Close Teacher part 4

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Who knows what, when, how.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/close-teacher-part-4.aspx

“Where’s Tiffany?” Amy asks.
My head immediately perks up at the sound of her name. I answer, “I’ll go look for her.”
“Thanks Bree. You know where she is?”
“I have an idea.”
I know where she is: she’s going to talk and flirt with Mr. Reynolds. On my way to Mr. Reynolds’ class, I pass by our principal. “Hi, Ms. Powers.”
“Hello… there.”
“It’s Bree.”
“Yes, hi Bree. How’s the cheer coming along for tomorrow’s assembly?”
“Going good, would be going better with our captain showing up on time. Have you seen Tiffany?”
“Nope, haven’t seen her. If you do run into her, could you let her know I want to give her a schedule for tomorrow’s assembly?”
Oh sure, Tiffany you remember. “Or you could give it to me, and I’ll make sure she gets it.”
“Actually, I wanted her to stop by my office as well.”
“Okay, Ms. Powers. I’ll let her know.”
“Thank you … Bree is it?”
“Bree it is.” Eh, she’ll forget it by tomorrow.
I approach Mr. Reynolds’ door when I hear a tapping, like moving furniture. I slowly turn the doorknob and I couldn’t believe my eyes. There was Tiffany in her cheerleader uniform, her skirt lifted to her lower back, her cotton whites hanging round her ankles, her legs in between Mr. Reynolds’ legs while he was thrusting into her ass, with his pants hanging around his hips, his belt buckle, buttons and zipper all undone. They were fucking on his desk at school. I pulled the door slightly back and kept watching as Mr. Reynolds continues pounding into Tiffany. I hear her trying to hold back her moans and in viewing all of this, I feel myself starting to get a little wet. I start to rub myself over my own cotton whites and thought my goodness, the thrill they must be going through to be fucking at school, a teacher and a student. A bit careless of them however, cause here I am watching them… but maybe that risk is adding to the thrill of it all. I see Mr. Reynolds cumming as his final thrust lifts Tiffany’s legs underneath him, his desk had moved about three feet from where it usually was. I watched them both twitching from what must have been an amazing orgasm and wish I had one of

my own. Tiffany's legs find the ground again, and she stands vertical with Mr. Reynolds still inside of her. He slowly pulls out unable to prevent a big droop of his cum from landing on her panties. I want to make myself cum right there, but I might get too loud myself and I decide that I should go back to practice and wait for Tiffany there.

When Tiffany arrives, I watch as she tries to straighten her uniform and look even more presentable, but Tiffany is always beautiful. I love a cock in me as much as the next straight girl, but sometimes I wish I could explore Tiffany's body with my own. I admit to wanting Tiffany, with her long blonde hair, and me with my long black hair from my mom's side (Chinese). I imagine both our fair skins rubbing against each other because my father's side (White). Looking at Tiffany, I felt what most other boys must feel when they look at her: I'm so fucking horny right now.

"Sorry I'm late girls," Tiffany said out of breath, "had a long talk with Mr. Reynolds."

"He's so hot," Amy tells us, "you think he's married?"

"No ring," I chime in, "but Amy, you're only sixteen. What is he, like twenty-six, twenty-seven?"

"A girl can dream, can't she? What I wouldn't do to that man…."

"I'm sure he has a girlfriend or something." Tiffany interrupts trying to end the conversation, "C'mon girls, we have to practice for tomorrow."

A few times during practice, in our squad of five girls, I would stare at Tiffany, knowing her little secret. And I would arouse myself looking at her stained cotton whites every time she did a twirl or a kick. It was hardly noticeable unless you were looking for it, but I was still so horny and unsatisfied that I couldn't help but remind myself of Mr. Reynolds and Tiffany fucking away at school. And I couldn't wait for Matt to pick me up after practice, so I could fuck him and finally get my orgasm. But after practice, like always, my boyfriend was late again.

"Still waiting for Matt?" Tiffany finds me in the parking lot.

"Yeah, the prick is always late."

"It's dark out, I'll wait with you."

"Thanks Tiffany."

"Why are you still with that jerk?"

"Well, he's a football player… it's not like I can have any boy in school like you can, Tiffany."

"Bree, you're so hot. You know how attractive a mixed race girl looks? You're half white, half Asian; it's a very good combination. You have no idea how many guys want you."

"I doubt it; maybe after you've turned them down. You keep turning them down though."

"Yeah, I guess that's why they start those rumors."

"Matt says he never spread anything about you, but I know he probably has cause he couldn't get you either."

"Matt is a jerk."

"He is a jerk; a self-centered, immature, stupid, and late jerk."

"Bree… sorry I keep insisting you break up with him. I just think you deserve better."

"When is 'better' going to come along? College?"

"I'm so glad we're graduating in two months. I'm so ready to leave high school."

“I guess I am too.”
“Here you go.” Tiffany says handing me a wrapped rectangular box out of her bag.
“What’s this?”
“An early birthday present. Congrats on being the first legal ‘adult’ among us.”
“It’s still almost a week away.”
“I know, just open it.”
“Oh my god, you didn’t.” I start breaking out into laughter.
“It’s silly, I know.”
“A vibrator? Is it real?”
“Batteries included yeah.”
“Hmm, I guess I won’t need Matt anymore.” We laughed together for a little bit and sat in silence for a while. Tiffany was a good person, and a thoughtful friend, so I didn’t want to hurt her. I decide that I should let her know. “Speaking of turning legal… I have to be honest with you, Tiffany, I saw you and Mr. Reynolds before practice.” I start to wonder if it was a good idea now seeing Tiffany turn beet red.
“Bree… shit, I don’t know what to say.”
“Don’t worry, Tiffany, you can trust me.”
“I know it sounds lame, but I don’t know how it happened. One minute he was consoling me about the rumors and holding me. Then I felt his… you know….”
“Cock.”
“Yes, his cock, hardening… and something else took over me. I’ve fantasized about fucking Mr. Reynolds, but I never thought he’d be my first. I wanted him to be my first, right then, and there.”
“You’re seventeen, Tiffany. I’m not one to talk about saving yourself, but weren’t you waiting for the right guy: the guy you were going to marry”
“I was. But I don’t feel any regrets at the moment… you didn’t tell me having a real cock in you feels so good. I don’t think my vibrator will be enough for me anymore.”
“Depends on the cock, really.”
“Matt doesn’t do it for you?”
“He’s gotten me close a few times, but … he’s a little… how should I put it: for himself only.”
“Mr. Reynolds made me cum so much more intensely than my vibrator.”
“I saw. You’re lucky, it usually doesn’t happen the first time.”
“And when he shot his cum in me, to feel that hot glob hit my walls inside, to feel his throbbing cockhead rubbing all that cum deep in me….”
Tiffany actually started shaking again. I started getting a little wet again too. “So does this open the door for possible sex with boys our own age for you now?”
“I don’t know. I want Mr. Reynolds still. I think I’m going to see him again before practice tomorrow.”
“Tiffany… he can get into real trouble though… especially at school.”
“Bree… his cock… sooooo good.”
“You’ll need a look out.”
“You’re the best!”

Tiffany kisses me on the cheek and we hug. I feel her chest pressed up against mine, and I can smell her hair … it's so sweet even after practice. I was so horny now that I almost went to suck on her neck. Then a pair of headlights shines on us and makes us break up our hug.
"Now that is hot." Matt says out the window.
"Shut up, Matt!" I yell at him.
"What the hell are you holding? Is that a fucking vibrator? Haha, she doesn't need that. She's got me! Unless… you two were going to use it on each other just now before I interrupted. Please … go on."
"It's a gag present, Matt. Grow up." Tiffany said getting into her car, "I'll see you tomorrow Bree, we can plan our little plans. Yeah?"
"Yeah," I said reluctantly but then again, it might give me a chance to see Tiffany naked again. I climb into the shotgun seat and looked at Matt who was carrying a smirk on his face. He was pretty cute … but I think that's all he has going for him. Fortunately for him, my panties were drenched and I needed to get my orgasm. "You're late."
"I was too early. You were about to get it on with Tiffany and your new plastic friend."
"You don't deserve this." I say lowering my head and unzipping his pants. I pull out his erect cock. I wonder it if was for me or if it was erect because of the thought of Tiffany and I together. I start sucking on his cock-head as he drives out of the parking lot.
"Shit, Bree, yes, shove that cock in your mouth." He places both hands off the wheel and on top of my head to force his cock down my throat. I react negatively, getting even more pissed.
"I don't like that! Keep your hands on the steering wheel."
"Take me in deeper then."
"Just shut up and drive carefully." I start to rub my pussy to try and enjoy sucking his cock. It was salty and I realize he hasn't showered after his football practice. I spit on his cock.
"Don't do that! Just keep it in your mouth. You're getting my car seat dirty."
"Well, you taste gross. You didn't even shower after practice."
"Bitch, how was I supposed to know you were going to suck on my cock. Well… don't stop now. I'm about to cum"
"I don't want you to cum in my mouth… not with you tasting like that. Pull over here, to that parking lot. I want you to fuck me."
Matt pulls over to a busy parking lot, but with his tinted windows, I didn't care much; I just needed to get off. He pulls his pants all the way down.
"Come sit on this cock, bitch."
"Don't call me that."
"Hot bitch?"
"Ugh…. no I don't want to be on top, fuck me from behind." In truth, I wanted it that way so I don't have to stare at him and can imagine someone else behind me.
I climb into his back seat and he follows. I stick my ass in the air to him, and he can see that I'm leaking down my thighs.
"Don't stain my car." He pulls off my cheerleading skirt with my cotton white panties and places them

underneath my knees protecting his seats.
“You’re such an asshole, just fuck me already.”
He sticks his cock in me… and I felt a release of tension in my pussy. I knew I was horny, but I didn’t know how much until I felt a hot cock inside of me. I needed a cock, any cock… even his. He starts spanking me while fucking me, which is one thing I didn’t mind too much… but just as I was giving him credit in bringing me towards my long awaited orgasm, he yells, “Fuck, I’m going to cum.”
“Don’t you fucking dare, I’m not close yet…” I say too late, as he quickens his less frequent thrust and finishing his orgasm. “Damn it, Matt, I said not yet.”
“You shouldn’t have sucked on me first.”
“Fuck, I really wanted to cum.”
“Why? Cause Tiffany was making you all hot and horny. Are you a lesbo?”
“That’s … don’t change the subject.”
“What is the subject?”
“You’re selfish.”
“I can’t help but cum; first of all, you were sucking me right before, and second of all, with all that female hugging fresh in my mind?”
“Why am I even with you, you can’t even get me off.”
“Bitch, that’s harsh.”
“Bitch, it’s true.”
“Fucking Bitch. Look, just suck on me a little bit, get me all hard again, and I’ll be able to fuck you longer, all right?”
As much as I didn’t want to, I still need to cum, “You better make me cum this time.”
“Yeah, yeah, just wipe your pussy first, you’re going to leak on my seat.”
I actually listened to him, I don’t know why, but I did wipe my pussy with my underwear and proceeded to suck on his cock. He was only semi-erect and was having trouble getting himself hard again. He continues to leak a little cum out and it was still salty, but at least I can taste a bit of my pussy on him. That made me wonder how it would taste to eat out Tiffany’s pussy. Wow… maybe I am bisexual. Thoughts of exploring Tiffany’s pink pussy lips with my mouth made going down on Matt again bearable and he was finally starting to get hard again. I started to work his dick faster and a bit rougher trying to get him harder and ready to fuck me again, all the while images of Tiffany’s perfect body rubbing up against mine dance in my head. He must have been thinking something similar to me because he yells out, “Yes, yeah… just like that… yeah, keep going…. Yes, Tiffany, fuck yes!”
But before I could pull back and yell my reaction to him, he grabs the back of my head (again!) and pushes, with greater force, my throat on his cock and he cums a second time. I gag on his cum, but keeping it all in my mouth so that when he releases my head I could do this: spit his cum all over his seats.
“Bitch, what did I say about my seats!”
“We’re so over, Matt.” I say putting my clothes back on. I grab his pants, his car- keys, open the doors and I toss them about as far as I could into the parking lot. It lands on a car of a customer coming out

of a store.
I start to walk home and Matt is yelling at me from his car creating more of a scene, “You bitch!” He gets out of his car, with people looking at him. “It’s okay. We just fucked. That’s why I’m naked. ‘Scuse me, sir, could you hand me those?”
Damn it all, I thought on my way home, the tension in my pussy is still there. I have my new present, and since it was from Tiffany, it just might do. I went straight towards the shower. I was rinsing myself clean of Matt and readying myself for a long night of self- pleasuring, but, with the right images in my head, I’ll be fine. I grab a towel and went straight to my room noticing that my brother and my parents were in their rooms. On my bed, I noticed my little nightie on top of my bed and I knew it was my dad who put it there.
So here was my little secret that I had with my dad. Every now and then, dad would get really horny and mom would not give him any… so when he goes into my room and takes a nightie and places it on my bed, it’s my signal to sneak in his room and release his tension. There are times where I’m not up to it and he’ll understand, but more often than not, especially after unsatisfactory nights with Matt, I would count on my dad.
I know it’s a little fucked up, but when I was younger my dad watched “Taboo II,” the 80’s porn film about incest, and he had it in his head to show me one day. I wasyounger and he must have sensed my curiosity. It was my first sexual experience with another man; my father taught me about sex.His moviesprovided me for thefirst time visions of the explicit act of sex (not just the soft core scenes in “R” rated movies). The sight of an actual intercourse; to see a hard cock burrowing its way into a wet pussy is an image I constantly see in my daydreams from then on. The sex scenes with the brother and sister were pretty hot, and while it did make me curious about my own brother, really it was the very last scene with Dorothy LeMay, playing the daughter fucking her dad while the mom was asleep next to them that really turned both of us on to this arrangement we both indulge in to this very day… and fortunately for me, this very tonight.
So I put on the nightie, which hung right below my ass, andslowly open the doorinto his room. He gives me the signal to come in and I tip toe my way to his side of the bed. He’s lying down on his side away from my mom and lifts up his blanket to reveal his hard-on, which must have also been tension filled. I kneel beside him and start to suck on his cock both of us trying to keep our moans to a minimum. Unlike Matt’s cock, my dad had showered before bed and he taste clean. I start sucking on him while rubbing my pussy, feeling myself so drenched that I may be leaking on the carpet. I look up at my father, who’s eyes are closed and enjoying my mouth, and I started to feel that perhaps this was what Tiffany and Mr. Reynolds must have experienced earlier today; the thrill of forbidden sex.
I was in dying need of a cock in me so I climb into bed and spread my legs over my dad. I reached down to guide his cock head, rubbing my clit a few times with it before I shoving him in my soaking pussyhole. I sat on him until he was all the way deep in me and I look over to my mom who was slightly snoring, sleeping on her stomach, and her head turned away from my father. I started to gently rock the bed as I began riding in the cowgirl sex position. I needed to get myself off quickly so I started rubbing my clit while grinding his cock inside my vaginal walls. It felt so amazing with him

deep in me that I couldn't control my moans and he placed a finger in my mouth to remind me to keep quiet. I habitually sucked on his finger to pacify my moans. His other hand was under my nightie trading off between massaging my tits, or pulling my down on my ass. I glance again at my still snoring mother feeling a sense of success with our risky fucking predicament and this thrill made me finally shudder to my orgasm. I not only thought of my father's cock inside me, but of my handsome teacher fucking my beautiful blonde cheerleading captain. My pussy began convulsing and, unlike Matt, my father knows this is his cue to unload. He must have enjoyed my orgasm squeezing on his dick so much that he probably couldn't hold back his cum any longer anyway, and he shot loads and loads of cum up in my pussy. We both twitch in our orgasms trying to stay quiet, and my mother begins to stir about. We both look over to her, with our orgasms subsiding, and we hold still listening to her… and we are both relieved when we heard her slightly snoring again. I feel his cum leaking out of me when I kiss him on the cheek and whisper, "Thank you, daddy." I climb down off the bed and tip-toe back to my room.

The next morning, I rushed off to school to find Tiffany and discuss our after school plans. I had a few classes in the morning with her and found that she was quite early today. She was wearing a pleated skirt down to her thighs with knee high socks, teasing the boys (and me for that matter) with just a little bit of her legs showing. Lunchtime rolled around before we got a private moment to discuss anything.

"So… what's the plan?" I asked, trying to not sound so excited.

"Well, he was resisting me earlier."

"He'll try, but I doubt he'll succeed."

"I don't know. Maybe he's right: I'm only seventeen."

"Tiffany, don't show him that any part of you is thinking of not pursuing this. The risk is part of the thrill, right? Heightens the orgasm, yeah?"

"Mm, yes."

"For him too. If anything, we need to remind him of the risk involved and make him cum. Uh, and by we, I mean you."

"Heh, you're right. Alright, here's the plan. I'm going to seduce him after school, get him all hot and bothered, you come in to interrupt us, and I'll hide under his desk continuing to suck on his cock."

"What would be my reason for visiting?"

"Um, say you wanted to talk about Matt."

"Okay. Sounds easy enough."

"We'll improvise… it'll be fine."

We finally make it to the last period of the day when we both have Mr. Reynolds. Tiffany was already trying to seduce him during class. I watched as she strategically uncrossed her legs for him. There was also a moment when Mr. Reynolds had paused mid-sentence and not knowing where he was during his lecture. Mr. Reynolds was aware the class was laughing, but he wasn't aware that Tiffany wasn't the only one in on their secret. I can see him looking at Tiffany, in the pause, and could tell that he was sold; there's no way he's turning Tiffany down this afternoon.

I walk by Tiffany, who remained in her desk, on the way out of class. She gives me a wink and I smile back at her. Outside the door, I look as a sea of students begin the routine of opening their lockers and getting ready to leave campus, while inside the door one student is abnormally getting her pussy rubbed by her teacher. I watch as Mr. Reynolds rips off Tiffany's red lacey panties with her skirt still on. I watch him mouth some words as he takes his fingers in his mouth and taste Tiffany's pussy on his fingertips. Tiffany sits down on his chair with the desk unfortunately blocking my view of anything explicit. I let out a moan myself as I see Mr. Reynolds disappearing behind the desk, probably rushing his mouth to meet Tiffany's pussy. I remember to look around for a second, and then back into the room where I see Tiffany's eyes in a trance and her mouth open. I can feel my own pussy throbbing and aching once again to feel what Tiffany must be feeling… or what Mr. Reynolds must be feeling for that matter. I watch Tiffany reaching her orgasm realizing now that Mr. Reynolds must be really good with his tongue. I felt so envious now with the hallways suddenly quiet and me facing a door with my hand under my skirt. I start to wonder if I could walk in and smell Tiffany's sex in the air. I couldn't help it… I had to interrupt.

I catch Tiffany and Mr. Reynolds by surprise when I walk in. When I approach the desk, there was only a faint pussy smell in the air, but it was enough and I got what I came in here for. Tiffany and I chit chatted for a bit, but I got her message, that while grateful, she wanted to be left alone. I pouted a bit, but gave her a thumbs up on the way out. She mouths thank you to me and I retreat back behind the door to be their lookout. I take a look around and notice a few students still lingering, but nothing threatening so I decided to turn around again and watch the show. This time the chair's back was facing me and all I could see was Tiffany, bouncing up and down, her face in total ecstasy. She makes eye contact with me a few times, but her gaze was glazed over with pleasure. I wanted to be fucked so bad then and there.

Suddenly I see Ms. Powers heading towards the class from down the hall. I wave my hands at Tiffany and it takes her a while to notice me. I wave until she finally does see me and I'll have to stall Ms. Powers to help them.

"Hi Ms. Powers."

"Hi there, Bree is it?"

"Yes, yes, you remembered my name."

"Of course, with a pretty face like that, it stuck with me. Are you waiting for Mr. Reynolds? He sure is popular with you kids."

I looked over my shoulder to see that Mr. Reynolds was now in view with his chair facing forwards, but he didn't notice me because he had his O-face on. "Um, yeah, actually I talked to him already, just walking out. Ms. Powers, he told me he wasn't feeling too well."

"Ah, I see. I'll be fine, thank you Bree."

"Could be contagious."

"I'll take my chances."

"Okay, bye Ms. Powers."

I slowly walk away hoping that I bought them enough time and I turned the corner and waited. After a

few minutes, I finally see Tiffany.
“Everything okay?”I asked as Tiffany rounded the corner.
“Better than!”
“You’ve got some cum in your hair there.”
“Yeah, things got messy. Let’s go to the lockers and change.” Tiffany says, grabbing my hand leading the way into the lockers, “Thanks for the save by the way, I owe you.”
“That’s alright, Tiffany. It looked like you had fun.”
“Oh, it was better than the first time. I worry though.”
“About what?”
“Well, I think he’s still going to try and turn me down. He said it wasn’t a good idea to come over to his place.”
“You’re going over to his place?”
“Yeah, got his address when I visited Ms. Powers office earlier.”
“Wow.”
“Yeah, he’s not going to work tomorrow. And I asked if I could join him… and he started saying no.”
“Don’t worry, Bree, you got him.”
“For how long?”
“For as long as you want him. How long do you want him? I mean, you’re not in love with him or anything are you?”
“No… no, I mean… no, I think I’m just addicted to his cock right now. It’s my first time having sex, and I really can’t get enough of it. But he was turning me down before I left.”
“That’s just the after-orgasm talking. He can’t turn you down.”
“You think I’m attractive enough for him, you know, his type?” she asks me removing her shirt.
“Oh, fuck, yes.”
Tiffany looks down at her chest, “Eh, these could be bigger.”
“No, no. They are perfect.”
“I like your size.” Tiffany actually reaches and lifts my shirt over my head, “Yeah, you’ve got the best chest in school.”
“Matt used to always want to titty-fuck me.”
“What’s titty-fucking? I’ve heard it before, but what does it entail exactly.”
I was feeling a little embarrassed now. Not every girl has been exposed to porn like I have. “He puts his cock in between your chest, and he starts thrusting away.”
“I guess it’s pretty self-explanatory. You ever let the sleeze ball do that to you?”
“Not often. It feels nice, but it’s more rewarding for the guy I suppose. I mean if he cums that way, strong chance it’ll get all in your eyes, nose…”
“Hair?”
“…hair. So just lift up your chin and that should help a little.”
Tiffany lifts her chin subconsciously practicing and exposing her neck to me. The same neck I felt the urge to suck on when it was last close to me, and now with a shirtless Tiffany sitting next to a shirtless

me, the urge is renewed. Ah hell, I close my eyes and I went for it.
It's safe to say that I took Tiffany totally by surprise as I aim my mouth at her neck and start to gently suck on its side. I feel her jump underneath me as I move our bodies closer together. Our breast press together and our nipples slid across one another. Her body was warm despite being shirtless, (it may be from all the sex talk we've been discussing) and I think and/or hope that for at least for one solitary second, we both enjoyed my move on her. But it couldn't have lasted, she started to squirm a bit and in sensing that, I pulled away. I opened my eyes to see Amy watching us.
"Amy!"
"I'm sorry Bree, Tiffany… I was just coming in to change. Um… you guys need a moment."
"If you could," Tiffany got in her captain mode, "give us a second please."
Amy leaves and I quickly apologize, "I'm sorry Tiffany."
"No, it's okay. I was just surprised. "
"I assure you, I've never done that to a girl before. I don't know, I gave in to my urges just now."
"I can understand that. To be honest, it felt kind of nice."
"What's wrong with me, I thought girls only experiment with this kind of thing in college or something."
"Well, we're just a little more advanced I guess. Are you … can I ask… are you a lesbian? Is this why you broke up with Matt?"
"Well… I've only been with boys, and I've enjoyed sex with them for the most part. But when I think about you… especially lately seeing you and Mr. Reynolds, well, I don't think I've ever been this wet. Does that make me bisexual or something?"
"Well, I think I'm getting a little wet knowing your wet… what does that make me?"
"Do you think that… perhaps… I mean since you're not in love with him … do you think that I could join you and Mr. Reynolds. Would you be okay with that?"
I see her gulp and I worry that I may have moved too fast.
"Bree… I don't know. I don't know if he'll be okay with that. I mean, I can still sense him worrying about breaking the rules with me right now. Haha, maybe I'll suggest it to him in a week when you turn eighteen."
I force out a laugh, "I'm sorry … again."
"Bree, seriously, don't worry about it. I think we better get dressed for practice."
After practice, deflated, yet horny as hell, I hoped to see my nightie on my bed. Instead I hear a squeaking bed from my parent's room. I thought about perhaps asking my brother for some relief, but we've never done anything like that… and I just couldn't handle another rejection so instead I got out my early birthday present from Tiffany and made myself cum so I could get some sleep.
The next day, Tiffany was absent and so was Mr. Reynolds. With me being the only one knowing that this wasn't a coincident, I get to imagine what their day must be like. Knowing about their secret was what got me through the school day. Of course, there was someone else who was in on another little secret.
"Amy."
"Oh hi Bree. I guess there's no practice today without Tiffany here. Oh, and sorry to hear about you

and Matt. I can drive you home if you'd like."
"No, that's okay, I think my dad is picking me up. I know, lame right?"
"Nah, I could use some more attention from my dad."
"Hey, I wanted to talk about what you saw in the lockers the other day."
"Um, okay."
"I'm not gay."
"Oh, I didn't think you were … I mean you were with Matt for awhile."
"Well, Tiffany and I aren't … she didn't do anything. I made a move on her, so don't say anything to anyone about Tiffany. She could use less rumors about her."
"Oh, I wouldn't ever say anything about what I saw. I mean, I can kind of relate you know. We change together everyday, and I'm very into boys but I can't help but admire how hot you and Tiffany are."
"Oh, I'll talk to you later Amy, here comes my dad's car. Oh wait, Brian's in there."
"Your bro's kind of cute. Oh, sorry, okay, bye Bree."
I climb into the car and ask the obvious questions, "Why are you here? How'd you get home already to get the car? Where's dad?"
"I got into a fight and Principal Powers sent me home for the day."
"What? You got in a fight with whom?"
"Not important. As for dad, he went on another business trip. Didn't you hear the squeaking coming from their room last night? Last little romp before not screwing for a week; so gross that they still get it on. The bed was squeaking the night before too."
Damn. That means no nightie on my bed for a week. "C'mon, Brian, we all have needs."
"Bree, it's our parents."
"You're right, I mean, 'ew, yuck, and gross.'"
"That's better."
"What about you, are you getting any? I think Amy has a little bit of interest in you. You have a couple of classes with her, yeah?"
"Yeah, Amy's cute… can't help but be attracted to the cheerleaders, present company not included."
"What, am I ugly?"
"Yes."
"Brian, you ass." I was actually hurt. My self-esteem must have been hitting rock bottom lately.
"I heard about you and Matt, I guess I should be a little nicer to you. C'mon, you're my sister. You know how many times my friends say, 'You're so lucky to have Bree as your sister?' and I'm like… 'okay, boys, think about your sister in that way?' Anyway, point is, I know for a fact that you're sought after and at least you're not a virgin anymore."
"Wait, how do you know that?"
"Matt has a big mouth."
"So you punched his big mouth."
"You maybe older, but I got your back."
I kissed him on the cheek, self-esteem lifted. "So you didn't answer all of my questions."

“Which one, there was like fifty.”
“Are you getting any?”
“That’s none of your business.”
“It’s only fair since you meddled in my business.”
“Defending your honor!”
“Still…”
“… Fine. No, not getting any. Still a virgin.”
“That’s fine. Not everyone’s ready to…”
“Oh, I’m plenty ready, just no one to get ready with. Why are we talking about this?”
“Have you seen dad’s vhs porn collection?”
“Yes.”
“And you’ve masturbated to them?”
“Again, none of your business.”
“I’ve masturbated to some of them.”
“Yeah?” I can see his interest growing in his shorts. “Why to his vhs collection and not from recent stuff, like porn on the internet?”
“I don’t know, there’s something about vintage porn that I like. Like there’s this one about high school students that show these cum shots where guy pulls out, cums on her pubic hair, and then just pushes himself right back inside the girls pussy and fucks the girl some more. Have you seen that one?”
“I think I have.”
I watch as he shifts uncomfortably in the driver’s seat perhaps trying to hide his erection from me.
“Have you seen ‘Taboo II?’” I ask.
“Wait, what?”
“You know, the one about the brother and the sister.”
“Yeah, I think I know which one you’re talking about. What about it?”
“Well, did you masturbate to that one?”
“Bree….”
“I have, Brian. That’s my favorite one.” I reach out and start to rub his erection over his shorts causing him to swerve the car a little.
“Bree, what are you doing?”
“You’ve defended my honor, and now perhaps I can teach you a thing or two.” I pull his cock out of his shorts and start to stroke it. “You can stop me if you’d like.”
“No… keep going.”
Knowing now that I’ve got him this far, I still need to convince him to fuck me and ease my own tension. I move my head towards his lap and start licking the head of his cock. He starts to moan and buck his hips upward trying to get in my mouth. I tease him a bit more by quickly licking around his head. “Tell me what you want me to do.”
“I want you to put it in your mouth, I want you to suck on it.”

I oblige, swallowing him deep in my mouth. I start to move up and down on it being very careful not to move too fast and make him cum too soon.
“Bree, we’re home.”
“Come in my room with me.” I suggested rubbing the tip of his cock on my lips.
“Mmkay.” We hurry inside and find our mom in the kitchen, “Hi mom, we’re going to Bree’s room. She’s going to teach me something I need help with.”
“Okay, dinner will be ready soon though.”
We both run upstairs and he locks the door behind us. I pull down his shorts when he turns around and start to suck his cock immediately, making his knees week. He leans his back against the door keeping him propped up as I continue to suck on his cock. I placed a hand on his balls and start to massage them and feeling one start to rise towards the lower part of his cock.
“Oh god, Bree… I think I’m going to cum. Why are you stopping?”
I know he’s not Matt, but I just couldn’t let my brother cum without me. I walk over to my bed and start to undress myself. “Come here… have you ever gone down on a girl?”
“No. I’ve seen it done.”
“You want to try?”
He lowers his head to the middle of my spread legs, and starts to lick. He’s not sure about where to go, and I can feel his inexperienced tongue dancing around. I moaned out loud for him every time he hit a good spot… but he would continue at the same spot without a further moan from me. He quickly learns that he needed to move around to all my hot spots down there, varying moments here and there. His tongue was working my clit, then my hole, outside the folds, then back in the folds.
Suddenly we both jump as my cell phone rings. I look to see that it’s Tiffany. Brian makes what could be a fatal mistake and stops. “Keep going!” His tongue dives back into me as I answer my phone.
“Hi Tiffany.”
“Bree….”
“Tiffany? You there? Hello?”
“I’m going to take you up on your offer. Saturday. I’ll talk to you more about it at school tomorrow. Bye.”
“Tiffany… hello?” No answer… my mind was racing: a threesome with Mr. Reynolds and Tiffany, and my brother licking away at my pussy when I get this news. “Okay, Brian, don’t you ever stop licking a pussy until you’ve either made the girl cum or it’s time to fuck. And right now, it’s time to fuck.” I grab him by his hair and threw him on my bed. He lands on his back, with his dick slapping his lower abs before sticking straight up again. Good, he’s already hard and I won’t have to suck on him; I want my orgrasm even more than yesterday. I climb on top of him and guided his dick in my hungry pussy. His sloppy oral allows me to start off quickly riding him and was finally easing the tension between my legs. “Don’t cum, yet. Brian.”
“I’ll try.” He says grabbing my breast and closing his eyes.
“Don’t cum.” I slam my ass down on his thighs, driving him deep inside me.
“I’m trying.”

“Don’t cum.” I bring my pussy down harder and harder on him, again and again.
“It feels so good.”
“Don’t cum yet, Brian.”
“I can’t help it.”
“Brian, don’t cum…”
“Bree….” He sits up, burying his face into what had been recently described as the best chest in school, and cums uncontrollably into me. He twitches and shakes at his first orgasm inside of a girl. Unfortunately this girl hasn’t quite reached her own orgasm yet. There’s more for him to learn. He looks over my shoulder into the mirror behind me, on my closet door near the foot of my bed. He sees his cock being swallowed by my pussy under my ass with his cum leaking out. I look behind me and I our eyes meet in the mirror. “You know, Bree, in those old movies where the guy pulls out, cums on her pubic hair, and then just pushes himself right back inside the girls pussy and fucks the girl some more…?”
“Yeah….”
“It’s a little sensitive right now, but it’s still hard. I can keep going.”
He starts trying to thrust up and down with me sitting on top of him. He starts slowly at first, but then he must’ve gotten through the sensitive feeling because he starts thrusting faster up into me. I raise my ass a little to allow for the whole length of his cock to work in and out of my pussy. And while enjoying the reality that I was fucking my brother like the movies that had helped me fantasized this scenario, that I masturbated with, and that actually brought me to this moment, I found myself even more turned on by prospect of joining Tiffany and Mr. Reynolds.
“Dinner’s ready!” We hear mom calling from downstairs.
“Be right there Mom!” We both yell out in unison.
I hop off of Brian momentarily causing him to think it’s all over until I instruct, “Fuck me from behind.” I turn and face the mirror. I watch myself, on my knees, bent over while behind me my brother starts to ram his cock inside me, tapping my ass. I start to imagine Mr. Reynolds ramming his cock behind me while I taste Tiffany’s pussy and this image brings me over the edge and reaching my long awaited orgasm. I start cumming on my brother’s cockwhile he continues to pound my ass. He feels my pussy pulsating and massaging his dick and he starts cumming for the second time in my pussy. I watch as he thrusts a few more times into me from behind releasing his last bit of cum. He collapses on top of me, his head resting on the middle of my back, and his cock still hard in my pussy. With my brother and I breathing hard, sweating, and naked on my bed, I find myself thinking…“better” is coming around.
To be concluded….