wet pussy briefly tighten around him more and more often, and the feeling of it dramatically increased the pleasure he was getting from fucking into her already-tight sheath. Finally, though, it proved to be too much; with a deep groan, he stuffed as much of his cock into her hot girl-chamber as he could before trying to fill her with his seed.

When Britney felt Tom stop to take several long, slow strokes in her, she started to feel disappointed. That only lasted until he pressed himself into her harder and farther than before, and she suddenly felt something hot inside along with feeling wetter. It actually took her a few moments to realize that he was climaxing in her; when she did, though, that was all she needed to trigger her own release. She could hear herself cry out loudly, only to have the sound cut off by the intensity of the seizure that hit her: it was stronger than anything she could remember experiencing before. She barely had time to

draw a breath before being overwhelmed by the next wave of her orgasm.

Stunned by what was happening in front of her, Bethany could only sit and watch and listen as her sister orgasmed harder than Beth had ever seen before. Brit had *never* screamed out like that, and even from where she was sitting, Beth could see that the spasms running through Brit were more powerful than any she'd witnessed until then. Bethany had been teasing her own clitoris as she'd watched her sister and Tom fucking, but the sight she was witnessing was enough to make her completely forget her own pleasure.

When his climax had finished, Tom supported his body on his elbows as he got his breath back. That left his body close enough to hers that her breasts were pillowed against his chest, centered around where her nipples were pressing into his chest. His penis was still encased in her womanhood, where the occasional twinges he felt were dramatically slowing the shrinkage he experienced.

After her orgasm faded, Britney unlocked her ankles behind Tom and let her legs fall to the bed. She was pleased to realize that she could still feel him inside her, and was glad that he was holding himself over her— not just so he didn't squash her, but because it felt nice having him as a kind of living blanket while she got herself back together. Without realizing she was doing it, she brought her hands to his sides and began softly running her fingertips along his ribs.

Tom's movement in lowering his body over her sister reminded Bethany that there was an important job for her to do when he finally got off Brit: she had to get his semen out. With her and her sister both being fifteen-year-old virgins, neither one of them had ever used any kind of birth control; the LAST thing either of them needed was to get pregnant. That was the **only** reason Beth was willing to have anything at all to do with his juice; she'd been more than a little dismayed to hear that she was expected to actually swallow it. She'd been less than enthusiastic about the idea of using her mouth to get it out: she couldn't help thinking that it was gross, and was deeply suspicious that it tasted totally disgusting. Still, she was committed to doing what she could to protect Britney as much as she could, and began psyching herself up to do whatever was necessary to achieve that goal.

The shrinkage of his penis reached the point that Tom knew he was going to slip out of Britney's pussy; the thought that he didn't want to make a mess on his bed reminded him that her sister was going to be cleaning his cum out of his new toy. It also reminded him that neither of the girls was on birth control, which was all the motivation he needed to pull himself clear of Britney and move to lay next to her.

Britney felt mixed emotions when Tom moved next to her: it felt nice having him over her, but she was starting to get a little sweaty from where their bodies touched. It wasn't until she felt someone move between her legs and looked down to see that it was Bethany that she remembered that Tom had cum in her, and that her sister (whom she'd completely forgotten about) was supposed to get it out. Britney wasn't particularly worried about getting pregnant, since she'd be starting her period in a few days; that was something that Bethany was aware of (they usually started their menses within a day or two of each other), but had apparently forgotten, judging from the way she was so industriously licking and sucking on Brit's opening.

The first time Bethany got a blob of Tom's semen in her mouth, she was fully prepared for it to be disgusting—only to discover that it didn't have much of a taste, other than being distinctly salty. Relieved, the rest of the process was not only not bad, but actually rather pleasant: the addition of Tom's cum only served to enhance the flavor of Brit's already-tasty juices... which were abundant. Beth continued eating her sister's pussy well past the point necessary to remove Tom's cum, stopping

only when Brit insisted on moving her legs back together.

When Beth sat up, Tom knew that she was done with her twin; that was when he told her "Why don't you go ahead and clean ME off, too, while you're at it."

Knowing that she was going to have to taste his cock anyway, Beth simply moved over and took his sticky penis in her hand before leaning over and starting to lick it clean. When she heard him say "C'mon, you can do better than that", she gave in to the inevitable and took him into her mouth. The taste wasn't appreciably different than when she'd used her mouth on Britney, so she simply licked and sucked until she was sure there wasn't any residue from either one of them left on him.

It took only a small gesture from Tom to get Bethany to lay on the other side of him from her twin; when he raised his arms, both girls understood that he wanted them to move closer, which they did. Lowering his arms again, Tom put each of his hands on one of the sister's breasts, then began softly caressing their warm, smooth mounds.

As the three of them laid there, each was occupied with their own thoughts.

Britney knew that despite the consideration Tom had shown, he didn't *really* care about her—but that was okay. She intuited that he'd done a nicer job of deflowering her than she likely would have gotten from anyone else around her age, and he'd made her feel pretty damn good... better than she'd expected by a LONG shot. She suspected that that wouldn't be the only time he'd want her and/or Beth, and that was fine with her, at least: now that she'd lost her virginity, there wasn't any reason she couldn't take whatever she learned with (or from) him and use it with somebody of **her** choosing later. Besides, if it meant her and Beth being able to stay together someplace, getting fucked by him wasn't a bad price to pay, all things considered.

Even though all that had happened to her thus far had been getting her pussy eaten (and eaten damn well, she had to admit), Bethany still had plenty of her own to think about. After seeing that Tom's cock could fit something as small as Brit's virgin opening and still give her sister the kind of pleasure she'd seen, she wasn't all that worried about him sticking that same penis in her ass. It wasn't like she had a hymen in her butt, after all, or that her anus didn't expand every time her bowels moved. And he'd said something about using some kind of lubrication, too, so she didn't have to worry about THAT part of it, at least. She doubted she was going to actually LIKE it, but figured she could at least tolerate it for as long as it took for him to climax.

Tom lay between the two of them thinking about the change he'd seen in Britney, and what it could mean for him, as well as contemplating what he was going to do with Bethany. If Bethany responded to having his dick in her ass anything like the way Britney had behaved toward being fucked for the first time, he figured he was going to have a *fine* time with the two of them. Simply having a fresh girl like either one of them would have been a delight; that they were nearly identical redheaded twins was outstanding. There wasn't a doubt in his mind that they'd compare notes on their experiences, and when they did, he was certain that the exchange would have both thinking that what the other had gone through might not be so bad, after all: Britney would start thinking that being fucked in the ass wasn't as bad as she likely thought it was, just as Bethany would come to believe that losing her virginity could end up being better than she probably expected. He'd also be the beneficiary as the two of them learned how to give better blowjobs—while he kept busy eating their tasty pussies, of course. And that didn't even include the pleasure he'd undoubtedly get from watching the two of them with each other!

As he lay there, Tom started visualizing the different things that he anticipated doing with the twins, along with what he'd have them doing together and with each other. The images that crowded his mind soon had him feeling more than a little aroused; when he felt his penis begin to respond, he knew it was time to get things moving again. That was accomplished by simply observing "Britney, I think it's time for you to start getting your sister ready."

In little more than a minute, Bethany was kneeling between his legs, leaning over so she could lift his penis up and take the head of it between her lips. After Britney had positioned herself on her back and slid under her twin, she reached up and guided Bethany to lower her hips until her russet bush was right above Britney's mouth. By angling his head over to the side a little bit, Tom had a narrow view between his body and Bethany's to where Britney was starting to lick her sister's pussy. It also let him see when Bethany's nipples started to erect as a result of the attention she was getting between her thighs.

After already had his manhood in her mouth while cleaning his and Britney's residue off of it, Bethany had at least *some* idea of what she could be doing, and did it. It took a minute or so for her to realize that she wasn't getting the results she needed to; after a few seconds of indecision, she began experimenting with other things—giving them enough time to have an effect (if they were going to) before trying something else. After just a few minutes, she seemed to at least get the *idea* of what she should be doing, and started meeting with more success.

Tom was patient while she learned how to give head. She wasn't doing anything that hurt, and it was pleasant and amusing to watch and feel his cock moving around in her mouth.

As Tom's penis began to respond to her oral ministrations, Bethany's efforts narrowed to what worked better, and then increased; it wasn't long until she was having the effect she was after. The only problem—if it could be called that—was what Britney was doing to HER: it easily felt good enough that it kept distracting her from what she was supposed to be doing. But Tom wasn't doing anything other than laying there, and he didn't say anything, so she figured she was doing good enough.

From Tom's perspective, she was doing just FINE, thank you very much. She'd succeeded in getting him hard, and her activities (even with the pauses) were quite sufficient to keep him that way. The way things were going, he figured he could enjoy her steadily improving cocksucking skills for several more minutes before starting the last act of the evening's program.

Britney knew that what she was doing to her sister was getting in the way of what Beth was doing, but until Tom said something, she fully planned to continue: she was determined to do whatever she could to give her twin as much pleasure as she could. Brit suspected that what Tom was going to do wouldn't be as bad as the two of them had first thought for the simple reason that HER experience losing her virginity hadn't turned out that way; but if it did happen that Beth had a problem, she was going to do her best to make it as small of a problem as she could.

Tom got to the point of wanting to become more active in finding his pleasure, and told Bethany "I think that's enough, now."

The young redhead pulled her lips off his erect manhood, and softly sighed in resignation to her fate. Hearing it and seeing her expression, Tom told her "Go ahead and get into a '69' with your sister, if you want" before rolling over enough to retrieve a tube of lubricant from a nightstand drawer. When he turned back, Beth had sat up, so he waited until she turned around and got herself positioned over her sibling before getting to his knees behind her. Looking down, he saw Britney looking up at him with a

look of pleading in her eyes as she slowly licked her sister's pussy; he knew that she was trying to ask him to be gentle with Beth, and let his heart soften enough to give her a brief smile to reassure her.

Opening the cap of lube, he squirted a generous dollop onto the fingers of one hand; reaching out with both hands, he used one to separate Bethany's cute ass cheeks before beginning to apply the lube that was on the other. Not wanting to discomfit the youngster any more than necessary, he made sure to get the lube spread around before working some of it into, then through, the sphincter of her anus. Once he was satisfied with his efforts, he used a bit more to get himself greased up, as well.

After moving forward, Tom gently pulled Bethany's glutes apart and positioned the end of his erection against the pucker of her rectum. He could feel her tremble a little at the contact, but didn't bother saying anything before starting to press against her most intimate opening. Just as he'd done with Britney, the pressure was mild at first to try and reassure the girl that he wasn't *trying* to hurt her; after a few seconds, he felt her body still as she calmed down in response. As the seconds ticked by, he slowly increased the force he was applying and felt her start to relax to his penetration. Nearly a minute passed with his cock slowly sliding farther into her before he got the head of his manhood into her back channel. With the tight ring of her clamped around him just behind the crown of his dick, he stopped to give her some time to adjust to being violated so intimately.

As he'd hoped, it didn't take long for her to accept his presence once she realized that although she was uncomfortable, she wasn't being hurt. The rosette of her anus gradually relaxed around him, which he used as his cue to continue. It wasn't much longer until he had his full length buried in her bowels; again, he held still so she could adjust to the sensation of having his adult cock stuffed into her adolescent anus.

Beth found herself surprised at how easily things had gone. While it certainly wasn't comfortable having Tom's massive penis in her butt, and she'd definitely had her anus stretched, she wasn't experiencing any actual **pain**. Grateful that he'd stopped again when his balls were brushing against her, she used the opportunity to try and relax to his invasion of her body. She was almost completely adjusted to his intimate presence when she felt him begin to move again.

Beneath her twin, Britney had watched as Tom had slowly filled her sister's ass with his hard cock—a sight that she knew she'd never forget witnessing. She'd been paying close attention to Bethany's reaction, and felt no small relief that Beth hadn't had too difficult of a time. Brit didn't figure it had been fun, but it had certainly gone easier than it could have—Tom *had* understood the look she'd given him, as she'd thought. When Tom started moving himself in Beth's ass, Britney returned to pleasuring her sister. With Tom where he was, the only easy thing she could do was use her lips and tongue on the upper half of Beth's slit and (with a little extra effort) sneak in an occasional lick across her opening because of Tom's warning not to get in the way of what he was doing. Britney didn't know what he'd do if she did interfere with him, and had no desire to find out.

Consistent with his plan to get both of the twins to let him use all of their openings, Tom's initial movements through Bethany's rear orifice were slow and gentle... at least, until he was sure she wasn't experiencing any untoward discomfort. Gradually, he increased his efforts until he was fucking into her ass no differently than he would if he was in her pussy. He could see that she was tightly gripping the bedcovers that filled both hands, but she wasn't saying or doing anything to indicate that she was having any problems.

In front of him, Bethany was discovering that being fucked in the ass wasn't all that bad—due in large

part to all the lubricant Tom had used, no doubt. Having Britney licking her clitoris was certainly helping distract her from the sensation of Tom's huge erection sliding back and forth through her butthole, too. After just a few minutes of Tom's cock repeatedly filling her bowels, Bethany began to experience something that she'd never expected: she found herself actually starting to get, well, *excited*... more than could be explained by what Britney was doing to her. As Tom continued, Beth realized that the pleasure she was experiencing was less from Britney's tongue on her clitoris than what Tom was doing to her ass: she wasn't just "okay" with being sodomized, she had started thinking that it actually felt kinda good...

Beneath her sister, Britney noticed that Beth was a bit wetter than usual and was pleased that she was able to help her sibling overcome the discomfort she must be experiencing from having Tom's penis violating her anus. But as the three of them continued their activities, it finally sank in for Britney that Beth's arousal was increasing, even though what she was doing remained fairly constant. Baffled by that, it took a while before Britney began to suspect the truth: that Beth was actually starting to **enjoy** having Tom's massive cock in her ass—something that left her flabbergasted. But as time passed, it became more and more obvious that that was just what was going on.

When Tom realized that Bethany was starting to press herself back at him in response to his thrusts, he knew that he'd won through to his goal: there wasn't a doubt in his mind that Bethany would be a willing partner in getting her ass fucked again in the future. And once she and Britney were through talking to each other about their respective experiences, he was certain that each would be much more agreeable to trying what her sister had gone through with him. Confident that he'd be able to enjoy ALL of their young bodies in whatever way he liked for as long as he wanted only added fuel to his desires, and he felt himself moving closer to his release as a result.

Bethany felt Tom speed up slightly, and the additional stimulation she got it increased her arousal dramatically; by that point, there wasn't a doubt in her mind that she was going to have an orgasm from Tom fucking her that way—probably the one thing that she hadn't considered even remotely possible.

Shortly after Tom began sliding himself in and out of Beth's ass even faster, Britney noticed that her sister was so wet that her juices were starting to literally drip down her pussy; that was something that Brit not only knew how to deal with, but enjoyed, and she readily applied herself to lapping up her twin's abundant overflow... and in the process, adding even more to the pleasure Beth was experiencing.

Beth's increasing enjoyment of having her ass reamed further stimulated Tom, getting him to thrust himself into Beth's warm bowels a trifle harder.

The three of them continued in that round-robin fashion for several more minutes: Tom's actions increasing Beth's desires, which prompted Brit to lap up Beth's juices even more enthusiastically. The added stimulation from Britney got Beth moving even more, arousing Tom to greater action, and so on and so on.

Tom was panting heavily in counterpoint to Beth's continual lustful sounds, which were accentuated by the liquid noises created as Britney enthusiastically licked and sucked on her sister's clitoris and labia while she collected the small but continuous stream of Beth's juices flowing down from her overflowing cunt. The cycle was broken when Tom released a deep groan just ahead of forcing himself into Beth's anus as far as he could just ahead of the first spray of his semen erupting from his hard cock. It took only a moment for Beth to realize what had happened, and that knowledge was all it took

to trigger her own climax; below her, it was all Britney could do to lap up the oils her sister's virginal pussy were pushing out as the spasms of release coursed through her body.

That it was his second climax of the evening and the tightness of Bethany's ass conspired to have Tom's cock deflate faster than usual when he was done trying to power-wash her bowels with his cum. Pulling his wilted and slightly-sore member from her intimate embrace, he moved back a little bit before moving to lay down and catch his breath.

Bethany found that she was actually a little disappointed by the absence of Tom's manhood from her butt; that brief regret was overwhelmed by the sudden realization that her anus wouldn't close all the way. Immediately following that discovery, she knew that if she straightened up, his semen would leak out. That his cum would escape wasn't the problem—where it escaped FROM, was. Blushing slightly, she remained still on her hands and knees and arched her back to try and keep it inside as Britney wriggled out from under her. Once her twin had stood up and headed for the bathroom, Britney turned and moved to lay on her stomach next to Tom while she waited for Brit to get back.

Britney hadn't forgotten that she had been designated as the one to tidy up Tom and her sister when they were done. As soon as Tom had pulled his shrunken penis from her sister's ass, Britney had started moving out from under her sister so she could deal with that task before Tom had cause to get upset (and more importantly, tend to Bethany). Remembering how **she'd** felt after being fucked, Britney knew that sooner was better, and hurried to get into the bathroom and get a couple of damp washcloths and towels.

Back in the bedroom. Britney laid one of the warm washcloths along the crease of Beth's ass so her sister could take care of any immediate needs while she carefully and gently wiped the lube and flecks of semen from Tom's penis, then dry it. That accomplished, she turned her attentions to Beth, who had managed to wipe up most of the lube... but curiously, left the washcloth tucked between the cheeks of her ass. It wasn't until Britney pulled it free and saw that Beth's anus wasn't completely closed that she understood why. After cleaning the rest of the lubricant from between Beth's ass cheeks, Britney carefully dried the area before taking everything back into the bathroom. When she got back into the bedroom, she didn't hesitate to lay on her side and snuggle next to Tom in the hope that doing so would draw his attention to her so that Beth would have a little more time to recuperate.

As he lay there between the twins, Tom felt unusually content as he idly caressed his two new toys. After a couple of minutes, he heard one of them sigh; it was so soft and faint that it took him a few moments to realize that it had come from Bethany. Knowing that it had been her, he had to smile to himself: the sound had been one of pleased contentment, which only confirmed for him that she'd willingly cooperate the next time he suggested fucking her ass. There were so few of the girls at the Academy that he could do that to, and fewer still that didn't simply let it happen without responding any more than necessary.

After getting his breath back, and regaining some of his energy, Tom got the three of them into the shower. With him leading the way, he didn't see Bethany's sudden furious blush when some of his cum trickled out of her anus, or the look the two girls exchanged afterwards. Once they were all under the spray, he had a dandy time playing with their soap- and water-slickened bodies.

The next day, only one of their friends had any suspicion or inkling of why Bethany was walking the way she did—and she wasn't inclined to say or ask anything about it.

While she was on probation, Margo spent as much time as she figured she reasonably could on the computer in her room whenever Isabelle was off somewhere. Although she wasn't particularly happy about how little time that actually turned out to be, she accepted the limitations imposed by the necessity of not spending ALL her time there and getting out and getting to meet (and learn about) the others at the Academy. To her displeasure, there was only little more than a week between the end of her probation and the start of school; still, she managed to make the most of it with help from Isabelle and Louise.

Once school started, Margo quickly became the one that most of her friends turned to whenever they had a problem with their computers. It was almost always a user problem, but Margo never said or did anything to anyone about it; instead, she focused on helping them learn how to find help on their own using the built-in assistance most programs had, and translating from computerese to English. In return, everyone that she helped was quite willing to help her with the relatively minor things she asked of them. One girl that had access to the networking closet in the main building told her what makes and models of equipment were being used by the Academy, while others that worked various places around the property readily provided her with the technical information about the computers they used; they didn't know what she was asking, but could tell her what was on the screen when she told them what to look for. Throughout, Margo was careful not to move too quickly so that none of them had cause to wonder about her interest in such things. She knew that they thought she was kind of geeky, but that since it was only a *little* bit, they didn't think much about it.

Several weeks into the school year, Margo had been doing some reading for one of her English classes when she decided that having already read it for a different class at a different school was enough. Ending her study session early, she went back to her room; she'd barely gotten into the room when she saw that Isabelle and Louise were both naked and had a hand between each other's thighs. Before she could back out and find somewhere else to go, both of them shifted their attention from each other and focused on her, instead. All three of them were blushing when Margo said "Um, I'm sorry. I already read this book at another school and decided to blow off reading it again. I, uh, didn't know you wanted some time alone."

In response, Isabelle responded by saying "No, don't worry about it. Me and Louise, we're not, you know, a *couple*, but we like to help each other feel good, sometimes. You probably would have found out about us sooner or later, anyway. Besides, it's not like we're doing anything **bad**, is it? You've done stuff with other girls, haven't you? Practicing kissing and such?"

"Well, yeah, but not much. Kissing and touching a little bit, but nothing more. Where I grew up, everybody was pretty redneck, and anybody that got too much going with another girl was taking a chance of being labeled a lez or dyke or something—so girls didn't do much with each other, even if they were best friends."

Isabelle and Louise shared a look at hearing that before Louise asked "Didn't you ever want more to happen?"

Margo released a brief laugh before answering "Yeah, a couple of times. But I was afraid to—not just because of what people might start saying about me, but because I didn't know what to do or what to expect. I mean, the other girls didn't seem to know any more about that kind of stuff than I did. Like I said, damn near everybody was some dumbass goat-roper."

Isabelle spoke up then, saying "If you want to—it really is okay if you don't, but if you want to—me

and Louise can maybe help you find out what you missed out on."

Surprised, Margo could only answer "I don't know... I lost my cherry over a year ago, and I actually like fucking. I, uh, I've even got a vibrating dildo I use."

Louise and Isabelle both smiled at that before Louise said "It's good you can have some fun, but liking being with guys doesn't mean that you can't have fun with girls, too. All it says is that you like both, and that's okay out here in the rest of the world", with a smile.

Knowing she was being teased a little, Margo smiled as Isabelle added "I was nervous the first time I was with another girl, too, for the same reasons you said. But that's okay, 'cause it's like that the first time for almost everyone. You told us you've never done anything like that, and I don't think that means there's anything wrong with you, and I don't think Louise does, either. That's why I said that we could help you find out what it's like, if you want. I know you wouldn't really know anything, but I'll bet you could learn. You might even find out you like it; if you don't, that's okay, too."

Margo had heard their offer the first time, but let it go; having it repeated after what had been said made a small thrill run through her. She was still nervous about the idea, but the assurance that her apprehension wasn't any big deal had greatly diminished it. She'd also hedged a bit when telling them about her previous experiences: the mutual touching she'd engaged in was the same as she'd seen when she came in, and the idea of doing that much (and more) appealed to her. More than anything else, though, it was hearing all that they'd said; she believed that they really would be fine with it if she didn't want to join them (telling her that they wouldn't be "pushing" her), and that if she DID, it wasn't going to result in a major lifestyle change. It was almost a relief to her to tell them "I... I think I'd like that—to find out what it's really like with another girl, I mean."

Smiling, both girls got up and came over to her; Isabelle leaned forward enough to give Margo a soft kiss on the lips... one that Margo knew was meant to be both reassuring and affectionate. A moment later, Louise told her "It'll be okay, Margo. You'll see."

Reassured, Margo nodded her head, not trusting herself to speak. A moment later, Isabelle told her "I think you're a little behind the rest of us, Margo. Let's get you caught up, okay?"

Reminded that they were both naked while she was still fully dressed, Margo nodded again for the same reason. As Louise moved her head forward to collect her own kiss, Isabelle reached out and started unfastening the buttons on the front of Margo's blouse. As her kiss with Louise progressed, Margo felt Isabelle's hands moving down her front... only to return to the top and reach around behind her and unfasten her bra. With nothing to get in the way, Isabelle's hands then slid back around, moving under the cups of Margo's bra to cup her breasts.

Margo was pleased when Isabelle's touches proved to be slower and gentler than those of either of the guys she'd ever been with.

Patiently and tenderly, Isabelle was mapping the surfaces of Margo's mammaries; she delighted in the soft feel of them under her fingertips, and mildly impressed at how firm they were when she gently squeezed them. They weren't much larger than her own, so she didn't feel any envy about their size. When she got the ends of her fingers to Margo's peaks, she was pleasantly surprised to learn that she could feel the edges of Margo's areolas. Almost perfectly centered in each was one of Margo's nipples: larger than her own and feeling like oversized bits of firm rubber. As she toyed with them a little bit, she felt them begin to lengthen and get firmer. It wasn't easy for her to release her tenuous hold on the

other girls mounds, but she wanted—needed!—to get Margo naked; ever since the first time she'd seen her roommate, she'd wished for the opportunity to really *look* at the other girl.

When they'd first started kissing, Louise had put her hands on Margo's waist; but when that kiss ended and they began another, Louise found the zipper and fastening for the skirt Margo had on. After undoing both, Louise had let Margo's skirt fall to the floor before moving one hand to Margo's ass and softly squeezing and caressing her ass cheeks while Isabelle got Margo's blouse and bra off. When Isabelle moved to begin kissing Margo's tits and sucking on her nipples, Louise moved behind Margo and knelt down. A moment later, Margo felt Louise's hands slip under the waistband of her panties and begin sliding them down... pausing only long enough to give each of Margo's ass cheeks a soft, brief kiss before letting her panties fall to her ankles. Standing up behind her, Louise reached around to cup Margo's breasts in her hands. Isabelle responded by kneeling down and running her fingers through the dense thicket of Margo's bush for several seconds, pleased by how soft it felt, before leaning forward and giving the other girl a soft kiss squarely on the visible hood of her clitoris.

Standing up again, Isabelle took Margo by the hand and led her to Margo's bed and got her friend stretched out on her back. Isabelle moved to lay down next to Margo as Louise sat on the edge of the bed. Looking into Margo's eyes, Isabelle said "We aren't going to do anything TO you; if you'll let us, we'll do things *with* you. If you want us to, we'll stop any time you tell us. Okay?"

Margo didn't have any trouble answering "I know you would, but I'll be okay."

Isabelle smiled and said "You'll be way better than just 'okay', I think", before moving in to kiss her friend. Margo readily kissed her back, and as the kiss went on, felt Isabelle's hand move to her breast again, cupping it and softly teasing its nipple.

The two of them continued to exchange kisses for a few minutes as Isabelle continued to caress her breasts before Margo felt a hand begin softly stroking her leg. Knowing that it was Louise, Margo wondered why the other girl was only touching her from knee to ankle until she realized that Louise was demonstrating that she, too, was going to be patient and gentle. With that, Margo was grateful that she was going to learn about being with other girls from her two friends.

A few more minutes went by before Isabelle stopped kissing Margo in favor of moving her lips to Margo's breasts, and began using her mouth and tongue on Margo's bust, as well. As Margo enjoyed the sensations her roommate was creating, she could also feel that Louise had started expanding her touches: each time Louise stroked one of her legs, she started a trifle higher on Margo's leg, and ended it that much sooner. It wasn't long until Louise was caressing her legs from mid-thigh to mid-calf, making Margo more aware of her legs—and the area between them—than she'd ever been before.

Isabelle wasn't just using her mouth on Margo's bust; she also had a hand busy tracing random patterns on Margo's belly and sides, trying as best she could to help Margo become more aware of what was happening to her body... just as she knew Louise was doing. Isabelle could tell that they were having the desired effect by the increase in Margo's breathing and the slow, slight writhing of the body being subjected to her attentions. She and Louise had been friends (and lovers) long enough that she knew Louise would want hers to be the first pussy that Margo ever tasted, which was fine with Isabelle—she wanted to be the first to taste Margo's pussy!

Louise had started stroking Margo's legs the way she had to reassure the girl that she was safe; but as she witnessed the slowly increasing arousal Margo was experiencing, she gradually shifted her actions

to more directly serve her REAL purposes: getting Margo worked up enough to be willing to have her first try at eating another girl's pussy... and more specifically, **her** pussy. She and Isabelle had always been patient and gentle lovers on their own, but ever since the first time they'd been together, they'd deliberately gone about learning how to prolong and intensify their pleasure. So it was a relatively simple matter for Louise to apply the things she'd learned toward increasing Margo's arousal slowly, so that the other girls wouldn't have cause or opportunity to object to (or back out of) what they were doing. Seemingly without knowing she was doing it, Margo had eased her legs farther and farther apart to let Louise reach more of them; from where she was, Louise could see that the cleft of Margo's sex was already visibly damp—something she was sure would please Isabelle, when she learned about it.

In the mean time, Louise was having fun with what she was doing; she'd gotten far enough up Margo's legs that she was moving her fingertips from the inside of one of Margo's knees to the other, via constantly varying routes that ALWAYS avoided Margo's mons and the area between her thighs... even after Margo moved her legs far enough apart to open herself completely to Louise's touch.

Isabelle felt Margo move, and only had to tilt her head a little bit to see what had happened. On spying that Margo's legs were wide apart, Isabelle smiled inwardly before starting the process of moving her oral attentions the direction of Margo's muff and the treasure it covered.

Margo regretted the loss of Isabelle's mouth on her tits, but what Louise was doing still felt incredibly sensuous to her. Besides, Isabelle was still busy on her: gently nibbling with her lips, kissing her skin, and even giving random spots brief little licks. She felt Isabelle move, but didn't bother opening her eyes, since she could feel the other girl moving between her parted legs. That brought an end to Louise's caresses of her thighs, but that loss was replaced with a gain a few moments later when she felt Louise's mouth fasten on the peak of one of her breasts.

Louise was a trifle jealous of Margo's larger bust, but that did nothing to get in the way of the enjoyment she got from sucking on Margo's nipples, and playing with her (hopefully!) new lover's firm, warm mounds. Her tender efforts soon had both of Margo's tits capped with pale puckered cones that supported the hard cylinders of her erect nipples.

As Louise was occupying herself at one end of her body, Margo could feel Isabelle's attentions moving closer and closer to her crotch; knowing that one girl was on the verge of being the first ever to taste her pussy while another girl was so lovingly sucking and licking and touching her tits pleased and aroused Margo tremendously. Enough so that she could already feel how wet and excited she'd gotten, leaving her to hope that Isabelle wouldn't be put off by how much of her juices must be leaking out of her already.

Isabelle had barely reached Margo's navel when her nose detected the scent of Margo's arousal; the aroma of it promptly got her mouth watering in anticipation of sampling the nectar that flowed from the source. After delaying at Margo's bush for a bit so she could savor the feel of Margo's soft thatch against her lips a little more, Isabelle was finally in position to look upon the flower whose aroma she found so appealing. Margo's labia were soft and smooth, and already dark with her arousal. At the top of her cleft, the small pink pearl of Margo's clitoris had thrown back its hood; between her inner lips, Isabelle could see the opening that was already starting to drool Margo's juices and the wellspring of the delicious aroma filling her nose.

Isabelle's pause to try and memorize the sight before her caused Margo to get a little nervous that the juices she was sure were practically gushing out of her had turned Isabelle off, or that her pussy was

unusual somehow; but when she felt Isabelle's tongue come into contact with the bottom of her slit, she knew that whatever she looked like, however wet she really was, it was okay. Then when Isabelle's tongue brushed across her opening before continuing up between her inner lips, and then finishing with a couple of circles around her clitoris, Margo couldn't help but gasp slightly at the sheer eroticism and pleasure she felt.

Hearing Margo's soft noise (and knowing what it meant) was all Isabelle needed to repeat her efforts, again enjoying the pleasantly tangy flavor of Margo's nectar before teasing the other girl's clitoris even more. Over the course of the next couple of minutes, Isabelle steadily increased the actions she took to both arouse and satisfy Margo. It wasn't long before she was happily doing everything to Margo that she'd do to any other female she'd been with—and getting much the same results.

Louise was aware of the significance and meaning of the sound Margo had made, as well. Knowing what Isabelle would be doing her best to show Margo the pleasures of sapphic love, Louise did the same, though the targets of her efforts weren't *quite* as easy to work with. Still, it was a matter of only a few minutes before she had Margo's fingers in her hair as she enthusiastically applied herself to her self-appointed task.

Neither of Margo's boyfriends had gone down on her very often (their excuse being "If you lick the hole, you'll suck the pole"), and neither had managed to give her anywhere **near** the kind of pleasure emanating from her crotch that Isabelle was creating. Nor had either of them been worth a damn with her tits, either, judging from the way Louise was making her feel. The dual assaults on her sensuality and sexuality were threatening to overwhelm her, and she was loving every moment of it. She was panting heavily between almost continuous moans of desire and arousal as she felt herself moving closer and closer to an orgasm that promised to be bigger than anything she'd ever experienced before.

Rather than being put off by the abundance of oils leaking out of Margo, Isabelle was actually overjoyed with them: not only were they another confirmation that she was having the effect she was after, but they were a treat for her taste buds. Knowing that Louise would be content with Margo's tits for only so long (until Margo was aroused or had climaxed enough to be willing to eat another girl's pussy, but not much longer than that), Isabelle wasn't taking as much time about arousing Margo as she would have Louise, or even another girl. Still, she wasn't about to shortchange herself, either, and continued lapping up Margo's juices between bouts of tormenting her clitoris or softly teasing her engorged labia. Besides, Isabelle didn't think it was going to be much longer until Margo orgasmed, anyway.

That was a lot truer than Isabelle realized. Margo could feel herself getting closer and closer to a climax, and was doing her best to resist it. Not because she didn't want it to happen, but simply to let the pressure build in her even more as she practically wallowed in the incredible sensations radiating from her pussy and tits.

Still, she didn't control those feelings, and they eventually built up in her enough that there wasn't any stopping their eventual release. Barely managing to choke back a scream, Margo nearly blacked out from the intensity of the first wave of ecstasy that overwhelmed her. Before she could even draw a breath, a second hit, leaving her gasping in its wake. Several more spasms of release washed through her, each a little milder than the one before, until she was left laying on her bed feeling tired and weak.

Isabelle had been surprised by the suddenness of Margo's orgasm, but not displeased by the results. The disappearance of Margo's clitoris had been only a mild disappointment, since that left her with little

more to do than lick up the tasty oils that Margo's spasming body were pushing out.

With "only" Margo's hard, tight breasts available, Louise did what she could to help by sucking *particularly* hard on one of Margo's puckered areolas and erect nipples while she firmly but carefully pinched and twisted those features on the other mammary until Margo's head fell back to her bed with the end of her release.

Stretching herself out next to her friend, Louise put an arm around Margo and held her close as she got her breath back. When Margo's eyes opened and saw Louise, they got nearly as large as saucers before she managed to softly say "I didn't... I never thought it could BE like that..."

Louise just smiled and gave Margo a soft kiss on the lips before saying "I know. It was kinda like that for me the first time, too."

In a slightly stronger voice, Margo wanted to know "Why in god's name would anybody say that something that can make you feel like THAT is *bad*?"

Louise's smile got wider before she answered "Like you said: they're just a bunch of dumbass goat-ropers. They've already got their minds made up that there's only one way to do things, so anything else is automatically bad, or wrong."

Half to herself, Margo said "Ignorant bible-thumping assholes. If they weren't so damn narrow minded and righteous, girls could be doing stuff together, instead of feeling like the only thing they can do is fuck their boyfriends. A half dozen girls in my graduating class had to drop out of school 'cause they got pregnant—even though every last one of them went to church every Sunday and acted like butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. Somebody was gonna try to get a sex education class started that would explain a bunch of stuff that we'd all heard but didn't know about, like homosexuality and birth control and such. It didn't even get as far as a vote by the school board, so many folks pitched a fit about it being against the Bible and all that."

Louise sighed, and said "It was kinda like that where I was from, too. They didn't claim it was against the Bible, though. Parents just said that it wasn't the school's job to teach that stuff, it was theirs... except that the few of them that were actually doing it weren't doing a very good job. Some of the girls that I knew had to drop out 'cause they were pregnant, too."

From between Margo's thighs, Isabelle heard them talking, and added "Back home, we had a sex ed class that taught us a bunch of stuff, and even included things like birth control. Except most of the parents got all worked up and got some laws passed that made it practically impossible for *anybody* to get anything. There used to be a women's clinic that would help girls get protected, but it finally had to shut down after they passed a law that any kind of contraception had to be sold by a pharmacist, and that you had to have ID so he could report to the school if anyone under eighteen bought anything—even condoms. Then everybody was all surprised a year later when there was a big story about how many girls had gotten pregnant, and how many kids had some kind of STD. Morons."

To get some of her happy feelings back, Margo looked down at Isabelle and said "When you got close to me—you know, my pussy—I was afraid you wouldn't like it. I mean, I could feel how wet I was inside, and I was worried that I looked weird or something."

Isabelle smiled as she told Margo "Oh, I liked you just fine! I could smell you before I got there, and I thought it was wonderful. I, uh, had to look at you for a second, though—you were just too pretty and

sexy there. I was glad you were so wet, 'cause that made it easier for me to taste how good you are."

Margo had to smile back as she answered "Yeah, I kinda figured the tasting part out when you kept licking me that way. You really thought I smelled wonderful? And that I'm pretty and sexy between my legs?"

"Yeah, I did, and do", Isabelle answered with a brief laugh. "Don't you?"

Somewhat embarrassed, Margo said "I liked the way I smell, but I wasn't sure about how I looked. I mean, I've only ever looked once, you know, with a mirror, and all I had to compare myself to was a drawing I got from a book. I knew I had all the parts in the right places and everything, but I wasn't sure they looked right because the drawing wasn't very good."

"Believe me on this: you really are pretty and sexy, okay?"

It was Isabelle's tone as much as her words that told Margo she didn't have to worry. Their brief discussion of what her pussy looked like also got her curious about what another girl's genitals looked like; after a few moments of indecision, she finally turned to look at Louise to say "I... I'm ready to find out if I can make another girl feel good—but I'd like to look a little bit, first, if that's okay. All I've ever seen has been just me, and just the one time."

Thrilled by Margo's words, Louise didn't hesitate to tell her "I don't mind if you look at me. I don't look like any other girl, any more than other girls like each other—but I'm not all that different, either. Look, touch, smell, taste... find out what you want to know; I'm fine with it."

Just then, Isabelle glanced down to look at Margo's pussy, and saw her labia lengthen slightly in response to Louise's offer. Smiling to herself, she knew that she was going to enjoy herself while Margo was learning how to eat pussy.

Margo and Louise looked at each other for several seconds before Louise realized that she was going to have to help get Margo started—her friend really was that ignorant of what to do. Smiling, she told Margo "How about if I get over you, with my knees on either side of your head? Then you can look and whatever until you're ready to do anything more". Margo nodded her head nervously, and Louise calmly sat up, then got herself situated over Margo's face. Knowing that hers was the first pussy Margo was ever going to look at that way actually aroused her, to her surprise. She found herself feeling even more thrilled at the idea of BEING aroused while Margo learned what she wanted to find out about pussies.

Margo spent nearly a full minute just looking at Louise's genitals: the narrow strip of dark hair on Louise's mons was clearly a result of shaving, since it stopped cleanly and abruptly just short of her visible clitoral hood. Margo could see that Louise's mons made a more pronounced change in direction than the soft arc that her own displayed. Louise's labia were noticeably thinner than hers, and a trifle shorter. Between them, she could see that Louise was already wet, and couldn't help wondering why... not that she minded! This close, there was no way to miss the aroma that was a result of Louise's arousal; different than her own, it wasn't any less appealing to her, nor could she help wondering if Louise's juices tasted as good as they smelled. Margo felt herself getting aroused at knowing that she'd get the opportunity to find out for herself; though she hadn't said anything about it, she had tasted her own wetness several times and found it more than acceptable, so she wasn't put off by the idea of learning if the same applied to someone else. Finally, at the top of Louise's slit, Margo could see the other girl's clitoris beginning to appear. It looked to be smaller than hers, but she knew that it wouldn't

be any less sensitive.

Louise had said that she didn't mind touching (of course not, Margo thought to herself, if licking and all the rest were okay!), so she didn't have any qualms about bringing one hand up so she could carefully and delicately investigate the delicate petals bracketing Louise's vaginal opening. She quickly realized that they were incredibly soft and smooth, just as hers felt. Louise's response to a delicate touch of Louise's clitoris told Margo that that small nubbin was even MORE sensitive than she'd expected. After only a momentary hesitation, she used the end of one finger to lightly probe the wet opening of Louise's womanhood. The response she got was a small arching of Louise's pelvis against the light pressure she'd applied. When she pulled her hand back, she saw that the end of her finger glistened with the oils on it; without even thinking about it, Margo moved the digit to her mouth and got her first taste of another woman's nectar...and immediately wanted more of the other girl's vaguely earthy flavor.

Satisfied with what she'd learned (Louise really wasn't all that different than her, comforting her considerably), Margo looked up to see that Louise was watching her. Blushing faintly, Margo said "I'm not sure what to do or how to start", apologetically.

"That's okay", Louise assured her. "Just do whatever you want to. If you'll start with what feels good to you and then do it to me, I think you'll find out that it's actually pretty easy once you get going."

With that, Margo did as Louise suggested, beginning with what she wanted to do most: extending her tongue and using the end of it to collect as much of the wetness between Louise's labia as she could. As she marvelled at how good Louise tasted, Margo heard her softly say "MMMMMMMMmmmm... yeah... like that!"

Relieved that her first effort was even a little bit successful, Margo quickly got into the spirit of the thing and soon had her lips and tongue busy all over Louise's pelvis as the other girl audibly encouraged her with soft words and happy noises. To help hold the other girl still so she could continue her efforts more easily, Margo moved her hands to Louise's ass—and promptly let herself get distracted by how nice it felt until she was reminded of what she'd been doing by a small push of Louise's pelvis against her lips.

Isabelle had looked on with amusement as Margo had made her first tentative investigations of another girl's pussy. She knew that she and Louise would both get a laugh out of how Margo had first touched her—out of hearing of Margo, of course. But that was for later; just then, Isabelle felt herself beginning to get excited again as she watched her roommate become more confident about what she was doing, and her greater willingness to find out what she wanted to know. It was plain as could be that Margo wasn't hurting Louise, and Isabelle couldn't help imagining that it was her own pussy that was being examined. Nor did it escape her attention that Margo's lovely nipples got longer and harder as she continued her explorations.

Isabelle heard the brief exchange between Margo and Louise, and waited until Margo was fully involved in eating her first pussy before lowering her head and applying her considerable oral talents to Margo's mons.

Margo was overjoyed with the effect she was having the first time she'd ever eaten another girl's pussy: while she might have attributed Louise's movements and noises of pleasure to good acting (she'd done the same with her boyfriends at times, after all), the oils that Louise was producing (and leaking) so copiously proved that they were real. She was happily finding out what she could do to Louise's clitoris

to best arouse the other girl when she felt Isabelle's head move between her thighs again. Margo felt her own arousal increase tremendously in anticipation of what she knew was going to happen. The feeling of Isabelle's tongue slipping between her labia didn't disappoint her.

Louise did indeed like what Margo was doing. When the other girl's tongue had made its first pass across her opening, her response had been only slightly exaggerated: it DID feel good, and she figured a little positive feedback would encourage Margo to greater efforts than criticism or suggestions would—and that had proven to be just the case. Margo had gotten the basics worked out easily enough, and then shown a desire to do even better by paying close attention to the results she got when she tried different things. Louise liked it when Margo started playing with her ass by caressing and gently squeezing it; but when she'd moved her hands to Louise's tits, that was even better.

Isabelle was determined to make Margo's first time with another girl (well, girls) memorable for more than just its uniqueness: she wanted that Margo should also remember it because of the number and intensity of orgasms she had, too. So with that objective in mind, Isabelle was doing her best to fan the flames of Margo's desires into an inferno. After getting her roommate well and truly aroused again by tormenting her clitoris mercilessly, Isabelle carefully got the end of one of her fingers wetted with Margo's oils, then patiently worked it into the other girl's surprisingly small sheath. Once she had it fully embedded, it took her only a few moments to find the spot that she'd read about and begin moving her finger against it.

As Isabelle had gotten HER worked up, Margo had been passing the favor along to Louise... and with much the same results. She could feel how hard and tight Louise's breasts had gotten under her hands, and both of Louise's erect nipples felt like hard rubber cylinders as she gently tormented them. While her hands were occupied, Margo was putting her newfound oral skills to work on Louise's pussy: putting her mouth over Louise's clit and firmly sucking on it rhythmically, trying to worm her tongue into the other girl's juicy pussy, licking and gently sucking on her labia, and anything else that she could think of to try. Margo knew what was happening when Isabelle began to work a finger into her, and couldn't help releasing a moan of pleasure; as much as she liked what the three of them were doing, she still preferred getting fucked. Granted that Isabelle's finger wasn't anywhere near large enough to qualify as a cock, it was still somewhat long and hard, and felt good inside. When Isabelle started moving her finger around, Margo was about to say something when the end of Isabelle's finger suddenly hit a spot that made her release a deep groan from how good it felt. After that, it was all she could do to keep her wits about her enough to continue what she was doing with Louise—the sensations emanating from inside her pussy were that good.

From the sound Margo made and the sudden change in her focus, Louise figured she knew what Isabelle was doing. Her friend had read about something called a "G-spot", and begun trying to find out if it really existed. Louise had been surprised (!!) to discover that it apparently did, and the resulting orgasm had threatened to cause heart failure. She'd then helped Isabelle find out if it worked on her; it had, well enough to get girls from halfway down the hall knocking on the door to make sure everyone was okay (to their mutual embarrassment). Since then, they'd included it only sparingly, and always after making sure they had something handy to muffle the resulting sounds.

Margo didn't know any of that, of course. She'd never heard of any such spot, never mind that she might have one. All she knew was that whatever the hell Isabelle's finger was doing inside her, it was creating sensations more intense than anything she'd felt before. As Isabelle continued her efforts,

Margo felt her desires build quickly. Not wanting to disappoint Louise, Margo pulled herself together as best she could and applied herself toward trying to satisfy the other girl before she succumbed to the indescribable pleasure emanating from her pussy

Louise was pleased (and impressed) that Margo was able to keep her wits about her enough to not only continue licking her pussy and playing with her tits, but increase her efforts. The feeling of Margo's hands on her breasts teasing her nipples, and her mouth and tongue licking and sucking on her pussy, quickly intensified the pleasure Louise was feeling. That, coupled with knowing that Isabelle was busy fingerfucking the girl between her thighs, soon had Louise's arousal built to an almost unendurable level. A few moments later, Louise found the release she was after as her body froze in place.

Beneath Louise, Margo managed a few more licks to her lover's sopping slit before giving herself over to the feeling emanating from her own: in addition to the finger in her pussy, Isabelle had begun licking and sucking on her clitoris. With her mind entirely on the pleasure she was feeling, it took only a minute or so before Margo felt herself fall into the abyss of her own orgasm.

Isabelle was left feeling rather pleased with herself: she'd managed to keep the stimulation she was giving Margo down enough that her roommate was able to get Louise off (and do a damn fine job of it, from the sound of things), but still have it be enough to push Margo into her own climax not long afterwards. And on top of all that, she had all that *delicious* juice that was escaping Margo to lick up!

Margo had no idea when Louise got off of her face, and was barely aware of it when Isabelle stopped licking her pussy and moved up to lay next to her on the other side. While the orgasm she'd just experienced was certainly one of the strongest she'd ever had, what had really hit her was how it seemed so much **deeper** than anything she'd gone through before. She was still laying there with her eyes closed and panting to get her breath back when she felt Isabelle put her hand over one of her breasts and hold it. A bit later, Louise did the same; with the two of them next to her and holding her tits in their hands, Margo felt an affection for them (and deep gratitude to them) for all they'd done for her so far. She knew that the three of them weren't done yet, and the idea of getting to find out what Isabelle looked and tasted like while Louise did things to her had her feeling a sense of wonder that two people could be so good and kind and generous with her after everything else she'd had to go through. Her heart went out to both of them, and she quietly resolved that both of them would know how happy they'd made her.

It took a few minutes before all three of them were in any condition to do more than just lay there. Louise was the first to move, getting up (pausing along the way to kiss Margo's lips and the nipple of the breast she'd had to release) and going into the bathroom. Before Margo could ask, Isabelle told her "As wet as she gets, she's always thirsty after she cums. And it sounded like you made her feel pretty good."

Blushing slightly, Margo answered "She was right when she told me that it was easy once I started doing stuff."

Isabelle smiled as she said "Yeah, it is. It's just the getting started the first time that's tough—and that's only 'cause we let ourselves get so tied up in knots about it that we make it more complicated than it has to be... or is."

"Yeah, you're right. Louise told me to just start doing to her what felt good when somebody does it to me, and that's all there really was to it. And she was so nice, letting me look at her first, before I started

doing anything."

Running her thumb across Margo's nipple, Isabelle told her "Well, you can look at me, too, if you want. I'm different than Louise, just like I'm different from every other girl; so if looking helps you understand that we're *all* different in the details but the same in the basics, I don't mind."

Looking at her friend, Margo told her "Thank you, Iz. I guess you know that means a lot to me."

Isabelle made a rude noise before answering "You don't have to thank me. That's stuff you'd already know if you hadn't had to grow up with a bunch of dumbasses."

Margo couldn't help giggling at Isabelle's (entirely correct) description of the folks back where she'd grown up—a place she'd long since stopped calling "home".

That was when Louise came back, quickly taking her place next to Margo again, and getting her hand back on Margo's breast. When Margo asked, both of them explained to her about the "G-spot" and what had happened the first time they'd experimented with it—leaving her smiling at the mental image of the pair of them trying to reassure everyone at the door that they were fine without having to explain that they'd been getting each other off. The three of them spent the next little while exchanging funny stories from their pasts as Margo and Louise got their energy back.

Once she was ready to continue, Margo let that fact be known by moving to kiss Isabelle and put her hand on one of Isabelle's breasts. Louise demonstrated her own readiness by beginning to caress Margo's body and kissing her shoulder. In a matter of just a few minutes, they were all involved in molesting and fondling each other while exchanging kisses. Try as she might, Margo couldn't seem to molest the others as much as they were doing to her.

When Margo finally had Isabelle positioned over her face, she did look at Isabelle's pussy... and saw that while it more closely resembled hers, it wasn't really all that different than Louise's. She also concluded that it *was* pretty, as Isabelle had told her hers was. With that out of the way, she happily began returning the favors Isabelle had bestowed on her while Louise was starting her own actions. The main difference between their first and second session together was that Louise didn't go after Margo's G-spot; instead, she contented herself with simply fingerfucking Margo's pussy, though she did use TWO fingers—which was almost as good.

The next morning, Tom was in a particularly foul mood when he got to his office.

He'd stumbled on Isabelle and Louise together, and been enjoying watching them when Margo interrupted them—and was nearly ecstatic when the three had gotten into a pretty heavy-duty group session together. Able to hear and see everything in the room, knowing that it was Margo's first time with other girls had aroused him tremendously. And that was the root cause of his temper that morning: as hard as he'd gotten, he was damned if he'd jerk off with all that pussy running around the place; but it was too late to call and get one of his toys to come over. That left him horny as hell all damn night.

That meant that he was horny and frustrated enough that he was perfectly willing to relieve his desires at the first opportunity, which was when his "personal assistant" Denise came in. After he told her to close the door, she knew that he wanted to do something intimate with her, and immediately came over to where he was sitting behind his desk.

Expecting that he wanted to play with her tits or pussy, she was surprised when he abruptly told her

"Blow me, but don't make me cum."

After kneeling down, Denise unfastened his pants and pulled his semi-erect cock out. She didn't hesitate to take the entire thing in her mouth and begin working on it with a combination of soft, rhythmic suction and using the tip of her tongue to massage it. Along with that, she cupped his balls in her hand and started playing with them. As his cock grew longer and harder, she had to let progressively more of it slip from between her lips while she continued her actions. Not long after he was fully erect, she heard him say "Good. Now stand up and turn around."

Starting to realize that he wasn't in a mood like anything she'd seen before, Denise did as she was told—only to feel his hand pushing on her back. It took a moment for her to understand that he wanted her to bend over; when she did as he wanted, it was with the deep suspicion that she wasn't going to like what happened. Her concerns were allayed slightly when she felt his hands slide underneath the blouse she was wearing so he could cup her breasts in his hands; but once he started squeezing her breasts and pinching and pulling on her nipples harder than he ever had before, her worry turned into fear. A moment later, he none-too-gently kicked the inside of one of her feet, forcing her legs apart slightly, shortly followed by the feeling of the end of his cock sliding along the cleft of her sex. Before she could protest, he was against her opening; with a hard push, she felt him slip into her pussy a short distance.

Unprepared for his penetration, she couldn't help but release a soft cry of pain that only had him telling her "Shut up, cunt."

Though not a virgin, Denise was a committed lesbian; she'd agreed to be his assistant only because her understanding was that all he'd ever want was to play with her tits or pussy. The infrequent blowjobs she'd given him weren't any more than she'd learned to do on the street as a way of paying for her needs, and only meant as much to her. His violation was only the second time she'd ever been fucked; as far as she was concerned, that was two times too many.

But she was hardly in a position to either resist or complain: bent over his desk the way she was, there wasn't a damn thing she could do to fight him off... particularly with his dick already in her. And as a known problem runaway with a criminal history, there wasn't anybody that would believe her if she told them what he was doing: he simply had too much power with (and respect from) those in authority, and if she tried to kick up a fuss, she'd simply find herself back in juvie—if not jail. So loathe as she was to do so, there wasn't anything she figured she could do but accept his abuse and hope it ended before too long.

Tom pulled himself back a little bit, then pressed forward again, somehow managing to get another small fraction of an inch of his hardness into the girl in front of him. A few more tries, and he felt her begin to get wet inside even if it was just the involuntary reaction of her tight pussy trying to protect itself against his invading member. He could hear her whimpering slightly each time he forced himself into her, and the sound only added to his arousal and pleasure while memories of Margo played in his mind. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Tom felt himself slide the rest of the way into Denise. She was a hell of a lot tighter than he'd thought she'd be, and incredibly warm inside. After taking a few moments to collect himself, he began fucking her... and not gently.

Once he got started and got what little lubrication there was spread around, Denise felt better. Not good, because she didn't want his dick in her in the first place, but at least it wasn't **as** uncomfortable. Nor did she like the way he was jabbing into her as though she was just some inanimate object placed

there for him to use however he wanted, or how he kept squeezing her tits too hard and painfully twisting and pinching and pulling on her nipples. More than once she wanted to cry out from what he was doing to her, or even just plain-old start crying from the frustration of being the subject of his abuse. But she knew that if she did *anything* to interfere with what he was doing she'd deeply regret it, she somehow managed to choke back any outward sign of what she was feeling.

Denise didn't know it, but Tom rather liked the feeling of her marginal wetness as he repeatedly plunged his cock into her warm, tight pussy: the added drag caused by how little lubrication there was in her was actually slowing his rise to a climax, meaning he could enjoy fucking her longer. An added benefit was that when he DID cum, it was going to be a big one. So he kept fucking himself into her however felt best, all while enjoying having her soft breasts in his hands and the memories of how Margo had looked (and what she'd done with the others) in his mind.

Denise knew what was going on when she felt Tom's thrusts into her increase, and silently thanked whatever deities there were that it was almost over. A little bit later, she felt him press himself into her as far as he could just ahead of feeling a sudden warm wetness deep inside her pussy. Knowing that he was emptying his seed into her disgusted her; it seemed like he was going to squirt in her **forever** before he slowly pulled his deflating cock out of her. Not wanting his cum running down her leg when she went to the bathroom to let it drain out, and afraid of what he'd do if it dripped on the floor, Denise worriedly wondered how to deal with it. Remembering that she had a tissue in one pocket, she got it out and wadded it up before ashamedly sticking it in the entrance to her vagina. Before she could stand up again, she heard Tom tell her "Now, lick me off and get the fuck out."

Silently praying that the tissue would continue to cork his semen inside, Denise did as she was told; thankfully, it took only a fairly short time to clean his semi-erect cock of the mixture of his cum and her own juices. Without looking at him or saying anything, Denise made her way to the door as quickly as she could while trying to move slowly enough to avoid making him think she was trying to run away (and possibly giving him an excuse to do something else to, or with, her). Only once she was safely in the bathroom and letting Tom's semen drain out of her did she let herself cry.

Not long after Thanksgiving, Tamiko Lawrence went back to the closest thing she had to a home after school let out: her room at the Academy. Tamiko (Tammy to most people) was one of the few girls at the Academy that wasn't a runaway or with a criminal history. The daughter and only child of a Black American GI and Japanese mother, Tamiko had come to the Academy of her own free will. After her father had been killed in a auto accident, Tamiko's mother had taken the loss of her husband hard—**very** hard. After a few months, she'd decided to go back to Japan to visit relatives for a while. It being the middle of the school year, and Tamiko being a mature fifteen, arrangements had been made for a neighbor to keep an eye on her for the few weeks that her mother was supposed to be gone. Except that once back in Japan, her family had convinced her to remain in Japan instead of returning to America. And worse, they had talked her into abandoning the *gaijin* (foreign/barbarian) mixed-race child she'd borne. Despite the best efforts of a number of people, Tamiko had found herself homeless. Friends had tried to help as much as they could, but there was only so much they could afford to do. She'd finally found herself actually living on the street, where her exotic and uncommonly good looks drew all manner of lewd and disgusting proposals. When she'd found herself in the position of having to either steal or sell herself, she'd reluctantly gone to the authorities, who had placed her at the Academy.

Tamiko had been at her homework for several minutes when she realized that her roommate (a girl

named Rose Bush, of all things) was laying on her bed quietly crying.

Despite what had happened in her life, and the time she'd spent on the street, Tamiko still had a trace of a soft spot in her heart. Turning to the other girl, she asked "What's wrong, Rose?"

After several seconds, the other girl sat up and reluctantly answered "Some of the other girls were messing with me after school. Real hard, too."

"Messing with you how?"

Tamiko could see Rose blush before she answered "They were giving me a hard time about how I've never had an orgasm."

"How in the hell did THAT happen?", Tamiko wanted to know.

"Jane was telling some of the other girls stuff she's done to make herself feel good, and they saw me standing there and one of them asked me if I did that, too. I didn't want to feel left out, so I said that I did, 'cause I have. But then Jane asked me if I ever came, and I didn't know what she meant. That's when they all started giving me a hard time until I started crying and left."

Tamiko knew who Rose was talking about, and wasn't surprised: Jane was one of the younger girls that had been allowed to do basically anything she wanted from the time she was born; she'd first had sex at twelve with the eighteen-year-old brother of one of her friends, and had essentially let anyone or anything into her pussy since then. What surprised Tamiko about the situation was learning that Rose had never experienced an orgasm, even though she was only fourteen. Rose had ended up at the Academy after a chance remark she'd made at school had been overheard by a teacher. The remark had been reported, and the resulting investigation revealed that Rose's older brother Bobby had tricked her into having sex with him when she was just eleven years old, and used that incident as blackmail to convince her to continue. He was also having sex with a couple of other (younger) girls in the neighborhood, as well. Their parents, a couple of hard-core stoners, had never noticed anything going on; in fact, both had been completely unsure what was happening or why even when authorities took the kids away from them. The brother had been sent to a juvenile facility while Rose had come to the Academy. Tamiko could understand that Rose might not have orgasmed as a result of being fucked by her brother, but she'd have thought that the younger girl would have at least gotten *herself* off before then.

When she asked, Rose explained to her that her sexual experience had been limited to what she thought of on her own; her brother was so paranoid about anyone finding out what he was doing to her that he'd forbidden her from talking about any aspect of sex with anyone else, and been able to make enough of an impression on the matter that Rose hadn't dared risk it.

Feeling sorry for (and protective of) her roommate, Tamiko considered the matter for a bit before telling the other girl "Rose, would you LIKE to learn how to make yourself feel good? More than you do now, I mean? And find out what an orgasm feels like?"

Rose immediately perked up and responded "Sure I would! How?"

"I'd help you learn what new stuff you can do, and maybe how you can do what you already know about better."

Hesitantly, Rose asked "Would... would we be, um, doing stuff with each other?"

Tamiko understood what Rose was asking, and answered "Nothing that you probably wouldn't have done with your friends, if it hadn't been for your brother. Kissing and touching boobs, maybe, but nothing more than that. The only thing is that we'd be touching ourselves while the other one was looking."

Rose considered that for a few seconds before answering "I guess that'd be okay. I just don't want to be a lesbo, or anything." A moment later, she brightened a little more before asking "We'd be looking at each other? I... I've never seen another girl, you know, between her legs, and I'm kinda worried that I'm somehow, you know, **weird** there."

"Rose, just being with another girl doesn't make you a lesbian—not that there's anything wrong with that, anyway. And yes, it means we'd be looking at each other; you can even look at me first, if it would help." Tamiko had had her own experiences with some of her friends before her mother had left, and liked it. She was eager to find out what sex with a guy was like, but until she found someone she liked and trusted enough, other girls made for a perfectly fine substitute as far as she was concerned.

"Yeah, I'd like that. And if you don't mind, you can look at me, too. I even want you to, so you can see if I'm okay, even after what Bobby did to me."

After carefully marking her place in her schoolbook, Tamiko got up and began to take her clothes off. Rose scooted off the bed and began to follow her example; when both of them were naked, Tamiko guided the younger girl to sit down before situating herself at the other end. Once she was comfortable, Tamiko didn't hesitate to bring her knees up and separate her legs, leaving Rose a clear view of the area between her thighs.

Looking at Rose, Tamiko could see that she had gotten past the initial stage of puberty: though they were still somewhat small, her breasts had filled out to something close to their final shape. Each was about the size of half an orange, and capped by a nickel-diameter areola with a stereotypical pencil-diameter nipple sticking out of it slightly. She had also started to develop the curves at waist and hip that declared her femininity. Between her slender thighs, she had started growing pubic hair; it couldn't have been more than a few dozen fine hairs, and did nothing to conceal the skin underneath. All in all, Rose made a cute, attractive little package, and Tamiko felt herself get aroused at the idea of watching the younger girl getting herself off.

For her part, Rose was eager to see what Tamiko had offered to show her. She'd already seen the other girl naked, and was envious of Tamiko's larger bust with its small dark areolas and long nipples, and the narrow wedge of thick, dark pubic hair at the base of her belly. Rose wasn't sure how she'd gotten lucky enough to have Tamiko as a roommate, but was glad that she had: the other girl had smooth tawny skin that was incredibly attractive, on top of how incredibly beautiful she was, but she was as friendly and understanding as anybody Rose had ever met. When she got close to where Tamiko was sitting with her legs wide open, Rose could see the hood over her clitoris had pulled back a little bit, revealing the small pearl of flesh it protected. Farther down, it was easy to see that Tamiko's inner lips were smaller than she'd expected, thin, and looked soft and velvety. Between them, Tamiko was open enough for her to see that her friend was still a virgin—something that caused her to once again regret all that had happened to her.

Lowering her body to the bed got Rose's head close enough to Tamiko's pelvis that the younger girl was able to detect the faint aroma emanating from between Tamiko's thighs. While it was different than her own smell, the difference wasn't all that much: slightly musky, but still somehow pleasant. Looking

closely, she realized that Tamiko's vagina was already shiny with wetness. Returning her attention to what she was supposed to be there for, Rose looked at Tamiko's labia and mentally compared them to what she'd seen of her own. It didn't take her long to realize that Tamiko's genitals didn't look all that much different; still, she'd feel better after Tamiko looked at her.

Satisfied with what she'd seen and learned, Rose sat up and was soon mirroring Tamiko's position. Without either having to say anything, Tamiko knew Rose wanted her to verify that her intimate appearance (and development thus far) was normal. After shifting her position to move closer, Tamiko was able to get the view she needed.

All of Rose's genitalia were readily visible, and Tamiko saw that Rose's large clitoris was still mostly hidden under its hood. Below, her inner lips were small and thin—and still somehow looking soft and delicate, despite what had happened. Rose had opened herself as far as possible, making it possible for Tamiko to see clearly that Rose's hymen was indeed gone. Even so, Rose's pussy looked young and almost virginal; that close, Tamiko could *just* make out the aroma of Rose's unique scent, and found it fresh and tangy-sweet. She found her mouth watering slightly in reaction, and wished that she could find out if Rose's nectar was as tasty as it smelled. Not wanting to make the younger girl any more nervous than necessary, Tamiko sat up again and told her "Rose, you aren't any different between your legs than any other girl I've ever seen. You've got all the right stuff, and it looks like your boobs and hair and everything are growing the way they're supposed to. I mean, you're fourteen, so all your stuff is going to keep growing for a while. I kinda felt the same way when I was your age, so I know, okay?"

Relieved more than she would admit, Rose nodded her head before saying "Thanks, Tammy—a LOT."

Tamiko smiled that it was okay, and asked "How would you like us to do this? I can watch you first, you can watch me first, or we can go together. Any one of them is fine with me, so it's your choice."

Rose considered it for a moment, then answered "I guess together. I think I'd be too nervous or embarrassed if it was just one of us."

Tamiko didn't bother saying anything in response; she just moved to sit far enough away to ensure that she and Rose would be able to see each other clearly without seeming to be *too* close. It was a matter of just a few moments for her to mirror Rose's position, with her knees up and legs spread, opening herself completely to the other girl's view again. Figuring that she'd have to be the one to get things going, Tamiko didn't hesitate to cup a breast in one of her hands before slowly teasing its nipple. Rose did much the same, but a bit more quickly, prompting Tamiko to observe "I like to take my time when I'm making myself feel good. That way, I can let myself really **feel** what it's like when I touch myself in different ways—and not just the touching, but BEING touched, too."

Rose was more than willing to accept whatever advice Tamiko had for her however it was presented, and readily complied with her roommate's politely-phrased suggestion. Slowing down was easy enough, but it took her a little bit to get the idea of not just feeling with her hand, but with whatever the hand was touching. Once she did, though, it got easier and easier for her to switch between the two perspectives and enjoy both. Even that relatively small change was enough to increase her pleasure considerably.

Even though she couldn't know how much, Tamiko had the strong suspicion that her comment to Rose was working: as she watched the younger girl softly caressing her developing bust, she could see Rose's areolas had started to pucker a little bit, and that her nipples were a trifle longer than they had

been. Closing her eyes, Tamiko let herself fully experience what she was doing to herself—the feel of her warm, firm breast in her hand in parallel with the sensation of having a hand ON her breast. It was a simple matter for her to move her hand and adjust her touch to give herself the most satisfaction from what she was doing.

Rose watched as Tamiko's nipples slowly erected from the crinkled circles surrounding them; along with the visual cues she was getting, Rose could also hear Tamiko's breathing change slightly in response to her self-stimulation. Following the older girl's example, Rose closed her eyes and let herself focus on what her sense of touch was telling her: the feel of her hand being filled with the warm mass of flesh it held while her fingertips told her about the differing textures and densities of her breast and areola and nipple. In counterpoint, the surface of her breast relayed the experience of being held by a cool and soft hand, and the tender touches being administered by gentle fingertips. It was a simple matter to build on the experience of being able to appreciate both sensations in order to find out how to give herself the most pleasure. When she heard a small, soft noise from Tamiko, Rose opened her eyes to see that the girl opposite her hand had progressed to using both hands on her breasts, and gotten more involved in what she was doing to and with them. Closing her eyes again, Rose once more followed Tamiko's example... and significantly increased her arousal from what she was doing.

Tamiko opened her eyes to see how Rose was doing, and found it easy to see that she was fine: the ends of both of Rose's breasts clearly stood up and out; between her thighs, Rose's labia were noticeably longer and darker, and the area between them starting to shine slightly. The younger girl's obvious arousal excited Tamiko; knowing that it was due in part to what SHE'D said and done excited her even more. Quashing the desire to lean forward and get her face in the other girl's crotch, Tamiko moved one of her hands down her body so that it ended up between her parted thighs. Drawing the pad of one finger across her vaginal opening let her collect enough of her juices to begin slowly and tenderly toying with her clitoris.

Rose was so focused on her hands on her breasts that when she heard a soft noise, it took her a moment to realize that SHE hadn't made it. When she looked over at Tamiko, she saw that Tamiko had a hand between her legs and was doing things with her clitoris. Below that, Rose saw that Tamiko's labia were longer and thicker than when she'd first seen them—and that Tamiko's opening was visibly wet. When she moved her gaze upwards, she was surprised to see that Tamiko's attention seemed to be on her; a moment later, she realized that the older girl's eyes were looking at the area between *her* legs, where she could feel that she was already as excited as she'd ever been before. It took a few moments for Rose to understand that Tamiko's obvious arousal was at least partially in response to her own—that her roommate was excited because SHE was. With that, Rose felt herself become even more excited; when she looked down, she watched as Tamiko became more visibly aroused, too.

Knowing that it would fan the flames of their lust, Rose moved to gather some of her own oils before fingering her clitoris. As she expected, her actions brought an increase to Tamiko's excitement—which only added to her own increasing desires. Although she didn't have any wish to actually DO anything with Tamiko, knowing that her friend was getting excited because SHE was only added to the pleasure Rose was feeling. Over the course of the next several minutes, as Rose tended to her own increasing desires, she watched as Tamiko did the same.

Tamiko was watching closely as Rose's finger danced on and around her erect clitoris when she heard the youngster release a small noise of frustration. Dragging her eyes upward, the expression on Rose's

face told her everything she needed to know: Rose was close to having her first-ever orgasm, but that there was *something* keeping it from happening. Looking down again and watching Rose's finger moving, Tamiko had a sudden insight and told her roommate "Rose, don't do what you're used to, do what you **want** to happen."

Only a part of Rose's mind heard what Tamiko said—but that was enough. As though a light had suddenly come on, she realized that she'd always touched herself the way her brother had... not the way she'd wished he would. It was only a moment before she was touching herself with more gentleness and patience—and but a moment after that before the sensations she was experiencing became EVER so much more pleasant and satisfying. A couple of minutes more of feeling the pleasure building up in her, and she found her release. Her cry of pleasure was cut off by the sudden freezing of her body with the first wave of pleasure of an intensity she'd never suspected; before she could draw a breath, she was overwhelmed by a second, then third. After she managed to gasp, then draw in a deep breath, she was hit with a series of progressively smaller spasms that finally left her gasping.

The sight of Rose going through her first ever orgasm was enough to trigger Tamiko's climax. It didn't hit her as hard as Rose's, which meant that she recovered from it before the younger girl. So when Rose looked like she was about to fall over afterwards, Tamiko was able to provide some support for her young friend, and guide her down to lay on the bed, where she put her arms around the younger girl.

When Rose had gotten enough of her senses and breathing back, she opened her eyes and looked into Tamiko's face as she said "I always thought that orgasms must be pretty good, from the way I heard other girls say, and what I read—but I never thought they'd be anything like **that**!"

Grinning, Tamiko said "Yeah. It's like that for all of us, the first time. You'll remember that one 'cause it was your first, but now that you've had one, they'll get better and easier."

Somewhat stunned by the idea that she could experience anything even better than what she'd just been through, Rose could only lay there for several seconds before asking "How... how did you know that I wasn't touching myself right? That I was doing things the way my brother used to?"

"It wasn't just one thing, it was several—it looked like you were going faster than I've seen, and doing it a little harder, and it just didn't look, you know, *right*, somehow. And I didn't KNOW, I just suspected, and said something."

Somewhat ashamedly, Rose told her "My brother always used to touch me before he got on me, and that was how he did it. I guess I figured that because he was older and a guy, he knew what he was supposed to do to get me ready. He did stuff to me so often that I completely forgot about what I WANTED him to do different, in the beginning, and only remembered what he DID—until you reminded me. That's when it really started feeling good, and, well... you know."

Tamiko laughed briefly before answering "Yeah, I know. Watching it happen made me have MY orgasm, too!"

"Really?", Rose wanted to know. "I, uh, I could see that what I was doing was making you excited, and that made me feel even MORE excited, but I didn't figure that *you'd* feel like that, too."

Hugging the girl in her arms, Tamiko answered "Well, I did. And do. And will. You know I'm a virgin, but that doesn't mean that I don't know or feel anything. I'm waiting until I find the right guy, is all; until then, I do stuff with other girls. You didn't like what your brother was doing to you, but now

you're okay with taking care of yourself; maybe you can find out if you can feel good with another girl, sometime. If you do, I'd be glad to help; if you don't, that's up to you—I'm not going to try to push you into doing anything you don't want, okay?"

Realizing how safe and comfortable she was in Tamiko's embrace, and remembering that she'd just had her first orgasm due in large part to Tamiko's assistance, Rose wasn't anywhere near as put off by the idea of doing things with another girl as she had been; but she was still some ways away from embracing the idea, too. That was what prompted her to answer "I know you wouldn't do that, Tammy. You've already seen me naked plenty of times, and you haven't said or done anything to make me feel bad or anything. I think maybe I'd like to *try* it sometime... just not yet, is all."

Tamiko gave Rose another hug before answering "Of course, Rose."

The two of them continued to lay there for quite some time, talking about a number of different things before getting up and taking a brief shower together.

Margo had become something of a minor celebrity in the group of girls that she was friends with as a result of her ability and willingness to help them with whatever computer problems they were having, and her ability to explain computer jibberish in terms that helped them understand what was going on. She knew that they all thought she was a bit nerdy, but not enough to concern themselves about it. They were perfectly willing to leave her to herself when she said there was something she needed or wanted to do with the one in her room; that attitude was greatly enhanced by her willingness to spend time with another one or two girls for some mutual fun.

The downside to that was that she drew the attentions of a few of the staff, who spent no small amount of time and effort trying to find ways of enticing or coercing her into becoming involved with THEM.

Worse still was that she somehow came to the attention of Tom, who quietly sent word out to the staff that he wanted to know the minute, the *second*, any one of them had anything on her or trouble **with** her. Somehow, she was able to evade the few little traps that different people tried to set for her, much to everyone's disappointment.

The only consequence anyone could discern was that she seemed to spend a bit more time alone on the computer in her room. There were some efforts made to learn what she was doing, but nothing came of them.

It was shortly after New Years, and the girls at the Academy were celebrating a school holiday that coincided with a particularly nice winter day. Most of them were outside enjoying unseasonably nice weather, which meant that nobody noticed when several of them gathered in one of the rooms.

Inside that room, Ellen asked "Are you ready, Trisha?"

Sitting on one of the beds, Trisha wasn't sure she was—or that she ever would be, truth be told. But if she wanted to get into the "in" crowd and get a better job at the Academy, this was what she had to do, so she answered "Sure. Let's go!"

Smiling to herself, Ellen opened her purse and pulled out something that Trisha did NOT want to see: a LARGE double-ended dildo. Handing it to the girl on the bed, Ellen told her "Remember, one end goes in you. Then you have to use what's left over to get the rest of us off by fucking us with it without using your hands—just your cunt. You can quit any time you want, but if it's before you make all of us cum,

you're not in. You're welcome have however many orgasms you can... as long as you can finish US. Got it?"

With her eyes locked on the toy in her hands, Trisha nodded as she answered "Yeah, I got it."

Accepting the tube of lubricant Ellen offered her, Trisha set it and the dildo on the bed before standing up and beginning to undress. As she did, she revealed to the others in the room that although she had a somewhat smallish bust, her breasts were flawless: generally conical, each was capped with a rose-pink areola that was only marginally larger than her pencil-diameter nipples. When she got far enough to let her panties slide down her legs to the floor, she revealed that she shaved her mons completely; in the gap between her thighs, the edges of her labia were slightly visible. Once naked, she stretched out on the bed before spreading her legs and picking up the dildo and lubricant. Squirting a dollop of the lube on one end of the dildo, Trisha spread it around before positioning it against her opening.

Relaxing herself as much as she could, she began trying to feed the end of the thing into her vagina; with it being over two and a half inches across, it didn't go in quickly—or easily. But by going slowly and using nearly all of her strength, she managed to cram more and more of it through her portal. Once she got as much of it as she could into her over-stuffed cunt, she took some time to let herself get used to being so thoroughly filled before announcing "Okay, I think I'm ready."

Trisha watched as Ellen was the first to take off her clothes. When she was naked, Trisha saw that Ellen's bust was about as average as it could be in size, though Ellen's areolas had to be as big around as the dildo now filling her pussy, and sporting nipples that were incredibly thick. When Ellen got onto the bed with her, Trisha got to see that Ellen's labia were long and thick, their edges looking wrinkled and dry. They also gaped quite a bit; the reason why was revealed when Ellen took the other end of the dildo and easily fitted the head of it into her pussy, revealing just how loose she was inside. After getting her legs arranged, Ellen was able to scoot herself toward Trisha, taking more and more of the massive fake cock into her pussy; she stopped only when she'd taken well over half its length (which HAD to be a couple of feet, Trisha was sure) inside. Ellen's nipples were visible erect when she told Trisha "Okay, honey... make me cum!"

That was when Trisha realized that she'd made a mistake using the lube to get the plastic penis into her pussy: with the added lubrication from the tube Ellen had provided, there wasn't anything to keep the dildo from remaining where it was while she tried to move it, meaning that she was essentially fucking herself with it. Desperate to find a way of getting the others to climax without having too many orgasms herself, Trisha hurriedly tried to see if she could gain enough control over her internal muscles to let her get some kind of grip on the damn dildo so that IT moved, instead of just her. A look of impatience crossed Ellen's face, forcing Trisha to start trying to move the plastic mass extending from her pussy anyway. She finally managed to get it to move, but only when she'd impaled herself far enough on it that it felt like it was pressing against the back of her throat. Still, it was enough to convince Ellen that she was trying, and that was all that she needed while she simultaneously tried to keep the plastic phallus moving AND learn to grip it with her pussy muscles.

After several minutes, Trisha realized that the dildo was moving with her more than she was moving herself ON it; she couldn't help thinking that that was as much due to her pussy absorbing the lube as it was her ability to grasp the damn thing. But whatever the actual reason, she was able to rock herself back and forth enough to slide the dildo in and out of Ellen's channel better and better. She knew it was working because she could see Ellen's juices on the dildo when enough of it slid out of the other

woman. Even so, Trisha could feel the massive staff still moving slightly in her own pussy, which had gotten used to its presence—and having something so huge and filling moving inside her even that little bit wasn't a bad sensation to experience *at all*.

Trying to control the rising tide of lust building in her, Trisha continued to slide the artificial cock in and out of Ellen's wet and gaping hole while she watched the woman's increasing pleasure and arousal until, finally, Ellen let out a loud cry just ahead of her body almost convulsing as she orgasmed... while Trisha felt an almost vengeful satisfaction as she continued fucking the other woman with their shared toy, knowing that she was prolonging and intensifying Ellen's experience, and hoping that it was more than the other woman could bear.

Trisha felt no small satisfaction when she heard Ellen tell her "Enough! God, enough, already! I need to get off this thing before you kill me with it!"

Reluctantly holding still, Trisha watched as Ellen carefully and slowly eased herself off of the other end of the dildo before moving to stand on visibly unstable legs. Looking down at her, Ellen said "Too bad it took you so long to want to join in, Trish—I could have used an orgasm like that WEEKS ago!", with a shaky laugh. Turning to the rest of the girls in the room, Ellen announced "Whoever's next, climb aboard... you're gonna LOVE it!"

Several moments later, another girl moved close to the bed before starting to undress. Trisha recognized her as one of Ellen's bunch: Denise, a statuesque blond that liked to use whatever authority she had to its fullest. It didn't take but a minute or so for Denise to shed her clothing, and display her ample assets. On her medium frame, Denise's C-cup breasts looked even larger than they were; at the peak of each she had roughly inch-diameter light brown areolas surrounding nipples that were as thick as large crayons. Slightly overweight, Denise was more rounded than most of the other girls, and sported a large swathe of dark brown pubic hair covering her mons. When she got onto the bed and had positioned herself at the other end of the dildo, Trisha saw that Denise's labia were about average in length but appreciably thicker than any she'd seen before. When the other girl spread her legs and moved to get the end of the oversized cock against her opening, Trisha saw that she was already surprisingly wet inside—and looked big enough to take the phallus easily. That proved to be the case when the other girl was able to slide herself nearly halfway down it with only a single pause.

When she was ready, Denise told Trisha "Let's go, sweetcheeks. You're gonna have to be pretty good with this thing to make ME cum with it!"

Even though Trisha had initially been concerned about her ability to have the desired effect, Denise's words only gave her the resolve to make it happen—and in spades, if she could possibly manage it. Still, she just gave her opposite number a sweet smile before answering "Well, let's see what I can do, then."

At first, Trisha was tempted to use the dildo to fuck the other girl the way she'd like, then realized that was exactly the wrong tack to take. Clearly, Denise wasn't interested in gentle, leisurely lovemaking—what she seemed to want was just to be fucked... most likely hard and fast. It took a few moments, but Trisha figured out how to make that happen.

After getting her legs rearranged, Trisha was able to lift her hips up off the bed; as she'd expected, that gave her the freedom to move the way she wanted. With a fast, sudden movement, she managed to slide the opposite end of the dildo almost all the way out of Denise's pussy before just as quickly

pushing it back in again, followed by Denise's clear gasp of pleasure. Knowing that her plan would work, Trisha went about using the double-ended phallus joining her to Denise to fuck the other girl as hard and fast as she could. As she did, she could also feel it moving in her, too, and had to set aside her own rising desires as best she could in favor of trying to satisfy (if not overwhelm) her opposite number.

After several minutes, Trisha realized that Denise's arousal was increasing only marginally faster than her own energy expenditures. Trying to find a way to increase the difference, Trisha began trying different things to see if they were either easier on her or more effective on Denise, and eventually found one: by lifting her hips a little higher, she was able to change the angle that she was pushing the dildo into Denise so that the dildo dragged a little more at the top of Denise's vaginal opening when it went in. In turn, that pulled the flesh enough to add more pressure against Denise's clitoris and stimulated her even more.

The change in angle applied pressure to the inside of Trisha's vagina in a different spot, as well, and she felt her desire increasing even faster. The only thing that kept her from enjoying it more was that the pace and force of her thrusts into Denise were a lot more than she was comfortable with; that turned out to be the ONLY thing that allowed her to continue her efforts hard enough and for long enough to witness Denise's fall into a climax—which allowed her to stop her movements and try to get her breath back and regain some of her energy.

After Denise had gotten herself unimpaled and shakily moved off to the side, a girl Trisha didn't know was the next to lay down. When Trisha saw how young and small her new partner was, she told her "You'll want some of this lube if you're going to get this thing inside. Trust me."

The other girl added some of the lubricant to the mixture of Ellen's and Denise's secretions, and after a bit of trouble, managed to get the end of the shared shaft embedded in her womanhood and then deeper inside herself.

Trisha's suggestion hadn't been entirely altruistic: in addition to making it possible (just barely, she judged) for her new partner to get the dildo in, the added lube meant that it would be easier for Trisha to move it in the other girl, and get her off that much sooner. So when she heard the words "I'm ready whenever you are...", Trisha was ready and able to begin using her artificial manhood to fuck the other easily. To conserve her strength, Trisha was taking her time by moving the plastic cock in a slow, steady rhythm—one that the other found quite satisfying, judging by the sounds she started making after just a couple of minutes. It also felt pretty good to Trisha, too: she was well-adjusted to the size of the monster filling her pussy, and she was wet enough that her languorous movements had it moving just enough to let her enjoy the motion of it tremendously.

As the time passed, it became clear to Trisha that she was going to have her own orgasm, as well as giving one to the girl sharing the dildo with her. Mindful of what she was going through all of that for, she did what she could to slow her own release while continuing to pleasure her partner. Several minutes later, she was relieved to hear the other girl gasp with the start of a climax; it meant that she could give herself over to the pressures that had been building up in herself. A moment later, she felt the dildo in her pussy start to press farther into her, and it took a moment for her to understand that the muscles in the other girl's vagina were trying to push the dildo out—and into her. Between how incredibly full she felt, and all the stimulation she'd received up to that point, all it took was the addition of feeling the artificial manhood trying to sink even deeper into her to push Trisha into her

own orgasm.

When it was over, Trisha had time to get her breath and senses back before she felt someone moving on the bed with her. Lifting her head, she was surprised to see that her last partner was only then able to get herself free of the instrument of her satisfaction, and then off the bed.

After that, Trisha had only four more girls to satisfy, which she did. She didn't remember a lot of the details because her orgasm had cost her a lot of her ability to limit how much the dildo moved in HER. That led to her getting aroused faster and more easily than she had with the first three, with the consequence of her going through three more orgasms—but only after she'd first satisfied whatever girl was at the other end of the shaft connecting them. She wasn't entirely sure who it was that pulled the dildo out of her, but there was absolutely no mistaking its absence: not only could she feel a draft in a place she'd never expected to, she couldn't help wondering if her pussy would *ever* shrink back to normal again. As far as she was concerned, the most telling aspect of how large the toy had been was how loose she felt inside once it was gone.

When she was finally able to sit up, Trisha saw that Ellen was dressed again. As the older woman looked down at her, Trisha heard her say "I never would have thought it was possible, but you did it: you not only took my little toy here, but were able to get all of us off with it—even though it was pretty close with the last one. Okay, Trish, you're in. I'll have you a new job in just a couple of days, and from here on out, we all watch out for each other... including you."

Exhausted from her efforts (and her orgasms), all Trisha could do was nod her head in understanding before Ellen turned and left the room. Over the next few minutes, the rest of the girls made their own exits, though the last couple of them had to get dressed first.

Alone in her room, Trisha began quietly crying—both in relief that it was over and that she'd gotten what she wanted, and shame at having done it. After she'd cried herself out, she morosely made her way into the bathroom to clean up, knowing that the stain on her soul and in her mind wouldn't be removed as easily as the stench from her body.

The school year had ended a few days earlier, and Margo was sitting outside enjoying her relative freedom when she saw a car she recognized as Mrs. Fields' coming up the driveway.

As expected, it stopped in front of the offices, and Margo wasn't surprised to see a girl get out. What *did* surprise her was the apparent age of the newcomer: Margo was close enough to see that Mrs. Fields' passenger couldn't be much over twelve years old, though she was obviously already starting to enter puberty.

The two of them went in, and Margo continued to wait where she was so she could see if the girl would be leaving again. A little while later, she watched as the girl and Mrs. Fields came out, and was dismayed when she saw the youngster collect a battered suitcase from the trunk of Mrs. Fields' car. A moment later, she got up and went inside to her room, where she got onto the computer and began working on it rapidly—despite the fact that Isabelle and Louise had gone off to do some shopping at a mall, and wouldn't be back for quite a while.

It wasn't a matter of but a couple of days before everybody knew the story about the latest girl to arrive: her name was Betty Goss, and she was the youngest that have ever been accepted at the Academy, just a couple of months short of her thirteenth birthday. The only child of a single mother, she'd been taken

by the police after her mother had tried to pimp her out to men in exchange for crack. Fortunately, the cops had learned of what was going on before anything had actually happened and set up a sting. In the ensuing investigation, they found out that the mother had abused the girl almost from birth: there were multiple records at each of the different hospitals in town for such things as dislocated shoulders, broken arms or legs, a concussion once, and a wide variety of "bumps", bruises, and other relatively minor injuries. The only bright spot (and it was a small, dim one at that) in the whole deal was that nothing crippling or disfiguring had ever happened (according to the girl that she shared a room with).

On top of the physical abuse she'd suffered, Betty had also been the target of what amounted to emotional and mental torture as well. The end result was that she almost never spoke (even then it was seldom more than a word or two), would readily comply with virtually any instructions she was given, and did her best to become and remain as nearly invisible as she could: if not watched, she'd slowly ease her way to a corner or behind a piece of furniture, then sit down and remain all but motionless. Virtually everyone that saw her thought she was amazingly attractive, particularly with her blonde hair and incredibly blue eyes; with her physical appearance being so at odds with her personality, she was often referred to as the Living Barbie with considerable sympathy by most.

Margo and a few others got loosely organized and took it upon themselves to try and help Betty; whenever possible, one of them was with her, trying as gently as they could to draw her out and show her something at least *approximating* a real life. They kept at it for several weeks without the slightest sign of success before they got an idea of why they weren't making any progress: one of their number was looking to take Betty outside for a little walk when she found the girl in one of the storage rooms—stark naked, while one of the "in" girls had a hand between Betty's thighs and the other on one of her breasts. The resulting shout had drawn a large crowd of residents, the vast majority of whom were outraged by what they saw. The first thing to happen was that Betty was quickly re-dressed and taken out of the room so one of her caretakers could try to explain to her that what had been happening wasn't right, wasn't her fault, and that MOST of them were actually trying to take care of her.

Back in the storeroom, the girl that had been doing the molesting was facing a crowd of extremely irate girls that gave every indication of being perfectly willing to tear her apart and flush the pieces down a commode. It was only through the intervention of a surprisingly composed Margo that kept the offender alive and in one piece; it was **explained** to her that if anything like that ever happened again by *anyone*—even staff!—then that person would find themselves in the last situation they'd ever want to be in. Looking around at the faces of the others in the room, the girl understood perfectly well what was meant and there was no doubting her seriousness or sincerity when she said that it wouldn't happen again... that she'd make SURE her friends knew that Betty wasn't to be bothered in ANY way. When she was finally allowed to leave, she was terrified that she wouldn't make it out of the room, and remained in fear for her life for days afterwards.

As a result of that incident, nearly all of the girls that weren't an active part of the power structure kept a weather eye on where Betty was, with who, and what they were doing. Margo also became the *de facto* leader of the core group.

When Tom had been approached about accepting Betty at the Academy, he'd been leery: hearing her age and all that had happened to her made him initially reluctant to accept her, but he'd allowed Mrs. Fields to bring her in. Once he saw how lovely she was and learned how silent and compliant she was, his reservations disappeared. As far as he was concerned, she was the perfect subject for his

predeliction for younger girls: he figured he could do anything he wanted to with her and never have to worry about her saying a word to anyone. That she had to be told to do almost everything was actually a plus to him; he fully expected he could train her to show the little bit of initiative he needed from her.

He'd accepted her after calling his secretary in as an additional witness that he had, indeed, read and explained the rules and other folderol to her before all three adults countersigned the paperwork after she'd done so.

It only took having her there for a few days for him to figure out that if she was left to her own, she invariably found her way back to her room, where she was apparently content to simply huddle on her bed. She was able handle such things as going to meals, showering, and taking care of whatever other things she had to do; but otherwise, she was more than likely to be found on her bed.

As he'd expected, several of the more soft-hearted girls took it upon themselves to try and "take care of" her— getting her to go outside and sit with them, taking her on walks around the grounds, and generally trying to get her socialized.

He'd known that as young as she was, and with her history, Betty would be the focus of attention for quite a while. While that was the case, he wasn't about to start anything with the child out of concern for drawing the wrong kinds of attention. Instead, he was content to wait until things had settled into more of a routine before putting her to use satisfying his desires. Until then, he could content himself with Laura and the twins... both of whom were quite agreeable to letting him make use of any of their openings when they weren't busy with each other for his entertainment.

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Margo was sitting in one of the study rooms with Betty as the two of them did their homework on Friday evening.

Looking at the youngster as she studied one of her books, Margo couldn't help but wonder at the changes she and the others were starting to see.

Although she still tended to drift back to her room if left alone, that didn't happen anywhere near as soon or as quickly as it had when she'd first arrived; there were actually times when one of them would find her sitting quietly in one of the study rooms or outside, even. Also, all of them had reported seeing the girl smile (at least a brief, small one) at different times. Although she still wasn't able/willing to speak to anyone in anything resembling an actual conversation, she was much more likely to answer questions or respond to things that were said to her. Finally, all of them had noticed that she looked like she was starting to relax a little bit; her face had lost much of the tight blandness she'd exhibited, and her eyes didn't show the same wariness they'd first had.

While Margo was watching her, Betty happened to raise her head and look at her; Margo smiled that everything was fine, only to be amazed when Betty returned it with a full smile of her own.

The sight of Betty's first honest, open and complete emotional response to something was almost more than Margo could bear. Thankfully, Betty turned her attention back to her schoolbook before she could see the tears of happiness that Margo could feel filling her eyes. Somehow managing to blink them back before she could upset the other girl, Margo faced her own schoolwork... though her heart was full of joy and her mind occupied by what she'd just witnessed.

Both girls were nearly done with their homework when one of the junior members of the "in" group came in. Both of them looked at her blankly, making her nervous enough that she stammered "T... Tom

wants to see Li... Betty tomorrow at noon."

Knowing that Betty wouldn't say anything, Margo answered "Okay, she'll be there."

Having delivered the message, the girl was happy to make her escape; she thought Betty was kind of creepy, and Margo flat-out scared her for reasons that she couldn't (didn't dare) pin down.

Seeing that Betty was looking at her, Margo smiled and told her "Don't worry, it's nothing serious. Probably just something he didn't have time to tell you today, or something like that. It'll be okay... you'll see."

Despite her calm demeanor and reassuring words, Margo knew that having Tom wanting Betty in his office on a weekend was anything BUT innocent. But she wasn't going to frighten or upset the girl; and nothing WAS going to happen if she had anything to do with it!

Comforted by what Margo had said, Betty told her "Okay, Margo", one of the longer utterances she'd made that day.

When they were both done, Margo walked Betty to her room before going to her own. Once there, she quickly got on the computer. She stayed busy on it until well after Isabelle got back; absently, but politely, brushing off the other's inquiry about what she was doing.

It was nearly midnight before Margo finished with what she was doing on the computer and went to bed.

After breakfast the next morning, Margo was on the computer again, and went through several periods of activity before shutting it down around mid-morning. For the next hour and a half, she wandered the buildings and grounds of the Academy, unable to sit in one place very long while everyone that looked at her wondered what was going on with her; a few of them even wondered if she hadn't just learned she was pregnant.

She was waiting outside the building when Betty showed up for her appointment with Tom; Margo pulled the younger girl into a hug before telling her "Don't worry, sweetheart, everything's going to be okay", and releasing her. Betty looked up at her in open curiosity as she replied "I know, Margo."

Once Betty was inside, Margo hurried to the front of the building, where she paced nervously until she saw a car coming up the drive. Shortly after it stopped in front of her, she saw a couple of police cars coming, as well. When all of the people in the cars had gotten out, she told them "We don't have a lot of time. I need you to come with me **right now** and stop something bad from happening; then I'll be glad to tell you anything you want to know."

The two men from the first car and the cops all looked at each other before one of the men decided that the urgency in her voice counted for more than her obvious youth, and told her "Okay, lead the way."

Opening the door, Margo led them back to the door to Tom's office after raising a finger to her lips to signal them to stay quiet. Softly taking the handle to his door in her hand, she carefully turned it until she could feel the door start to move; with a firm push, she flung the door open to reveal Tom sitting in his chair with a topless Betty standing in front of him. Margo was the first to move, calmly walking to stand next to the younger girl before gently turning the youngster to face her. She took the blouse Betty had been wearing off of Tom's desk and gently got it back on the youngster and fastened. That done, she pointed Betty toward the door and gave her a soft nudge as she said "Go on outside, honey... all the

way out the building, and wait for me, okay? I'll be right there."

Betty made her way through the men that had followed Margo in, and was soon out of sight. Before anyone in the room could move, Margo turned and slapped Tom with everything she could hit him with—enough to knock him completely out of his chair. As he looked up at her from the floor, she knew he could hear the rage in her voice as she told him "You sick, disgusting, miserable excuse for a human being! After everything she's been through... now that she's *finally* starting to open up and become **human** and not the Living Barbie she came here as... you were just going to fuck her again. Not just her body, though that's bad enough, but you were going to fuck everything else about her, too—her heart, her mind, even her soul, damn you! Well, that isn't gonna happen, now, 'cause where you're going, you're gonna find out what it was like for all the girls that you've fucked and fucked over. You're going to jail, asshole, and you're gonna find out what it's like to be the fuckee for a change!"

As she was finishing up, one of the men gestured to one of the cops, who came forward while pulling out handcuffs. When he gestured, Tom reluctantly got up and turned around before putting his hands behind his back. Once he was cuffed, the cop pulled a little card out and began reading from it: "You have the right to remain silent..."

The two men, plainclothes cops, gestured for Margo to follow them. Once they were outside, Margo quickly made sure Betty was okay, and held the girl in front of her.

The two plainclothes men introduced themselves as Detectives Robins and Miller before Robins asked "I'm guessing you're the one that contacted us last night? And has been sending us little... teasers?"

Margo said that she was, and added "I'm sorry it was so late, but that was the first chance I had after I learned that he wanted to see this one today."

Miller wanted to know "Where did you get the video you sent us, and HOW did you get it?"

"I got it off the computer systems here. I, uh, I'm kind of a computer geek."

"You just said you're a computer geek—not how you got the video. You wanna answer the question I asked? Look, what you sent us... it's big. And if you can give us as much as you said you can, it's even bigger. For all that, we aren't going to be too, uh, fussy about it, okay?"

Taking a deep breath, Margo answered "I ended up here because I got kicked out of school for finding a way to get into their computer systems. Not just the one school, but the whole school system, I mean. So when I got here and saw how much computer stuff they have, and how new and everything it was when everyplace else is having to use antique junk... I got kinda curious about WHY. So I, um, kinda bypassed the way the computer in my room normally boots: instead of letting it boot off the hard drive, I used my own flash disk"—seeing their looks of confusion, she explained "thumb drive"—"to boot into Unix. I started looking around on the computer itself, and it was pretty easy to see that they had already installed a bunch of stuff so that somebody could keep track of what everybody was using their computer for. I mean, they could see what emails were being written, who was doing what for school, where people were going on the Internet, pretty much everything anybody did. So I stuck some of my own stuff in there so they could only see the things that I wanted them to, and started trying to find out what else was going on, just to see if I needed to cover my ass."

Just then, another cop car pulled up. The uniformed officer driving it got out, and then let out a skinny guy that was handcuffed, who he brought over to the two detectives.

Margo continued then, saying "It didn't take long to see that they had the whole place tied together. It was a nice piece of work, actually. Except that I also found that there was a pretty big chunk of their network that they had blocked off, and that made me REALLY curious, since nothing else seemed to be off limits. So I started trying to find out what was so important that they had to keep everybody out of it."

That was when the skinny guy spoke up, smugly telling her "Yeah, good luck with that one, Miss Smartypants!"

Margo looked at him and asked "You're his computer guru?"

The man answered "Yeah, I am. Freddie Jenkins, if you must know", superciliously.

Margo then scathingly told him "Well, Freddie, just because you're smarter than everybody you know, it doesn't mean that you're smarter than EVERYBODY. Matter of fact, you're kind of a dumbass. You did okay on your firewall and everything, but you weren't applying the firmware patches like you should have. Once I got the make and model of your switch hardware, I was able to use an older exploit to get inside and change the settings; after that, the rest of your network was **mine**."

Crestfallen, Freddie could only look on as she continued "Anyway, once I got into the rest of the network, it wasn't hard to figure out what was going on. Freddie the genius, here, didn't bother to do *anything* to disguise what was going on. I mean, when I saw stuff like 'Room412cam1', it was pretty obvious what it was for. The same thing goes for the garbage they kept—you know, vids of what girls were doing by themselves, and that sort of stuff. The dumbasses didn't do ANYTHING to keep anyone else out; no encryption, no passwords, nothing. They just trusted that the one big firewall they set up was enough. Hell, even *I* know better than that!"

After taking another breath, Margo went on "The only thing I wasn't sure of at first was whether or not anybody was paying attention to how much bandwidth they were using, or checking log files like the should have. That's why the first few files I sent you were so short, 'cause I didn't want to risk doing too much. After a while, though I figured out that they weren't doing even half the stuff they should have been, and that's when I started sending you more and bigger files. I obviously couldn't know anything about the stuff that they actually talked about, but most of the time they'd end up emailing each other about it afterwards, and THAT I was able to siphon off copies of. Another thing they fucked up on was Tom's office computer. If I had to guess, I'd say that Freddie, here, figured Tom had enough sense to actually empty his email trash, while Tom figured that Freddie had taken care of getting rid of any computer evidence FOR him. The end result was that everything Tom did in getting this place wired like a secret agent's wet dream kept getting shuttled back and forth between Tom's computer and their automatic backup-and-restore system. The dumbshits had every antivirus and antispyware program known to man, and fucked up on something as simple as actually emptying the trash. So you should be able to figure out who knew what was happening, and when."

"We do", Robins answered, as several more cop cars pulled into the driveway. He nodded toward them and told her "Those are for the rest of the folks that'll be going with us." A moment later, he added "What I'm not sure of is why you sent us so much evidence, and why you waited until today of all times to have us come out here."

"I told you, I got kicked out of school for hacking the district's systems, so I wasn't real wild about the idea of you knowing how I got this stuff, okay? Second, I'm not a cop or anything, so I just figured that

sending stuff over a longer period of time counted for more than a bunch of stuff all at once. Besides that, most of us are here 'cause we fucked up in one way or another... even me; so I've gotta think that whatever happened here was at least *partly* our own fault. Not that we asked for it, or anything like that, just that it's... karma, kind of. As for why now, today... this is her, right in front of me. If you don't already know what the deal is with her, I reckon you will before long. Let's just say that when I found out last night that Tom wanted to see her today, I decided I wasn't going to let him mess her up like he has so many other girls here."

"And if we hadn't shown up for some reason?", Miller asked.

She looked him right in the eyes, and he felt a chill go down his back when she answered "He'd have had to kill me before he got to her."

Robins coughed to break the silence before telling Margo "After what we saw when you opened the door, and with all the video and documentation you sent us, there isn't a chance in hell that he's going anywhere but prison—and for a good, long time. The other folks, his computer guy, here, and the others... they're looking at some hard time, too, and plenty of it. It looked to me like there were a FEW people that didn't actually know or have any reason to suspect that they were doing anything that was going to be used illegally, and they'll be okay. Now if you and this young lady will come with us down to the station, we can get your official statements. Once that's done, we'll bring you back here; while we're gone, the city and county will be sending some people here to look after things, instead of us having to take all of you out of perfectly good rooms and beds and trying to find someplace to keep you. I can't promise it, of course, but that's probably how things'll run for a while, until somebody comes up with something better—which I don't think they will. You've got everything you need here, there just needs to be somebody around that won't use the situation to their advantage. Anyway, could you come with us?"

With Betty holding tight to Margo's hand, the two girls took seats in the back of the car. It was several hours later when a regular uniformed officer took them back to the Academy, where they saw another police car parked crosswise in the driveway, blocking it. Once they were on the grounds, they were quickly discovered and escorted by social workers to the residence building and then to their rooms.

Margo found Isabelle and Louise both waiting for her, and the two of them nearly smothered her in hugs and kisses as they told her how happy and proud they were for what she'd done, interspersed with admonishments for not letting them know she was some kind of computer genius.

It was past midnight before she got finished telling them all she'd done and everything that had happened, and the three of them called it a night. It was even later before Margo was able to get to sleep.

It took only a few days for things to get into a routine again. The assorted social workers decided to see how much the girls could manage on their own, and take their cue from that. They were pleasantly surprised when the Academy residents stepped up to do what they knew they needed to (some of them for the first time in their lives) with the vast majority of the "regular" staff gone to jail. The ones that had been part of the "in" crowd worked harder and were more cooperative than most... whether that was from guilty consciences or hopes that the others would forget.

Even so, there were still several girls that were taken away for questioning never to return.

In the weeks that followed, all of the video cameras in the rooms were removed and the wiring for them

disabled through the simple expedient of cutting several sections out of it at various points. Any of the computer equipment related to Tom's illicit hobby was seized as evidence, while the rest of it was meticulously examined to ensure it was "clean" before being returned to service. Although Margo was called in to amplify on her official statement, there was never even so much as a hint or suggestion that she was in any kind of trouble for her activities; indeed, all she ever received was thanks and congratulations.

All of the girls that had been subjected to Tom's attentions received treatment and counseling, and eventually came to understand that they weren't at fault for what they'd undergone at his hands.

The funds from Tom's patents were seized, and under VERY careful oversight, financial arrangements were made to ensure that the newly-named Girls Academy could continue to function well into the future; a Board of Directors was created, and with input from elected representatives of the residents, oversaw the operation of the facility.

Tom was ultimately sent to spend the rest of his life behind bars—where he did, indeed, learn what it was like to be the victim of someone else's abuse. The worst of the staff were also sent off to spend varying amounts of time in prison, and found themselves subject to the public's low opinion once they got out. Even those that weren't charged with crimes found it necessary to find a different place to live... the farther away, the better.

Betty benefitted from having her request to room with Margo granted. Margo proved to be the stable, affectionate linchpin she needed to open up to her counsellor, and regain control of her life. Once she was able to purge herself of some of the bad experiences she'd gone through, Betty's recovery was just short of miraculous.

Margo graduated high school, and went on to college, where she graduated *summa cum laude* with a computer science degree that got her into a well-paying job that she enjoyed.