Bi Bi Miss American Pi

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A teacher takes her Chevy to the levee where she finds 1 + 1 = 3 some

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Samantha Bigby was arguably the most popular teacher in the high school. She was cute, young, full-breasted, and funny; but what made her especially attractive was her accent. She was a Brit. Originally, anyway, and very recently landed from the UK. She had just married an American serviceman who had brought her back to what her dad jokingly referred to as the colonies--Virginia, no less--and there she was when our story took place.

She had never been to America before her marriage, so she found everything just ***so*** brilliant and ***so*** smashing that she thought she might burst with excitement. Her husband had been able to take some leave during the summer to show her around the east coast where she had fallen exuberantly in love with everything from sailboats in the bay to bucolic parkways to the local southern accents (which she delighted in trying to mimic). She simply adored being in America--and now, by marriage, she was an American. It was like a dream.

Samantha readily found a job teaching math at a high school near her husband's base and earnestly began work in early August. By Halloween it seemed everyone in the school--students and parents alike--knew of the perky Brit and while everyone loved her, there were some who wished to love her more…

Allyson Kemper was fifteen years' Samantha's senior and was the only one of the teachers at the school who had actually lived in England before. She was tall and slender and tended to appear somewhat severe to the students, but when the kids were not around had a bawdy sense of humor. After a couple of drinks she could swear like a sailor and tell jokes with the best of them. Though the students and parents would never guess, she was a ball. She had never married and, so far as anyone knew, never dated anyone locally. Allyson took an immediate liking to Sam and, with the feeling mutual, took her under her wing--both in school and out.

Central High School is located in a town with a navigable waterway that is used extensively by barges that still carry goods up and down the river to the sea. In order to get the barges back

upstream there are a series of locks and dams and levees. Allyson explained all of this on one sight seeing trip with Sam and further explained that there was a popular make out spot in a reasonably secluded rise near one such levee. Sam was intrigued.

By the time they reached the levee it was evening. Allyson had had Sam do the driving, explaining that the new American would learn her way around better if she drove. She could practice driving on the right side of the street with supervision. And besides, that way Ally could drink. Sam had thought that very funny and had happily driven. Her husband was away for a couple of weeks on temporary duty, so she was delighted to spend her time with the older woman who was quickly becoming her dearest friend ever.

As the sun set, Allyson went on to tell stories of coming to this very spot when she was in high school. She described how she had lost her virginity in the back seat of a car (not her best sexual experience). Then, with some trepidation, Ally asked Sam if she could keep a secret. The older girl, now somewhat tipsy, sat up straight in her seat and turned to Sam, looked her in the eyes and made a series of demands before she'd continue.

"Okay," said Allyson, "You have to promise never to tell."

"Okay," said Samantha, chuckling. "I promise!"

"Hold up your finger…like this!" said Ally, holding up her index finger.

Sam did so, giggling as she wondered what manner of ritual went with the promise.

"Now kiss your finger." Allyson clumsily demonstrated on her own finger (in case Sam couldn't figure it out) and Sam complied with more giggling. "Now touch it to my lips and I'll do the same to you."

They did so without hurting one another then Allyson said, "Okay, that was for practice, but that's how we seal the promise. Again."

This time each carefully kissed her own finger, then slowly and deliberately each held her finger against the other's lips. Allyson's heart was beating so loudly she feared Sam could hear it. She slowly eased her tongue over her teeth to press it against Sam's finger. Then she took the tip of that finger between her teeth and gently pressed while watching Sam's eyes.

Sam watched Allyson intently, waited a breathless beat, then did the same with a twist: she used her lips to draw Sam's finger into her mouth where she sucked it gently, waiting to see what the teacher's teacher would do next.

Allyson groaned loudly and they both smiled. She hungrily pulled the younger girl's finger into her mouth where she sucked it like a cock, eyes closing and opening slowly. Samantha did the same. Both women were extremely wet. They soon removed fingers from mouths and bent over to kiss, then deeply tongue each other. Hands found breasts, nipples were tweaked, legs swung to and fro, thighs ground together. They were as hot and breathless as any other couple that had ever parked in any lovers lane.

Their exquisite interlude was suddenly shattered by a knocking on the window. Both girls were so shocked they both cried out in fear. But then Allyson was able to make out a familiar, if unwelcome, figure in the twilight. She cursed under her breath, then tried to roll down the window but couldn't. Fucking electric windows! She turned the key to the ignition then rolled down the window a few inches as Samantha sat frozen, eyes wide open, holding her breath.

"Sheriff Wilson, what a nice surprise," she said sarcastically, but her words were ever so slightly slurred.

"Allyson Kemper. I'll be damned. Been a long time. And what brings you out here this time of night?" he asked as he leaned down and shined a light on the driver. "Well, well, well…isn't this interesting."

Allyson was out of the car in a flash stammering and threatening, which just amused the hell out of her former classmate. She was leaning into him stammering and whispering and bumping into him and thumping him in the chest and telling him what he could and couldn't do and Sheriff Wilson found himself getting stiffer and stiffer by the second as he chuckled at her.

"Do you have any idea how much of a crush I had on you in high school?" asked Wilson suddenly, smiling confidently.

Allyson sort of stammered something nonsensical which he ignored.

"I'm going to have to cite you for public drunkenness and I'll cite your cute little partner here as well."

"You can't do that. She's new. She just got a job. She's not from around here. I'm mean she is now. She just got here. Please don't do that. You can't do that!" and on she protested, words tumbling over words.

The sheriff, unable to keep from grinning, leaned down to look through the open door and as he did, he put his arm around Allyson's waist. She was so slim and so firm and so damn hot to Wilson--always had been. He was bent over with his shoulder at Ally's waist level, so it would've been a cinch

to just throw her over his shoulder caveman style and just fuck her brains out. Instead, he let his hand slowly slide over her ass which he held with his palm just under the bottom curve, his thumb resting in her crack as he told Samantha to come around to see him.

Allyson was shocked speechless. She was somewhat shocked he was groping her, but she was just stunned at how damn good it felt. After a couple of bad sexual experiences early in her life she had pretty much given up on men, so it had been a very long time…but now--damn! She suddenly wanted him more than she could've imagined.

Allyson rested her arms and hands on Wilson's back, marveling at his muscles. As he stood back up she was dizzy with lust and confusion. Wilson pulled her against him firmly, her legs spreading to accept his thigh between hers. She groaned and said, "Oh, god." Which made him smile. One hand rested on his chest, the other around his back.

Just then Samantha came around the front of the car. Wilson shut the door and told her to come closer.

"Are you okay?" Samantha asked Allyson with concern.

Wilson chuckled. "Your friend's had a little too much to drink. What's your name? Where're you from anyway?"

Samantha started to explain, but Ally stopped her. "Don't worry, Sammy, I know this guy. This is between him and me." She was squeezing his thigh with her thighs and was so wet she thought she might leave a spot on his pants. Her neck felt like jelly and she kept resting her head on his shoulder. He had his arm around her, with his hand gripping both her ass cheeks, his index finger easing from ass to labia. She tried, but failed, to keep from groaning.

"Come on over," said Wilson and wasn't satisfied until Sam was within reach. "We have a problem," he said equably. "She's drunk; there's an open bottle in the car; and you're both in trouble."

Sam was very concerned and looked to her drunk friend for help.

"As an officer of the law I am required to report these very serious offenses--" Wilson chuckled as Ally let out another quiet groan. "--unless you two--and I mean both of you--can convince me why I should not do so."

At that point Allyson took his face in her hands and gave him the deep, wet, tongue-probing kiss that he had wanted all these years. As the kiss went on, Wilson became aware of a hand on his crotch.

But when they broke their kiss he realized to his delight that Samantha rather than Allyson was massaging his bulge. The very lucky sheriff put his arm around the younger woman, pulled him against his other thigh and his mouth found hers. Allyson was unabashedly dry humping the man's other thigh as she ran her hands up his legs, over Sam's hand and his bulge, over his firm torso, through his hair, anywhere she could touch him. She was so fucking hot and so drunk she was nearly out of control.

Sam began to undo his belt but then deferred to the lawman due to all his equipment. She was afraid of guns and was afraid she'd get hurt. He obliged by unbuckling, unfastening, unzipping; and then releasing his manhood. At that point both girls went down and began licking and kissing his cock and each other. They took turns sucking and stroking, driving the sheriff nearer and nearer to orgasm. Finally he said, "Okay, that's it!" Both girls stopped, looking up in surprise.

"One of you--bend over the side of the car. Now!"

If the lighting had been better Ally would've seen the twinkle in Sam's eyes as she said, "I've got an idea," and hopped up on the car. She wriggled out of her panties, hiked up her skirt, and held out her arms for Ally to come over, both girls grinning. Ally quickly pulled down her jeans and panties with Wilson's help, then fell into Sam's arms as Sam leaned back on the hood.

Allyson hungrily fell on the younger woman's pubus with her mouth and began devouring her. Sheriff Wilson could not believe his eyes or his luck, whispering "I'll be damned" again and again as he lifted Ally into position, then entered her from behind.

Sam threw her head back, looked at the stars, and was pretty sure she laughed, cried, and came all at the same time. Allyson came right away, then came again when Sam did, and came one more time when the Sheriff exploded with a gusto that nearly took both girls off the other side of the car.

Afterwards, when all were dressed again and it was time for the awkward goodbyes, the sheriff brought both girls close in a group hug, then he gave Samantha a long, deep kiss. He welcomed her to America and told her to call him anytime she needed anything--anything at all--especially with her husband gone so much (wink, wink). She took that as her cue to walk around the car and climbed back in.

The sheriff then leaned Ally back against the car, melting his body into hers where they kissed with surprising passion, his cock growing hard again, her hands pulling his ass hard toward her. He finally broke their embrace with a reluctant sigh, then poured her back into the car. The girls bid the man goodbye, started up and slowly drove away.

Sheriff Wilson watched their taillights recede in the distance, then checked in with dispatch, before taking a long piss in the dark. Two more hours and he'd be free to go home to his wife.