The School Reunion

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Where two people's fantasies just happen to cross paths at the same time

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I was very glad to leave school and go onto university, then on from there into what I call my adult life. I enjoyed many aspects of both and loved the social life associated with university but also saw them as phases in my life and moved on to develop my career and generally let life, family and friends fit in around me. I know many women maintain a large network of friends they have kept in touch with since school but apart from Annie and Sandra from school who I meet up with, maybe once a year at best due to the distances between us. There is also Harry, Lindsey and Kelly from university who I swap a few emails with now and again, but otherwise I am fairly free of connections from my past.

Not totally true I suppose as I have loads of school and university mates as friends on Facebook but realistically they qualify as old acquaintances; online friends whom I remember but rarely actually communicate with.

I was quite happy with that state of affairs until Sue Millbrook, who I shared a few school classes with but was never a close friend of, decided though Facebook to arrange a school reunion party. I considered the idea for a few days, checked my diary, and thought why the hell not, clicked onto Sue’s link and signed myself up as a definite.

It all went quiet for a few days then emails started to circulate, most of them were quite innocent messages saying “Hi Kim, I’m looking forward to seeing you again at the reunion”, then I received a few warnings from some of the girls saying “Beware, a small number of the guys are trying to turn this into a night to have a quickie with some old flames”.

Well there was no danger of that happening to me as I wasn’t anyone’s old flame. I was short, shy, studious and a late developer, not really girlfriend material in those days. Apart from one incident when I’d had a few drinks and I carried out a very naughty dare after the spinning bottle stopped and pointed at me. I was drunk, everyone thought I was a bit of a geek so I went through with it more to cause a shock than anything else. Anyway that was all in the past and luckily for me the others in on that game hadn’t as yet appeared on the guest list.

Sue Millbrook kept us up speed with regular updates on any changes or new people joining the guest list. Then about a month before the event I received a circular email stating that “The guys are lobbying us girls to attend the reunion in school uniform, please feedback your opinions on this idea”.

The email traffic was very busy for the next week with arguments for and against the idea. The guys who were pushing the idea thought it would just be good fun and some of the girls thought the same, others thought the guys were trying to spice it up too much and it was a reunion not a school girl fetish sex party. I thought it was a fun idea and if enough women agreed I would go with it.

One of the girls pointed out that you didn’t have to be a brain surgeon to realize that they didn’t want us turning up dressed like we used to at school but more like naughty sexy school girls. Of course she was right, skirts just above the knees, flat shoes, knee high socks and no make-up was not what the guys had in mind. It wasn’t what I had in mind either. I had developed quite a bit since those bland old school days and this was an ideal opportunity to show some of the guys that they’d never seen my full potential. I was up for it and about fifteen others were to. There was some concern that some of the girls would drop out but none of them did. Let’s face it most of the girls would be dressing to impress in one form or another so nobody would be raining on anyone’s parade.

When I next looked at the guest list all the girls who’d agreed to dress in school uniform had a XXX rating next to their names. Very soon the emails came flooding in from guys I remembered but had little in common with were very keen to see me again. I would be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy the sudden rise in my popularity, I loved it. Their emails were loaded with excited boyish questions about the length of my skirt and what I would be wearing underneath.

I tried to avoid fueling their imagination, keeping my responses as vague but I couldn’t resist the opportunity to flirt and it wasn’t long before I was getting excited and having fun myself. I know guys are easily excited but I was surprised at just how hot they can get from a description of a school uniform. I let them know I would be wearing a short gray pleated skirt, a white blouse and school tie, a white thong and bra set underneath, a pair of heels and my hair in a ponytail.

I was deliberately coy when I wrote to Adam Keller telling him of my surprise at the guy’s reactions but he could see right through me when he answered “This game you’re playing of the innocent girl unaware of her sexuality doesn’t fool me and I doubt it’s fooled other guys too. Be careful unless you want the guys to see you as being easy to take advantage of”.

Adam Keller, the school hunk and heart throb, loads of girls fancied him at school, including me, but he never gave me a second glance. He was fit, very good looking and confident but also had a darker side to him. I wasn’t blond with long legs and big tits so before I had even thought about the

possibility there were at least a dozen girls ahead of me in the queue, and that was just the blonds. Add to that the girls with bigger tits and I stood a better chance of being struck by lightning. My Chances were worse than that as neither happened.

Adam's advice was warranted and I didn't want some of the guys seeing me as easy so I ended the flirting, I stopped answering their emails and they soon lost interest. They'd probably been hedging their bets by flirting with other girls anyway so I purposefully slipped off their radar.

My flirting and attention seeking ended and I came to the conclusion that although I'm a reasonably intelligent person I still have that old school stigma hanging around my neck of being a short, shy and studious, who was never really girlfriend material. That pretty much conditioned me into taking any opportunity to flirt and I still give myself away far too easily to persistent men and occasionally to women who come on to me. I do have some standards, I must also be attracted to the men and if I know they're married or in a relationship I won't go with them.

I don't apply the same standards to women though as I've encountered quite a few of them who have experimented with other women in their past and want to relive it or have harbored fantasies and now want to try it. On one occasion I was offered money by woman but I didn't take it, I was quite happy to do it for free. That experience made me wonder whether I could make a decent living as an escort girl servicing only female clients.

Sometimes I have very low standards and I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I read an Agony Aunt's Column a few years back. A woman in her early twenties had written in saying the boys at school didn't show much interest in her and now she was older not many men did either. However her life had recently, she had been socializing in a local bar where a few of the guys had chatted her up, taken her out to the beer garden or to their cars and she'd given them blow jobs. I'm guessing this happened during the darker nights of winter. She enjoyed her sudden rise in popularity and now other men in the pub were taking an interest in her and she had given blow jobs to a few more of them. What disappointed her was none of these men were inviting her out on dates or had any interest in a relationship with her.

The Agony Aunt's reply was "You lack confidence and self-esteem and by giving in to men's demands and performing these lurid acts you will certainly make yourself very popular with them but you'll never achieve the attention, love and affection or relationship you really desire. They will see you as easy prey and use you for sex as long as you're willing to let them".

Oh good! It wasn't just me then, I have been down a similar route in the past, not quite to the same extent and I firmly believed I wouldn't allow myself to be used like that ever again. Her story stuck in my mind all day and as the day wore on my imagination and memories of doing the same kicked in

and I became very turned on.

So I had stopped my emails to the other guys but continued emailing Adam Keller. I fancied him at school and the contrast of his indifference towards me back then and his interest now was exciting the hell out of me. I loved the dark and dirty world his emails were drawing me into.

EMAIL FROM ADAM TO ME:

Hi Kim,

I agree with the idea of the girls coming in school uniform, but it’s really just titillating fun and I’m sure the girls will enjoy their participation in it. It is after all a fairly standard male fantasy which to be honest doesn’t do a lot for me. I prefer a wilder, tempestuous and overpowering approach to sex.

I believe that just below the surface every man is still a wild animal and a caveman, filled with lust and desire to conquer and plant our seed in as many women as possible. For love and companionship we follow a path of courtship and romance but really we just want to fuck to satisfy our own needs, imposing our will upon our female victims to take part in sexual activities they wouldn't of their own free will normally agree to.

Adam

MY REPLY TO ADAM:

You refer to a very basic male impulse (brains in their pants) which I know still exists but generally man as a species has developed to a much higher level where love, companionship and raising a family amongst many other attributes has evolved.

The other point you made in your last email Re “Imposing your will upon your female victims to take part in sexual activities they wouldn't of their own free will normally agree to”. Well I would say that when men seek sexual gratification of an extreme or fetish nature not normally permitted or mutually agreed to by their partner or wife they normally get that gratification from prostitutes.

Kim

ADAM’S REPLY:

A very interesting observation about the role of a prostitute and of course from a woman’s perspective but I’m afraid you’re very wrong.

There is no fun or feeling of conquest in paying a prostitute to perform, her motive is purely financial and as long as she's willing and the price is agreed she'll do it. A woman who's not a paid accomplice and who's willing to submit to being subjected to a very submissive role is a much greater challenge, the enjoyment and pleasure levels are way beyond anything the services of even the most convincing of prostitutes could provide.

Adam

I am no stranger to rough sex, that's how I was introduced to it and my nature seems to inspire it. I'm comfortable in the way I dress. I don't have an ample breast so it's mainly about heels, short skirts and dresses to highlight my legs and ass.

Nice guys who make polite discreet conversation and patiently wait to respond to the right signals from me usually give up, thinking I'm not interested. Their approach can be very sweet and they can be lovely and interesting guys but I'm not going to be turned on by them.

I would only ever be alone with a guy I wanted to be with and if he's perceptive and persistent enough he will seduce my mind first if he wants to get to my body. Dirty talk and very direct questions about sex will make be blush and act coy but really I can get quite tingly and wet with nervous excitement. Even when I'm excited, he's still going to have to use his physical prowess, be dominant and a bit forceful to have me. If he does that then he can, within reason, pretty much do what he wants to do, or get me to do anything to him.

I lay in bed that evening rereading Adam's emails, I closed my eyes and had a vision of Adam pulling my hair so my head tilted up towards his, kissing me roughly and pinning me against a wall, I couldn't move whilst his hand went up my skirt and down into my knickers. A tingle of excitement ran through me and I could feel my wetness. Back in the real world it wasn't long before my hand was between my legs, I had two fingers pumping away inside my pussy then played with my clit until I came. I don't cum easily but on this occasion it was all over in a few minutes.

For four days a number of hot, rough and dirty sex scenarios continuously ran through my mind, I couldn't wait to get home in the evening fast enough so I could masturbate again.

Lost in the fantasy I couldn't resist the temptation any longer and sent him one last email.

MY LAST EMAIL TO ADAM:

Dear Adam,

If the opportunity presents itself I will be your victim.

These wild, tempestuous and overpowering ideas about sex scare and excite me when I read them. I don't know why this is because I would normally expect a man to invest time in developing a relationship with me before seducing me. When it comes to sex I am essentially a shy and timid person that finds men physically and sexually very intimidating. Don't expect me to touch you or perform oral sex on you unless you make me do it.

"Time-out" means stop, "Yuk, Dirty or Rude" means that it's okay.

Kim

P.S. I usually go to bed about 11.00pm and I'm booked into room 317, don't cum inside me unless you're wearing a condom.

THE REUNION:

The reunion was held in a hotel a few miles down the road from the school. The school hall could be booked but wasn't licensed to serve alcohol and of course there was accommodation to consider, many people had to travel long distances.

Annie and Sandra, who had also dressed up in school uniform, met me at the bar for a quick drink before we went through to the function room where all our old school mates were now arriving in large numbers. As the night developed everyone was moving around, mingling and catching up with each other. The DJ was right on the mark with music from 2001 to 2003, Lisa Mafia and 50 Cent to Planet Funk drifted into my ears as I chatted with everyone I could until eventually I bumped into Adam Keller and his group of friends.

"Hey guys this is Kim, do you remember her?" some nodded suggesting they did a few others looked totally blank. "Most of you probably won't, she was only in the top classes and a bit of a swat but wow, just look at her now, she has developed into a very sexy young woman, wouldn't you agree?" they all checked me out and gave various looks of appreciation, some were pleasing some made me feel like a piece of meat. Andy Meyer's eyes looked fit to burst as he said "If there's a prize for the sexiest school uniform my vote will definitely be on you Kim, you look good enough to eat". There's being looked at and feeling scrutinized so I thanked them for their compliments, wished them well and quickly moved on.

I met up again with Annie and Sandra and we crossed over to the other side of the room to view the

boards of old photographs. It was no surprise and a relief to me that I only appeared in the background of a couple of them but they were fun to look at and we had a good laugh at other people's expense. Strangely there were no tables but chairs were arranged in circles and later there was a buffet. My heels were making my legs feel quite tired so the buffet provided a chance to sit down for a while. It was also handy having a small plate of food on my lap which allowed me to sit down without giving everyone an eyeful.

By eleven o'clock the dance floor was in full swing, everyone seemed either half or fully drunk, probably a few illegal substances mixed in there to, a lot of groping, rubbing of body parts and general flirting and kissing going on.

Annie, Sandra and I were still sitting down people watching. Well a lot of people have changed in appearance but a lot of things haven't changed and we had reverted to type. There were others like us, still sober, we sit around for a while watching the party revelers having a good time and laughing at their outrageous antics and behaviors, eventually it loses its appeal and we drift off home or to our rooms, leaving them to it.

We kicked off our heels and carried them as we headed towards our rooms. Annie and Sandra were sharing a twin room on the second floor my room was on the third so we wished each other a good night and separated on the stairs.

As I went through the fire door to enter the corridor towards my room I could see a very smug Adam Keller leaning against the wall just before my room clutching a half empty bottle of Jack Daniels with his arms crossed.

I walked a little faster and avoided making eye contact but just as I tried to pass him his arm shot out and grabbed my shoulder. I tried to break free but he pulled me round so I hit the wall next to him.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"To my room"

"We could go to your room if you want or mine, I'm in 318 just opposite"

"That sounds like a bad idea to me" I tried to push him away but he stood firm and grabbed me by the wrist.

"To my room it is then"

He dragged me towards his bedroom door then using his free hand put his bottle of JD in his jacket pocket, reached into his inside breast pocket, took out his card key and swiped it, a red light changed to green, he pushed the door open and he shoved me inside.

“Adam I think you’re drunk and having dirty thoughts, don’t do something you’ll regret”

“Don’t worry, I won’t regret it, now sit down” he said pushing me towards the bed, I fell on to it in a very undignified manner, landing head first with my legs akimbo and my skirt up around my waist. I quickly rolled over, sat on the edge of the bed with feet on the floor and smoothed my skirt back down over the top of my legs.

He stared at me, took the bottle of JD from his pocket, opened it, took a swig then put it down on the dressing table. He removed his jacket and threw it so it landed on the chair.

“I told you not to wind the guys up too much or you’d get yourself into a spot of bother”

“That’s very true you did so I stopped doing it”

“You didn’t stop winding me up though did you?”

“Yes I did, just a little later than the others, that’s all”

He picked up the bottle of JD again and gulped down few more mouthfuls, lurched forward and pointed a finger at me.

“Well young lady in the sexy school girl outfit, it’s time to stop flirting and deliver”.

He moved forward and stood in front of me

“Give me your hand”

I didn’t move.

“Give me your hand” he said more assertively.

I offered my hand which he gabbed and placed onto the large bulge in his trousers. I averted my eyes and limply dropped my hand away from him.

“You’re responsible for that, you’ve turned up here after all those emails, dressed in a school uniform

with a tiny skirt, you've caused me to have a raging hard on. You should except full responsibility and do something about it".

Whilst I was still looking at the floor Adam undid his belt and trousers letting them slip to the floor then pulled down his boxers.

"Give me your hand again"

I put forward my hand again which he grabbed opened up and wrapped my fingers around his erection.

"There, feel that, move your hand up and down my shaft".

I tried not to look at him as I gently moved my hand up and down the length of his cock.

"Look at it" he demanded.

I looked up and his cock was right in front of my face.

"Put it into your mouth and taste it"

I shook my head "Yuk it's a dirty thing to do"

"Have you never sucked on a cock before?"

"No, never"

"Well it's about time you did then isn't it?"

I frowned and gave his cock a look of disdain which only served to excite him even more.

"Just open that pretty little mouth of yours so I can slide it in and I'll tell you what to do from there"

His hand cupped the back of my head and pulled me towards him until the tip of his cock was pressed against my lips.

"Now open your mouth and I'll push it in"

I parted my lips and had to open very wide as he pulled my head towards him until his cock

completely filled my mouth.

“Now give it a good long suck as I ease it back out again”

I sucked as he slowly pulled back until only the tip was still in my mouth.

“Now lick around it and underneath the head”

I stopped sucking and started licking the underside of the head then rolled my tongue around the tip.

“Oh yeah baby that feels good, you’re learning fast. Now move your head backwards and forwards so it slides in and out of your mouth”

I did as instructed bobbing my head backwards and forwards taking only about three inches of it and sucking him when I worked back to the head.

“Oh my god what a beautiful sight, your cute little mouth stretched around my veiny engorged cock. You’re a great little cock sucker, you have a natural talent and a pretty little mouth that was designed to have cocks shoved into it. Keep it going babe. Mm mm, yeah, now go a little faster”

It was hard work and he kept me doing this for what seemed like five minutes, I had to take the occasional break to stop my jaw from breaking off by using my tongue on the head again. Then he grabbed the back of my head and started thrusting his cock faster and deeper into my mouth. I was no longer giving him a blow job he was quite literally fucking my mouth and fucking it hard. I was starting to gag and on the verge of choking, with tears running down my cheeks when he stopped. His cock was still halfway into my mouth and was rock hard, he was breathing very heavily and his whole body tensed up. I was expecting a mouthful of his cum at any moment but it didn’t arrive. He’d tensed up to stop himself from coming.

“Oh wow, wow, wow, I was right on the edge there, almost to the point of no return and ready to explode, and I would love to cum in your mouth but you’ll have to wait for that treat, now I’m going to fuck your pussy”.

He pulled away.

“Get up”

I got up.

“Put your heels back on and bend over the dressing table”

I put on my shoes. He grabbed me and shoved me towards the dressing table. I landed on it bent over the end and as my upper body landed on the top of the dresser the coffee and tea making equipment and a few other things lying around all went hurtling towards the floor.

“Lift your butt up so I can get a good angle”

I was already bent over with my upper body sprawled over the dressing table and the heels helped to lift my butt an extra four inches higher. He hitched up my skirt, pulled my thong to one side, then reached over grabbing my hair by the pony tail pulling my head back then in one swift movement rammed his cock as deep inside me as he possibly could. It was painful at first then pain gave way for pleasure as he pulled back, then thrust, pulled back then thrust again, then slammed his cock in and out of me as hard as he possibly could. I loved being taken so roughly, it was awesome. He kept pumping his cock hard into me for what seemed like ages, grunting and puffing from the effort and continued pulling my hair. I was by now getting very vocal with loud gasps, oohs and arghs accompanying each of his wild and brutish thrusts.

Then as quickly as he’d started he stopped holding me firmly around the waist with one hand and the other gripping my ponytail and yanking my head back, keeping his cock jammed as deeply inside me as possible. My heart was racing and my pussy was pulsating around his cock as I tried to regain my breath. I loved that still moment, gripping him from inside and the feeling of being completely filled. His body was totally tensed up as he fought to stop his ejaculation, I also stayed motionless, I was aching to feel him pumping his warm cum deep inside me but alas he wasn't allowed to’t and thankfully he didn’t.

He slowly withdrew and I whimpered like a lost kitten as my inner walls failed to grip him hard enough to keep him in there.

I stood up and wobbled on legs filled with jelly teetering on four inch heels. Adam put his hands on my shoulders to help steady me then whispered in my ear.

“Are you okay?”

“That was very rude and dirty”

“Yes I know it was and I haven’t finished yet”

He picked me up under my arm pits and threw me back onto the bed, flipped me over, pulled off my

thong and placed my legs so my ankles rested on his shoulders. He then dragged me backwards to the edge of the bed lifting my butt off the surface and drove his cock into me again. It was a different angle and not so deep but my god it felt good I was in heaven again as he thrust into me for a few more minutes. I was in a wonderland of sensations as his cock was now hitting the upper tier of the northern section. Then he stopped, his whole body tensed up again for a few seconds and he withdrew.

“I’m too close to coming and I’m not wearing a condom, it’s time for your treat, you’ll have to finish me off with your mouth”

He grabbed my ankles and pulled me backwards to the edge of the bed then gripped my shoulders and eased me off the bed so I was on my knees. His cock, still glistening with my own juices, was in front of my face.

“Yuk, it’s covered in my pussy juice”

“Don’t worry it all adds to the flavor”

Looking at his cock I grimaced like a kid about to be given a spoon of nasty tasting medicine then I opened my lips allowing him to push it into my mouth. I resumed the same techniques I’d used earlier, bobbing my head backwards and forwards so it slid in and out of my mouth, sucking and licking the head. He’d told me he was close but he didn’t need to, I could feel him getting harder and harder between my tightly clamped lips when I sucked. His breathing was noticeably heavier between his moans and sighs of pleasure.

“Go on, you’re almost there”

I quickened up my head movement.

“Oh yeah, keep going”

“Oh, oh, oh fuck yeah, aargh”

“Aargh, aargh, aargh”

I wasn’t sure I wanted him to cum in my mouth and was getting ready to pull away when his hand cupped the back of my head then gripped my ponytail. He just held my head in place as his cock erupted in my mouth sending streams of hot sticky cum into my throat.

I swallowed as much as I could but some escaped and dribbled down my chin. It was difficult to swallow because it was so thick and the taste was very bitter and strong. He held me there until his cock had pumped its last wad of cum. I had little choice other than to swallow that too. I was close to coughing it back up but somehow managed to hold it down. Eventually he released my head and pulled his softening cock out of my mouth.

“You missed a bit” he said as he scooped the drops of cum from my chin and using his fingers pushed it between my lips.

I licked my lips, swallowed those last few drops and looked up at him.

He smiled down at me and said “That Kim was absolutely fucking amazing, by a long way the best sex I’ve ever had, it was amazing fucking your mouth too. I was beginning to think I would never find a girl willing to do it like that without having to pay for it. That’s what sex should be like every day, rough, hard and dirty fucking with a girl who’s willing and doesn’t need romance, love or relationships”

It was incredibly hot sex but the reality was that I had only been willing because on this occasion I had shared his fantasy. My fantasy wasn’t to do it like that every day with someone who saw no need for any romance, love or relationship.

“Kim, you are just the type of girl I’ve been looking for and do you know what?”

“What?”

“I think you should come and live with me?”

“Adam”

“What?”

“Time-out”