

Graduation Party: Fantasy or Fact — I'll never tell

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An innocent outdoor graduation party gets really out of hand.

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I taught high school history one year at a private school here in town. I was between jobs and a friend asked me if I would fill in. It worked out and they asked me to stay on for the year. It was a small private school and the kids were mostly nice but some were snotty rich, if you know what I mean. Hubby went down with me to some of the parent teacher meetings and they asked him to coach football after work twice a week. He liked the idea, and one day he came home and asked me if I'd seen some of the football jock seniors. I said yes and he replied that he'd seen them in the locker room and they were "big boys." That's all he said. I got to really like some of the boys. They were smart and I'd play with their heads in class to keep their attention. It was a private school and I dress stylish but not prudish, so they'd try to look up my skirt during class. I'd sit at my desk which was a big table with no front, or on top of it in the front. I placed the students in each class so I could pick on the boys without the girls knowing. I had my favorites and they soon saw glimpses of me without panty hose and no panties. I always acted busy like I had no idea what they could see. Because of that and hubby being an assistant coach, I was soon a favorite with the football team. "All at least 18" The year went by and it was time for our graduating class. We lost 7 of our biggest players that year and they were going to have a big party for them, after graduation. Of course he and I were invited. (I didn't know that no other teacher was.) I was finished for the year and wasn't going back. I had another job so I wasn't a teacher anymore. I was putting on some Jeans that night getting ready because it was in the woods. hubby came up to me and asked me to wear a pair of black jeans that are stretchy but pretty tight. He also went to the drawer and got out a butterfly vibrator that you can wear under clothes and asked me to wear it. He said please and I couldn't turn him down, besides I was curious. It has a vibrating egg that goes in your pussy and it's molded on the outside to cup your clit. It feels really good. I figured if it got to be too much, I could always take it off in the car. I slipped the control in my back pocket and wore my blouse over it. We arrived, and there was quite a crowd there. We partied for quite a while, and the crowd started thinning out. They were drinking beer and the girls were drinking shooters. I didn't know they were making mine with good old s. Carolina moon shine. I was feeling no pain. I kept drinking them down and they kept bringing them. I fell asleep leaning against a tree by a fire while there were still a few of them there. When I woke up, there were only 7 football players and my husband there. My hands were tied to a branch above my head. My bra and

blouse were gone, and I woke up to this sucking sound. Hubby had put two battery operated breast pumps on my nipples and they were humming along, feeling very good. (My nipples are extremely sensitive and I go crazy when they're sucked.) I looked around just as 4 of the guys came up and bungied my knees and ankles tightly together. In those tight jeans the butterfly was pushed tightly against my clit. Then hubby turned it on. I was on display, drunk, horny, tits being mechanically sucked, and pussy and clit being vibrated. All seven of them sat in front of me in a circle drinking beer, watching to see what I would do. They wanted to see me go through an orgasm, just watching. Me sitting there with my tits and crotch humming, and my hands tied above my head making my tits stand straight out as much as they could with two pumps hanging on them. I was drunk, so I didn't cum, for about 20 minutes. Hubby was sitting there watching my chest heave up and down, and my jeans crotch turn wetter and wetter. They were all sitting in silence, listening for every gasp, watching every hip thrust, and finally I couldn't stand it anymore and said the magic words. "I can't stand this. Will somebody please fuck me!!" He knew I would say it, and when I did they looked at him. He gave the signal and they picked me up and my clothes came flying off. Somebody put a blanket under me. When they put me down on my back, I was totally naked, with two breast pumps sucking on my nipples and the butterfly still strapped to my hips driving my pussy crazy. I looked up and they were all stroking their cocks. Hubby pulled the vibrators, and pumps off and they picked me up again. This time they sat me down on one boy. His cock slid up my ass as they sat me down. I was so wet everywhere. Then another one got on top of me as they laid me down, a third one thumped the head of his cock on my lips. I took him in and I was taking care of 3. The rest rubbed every exposed part of my body and tweaked both my nipples as hubby instructed. As soon as the three came in my various cavities, they put me on a picnic table and I took care of the other 4. I think many many times during the next hours all of them were satisfied. We surely left a mess on the ground at the end of the picnic table. They thoroughly used me up before morning and hubby had to let me sleep it off all day long. It was wonderful. What I remember of it.