Stacy's Senior Year  
(Part One)  
By Parker

Neil was the one to notice it: Stacy Richards cheating on an examination!  
He nudged his friend Gary and pointed towards the front of the class.  
  
"Check it out," he whispered.  
  
Gary saw, but couldn't believe what he was seeing. Stacy Richards - the  
ice-queen cock tease of the senior class at Greenwood High - was staring  
intently at a slip of paper hidden on her desk under the exam. Just then,  
Mr.Edgar, the teacher, coughed quietly and shifted position in his seat at  
the front of the class. Stacy quickly pushed the cheat-sheet back under the exam  
paper and looked up guiltily, her face flushing a pretty shade of red. If  
Mr.Edgar had glanced over at her at that moment he would certainly have  
known that something was wrong with her. But why would he be checking out Stacy Richards, who had been getting straight A grades ever since she had begun  
attending Greenwood High four years ago? Instead, he turned his attention to  
Neil French and Gary Syms, who were the class trouble-makers: Neil with his  
long, greasy hair and semi-stylish ripped clothes and Gary with his cynical,  
cutting sense of geek humour. Sure enough, they were grinning and whispering  
together at the back of the classroom rather than writing the exam.  
  
"French... Syms," he called out, drawing himself laboriously out of his  
chair and up to his rather unimpressive full hight, "Front of the class."  
  
No longer smiling, the two boys got up and walked slowly forward, the  
centre of attention, with everyone in the class looking up at them from  
their exams. Neil noticed Stacy smirking at him with her typical, haughty sneer.  
  
Bitch, he thought, we'll see who's laughing in a second.  
  
"Mr.Edgar," he blurted as he reached the front of the room, "We saw..."  
  
He was cut off by Gary elbowing him subtly, but stiffly, in the side. He  
drew in a breath to continue speaking, but he was interrupted by the angry  
teacher.  
  
"You two have been nothing but trouble since you started this class in  
September," Mr.Edgar announced, his full white moustache quivering with  
indignation. "I can no longer allow you to disrupt this class with your  
infantile jokes and games, particularly during exams."  
  
Neil started to protest, but was again cut off by Mr.Edgar, who had  
worked up a full head of steam.  
  
"You have both failed this examination. You will apologise to the class  
for the disruption, and then you will leave." He glared at the two boys. "Do  
you understand?"  
  
Both boys nodded a sullen 'yes'.  
  
"Any further problems," the teacher finished his pronouncement of  
sentence, "And you will be removed from this class permanently. Perhaps you  
will be able to make up the course in summer school."  
  
Gary didn't react, but Neil looked up in alarm. That was about the most  
serious threat a teacher could make, short of outright expulsion.  
Bakersville was a beach town in southern California, and summer was  
by far the best time of the year, particularly for the teenagers. Being forced  
to waste the summer months inside the stuffy high school while everyone  
else partied on the beach was about the worst fate a teenager could suffer.  
  
Apparently cowed, Neil and Gary turned around and stammered out an  
embarrassed apology to the class. A few kids giggled - Neil noted that Stacy  
was one of them - but most looked away, uncomfortable at the humiliation of  
their fellow students. The two boys then filed out of classroom and into the  
hallway.  
  
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Stacy shrugged her blonde hair off her shoulder and looked back down at  
the examination as the class returned to normal. Thank god those two geeks  
were gone, she thought, and tried to put Neil and Gary from her mind. In her  
world, there were "people" and there were "geeks", and Neil and Gary definitely  
fell into the latter category. She wouldn't even have known their names except  
that Neil had spent the better part of the first term of the previous year  
following her about, and had even asked her out on a date. As if! She had refused in as cruel a manner as she knew how (which was pretty cruel), and had later asked Pete, her then boyfriend and captain of the football team, to beat Neil up,  
just to warn him off. Pete had dutifully administered the beating, and Neil  
had backed off. She had soon afterward broken up with Pete - he had lost his  
place on the football team that spring - and had put the entire episode from her  
mind.  
  
Reluctantly, she turned her attention back to the exam. She frowned  
down at the test, as if she could intimidate the answers off the written page.  
Questions which had been easy for her a year ago now seemed impossibly hard.  
Stacy was quite intelligent, and had always gotten almost perfect marks at  
school, but lately the constant burden of socializing - cheerleading,  
beachparties, student council etc. - had left her little time for schoolwork.  
As a result, she had found herself approaching the first set of school exams  
of her senior year completely unprepared. And if she did poorly or -  
unthinkable - failed, she would loose her record of straight As, and would probably fail to be elected Homecoming Queen, the goal toward which she had been working for the last few years. Hence, she had decided to make a few crib notes to get her  
through the first round of exams. After that, she told herself, she would  
get back on track with the schoolwork.  
  
Looking around to make certain she was unobserved, she pushed the exam  
paper upwards to expose the notes she had written on the cheat-sheet...  
  
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Neil smouldered with anger as walked down the hall with Gary. That had  
been the perfect chance to get back at that bitch Stacy, and Gary had blown  
it for him! Neil's thoughts lingered on Stacy as he grumbled to himself.  
  
Stacy was one of those unattainable high school princesses who enjoyed  
showing herself off, but didn't put out. With her shoulder-length blonde  
hair, perfect face (large green eyes, pert nose and thick,pouty lips), and  
athlete's body (she was a member of both the swim team and the track team), she was easily the most beautiful girl in Greenwood, and every male student's dream.  
  
But dream she remained for most. She moved exclusively in the highest  
high school social circles, and only went out with sports stars and the like.  
Neil had developed a crush on her earlier the previous year, and it wasn't until  
she had sent that football jerk to beat him up that he got over her. The fact  
was, she only noticed guys like Neil (and Gary, for that matter) when they  
bothered her, and she had to put them off (or "...out of their misery..." as Neil had  
once heard her laughingly remark to one of her friends).  
  
The two boys left the school by the side entrance and began to walk  
across the south parking lot. Finally, Neil could contain himself no longer.  
  
"Why'd you shut me up in there?" he complained, "I had that bitch right  
where I wanted her. I owe her."  
  
Gary just smiled at this, making Neil uncomfortable. Where Neil was  
loud and obnoxious, Gary was quiet and strange. Despite the fact that the two had  
been friends for a number of years, Gary was still capable of unnerving his  
larger friend with his strange smile and even stranger ideas.  
  
"What's so funny?" Neil asked nervously.  
  
"You're right," Gary answered quietly, "We do have her where we want  
her, but not in the way you mean."  
  
Neil was puzzled. "What are you talking about?"  
  
"If you had told on her back in the classroom just now, Edgar might or  
might not have believed you. Probably not; you know he doesn't like us. And  
if not - if Stacy had managed to hide her cheating - we would have been kicked  
out of the class for good, and been stuck in summer school. And even if he had  
caught her, at most she would have failed the exam, if that. The teachers  
love her. Then she would set her friends on us."  
  
"But..." Neil began.  
  
"You remember Pete."  
  
Neil could only nod glumly in agreement, recalling the beating he had  
suffered last year. Stacy had no shortage of friends on the football team.  
"So," he said finally, "You said we had her where we wanted her."  
  
"Yes, I did," Gary agreed.  
  
"How?"  
  
By now, the two boys had reached Gary's car, a large, black Pontiac.  
Gary unlocked the doors before answering.  
  
"If she's cheating now on a math test," he explained, "she must be in  
trouble with her schoowork. She's always gotten top marks in math."  
  
"Yeah?" Neil was still confused. "So?"  
  
"So," Gary continued patiently, "It's a pretty safe bet she'll cheat  
again. There's an English test coming up next week, and I don't think a  
little cheat-sheet will be of much use to her. You have to have read the material."  
He started up the car and began to pull out of the parking space. Neil thought  
this over as Gary manouvered the vehicle out of the school parking lot and  
onto the road.  
  
"So," he asked finally, "What do we do about it?"  
  
"I'll tell you when we get to Sharon's place," Gary answered, "We'll need her for what I have in mind."  
  
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Sharon was Gary's friend and sometime girlfriend. Neil was never really  
sure about their relationship - he knew that they went out and that they  
occasionally had sex, but he also knew that Sharon did the same with at  
least a couple of other guys. Gary, however, didn't seem to mind, so Neil had  
decided to take things at face value. He had even made something of a pass at Sharon at a beach party last summer, but had been rebuffed. He was philosophical about it; Sharon wasn't really his type anyway.  
  
The girl in question appeared in the doorway, answering their knock. A  
year younger than the two boys, Sharon was short and heavy, with large  
breasts and curly, brown hair. Any suggestion of cuteness, however, was quickly  
dispelled by her hard face and small, piggy (Neil thought) eyes. If there  
was any beauty there, it was definitely in the eye of the beholder. She was  
smoking a cigarette as she answered the door.  
  
After a quick greeting (and an obligatory "hello" to Sharon's mother -  
propped up, as usual, in front of the television), Sharon led the two boys  
down to her basement bedroom, locking the door behind her (Sharon's parents  
were "progressive", and felt that she needed her privacy). Neil accepted a  
cigarette and flopped down into a chair while pulling a lighter from his jacket  
pocket. Gary, who didn't smoke, just leaned up against the dresser. Sharon lay down on the bed and propped herself up with a pillow.  
  
"So," she asked, flicking some ash onto the dirty shag carpet, "What  
are you guys doing here? I thought you had math with Edgar until 3:00."  
  
Neil grimaced. "We did," he answered, "Until he kicked us out."  
  
"What?"  
  
Gary took over the explanation and outlined the sequence of events that  
had led to their expulsion from the math class. Typically, Sharon  
immediately blamed Stacy.  
  
"That cunt!" she swore angrily, "Cheating on the test and getting you  
guys kicked out. She's really asking for it."  
  
"Yes, she is," Gary agreed quietly, "And I think I know how we can give  
it to her."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"We know she's cheating on her exams, right?"  
  
Neil and Sharon nodded in agreement.  
  
"I think that it's pretty likely she'll cheat again. I don't think that  
she's had to do it before, so she's probably way behind in her work. The  
fact that she's cheating - and that we know she's cheating - gives us a hold on  
her; a way of blackmailing her, but we need more."  
  
Neil thought this over for a few moments. "Like what?" he asked.  
  
"First, we need concrete evidence of the cheating. No one is going to  
take our word over Stacy's. That's where you come in, Sharon. Your dad lets you  
use his video camera and radio - microphone. We'll use that to trap her."  
  
"And then what?" Neil was starting to become excited at the prospect of  
blackmailing Stacy.  
  
Gary fell silent for a moment, looking at his two friends.  
  
"How much," he asked finally, his voice strained and odd, "How much do  
you hate her? I mean really. How much do you want to see her suffer?"  
  
"Hey man," Neil answered uneasily, "I just want to get back at her for  
putting me down last year. I don't want to, like, beat her up or anything."  
  
"Well, I would," Sharon spat out. "I hate the bitch. Always flaunting  
herself, and prancing about like she owns the whole fucking school. She  
deserves whatever she gets. I'll do whatever you want to help get her."  
  
Gary looked over a Neil, his eyebrows raised as if to ask 'are you in?'.  
  
"Aw, fuck it," Neil said finally, "I hate the bitch as much as anybody.  
I'm in all the way."  
  
"Good," Gary nodded, "Cause when we're through with her, she'll be the  
biggest slut in the history of Greenwood High."  
  
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The English exam was being held the following Monday, only five days  
away, so they had to move quickly. The first step was to get ahold of the exam  
questions beforehand, a proposition which might have proved difficult but  
for the advances in electronics technology which had culminated in the computer.  
Exam papers were commonly written out on school computers and stored in the  
school network, which allowed for "maximum flexibility within the school  
bureaucracy regarding application of secretarial assets". Incidentally, it  
also allowed someone with the appropriate equipment and skills to break into the  
system and download the required information without leaving any traces of  
his actions.  
  
Gary, something of a hacker, had broken into the system a number of  
times in the past with his home computer and modem and was quite familiar with  
both the security measures and the layout of information within the network. In  
the end, it took him all of about twenty minutes to download the appropriate  
exam paper. Neil and Sharon were impressed.  
  
"Jesus," she muttered, "I wish you'd told me about this before I failed  
my fucking history test last year."  
  
Gary just shook his head. "I don't think this is the kind of thing you  
want to do too often. If I go in often enough, they'll figure out what's  
going on. I was saving if for a special occasion." He looked up at his two friends  
and grinned maliciously. "And I think this is it."  
  
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Frustrated, Stacy slammed the book shut. The exam was coming up in just  
a few days, and there was no way she was going to be ready. She had done her  
best to catch up on the first two months' work in a couple of days, but it was  
almost impossible for her even to get through the material in time for the  
test, much less actually understand it. And there was impossible for her to  
cheat on this exam the way she had in math. In that class, she had gotten  
away with writing out a number of formulas and applications on crib notes, but  
that just wouldn't work for an English test. There was too much material to read  
and assimilate, and without knowing exactly what material the test was going to  
focus on, she was forced to try to learn it all in just a few days: a  
daunting task at best, and almost certainly doomed to failure. She was going to blow the test for sure!  
  
Stacy slumped back in her chair and stared at her pouting reflection in  
the desk mirror. It wasn't fair. How could she be expected to keep up with  
all of this classwork while at the same time attend all the student council  
meetings as well as the swim club practices each morning. It was impossible.  
They just expected too much of her! She felt her large, green eyes brimming  
with tears; she wanted to be Homecoming Queen so badly, and now...  
  
She was interrupted from her self-pity by the ring of the phone at her  
bedside. Sniffling, she got up and crossed the room to answer it.  
  
"Hello?" It was Ashley, her friend from school. Careful to disguise her inner turmoil (Ashley, like all of the other girls in their particular clique, could smell weakness the way a shark smells blood; any hint of a problem and it would be all over the group by the end of the next school day, threatening Stacy's position), Stacy fell easily into the standard school banter of gossip, innuendo and casual put-downs of other students. Stacy was good at this, and Ashley sensed nothing out of place.  
  
After a while, Neil's name came up, and Stacy happily recounted the  
events of yesterday's math test. Ashley had almost certainly heard about it by now,  
but the combination of a first-hand account together with Stacy's particular  
style of sarcastic humour made the story well worth hearing for a second time.  
The two girls were soon laughing together at what had happened.  
  
"Well," Ashley laughed at the end of the story, "It does sound as if  
they made absolute assholes of themselves, alright. And that threat of summer  
school must have scared the shit out of them from what I heard."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I heard that Neil has got ahold of some of some of the exam papers coming up. I guess he wants to bring up his overall marks so Edgar can't fail him or something like that."  
  
Stacy felt her heart jump a beat as her breath caught in her chest.  
Neil had copies of future exams? "Where did you hear that?" she asked, trying to  
keep her voice casual. Evidently she had succeeded, as Ashley failed to  
detect the change of mood.  
  
"Laura told me," she answered, "I think she heard it from Sharon,  
although why she was talking to that cow, I don't know. You remember Sharon? She was the one..." Ashley started to drone on about Sharon, who was definitely not a part of their exclusive clique, but Stacy wasn't listening. Neil had copies of  
some upcoming tests.  
  
AND HE WAS IN HER ENGLISH CLASS!  
  
After a while, Ashley wound down, and Stacy let the conversation die a  
natural death. While she was careful not to mention Neil and the exam papers  
again, it was never far from her mind. Finally, the two girls said goodbye  
and Stacy hung up the phone.  
  
Thoughtful, she walked back to her desk and looked the pile of unread  
English books. Cheating was a serious matter at Greenwood (it had taken her  
a long time to screw up her courage enough to do it during the math test), but  
stealing exam papers was something else altogether. She remembered a guy who  
had been caught with a stolen paper about four years ago, when she was in  
her first year at the high school. He had not only been expelled, but the school  
had prosecuted him for breaking and entering and theft (they succeeded on  
the first count, but failed on the second). It had been all over the papers in  
Bakersville. She shuddered at the thought of that happening to her, but what  
was the alternative?  
  
Besides, she thought, making up her mind, she wasn't going to get caught; she was too smart for that.  
  
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It was all too easy!  
  
Stacy had approached him the next day - just as Gary had predicted -  
and, in the guise of sympathizing with him over his humiliation in Edgar's math  
class a couple of days ago, she had sounded him out about the papers for the  
upcoming exams. As Gary had instructed him, Neil pretended to be suffering  
from a bad cold and sore throat, and lowered his voice to a rasp. Stacy didn't  
seem notice; either she didn't care, or couldn't remember what he normally  
sounded like. Probably both.  
  
Enjoying the experience of Stacy being friendly to him (although aware  
that Stacy had skilfully manipulated the circumstances of their "accidental"  
meeting in such a way as to locate it in the Study Hall, which was usually  
deserted), Neil drew the encounter out, repeatedly side-stepping her  
indirect attempts to get him to admit to having the papers.  
  
Finally, she was forced to ask him directly: did he have copies of the  
upcoming exam papers? Seemingly reluctant, Neil eventually admitted that  
"yes" he happened to have some copies of future exam papers, and "yes", in  
particular, he did have copy of next week's English exam.  
  
"Why do you want to know?"  
  
Stacy looked down and flushed. When she looked like that, Neil was  
almost willing to feel sorry for her. Almost. All he had to do to push back any  
feelings of affection was remember the bitchy way in she had rejected him  
last year and then gotten him beaten up. He knew what she was like.  
  
"I want a copy of that exam," she admitted finally, "I need it for this weekend."  
  
Neil pretended to be shocked. "Stacy, you mean you want a copy of a  
stolen exam paper so you can cheat on next Monday's English test?"  
  
Stacy swallowed back an angry retort. Couldn't he be a little more  
subtle? Idiot! Still, there wasn't much she could do about it. "Yes," she admitted,  
"I need it to pass the exam."  
  
Neil just stared at her, not saying anything.  
  
"I'll pay money," she added, "How about $100?"  
  
Still nothing. She was almost frantic.  
  
"Please?"  
  
"Alright," Neil relented, as if making up his mind, "I'll sell you the  
stolen exam paper for $100." Stacy almost collapsed with relief. Everything  
was going to work out!  
  
"Will that be all, Stacy, or do you want any more exams? I can probably  
get whatever you want."  
  
Stacy looked up, excited. This would solve all of her problems with the  
schoolwork. "That sounds great," she told him enthusiastically, "I'll buy  
whatever you can get for the classes I'm in. $100 a paper."  
  
"It's a deal." Neil could barely repress a grin of triumph. They had  
her! Now, only one more thing... "Meet me tomorrow after school in the  
woodworking shop. It should be deserted on Friday afternoon."  
  
"Fine," Stacy agreed, "I'll be there." She turned to go.  
  
"Don't forget the money," he reminded her, but by then she was gone.  
  
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"Remember," Gary repeated for what seemed like the hundredth time,  
"keep your back to the wall and face slightly away from the closet. Make sure that  
Stacy is always facing you so that we get a good angle from where Sharon  
will be filming." Gary and Sharon had cleared out one of the storage closets in  
the workshop, and Sharon was set up inside with her video camera filming through  
a knot-hole. Gary was set up with a still camera in the upper storage area  
across the room. In order to cover the noise of the camera, he had turned on the  
rotation fans which were fastened from the ceiling; the resulting hum was  
more than sufficient to mask any noise he might make.  
  
Satisfied at last that everything was in order and Neil knew what to do, Gary climbed the short ladder to the storage area and concealed himself behind a stack of wood. Neil watched him disappear from view. After a quick glance to make certain the closet door was properly closed, he sat back in a chair and waited for Stacy.  
  
Stacy arrived ten minutes late, looking a little uncertain, but determined to carry  
through. She crossed the room as Neil watched in appreciation. She  
was wearing tight jeans and a white blouse which left her tanned arms bear past  
the shoulder. Bakersville was having an unusually long Indian Summer, and her  
clothing reflected the fact of this unseasonable warmth. Neil got hard  
imagining what lay beneath the blouse. Soon, he told himself as Stacy  
approached him, soon he wouldn't have to imagine. He stood up as she  
approached.  
  
"Well," she asked as she got to where he was standing, "Do you have  
it?" She was more her usual bitchy self today, now that she was getting what she  
wanted.  
  
Perfect, Neil noted silently. She's standing exactly where Gary wanted  
her to stand. "I've got it," he told her in the same gruff voice he had used the  
day before, "One stolen English exam paper for Stacy Richards." He held up  
the computer printout. "And my money?"  
  
Stacy reached into her pocket and pulled out the cash. Silently, she  
handed it over to him. Just to make her angry, he slowly and noisily counted  
the money, making a production of it. "It's all there," she said angrily,  
"You don't have to worry about that; now or in the future."  
  
"Fine," he answered, handing over the exam questions, "It's all yours."  
  
In a hurry to leave, Stacy snatched the paper and quickly scanned the  
contents. As promised, the paper contained the four questions which would  
form the basis of next Monday's English class examination.  
  
"Thanks," she said shortly, all business, and turned to walk away.  
  
"Good luck with the test," he called after her, but she ignored him and  
left the room.  
  
The room fell silent for a few second, and then Gary popped up from  
behind the wood. "Looked good from here," he announced, "I think I got some good shots." He began climbing down the ladder as Neil walked over to the  
cupboard where Sharon was hiding. He opened the door and helped her out from behind the camera tripod.  
  
"That was great," she chortled, "I got everything."  
  
Neil reached into his jacket and pulled out the small radio-microphone.  
He handed it over to Sharon who clipped it back onto the video camera.  
  
"Well guys," Gary stated, "A little bit of editing, and I think we have her."  
  
Neil began to get hard again, just thinking about what that meant...  
  
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They waited almost two weeks before lowering the boom. By that time,  
the English exam had come and gone, and Miss Frankel had read out the marks in  
class. Stacy had received the highest mark ever given out in Miss Frankel's  
English class, a fact commented upon several times by the impressed teacher.  
Neil, on the other hand, had barely passed. When his mark was announced,  
Stacy gave him a startled glance, but then quickly looked away. If he was so  
stupid that he could barely pass with advance notice of the questions, that was his  
problem.  
  
By that time, Gary and Sharon had suitably edited the video and audio  
evidence, and Gary had developed a large number of prints from his still  
pictures of the event. Gary still hoped that the audio tape would be enough  
on its own (he didn't want Stacy to realise the extent of the plot against  
her), but if not, the additional evidence was very convincing. Everything had  
turned out perfect: Stacy's actions and words were crystal clear, while Neil was  
unrecognizable. Between his disguised voice and positioning during the  
filming, there was no way to prove the identity of the person from whom Stacy bought the stolen exam paper. Gary thought that this, along with the fact that Stacy had done so well and Neil so poorly on the test, should serve to protect Neil  
from expulsion if they were forced to use the evidence. As well, Gary and Sharon  
were willing to give Neil an alibi. At best, it would be Stacy's word against their's, and, if it came to that, Stacy's word would not be worth much by then.  
  
So, it seemed that everything was in order. All that remained was to  
determine the method of delivery...  
  
The small package arrived in the mail at the Richard household on the  
Friday almost two weeks after the English exam. It was addressed to Stacy.  
When it was opened, a cassette tape fell out along with a small piece of note  
paper.  
She picked it up and read it: 'SAT. MORNING: 10:00 AM STEWART PARK FOUNTAIN.  
It was written in clumsy block letters.  
  
Puzzled, she took the tape up to her room, slipped it into her walkman,  
put on the head-phones and hit the play button. Almost at once, her head was  
filled with the sound of her own voice:  
  
"I heard you have a copy of next week's English exam. Is that true?"  
  
"Why do you want to know?" That was Neil! What was going on here? There  
was a brief hissing, then the tape continued, relentlessly. Stacy listened  
in panicked disbelief.  
  
"I want a copy of that exam. I need it for this weekend."  
  
"Stacy, you mean you want a copy of a stolen exam paper so you can  
cheat on next Monday's English test."  
  
"Yes. I need it to pass the exam... I'll pay money. How about $100?  
Please?"  
  
"Alright, I'll sell you the stolen exam paper for $100. Will that be  
all, Stacy, or do you want any more exams? I can probably get whatever you want."  
  
"That sounds great. I'll buy whatever you can get for the classes I'm  
in. $100 a paper."  
  
"It's a deal. Meet me tomorrow after school in the woodworking shop. It  
should be deserted on Friday afternoon... Don't forget the money."  
  
The hissing stopped for a second as the tape fell silent, but before  
Stacy hit the stop button, it started up again, this time with a small humming  
sound in the background. The fans, Stacy realised, fighting down panic, the fans  
in the woodworking shop. Trembling, she listened as the voices began once  
again:  
  
"Well," her voice again, "Do you have it?"  
  
"I've got it. One stolen English exam paper for Stacy Richards. And my money?"  
  
There was a brief moment of silence, and they the sound of paper being  
crinkled.  
  
"It's all there; you don't have to worry about that... now or in the future."  
  
"Fine, It's all yours."  
  
"Thanks."  
  
The voices fell silent, and she heard a door slam: the shop door slamming when she left the room. The hiss slowly faded as the recording came to halt.  
  
Hands trembling, she pulled the ear-phones off her head and sat still  
in stunned disbelief. This couldn't be happening to her! Her eyes brimmed over  
with tears as she picked up the note and re-read it. The writing blurred  
through the tears as she realised that she had no choice: she would have to  
go to the meeting tomorrow and see what he wanted.

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
PART TWO  
  
Neil checked his watch for the tenth time in as many minutes: still  
five minutes to go before the 10:00 meeting with Stacy. He paced back and forth  
on the path before the fountain, pausing only to push back his stringy, brown  
hair and survey the surrounding area for any sign of her approach. The park was  
empty, however, with the exception of a few joggers and the odd person out  
walking their dog. (At least, Neil thought they were odd; he hated dogs.)  
The area around the fountain was pretty much deserted, which made it perfect for  
the upcoming meeting. If, of course, that meeting ever took place. Despite  
Gary's repeated assurances, Neil was still not certain that Stacy would show  
up. He half-expected to see a police car pull into the parking lot or  
something like that. Gary, however, had been sure of their plan. He argued that for  
someone like Stacy, social standing and reputation were all; she wouldn't  
put either at risk by taking any chances that the evidence of her cheating would  
get out. Sharon had agreed with him, but Neil was not so sure; it wasn't  
Sharon's or Gary's ass on the line out here in the park. Still, he thought,  
it was worth a try, particularly considering the potential prize at the end of  
the day! He checked his watch again: still a few minutes to go. Neil looked up  
and scanned the park - if she didn't appear soon...  
  
There she was: large as life and twice as beautiful! Stacy was approaching slowly along the jogging path which led into the park from the beach; she must have parked her car in the beach parking lot, where it was much less likely  
to be seen. That made sense. As far as Neil could tell, she was alone, which  
eased his anxiety considerably. Maybe this would work after all. He stopped pacing  
and watched as she walked towards him.  
  
As she drew closer, he saw that her eyes were red and puffy, as though  
she had been recently crying, or hadn't slept much. Maybe both. She looked  
scared. If anything, though, Neil thought it made her even more gorgeous. This is  
really going to work, Neil thought to himself, his heart picking up speed.  
  
Finally, she reached the circular path before the fountain and, after  
hesitating briefly, she walked up to him.  
  
"Stacy," he greeted her...  
  
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Stacy had indeed spent an almost sleepless night, tossing and turning  
in anticipation of what would happen the next morning. When she finally did get  
up, she was almost exhausted with apprehension. All she could think about  
was what had happened to the last person who had been caught with a stolen exam paper. The expulsion from school... the criminal charges... the public  
exposure! That was the worst. The thought of the humiliation made her  
tremble as she quickly got ready to leave for her encounter with the person who sent the note. A brief excuse to her parents at breakfast, and she was out the  
door and on her way.  
  
Stacy was not surprised to see Neil standing at the fountain as she  
entered the park. The blonde teenager had quickly realized last night that  
the note must have come from him. He was the only person who knew about her  
cheating, and he was the only person who could have taped their meeting. The  
question was: what did he want from her to keep quiet about it? The answer,  
unfortunately, was not difficult to figure out. She could see the way he  
watched her as she approached the fountain. The way his eyes played over the  
curves on her body, undressing her. Stacy shuddered. She did not find him  
attractive - he was tall and painfully thin, with long greasy hair and an  
unpleasant complexion - but had made up her mind the previous night that she  
would do anything - almost anything - to get the tape back, including  
sleeping with him. Anything to keep him quiet. She was afraid, however, that this was exactly what she was going to have to do.  
  
"Stacy," he greeted her as she approached. He was smirking.  
  
"I thought it would be you," she spat out, unable to hide the anger and  
hatred in her voice. "What do you want?"  
  
"Why, Stacy," he feigned surprise and hurt, "is that any way to greet  
your partner in crime? You seemed happy enough to see me a couple of weeks ago... when you needed the exam paper." The tall teenager sat himself down on a  
bench and patted the space next to him, gesturing for her to take a seat next to  
him.  
  
"Fuck you," she blurted out. "I want that tape." She couldn't believe  
he had the nerve to treat her like this. She fought down the urge to slap that  
obnoxious smirk off his ugly face; there was time for that later.  
  
Neil just smiled slightly and again patted the place next to him on the  
bench. "I don't think that that's a very helpful attitude," he said mildly.  
"Why don't you just sit yourself down right here, and we'll have a little  
chat about it."  
  
She just stared at him angrily.  
  
"After all," he continued, "it wouldn't do to be seen arguing in public. Someone might ask why."  
  
Torn between anger and fear, Stacy hesitated for a few moments more,  
but finally gave in and sat down beside him. She tensed up as he put his right  
arm around her shoulder, but didn't pull away. She hoped no one could see them  
together; it would be impossible to explain this to her friends at school.  
  
"That's better," he said smoothly. "Now we can talk."  
  
She turned slightly towards him, ignoring the condescending tone of his  
voice. Anger had won out over the fear, if only briefly. "You know what I  
want, you fucker. You tricked me. I want that tape back, and I want you to shut  
yourfucking mouth about the whole thing, you asshole..."  
  
She was stunned into a shocked silence as he brought his left hand  
around and slapped her across the face. It wasn't particularly hard, but it was  
surprising and humiliating. She brought her hand up to her stinging cheek  
and started to pull away, but Neil held her close. Tears welled up in her eyes.  
  
"First thing, Stace," he told her quietly. "Don't swear at me, or even  
in my presence. It makes you sound cheap. Do you understand?"  
  
Dumbly, she nodded her head as the tears began to flow down her cheeks.  
The humiliation at being talked to like this was even worse than being  
slapped. What was he doing to her?  
  
When he saw her nod, he relaxed his hold, but still kept his arm around  
her. The cheek he had slapped was starting to turn red, so he leaned forward  
and kissed it. Stacy tensed and started to tremble, but she didn't pull  
away. "There, there," he said soothingly, as he brought his hand up to wipe the  
tears off her cheeks, "Is that better?"  
  
Trembling, she nodded.  
  
"Fine," Neil leaned back on the bench. "Now we can talk. As you know, I  
have evidence that could fuck you up at Greenwood. I don't want to use it  
like that, but I will if I have to."  
  
"If you give out that tape," she argued, regaining some control (but  
still not pulling away from his encircling arm), "you'll be expelled too. I'll let  
everyone know who sold me the exam. We'd go down together." She had thought  
of that argument last night, while tossing and turning in bed.  
  
Neil just shrugged. "You can try," he answered. "But I don't know if  
anyone will believe you. My voice can't be recognised on the tape and I have  
friends who will be willing to swear that I was somewhere else that Friday.  
Besides, I almost failed the test; who'll believe I had the questions ahead  
of time?" He fell silent for a moment and looked at her. "And even if I do get  
expelled, it's no big deal; people expect it of me. It's your reputation  
that matters."  
  
He was right. Stacy began to cry again, and was forced to suffer the  
humiliation of Neil again brushing the tears from her cheeks. "S-so, what do  
you want, then?" She was defeated. She would give him what he wanted.  
  
"You," came the expected answer. "For just one night. Tomorrow night. I  
want you to make love with me and act as though you like it. After, I'll  
give you the only copy I have of the tape."  
  
Stacy began to tremble again as he said this, but she was not particularly shocked. Here, she was on familiar ground; most of the boys at school wanted the same thing of her, and she was used to dealing with their desires. As well, she had expected something like this, and it could have been a hell of a lot worse. She didn't find Neil attractive, and almost gagged at the thought of having sex with him, but she was certainly not a virgin. And one night wasn't forever. It would be unpleasant, but it would be over with quickly, and she would never have to talk to him again. And, once she had the tape...  
  
Stacy was careful, however, not to let her thoughts show. No need to  
let this asshole know that she was not as scared as she seemed. "And you'll give  
me the tape?" she asked quietly.  
  
"Sure."  
  
"How do I know that you won't keep a copy of it and blackmail me again?"  
  
"You don't," came the simple answer. "But I swear on my mother's grave  
that I will not use the tape to blackmail you again." She looked doubtful,  
but he just shrugged. "That's the best I can do."  
  
"Just one night?"  
  
Neil nodded.  
  
"And it'll be a secret, right? You won't tell anybody?" This was  
crucial. If anyone ever found out that she had slept with Neil French, whatever the  
reason, she would be ruined at school. It would be even worse than being  
caught cheating.  
  
Once again, Neil nodded. "No one will have to know," he told her.  
  
Stacy fell silent for a few moments and then nodded her agreement. She  
had stopped trembling and seemed thoughtful. "OK," she agreed, finally, "I'll do  
it. Just one night. And no one knows."  
  
"Right." Neil could barely keep himself from laughing out loud. If only she knew what they had planned for her! "Show up at my place tomorrow night at 7:00. Can you find it?"  
  
"I have a student directory," she answered, "I'll find it." She pulled away to get up and leave, but Neil held her close.  
  
"Don't I get a goodbye kiss?" he asked her. "To keep me until tomorrow?"  
  
Fighting down an urge to vomit, she allowed herself to be pulled toward  
him and pressed her lips to his. Her hands hanging limply at her side, she  
tried to keep her mouth shut, but his tongue was insistent, and was soon  
exploring the inside of her unwilling mouth. His breath smelled like smoke  
and she almost gagged.  
  
"Just one night," she told herself, as he drew the kiss out until it was more like necking than a single kiss.  
  
Finally, he released her. Gasping, she staggered to her feet and hurried off.  
  
"Until tomorrow then," he called after her.  
  
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Sharon squeezed herself into the back of closet, trying as best she  
could to make herself comfortable in the pile of clothing Neil had laid out for  
her. From where she sat, she had an unobstructed 3/4 view from the head of Neil's  
bed. She peered through the viewfinder of her father's video camera. "Looks  
good," she reported to Gary, as he watched from where he sat on the side of  
the bed. "As long as the lights stay on, I should have no trouble with the  
filming. It's kind of tight in here, though."  
  
Gary smirked at her. "You should be getting used to it by now," he joked. "That cupboard a couple of weeks ago was no bigger."  
  
Sharon laughed in agreement. What with the filming in the Woodwork  
Shop, and now in Neil's bedroom, she was becoming something of an expert in this  
sort of thing. Perhaps, she reflected, she should look into becoming a private  
detective. There must be a lot of money in doing this sort of thing for  
divorce cases in the like.  
  
The 18 year-old girl settled back against the closet wall as her friend  
and sometime boyfriend adjusted the tripod and camera in front of her to  
give her a little more room. She was looking forward to the upcoming events,  
although she still found it hard to believe that Stacy would show up and go  
through with it. Imagine... the Ice Queen agreeing to fuck Neil! (Imagine  
anyone agreeing to fuck Neil.) And she was there to get it all on tape!  
Between the camera she was running, and the second video camera set up on the  
bookshelf beside Neil's bed, they should be able to catch the whole event for  
posterity.  
And after that, Gary had plans for Stacy that made Sharon wet and shivery  
just thinking about them. She hated Stacy, and all of the stuck up cunts like her  
at school. The chance to fuck one of them over was irresistible for her.  
  
"You OK?" Gary broke into her thoughts. The camera was set up in front  
of her, and everything was ready.  
  
"Gimmie a kiss," she ordered, reaching up. Gary leaned over and kissed  
her fully on the mouth, his tongue playing with hers. She could tell that he was  
as excited about what was going to happen as she was, despite his calm manner.  
Maybe they had time to...  
  
"Hey hey," Neil called out jokingly, entering the bedroom. "This is  
supposed to be my night. Knock it off." Reluctantly, Sharon let go of Gary  
and settled back down into her position in the closet. Trust Neil to show up at  
the wrong time. Gary smiled at her and shrugged his shoulders.  
  
"Later," he whispered.  
  
Sharon shivered as he partially closed the closet door, leaving it open  
just a crack. "Shit," she muttered to herself, trying to get comfortable. A  
few moments later, she was wishing that she had a cigarette.  
  
Stacy preceded Neil into his bedroom and stood there while he closed  
the door behind him. She was wearing blue jeans and a yellow tee-shirt, and had  
her blonde hair pulled up into a simple ponytail.  
  
"Like it?" Neil asked, gesturing vaguely towards the room. Stacy looked  
around. It was a small, basement bedroom, surprisingly bright considering  
the fact that there was only one, small window. The light, however, did the room  
no favours. It merely exposed the battered '70s-style wood panelling that  
covered the walls. That, along with the worn shag carpet gave the room a slightly  
sleazy look to it. More or less what Stacy would have expected. Besides the  
bed - a single bed, she noticed - which sat in the corner of the room next to  
the closet, the only furniture in the room was a battered couch and coffee table  
set up under the window. The table was covered with comics and magazines, as  
were the bookshelves which lines the wall over the bed.  
  
"Nice," she said sarcastically. "I can see you've done a lot with it."  
Before coming, she had decided to be as pliant as she could be, to go along  
with everything as quickly as possible, but now that she was here, she was  
unable to conceal her contempt and anger.  
  
Neil did not react to her sarcasm. "Like a drink?" he asked, pulling  
out a bottle from under the coffee table. "Whiskey. I'm having one."  
  
The last thing Stacy wanted to do was hang around for a casual drink,  
but as long as he was going to have one, she figured she may as well have a  
drink as well. It might even make things a little easier. "Yeah, fine," she  
answered. "With water." Gingerly, she sat down on the edge of the couch, careful to avoid the magazines and - she now saw - cigarette ashes which were spread out on the cushion. Neil disappeared into the adjoining bathroom and mixed the drinks.  
She heard the water running for a moment, and then he returned with two glasses.  
He handed one to her and then raised his drink in salute: "To us," he stated.  
  
Stacy just stared at him for a moment. Fuck you, she thought. "To us,"  
she echoed unwillingly, raising her own glass. After this is over, she told  
herself, taking a sip of the drink, I'm going to have to get this asshole  
taken care of. She knew a few guys on the football team who...  
  
"So," Neil interrupted her thoughts, sitting down next to her on the  
couch, "did you have a nice weekend?"  
  
Oh fine, she thought, small talk. Asshole. "Just great," she answered  
sarcastically. "How about you?"  
  
"I've been horny all weekend," he told her, "thinking of you."  
  
His directness and unapologetic crudity shook her, reminding her of her  
situation, and why she was here. Best to get it over with as soon as  
possible. Deliberately, she drained the glass in one gulp and slammed it down on the coffee table. "Stop fucking around. Let's get on with it."  
  
Neil, however, was in no hurry. He took a casual sip of his drink and  
smiled at her. "Get on with what?"  
  
"You know." She gestured vaguely with her hand. "...It."  
  
"It?"  
  
"Sex," she blurted out. Just how stupid was he? "That's what you want,  
isn't it? That's why I'm here, isn't it?" She flushed and looked down. He  
wasn't making this easy on her.  
  
Neil suddenly reached over and grabbed her face, turning it towards him  
so he could look straight into her large green eyes. "No," he told her. "I  
don't just want 'sex'." He mimicked the way she had reluctantly said the word. "I  
want to fuck you." He made a point of emphasising the crudity. "We're going  
to fuck. Ball. Screw. Get it on." He got up and walked to the bed, pulling his  
shirt over his head; the complexion of his back matched that of his face.  
"But first," he said, carelessly throwing the shirt onto the floor beside the  
bed, "you're going to have to ask."  
  
"Ask?" Stacy's head swam in disbelief. She felt a little dizzy, probably from the drink. "Ask?"  
  
Neil lay down on the bed, put his hands behind his head and grinned  
over at her. "You're going to ask me to fuck you," he told her. "And then, if you  
ask nicely, I'll do it."  
  
"You're out of your mind!" Stacy tried to get up from the couch, but  
stumbled against the coffee table and sprawled back onto her ass, knocking  
over a pile of magazines. "I'm not going to ask you..."  
  
"Alright," Neil interrupted her. "Then go." He pointed towards the  
door. "But by the end of the school day tomorrow, that tape will be in Dr.  
Grossmann's office." (Dr. Grossmann was the school principal.)  
  
Stacy lurched back to her feet, carefully this time, her head spinning.  
"B-but..."  
  
"Well?" Neil was relentless. "What's it going to be?"  
  
Stacy grasped at a straw. "But you said yesterday that I wasn't supposed to swear around you," she begged. "You said it made me sound cheap." She was more than a little humiliated at having to make this argument, but it was all she had. Surely he wasn't going to force her to...  
  
"That was in yesterday," he told her, smirking. "Now, I want you to sound cheap; you are cheap."  
  
"You bastard!" The tears were starting to flow down her face. "You bastard."  
  
"It's your choice," he told her. "Take it or leave it. Either you ask  
me real nice to fuck you, or you get the hell out of here. What's it gonna be?"  
  
Gary watched intently from his position in the yard outside the window.  
From where he sat, peering through a small opening in the blinds, he could  
seemeverything that was happening, but was unable to hear what was being said.  
Silently, he cursed himself for not opening the window a crack, but it was  
too late for that. Hopefully, Neil wasn't fucking up. Still, he would hear it  
all later from the video tape. He hoped Sharon was ready.  
  
Inside, it looked as if things were shaping up nicely despite his worrying. Neil had got Stacy to take the drink which Gary had specially prepared for her. Beside the alcohol content, he had mixed in a small amount of a depressant - to lower her inhibitions and a stimulant - to keep her awake and heighten her senses. Between the two drugs, he hoped the mixture would have the desired effect.  
  
From the look of things inside the bedroom, it was. Stacy seemed  
confused and frightened. She had staggered to her feet and moved towards the door as Neil had said something to her, but she didn't leave - as Gary had known  
(hoped) she wouldn't - and had turned back around to face Neil on the bed.  
Gary looked down to make certain everything was ready with his camera. There  
should be some interesting shots coming up...  
  
Stacy looked over at Neil, lying smug on the bed. She was paralysed  
with indecision and disbelief. This couldn't be happening to her; it couldn't!  
Her head swam. He couldn't be expecting her to...  
  
"One more chance, Stace," he called over to her. "Ask or leave."  
  
Stacy turned away from his leering face and leaned against the bedroom  
door, trying to gather her thoughts. She was still dizzy, though, and it was  
hard to think. Ask or leave... ask or leave... What could she do?!  
Eventually, however, she came to the only decision she could; there was no way she could let him release that tape.  
  
OK you bastard she thought, drawing a deep, shuddering breath, I'll  
give you what you want and more. She spun around to face him again.  
  
"Neil," she asked, her voice quivering slightly, "I... I want to fuck  
you." She couldn't believe the sound of those words coming out of her mouth.  
Was that really her talking? It didn't sound like her. She was beginning to  
feel strangely detached.  
  
"What was that?" Neil asked, cupping his ear. "I didn't catch what you  
said."  
  
Hands clenched into helpless fists, she repeated the hated words, a  
little louder this time: "I want to fuck you. Please let me fuck you."  
  
"You don't sound as if you mean it." Neil pretended to be hurt, drawing  
the humiliation out a little longer.  
  
OK, Stacy told herself, trying to remain calm, just give him what he  
wants. Do what he wants, get the tape and get out of here. "Please," she  
repeated, this time pleading in an exaggerated manner, "Please let me fuck  
you. I want to fuck you."  
  
To her shock and anger, Neil just shrugged his shoulders dismissively.  
"I dunno," he answered. "Maybe I don't want to."  
  
Her heart skipped a beat. Was he planning to release the tape after  
all? "Please," she pleaded - this time for real. "Please let me fuck you. I want  
to... I really do. I'm sorry I was mean to you before. Please let me fuck  
you?" She looked up at him, imploring.  
  
Neil seemed to reach a decision. "Let's see what you've got," he told  
her. "Take your clothes off. If I like what I see, maybe I'll let you do it."  
  
Stacy, now numb from shock and still dizzy from the drink, reached down  
and slowly began to take off her tee-shirt. She had gone so far now, she  
might as well see things through to the finish. Her hands shook as she slowly  
pulled the shirt up over...  
  
"Not like that," Neil leered at her. "Do it sexy - like a strip-tease.  
And ditch the pony tail."  
  
Swallowing, Stacy complied, pulling the tie from her hair and shaking  
it out. With her wavy blonde hair hanging free, she began to undress in as sexy  
a manner as she could manage. Trying to smile in a seductive way, she slid the  
tee-shirt up over her head and twirled it into a corner of the room,  
exposing her bra. Neil grinned in appreciation. Stacy's tits weren't particularly  
large, but they were very firm and well-formed. Next, to his delight, she began to  
fondle her breasts through the bra, still looking at him seductively. After  
doing this for a few seconds, she unclipped the bra, and pulled it slowly  
off. Her breasts jutted proudly, nipples erect. Stacy felt a moment of shame at  
this, but she was careful not to show it. She was too far along to think of  
pulling out now. Suggestively, she ran her hands down her chest, across her  
naked breasts and along her flat stomach to the waistband of her jeans.  
Hesitating only slightly, she undid the button and allowed the jeans to  
slide down her long, athlete's legs to the floor. She wore simple, white panties.  
Stacy stepped out of the jeans and towards Neil. Time to get this over with.  
  
Neil, however gestured towards the panties and shook his head. Her  
theatrically seductive smile wavered a bit at this, but she took it in  
stride. After all, how much worse could it get? Bending over, Stacy slid the panties  
down her legs, completely exposing her crotch to his Neil's view. Now naked  
except for her socks, she straightened up and looked at him. What now?  
  
"Ask." Neil mouthed the word at her.  
  
In as seductive a voice as she could manage, Stacy did as she was told.  
"Please," she begged, her voice a throaty whisper, "Please fuck me. I need  
it so bad... please fuck me." While she begged, she ran her hands over her  
hardened nipples, almost causing Neil to ejaculate right then and there. Was  
this Stacy Richards standing in front of him? "Please," she pleaded. "I want  
it now..."  
  
Unable to wait any longer, Neil swung his legs around onto the floor  
and sat up at the side of his bed. "Come here, bitch," he growled, his voice  
hoarse with lust.  
  
Dizzy from the mixture of drugs she had been served in the drink and  
almost numb from shock, Stacy obeyed. She felt detached, as if her body was  
acting on automatic while she - the real Stacy Richards - watched from a  
distance. Breathing quickly, she hurried forward, her tits bouncing as she  
moved. She kneeled in front of him as he gestured for her to do so.  
  
"Do you want it?" he asked her gruffly.  
  
Stacy looked up at him with her large green eyes, puzzled and unable to  
think. Want...  
  
"My cock, Stace. Do you want my cock?"  
  
Stacy fought back tears. "Oh yes," she breathed. "Please, let me have  
your cock."  
  
At his nod, she reached in between his legs and fumbled with the  
zipper. A few seconds later, his cock popped out onto her grasping fingers. It was  
already extremely hard, and - Stacy noted with loathing - glistening wetly.  
What now?  
  
"Kiss it," he ordered, answering her unspoken question. "Give it some  
tongue."  
  
Gagging, Stacy moved her face forward, grasped the penis and, rubbing  
it gently with her fingers, she began to kiss and lick it. She had done this a  
couple of time before with a previous boyfriend. She didn't like it, but was  
able to keep her revulsion under control. This activity carried on for a few  
minutes before Neil reached down and began to fondle her tits. To her  
embarrassment, they responded immediately, the nipples regaining their  
previous hardness. Her own body was betraying her! Her face went red with shame, but she definitely began to feel a tingling between her legs.  
  
"Take it in your mouth," Neil whispered at her a few moments later,  
pushing her hair away from her face. His breath was short. Reluctantly, she  
did so, sliding her warm, wet mouth over his now-sticky cock and sucking gently.  
The salty taste was unpleasant, but she could stand it as long as he wasn't  
planning to come in her mouth. Surely, he wasn't...  
  
Suddenly, he leaned back and raised his legs. Surprised, she pulled her  
mouth off his cock and looked up from where she was kneeling, her chin  
glistening with spittle and pre-come. She quickly saw what he wanted, and  
co-operated by pulling off his pants. He was naked underneath, and his cock  
stuck straight up as he leaned back on the bed and swung his legs around so  
he was again lying lengthwise.  
  
"Climb on," he ordered. Panting, and out of breath from giving head,  
Stacy scrambled onto the bed and straddled his naked body, her knees propped up on each side of his thighs. Holding this position, she panted and trembled,  
waiting for his next order. It wasn't long in coming.  
  
He reached forward and played with her breasts for a moment, but then  
dropped his hands to her crotch, feeling her cunt lips. Stacy's hands  
twitched with the urge to push his hands away, but they remained at her sides. He  
smirked at her. "Wet," he pronounced. "You're really into this." Stacy  
fought back tears, and tried to maintain a seductive leer. This wasn't her kneeling  
naked over Neil French; it was someone else. Neil relaxed back on his  
pillow. "I like them a little wetter, though. Let's see if you can't make yourself a  
little more ready."  
  
Grasping his meaning, Stacy moved her hands back to her crotch area and  
began to play with herself. Closing her eyes, she was almost able to imagine  
that she was back in her own room, and none of this was happening. She  
moaned involuntarily, as Neil began to play with her breasts, kneading them  
roughly. Her fingers were doing their work, though, and her crotch was soon damp with desire.  
  
Finally, Neil had seen enough. Pushing her hands away, he positioned  
his cock directly underneath her pussy and looked up at her expectantly. Stacy  
leaned forward on her hands, so that her breasts hung directly downwards,  
and slowly slid Neil's cock into her now-wet pussy. It went in easily, despite  
that fact that she was very tight. Eventually, his cock was entirely swallowed as  
she knelt on top of him.  
  
"Get moving," he ordered her hoarsely.  
  
Completely defeated, Stacy began to move up and down, riding his cock  
in and out of her pussy. Despite herself, she began to moan and pant with  
desire. Neil leaned up and began to bite and lick her breasts as his hands played  
over her straining thighs. Stacy gasped. It was painful, but after a while, the  
pain seemed to meld into pleasure, and a warmth radiated out of her pussy to  
envelope her entire body. The detached part of her mind wailed in horror as  
her body abandoned itself entirely to the experience.  
  
She was now making soft moaning sounds in time with her rhythmic  
self-impalement on Neil's cock. Gradually, her moaning became louder and  
louder as the pace increased and she approached climax. Neil, beneath her, began  
moving his hips in time with her, all the while mauling and biting her  
small, firm tits as they dangled invitingly in front of his face.  
  
"Oh... oh... oh... oh..." Her moans got louder and louder until she was  
almost screaming. Her eyes were screwed shut and her mouth hung open, slack  
with lust. "Oh... oh... OH... OH... Ahhh..."  
  
Finally, she came with a loud scream of pleasure, her body shaking and  
trembling. That was all for Neil; he could hold back no longer. Just as her  
orgasm ended, he thrust forward with his hips, and pulled her down, crushing  
her mauled breasts against his sweaty chest and forcing his tongue into her  
gasping mouth, his cock pumping sperm into her warm, damp pussy.  
  
The two teenagers fell limp, their spent, sweaty bodies stuck together.  
A few seconds later, Stacy roused herself with a groan and pushed herself off  
her unwanted companion. His prick slid limply out of her pussy as she clambered  
off the bed, leaving a thin trail of sperm along the inside of her thigh.  
  
Stacy bit back a scream as she caught sight of herself in the bathroom  
mirror. Her blonde hair was plastered back from her sweaty face, leaving  
fully revealed her wide, frightened eyes and nostrils which flared as she gasped  
for breath. Drool glistened on her cheeks and mouth where Neil had slobbered on  
her when he came. Her sleek body was covered by a fine sheen of sweat and her  
tits shone red and purple where Neil had mauled and bit them. Sperm trickled out  
of her sopping cunt, joining the thin, white trail laid down on her leg by his  
cock when she had pulled away.  
  
A thin wail rose from her throat as she stared at her reflection. Both  
the dizziness and the lust which had possessed her earlier had left as though  
burnt away by the intensity of her orgasm, leaving her clear-headed and terrified.  
How had she let this happen? Panting and choking, Stacy stumbled into the  
bathroom, fell to her knees and threw up violently into the toilet. Her  
retching was interrupted by the impact of clothing being thrown into the  
bathroom and hitting her back.  
  
It was Neil. "When you're done in there," he called out to her heaving  
rear, "Get dressed and get out." He had pulled his trousers on and was  
leaving the bedroom.  
  
Stacy continued retching for a few moments before climbing to her feet.  
Unsteadily, still coughing and gasping, she pulled her clothes on over her  
sticky, abused body. Dressed, she left the bathroom to find Neil sitting on  
the couch, smoking a cigarette. He ignored her for a moment and then looked up,  
as if surprised that she were still there. "Well? I thought I told you to  
leave."  
  
Stacy looked down. "T-the tape," she mumbled. "You said – you p-promised to give it to me."  
  
Grinning, Neil reached into a pocket and pulled out a cassette tape.  
"Fair enough," he agreed, tossing it to her. She was unprepared, and it bounced  
off her chest and slid under the bed. Neil laughed as she got down on her hands  
and knees to retrieve it.  
  
The tape securely in her possession, Stacy stood up and moved towards  
the door, her only thought to get out of there as soon as possible.  
  
"Haven't you forgotten something?"  
  
She turned to face him. "What?" The anger was back now, making it  
easier to deal with his leering face.  
  
"To say thank you," Neil told her.  
  
"Fuck you," she muttered and stormed out of the room. Behind her, Neil  
laughed.

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART THREE)  
  
"We're going to play a game," Gary said, his voice light and mocking.  
He had shoved his hands into his pockets, and was staring off into space. "You  
can win it; it will have rules and an object. If you do win, we will give you  
all copies of the video tape and pictures. If you lose..."  
  
Stacy sat in stunned silence. The whole world - her world - had changed  
dramatically in the last half hour. Nothing was the same. That morning, she  
had woken up an intelligent, free young woman. No clouds on the horizon; nothing  
to foreshadow the impending danger. It had been almost a week since she had  
been forced to have sex with Neil, and she was finally beginning to feel clean  
again. She had passed all of the recent tests at school, and was still a  
part of the most influential, exclusive group of students at Greenwood. Moreover,  
Neil seemed to have kept his mouth shut, both about her cheating on the  
English test and the disgusting exercise she had been forced into at his apartment,  
and he was now safely relegated back to the periphery of her privileged  
existence. Stacy had even shelved her plans for getting him thrashed by one of her  
friends on the football team. The whole incident was receding into the past, and she  
was unaffected. Still one of the best and the brightest; one of the winners.  
  
Then came the note in her locker. This note was handwritten, not in  
block letters like the previous one, as if the need for disguise no longer  
existed. It simply ordered her to show up at Neil's apartment at 1:00 PM the next  
day: Saturday, exactly a week after her last visit. Her stomach had gone cold and  
her hand trembled as she read the note. Was he going for a repeat  
performance?  
If he was, that little bastard...  
  
Just then, Ashley and some friends happened by her locker, and she  
quickly stuffed the note into her jacket pocket. It was not the sort of thing she  
wanted her friends to know about; particularly Ashley... She greeted them  
with a smile.  
  
"The game will last for the rest of the school year." Gary continued  
speaking. "If you win before the last day of classes, July 2, we will return  
all of the material to you, and never bother you again."  
  
Stacy heard Gary's voice speaking the words, but it was as if he was  
speaking at her from a long distance away. She understood him, but didn't  
feel any connection with what he was saying. Was he even speaking to her? She  
knew that what he was saying was important, but she was unable to focus on his  
voice. Her mind continued to drift...  
  
She had arrived that Saturday afternoon prepared for the worst, but  
what had happened turned out to be much more terrible than what she had expected; than she could have expected.  
  
Neil wasn't alone when she had arrived. Gary, his creepy friend, was  
there with him, as was Sharon, Gary's cow of a girlfriend. Gary had just looked at  
her as she entered Neil's bedroom, his eyes huge and expressionless through  
the thick, magnifying lens of his glasses. He was sitting on the couch beside  
Sharon, who had giggled obnoxiously when Stacy had entered the room, and  
flicked ashes from her cigarette onto the floor. The ashes sunk into the  
thick shag carpet and were lost from sight. The room seemed a lot darker than  
Stacy remembered it.  
  
"What's going on? Why are they here?" Stacy turned as if to leave, but  
Neil, behind her, had already closed the door. "What are you doing?" Stacy  
was beginning to panic. Neil didn't answer; he just smirked at her as he stood  
in front of the door.  
  
"We have something to show you," came a voice from behind her. It was  
Gary. "I think you'll find it interesting." He stood up and pointed to the  
space on the couch beside his chubby girlfriend. "Have a seat," he invited.  
  
"I don't think so," Stacy answered angrily, pulling herself together a  
bit. She didn't have to take this. "I'll stand, if you don't mind." Sarcasm.  
  
Gary just smiled at her and repeated his gesture. "I think it would be  
better if you sat for this," he told her, his voice mild. "Besides, the  
couch has the best view of the TV." Stacy noticed for the first time a TV and  
video machine set up opposite the couch; they hadn't been there last week. "We  
wouldn't want you to miss anything," Gary continued. Stacy giggled again.  
  
Overcome by a vague feeling of dread, Stacy was forced to fight down an  
impulse to flee; not that it would have done any good with Neil standing in  
front of the door. Sharon sat up and crushed out her half finished cigarette  
in the ashtray. "C'mon, babe," she called, patting the seat beside her. "I  
don't bite."  
  
Stacy had looked around at the three of them - Neil smirking by the  
door, Sharon leaning back on the couch with her arms stretched out, and Gary  
looking at her with his queer, empty eyes - and then began walking slowly towards  
the couch. She realized that she had no choice in the matter, and there was no  
use in protesting further. A small part of her mind began to understand what  
might be on the tape, and started wailing uselessly inside her head, but she was  
able to repress this as she sat back on the couch. 'Don't panic' she told  
herself.  
  
Sharon immediately slipped her pudgy arm around Stacy's shoulder and  
squeezed. "That's more like it," she laughed. "Just relax and enjoy the  
show. You're among friends." Neil chuckled as he moved away from the door. Stacy  
tensed - she hated this bitch - but did not pull away. Neil flipped off the  
lights as Gary moved forward to turn on the TV and start the video.  
  
"If you lose," Gary continued, "well... I can't really say; we haven't  
thought that far ahead. I must say, though, I really don't expect you to  
lose; I have every confidence that you will meet the conditions for winning."  
  
Somehow, the small part of Stacy's mind which was still listening to  
his voice was not much comforted by this expression of confidence. Her mind  
continued to drift...  
  
The tape! That awful tape... They had made her watch the entire thing  
through from beginning to end, even though she had tried to jump up out of  
the couch before the first thirty seconds were up. Sharon had kept her seated,  
her arm surprisingly strong. Stacy had even tried to keep her eyes shut, but was  
unable to tear her gaze away from the scene which played itself out  
obscenely on the TV screen in front of her.  
  
The sound started first, while the screen remained blank. "Please,"  
came the voice over the TV speaker - HER VOICE! "Please let me fuck you. I want  
to fuck you." The picture faded up, with her - Stacy - clearly visible in the  
centre of the room, looking over at some unidentifiable person on the bed.  
"Please," she repeated. "Please let me fuck you. I want to... I really do.  
I'm sorry I was mean to you before. Please let me fuck you?"  
  
It was at this point that Stacy tried to jump up off the couch, but  
Sharon had been expecting it, and her encircling arm held the panicking girl down.  
Gary moved over as if to help his girlfriend, but stopped as he saw that no  
help was needed: Stacy went limp and relaxed back into the couch, her eyes  
wide as she stared at the TV screen.  
  
She was watching herself slowly strip off her own clothes. First the  
tee-shirt... then the bra (Stacy began to cry on the couch as her TV image  
fondled and rubbed its breasts; her hand fluttered up to her face, as if to  
shield her eyes, but it dropped back down to her lap when Gary frowned at  
her)... then the pants. Finally, she was naked on the screen.  
  
"Please." The girl on the screen (Stacy could no longer believe it was  
herself saying and doing those things; she started thinking of her image on  
the screen as someone else) seemed to be almost panting in lust. "Please fuck  
me. In need it so bad. Please fuck me." The naked girl ran her hands over her  
erect nipples. "Please... I want it now..."  
  
"Come here, bitch!" The figure on the bed, only visible in the corner  
of the picture, spoke (Stacy knew it was Neil, but her mind refused to put a  
name to him - surely what was happening on the screen had nothing to do with  
her). The naked girl responded quickly; breasts bobbing, she ran over and kneeled  
at the side of the bed. After remaining in this position for a few moments, the  
girl reached for the man's crotch and fumbled with the zipper. "Oh yes," she  
breathed. "Please let me have your cock."  
  
The viewpoint shifted suddenly, to a shot taken above and behind the  
man lying on the bed. (A second camera, Stacy realized; there had been two  
cameras.) From the new point of view, the girl's actions between the man's  
legs could be seen clearly. First, she handled the cock with her fingers; then  
she kissed it, long slow kisses with lots of tongue; finally she enveloped it  
completely within her mouth. The girl's head bobbed up and down and she made  
loud slobbering sounds as she worked on the cock, sucking and licking. The  
man reached down in front of her and began to play with her nipples, which were  
plainly very hard. Finally, he leaned back and pushed her away. She quickly  
pulled his jeans off and, after he lay back on the bed, climbed on top of  
him, straddling his naked thighs.  
  
The camera switched back to original point of view, as the girl began  
to play with herself while kneeling on the bed. It zoomed in and panned slowly  
down her body, from her slack, lust-glazed face, down across her panting  
chest and, finally, down to her pussy, where her fingers worked frantically. She  
was visibly wet. Then it slowly pulled back, revealing her entire body, just as  
she leaned forward and impaled herself on the man's stiff cock. Slowly, she  
moved her hips down until the cock was stuffed fully into her pussy. Then, moaning  
slightly, she began to grind her hips up and down, fucking herself silly as  
the man played with her bobbing breasts.  
  
Once more, the camera zoomed in, and played down her sweaty body,  
perfectly capturing each detail on video-tape. The girl's excitement began  
to increase as her moans became cries and then threatened to become screams.  
The camera pulled back just as she hit the crest of her orgasm, and held the  
shot as the man pulled the girl down to his chest and climaxed himself. The  
picture slowly faded on this shot, with the girl collapsed sweatily on top of the  
man, panting and gasping for breath.  
  
"Anyhow," Gary was still speaking, "we won't worry about that for now.  
The important thing is to set out the rules of our little game and get started.  
The details can be worked out later." Stacy just stared across the room at the  
now-dark screen, in a daze. Gary, who had begun pacing the room during his  
little speech, came to a halt beside the TV. He looked down at her. "In  
order to win the game," he said mildly, "you are going to have to fuck fifty  
different guys at school before the end of the school year. That's all."  
Finally, his words began to register on the stunned teenager. Had he said  
"fifty guys"? Fuck fifty guys?  
  
"Nooo," Stacy cried, leaping suddenly off the couch. It was too much!  
Sharon grabbed after her, but the pudgy girl was too slow. In a split  
second, Stacy was on Gary, swinging wildly with both hands while swearing and  
cursing at him. One of her swings caught him across the face, sending his glasses  
sailing across the room. Before Stacy could feel any satisfaction, however,  
she was grabbed from behind and pulled away. Neil had run up and wrapped his  
arms around her shoulders, pinning her arms to her sides.  
  
"You bastard! You fucker! You asshole!" Stacy spat and cried, struggling frantically as Neil dragged her back, but it was no use. She was thrown back onto the couch, and Sharon once again held her down. This time, Neil also stood beside the couch, ready for any further trouble. Stacy brought her hands up to her face and began to cry.  
  
Gary walked over and picked up his glasses. After examining them to make certain they were not damaged, he slipped them back on his face and looked across at Stacy. "That's fifty-five, now," he said mildly.  
  
Stacy just stared at him with tear filled eyes. "You're crazy," she  
sobbed. "I won't do anything like that. I can't... you can't make me."  
  
"Let me tell you the alternatives," Gary answered, resuming his earlier  
pacing. "If you refuse, we will send copies of that tape to every guy at  
school. We will post the still pictures - you haven't seen them yet, but I  
can tell you that they are every bit as revealing as the video - at suitable  
places around the school and the town. We will even try to sell them to some  
magazines, if we can." Stacy sobbed on the couch as he continued his litany  
of threats. "Then, we will release the cassette tapes of you buying the stolen  
test papers from Neil. In particular, we will see that Dr. Grossman will get  
a copy. I'm sure he will know what to do with it."  
  
Stacy knew too: expulsion if she was lucky; criminal prosecution if she  
was not.  
  
"On the other hand," Gary continued inexorably, "if you play our game,  
no one will have to know about these tapes and pictures. There are thirty-two  
weeks left in school; fifty fucks... fifty-five, rather, is barely more than  
three guys every two weeks. Easy. And no one would have to know; you could  
do it as discreetly as you liked." Stacy began to control her sobbing, and  
started listening seriously to what Gary was saying. "What's more, you don't even  
actually have to fuck every time. As long as they ejaculate somewhere in  
your body, we don't care where it is: cunt, ass, mouth... whatever."  
  
Stacy sniffled loudly. How could he talk so calmly about such a terrible...  
  
"Besides," he continued, "there are other rules. Other rules which should make it a little easier for you to reach fifty- five."  
  
"O-other rules?" Stacy couldn't believe that she was beginning to consider playing along. Sharon squeezed her shoulder, as if in some bizarre form of encouragement.  
  
"Teachers are worth ten," came the answer. "There must be at least one  
teacher. Female students are worth three each, and there must be at least  
one female student. As well, there must be at least one student fucked in each  
grade." Greenwood was a full high school, and thus held grades eight to  
twelve. The grade eights were only thirteen or fourteen years old. "The grade eight,  
nine and tens are worth two each."  
  
Gary finished speaking and looked directly at Stacy, who had begun to  
cry again. "Do you understand?" he concluded with a question. Stacy nodded  
through her tears, unable to speak. "What will you do then? Play along, or do we  
release the tapes and pictures?"  
  
The room fell silent, the question hanging in the air. Stacy was momentarily unable to form an answer. On the one hand, she would have to do all those awful things, but the alternative... the alternative was too terrible to contemplate. She would be ruined in Bakersville, both as a person and as a student. The only way out was to play along with their little game, and hope to pull it off without anyone finding out about it. 'Oh god,' she thought, her heart sinking. 'Fifty-five guys.'  
  
Mutely, she looked up at Gary and nodded her assent; she would do it.  
  
Gary felt a wave of relief flood over him as she nodded her agreement,  
but only permitted a small smile to show on his face. Neil, on the other hand,  
laughed out loud, as did Sharon as their tension dissipated. There had  
always been the chance, however unlikely, that Stacy would refuse and then go to  
the police. Now, however, they had her; she would do as they ordered. This was  
going to be an interesting year.  
  
Gary looked down on her as she sat forlorn on the couch, staring at the  
floor. She looked so upset and vulnerable sitting there. To Gary, she looked  
far more appealing in tears than she did when she was in her usual arrogant  
position at school. All those bitches needed to be taken down a peg or...  
  
That gave Gary had an idea. It was time to test their control over her.  
As well, there was the small matter of her slapping his glasses across the  
room.  
  
"Before we accept your agreement," he told her, "you should be punished  
for attacking me. We will not permit that from you."  
  
Stacy looked up at him, drawn out of her private misery. "W-what do you  
mean?"  
  
"I think you need a spanking," Gary told her. "Teach you a lesson."  
  
Stacy stared in disbelief. "You must be joking." Even after everything  
she had just heard, she couldn't believe what he was saying.  
  
Gary shook his head. "You say you're going to play along with our game,  
but a couple of minutes ago, you attacked me. How do we know you won't do it  
again? Why should we believe you? Your choices are simple: obey us, and take  
your punishment, or leave now and let us get on with the business of sending  
out the tapes. It'll probably take most of the weekend to make enough  
copies." Stacy started crying again - was there no end to her tears? - but inevitably  
nodded in submission.  
  
"Good," Gary told her. "Stand up and pull down your pants." Trembling,  
Stacy obeyed, exposing her sleek, muscular legs and plain white panties.  
"Now go lie over Sharon's knees. She will administer the spanking." Stacy flushed  
red at this order, while Sharon laughed in delight. For a moment, it looked  
as if Stacy would refuse, but eventually she began to move around so she could  
lie across Sharon's legs as the younger girl sat on the couch. She moved slowly,  
taking small, awkward steps because of the pants which were bunched around  
her ankles, but eventually, she fell to her knees and stretched herself across  
Sharon's pudgy legs. Her ass was completely exposed.  
  
Sharon needed no instructions. She put her left arm across the small of  
Stacy's back, and began vigorously spanking the exposed bottom. Before long,  
the air was filled with the sound of Stacy's cries and sobs, punctuated by  
the regular, merciless slapping sound of Sharon's hand being brought down hard  
on the now red flesh of Stacy's ass.  
  
Gary tore his eyes away from the scene and looked at Neil, who was  
watching the action with his mouth wide open. There was a conspicuous bulge  
in his jeans. Well, Gary thought, why not? He instructed his friend to pull  
down his pants and take a seat beside Sharon on the couch. Neil did so, and was  
quickly in place. Stacy's face was now on his lap as she lay parallel to the  
couch across Sharon's legs. The crying teenager turned her head and squirmed  
to avoid Neil's engorged cock as it stood upright from his lap. Sharon had  
momentarily stopped spanking and was looking over with interest.  
  
Gary reached down, and yanked Stacy's blonde hair, pulling her  
tear-stained face upward. "I think you know what you're going to do, here.  
We'll be generous and call this number one. Do you understand?" Stacy  
squirmed on Sharon's lap, but nodded. "Good girl. Sharon will keep spanking until  
Neil comes. When he does come, you take every drop." He released Stacy's hair,  
and her face fell back down onto Neil's lap. Gary gestured towards Sharon, and  
she began spanking again.  
  
Stacy pulled her arms forward, and propped herself up slightly. She  
took Neil's cock in her mouth and began to suck and lick it. It was difficult not  
to jerk around with the spanking, but Stacy had a pretty good idea of what  
would happen to her if she were to touch Neil's cock with her teeth. Frantically,  
she sucked, moaning and gasping as her head slid up and down on Neil's penis,  
and Sharon laid into her ass. The pain from the spanking was getting more  
intense, but she was quieter now, as Neil's cock served as an efficient gag.  
  
Finally, after what seemed like forever, Neil jerked his hips upward  
and came, spurting wave after wave of hot, salty sperm into her mouth. She  
struggled to swallow it as ordered, her throat working frantically, but some  
of it leaked into her windpipe, causing her to cough. A wad of sperm was sent  
up into her nasal passages, and dribbled out of her nose. When she finally  
pulled her sweaty face up off of Neil's now flaccid cock, there was sperm trailing  
out of her mouth and nose, leaving a long strand connected to Neil's penis. Her  
ass was bright red and shiny where Sharon had been spanking.  
  
"Smile," Gary called over. Dazed, Stacy moved her head to the right -  
pulling the strand of sperm along with her - just as Gary snapped a picture  
commemorating the event.

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART FOUR)  
  
The blue Plymouth Valiant drove steadily through the mostly deserted  
night streets of Bakersville, its headlights cutting a swath through the  
surrounding darkness. Inside, Barry Packard could barely believe his luck. He snuck a glance to his right, trying not to be too obvious about it. Sitting beside  
him, in the passenger seat, was - unbelievably - Stacy Richards, easily the most  
beautiful girl in school (in Barry's opinion). She sat quietly, staring  
straight ahead through the front window as the car rolled along, her perfect  
features lit intermittently by the passing street lights. She had seemed a  
little quiet and nervous the entire evening, leading Barry to worry that she  
was bored or unhappy with him - Barry was neither confident nor particularly  
successful with girls - but when he had apologised and offered to take her  
home, she had insisted that she was having a good time, and didn't want to  
go home.  
  
In fact, it had been her idea that they head down to the beach. THE  
BEACH! That was the prime "make-out" spot for the teenagers of Bakersville. On any given night, there would usually be at least a handful of cars parked  
alongside the long dirt road which traced the coastline to the south of the town.  
Barry had never dreamed that one day he would be taking Stacy Richards there  
(actually, he had "dreamed" about it several times; he had just never imagined  
that it would really happen).  
  
Barry steered the car off the paved section of the street and onto the  
bumpier dirt road which ran alongside the beach. In reality, Barry had never  
expected that he would ever go on a date with Stacy. Her kind was usually  
reserved for the star of the football team, or some other equivalent sports  
hero, and even then only for the duration of his fame. Barry, on the other  
hand, was a second-string lineman, only put into the game when the result  
was no longer in doubt. In fact, he really didn't even like football. He was  
certainly not particularly ugly or unpopular, but girls like Stacy were  
usually so far above his particular level in the school social strata that he could  
only dream of going out with her. It had been a matter of pride with Barry  
that he had gathered the nerve to ask her out last summer, and although she had  
turned him down at the time, she had been less cruel about it than she could  
have been. Still, he had been more than a little surprised when Stacy had  
called him up last week and suggested a Saturday-night date.  
  
He had even half-expected that it would all turn out to be some kind of  
a joke, but when he had arrived at her house to pick her up, she had indeed  
been waiting for him, a vision of beauty in her short skirt and light blouse. She  
hadn't seemed overly friendly or talkative, but Barry didn't know enough  
about her to know whether or not this was her usual behaviour. Still, the movie  
and dinner had gone off OK, and, of course, it had been her suggestion that they  
drive down to the beach afterwards. Even as he drove along the beach road,  
Barry still couldn't believe it. His cock bulged pleasurably in his pants as  
he steered the car around a bend in the road.  
  
"How about here?" he asked, trying, but not quite succeeding, to sound  
casual. His voice was hoarse and dry. He had picked a fairly popular spot  
about half a mile along the road; there was another car parked a couple of hundred  
yards away.  
  
Stacy shook her head, her blonde hair shimmering in the starlight.  
"Further along," she said quietly.  
  
Barry shrugged and drove the car further along the road, passing  
through and then leaving behind all of the more popular and well-used spots. The  
road was almost deserted, which was unusual for a Saturday night, but the weather  
had been turning a little cold lately. In fact, Barry had seen Stacy  
shivering a little earlier while they had been walking out of the restaurant. He had  
noted that she was dressed quite lightly for November. Even this far south,  
the weather began to cool down by this time of the year.  
  
Twenty minutes later, Barry had parked the car in a suitably secluded  
spot; there had been no one else on the road for the last three miles. The  
night fell briefly silent as the car engine was shut off, but the sound of  
the breakers crashing against the shoreline quickly became apparent as the two  
teenagers sat for a few moments in awkward silence. Barry was too nervous to  
start anything, and Stacy just sat there, staring out over the dark, black water.  
  
Barry could take it no longer. "Well..." He started to say something, but was interrupted by the feel of Stacy's hand against his. His throat constricted and his heart skipped a beat as she slid across the seat and wrapped her arm over his shoulder. She put her hand on his face and turned it towards her.  
She was so beautiful in the starlight!  
  
"K-kiss me," she whispered, her voice shaking. She sounded curiously  
reluctant, almost frightened. Barry, however, didn't notice and probably  
wouldn't have cared if he had noticed. This was a dream come true. He pulled  
her slim body towards himself on the car seat and crushed his mouth to hers.  
After a brief hesitation, her lips parted, allowing him to slip his tongue  
into her waiting mouth. She wasn't kissing him back, though; she merely accepted  
his advances passively as she sat beside him on the car seat. Barry, sensing  
her reticence, pulled away, breaking the kiss.  
  
"Is something wrong?" he asked, short of breath. Stacy bit her lower  
lip before answering. In the light, it looked to Barry as if she was about to  
cry, but she just shook her head. Satisfied, Barry leaned forward again. This  
time, she participated, crushing her lips against his and moving her tongue around  
in response to his advances. Soon, the two teenagers were necking vigorously in  
the front seat of the car as the windows began to steam up.  
  
A few moments later, Barry felt Stacy touch his hand and then guide it  
slowly to her breasts. He responded by squeezing and fondling them through  
the thin fabric of her blouse. Barry could barely believe what was happening!  
Daringly, he pulled open the buttons on her blouse; a couple of buttons  
broke free and fell to the seat, but Barry didn't notice. Stacy didn't react. He  
slipped his hand in and under her bra, cupping her breast. He half-expected  
her to put a halt to it, but she just continued kissing him. Gaining confidence,  
he reached around with his other hand and unclipped the back of the bra. It  
fell away under her unbuttoned blouse, leaving her breasts almost fully exposed  
to his hands and eyes. Stacy tensed, but did not object or pull away.  
  
Instead, she reached down and ran her fingers along the now-conspicuous  
bulge in his jeans. Barry gasped; could this really be happening? He pulled  
back and looked over at Stacy. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was  
slightly open; she seemed to be breathing hard, but it was difficult for Barry to  
tell in the weak starlight. All he could see were her breasts rising and falling  
beneath the open blouse. Misgivings aside, he reached forward and began  
playing with those breasts, alternately squeezing them and then tweaking the  
nipples. Stacy gasped at this, but did not open her eyes.  
  
Meanwhile, her hand was at work, sliding open his zipper and reaching  
inside. She pushed her hand through the already damp front of Barry's  
underwear and slowly worked his penis out into the open. Once again, Barry was struck with a sense of disbelief at what was happening. He had never heard of Stacy Richards acting like this, even when she was going steady with someone. Even someone popular. Nevertheless, he continued fondling the offered breasts,  
content to let Stacy make the next move.  
  
That move wasn't long in coming. Stacy took a deep breath, opened her  
eyes and then leaned back on the seat, away from Barry. She sat back against the  
car door and pulled up her skirt, revealing her legs, pale and white in the  
starlight.  
  
"Stacy..." Barry was suddenly unsure of himself; he had only had sex one time before, and this was largely uncharted territory for him. "Are you sure you..."  
  
"Yes," she interrupted him, slipping her panties down her leg. "I want  
to... to do it... have sex w-with you." Once again, her frightened,  
tentative manner belied the content of her words, but the content was enough for  
Barry, who was already near to coming all over the car seat. He needed no more  
encouragement! Awkwardly, he shifted himself around so he lay atop Stacy's  
proffered body in the too-small car seat. He began to thrust his hips  
forward.  
  
"J-just a second." Stacy shifted her position, trying to avoid having  
her breasts painfully crushed against Barry's chest, but it was impossible. The  
car seat was just too small, and Barry was lying right on top of her. Resigned,  
she reached down and grabbed ahold of his penis with her long, cool fingers.  
  
"Ok... Ok... now." Stacy mumbled instructions as she guided Barry's  
stiff cock into her pussy. He was more than co-operative, and thrust forward  
vigorously when she instructed, but her pussy was still quite dry and she  
had to force every inch of inside her manually. Finally, it was inside. Stacy  
moved her hand away and squirmed around, still trying to get at least comfortable.  
Finally, she settled on a position, and put her arms around Barry's neck.  
  
After that, it was all over in a few seconds. Barry began pushing his  
hips roughly back and forth, grating his cock in and out of her unprepared pussy.  
Stacy tried to find a rhythm which would minimize the pain and discomfort,  
but was unable to do so. A thin line of drool slipped from between Barry's lips  
and dribbled down onto her chest as he pumped frantically. Gasping and moaning,  
she lay there as he suddenly stiffened and than came inside of her with a loud  
grunt. Unnoticed by Barry, a tear welled up out of her eye and slid down the  
side of her face.  
  
Finally, he relaxed, spent. As she lay there, crushed beneath his  
weight, she could feel his penis shrivelling up inside her burning pussy as the warm  
sperm began leaking out and down the inside of her thigh...  
  
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Gary hung up the phone just as Sharon entered his bedroom. He was  
sitting in front of his computer which in turn sat on top of a desk in the far  
corner of his room. He nodded a indifferent greeting to her, and immediately began  
entering information into some sort of database program as Sharon walked  
forward. She came to a halt just behind him, putting her hands onto his  
shoulders.  
  
"What'cha up to?" He seemed to be entering some names and dates into  
little boxes on the screen (Sharon knew almost nothing about computers).  
  
"That was Stacy on the phone," he answered, still working. "She's  
fucked two guys since last week. I'm just entering it into the system."  
  
System? Sharon leaned in closer to the screen, suddenly interested.  
"Numbers two and three! Tell me about it."  
  
"Number two was Barry Packard." He fiddled with his mouse and then  
punched the return button on the computer; a new screen was called up. This screen held a name, a date and other information, including a small picture, obviously taken (scanned, although Sharon didn't know this) from the school yearbook.

"Barry Packard." Gary pointed to that name at the top of the screen, and  
slowly read off the information as it appeared. "Fucked on Saturday, Nov.6; it  
occurred in the front seat of his car, which was parked down by the beach.  
Apparently, he came in about 20 seconds. Can't blame him, I suppose."  
  
Sharon laughed. "Number three?"  
  
Gary pushed another button, and another list of information appeared.  
"Grant Hardin." Sharon stifled a giggle at his name as Grant's digitized  
picture stared sombrely out of the top left-hand corner of the computer  
screen.  
He had a big nose. "Fucked on Tuesday, Nov.9 in his bedroom. He also came  
very quickly. He called out the name 'Susan' when he came."  
  
Sharon laughed again. "Seems there's not too many boys around who can  
restrain themselves with Stacy Richards. She must be a good fuck."  
  
Gary just shrugged. "Maybe. We'll see."  
  
"Perhaps we'll have to find her some real men," Sharon suggested. Gary  
looked intrigued at this suggestion, but didn't say anything. Sharon moved  
away sat down on the side of his bed, pulling out a cigarette. He noticed that  
she had a small paper bag with her.  
  
"What's that?" he asked, as she lit up and took a long, satisfied drag.  
  
"Oh, just a little something for Stacy," she smirked. "A little present  
to celebrate her success at the game." She reached into the bag and pulled  
out...  
  
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"You bastard!" Stacy cried. "You fucking bastard!" She lay on her back  
on the leather couch in her parent's living room, her shirt and fingers sticky  
with sperm. She brushed her hands against the front of her shirt in a futile  
effort to wipe herself clean, but that only seemed to smear the warm, sticky  
fluid more evenly down her front. She began to cry, involuntarily bringing a  
hand up to her face to cover her eyes. When she took the hand away, her  
eyelid and cheek glistened with sperm.  
  
Toby Hooper, a tall, gangly nineteen year-old, had jumped back off of  
her after prematurely ejaculating. His already freckled face turned bright red  
with embarrassment as he fumbled to push his sticky cock back into his pants.  
"Jesus... I'm sorry," he apologized, zipping up his jeans. "I d-didn't mean  
to..."  
  
"Just fuck off and get out of here!" Stacy screamed at him. "Get out!"  
Tears ran down her face, mixing with the quickly congealing sperm on her  
cheeks.  
  
Toby, his pants now securely fastened, continued to stammer out  
incoherent apologies as he picked up his paper-sack and scurried out of the house.  
Outside, he jumped onto his bike and pedalled furiously away.  
  
Behind him, Stacy continued to cry on the couch, her blonde hair in  
disarray and her shirt and face coated with his quickly drying sperm.  
  
To Stacy, it had seemed like the perfect opportunity when Toby had come  
collecting money that Saturday morning for his paper route. She considered  
him to be, like, a total loser at school (as well as being a grade behind her)  
and did not find him the least bit attractive, with his messy red hair and  
freckles, but he was a student at Greenwood. From her present, unwelcome  
perspective, that was enough. Her parents were away on one of their weekend  
"getaways", so Stacy had been all alone in the house when he came by.  
  
She had thought that he would prove as easy to seduce as Barry and  
Grant had the week before - she was, after all, who she was - but it had turned  
out not to be so easy. Toby was going steady with a girl at school named Tami  
("Toby & Tami..." she and Ashley had enjoyed making fun of them), and the  
dork seemed determined to be faithful to her. Either that, or he was just too  
stupid and shy to take a hint. Stacy had swallowed her pride and had come onto him like a bitch in heat - touching his hand; "accidentally" brushing against  
him with her breast; making suggestive comments about being lonely by herself in  
such a big house - but he would not react. Finally, she had been forced to  
come right out with it and more or less ask him directly to have sex with her. He  
had risen to his feet and turned to go, stammering something about being  
behind on his paper route, but Stacy wrapped her strong arms around him and crushed her lips to his face in a passionate kiss. When she eventually disentangled  
her tongue from his, he was breathing hard, and no longer so anxious to leave.  
  
She got him safely onto the couch in the living room and, after some  
more necking, she had succeeded in extracting his by-then rigid cock from his  
pants.  
By now, she had developed a technique for getting at a boy's cock quickly,  
although she still hated the feel of it. He was now co-operating fully, and  
had roughly pulled her pants down to her ankles. She fell back on the couch and  
prepared to help guide his cock into to her still unresponsive pussy, but as  
he had bent over her, his cock had twitched and the spurted jism all down the  
front of her shirt. There was so much of it! He had been saving up for  
sixteen years. She had thrown her hands up to protect herself, but had only  
succeeded in getting the warm, sticky fluid all over her fingers.  
  
Lying there, splattered with warm sperm, Stacy had begun the shrieking  
which would drive Toby out of the house.  
  
By the time her tears had subsided, the sperm had soaked through her  
blouse and had dried, sticky and brittle, against her skin. Her breathing  
steadied as she tried to come to terms with what she was becoming... what  
she was being forced to become. Shaking, she got to her feet and stumbled to the  
phone to make the report she had made twice before.  
  
Then a shower.  
  
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Sharon's surprise present had turned out to be a small, stainless steel  
charm bracelet. It was not particularly expensive or attractive, but was  
solidly built, the links almost large enough to qualify as a chain. Almost.  
But, it was still a charm bracelet, and as such each link was designed in  
such a way as to allow for the attachment of numerous small pieces of jewellery,  
usually figurines or symbols: small hearts and the like. Sharon had not  
forgotten about that, and happily dumped the contents of a somewhat larger  
plastic bag onto the bed. The resulting pile revealed a large number - an  
even hundred, Sharon later explained - of small, steel "F"'s. Ordinarily, such  
ornaments would be worn on charm bracelets by girls with names beginning  
with that letter, but in Stacy's case the letter would stand for something else.  
Gary quickly figures out what that "something else" would be. By the end of  
the year, Sharon explained to a laughing Gary, Stacy's charm bracelet should be  
displaying fifty-five such ornaments.  
  
"Belling the cat," Gary chuckled. "I like it."  
  
"Not the cat," Sharon disagreed, "the pussy. Belling the pussy."  
  
Gary had laughed again and then drew her towards him for an appreciative kiss.  
  
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The actual "belling" had gone very smoothly, Sharon thought. The next  
day at school, Neil and Gary had contrived to lead the "pussy" into the  
metal-working shop after classes. Before the frightened Stacy could protest,  
they had clipped the charm bracelet onto her left wrist, and then forced her  
arm onto a nearby workbench. Sharon had watched from the doorway - serving  
as a lookout - as Stacy started to struggle and cry out. Her struggles subsided,  
however, when Neil brought the soldering iron and solder down to her wrist;  
the slightest movement would have caused the molten solder to drip onto her  
exposed arm. Stacy watched in silent horror as the two boys soldered shut the clip  
to the charm bracelet, fastening it permanently to her wrist. She could still,  
of course, easily remove it with the proper tools, but such a removal would  
certainly leave evidence; evidence which, Gary quietly explained to Stacy,  
would lead to the imposition of further punishment and humiliation. The  
charm bracelet would stay on her wrist until the school year was over.  
  
When Stacy had nodded her understanding, Neil took Sharon's place at  
the door, and the pudgy girl moved forward and fastened the small, steel "F"s to  
Stacy's newly acquired bracelet. Silently, she affixed four of them,  
spreading them evenly along the bracelet. Stacy looked on in disbelief as  
understanding dawned in her face. Immediately, her large, green eyes flooded with tears, but she didn't offer a protest. She knew there was nothing that she could say.  
  
Sharon had smirked at her and moved back when she was finished affixing  
the charms. She and Gary had turned to leave the room, but Neil had stayed  
behind, moving towards Stacy with an unmistakable glint in his eyes. Sharon  
left the room and walked away, while Gary stayed to stand watch. If she had  
turned to look as she left the room, she would have seen Stacy, now on her  
knees, reach forward - the charms clinking merrily on her wrist - and begin  
to pull down the zipper of Neil's pants.  
  
Sharon had not needed to look back however. She had a pretty good idea  
of what would happen - what was happening as she sat on the school steps,  
enjoying a cigarette. She was, however, rudely jarred from her pleasant thoughts by a door banging shut behind her, and the sound of someone crying. Turning,  
Sharon saw Tami Slaighter, a classmate of hers. Sharon and Tami were not  
particularly close friends, but Sharon's curiosity compelled her to stand up and comfort the girl.  
  
Bit by bit, the story came out as the sobbing Tami told Sharon the reason for her tears.

Dennis Baxter, eighteen years old, had had no direct experience with  
girls and was certainly a virgin, but he knew sex when he saw it. He was seeing it  
now, as he stared through the partially open doorway which led to the  
instructor's storeroom in the section of Greenwood set aside for the grade  
junior classes. Every Friday afternoon, the kids took Recreation as the last  
class of the day. This basically consisted of playing various games -  
outside when it was warm enough, and in the gym when it was not - and was supervised by upper level students for extra credit.  
  
Dennis's class was supervised by Stacy Richards, and it was her that he  
had gone looking for after arriving late for class; Dennis had a Doctor's  
note that needed delivering. When he had arrived in the gymnasium, his classmates had told him that the instructor had gone to the storeroom for some  
equipment. In a hurry to deliver the note and join his friends, Dennis had hurried  
along, hoping to find her.  
  
Well, he had found her alright, but she was in no position to receive  
the (now forgotten) note he held clutched in his sweaty hand. As he looked  
through the doorway, he was greeted by the sight of Stacy Richards on her hands and knees with her skirt hiked up over her hips, while Tim Myers - himself no  
older than Dennis - fucked in and out of her from behind. Tim grunted as he  
frantically pistoned his hips back and forth, sliding his cock in and out of  
her warm pussy. Stacy, her head down and face curtained by her free-flowing  
blonde hair, was also making small grunting noises as she moved her ass in  
time with his thrusts, squirming and wiggling as she did so.  
  
Dennis's mouth dropped open as he watched. He couldn't believe what he  
was seeing! He pushed forward a bit to get a better view, but accidentally  
bumped against the doorframe. At once, Tim stopped moving and looked over at him, his face red with shock and embarrassment. Stacy looked back over her shoulder at the 18-year old, shaking her face free of her hair. "No!" She  
  
sounded strange and anxious. "Don't stop." She wiggled her hips  
hopefully around his still-sheathed cock. "Please... keep going," she begged. She  
crouched back, trying to impale herself further on his rapidly deflating cock.  
  
Tim didn't move. "B-but..." Unable to speak, he gestured towards  
Dennis, who stood frozen in the doorway. Stacy's head turned towards him and she  
peered up at him from beneath the curtain of hair. At first she looked as shocked  
and upset as Tim, but she quickly recovered.  
  
"Come in, Dennis," she invited, her voice a hoarse whisper. "J-Join the  
fun." This last sentence ended with a quiet squeal as Tim began moving  
again. Dennis didn't need to be told twice. Carefully closing the door behind him,  
the teenager walked slowly forward, uncertain of what to do next. Stacy gestured  
at him to come closer as Tim's thrusts regained their earlier rhythm, if  
somewhat lacking in their former urgency. The surprise at being caught had obviously set him back a bit on the path to orgasm.  
  
When Dennis was standing in front of her, Stacy reached up and pulled  
down the zipper on his pants. She quickly slipped his penis out and, without  
another word, began kissing and licking it. Within minutes, it was as hard as a  
pole; Stacy engulfed it with her mouth and began sucking for all she was worth,  
her lips sliding up and down in time with Tim's regular thrusts into her pussy.  
Plugged at both ends, she gasped and moaned as the two boys pumped their  
rigid cocks in and out of her body.  
  
Eventually, the Tim and Dennis came, more or less at the same time. Tim  
pumped his sperm into Stacy's warm, wet pussy from the rear, while Dennis  
ejaculated into her mouth and down her rapidly convulsing throat. She  
swallowed every drop before the penis fell loose, making certain that no evidence of  
her behaviour would remain on her clothing or face. Behind her, Tim began to  
laugh.  
  
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Later that same evening, Stacy had phoned Gary and, as required, gave  
him the details of her sexual activities. He had accepted the information as  
usual, but had some additional news for her.  
  
"Sharon talked to Tami today," he told her. "She knows what happened  
last Saturday with you and Toby."  
  
"W-what do you mean? I already told you what h-happened." Stacy felt  
sick to her stomach. What had she done wrong? Were then going to release the  
pictures after all?  
  
"Your paperboy 'lover' never came inside of you. According to Tami, he  
couldn't restrain himself. Is that what happened?"  
  
Stacy bit her lip and hesitated. She had not mentioned that part of her  
encounter with Toby out of sheer embarrassment. She had been somewhat  
surprised to discover that she still had some pride left, even after all  
that had happened - but she couldn't see how that mattered.  
  
"Y-yes," she answered, finally. "That's what happened." Fuck you, she  
thought.  
  
"Well then, you know the rules. It doesn't count unless your partner  
ejaculates inside of you. Don't you remember?"  
  
Stacy's vision began to blur with tears. She remembered. Gary evidently  
took her silence as agreement, because he continued speaking. "You broke the  
rules. Not only does Toby not count, but you now have an extra ten to do,  
bringing the total up to an even sixty-five."  
  
SIXTY-FIVE!  
  
"You can't do that," Stacy exclaimed, horrified. He couldn't...  
  
"I'm sorry; I didn't catch that." Gary sounded amused. "Did you just  
tell me that I 'can't' do something?"  
  
Stacy bit her lip in an effort to regain control - in an effort not to  
tell him what she really thought. Finally, she mastered her emotions enough  
to answer him.  
  
"No. I didn't." Her voice shook. "You can do whatever you l-like."  
  
"Right. Well, after fucking the two kiddies today, your total was up to  
eight, but it goes back down to seven after we subtract Toby. That leaves  
fifty-eight to go, right?"  
  
He seemed to expect an answer. "Right," she agreed, her voice  
trembling. "Fifty-eight." Fifty-eight! Involuntarily, she looked down at her wrist  
where the charm bracelet anchored the four metal "F"s to her wrist. Fifty-eight.  
  
"We'll get the new 'charms' to you tomorrow. Oh, and one other thing,"  
Gary continued. "Tami is Sharon's friend, and she is apparently quite upset  
about what happened. Sharon wants you to apologise."  
  
"Apologise?!?"  
  
"She's asked Toby and Tami to meet her at the playing field an hour  
before school on Monday. She wants you there to apologise for trying to seduce  
Toby, and promise never to try it again."  
  
The line fell silent as Stacy struggled to comprehend to enormity of  
the humiliation she was going to be forced to suffer the following morning.  
  
"Do you understand?"  
  
Stacy took a ragged breath and then answered in the affirmative. "Yes."  
  
"Good. Well... that's all then. Pleasant dreams." He hung up the phone.  
  
Stacy slammed the receiver down, ran across her room and threw herself  
down on the bed in pain and anguish. In fury, she slammed her fists  
repeatedly into the unresisting mattress and pillow, causing the charm bracelet -  
unimpressed by her display of temper - to jingle quietly as the small,  
metallic "F"s flashed silver on her wrist.

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART FIVE)  
  
Randy Marx stared down in disbelief as Stacy Richards sucked hungrily  
on his cock as it jutted out of his pants; her mouth made loud slurping noises  
as it worked its way up and down. He was standing in the woods behind Greenwood  
High, just out of sight of the main school building. Stacy, now on her knees  
in front of him, had met him after class and had asked if he would go with her  
into the woods; she wanted to show him something, she had said. Randy, who  
like most of the boys at school only knew Stacy as an object of unattainable  
beauty, had stammered something in the affirmative, and the two of them had left the school together after the final class. As soon as they had gone a little  
ways into the forest, just out of sight of the school, Stacy had turned to him,  
reached down and begun fondling his penis through his pants. Randy, frozen  
with surprise, had just watched in stunned silence as she sank to her knees in  
front of him. The charm bracelet on her wrist jingled quietly as she fumbled with  
his zipper.  
  
"W-what are you doing?" What was she doing?  
  
"P-please, Randy." She had looked up at him with her big, green eyes.  
"I... I want your cock." Her voice was a hoarse whisper, and she looked like  
she might cry.  
  
Randy couldn't believe what he was hearing. He stared down at her, as  
if seeing her for the first time.  
  
"What?"  
  
"I w-want your... cock," she repeated haltingly. Her fingers continued  
their work while she spoke. His penis was now free of his pants and hung  
down in front of Stacy's face.  
  
"I want to suck your cock." She turned her head back down and began  
licking his quickly hardening penis.  
  
Randy just swallowed and fell silent as Stacy got to work. He looked  
around, frightened of getting caught, but there was no one in sight. His  
gaze dropped downward, where Stacy was servicing his cock. First she licked and  
kissed it, starting with the head and then working her soft, warm lips down  
the shaft. Then, when it was rigid (no time at all, really), she slipped her hot  
mouth over the shiny head and began sucking, all the while bobbing her head  
up and down. From where he looked down on her, Randy could only see her blonde  
hair sliding back and forth, but he could hear the slurping and gurgling  
sounds which accompanied the movement, and he could feel - oh god, how he could feel - the inside of her mouth and throat as it quivered and sucked around his  
trembling penis.  
  
Finally, he could take it no more, and began to come. Instinctively, he  
grabbed the back of her head and pulled it tight against his crotch, jamming  
his cock right down into her throat as the sperm began to shoot out. Stacy  
struggled and choked; her hands fluttered about wildly, pushing against his  
legs, but she was unable to break his grip. Stacy's face remained crushed  
against his crotch, her mouth and throat stuffed with cock, until he  
finished coming. Eventually, the spurts began to lessen, and his penis grew soft.  
Randy relaxed his hold, and she pushed herself away, gasping and choking up the  
sperm. Suddenly embarrassed, Randy did up his pants, turned and ran away  
into the woods.  
  
Behind him, Stacy lay on the ground, still choking up sperm and gasping  
for breath.  
  
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The Greenwood school cafeteria was its usual noisy chaos, with students  
running madly about, trying to fit in as much eating and socializing before  
the bell went off to announce the inevitable beginning of the afternoon classes.  
The main section of the cafeteria was filled with rows of connected benches  
and tables, where the students ate their lunches. The actual kitchen and serving  
area was located along one of the walls; the students picked up a tray at  
one end, and ran it along a metal track while making their selections. The food  
was paid for at the other end and a short section of railing led to the main  
part of the room.  
  
Karen Williamson stood, tray in hand, looking for a place to sit. Her  
options were limited; the sitting areas were essentially run by the various  
school cliques, and Karen absolutely did not belong to any particular group.  
As a matter of fact, she was commonly the object of derision of many of these  
groups. It was not that she was particularly ugly, although she was a bit on  
the heavy side and had something of an acne problem, or that she was  
antisocial. Her isolation stemmed from a discussion in one of last year's  
Social Studies classes. In a "Current Events" module, the class had been  
discussing some recent controversies concerning homosexual rights. Karen had  
been arguing in support of those rights and had, in the heat of the debate,  
let slip the fact that she herself was gay. Word had quickly spread, and before  
long she was virtually an outcast at Greenwood. She had quickly learned that  
if one is going to come out of the closet, a high-school class is just not the  
place to do it. Her life had been hell ever since.  
  
Desperately lonely, Karen had hoped that things would have blown over  
by this, her senior, year, but that hadn't proved to be the case. In fact, the  
abuse had even gotten worse. Just last week, she had found her locker  
plastered with pictures of naked women torn from a Penthouse magazine with the words "Dykes Anonymous" scrawled all over them. As a result of these and similar  
events, Karen had largely withdrawn from school social life, and now spent  
much of her time alone, often drinking (an activity which had helped neither her  
weight nor her acne problem). In fact, she had been drinking the previous  
night, and was now suffering from rather a bad hangover; this probably  
explained her lapse in judgment in choosing and sitting down at a table near  
the back of the room.  
  
Even before the table fell ominously silent, she knew that she had made  
a mistake. A bad one. She looked up from her tray to see who she was sitting  
with. Across from her sat Stacy Richards and Ashley Peters, easily the two  
most popular girls in school. The rest of the now-silent table was filled with  
students of an equally exalted social level.  
  
"Well!" Ashley took the lead, as she always did in making fun of Karen.  
"Aren't we lucky. A visit from the school dyke!" Karen flinched as Ashley's  
cutting voice drew attention. The other students at the table were smiling  
and laughing, knowing what was coming.  
  
"What's wrong? No other dykes to eat with... or eat?" Ashley's voice  
was getting louder. Students at nearby tables were now looking over and joining  
in the laughter. Her face burning, Karen stumbled to her feet and fled the  
table, leaving her tray of food behind.  
  
"Come back anytime," Ashley called after her. "Feel free to bring your  
girlfriend." The entire section the cafeteria was laughing now, as Karen,  
now in tears, burst through the exit and disappeared from view.  
  
At a table near the door, Gary and Sharon watched her run out.  
Silently they exchanged glances and looked over at Ashley as she laughed with her  
friends. Stacy laughed right along with them.  
  
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Tim smirked across the room at Dennis; the class was almost over. The  
two thirteen year-old boys had barely been able to restrain themselves during  
that afternoon's Recreation Class. Due to the colder weather, the class was once  
again taking place inside the gymnasium, and they had spent the entire  
period watching Stacy as she supervised the other students. At this particular  
moment, she was demonstrating volleyball techniques to a group of girls in the  
corner.  
She was wearing baggy shorts which came down to her knees and a loose  
sweatshirt, but that did not deter the boys from imagining what was  
underneath. So far, she had managed to avoid them, but Tim had plans to deal with that.  
  
Finally, the bell rang, signalling the end of class.  
  
"OK, everybody," Stacy yelled, clapping her hands for attention. "Into  
the dressing rooms. That's it for today." While the rest of the kids ran into  
the dressing rooms as directed, Tim and Dennis jogged over to where Stacy was  
bent over, putting away equipment. She straightened up as they approached.  
  
"Yes?" She asked coldly. "What do you want?" She didn't seem happy to  
see them.  
  
Embarrassed, Dennis turned to go, but Tim caught his arm before he  
could get away. "That's not very friendly," he stated. "You were a lot nicer last  
week." He was smirking again.  
  
"That was last week," Stacy told him angrily. "Don't expect it to  
happen again." She put her hands on her hips and glared at them. "I don't expect to hear about it again from either of you. Is that understood?"  
  
Dennis flushed red and began to mutter an apology, but was cut off by Tim.  
  
"OK, you won't hear about it from us, then," he told her. "You'll be  
hearing about it from Mr. Tilby, though."  
  
The thirteen year-old grabbed his friend by the arm and turned to go.  
  
"Wait!" Stacy, no longer confident, called after them. Mr. Tilby was the teacher in charge of the grade 12 supervisors. "What do you mean?" She had a sick feeling that she already knew the answer.  
  
Tim turned and faced her. "We're going to tell Mr. Tilby what happened.  
I bet he'll be interested."  
  
Stacy felt her face flush with panic; Tilby would get her expelled for sure!  
  
"Unless..." Tim's voice was sly.  
  
"Unless?" Stacy knew what was coming. Unconsciously, she crossed her wrists in front of her and began fiddling with her charm bracelet. There were now almost a dozen metal "F"s hanging from it.  
  
"Unless you become a lot more friendly," Tim finished off his sentence.  
"Like last week."  
  
Stacy looked at the two of them - Tim looking cocky and sure of himself  
and Dennis looking both frightened and hopeful - and shuddered. If she gave  
in, she would become in effect the private whore of a couple of thirteen  
year-olds. But what else could she do?  
  
"If I agree," she said slowly, fighting back the tears, "you'll keep quiet about it. No one else will know." Maybe she could minimize the damage.  
  
Tim grinned in triumph; they had her!  
  
"OK. It'll be our little secret." A slow smile began to form on Dennis's freckled face.  
  
"And just this once," she bargained. "After that, I don't hear about it again?"  
  
Tim began to nod, flushed with success and ready to agree to anything,  
but this time it was Dennis who did the interrupting. "Once a week," he told  
her. "After class on Fridays." Stacy's mouth fell open and she shook her head.  
  
"OK." Dennis shrugged and turned to Tim. "Let's see Tilby."  
  
He started walking, pulling an astonished Tim behind him. This time, the two boys actually managed to get a few steps away before Stacy called them back. Trembling, she agreed to their demands; there was no way she could let them go to Tilby.  
  
Ten minutes later, she was stretched out naked on a pile of stored gym  
mats, with Dennis pumping his thirteen year-old cock in and out of her pussy  
while Tim waited his turn. The two boys had wanted her naked this time, and  
she had had no choice but to slip out of the shorts and sweatshirt. She grunted  
in time with Dennis's thrusts and moaned as he mauled her tits, but did not  
fight or cry out as he spurted within her.  
  
She did, however, start crying when Tim crawled on top of her to take his turn at sticking his cock into her now sopping pussy.  
  
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With the footlights shining bright and hot directly upwards into her  
face, the men in the audience - she instinctively knew that they were men - were  
visible only as vague outlines; dark shapes and shadows which seemed to  
shift and pulse in time with the thick bass throb of the cheap rock music. She  
could hear the quiet rumble of conversation from beyond the lights, but as the  
dance began, the shapes fell silent. They almost appeared to lean forward towards  
the stage, focusing intensely upon the actions of the dancer.  
  
On the precarious, well-lit catwalk, the dancer slid forward, limbs writhing in time with the music. She wore almost nothing: a pair of stiletto high-heels, black stockings, a spangled, gold g-string and a pair of tassled pasties covering her nipples. And a bright, shiny charm bracelet on one wrist. Her tits, small and firm, bobbed up and down as she gyrated back and forth across the small stage.  
  
The music drew her forward; bit by bit, piece by piece, the minimal  
clothing came off until, finally, she stood naked and exposed before the  
watchers. The shapeless mass of the audience was no longer silent, but was  
instead calling out what seemed to be a name, over and over again. Dimly,  
the dancer sensed that she should be frightened, but she wasn't. Instead, she  
began to become more and more excited. Rubbing her breasts with one hand, she  
began to pant and moan as the shouting grew louder. The colored lights above her  
began to move... rotating wildly... pulsing on and off. Her pussy was damp  
and inviting when she inserted first her middle finger, and then middle three  
fingers.  
  
Her excitement grew to the point of orgasm; the name chanted by the  
audience became louder and louder... Suddenly, there was a loud ringing  
sound, again and again as the lights sped up. She tried to ignore it, concentrating  
on the swiftly approaching orgasm, but it kept ringing and ringing... the  
hoarse chanting became clearer until, abruptly, she could make out the name:  
  
"Stacy!"  
  
Stacy Richards sat bolt upright in bed, sweaty and dishevelled. Her  
mother's voice had shouted out her name from the bottom of the stairs.  
"Stacy. Answer your phone."  
  
The phone beside the bed was ringing. Stacy glanced over at the bedside  
clock: almost 10:30 - a bit early to be calling on a Saturday. She reached  
over and picked up the phone.  
  
"Hi Stace." It was Sharon. Of course.  
  
Stacy fought back an urge to slam down the phone. "What do you want?"  
she asked, fighting to contain her anger.  
  
"Just to tell you that we're going out tonight; girl's night out."  
Sharon sounded pleased with herself.  
  
"What are you talking about?" Stacy fought to clear her head of the  
last vestiges of sleep.  
  
"There's a party at BCN tonight," Sharon explained. "We're going." BCN  
stood for Bakersville College North. At the time the campus was opened,  
there was a planned second campus to be built south of the town, but that had  
never occurred. The one college was still, however, called "North".  
  
"I can't do that," Stacy argued, fighting down a sudden surge of panic.  
"I'm... uhm... busy tonight."  
  
"Do I have to make threats?" Sharon asked. "You know what your options  
are. Besides, you might enjoy yourself."  
  
Stacy sighed with resignation. She knew very well that she would have  
to agree with whatever Sharon said. If not, she would be ruined at Greenwood.  
"OK," she muttered. "I'll be there."  
  
"Fine." Sharon was matter of fact; she had expected nothing else. "Come  
to my place at 7:00. Oh... we'll be out all night; tell your mother that you'll  
be spending the night at a friend's house." The line went dead as Sharon hung  
up before Stacy could reply or protest.  
  
Slowly, Stacy put the receiver down and ran a shaky hand through her  
matted hair. Only then did she notice that her body was covered with a sheen  
of sweat. The dream! She pushed back the covers and looked down on her body:  
her nipples were firm and erect and her pussy was slightly damp. Could that  
dream really have been exciting her? All she remembered was being naked... and all those men were watching! She placed a finger on her clit and began to rub,  
moaning softly. Just the memory of the dream was exciting! What was  
happening to her? Despite her confusion, she continued to masturbate herself, quickly bringing herself to climax.  
  
Just as the orgasm died away, the phone rang again. She picked it up.  
  
"Hello?" It was Barry Packard. Just what she needed. She had noticed  
that he was trying to talk to her at school, but she had managed to avoid him  
successfully ever since they had fucked a couple of weeks ago in the front  
seat of his car.  
  
"Hi Stacy," he greeted her. She remained silent.  
  
"Uhm... I was just wondering if you wanted to... like, you know... go  
out tonight, or something."  
  
"Are you kidding," she laughed. "I wouldn't be caught dead with a loser  
like you." All of her frustration and anger at what had happened to her in  
the last couple of weeks flowed out of her heart and down the phone lines.  
  
"B-but... I thought... what about what happened on..."  
  
"What happened in your car was a joke," she told him. "You've got to be the worst fuck I've ever had." It felt a little strange talking like that, but on the whole, it was good to be on the giving end of some abuse rather than on the receiving end. Besides, he was such a loser!  
  
"B-but..."  
  
"I don't want to hear about it, and I don't want to see or hear from you again. Just fuck off!"  
  
Stacy slammed down the phone. That had felt good! Almost like her old  
self. Cheered up, she got out of bed and went into the bathroom for a  
shower.  
  
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As ordered, Stacy arrived at Sharon's house promptly at 7:00 that evening. Sharon's mother, a large, bleary-eyed woman answered the door.  
  
"Is Sharon here?" Stacy asked timidly. The woman smelt of beer and stale cigarette smoke.  
  
The woman took a drag from her cigarette and gestured Stacy inside.  
Stacy walked into the house.  
  
"Sharon!" Sharon's mom was yelling down a flight of stairs. "Your little friend's here." She turned back to Stacy. "Go right on down. She's in her room."  
  
Stacy smiled weakly in thanks and walked down the stairs into the basement.  
  
"In here." Sharon's voice came from behind a closed door at one end of  
a short hall. Stacy pushed the door open and entered Sharon's bedroom. The  
pudgy girl was talking on the phone; she waved at Stacy to come in and sit down.  
  
"... Yes... I know. At the agreed price. I know... uh huh... it's just  
for private use. Nothing else." Stacy sat on the edge of Sharon's bed, careful  
not to disturb a pile of dirty clothing. "No, that's fine. Yeah... as long as  
they don't mind... OK." Sharon hung up the phone and turned to Stacy.  
  
"Well," she said, smirking, "let's have a look at you. Stand up."  
Blushing, Stacy stood up. She was wearing a blue skirt which fell below her  
knees and a yellow blouse. Her blonde hair was done up in a tight, little  
bun at the back of her head. Sharon shook her head as she looked the older girl  
over. "Huh," she grunted. "That's not gonna do." She got up and moved  
towards the closet. "Let's try these on." She pulled out a duffel bag and handed it  
to Stacy.  
  
Stacy took one look inside and dropped the bag. "I can't wear these.  
Not in public."  
  
Sharon just smiled and lit a cigarette.  
  
"Every time," she rolled her eyes theatrically. "Every time we go  
through this same game. First you say you can't do something. Then we threaten to release the tape and the pictures. Then, suddenly, you can do it." She  
looked over at Stacy. "Is all that really necessary?"  
  
Stacy looked down at the duffel bag and began to tremble. She fought  
back the tears.  
  
"Please..." How could they do this to her?  
  
Sharon wasn't moved.  
  
"Put these on, you bitch," she ordered, suddenly angry. "You'll wear them tonight or by Monday night everyone in town will know what a slut you are."  
  
The videotape!  
  
Reluctantly, Stacy reached down and picked up the duffel bag.  
  
Ten minutes later, she was changed and ready to go. The central item of  
her new apparel was a black, patent leather skirt, which reached only  
halfway down her thighs. The tight skirt was fastened by a zipper on the side. ('For  
easy access,' Sharon had commented.) On top, she now wore a bright pink  
spandex shirt. The sleeveless blouse hugged her upper body tightly, making the most of her smallish breasts. On her feet, she wore black leather, high-heeled  
boots, which covered her lower legs right up to her knees. Thin nylon stockings  
completed the ensemble. As well, Sharon had combed out her blonde hair, so  
that it fell in waves across her now bare shoulders. A little extra make-up  
(applied by Sharon) and she looked like "a proper little whore" (in Sharon's  
opinion).  
  
Stacy fought to hold back the tears. She did feel like a whore in this outfit.  
  
The two girls drove up to the College in Stacy's car, but with Sharon  
at the wheel. When they arrived, the party was already in full swing, with  
music blasting raucously out of partially opened windows. It was located in a  
large, old house, which served as rental accommodation for students at BCN. Sharon parked the car on the street opposite the house and looked over at Stacy.  
The older girl sat stiffly, looking straight ahead, her arms crossed in front of  
her chest.  
  
"You're not going to have much fun with that attitude," Sharon chided.  
"You're too tense." Stacy didn't answer. Sharon sighed theatrically and  
reached into her large purse.  
  
"Here," she said, pulling out a small thermos. "Have a drink. It'll  
relax you." She poured a small measure of whisky into the thermos lid and passed  
it over to Stacy. The older girl looked doubtful for a moment, sniffing  
suspiciously at the liquid, but then shrugged her shoulders and drank it  
down. What harm could it do? Almost immediately, she felt the warmth of the  
alcohol in her stomach.  
  
"One more?" Sharon asked. Stacy nodded quickly and held out the cup for  
a second drink. Sharon poured, and Stacy once again downed it. She felt much  
better already.  
  
Sharon smiled as she took the cup back and screwed it back onto the  
thermos. This was the same stuff that Gary had mixed that had got Stacy so  
hot that night at Neil's. With any luck, it should make things go a lot better  
tonight, particularly with a double dose.  
  
"Let's go."  
  
Sharon opened the door and got out of the car. Stacy followed, moving a  
little slower on the high heels. The drink was beginning to go to her head a  
bit, she noticed. She felt a little unsteady. The two girls walked up the  
gravel driveway towards the house. Even from outside, the loud pulsing music  
made conversation difficult; the whole building seemed to shake with it.  
  
Sharon banged loudly on the door. Nothing. She banged again, harder  
this time. A few moments later, a young man opened it and peered drunkenly  
outward.  
  
"Yeah?" His eyes quickly skimmed over Sharon, and came to rest on Stacy's scantily clad body. Stacy shivered, only partly from the cold as the man  
slowly looked her up and down. He liked his lips.  
  
"Is Jim in?" Sharon was forced to yell over the music. "Tell him Sharon  
is here." The man at the door tore his eyes away from Stacy long enough to  
acknowledge Sharon's words with a nod, and then disappeared back into the  
house.  
  
Sharon turned to Stacy who was still shivering on the porch.  
"Remember," she said urgently. "This is a college party. Don't start acting like a  
fucking kid. I have everything under control."  
  
Stacy started to ask what she meant by this, but the door swung open  
and another man came out. This guy was huge; he looked like a football player.  
  
"Sharon," he called out. "Good to see you." His eyes turned,  
inevitably, towards Stacy. "And you must be Stacy. Sharon's told us a lot about you."  
Stacy knew that this sounded ominous, but her brain was fogged up from the  
alcohol, and the drugs Gary had added to it were starting to have an effect: her  
senses seemed heightened, but her consciousness was starting to drift. A small part  
of her mind recognized this feeling from that first night at Neil's house, but  
she was unable to act on this knowledge. The large man - Jim? - gestured for  
them to enter the house. Sharon pushed Stacy through the door in front of her and  
then entered herself.  
  
Behind them, the door slammed shut.  
  
Inside, the painfully loud music drowned out any possibility of conversation. The foyer led to a short stairway which in turn opened up into the main living room of the house. This room was packed with sweating, dancing people, almost exclusively students from BCN. The air was heavy with smoke, tobacco and other types.  
  
Jim led the way through the crowd, pushing and shoving a path through  
the drunken, jostling crowd. Sharon pulled Stacy along by the arm, following in  
his wake. Stacy got a lot of attention from the men in the room, and one guy  
even reached out to squeeze her tits as they pressed through the tangle. She  
squirmed away, and he was soon lost in the crush. To Stacy's blurred  
perceptions, the trip across the crowded room was a nightmare passage of  
smoke and noise, with the occasional leering face thrust out at her through the  
haze.  
She was thankful when they reached the comparative quiet of the kitchen, but  
this too was fairly crowded, and Jim continued leading them along. They  
passed through the kitchen, down a short hallway and, finally, to a closed door.  
  
Jim halted in front of that door and looked back at Sharon.  
  
"Everything OK?" he asked, glancing at Stacy. Stacy looked around wildly, beginning to panic. What was happening here?  
  
Sharon pulled her head down and whispered into her ear. "These are my  
friends," she hissed. "Keep them happy. If you're smart, you'll relax and  
enjoy it. Fuck up, and..." Sharon looked up and smiled at Jim.  
  
"Fine," she told him. "She's all ready. She loves this sort of thing.  
She's really hot."  
  
Stacy started to mumble a protest, but before she could form the words,  
Jim had opened the door and Sharon had pushed her into the room. Jim  
followed her in, closing the door behind him.  
  
Left alone in the hall, Sharon leaned against the door and pulled out a  
cigarette. She'd give them a few minutes to get going and then head in  
herself.  
She reached down and patted the bulk of the video camera in her purse. She  
didn't want to miss any of the action.  
  
Stacy's memories of that night in the room consisted almost entirely of  
a series of unconnected images and sensations, as if her conscious mind had  
shut itself off, acknowledging sensations only when they became too strong to  
shut out.  
  
The room had been full of men, many of them as big as Jim. There was a  
large bed in the middle of the room. The men had cheered as she had stumbled  
inside, and Stacy had immediately been picked up and thrown down onto the  
bed. She tried to struggle, but it seemed as if her limbs seemed so heavy...  
  
Jim was first.  
  
He pulled up the zipper on her skirt and tore it off. While she had  
wriggled and tried to squirm away, he had pulled the pink top up over her  
breasts, leaving it bunched up under her chin. Stacy had moaned and cried as  
he began mauling her tits, but everything seemed so far away. The next thing  
she knew, he was inside her, impossibly big! She groaned as he pumped in and  
out, first with pain, but then with something else. Her stretched cunt began to  
tingle, and a warm feeling spread out through her stomach and up into her  
breasts, causing her nipples to harden and become ultra-sensitive. She  
fought the sensations, but it was a losing battle.  
  
As he continued to thrust in and out, she slipped her arms around his  
neck and crushed her face to his. Momentarily surprised, he began to kiss back,  
and their tongues entwined frantically. A few moments later, she threw back her  
head and screamed as she was overtaken by an intense orgasm. The first of  
many that night. He came a few seconds later, pumping sperm into her wet pussy.  
  
After that first orgasm, everything became a blur...  
  
...another man was on top of her now, pumping in and out. His cock  
making a squelching sound in her wet pussy. She tried to kiss him, wanting to feel  
his tongue on hers, but a second man slipped his cock into her panting mouth.  
She fondled her own breasts with one hand while holding onto the second man's  
cock as it slid in and out of her mouth...  
  
...the room seemed awfully bright all of a sudden, but before her mind  
cold explore this thought, the cock in her mouth began to spurt jism.  
Greedily, she sucked at it as fast as she could, but some sperm spilt out over her  
face. She was scraping it up with her fingers and stuffing it into her mouth when  
a second cock slid in. She moaned and began to massage it with her aching  
tongue...  
  
...she was on her hands and knees now, her arms wrapped around a pair  
of legs and her mouth wrapped around a thick cock. Behind her, a man finished  
coming and pulled out. She whined and wiggled her bottom, desperate for more  
cock. She felt man kneel down behind her, but instead of putting his cock  
into her pussy, he thrust it suddenly into her virgin asshole. She squealed and  
tried to move away, but a pair of hands in her hair kept her face firmly  
impaled on a cock.  
  
Eventually, however, the pain went away, and a new kind of warmth  
spread through her. She came twice before the cock in her asshole started to spray  
sperm up her ass...  
  
...she lay on her back, her legs spread wide and bent upwards over her  
head. A man lay on top of her, pumping frantically. His mouth was wide open,  
and a thin line of drool spilt out and fell onto her face. She opened her  
mouth to receive it...  
  
...she lay in between two men, impaled upon their cocks. One man, the  
one beneath her, had his cock up her pussy, and the one on top was thrusting in  
and out of her asshole. The combined sensations sent her into a flurry of loud  
orgasms. A third cock was stuffed into her panting mouth...  
  
Blackness...  
  
Stacy jerked suddenly awake as cold water splashed in her face. She was  
lying on her back on a warm, sticky mattress. Sharon stood over her with an  
empty cup.  
  
"Rise and shine," she said brightly. "It's time to go." Sharon left the room and walked into an adjoining bathroom.  
  
Groaning, Stacy tried to sit up. The sheets stuck to her back as she pulled herself vertical. Her body was covered with bruises and scrapes, and her pussy and asshole ached as if they had been scraped raw. Abruptly, she began to wail as the memories of the previous hours' activities began to return.  
Sharon found her trembling on the bed a few minutes later when she returned with  
Stacy's clothes.  
  
"None of that," she admonished. "I know you had a good time tonight.  
Don't start complaining now." She threw the clothing at Stacy. "Get dressed. We're  
going."  
  
Still trembling, Stacy disentangled her battered body from the sticky  
sheets. Her entire front was coated with a crust of dried sperm. Slowly, she  
pulled the leather skirt on and zipped it up. The pink shirt was ripped  
across the stomach, but she just slipped it over her head and pulled it down. The  
boots went on last. Shakily, she straightened up, and was led by Sharon  
through the house and out the front door. The living room was now almost deserted, inhabited only by a handful of couples sleeping together on the various  
couches. The two girls made it unobserved to Stacy's car. Sharon started the  
car, and they drove off.  
  
Stacy finally managed to stop shaking.  
  
Sharon glanced over at her as she drove. "That's better. There were  
only eight of them. Not much for a slut like you."  
  
Stacy looked over in disbelief. "E-eight?" The charm bracelet jingled  
as she brought her hand up to her mouth. She felt like she was going to be  
sick.  
  
"That's right," Sharon answered. "The offensive line of the BCN Barracudas." The football team.  
  
Stacy leaned back and closed her eyes. "Eight more down, I guess," she  
mumbled.  
  
Sharon laughed. "Nope. Those ones don't count for our little game. They  
weren't students at Greenwood."  
  
Stacy sat up and looked over, unable to stop the tears flowing down her  
face. "T-then why?"  
  
"I needed the money," Sharon answered simply. "They paid me fifty bucks  
each." At this, Stacy began to wail and sob in earnest. "Don't worry,"  
Sharon comforted, deliberately misunderstanding. "You'll get some of it. I'll cut  
you in for ten percent."  
  
Stacy's tears had dried by the time the car reached Sharon's house.  
Reminding the older girl that she was staying the night, Sharon led her  
downstairs to her bedroom.  
  
"You'll be sleeping on the couch," she announced. Stacy, exhausted,  
stumbled over and collapsed onto the small couch. Chuckling, Sharon walked  
over and stuffed forty dollars down the top of Stacy's shirt.  
  
"There you are," she whispered, running her fingers through Stacy's  
sperm-encrusted hair. "There's your ten percent. Good job."  
  
Stacy fell asleep crying, curled up on Sharon's couch...

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART SIX)  
  
"Cool."  
  
Neil leaned forward and watched intently as Stacy, completely naked,  
was simultaneously fucked by two men: one from behind as she knelt "doggie  
style" on all fours with her legs slightly spread, and one from the front. At  
first, her face had been hidden from the camera by her blonde hair, which fell in  
waves over her right shoulder, but Sharon had slowly circled the action and,  
after a brief shot of the back of some guy's sweaty ass moving back and  
forth, began to film from the other side, where Stacy's features could be seen  
clearly. Her left hand clutched the base of the guy's cock as she bobbed her  
cum-splattered face up and down. The charm bracelet, festooned with shiny,  
silver "F"s, glittered merrily in the light. There was a brief break in this  
movement as she pulled her mouth free and teased the head of the cock with  
her tongue, but then her lips re-encircled the penis, and her head resumed the  
up-down movement. Her loud moans and grunts could be easily heard above the  
rhythmic slurping sounds; she was clearly enjoying herself.  
  
The camera moved on; it continued panning, sliding steadily down  
Stacy's glistening, sweaty body and focusing on her ass as it wiggled about on the  
impaling cock like a fish caught on a hook. Just as the settled on this  
shot, the guy fucking her from behind stiffened and came. A few seconds later, he  
pulled out, leaving a thin trail of white sperm dribbling down Stacy's leg.  
The camera pulled back and then zoomed in on her ass and pussy - both glistening  
and wet with cum - and held the shot as another fellow moved into position  
and inserted his cock, this time into her ass rather than the pussy. The  
soundtrack clearly recorded a squeal of pleasure from the impaled teenager, as Stacy accepted the cock and began grinding her ass back and forth on it.  
  
"Jeez, this is great stuff."  
  
Neil was more than a little impressed. He hadn't even known that  
anything of this nature was going on. Indeed, he had felt a momentary twinge of anger when Gary had told him what Sharon had arranged for Stacy - he had felt a  
bit left out lately, as Gary and Sharon more and more seemed to be taking charge  
with Stacy - but he couldn't remain angry. He was not so stupid that he  
failed to realize that this whole arrangement was only possible because Gary had  
seen the possibilities that day in English class. If it had been left to Neil, he  
would probably have blurted out his accusations in front of the class, and  
that would have been the end of it. Instead, they now had a hold on Stacy that  
let them force her to do anything! How could he complain about Gary being in  
charge?  
  
On screen, Stacy was taking advantage of the fact that her mouth was  
temporarily empty of cock, and was busily licking strands of sperm from her  
fingers. Neil turned to Gary and Sharon who were sitting together on the  
couch behind him.  
  
"She's really into it," he commented enthusiastically. "Did you use the  
drugs?"  
  
"Yeah," Sharon answered. "A double dose this time. As you can see, it  
worked like a charm."  
  
The sound of Stacy's screams from the TV indicated an impending orgasm.  
  
"She was really hot."  
  
The teenagers fell silent and watched as Stacy experienced a violent  
orgasm, her fourth since the beginning of the tape.  
  
"We made four hundred bucks," Sharon continued after Stacy's screams  
had died away. "And the football team wants her back again next weekend."  
  
"Are you gonna make her go?" Neil turned away from the couch as he  
asked the question, his eyes focusing on the screen where Stacy moaned and fondled her small breasts.  
  
Behind him, Sharon looked at Gary, leaving the decision to him.  
  
"I don't think so," he answered. "At least not right away. We don't  
want to burn her out. Let's leave it for something special. We are selling them  
this tape though; they're paying another hundred bucks for it."  
  
"That's five hundred bucks." Neil tore his attention away from the  
screen. "A lot of money." He looked up at Gary.  
  
"Don't worry," his friend answered, smiling his strange smile. "You'll  
get a share. Sharon gave forty dollars to Stacy, so that leaves $460 to split  
three ways."  
  
Neil raised his eyebrows. "Forty dollars to Stacy?"  
  
"Well," Sharon laughed, "she deserved something. She did all the work."  
  
The three friends laughed and went back to watching the video. It was  
coming to the end now, and Stacy was being simultaneously fucked by three  
guys, one in the ass, one in her cunt and one in her mouth. She moaned and  
wriggled as her body was filled with cock from three different angles. Finally, the  
three cocks came, each spurting sperm into its particular orifice as Stacy  
orgasmed twice more. The video faded to black as Stacy, wet and crusty with  
cum, curled up on the damp, sticky mattress, still moaning and sucking the  
sperm from her fingers.  
  
"That was great!" Neil leaned forward and shut of the television. "Just  
like being there."  
  
"Well, I hope the guys on the football team are happy with it. They're  
paying for it." Sharon stopped the video and pushed the rewind button on the  
remote. The tape began to whirl backwards in the video machine.  
  
Neil got to his feet and began to pace.  
  
"You know," he said thoughtfully, "we could make a lot more money out  
of this if we wanted. I bet there are people who would pay big bucks for this  
tape; I mean besides the guys from the college."  
  
"Not this tape," Gary answered. "It's just for the guys at BCN. The  
last thing we need is the bloody college football team coming after us. But I  
have given that some thought."  
  
Sharon looked over at him, surprised. This was the first that she had  
heard of it.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I mean," he told her, "why not make a little money selling some pictures?"  
  
"Like the video?" Neil asked.  
  
"No. I don't think that we can put together a professional enough  
product for that. This tape was OK as a souvenir for the guys at the college, but we  
have no way of editing it or anything else. I mean still pictures." He  
looked over at Sharon. "You're uncle let you use his studio last year, right?"  
  
Sharon nodded her agreement, beginning to understand what he was  
getting at. Her uncle did portrait photography, and had a studio near the centre of  
town. Last year, he had allowed her to use the studio and darkroom for her  
photography class project. He had told her that she could use it any time  
she wanted.  
  
"So, with the studio and darkroom..."  
  
"We can take professional shots!" Neil completed the sentence. "It's  
fuckin' perfect."  
  
"But what about selling them?" Sharon was sceptical. There was more to  
this than just taking the pictures.  
  
"I've been communicating with some photographers over a BBS," Gary told  
her.  
  
Neil looked confused. "BBS?"  
  
Gary ignored him. "I expect I can get some contacts through them. Or at  
least some addresses. I'm sure there are lots of magazines which would pay  
good money for pictures of someone like Stacy."  
  
"And what do we tell Stacy?" Sharon was still sceptical. "We told her  
we'd keep this all a secret if she played along." Sharon was more curious than  
concerned. Their promise to Stacy meant nothing to her.  
  
"No." Gary smiled."We told her that we wouldn't release the tapes of  
her cheating on the English exam and fucking with Neil. We said nothing about  
any pictures we might take in the future. Besides, we won't be selling these  
pictures to mainstream magazines. I doubt anyone in town will see them.  
Including Stacy. Probably."  
  
"Well... OK." Sharon was convinced. "I'll set it up with my uncle for  
later this week."  
  
"Fuckin A!" Neil was excited. "I can't wait."

Stacy's short skirt was once again bunched up around her waist. Her  
sleek legs were spread wide, and wrapped around the bulky form of Bob Pearson as  
he pistoned his cock brutally in and out of her dry pussy. They were in one of  
the supply rooms at Greenwood; Stacy's ass was propped up on a narrow shelf and  
her back was against the wall as Barry fucked her. In vain, she tried to  
re-discover some of the excitement of the previous weekend up at BCN. Her  
responses that night had been more than a little degrading, but at least she  
had been able to deal with the sex without this pain; perhaps even get a  
little enjoyment out of it.  
  
No matter how hard she tried, however, she was unable to feel anything  
other than the intense pain of the ordeal, as Barry's large cock sawed in  
and out of her raw pussy.  
  
'Please,' she thought wearily as he panted and grunted his lust,  
'please come!'  
  
Just let it be over.  
  
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As instructed, Stacy showed up at the photography studio at 8:00 PM two  
nights later. The mid-December weather was unusually cold, and she was  
wearing a heavy denim jacket over her jeans and sweater. She was, however, carrying a duffel bag which contained some clothing of a less practical nature. Sharon had ordered Stacy to bring along various items of apparel, such as underwear, stockings, short skirts and, in particular, a couple of swimsuits from last  
year's swim team. Stacy had been apprehensive, but she was now pretty much  
past the stage of arguing or pleading. It never did any good. All that mattered  
was that she reach number sixty-five before the end of the year. She had managed  
number fifteen earlier that day (her pussy still ached); only fifty more to  
go! At her wrist, the rapidly filling charm bracelet attested to her "success".  
  
The studio itself was basically a large, high-ceilinged single room  
with a cloth backdrop against the rear wall. The backdrop was a neutral white,  
designed to take on the hue of whatever colored light was being directed at  
it. There was a long metal bar on the ceiling which held a number of different  
lights set there for this purpose. The floor in front of the backdrop was  
covered by a dark mat. In front of this mat was another bank of lights, not  
colored, and a camera. At the back of the room was a wooden door with a red  
light hanging above it; a small sign identified it as the darkroom.  
  
"Stacy."  
  
Gary walked up to her as she stood by the door, put his arm over her  
shoulder, and directed her into the room. Stacy shuddered slightly at his  
touch, but allowed herself to be led. Sharon, standing behind the camera,  
looked over and smirked. There was a belch from the back of the room; Stacy  
looked over and saw Neil, sitting back against the wall with his feet  
propped up on a small table and a beer in his hand. He grinned over at her and  
raised the beer can in mock greeting. Behind her, the door to the studio clicked  
shut.  
  
Sharon made a small adjustment to the camera, and then walked over to  
where Gary had begun emptying out the contents of Stacy's duffel bag onto  
the floor.  
  
"Let's see what we've got," she muttered, sorting through the clothes.  
Stacy watched, numb and frightened, as Sharon and Gary sorted through the  
various items of apparel, rejecting some and laughing at others.  
  
"Don't forget this stuff." Neil had left his seat and was approaching  
with another bag, the contents of which he dumped onto the floor beside Stacy's  
clothes. It contained a number of leather and rubber outfits, including,  
Stacy noted queasily, the outfit she had worn up at BCN last weekend. She  
swallowed, fighting to keep her features impassive; she had resolved not to let them see her cry again.  
  
Finally, they were done. Gary looked up at her.  
  
"You know what's going on?" He gestured towards the camera.  
  
Stacy nodded reluctantly.  
  
"Yes," she answered. It hadn't been difficult to figure out. She had  
cried in her bedroom when Gary had ordered her to show up at the photography  
studio with the clothing, but she wasn't going to cry now. She wasn't going to give  
them the satisfaction.  
  
Gary grinned. "Then let's get started." He turned to his girlfriend.  
"Sharon?"  
  
"Yeah, OK," Sharon nodded, "but let's give her a drink first. It's  
going to be hot under those lights."  
  
Stacy looked up. Huh?  
  
Sharon picked up an open can of coke from a nearby table and handed it  
to her. "Drink up," she instructed. "We don't want you fainting on the set.  
We've got lots of stuff to get through tonight."  
  
Confused, Stacy did as ordered; she drank the coke and handing the  
empty can back to the impatiently waiting Sharon.  
  
The other girl nodded and took the bottle.  
  
"OK," she announced, "I think we'll start with..."  
  
Stacy spent the next few hours in front of the lights, running through  
countless degrading poses in dozens of different outfits. Humiliatingly,  
they started her out with some of her own clothes which she had brought:  
mini-skirt, blouse and high heels.  
  
"Look at the camera."  
  
The colored lights placed her in front of a soft, yellow backdrop. As  
instructed, Stacy looked at the camera.  
  
"Lean forward... legs apart."  
  
She bent down and spread her legs, causing the skirt to ride up. Her  
blonde hair, combed out straight, hung down over her left shoulder, framing  
her breasts for the camera. Behind the bank of lights, her three tormentors were  
only shadowed silhouettes. Stacy was reminded of her dreams of stripping in  
front of such lights.  
  
"Open the blouse... now cup your breasts and look sexy. Keep looking  
up; we want to see your face."  
  
Her hands trembled as they undid the buttons. She had known it would  
come to this, but it was still so hard; particularly in front of the camera. She  
cupped her small breasts in her hands, involuntarily teasing her own  
nipples. They hardened immediately. Would they notice?  
  
"That's it. Nice nipples. Now, lick your lips..."  
  
Stacy wetted her lips and did her best to look sexy and inviting. Her  
nipples stayed hard.  
  
"Bend over a bit more... let's see some more leg..."  
  
Then they dressed her in one of her old swimsuits, now at least one  
size too small:  
  
"That's right... other way, now..."  
  
Stacy stood, side on to the camera. They had soaked the suit before  
dressing her in it, and it clung tenaciously to every curve. Worse, the cold  
water caused her nipples to become hard again, and it was plainly visible  
through the thin swimsuit.  
  
"Shoulders back... good, that pushes out your tits... play with the  
nipples, make them nice and hard... there you go..."  
  
Stacy flushed red.  
  
"OK... now run your hand through your hair... look like you need a good  
fuck..."  
  
Stacy did as ordered. She slid her fingers through her blonde hair,  
shaking it out at the back as she did so. She was beginning to feel a queer  
sort of arousal in the pit of her stomach. She fought to hide it, but it was  
difficult to do while trying to look sexy.  
  
Then came the outfit she had worn for the party at BCN. It quickly  
became apparent to Stacy that they had not cleaned it since that night; it stank of  
dried sweat and sperm.  
  
This time, Sharon put on some music, and had Stacy dance a slow  
striptease. Neil called encouragement as Stacy slowly divested herself of  
first the cum-encrusted shirt, and then the tight leather skirt.  
  
And, just like in her dream, she became more and more aroused...  
  
A short break to re-load the camera while Stacy stood, panting  
slightly, in front of the lights. She was naked from the previous stripping, save only  
for the leather, high-heeled boots. Neil came over and played with her  
sweaty tits until it was time for a new outfit.  
  
Stacy fought hard not to respond...  
  
Finally, it was over.  
  
Stacy stood, drained and sweaty in the last outfit she had modelled, a  
tight, pink rubber dress which left bare as much as it concealed. It was cut  
low on her neckline, leaving her chest bare down to the upper curve of her  
tits (at one point in the session, she had been ordered to pop her tits out of  
the dress, but they were re-covered now). The dress also left her arms exposed  
up to the shoulder, and only covered her upper thighs down to just below her  
crotch. Her legs were clearly displayed, taut and sleek in the black pumps.  
Sharon had done her hair up in a tight bun, giving her a severe, sexy look.  
  
Neil slipped behind her, reached around and began playing with her  
breasts through the thin rubber as Gary and Sharon clicked off the lights and began  
storing the film. Involuntarily, Stacy moaned, but didn't pull away. Her  
nipples hardened and a trickle of sweat dribbled down between her breasts as  
they strained against the latex. Neil began kissing her neck.  
  
Gary looked over and smiled. Stacy's eyes were closed and her mouth  
slightly parted as she leaned back to accept Neil's attentions. Her body was  
clearly beginning to respond. This seemed like a good time to bring up...  
  
"Oh, Stacy." Stacy opened up her eyes and stiffened, remembering where  
she was.  
  
"I heard that Barry Packard asked you out last a little while ago and  
you refused. Is that true?"  
  
Stacy bit her lip apprehensively, but nodded. She recognized the tone  
of voice Gary was using; something bad was going to happen. Behind her, Neil  
reached down with one hand and began massaging her pussy through the latex  
dress. The other hand continued to fondle her tits. Subconsciously, she  
began to squirm back against him.  
  
"Well," Gary continued, "from now on, there'll no more of that. If one  
of your 'lovers' wants a re-match, you agree to it."  
  
"What?!" Stacy tried to move forward, but Neil held her tight. "What  
are you talking about?" Neil popped one of her breasts out from the dress and  
began teasing the nipple. Stacy tried to ignore it.  
  
"That wasn't a rule."  
  
"It's a new rule," Sharon told her, grinning. "From now on, once a  
guy's fucked you, you can't say 'no' to him until you've finished all sixty-five."  
  
Stacy's features began to quiver. She had resolved not to cry, but this  
was too much. A tear trickled down her cheek as she considered the  
implications of what was being said.  
  
"B-but... there'll be no end of it. I'll have to do it all the time."  
Her mind, now cloudy with lust, struggled to find objections.  
  
"When am I supposed to study or do other things? There are exams coming  
up!"  
  
Sharon laughed outright at that. Stacy had just been told that she had  
to agree to fuck almost any guy that asked, and she was complaining about not  
being able to study for exams!  
  
"Don't worry about the exams," Gary told her. "We'll get you the test  
papers ahead of time. Hell, we'll even do it for free this time." The three  
of them laughed as Stacy began to cry in earnest.  
  
"Besides," Gary continued, "it's not all bad news. We've decided to let  
you earn some pocket money while you're doing it."  
  
"What?"  
  
"From now on, you charge five bucks for a repeat fuck."  
  
Stacy looked at him in horror.  
  
"The first one's free, but repeat service costs five bucks." He looked  
over at Neil. "Except," he continued, "for Neil, of course. He gets it for  
free."  
  
If possible, Stacy's sobs became louder. No matter how bad things  
became, they always managed to make them a little worse. Or a lot worse!  
  
Gary and Sharon continued packing up as Neil slipped his hand under the  
short dress and began to play with her pussy directly. Stacy shuddered and  
then relaxed back into his chest, defeated. There was no use resisting it. She  
began to pant as Neil pushed his middle finger into her now-moist cunt.  
  
When Gary and Sharon finally left the room, she was sitting on top of  
Neil's erection, riding it up and down, the pink dress bunched up around her  
waist.  
  
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Stacy was slumped forward on the desk. Her head was cradled sideways in  
her arms, spilling blonde hair in waves out over the wooden desktop. Outside  
the closed office door, the grade eight students she was supposed to be  
supervising were yelling and running about, her usually well-structured  
Recreation course having dissolved into chaos in her absence.  
  
She didn't care. She was too tired to care. She hadn't even changed  
into her usual gym outfit for the class, instead just stumbling around the  
gymnasium in her green tweed dress, barely getting the class started before retreating to the office. She just didn't care anymore.  
  
Last night she had attended Ashley's Christmas party and, in the course  
of the evening, had managed to have sex with four different guys: two blowjobs  
and two fucks. Actually, it had been five guys, but one of them had turned out  
not to be a student at Greenwood, and Stacy no longer counted the non-students.  
That brought her total up to twenty: twenty different guys, and twenty shiny  
"F"s on her imprisoned wrist. Only forty-five more to go. Only! Her pussy  
ached at the thought.  
  
As was happening so often these days, Stacy found herself fighting back  
the urge to cry. How had she fallen into this trap? How had such a little  
thing as cheating on a math test led her into the kind of life she was now  
leading? Looking back, she could see how Gary - it must have been Gary; Neil wasn't anywhere near smart or subtle enough to plan this sort of thing - had slowly  
escalated the incidents of blackmail and humiliation until all her options  
had disappeared. Even now, if it had just been the original session at Neil's,  
she might be tempted to rebel - perhaps even turn to the police - but Gary had  
since then taken it even further. Now, there were the pictures taken at the  
photography studio and the awful video-tape of that night at BCN, where  
Sharon had turned her into a whore! Sharon had shown the tape to her the day after the photo session. How could anyone believe her story after seeing her enjoying herself so much? She could barely believe it herself. What had happened to her? Sex was usually so degrading and painful; why had it felt so good? Still,  
whatever the reason, there was no way out; no one would believe her now.  
  
So, she took the path of least resistance, and did what they wanted.  
  
It had been three days since the session at the photography studio, and  
she was unable to get it out of her mind. It was not just the fact that the  
pictures had been taken. That was terrible enough, and she was thoroughly  
frightened about what would be done with the resulting photographs. Gary had  
told her that they were just for "personal use" (whatever that meant), but  
how could she trust him? It was not just the fact that she could no longer  
refuse to have sex with the guys she had already fucked; that was bad, but she  
thought she could control matters so that very few of them invited her out again. As long as it was kept quiet, it shouldn't be too much of a problem. It was not  
even the sex with Neil; he had fucked her a number of times already, and it  
was getting to be almost routine.  
  
What frightened her about the session in the studio was the way she had  
responded to the situation, and, later, to Neil. By the time he had pushed  
up her dress and forced her to impale herself upon his rigid cock, she had been  
so excited that she had experienced an orgasm within seconds of penetration. In  
the fucking that followed, she had cum twice more, moaning and squirming  
like some kind of slut-bitch on Neil's cock.  
  
As was the case with the session at BCN, she was not sure how she felt  
about this. On one hand, she was being forced to do horribly degrading  
things and it was as if her own body was betraying her by allowing her to respond  
sexually. What kind of girl - what kind of a slut - would enjoy the kind of  
obscene activity which had occurred at BCN? On the other hand, it looked  
very much like she had very little choice in the matter. She was trapped, and  
would have to fuck countless guys in the next few months. Given that this was  
going to happen anyway, wouldn't it be better to get at least some enjoyment out  
of it? If nothing else, she could do without the constant pain of her pussy  
being rubbed raw as a result of her being dry at the wrong time.  
  
What she needed was some way to control the excitement. Some way to  
allow her to do what she had to do with a minimum of pain, but which would allow  
her to control herself so that her surrender would not be complete. Some way  
to...  
  
Her thoughts were interrupted by a soft knock on the door. She glanced  
at her watch and saw that it was after 3:15; class was over. She patted down  
her green tweed dress and shook her blonde hair, unconsciously adjusting her  
appearance. That must be...  
  
It was. The door swung open to reveal a grinning Tim, followed closely  
by Dennis. Stacy groaned, but gestured for them to enter the office for their  
weekly session.  
  
There must be some better way to deal with this!  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Ashley Peters stood, giggling, in a cluster of friends in a doorway  
near the water fountain. The girls were pulling a nasty practical joke, and were  
waiting for the victim to arrive. Even among this group, basically the most  
popular (ie. beautiful) girls at Greenwood, Ashley stood out as something  
special. She was taller than any of the other girls, but still well-rounded  
in all of the important places, particularly her breasts. Indeed, the only  
other girl at school that was in her league was Stacy Richards, but while Stacy  
was small and perfectly proportioned, Ashley was big-boned and extremely well  
endowed, particularly for an eighteen year-old. Where Stacy had a finely  
chiselled face and high cheek bones, Ashley's face was wide and generous,  
with thick, pouty lips and wide brown eyes. Where Stacy had shoulder length  
blonde hair, Ashley was a brunette, with a thick, reddish-brown mane of hair that  
fell halfway down her back. In short, Stacy's was a hard, athletic beauty, while  
Ashley was softer and more luxurious: equally beautiful, but in an entirely  
different manner.  
  
The two girls were, of course, rivals, but only in a relaxed, friendly  
way. There was simply no need for them to compete, for boys or otherwise.  
The only real point of contention was the title of Homecoming Queen, and Ashley  
had - more or less - conceded it to Stacy the previous year. Stacy's school  
activities, from cheerleading to the track and swim team to supervising the  
grade eight "Rec" class, made her almost certain to take the title instead  
of Ashley, whose list of school activities was somewhat shorter (or, in truth,  
non-existent). Life was too short, she figured. So, the two girls ruled over  
their little clique in a co-operative fashion, acknowledging the other's  
attributes without conceding superiority.  
  
Ashley noticed Stacy coming out of a doorway at the other end of the  
hall, followed by a couple of grade eight jerks. She looked a little dishevelled,  
but Ashley put it down to the activity of the "Rec" class.  
  
"Stacy," Ashley called after her, eager to have her share in the joke,  
but Stacy didn't seem to hear, and moved down the hall away from the group. The  
two boys followed close behind. Ashley narrowed her eyes as she watched her  
friend turn a corner and disappear from view. Stacy had been acting a little  
strange lately. She wondered if...  
  
"She's coming!"  
  
Stephanie, who had been watching around the corner, whispered the  
warning and stepped back, out of sight. Ashley dropped Stacy from her mind and  
joined the group as they watched expectantly.  
  
They didn't have long to wait. Karen Williamson walked, unsuspecting,  
around the corner and up to her locker. The heavy, dark-haired girl didn't  
notice Ashley's group as they watched from the doorway. The trap was sprung!  
As she pulled the locker door open, hundreds of sheets of paper slid out and  
onto the floor in front of, and around, the locker. Each sheet had been carefully  
torn from various Playboy and other,similar, magazines, depicting beautiful  
women in some stage of undress. Karen watched, stunned, as more and more  
paper fell out of her locker. Ashley and her group could contain themselves no  
longer, and finally broke out into raucous laughter as more and more people  
in the hallway stopped and stared. As well as putting the loose sheets in the  
locker, they had pasted up a number of pictures on the door and walls of  
Karen's locker. The people in the hallway began to laugh as Karen turned  
red, and then began to cry with embarrassment.  
  
Satisfied with the damage, Ashley led her group away from the scene of  
their victory as more and more people joined the crowd of students laughing  
at and taunting their unfortunate victim as she crawled around on her hands and  
knees trying to recover the pictures.  
  
If they had stayed a little longer, they might have noticed Sharon  
Stevens, who had watched the whole incident develop, walk up to the  
humiliated Karen and start talking to her in a hushed voice.  
  
Karen quickly stopped crying and began to listen intently.

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART SEVEN)  
  
Karen ran her fingers through her curly brown hair and looked around  
the bedroom, feeling useless and out of place with nothing to do. Neil and Gary  
were busily removing a shelf from the second, smaller closet while Sharon  
wandered about the room with a light meter, alternately taking readings and  
making adjustments on the video camera set up on a tripod in the main closet  
(no need to remove any shelves there). Even Stacy was hard at work, albeit  
reluctantly; she was taking, trip by trip, the small mountain of clothing  
which had previously filled the smaller closet and carrying it to a different  
room.  
She was quiet and sullen, but she did what she was told.  
  
It was all so unbelievable! Even after Sharon had told her everything -  
even after they had showed her all of those pictures - Karen still found it  
hard to credit the story. Stacy, the Princess of Greenwood, the perfect  
Ice-Queen Bitch, being forced to fuck dozens of different guys at school in  
order to keep secret the fact that she was cheating on exams! If Karen had  
read it in a story (and she had read a few stories of this type), she would still  
have found it difficult to swallow. Really, though, it had been the  
pictures that had finally convinced her. After Sharon had talked to her that day in  
school when Ashley and her friends had stuffed Karen's locker with those  
magazine pictures, Gary had shown her the set of photographs taken earlier  
in the week at a downtown studio. There was no way that Stacy would do  
something like that willingly, particularly the last two outfits. The sight of Stacy  
in (and then out of) the black leather mini-skirt and, later, in the pink latex  
dress had left Karen damp with excitement, despite the fact that Stacy  
wasn't her type. No, not her type at all. Karen preferred larger girls;  
particularly brunettes. Girls like Ashley.  
  
When they had arrived at Stacy's house that Saturday morning, the week  
after New Year's, Karen had been expecting Stacy to slam the door in their  
faces. Even after all the proof she had been shown, she had still expected  
that. It hadn't happened, though. Stacy had opened the door and let them in  
without a word. She looked angry, and more than a little bit unhappy, but  
she let them in. Still, it wasn't until Neil put his hand behind Stacy's neck  
and drew her in for a long, protracted kiss that Karen at last fully accepted  
everything that she had been told. Stacy didn't exactly co-operate, but she  
didn't pull away either. And from the way her mouth was working, she was  
definitely returning the kiss. Unbelievable! Yet it was happening. And if  
that was happening, perhaps Sharon's plan for Ashley might work as well. Karen  
trembled as a small shiver of excitement shot through her pudgy body.  
  
Her type. Girls like Ashley...  
  
Neil removed the last screw and handed it to Gary who carefully put it  
in his pocket. The final shelf slid out neatly, leaving the bottom half of the  
closet completely open. (The shelves on the top half were more permanently  
affixed.) There was just enough space for one person if they sat down with  
their legs curled up. That was going to be Sharon's post. Neil was thankful  
about that. There was no way he was going to spend several hours in that  
cramped space. He was going to be in the bigger closet with Gary and Karen.  
There was really no need for him to be there, as Gary had pointed out, but  
he wanted to be part of things again.  
  
He wanted to see Stacy in action...  
  
Sharon looked critically through the camera's viewfinder. The angle  
wasn't the best in the world - it wasn't even as good as it had been in Neil's  
bedroom - but it would have to do. As long as the light was OK, the pictures should  
turn out alright. >From where she would be sitting in the small closet, she  
could get pictures of the bed and most of the bedroom, but she was a little  
low to get the best angle for any action on the bed. And the action on the bed,  
of course, was the whole point of these arrangements. As well, she was forced  
to take the pictures through the slats in the closet door. It worked fairly  
well as long as she kept the camera flush against the door, but it limited her  
options. It would also force her to lean forward uncomfortably when taking  
pictures.  
  
It was, however, the best they could do, and there was still the video  
camera in the walk-in closet. Perhaps if Stacy's parents had left the night  
before as planned they would have had time to make further modifications to  
Stacy's bedroom, but the parents had delayed their departure until  
mid-morning on Saturday. Hence, The three friends had only had a couple of hours  
Saturday morning until Ashley was to arrive. Not the best of circumstances in which  
to accomplish so tricky an objective, but things weren't going too badly.  
  
Now, as long as nothing else went wrong...  
  
Gary finished giving his final instructions to Stacy and gave her one  
final look. She appeared quite stunning in her short skirt and pink blouse,  
her blonde hair combed in waves over one shoulder. Sharon had both chosen the  
outfit and done up the hair, treating Stacy like some big barbie doll to be  
dressed and groomed at will. Stacy looked great and Gary approved; if that  
didn't work, nothing would. A quick glance around the bedroom revealed  
nothing out of place. Sharon was safely out of sight in the small closet, and Neil  
and Karen were sitting side by side in the back of the walk-in. A quick check in  
the upstairs bathroom reveal that Karen's "props" were in place.  
  
Everything was ready.  
  
Right on cue, the doorbell rang downstairs. Gary looked Stacy in the eye.  
  
"Showtime," he told her, smiling at the hint of panic in her eyes. "You  
know what to do."  
  
Stacy swallowed nervously, but nodded her agreement. She knew what to  
do; it had been made very clear to her. Gary gestured for her to answer the  
door. When she left the bedroom, he turned and squeezed past the video camera and into the closet, pulling the door shut behind him...  
  
Stacy stopped momentarily on her way down the stairs to answer the  
doorbell and took a deep breath; she needed to steady her nerves. Of all the  
things they had forced her to do in the last couple of months, this was  
quite possibly the most difficult. As first, she had absolutely refused. Even when  
Sharon had made all the usual threats, Stacy would not go through with it.  
She had to draw the line somewhere. But when Gary had offered her ten credits -  
ten less guys to fuck - she had wavered and finally given in. She would do what  
they wanted. Ten less guys to fuck! That would be worth it. That would be  
worth almost anything.  
  
And besides, what did she owe Ashley anyway?  
  
Stacy was jarred from her thoughts by the sound of the doorbell being  
rung a second and then a third time in quick succession.  
  
"Coming," she cried, annoyed, as she quickly jumped down the remaining  
stairs. Despite her irritation and nervousness, she forced a welcoming smile  
onto her face as she pull open the door.  
  
"Ashley," she greeted her friend from school. "Come in."  
  
Ashley accepted the invitation, walking in through the doorway. She was  
wearing a pair of tight jeans and a pink sweater under an expensive leather  
jacket. (Her parents were rich, and she always had the best clothes.) Her  
long, dark hair was done up into a large bun on the back of her head. A large  
leather purse was slung over her shoulder. The two girls exchanged greetings as they walked upstairs to Stacy's room. Their meeting was ostensibly to put  
together some arrangements for a class project in the spring term, but neither  
expected much work to be done. Particularly since Stacy's parents were out of town  
for the weekend and Ashley was staying the night.  
  
Stacy led her friend into her bedroom, and the two girls flopped down  
into comfortable positions - Stacy on the bed and Ashley onto a large floor  
cushion - and began to talk. The discussion at first centred around the recent  
holidays, and Ashley told several funny stories about some visiting  
relatives from back east. As usual, her stories were humorous at someone else's  
expense, and she soon moved onto various people they both knew at school. Soon, as usually happened, the talk zeroed in on Ashley's unfavourable views on  
several of those people. Stacy let Ashley carry the conversation, but talked just  
enough so that her friend would not suspect that something was wrong. Just  
as Gary had promised her a significant reward for success, he had likewise made  
dire warnings regarding the consequences of failure. Stacy was desperate to  
succeed.  
  
After about an hour, Stacy decided that the time had come to set things  
in motion.  
  
"Want something to drink?" she asked, knowing the answer. Ashley was  
staying the night; that would almost certainly mean that the girls would get  
drunk on the contents of Stacy's father's liquor cabinet. Ashley, in  
particular, enjoyed the expensive brand of scotch whisky Stacy's father  
favoured. As expected, Ashley answered in the affirmative, and Stacy left  
the room to get the alcohol.  
  
Sharon sat up as best she could in the cramped confines of the closet  
when she heard Stacy offer Ashley a drink. This was what they had been waiting  
for. Gary had liberally laced Stacy's father's scotch with his now usual mixture  
of drugs. With any luck, things should be underway before long. And not a  
moment too soon; Sharon's legs were beginning to cramp under her.  
  
She checked the settings on her camera...  
  
Stacy bit her lip with apprehension as Ashley took a sip from the  
tumbler. Would she notice anything different about the taste? The moment passed  
without incident, and Stacy sighed with relief, taking a sip of her own drink. Of  
course, why would Ashley notice anything? Stacy herself had twice been  
drugged in this manner - she now realized - and she had never noticed a thing. The  
alcohol effectively masked the taste of the drugs. Stacy took another sip of  
her drink, willingly subjecting herself to the effects of Gary's drugs - she  
would need all the help she could get - and the two girls continued their  
conversation.  
  
By the end of the next hour, both girls were feeling the combined  
affects of the alcohol and the mixture of drugs dissolved within the alcohol. For  
Stacy, it was now almost a familiar experience; the slight drowsiness, the  
sense of dislocation and the increased sensitivity - she had felt it all  
before. Ashley, on the other hand, had never previously experienced the  
effects of these particular drugs. Hence, she put the strange feelings down to the  
effect of alcohol on an empty stomach (she hadn't eaten lunch). In a way, it  
felt kind of pleasant, kind of like drifting, but with a sensual warmth down  
deep in her stomach.  
  
"Another drink?" Stacy got up and took Ashley's now empty glass. Ashley  
started to answer (in the affirmative), but before she could say anything,  
Stacy had hurried out of the room, not even waiting for an answer. Normally,  
Ashley might have found this behaviour extremely puzzling - it was usually  
Ashley who instigated and encouraged the drinking - but her powers of  
perception were somewhat blurred. She got up to stretch her legs and walked  
over to the window. It was getting quite hot in the bedroom, she noticed,  
perhaps she should open a window. She reached up and...  
  
"What are you doing?" Stacy had returned with the two glasses and the  
bottle of scotch.  
  
"I'm just g-going to open the window," Ashley answered, stammering  
slightly in an effort to enunciate the words. The scotch was really  
affecting her. She took a deep breath. "It's hot in here." Her upper lip was damp with perspiration.  
  
"I know," Stacy agreed. She put the glasses down on the table and  
poured two more stiff drinks. "But you can't open the window." She too was being  
careful not to slur her words. "My dad gets pissed off about wasted heat  
during the winter." She crossed the room and handed the full glass to Ashley. "He's  
kinda weird about stuff like that." She shrugged her shoulders  
apologetically.  
  
"But, it's fucking hot in here," Ashley whined, accepting the glass.  
"I'm, like, melting." She swallowed a large mouthful of scotch.  
  
Stacy appeared to think for a moment, and then put down her glass and  
began unbuttoning her blouse.  
  
"Take your sweater off then." In a moment, she was stripped down to her  
bra. Ashley hesitated for a second, but then put the drink down on a side  
table and slipped her pink sweater up over her head, exposing large breasts barely  
constrained by a bra. She pulled the sweater free of her head and shook  
loose her hair (partly destroying carefully constructed bun on the back of her  
head) just in time to see Stacy unclip and remove her bra.  
  
"Stacy!"  
  
Ashley was a little embarrassed. They had seen each other naked often  
enough before and after gym class at school, but not like this. It seemed  
different, somehow, to be standing naked like this in Stacy's bedroom,  
slightly drunk. Still... it was quite hot... and the bra strap got more than a little  
itchy when she sweated... Why not? Shrugging her shoulders, Ashley followed  
suit, slipping the straps of her bra off her shoulders and unfastening the  
bra, revealing her own breasts.  
  
Gary peered intently through the slats on the closet door as Ashley's  
large, firm breasts popped free of confinement and into view. Impressed, he  
brought his still camera up and snapped a quick shot, making certain that  
Stacy, also topless, was in the picture. It was almost time to start running  
the video camera. As he took the picture, he felt a gentle shove from  
behind.  
  
"Let me see," Neil whispered, trying to look over Gary's shoulder and  
around the tripod. Gary pushed him back, frowning. He brought a finger up to  
his lips, gesturing angrily for silence. Did Neil want to fuck it up for  
everyone? Gary pointed towards the floor of the closet, where Karen sat in  
patient silence. Neil looked like he wanted to argue the point, but gave in  
and sat down, sulking.  
  
Gary turned back to the action in the bedroom.  
  
"Here, I'll put that away." Stacy reached over for the sweater and bra,  
"accidentally" brushing the back of her hand across Ashley's tits. Ashley  
flinched slightly, but handed over the clothing without comment. She watched  
as her friend hung them on a hook on the back of the door.  
  
"Thanks."  
  
"No problem." Stacy padded back across the room towards the tall  
brunette. She crossed in front of her - once again brushing against Ashley's breasts - and picked up her friend's glass. "Here's your drink."  
  
As Stacy walked across the room, Ashley couldn't help but notice how  
sleek and fit Stacy looked. Secretly, Ashley wished that she had that kind of body  
- thin, muscular thighs, tight stomach and smallish, firm breasts. Ashley, on  
the other hand, was more lush in form, although her large breasts were firm  
enough to stand up on their own without the aid of a bra. She knew she was  
beautiful - indeed, she took if for granted - but she still admired her friend's  
physique.  
If only...  
  
She was surprised to find her nipples hardening as she watched Stacy.  
Suddenly embarrassed and shy, she turned away and crossed her arms in front  
of her breasts, taking a large sip of the scotch. She quickly regained her  
composure, and the two girls, now topless, resumed their former positions  
and continued the conversation. They carried on talking for another half hour or  
so, with the conversation becoming more and more disjointed as the drugs  
took their affect. Eventually, Stacy asked Ashley to bring the now half-empty  
bottle to her on the bed. Ashley complied, moving carefully in order to compensate  
for the lack of co-ordination brought about by the alcohol, but when she tried  
to move away after handing over the bottle, Stacy gestured for her to lie down  
beside her on the bed.  
  
"What?" Ashley's head was spinning slightly.  
  
"Just lie down," Stacy told her soothingly. "Relax. I think the booze  
is hitting us harder than we expected."  
  
Ashley couldn't argue with that. They were only on their fourth drink  
(or was it the fifth?), and she was feeling a curious dislocation, almost like  
she was looking at events through a long tunnel - as if her mind was somehow  
dislocated from her body. At the same time, however, her nerves seemed  
heightened and more sensitive and there was a curious tingle in the base of  
her stomach. Better lie down, she thought, and allowed Stacy to help her down on  
the bed. Stacy's hands felt cool and dry against her hot skin. They felt  
good. That's better, she told herself, stretching out with her arms by her sides.  
By now, her bun had become unfastened, and her long, brown hair spread out on  
the pillow behind her head. She closed her eyes and relaxed.  
  
A few seconds later, however, she felt a movement on the bed beside  
her. Opening her eyes, she noticed that Stacy was half sitting up, looking down  
at her with a funny expression on her face. Ashley, suddenly worried, tried to  
sit up, but Stacy put her hands on her friend's shoulders and pushed her back  
down.  
"Relax," she murmured, almost whispering. "Just lie there." Her strong hands  
began to rub Ashley's naked shoulders. After a moment, Ashley complied,  
lying back and enjoying the sensation of having her shoulders massaged. It felt so  
good...  
  
It felt even better a few seconds later, as Stacy slowly moved her  
hands downward across the top of Ashley's chest and then down onto her breasts.  
Ashley instinctively tensed and tried to jerk away, but once again Stacy  
calmed her down with a few whispered words. Ashley relaxed again, closing her eyes, as Stacy gently rubbed her large breasts, paying particular attention to her  
now-hard nipples.  
  
Showtime!  
  
Gary had clicked the "play" button on the video camera as soon as Stacy  
had begun fondling Ashley's shoulders. Things were getting hot out there!  
After checking the viewfinder to make certain nothing was being missed, he lifted  
the still camera and began snapping shots as Stacy moved her hands downward  
towards Ashley's tits.  
  
With any luck, Sharon was also getting some good material from her  
place in the small closet.  
  
Eventually, Ashley began to moan quietly with pleasure. The moans grew  
louder as she felt a new sensation on her now ultra-sensitive nipples. She  
opened her eyes to see that Stacy had bent over her and was licking her  
nipples with a small, pink tongue which darted in and out of her mouth. Fully  
aroused, Ashley brought up her hands and began to run her fingers through Stacy's  
blonde hair; her beautiful blonde hair. Her hands stayed there as Stacy slowly  
licked her way up along Ashley's throat and, finally, to her face. After a brief  
moment of hesitation, the two girls kissed each other full on the lips. The  
kiss seemed to last a long, glorious lifetime, as their tongues entwined,  
broke free and then joined again.  
  
Both girls were panting by the time their lips parted...  
  
This was great!  
  
Sharon snapped a close-up of the two girls' first kiss. It couldn't  
have been any better if they had been posing for the camera. Hell, she was  
getting hot just watching the action!  
  
"S-Stacy..." Ashley moaned. "I..."  
  
Stacy silenced her with another kiss. Once again, the kiss was a long  
one, as they explored each other's mouths with their tongues. Stacy resumed  
fondling Ashley's big tits. Whimpering with pleasure, Ashley reciprocated, running  
the palms of her sweaty hands up and down over Stacy's pert breasts. The two  
girls continued kissing and fondling each other for a while before Stacy broke  
away.  
  
"W-what is it?" Ashley asked breathlessly as Stacy sat up.  
  
"Just a second," her friend answered her. "This is going to be so  
good." Stacy slipped off the bed wearing only her skirt and looked over at Ashley  
lying spread out on the mattress. Her friend's hair was in disarray, spread  
messily over the pillow. Ashley's large breasts were covered with a thin  
sheen of sweat which glistened in the light as they rose and fell in time with her  
hurried breathing, the nipples standing firm on top. In spite of herself -  
in spite of everything she knew was going to happen - Stacy was becoming very  
excited. In the back of her mind, she was aware of the presence of Gary and  
Sharon and their cameras, but the drugs obscured that knowledge. The only  
thing that was important was Ashley lying exposed on the mattress, and all the  
wonderful things they were going to do with each other! But first, she had  
to...  
  
"Take off your pants," she ordered, her voice thick with lust. "I'll be  
right back." She moved quickly out of the room.  
  
Ashley complied, quickly slipping her jeans down her long legs and  
kicking them free of her ankles and off of the bed. After a moment's hesitation, she  
repeated this action with her panties. Except for her white socks, she was  
now totally naked. Anxiously awaiting Stacy's return, she moved her hand down  
over her sweaty breasts and onto her moist cunt. Moaning slightly, she rubbed her  
finger over her pussy.  
  
Gary zoomed in on her with the video camera as she masturbated herself.  
After a close-up of her pussy, he panned the camera up her sweat-glistening  
body to her vacant, panting face...  
  
Stacy returned a few moments later with a small container and a hand  
mirror. She stopped in the doorway to watch Ashley masturbate for a few  
moments, but then walked forward and leaned over her squirming friend.  
Ashley, keeping one hand on her pussy, reached up invitingly, but Stacy shook her  
head. "Just a second," she said. "Let's do this first."  
  
Frustrated, Ashley stopped masturbating and sat up as Stacy opened the  
container and spilled some white powder onto the mirror. Her pulse sped up  
as she realized what Stacy was doing. Ashley had smoked some pot and hash at  
school parties, but, contrary to press reports about drug abuse in schools,  
cocaine was still very rare. She had seen it once before, but never actually  
tried it. The thought of it made her nervous.  
  
"Stacy..."  
  
"Just try it," Stacy interrupted. "It'll make the sex a million times  
better."  
  
As if demonstrating, Stacy pulled out a narrow tube and inhaled a line  
of coke up one nostril. After sniffing for a few seconds, she repeated the  
action with the other nostril. Ashley watched, impressed in spite of herself. She  
had no idea that Stacy was so experienced!  
  
"Here." Stacy handed over the tube. "You try."  
  
Sharon took a picture of Stacy with the cocaine, and then waited  
expectantly for Ashley to do the same. The cocaine had been Karen's idea; a  
perfect way to strengthen their hold on the two girls!  
  
After a brief hesitation, Ashley accepted the tube and tried to inhale  
the coke. Her first attempt was a bit of a failure, and a good portion of the  
coke ended up on her upper lip. The second try went better, and the drug blasted  
its way into the back of her head.  
  
"Wow..."  
  
She began to feel the rush as Stacy leaned forward and licked the  
spilled cocaine off Ashley's lip. This struck the two girls as very exciting, and  
they began to take turns spilling small amounts of cocaine on each other's bodies  
and then licking it off.  
  
Gary reached down and began massaging his raging erection through his  
jeans as he filmed the action on the bed. This was going much better than he  
had expected. Maybe this video would have some commercial value! Behind him,  
he could feel Neil trying to look around him again. This time he just squeezed  
to one side - keeping an eye on the viewfinder - and let Neil take a look. It  
seemed unlikely that the writhing girls on the bed would notice any small  
noises they were making in the closet.  
  
Eventually, this game degenerated into straightforward sex. First, it  
was Ashley, lying back on the bed with Stacy's face buried in her crotch. The  
sensation of her friend's tongue on her clit sent Ashley into a wave of  
screaming orgasms that seemed to last forever. Then she was returning the  
favour, bunching up Stacy's short skirt around her waist and kneeling in  
front of Stacy's widely spread legs, her tongue flickering in and out of her  
friend's sopping cunt. This was followed by more fondling and kissing as each girl,  
now sweaty and panting ran their hands and tongue frantically over each other's  
body. Finally, they ended up lying head to tail, simultaneously lapping at  
each other's cunts. They came together this time, a clutching, writhing mass of  
sweaty, panting female flesh.  
  
Finally, their lust subsided as the drugs began to work their way out  
of their systems. When Ashley came to her senses, she was lying arm in arm with  
her smaller friend, exhausted and sticky. She lay there for a few moments,  
gathering her wits.  
  
Gary took one last picture, turned off the video-camera and began to  
move the tripod aside. It was pretty much over now. Time to come out of the  
closet...  
  
"S-Stacy..." Ashley stammered, suddenly embarrassed. "What happened?  
What have we..."  
  
"Shh." Stacy interrupted, leaning up and giving her a kiss. "It's  
alright."  
  
Ashley resisted, pulling away. "It's not alright," she insisted. "What  
if someone finds out? I can't..."  
  
"What, " came a new voice from behind her, "if someone already knows?"  
  
Horrified, Ashley whirled around on the bed in time to see Gary  
emerging from the walk-in closet, camera in hand.  
  
"No!!"  
  
By the time Sharon shoved open the closet door with her foot,  
straightened out her cramped legs and managed to climb awkwardly to her feet, Gary was  
pretty much finished explaining the situation to their horrified victim.  
Ashley had pulled up Stacy's duvet cover to cover her nudity and was listening,  
wide eyed, while Gary explained her options. As Stacy's had been a few months  
earlier, they were pretty limited: either do as she was told, or they would  
release the video-tape and pictures to everyone who was interested. Sharon  
noted that Stacy had made no attempt to cover herself; she just sat, silent  
and topless, on the side of the bed, staring straight down at the floor.  
  
"Well?"  
  
Gary had finished his explanation, and was waiting for an answer.  
Sharon noticed that Neil was looking on anxiously; even he realized that Ashley  
could fuck things up for them badly if she refused to co-operate.  
  
"What's it gonna be?"  
  
Ashley sobbed quietly on the bed. She looked over to her so-called  
friend sitting beside her, but Stacy refused to look at her. Bitch! It was all her  
fault! She turned her gaze to Gary, Neil and Sharon as they stood by the  
side of the bed watching, waiting for her answer - like a pack of vultures.  
  
What could she do? If she told them to fuck off, as she very much  
wanted to do, they could ruin her life at Greenwood and probably in Bakersville as  
well. The thought of those films and pictures being made public made her  
want to throw up! The sex was bad enough, but the drugs might even land her in  
jail.  
But the alternative... was it any better? Gary had told her that if she  
agreed to do what they wanted, the whole incident would be kept secret. All she had to do was obey their commands for the rest of the year; do whatever they  
wanted.  
But what else could she do? She looked up at them, swallowing nervously.  
  
Her decision was made.  
  
Gary tensed as she began to speak, but he needn't have worried.  
  
"Just for the rest of the school year?" she confirmed, her voice  
trembling. "After that, I get the pictures and you leave me alone?"  
  
He smirked. They had her! "Sure," he told her. "As soon as school's  
over, you get everything, and no one will ever know this happened."  
  
Ashley's face twitched with tension, but she forced the hated words out  
of her mouth. "OK," she mumbled. "You win. I-I'll do what you say."  
  
Gary's smirk widened to a grin.  
  
"Oh... not what we say exactly," he chuckled. "We're giving our rights  
over you to someone else. A friend."  
  
As he said this, Karen walked out of the big closet. Ashley's eyes  
widened with shock!  
  
"No," she almost screamed, cringing under the duvet. "I didn't agree to  
that. Not with her!" She began to cry again.  
  
Gary was unrelenting. "It's her or we give out the pictures." Ashley  
began to sob loudly, but after a few moments she nodded her assent. She had no  
choice.  
  
Karen licked her full lips and moved forward towards her new toy, her  
eyes bright with excitement. Gary looked around at the others.  
  
"C'mon," he said quietly. "Let's leave these two alone. I'm sure they  
have plenty to talk about." Sharon and Neil immediately began walking out of the  
room. After a moment, Stacy got up and followed them out, still clothed only  
in her short skirt.  
  
As they shut the door behind them they heard Karen's voice, low and  
menacing: "Well, Ashley. First, we'll discuss that 'joke' you played on me  
last month..." The door began to shut. "Then maybe we'll try some of that stuff  
you and Stacy were doing a little while ago... just to get started."  
  
The door shut on Ashley's sobbing.  
  
Outside, on the main upstairs landing, Gary and Sharon sighed with  
relief. It had gone better than they had expected. Neil had gone downstairs for a  
beer when Stacy spoke up.  
  
"G-Gary?" He looked over at the half-naked teenager. She made no effort  
to cover herself, but wouldn't look him in the face. Instead, she lowered her  
eyes submissively.  
  
"Yes?" His hand found Sharon's and held on.  
  
"That drug you gave us... I want some of it."  
  
"Huh?" Gary was puzzled.  
  
"That drug that makes me h-horny," Stacy explained, trembling. "I want  
some of it. It will make it easier for me... you know." She started to cry a  
little bit. "It h-hurts so much... sometimes. If I... if I'm... excited..."  
  
"Ahh." Gary finally understood. He looked over at Sharon, who smirked  
back at him. He shrugged his shoulders. "Alright," he told her, "there's still  
some left in your dad's scotch. Use that."  
  
"Thanks." Stacy brought her arms up across her chest and started to  
shiver.  
  
"But first," Gary continued, smirking "you have to earn it." Stacy  
looked up, her green eyes wide. "Come here." He and Sharon led her into her  
parents' bedroom and shut the door behind her. She began to tremble when they started to remove their clothes, but she didn't cry out or protest in any way.  
  
She needed that drug.  
  
Neil ran up the stairs two at a time, beer in hand, only to find the  
landing empty.  
  
"Hello?" He looked around, puzzled. "Where is everybody?" He wandered  
along the landing until he came to a door. He opened it a crack and looked  
in. A bedroom. Inside, he saw Stacy sucking energetically at Gary's cock as  
Sharon straddled her head and necked with Gary. Sharon's thighs tightened and  
loosened on Stacy's head as the blonde teenager sucked for all she was worth.  
  
Quietly, Neil closed the door. Obviously they wanted to be alone. He  
stood there for a moment, took a swig from the beer can, and than walked back to  
the doorway to Stacy's bedroom. He carefully opened it and peered in. He was  
greeted by the sound of rhythmic slaps of flesh against flesh as Karen had  
Ashley, still naked, over her knee and was spanking her vigorously. Ashley's  
lush bottom was bright red and shining from Karen's attentions, and the  
brunette was crying and sobbing as she squirmed on the other girl's knee.  
  
"I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry... please, don't... don't... I'm  
sorry, I won't... please..."  
  
The begging continued until Karen finished the spanking and turned the  
older girl over, still balancing her on her knees. Still sobbing and  
babbling apologies, Ashley offered no objection as Karen cradled her in her arms and began caressing her large breasts. Neil slowly closed the door.  
  
He stood on the landing for a few moments, undecided, and then shrugged  
his shoulders.  
  
"Maybe there's some football or something on TV," he muttered, walking  
slowly back down the stairs.

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART EIGHT)  
  
The "musicians" of the rock band thrashed away for all they were worth  
on the tiny stage of the Greenwood High School gymnasium, but their collective  
efforts produced nothing more than a wash of reverberating mush as the  
over-amplified music bounced randomly back and forth off the bare, wooden  
walls of the box-shaped gym. The kids didn't care, though. They never did. As  
usual, they just milled around, boys on one side, girls on the other, with the few  
couples brave enough to dance bouncing awkwardly up and down - more or less  
in time with the deep throb of the bass - in the centre of the floor.  
  
The walls of the gym were festooned with bright pink balloons; blue and  
pink streamers created a curtain over each doorway; a number of bowls of  
pink grapefruit punch (three of them now, predictably, spiked with vodka) sat on  
a long table against one wall; and a large banner proclaiming "Happy  
Valentine's Day" in large pink letters (the "i", of course, dotted with a heart) hung  
over the stage where the band was playing.  
  
A typical Valentine's Day dance at Greenwood High.  
  
In keeping with the theme, Stacy arrived at the dance wearing pink and  
blue. She was beautifully decked out in an extremely short pink skirt (no more  
than four inches below her bum) and a sleeveless, powder blue blouse. This,  
along with the pink knee-socks and white high-heeled shoes gave her an  
appealing, little girl look, which was enhanced by the fact that she was  
wearing her hair in a pony tail.  
  
The look, however, hadn't been her choice. Very little was, these days.  
The outfit had been selected by Sharon to create this effect. In fact, Sharon  
was now frequently picking out which clothes Stacy should wear for specific  
occasions. Nothing too startlingly different from Stacy's usual mode of dress,  
but always a bit more revealing than Stacy would have chosen on her own.  
Gradually, over the course of the last couple of months, Sharon had been taking  
over various aspects of Stacy's life in general. Stacy had objected at first,  
but Sharon had made the usual threats, and Stacy had inevitably capitulated.  
As well, Sharon was now able to compel Stacy's obedience by threatening to cut  
off her supply of Gary's drugs. By now, Stacy was reliant upon Gary's mixture,  
which allowed her to get excited when having sex; without it, her enforced  
promiscuity would have been - and had been, before the session with Ashley -  
extremely painful. She was becoming, in Sharon's words, "well trained".  
  
A well trained slut.  
  
As it was, the combination of drugs and scotch allowed her to get at  
least some enjoyment from the sex, a vital advantage since she was having it so  
regularly. As well as the large number of guys she was still required to  
fuck to meet her quota of sixty-five before the end of the year, her blackmailers  
had ordered her not to refuse repeat business. Every time someone she had  
already had sex with asked for more, she had to say yes (provided, of  
course, that the asker was willing to pay the five dollars). As a result, she was  
now fucking and sucking daily, sometimes two, three or even four times.  
Inevitably, this led to her getting a reputation for putting out, which in turn led more guys to try to fuck her. On the surface, nothing had changed, and she still  
held her position in the school hierarchy, but among many if not most of the  
guys at school, the word was out: Stacy Richards was a hot slut, who dropped  
her panties at the slightest pretext. This was not, strictly speaking,  
entirely true. In the last couple of weeks, Stacy had stopped wearing panties  
(another of Sharon's "suggestions"); it was too much trouble getting them on and off, and too many pairs were ruined. Pants were also a thing of the past; the new  
Stacy only wore short skirts.  
  
The new Stacy was also looking for a guy to fuck. She stood in a corner  
of the gym next to the door leading to the boy's locker room, playing absently  
with her heavily decorated charm bracelet (thirty-three bright, shiny "F"s),  
and scanning the crowd for a likely candidate. She tried to be inconspicuous  
as she looked around; she had already run into one of her previous "partners"  
in the parking lot, and had been forced, upon his request, to give him a  
blow-job.  
A crumpled, sticky five dollar bill in her purse testified to his  
willingness to pay. If any others saw her in here - particularly dressed as she was -  
she would probably have to serve them as well. The blow-job had been made all  
the more unpleasant by the fact that she had been unable to drink any of the  
scotch prepared for her by Gary. Without the excitement caused by the drugs, it had been a humiliating and painful event. She was not going to be caught  
unprepared again. After wiping the sperm off her face (she had been unable to swallow all of it), she had taken a number of swigs from the flask in her purse.  
Already, she was feeling the warm tingle at the base of her stomach, and her  
breathing was becoming quick and shallow.  
  
She scanned the crowd, desperate as she became more and more excited.  
Who to fuck?  
  
Gary looked on, smiling as he saw Stacy - dressed up like some kind of wet  
dream - call someone over to her. It was Paul Baxter, from grade 12. A tall guy  
with glasses and bad skin; kind of quiet. He watched as Stacy pulled him  
closer and whispered something in his ear. A few second later, Paul blushed a  
furious red, but allowed himself to be led into the locker room. The couple  
disappeared from sight.  
  
"She's found one already?" Gary turned. Sharon had come up behind him as  
he had been watching Stacy at work. The short girl was holding a glass of  
punch. She was almost shouting to be heard over the roar of the band.  
  
"Yeah," he answered, shouting in reply. "Paul Baxter; from Rhenquist's  
French class."  
  
"Didn't take long," Sharon commented, taking a swallow of spiked punch.  
  
Gary grinned at her. "Not the way you dressed her up tonight. Nice job."  
  
Sharon nodded at the compliment, but didn't return the grin. Something  
was bothering her. "You've made it too easy for her," she complained. "The drugs  
make it too much fun. She's enjoying herself too much."  
  
Gary's grin just widened. "Well," he answered, "maybe I should let you in  
on a little secret." He looked around, as if anyone could hear them over the  
band. Sharon just stared at him, waiting.  
  
"After the first couple of weeks, I stopped putting the drugs in the scotch. Since the end of January, she's just been drinking the scotch. Straight."  
  
Sharon's eyes widened in surprise. "But... that's two weeks now. She  
hasn't said... she didn't..."  
  
"Right," Gary interrupted. "That's the beauty of it. She gets horny now  
completely on her own. All it takes is a little scotch, and she's ready to  
jump into bed with anybody. Soon, I'm going to start changing the type of  
alcohol.  
By the end of the year, she'll turn into a slut every time she touches a  
drop of alcohol. It's all part of the training."  
  
Sharon's surprise turned into amusement. "Gary," she chuckled, "that's  
perfect." She began to laugh outright.  
  
"What's so funny?" It was Neil. He was already half drunk.  
  
Gary looked over at the laughing Sharon. "You tell him," he suggested  
to her. "I think I'll send a few more guys Stacy's way. I think I see the  
Schaefer brothers."  
  
He turned and walked off as Sharon began to explain to Neil exactly  
what it was that was so funny.  
  
Frank Schaefer shoved open the swinging door to the locker room and  
ponderously squeezed his bulk through the doorway. He was followed closely by  
his younger brother, Simon. The Schaefer brothers were both extremely fat -  
each weighing over 250 pounds - and would have been fatter still if they had  
not been quite as tall as they were. Still, even at well over six feet, they  
were each enormously obese. They were a number of years older than the other  
students at Greenwood, having been frequently held back grades while their  
contemporaries advanced and graduated. Their size was matched only by their  
stupidity, and they had become something of a joke at Greenwood. Fortunately  
for them, that same size protected them from any real bullying, and they  
were generally left alone. That was why they were so surprised when Gary  
approached them at the dance and suggested that it might be a good idea for them to go into the locker room "to check things out". They had been puzzled at this,  
but they found most things puzzling, so they just shrugged their shoulders and  
ambled into the locker room.  
  
They were greeted by the sound of a female voice as they moved slowly  
down the short passageway leading to the main changing room.  
  
"Oh... yes... yes... yes."  
  
The voice was low and hoarse with lust. The Schaefer brothers hurried  
forward as best they could and peered around the corner into the main part  
of the room.  
  
"Oh yes... fuck me... fuck me..."  
  
It was Stacy Richards! The brothers looked on in amazement. Some guy  
was lying back on a bench while Stacy Richards - THE Stacy Richards - slid up  
and down on his hard cock. Her short skirt was pulled up around her waist, and  
they could clearly see where the cock slid in and out of her moist cunt.  
  
"Oh... oh... oh..."  
  
She had stopped formulating words, and was just panting and whimpering  
as the pace sped up. Stacy's pretty, blue blouse was undone and she was  
frantically mauling her own tits. Her chest glistened with sweat as her  
lithe body bobbed up and down like a yo-yo on the impaling cock.  
  
"Holy cow!" Simon, the younger of the two brothers, was unable to  
contain himself. Frank swatted him on the back of the head, but it was too late; the  
damage was done.  
  
Stacy stopped bouncing and looked up in shock. Someone was watching!  
Beneath her, Paul struggled, trying to sit up. She fought to hold him down - he  
was just about to come! - but when he saw Frank and Simon standing there  
with their mouths gaping open, he cursed and scrambled back along the bench. His  
cock pulled out of Stacy's sopping pussy just before he came, spraying sperm  
onto her stomach and legs.  
  
"No!" Stacy grabbed at it and tried to push it back into her cunt before  
it stopped spraying; IT DIDN'T COUNT unless he came inside of her. But Paul  
was too quick, twisting out from under her and scrambling quickly to his feet.  
Flushing red with embarrassment, he pulled his pants up, pushed blindly past  
the Schaefer brothers and ran out the door and into the gym. There was a  
brief surge of bad rock music, and then the door slammed shut behind him with a  
loud bang.  
  
Stacy sat straddling the bench, panting with rage and frustration as  
the still-warm sperm dribbled down her stomach and coagulated in her pussy hair.  
IT DIDN'T COUNT! And she was still so horny...  
  
She heard a sound in front of her and looked up. The Schaefer brothers,  
mortified and confused, were turning to leave.  
  
"Wait," she cried.  
  
Frank turned and looked at her. 'Oh god', she thought, 'the Schaefers.'  
She felt like crying as she regarded their obese bodies and vapid faces.  
Outwardly, however, she smiled her most seductive smile and - feeling like  
an absolute slut - gestured for the two brothers to come forward. Her left hand  
crept up and tweaked her nipple; an involuntary shudder of pleasure ran  
through her body.  
  
Maybe it wouldn't be so bad...  
  
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"The Schaefer's?" Karen burst out laughing. "That's great. Just perfect."  
  
"Not only that," Gary continued, "but I think that the younger one has  
fallen in love with her. He's already asked her out for the weekend." He was  
lounging back in his seat with his feet up on his desk beside his computer.  
  
"And?" The question came from Neil. He sat up beside Karen on Gary's bed.  
  
"Well, she accepted," Sharon answered. "For five dollars, of course."  
The four teenagers burst out laughing.  
  
"Wouldn't want them to think she was cheap, or anything like that."  
  
They were relaxing in Gary's bedroom, going over the updated database  
on Stacy's "conquests" and entering new information. Gary had been forced to  
add a new category for repeat performances. At the top of the list was Tim Myers  
and Dennis Baxter, two guys from Stacy's Recreation class; they had each fucked  
her sixteen times.  
  
"But the best part," Sharon continued as the laughter died down, "was  
that he wanted to take her out in public; to a movie of something."  
  
This brought fresh laughter.  
  
"So what did she do?" Karen asked. The normally shy girl was beginning  
to feel more confident around these people. They were her friends.  
  
"What could she do? She came on all seductive and told him how she  
would rather spend her time with him alone; in private, so they could have more  
fun. So, he ended up inviting him to his place for a little 'fun'."  
  
Another round of laughter.  
  
"So what about the latest round of pictures?" Neil asked a few moments  
later. "The first set did pretty well. Any luck with the new ones."  
  
Gary smiled crookedly. "Oh yes," he answered. "'Cumshot' magazine  
brought the entire series we shot with her sucking you off. You're going to be  
famous; or at least your cock is going to be famous."  
  
Neil was impressed. "Cool."  
  
"How much?" Sharon asked.  
  
"Six hundred," Gary answered. "'Young Things' also bought the set with her  
and the dildo. They'll also be publishing the photos from the first set in  
this months' issue. That's another $750 to split up. There's a couple others as  
well."  
  
Karen looked on unbelieving as Gary began to split up the money. She  
had only become involved in the group's activities after the first set of  
pictures had been taken, and she had no idea they were making so much money.  
  
"Uh... guys?" She had an idea. "Maybe we can get Ashley involved in  
this somehow. I could use some of that money."  
  
Gary looked up at her. "Would she do it? Would she pose for pictures?"  
  
Karen thought for a moment. "Well, it might take some convincing;  
particularly if she knows they're going to be published..."  
  
"Oh, don't tell her that," Sharon interrupted. "Stacy doesn't know. We got  
her to sign a release one night while she was high on Gary's drugs. All she  
knows is that we're taking the pictures for our own use."  
  
A slow grin began to creep across Karen's face. That was possible...  
and she sure could use the money. "I'll see what I can do."  
  
Gary nodded, and went back to counting the money. The four teenagers  
sat in silence for a few moments, contemplating their profits.  
  
"So," Neil said eventually. "What's this I hear about another football  
party?"  
  
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NUMBER 37-49  
  
Stacy blew into the whistle, signalling the end of the Recreation class.  
At the "request" of a couple of her students (ie. Tim & Dennis) and with the  
subsequent "encouragement" of Sharon, she was dressed in an ultra-short  
tennis skirt which barely reached four inches below the bottom curves of her ass.  
She had been wearing this outfit to Rec class for the last few weeks, and the  
male contingent of the class had been enjoying the show, particularly when she  
had to bend down to pick up sports equipment. At first, she had been mortified,  
and flushed red every time she caught some of her students staring at her, but  
after a while she learned to ignore the attention, or, at least, live with it.  
It might not have been so bad if she had been allowed to wear panties.  
  
The class dispersed and Stacy wandered into the office space set aside  
for the Rec instructors and began to prepare for Tim and Dennis's inevitable  
visit. She had been fucking and sucking them the both of them weekly ever since  
first term. Closing the door behind her, Stacy walked quickly to her bag and  
pulled out a thermos. She did not want to be caught before she could drug herself  
with Gary's mixture. She knew it made her act like a slut, but what else could  
she do? Sex without the drugs was painful and humiliating; the drugs at least  
took care of the pain.  
  
Stacy opened the thermos and took a drink, grimacing at the taste.  
Beer! She hated beer. During the last couple of months, Gary had, for some reason, been varying the type of alcohol in which he mixed the drugs. At first, ithad  
always been scotch whisky, but lately he had gone through vodka, gin, wine  
and now beer. Stacy had wanted to ask why, but was too scared. Of her three  
tormentors, Gary was by far the scariest. Sharon was a sadistic bitch and  
thoroughly enjoyed dominating Stacy and Neil was constantly forcing her to  
have sex with him, but there was something weird about Gary. Something dangerous. It was best just to do what he said and not ask questions.  
  
She took another swallow of the beer and sat down on the desk as the  
drugs began to take their desired effect. Slowly, but inevitably, she felt the now  
familiar fog gradually envelop her brain, disassociating herself from her  
body. Just as inevitably, she felt the warm tingling begin in her groin and then  
spread steadily upwards into her breasts. One more drink and then she put  
the top back on the thermos; it was already over half empty, and she still had a  
session with the Schaefer brothers later that afternoon. Normally she wasn't  
worried about running out, but it had been a busy day; Pat Saunders had  
fucked her up the ass in the woods out behind the playing field on the way to  
school that morning, and Neil had forced her to give him a blow job under a desk in  
the Study Hall over lunch. Neither had counted. Just as Tim and Dennis  
wouldn't count. Just as the Schaefer's wouldn't count.  
  
The feelings of arousal began to increase. She looked over at the  
clock, impatient. What was keeping them? If they didn't come soon, she would be  
late for the Schaefers. An involuntary shudder of pleasure ran through her body  
at the thought of the two obese brothers. They were disgustingly fat and  
stupid, but they could sure fuck! Stacy hung her head in shame as she remembered her slutty behaviour at their place last weekend, but she couldn't help it. She  
was still being blackmailed by Gary and his friends, and it was the drugs which  
made it possible for her to carry out her orders. She couldn't help it if  
she was turning into a slut. But the Schaefers...  
  
Stacy glanced back up at the clock. Still no sign of the boys. She reached down, hiked up her short skirt and began to rub her fingers over her bare pussy...  
  
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"Have you seen Stacy?"  
  
Gary looked at his watch and smirked.  
  
"It's Friday," he answered. "She should be taking care of the her Rec  
class 'students' right about now."  
  
"Oh, right," Sharon nodded, feeling dumb. Stacy had been having  
afternoon fuck sessions with those two guys in her class for months now. She would have to call her later.  
  
"Well, how about Karen?" she asked. "I've got to confirm things for the  
football party next weekend. She has to make sure Ashley is available."  
  
"I haven't... oh, there she is."  
  
Gary pointed towards the far end of the hallway. Karen had just come  
around the corner, followed closely by Ashley. The two girls seemed to be  
having something of an argument. Ashley seemed to be almost in tears about  
something. A few seconds later, Karen said something and pointed towards a  
side room - the biology lab. Ashley shook her head at first, but complied a few  
moments later, entering the room. Karen followed, shutting the door behind  
her.  
  
Sharon started walking down the hall towards the room, but Gary grabbed  
her arm and steered her to a different door.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"There's a storage room with a small window leading into the biology  
lab," he explained. "We can get into it through here." He led her across a  
different classroom and through a doorway in the rear.  
  
"Let's see what's happening."  
  
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Mr. Edgar wandered about, confused and lost in the seemingly endless maze  
of narrow hallways behind the school gymnasium. As a math teacher, he had found  
little reason to venture into this part of the school in the past, and he was  
having more than a little difficulty trying to locate Mr. Sprauge, the football  
coach. The two teachers were in the course of their yearly argument regarding  
academic eligibility and certain members of the football team. This year,  
Sprauge was particularly upset about the failure of his star receiver to  
successfully complete Mr. Edgar's remedial math course, and was making life  
difficult for the entire faculty. Edgar was willing to compromise, but he had  
to find the football coach first.  
  
The portly teacher came to a short hallway which ended in a closed door.  
It looked like an office. He ambled down it and, hoping to find someone to help  
him out, pushed open the door. He poked his head in to look around and his jaw  
dropped open with amazement. Sitting on the edge of the desk was Stacy  
Richards; the beautiful, blonde Stacy Richards who had done so well in his math  
class last term (highest marks ever!). The Stacy Richards who had sat in the  
front row of the class each Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, with her  
golden blonde hair and her angelic green eyes...  
  
She wasn't looking quite so angelic now.  
  
She had hiked up her short, white skirt, exposing her naked crotch and was  
busily rubbing her left hand up and down over her pussy lips. Mr. Edgar could  
see moisture glistening in the thatch of blonde pussy hair. As he watched, she  
bunched three fingers together and began to slide them in and out of her wet  
pussy. Her right hand was similarly occupied with her breasts, which were more  
or less fully exposed through the unfastened buttons of her blouse. She  
alternately cupped, squeezed and pinched her tits, paying particular attention  
to the firm nipples. Stacy's head was thrown back, her eyes closed and her  
slightly lips parted as she masturbated.  
  
The shocked math teacher froze, paralysed with indecision. What to do?  
Should he rush in and put a stop to this outrageous behaviour? His mind said  
yes, but his quickly hardening cock argued otherwise. This situation could  
easily be mis-interpreted; the wave of politically correct hysteria presently  
sweeping through the schools could see him losing his position as a teacher at  
even the slightest hint of impropriety. Best not to go in, he decided. He could  
also slip away quietly, ignoring the incident altogether. His timid nature  
preferred this course of action, but he found that he was unable to draw  
himself away from his viewpoint in the doorway. He watched as Stacy brought  
herself closer and closer to an orgasm. What should he do? Best to slip away  
quietly, he finally decided.  
  
Mr. Edgar turned to leave, but just as he did, he heard footsteps behind  
him moving closer. Sounded like students. Caught! Panicked, he looked around;  
there was nowhere to go except...  
  
Stacy felt the pleasure from her masturbation just begin to crest over  
into an orgasm when she heard a noise at the door. It must be Tim and Dennis.  
Despite her situation, she found herself welcoming their presence. She was  
so hot...  
  
She opened her eyes. OMIGOD!! It was Mr. Edgar, the math teacher. All  
feelings of arousal fled instantly as she froze in shock. What was he doing  
here? How long had he been watching? Had he seen...  
  
Recovering the power of movement, she quickly allowed her short skirt to  
fall down over her crotch, and - wiping her hand on her skirt to clear away the  
pussy juices - she pulled shut her blouse.  
  
She watched as Mr. Edgar quickly shut the door behind himself and moved  
uncertainly towards her, his face flushed. He looked angry, or... something.  
  
"M-mr. Edgar," she stammered, "I... I didn't know t-that..."  
  
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Gary, moving slowly and quietly, brought his face up the small window set  
in the door between the biology lab class and the science storeroom. He peered  
through, and, a few seconds later, gestured for Sharon to join him at the  
window. Inside the biology lab, Karen and Ashley were talking, maybe arguing.  
Ashley was standing on one side of the room with her arms crossed in front of  
her, looking away from Karen, who was leaning up against a lab table on the  
other side of the room. Gary and Sharon could just hear their voices, but they  
were unable to make out any words, as the thick door effectively muffled the  
sound.  
  
Ashley sounded angry. From where they watched, the two observers could see  
tears in her eyes. The beautiful brunette turned briefly to spit something out  
at Karen and then turned away again. Karen, on the other hand, was speaking  
slowly and soothingly; she seemed to be repeating herself over and over again.  
  
"What's going on?" Sharon whispered. "What are they fighting about?"  
  
Gary shrugged. "Something about boys, I think. Karen's telling her not  
to do something."  
  
A few second later, Karen straightened up and walked across the room  
towards the older girl. Ashley turned away, hiding behind a curtain of  
thick, reddish-brown hair, but Karen put her hand on the taller girl's shoulder and  
slowly turned her around.  
  
Ashley was crying now, her eyes red and swollen. She dropped her hands  
to her sides and said one word. Gary couldn't hear it, but he understood well  
enough: "please."  
  
Karen slowly brought her hand up to the other girl's cheek and brushed  
away a tear. Ashley flinched, but did not pull away. They stood like this  
for a few moments, Ashley crying quietly and Karen tenderly running her fingers up  
and down the other girl's cheek.  
  
Then, slowly, Karen slipped her hand behind Ashley's head and brought  
her face down to meet her own in a kiss. The two girl's lips met...  
  
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The math teacher cast around for something to say or do, but his tongue  
seemed frozen, thick and useless in his mouth. All he could think of was the  
picture Stacy had presented a few moments ago as he had spied upon her  
masturbating. Now, she was cringing away from him, eyes wide with fear. What  
was he going to do? If someone caught him in this position he would lose his  
job for sure.  
  
Taking a deep breath, he gathered himself to speak. After all, he  
reasoned, he was the teacher here. He was not the one who had been caught doing  
something wrong. Her behaviour merited expulsion, at the very least. He had a  
responsibility! Why, it could have been one of the younger students who had  
stumbled across the little slut rather than a mature adult such as himself!  
This was a serious matter indeed.  
  
He opened his mouth to speak...  
  
Stacy watched apprehensively as a number of expressions flitted across the  
Edgar's jowled face. He was beet red and trembling, but she could see that he  
was working himself up into a rage. In a moment, he would open his mouth and  
she would be finished at Greenwood.  
  
"Miss Richards," he said at last, his voiced choking slightly. "I'm afraid  
I have n-no choice but to report this incident to the principal."  
  
Stacy sagged back against the desk. That was it; she was screwed now. She  
almost burst into tears. To be caught now, after all this time...  
  
"This sort of behaviour is not to be tolerated on the schoolgrounds... or  
anywhere, for that matter. If someone else had walked in..."  
  
Stacy looked up at him as he continued to rant: the rumpled tweed suit;  
the thick grey mustache; the short, fat body... One chance. She glanced over at  
the thermos sitting near her on the desk, but there was no time for it.  
  
"Mr. Edgar," she interrupted, slipping her tits out from under her blouse  
and cupping them upwards towards him. The teacher stopped talking and stared at  
her, eyes bulging.  
  
"Do you like what you see?" Her voice was low and throaty as she tried to  
sound seductive.  
  
Mr. Edgar could only stammer as he watched the beautiful teenage student  
cup and massage her firm young titties for him. Such beautiful tits! He felt  
himself being drawn in as she straightened up and began walking towards him. It  
had been so long!  
  
His hands itched to reach out and feel...  
  
Stacy's confidence began to return as she watched his reactions. The math  
teacher had now stopped his attempts to speak and was staring intently at her  
breasts as she massaged them. Continuing to speak in a soft, seductive voice,  
she moved slowly towards him.  
  
"I bet you'd like to touch them," she invited. "They're your's, if you  
like." By this time, she was directly in front of him. She pushed her tits  
upwards, offering them to him. 'Please' she thought, 'please take them.'  
  
Slowly, his hands reached up and took hold of the offered tits. Stacy  
moved her hands away as he began knead them. Despite the fact that she felt  
no arousal (the previous effect of the drugs had fled completely), she forced  
herself to moan and writhe as though his hands on her tits was getting her  
hot.  
  
In fact, nothing of the sort was happening, but she couldn't let him  
know that. Without the drugs, the humiliation of the situation was almost  
overwhelming, but she couldn't give into it; she was fighting for her life  
at Greenwood, and she would do anything to keep Edgar from reporting her. She  
was going to give him the fuck of his life!  
  
Dennis grumbled angrily at his friend Tim as he ran across the now  
empty gymnasium. If he hadn't wasted his time waiting for the jerk, he would be  
with Stacy now. As it was, Tim had not bothered to inform Dennis of the fact that  
he had a doctor's appointment after class, and wouldn't be able to make their  
weekly meeting with the bitch. Dennis would have to go on his own.  
  
Dennis slowed to a walk as he entered the passageway which led to the  
instructor's room. He hoped Stacy was still waiting. She'd better be. He saw  
as he approached that the door was open a crack; he pushed it open and peered  
inside.  
  
Stacy was there, alright, but she wasn't waiting. She was perched,  
straddling, over Mr. Edgar (THE MATH TEACHER!) as he sat behind the desk.  
Stacy was facing outward, with her back towards the sweating teacher, so Dennis  
had an unobstructed view of her cunt as it slid up and down on Edgar's erect  
penis. He also had an unobstructed view of Stacy as she propelled herself up and  
down: her flushed, vacant face; her hands, one furiously mauling her exposed tits,  
which were already red and splotchy from abuse, and the other bent over her  
shoulder and wrapped around Edgar's neck to steady herself; her long, sleek  
legs, only partially hidden by the short gym-skirt, alternately flexing and  
relaxing as they moved her sleek body up and down on the math teacher's  
impaling cock.  
  
She began to make small moaning sounds as she moved. A thin line of  
drool escaped from between her pouty lips and glistened on her chin as she  
squirmed and wriggled in lustful abandonment. Beads of sweat...  
  
"What's going on?"  
  
Dennis tore himself away from the activities in the small room and  
turned to see Ted Reed, a fellow member of the Rec class. Ha! Grinning, Dennis put  
his fingers to his lips and gestured for the newcomer to put his eye to the  
crack in the door. Ted did so and almost chocked with surprise.  
  
Stacy seemed to be just mounting the crest of an intense orgasm. She  
stiffened up and leaned back, lifting her legs from the floor and bouncing  
energetically on the invading penis as it squelched in and out of her  
gobbling pussy. Behind her, Mr. Edgar grabbed her tits and held on tightly as she  
thrashed and wriggled her pleasure. Moments later, he too came, shooting his  
load straight into her sopping cunt.  
  
"Christ!"  
  
Ted's mouth hung open as he watched the action. He was frozen in the  
doorway as Stacy slipped off the exhausted teacher's lap and slid to her  
knees in front of him. Brushing her blonde hair back from her face, she slipped  
her mouth over his now-flaccid cock and began sucking it clean. Mr. Edgar could  
only sit there and moan softly as the teenaged slut gently lapped at his  
penis and balls.  
  
Then, the inevitable happened. Unable to contain himself, Ted coughed.  
Stacy jerked her mouth away from the teacher's cock, banging her head  
against the underside of the desk. Mr. Edgar sprang to his feet, surprisingly limber  
for a man of his bulk, and rushed out of the room, his face beet red and his  
pants still down around his ankles. Ted saw him coming and stepped aside,  
but Dennis was bowled over as Mr. Edgar rushed down the hallway and out of  
sight.  
  
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The kiss lasted for a long time. When it finally broke, Ashley was no  
longer crying, but, rather, had a strange look on her face. She stared at  
her blackmailer, eyes wide and lips slightly parted. Staring back, Karen brought  
her other hand up and slipped it under Ashley's blouse and up to her tits.  
Ashley tried to pull away, but Karen held her close. Karen began to massage  
Ashley's breasts under her blouse. The other girl began to tremble, but did  
not protest.  
  
Again, Karen drew Ashley down for a kiss. This time, Gary thought he  
saw Ashley parted her lips in anticipation, but he couldn't be sure.  
  
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Stacy crouched on her knees, trying to remain silent as she hid under  
the desk. A thin trickle of sperm seeped out of her cunt and began to run down  
her leg, but she ignored it. Who was it? What had they seen? Furiously, she  
tried to do up the buttons of her blouse and straighten out her short skirt. Her  
heart almost stopped as she heard footsteps coming around the front of the  
desk. A face appeared: Dennis! Stacy trembled with relief; thank god it was  
someone who already knew about her.  
  
She started to back out from under the desk, but Dennis gestured for  
her to remain where she was. What was going on? She froze again as another set  
of footsteps crossed the room. Tim? It must be... No, it wasn't. Another boy...  
it was Ted Reed, another of her students, sat down in the same chair Mr. Edgar  
had occupied a few moments earlier.  
  
"Go ahead," she heard Dennis say. "She loves to suck."  
  
Stacy flushed with anger. That asshole! She started to back out again,  
but then stopped as Ted pulled his rock-hard cock out of his pants. She stared  
at it; Ted was a student at Greenwood; he counted against her quota.  
  
"C'mon, slut," Dennis ordered. He bent down and slapped her hard on her  
exposed ass. "I promised my friend here a blowjob."  
  
Stacy gritted her teeth and tried in vain to recapture any vestige of  
the arousal she had been experiencing a few moments earlier with the math  
teacher, but there was nothing left. The intense orgasm along with the shock of being discovered seemed once again to have burned away the effects of drug. She  
thought longingly of the thermos sitting on top the desk; she had been lucky  
enough to get a swallow from it while Edgar had pulled down his pants, but  
it didn't look like she was going to get the chance here.  
  
"Stacy." Dennis leaned over and looked at her from the front of the  
desk, "I don't have to make any threats, do I?"  
  
Groaning her disgust, Stacy leaned forward and slipped her delicate  
fingers around the teenager's cock. Ted gasped and tensed up as her pink  
tongue flicked out and began licking the head. Her other hand went down to her cunt and began rubbing, trying to get herself hot enough to tolerate what she was  
going to have to do. Once again, she thought longingly about the thermos,  
but knew that even if she could get to it, she should save it for later on. She  
was due at the Schaefer's later that afternoon.  
  
She slipped her experienced lips over Ted's leaking cock and began to  
suck in earnest. This shouldn't take her too long.  
  
Behind her, Dennis began to play with her ass...

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART NINE-A)  
  
"Do you remember Peter Jenkins?"  
  
Sharon looked up from her position on the bed, where she was skimming  
through the latest National Enquirer. Gary was sitting in front of his  
computer with an old Greenwood school yearbook open in his lap.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Jenkins," Gary repeated. "Peter Jenkins. He was in grade twelve when  
you were in grade nine." He turned and handed over the old school yearbook,  
pointing to a picture. "That guy. He went out for Stacy for a little while,  
but she broke up with him."  
  
"Oh... that's right. He's the one who got so drunk at the Prom that he  
vomited all over himself; they had to throw him out."  
  
"That's him." Gary took back the yearbook and gazed at the picture. "He  
was fucked up over Stacy for months: a real basket case."  
  
Sharon glanced back at her National Enquirer for a moment, but then  
turned her attention back to her boyfriend. He must have something in mind, even if it was taking him a little while to get to it.  
  
Gary just stared intently at the picture for a moment, saying nothing,  
and then went back to work on his computer.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
Maybe a little prodding was necessary.  
  
"Nothing special." He hit the return button on his computer, saving  
some work. That done, he turned back to Sharon.  
  
"I heard he was working up in Point Hope."  
  
Sharon waited silently for the other shoe to drop. This time, it was  
not long in coming.  
  
"I was just thinking," he mused, gazing again at the yearbook, "that  
maybe we're being a little greedy, keeping Stacy to ourselves up here in  
Bakersville. Wouldn't it be nice if we could get him back together with his old high  
school flame... at least for one night?"  
  
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The game was over, and the players had long since showered up and left  
the building. Biff Talbot lead his four friends into the now-deserted locker  
room. Together, they made up the first- string offensive line of the Greenwood  
Bulldogs, the football team at Greenwood High. As offensive linemen, they  
had not been picked for their speed, dexterity or intelligence. No; they  
occupied the position they did on the football team because of their size. The  
smallest of them, Billy Paxter - "little Bill" - was 6'2" and weighed just over 240  
lbs. He received a lot of ribbing on the team because of his size.  
  
Being an offensive lineman, even a good one, was not a particularly  
glamorous position. It was pretty much all grunt work -  
"down-in-the-trenches" kind of stuff. The type of football that won games by attrition, not by spectacular solo efforts. Hence, all the attention... all the acclaim; all the girls went to the players in the flashier positions, such as the  
quarterbacks and wide receivers and the like.  
  
Until today.  
  
Grinning his big, stupid grin, Biff flipped open the door to one of the  
unused lockers at the end of the wall.  
  
"Holy shit!"  
  
Stacy flinched at the sudden brightness.  
  
She had been crouched in the locker for almost three hours, ever since  
the end of the game when Barry Packard had hustled her into the locker room just  
as the final few moments expired on the clock. Barry hadn't been "using" her  
since early January, when he had started going steady with another girl at school,  
but he hadn't forgotten Stacy either. Particularly when Neil had "explained"  
a few things to him. At first, he had been a little depressed at the knowledge  
that Stacy had only been fucking him because she was being forced to do so.  
Then he got angry; the bitch wouldn't give him the time of day unless she  
had to! At least he was seeing Heather now. And, he thought, philosophically,  
Stacy was such a slut these days, he didn't really want to fuck her anymore. She  
was used goods. Who knew where her pussy had been?  
  
Nevertheless, although he might not want her anymore for himself, he  
could always do favours for his buddies. Stacy hadn't complained when he told her  
what she was to do, not that it would have done her any good. He had been  
quite prepared to "insist". She had just stared down at the ground and nodded her  
head silently when he had told her what she was going to do; all five guys  
were "new meat" (Sharon's term). Each fuck would bring her closer to the end of  
her ordeal.  
  
"Get in," Barry ordered, opening up a locker. "Hurry."  
  
Stacy hesitated slightly - the locker was pretty small - but then she  
obeyed. Making certain she had a firm grip on the small flask (red wine this  
time), she wriggled ass-first into the locker, facing outwards. Her tight  
little cheerleading costume - green, sleeveless blouse and white skirt -  
rode up on her thighs, exposing her bare pussy to the open air. Barry, unable to  
resist, reached down and fondled it, slipping his middle finger into her  
snatch and wiggling it around. Stacy had not yet ingested any of the wine, and thus  
squirmed away. Barry didn't notice.  
  
A few seconds later, Barry stepped back to take a look. Stacy was  
wedged backwards into the locker, crouched on the heels of her feet, with her  
thighs splayed open. 'Looking good' he thought. 'Just one more...'  
  
"Hold on," he muttered, moving away out of Stacy's line of vision.  
Stacy waited nervously. The game must be over by now. Any moment there would be...  
  
"Here we are."  
  
Barry had returned with a couple of dildos a foot long,  
  
"I know how hot you are," he muttered bending down. "I wouldn't want  
you to get lonely down here while you're waiting." He reached under her crotch  
and slowly inserted one of the dildos handles into her dry pussy. Stacy squealed  
and tried to wriggle away, but the silver tube slid quickly up into her  
pussy until about eight inches of it was lost from view. Barry propped it up on  
the base of the locker. Stacy tried to push herself away, but was only able to  
move up about four inches before her head hit the top of the locker; she was now  
effectively impaled on the handle until she left the enclosed space.  
  
Leering, Barry passed the other to her.  
  
"This is for your mouth," Barry instructed her. "When my buddies open  
this locker, I expect you to be tonguing it the way you sucked my cock a couple  
of months ago."  
  
Stacy looked up at him from where she crouched in the locker, her eyes  
watering with humiliation. "If not," he continued, unrelenting, "I'll have  
to complain to Sharon." He smirked at her. " We wouldn't want that, would we?"  
  
A tear trickled down Stacy's cheek as she nodded.  
  
"How about a demonstration?" Barry suggested.  
  
Stacy hesitated momentarily, but then brought the handle up to her  
mouth and began tonguing and licking it. She closed her eyes as she did so, trying  
to imagine that it was a real cock; that she was anywhere but here...  
  
FLASH!  
  
Stacy's eyes flew open. Barry was standing in front of her with a  
polaroid camera. He took another picture while she stared at him in panic and then  
lowered the camera.  
  
"Looking good," he laughed.  
  
Stacy turned red, but continued sucking hungrily at the handle as she  
had been ordered to do.  
  
Still laughing, Barry moved forward and slammed shut the locker door.  
Inside, Stacy pulled the handled out of her mouth and reached down for the  
thermos, wincing as the slight movement caused the unwelcome visitor in her  
pussy to grind itself in a little further.  
  
Stacy had remained in the cramped confines of the locker for the next  
three hours before Biff and the rest of the linemen arrived. It had been  
quite hot in the locker room, particularly as the boys were showering, and by the  
end of the three hours, her entire body was damp with sweat. Her skirt was  
bunched up at her waist, and the shirt of the cheerleading outfit, never all that  
concealing in the first place, was now plastered to her upper body, clearly  
revealing her rock-hard nipples.  
  
She had gone through most of the wine in the thermos, more from thirst  
than anything else, and she was almost unbearably horny. More than once  
during her stay in the locker, she had been tempted to burst out and grab one of  
the cocks that floated so temptingly across her limited field of vision (there  
were small ventilation slits in the front of the locker), but common sense - and  
a good dose of fear - had won out. There were over twenty boys in the locker  
room. And she still had some pride left. Her sluttishness was not yet common  
knowledge at Greenwood, and she desperately wanted to keep it that way. Only  
another fifteen or so guys to fuck.  
  
So, in the end, she had to settle for sliding up and down on the  
now-slippery handle Barry had stuck in her pussy. By doing so and wriggling  
around as much as she could, she managed to bring on several small orgasms  
in the course of the three hours as the boys of the football team showered and  
changed, unsuspecting, all around her. At one point, she was afraid that her  
moans would give her away, but she was unable to stop herself from sliding  
up and down on the metal "cock".  
  
So instead, she stuck the second handle in her mouth and began to suck,  
thus muffling any noises she might have made. Three hour passed slowly...  
  
"Holy shit!"  
  
Stacy Richards squinted up at the surprised football players from  
inside the locker. Her cheerleading outfit was plastered to her sweat-soaked body.  
Her pussy, clearly displayed from in between her splayed thighs, sucked hungrily  
at the shiny metal cylinder as she slide herself up and down on it. Her hands  
clutched another metal cylinder - barbell handle, Biff realized - and slid  
it suggestively in and out of her mouth, between her shiny, wet lips. Her charm  
bracelet jingled quietly as she moved the metal handle up and down, all the  
while making quiet moaning sounds around the object in her mouth.  
  
Biff tore his eyes away from this incredible sight and turned to his  
equally stunned friends.  
  
"Guys," he chortled, "I give you... Stacy Richards. She's ours for the evening."  
  
"Jesus."  
  
They couldn't believe it. Stacy Richards; the Stacy Richards who had  
been flaunting herself in front of them from the sidelines these last three  
years; the Stacy Richards who had teased them, yet only gone out with the  
quarterbacks and other stars; the Stacy Richards of their dreams. Bill moved forward  
first, reaching into the locker.  
  
"Wait," Biff told him. Barry had given him some instructions. "Just  
wait a second."  
  
Biff moved forward and looked down on Stacy. She looked back up at him,  
tears of humiliation burning in her large, green eyes; tears of  
humiliation... and something else. He reached down and gently took away the barbell handle she had been sucking on. She moaned softly, but didn't resist as he slid it out from between her lips.  
  
"Stacy," he said quietly, "is there something you'd like to say?"  
Despite what Barry had told him, Biff still couldn't really believe she would say  
it.  
Once again, he was surprised.  
  
"Fuck me," she moaned, eyes closing as she ground the second handled  
deeper and deeper into her sopping pussy. "I need your cocks."  
  
This was enough for the guys, and they surged forward. Biff, however,  
held them back again. One more thing...  
  
"What do you say?" he asked the desperate girl.  
  
She looked up at him for a few moments, but then glanced away, unable  
to meet his eyes.  
  
"Please..."  
  
"What? I didn't hear you."  
  
Stacy looked up at him, lips parted. "Please," she said, her voice  
louder.  
"Please fuck me. I need you all; I n-need your cocks in me. Please fuck  
me... p-please shoot your sperm into me. Please..."  
  
And they did.  
  
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Friday afternoon. 3:45 PM. The school cafeteria was almost empty, as  
most of the students at Greenwood had, typically, declined the opportunity to  
hang around the school after classes. The weekend beckoned, and, with the  
wonderful late spring weather, the beach was exerting its almost magnetic pull on the teenagers of Bakersville.  
  
The cafeteria was not, however, completely deserted. Three students  
sat quietly talking, in a corner table. Gary, as usual, did most of the talking.  
He was also the one who handed out the latest round of money from the sale of  
pictures to various magazines. May had been a good month for them as far as  
picture sales went. Stacy had now unwittingly adorned the pages of over a  
dozen magazines across the country, with more to come. It was only a matter of  
time before she found out - before someone in Bakersville saw some of the  
pictures and spread the news - but they didn't really care. Their time with Stacy was nearly done anyway.  
  
The main cafeteria door opened and Karen walked in, followed closely by  
Ashley. The two girls had spent more and more time together over the last  
six weeks as Karen tightened her hold over the older girl. Like Stacy, Ashley  
was the victim of blackmail, and, as had been the case with Stacy, events had  
quickly moved beyond her control. Since the incident which put her in this  
vulnerable position in the first place, there had been any number of events  
which had deepened Karen's hold on her. All Ashley could think of was the  
end of the school year and freedom. All Karen could think of was how nice it was  
to have such a beautiful girl as Ashley as a personal slave, and how hard it  
would be to give it up.  
  
If she gave her up...  
  
"Wait here," Karen ordered, moving towards her three friends in the  
corner. Obediently, but not without a flash of anger, the tall brunette sat  
down on a bench near the door.  
  
"What's up?" Karen asked as she approached. "Neil said you wanted to  
meet."  
  
"Just the final plans for tomorrow night," Sharon told her. "The  
football party." She looked over at where Ashley sat, staring at the floor.  
"Everything's cool with her? Did she cause any problems?"  
  
Karen plopped herself down beside Neil. "No," she answered. "No  
problem.  
We'll be there."  
  
"Great," Sharon smiled. "I've got the perfect costume picked out; the  
guys  
are gonna love her." Neil chuckled at this, but Karen only frowned.  
  
"Listen," she said tentatively, "she's not gonna get... you know...  
hurt or anything like that?"  
  
"Ha," Neil laughed. "Just get her brains fucked out. That's all."  
  
"No," Karen ignored him. "I mean like, beaten, or... well... you know."  
  
"Huh uh," Sharon shook her head. "Nothing like that. It's just a party;  
the guys on the football team at BCN just want to celebrate the end of the  
season with a big blow out. Stacy was such a big hit the last time, they  
want her back again." Sharon looked over at Gary who didn't react. "I offered  
them Ashley as well because you said you wanted the money. They were willing to  
pay twice as much for two girls."  
  
Karen looked undecided.  
  
"There's not a problem with that, is there?" Gary asked. Karen looked  
over at Gary, meeting his intense stare for a few moments and then looking away.  
  
"No," she answered finally. "I just don't want her hurt. That's all."  
  
The table fell silent for a few moments.  
  
"OK then," Sharon stated. "That's settled. You'll meet us at my house  
at eight to get the girls dressed."  
  
"Yeah," Karen told her, getting to her feet. "We'll be there." This  
said, she turned and walked away towards the waiting Ashley. She walked straight  
past her and out the door. After a confused glance at the three teenagers in the  
corner, Ashley scrambled to her feet and followed her out.  
  
"What was that all about?" Neil muttered.  
  
"Dunno." Sharon shrugged her shoulders.  
  
Gary laughed. His two friends turned towards him. "It's spring," he  
explained, grinning.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"You know," Gary insisted. "Spring. Birds and bees and that sort of thing."  
  
His two friends stared at him, blank looks on their faces.  
  
Gary sighed.  
  
"I think our Karen is falling in love..."  
  
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When Peter Jenkins had called to invite her to a party up in Point  
Hope, Stacy had jumped at the opportunity. Peter was two years older than her, and had been a senior at Greenwood when Stacy had been in grade ten. They had  
gone steady for a little while - about nine dates altogether - but Stacy had  
eventually dumped him when the current captain of the football team had  
expressed an interest in her. She had never really seen much of Peter after  
that; she knew that he didn't get another girlfriend that year, but never  
really thought about it. In her mind, the split-up had been entirely  
natural, and, if it bothered him, well... he'd just have to grow up a bit, wouldn't  
he?  
  
Thus, when he called her up, she had not hesitated to accept his  
invitation. He had moved to the nearby town of Point Hope after graduation,  
where he worked as a clerk in a department store. For Stacy, it represented  
the chance to get away from her present situation; to go to a party with people  
who didn't know her and wouldn't force her to have sex with them. It sounded  
perfect.  
  
She even bought a new dress for the occasion. A sleeveless green dress  
with little ruffles on the shoulders. It matched her eyes perfectly, and,  
she thought, it made her look a bit like a little girl. She had made a mental  
note to do her hair up into a pony tail. It was the sort of look which used to  
drive the guys wild back when she had enjoyed that sort of teasing. Now, of  
course, she was obliged, as often as not, to put out, so the cock-teasing was not as  
much fun as it used to be.  
  
Not tonight, though. Tonight, she could be her old self. No one in  
Point Hope knew her or went to Greenwood. It would be just like old times.  
  
Peter showed up at 7:00 PM as planned. It was almost a two hour drive  
to Point Hope, so he wanted to leave fairly early. She had been ready a good  
fifteen minutes before he arrived, but she still kept him waiting downstairs  
for almost half an hour; it was just like old times.  
  
He hadn't changed much. Always rather short, the last couple of years  
had seen his body fill out quite a bit until he was beginning to show a bit of  
pudginess. Obviously, the clerking job at the department store didn't  
involve much physical activity. Stacy felt herself sneering a bit as he led her out  
to his car - a somewhat battered Toyota Tercel; he was turning into a bit of a  
slob. The way he looked now, he couldn't be getting too much in the way of  
attention from any girls; that was probably why he had turned to his old  
high school girlfriend for a date at this party. No doubt he'd be so overwhelmed  
at having such a beautiful date as herself, he'd do whatever she wanted. What a  
schmuck!  
  
The drive up the coast to Point Hope was not particularly scenic. The  
only real nice part of the drive came just as they passed by the Point Hope  
Maximum Security Penitentiary and crested the hill leading down into the town  
itself. Point Hope was a quiet little town nestled against the beach below the  
sandstone cliffs. The view from the top of the hill was little short of  
spectacular.  
  
Stacy, however, had seen it all before. Besides, she was having too  
much fun annoying Peter. The two hour drive had been marked by small talk and  
long silences, but Stacy had quickly discovered that Peter was still easily upset  
by talk of their brief relationship a couple years earlier in high school. He  
had flushed an angry red when she had brought it up earlier in the trip, and  
had, since then, shut up almost entirely. Stacy, however, was enjoying herself  
immensely. She made a point of bringing it up as often as possible. By the  
time they arrived at the party, she was in a great mood, and Peter was quiet and  
sullen.  
  
Peter fought to remain patient as he led Stacy up the walk to the front  
door. This had better be worth it!  
  
He had received a phone call from a guy - some kid - at Greenwood,  
telling him something about Stacy's recent activities, and about her "weakness" for  
alcohol. The caller had suggested that once she had a couple of drinks in  
her, she would do anything, and that 'wouldn't it be nice if the two of them got  
back together for a date.'  
  
Peter wasn't sure if he believed him, but it was worth a try. Stacy had  
been an incredible bitch to him in high school, and any chance to get even  
was well worth attempting.  
  
Since the phone call, he had been experiencing this recurring fantasy...  
  
Stacy quickly realized that she was overdressed for the party. Most of  
the guests seemed to be blue collar workers from a local fish packing plant; the  
majority of them wore nothing more fancy than jeans and tee-shirts. Stacy  
was the only woman there in a dress. She was also the only one young enough to  
be in high school.  
  
Peter immediately brought her a glass of punch. When she sipped at it,  
Stacy discovered that it was a bit strong for her taste, but not too bad.  
She took another, longer, drink from the glass. The way things were shaping up  
at the party, a couple of drinks might well be called for. The whole idea of  
coming to this party with her ex-boyfriend was beginning to look like a bad  
idea. A little alcohol never hurt anyone; she finished the drink. Peter  
brought her another one and stood talking with her while she finished that one as  
well.  
  
He asked her to dance.  
  
At first, everything went well. The music was up-tempo and the dancing  
was fun, despite her inappropriate dress. After a while, though, she began to  
feel a bit queasy. It must have been the punch. In fact, she realized suddenly,  
if felt a little like...  
  
A new song started. A slow song.  
  
Peter pulled her close, into his chest; instinctively, she draped her  
bare arms over his shoulders and they began to dance, slowly revolving around the  
dance floor. As they danced, Stacy began to experience the now-familiar  
feeling of disassociation as the room started to spin. She closed her eyes and held  
on to Peter's shoulders, trying to fight off the dizziness. The music and other  
noise in the room seemed to recede into the background. The drug! They had  
drugged her; Gary must have arranged this.  
  
Panicked, Stacy tried to disentangle herself, but she was unable to do  
so. Her limbs failed to respond properly, and it was all she could do to hold  
onto her dance partner in order to keep herself from sinking to the floor. Around  
and around they went, each revolution sending Stacy's perception spinning,  
until all she was aware of in the room was Peter. There was nothing else;  
just a blur of sound and a solid object she could hang onto.  
  
She felt the warm tingling begin in her groin.  
  
"Stacy..."  
  
A voice! Her eyes opened and struggled to focus on the face in front of  
her. Peter? Everything else was a blur.  
  
"Do you remember going out with me in high school?"  
  
Remember? Of course she remembered. Stacy nodded in the affirmative,  
still trying to focus. Why was he asking? The tingle in her groin grew stronger.  
  
"We went on nine dates," Peter murmured to her. "Nine dates..."  
  
Stacy felt one of his hands leave her shoulder, slide down the back of  
her dress and latch onto her ass. She felt that she should make some objection,  
but...  
  
"And all I got was one kiss," the voice continued. "One kiss..."  
  
The blonde teenager tried to focus on what Peter was saying, but the  
hand on her butt was making concentration difficult. She felt the hand pull  
away...  
  
"One kiss..."  
  
...and begin pulling the zipper of her dress down her back. She tried  
to wriggle free, but her arms remained wrapped around Peter's shoulders.  
  
"I don't think that's fair. Do you?"  
  
"N-no." Stacy discovered that she could speak, although even her own  
voice seemed distant to her. The zipper was now all the way down, and she could  
feel the cool air of the room on the small of her back. The feelings of arousal  
increased, spreading up from her crotch into her belly. Involuntarily, she  
ground her lower body against Peter as the dance continued.  
  
"So," Peter continued, "we're going to work through those dates now.  
All nine of them. As they should have been."  
  
Stacy tried to shake her head, no. Not here; she wanted him to take her  
to a bedroom or something... do what he wanted there, but not here. Not in  
front of...  
  
"First date," he whispered, his tongue licking out at her hear. "A kiss  
would be nice."  
  
Retreating from her ear, he brought his lips down against hers. She moaned softly, parting her lips, but he quickly pulled away. That felt so good, but not here. Please, not here.  
  
"Second date," he continued. One of the straps of the dress slid off a shoulder. She tried to shrug it back on, but it just slipped further down her arm.  
  
"Maybe some tongue."  
  
This time, he thrust his tongue into her willing mouth. She kissed back, unable to do anything else as a wave of lust surged through her body. Oh god...  
  
The kiss broke, but the dance continued.  
  
The dance continued through the "third date", where he copped a feel of  
her breasts through the fabric of her dress. Her nipples hardened  
immediately when he ran his fingers over them.  
  
On the "fourth date", he removed her bra, unclipping it from behind her  
back and sliding it off. By now, her dress had slid down off the other  
shoulder, uncovering her back all the way down to the top of her ass and  
leaving her breasts partly exposed...  
  
More of the same on the "fifth date". Some heavy necking while mauling  
at her now almost-naked breasts. By now, Stacy was panting with lust, all  
thought of where she was and who she was with having fled her mind. All that  
mattered was...  
  
The dance. She missed what he said on the "sixth date", but by the end  
of the "seventh", she was grinding her crotch against him with abandon...  
  
"Eight date," he panted, hoarse. "It's time you felt my cock."  
  
She didn't need to be told twice. Groaning with lust, she disentangled  
one arm from around his neck and reached down to his crotch. With an ease born  
of much practice, she pulled down the zipper and slide his cock free of his  
pants.  
It was already damp and rigid...  
  
"Ninth date," he gasped. "You need to be fucked." He looked at her.  
"Beg for it."  
  
"Please fuck me," she moaned. "I need to be fucked. Please put your  
lovely cock into me, Peter. Fill me up. Please..."  
  
Peter could take no more. He had been dreaming of this moment for over  
two years. With a cry, he shoved her back against the wall, pulled one of her  
legs up, and shoved his cock straight into her dripping pussy. The dress, bunched  
up at the waist to allow him access to her pussy, fell forward, abandoning any  
pretence of covering her breasts.  
  
Stacy didn't care.  
  
Holding onto his shoulders, she wrapped both legs around Peter's ass  
and fucked him right back as he drove her again and again against the wall. She  
drooled and slobbered and squirmed out her lust, all the time moaning and  
crying for him to fuck her harder.  
  
He obliged...  
  
The last trembling vestige of orgasm rippled though her beaten body.  
Groggy, she looked up from the floor where she sat, propped against the  
wall. Just as she did so, a flash went off... and then another.  
  
Dazed, the blonde teenager looked around. She was lying, practically  
naked, against the wall, her green dress a shapeless mess around her waist.  
A group of people - the guests at the party - were standing around, looking  
down on her and laughing. A few of them had cameras and were using them. She  
heard the word "slut" and "whore" coming up in conversation.  
  
Were they talking about her?  
  
Just as had happened before, the orgasm seemed to have burned away the  
effects of the drugs, leaving Stacy clear-headed and sober. Sobbing with  
embarrassment, she stumbled to her feet, breasts bobbing merrily, clutching  
her dress around her as the crowd laughed.  
  
Another flash went off.  
  
The dress didn't seem torn, and she quickly had it back over her tits,  
but she was unable to zip it up on her own. Eyes downward, she pushed her way  
through the crowd, looking for...  
  
"Peter!"  
  
He was standing with a couple of guys near the entrance to the kitchen,  
drinking a beer. "What... what are you..."  
  
He looked over at her and smirked. "I'd heard that you had become quite  
a slut since my days at Greenwood. I just wanted to see if it was true."  
  
Stacy stopped talking and began to cry. Yet another flash went off.  
  
"Stop it," she cried, spinning around to strike out at whoever was  
taking the picture. The blow missed, however, and she succeeded only in letting the  
front of her dress flop forward again. Two pictures were taken of her  
re-exposed breasts before she was able to cover up.  
  
Furious, she turned back to Peter. "Take me home," she ordered. "Now."  
  
Peter just laughed. "Are you kidding? Get home yourself, you slut." He  
reached into his pocket and pulled out a ten dollar bill. "Take this," he  
said, handing it to her. "There's a bus depot just down the block. There are buses  
to Bakersville every couple of hours."  
  
Stunned, she held the ten dollar bill in her hand, staring at him.  
Eventually, she turned and stumbled through the laughing crowd to the door,  
still holding her unzipped dress around her.  
  
"And Stacy," Peter called out from behind her.  
  
She turned; maybe he was going to give her a ride after all.  
  
"You were worth every penny."  
  
The crowd roared with laughter as Stacy, tears running down her face,  
ran out into the cool night air...

STACY'S SENIOR YEAR  
(PART TEN)  
  
In due course, Stacy was elected Homecoming Queen.  
  
It was no great surprise, either to her or to anyone else. The only  
possible competition - Ashley Peters - had more or less dropped out of the  
race in the last month. Ashley no longer moved in the kinds of social circles  
from which Homecoming Queens were inevitably chosen. Stacy, for all of her sexual  
activities at Greenwood over the previous nine months, still enjoyed at  
least the appearance of respectability. While the word was out among most of the  
guys at school (and more than a few of the girls) that Stacy was a cocksucking  
slut, nothing could really be proved, particularly to those who mattered: the  
teachers and parents. And, if Stacy dressed a little more daringly during  
the course of her senior year and went out on lots of dates, well... there was  
nothing really wrong with that as long as she kept her marks up in school  
(and her grades in her final year were the highest of any student ever to attend  
Greenwood).  
  
So, a little wildness - a little rebelliousness - was to be expected and tolerated. She was a teenager, after all.  
  
Indeed, her now well-known willingness to fuck and suck just about any  
guy in school actually helped her get elected, in an odd sort of way. There were  
six male students on the Grad Committee, which selected each year's  
Homecoming Queen. Stacy had fucked two of them during the course of the year, and - just before the crucial election - had given each of the six a blowjob out in the  
school parking lot.  
  
Sharon's "suggestion." But Stacy didn't really mind too much at this  
point. After some of the things that had happened to her over the course of  
the school year, giving blowjobs in a parking lot was almost relaxing. She was  
more or less used (or at least resigned) to the taste of cock in her mouth, and  
only two of the guys actually made her swallow. She hated that. Against her will,  
she found herself almost thankful that they only wanted to fuck her mouth.  
Since the incident at the second football party, she had found herself once  
again unable to get excited when having sex.  
  
Just like in the beginning.  
  
The fourth of the six guys she sucked off was the long-awaited number  
sixty-five.  
  
She hadn't even realized it at the time. It wasn't until she made her  
regular report to Gary that he had pointed this out to her. Number  
sixty-five!  
She was done; finished; no-longer-a-sex- toy. It was a dazed and confused  
Stacy who had admitted Gary and Sharon to her house later that same afternoon. She had been almost certain that they would not release her as they had  
promised, but that seemed to be exactly what was happening. Right after school, the two blackmailers brought over a small box of material - four videotapes and a  
large number of still pictures - and handed them over without comment. Gary even  
gave her advance copies of her final exams. She had almost forgotten about them,  
and was certainly not prepared. She was so surprised, she found herself feeling  
genuinely thankful.  
  
That feeling, however, only lasted until they had gone and she had a  
chance to go through the material. She quickly re-discovered that familiar  
sense of loathing for her (former) tormentors.  
  
Before the hour was up, she had burned the pictures and the videotape  
lay in crumpled ribbons at her feet. No one was ever going to have that kind of  
power over her again! She had also ripped off the charm bracelet, but in  
doing so had involuntarily sent the shiny "F"s sailing loose across her bedroom.  
She had located many of them, but they still turned up once in a while, in a  
pillow or under a seat cushion.  
  
No matter.  
  
The remaining two weeks of school shot by. Exams were held the week of  
the 21st of June. With the aid of the stolen exam papers, the first four exams  
were a breeze. During the fifth exam, however...  
  
Stacy stared down at the exam paper, eyes widening with shock. This  
wasn't the test she had prepared! Desperate, she re- read the questions, even  
flipping the paper over the make certain that she hadn't missed something. Nothing.  
The questions didn't even begin to resemble those that Gary had supplied her  
with.  
  
Gary! This must be his idea of a joke. She felt tears of rage well up  
inside her and spill over onto her face, but there was nothing she could do  
about it now. Or ever, for that matter. She knew that she lacked the will to  
confront Gary with this latest torment. Besides, what could she do about it?  
She doubted that the school authorities would have much sympathy for her  
plight.  
  
Feeling sick to her stomach, she got down to work, answering the  
questions as best she could. By the end of the exam, she felt that she had done pretty well, despite her lack of preparation; the material wasn't that difficult,  
and she had always considered herself smarter than most of the other students at  
Greenwood anyway...  
  
The final two exams went fine; the supplied exam papers matched exactly  
the ones supplied to her by Gary. Stacy was almost willing to believe that  
the incident had been an honest mistake on Gary's part. Almost.  
  
Not that it mattered.  
  
It had now been over a week since she had fucked anybody. A whole,  
wonderful week of doing and saying whatever she wanted! She'd had to refuse  
quite a number of "offers", but that was turning out to be almost enjoyable.  
It gave her no small amount of satisfaction to let those jerks know exactly  
what she thought about them. In fact, she was beginning to feel more and more  
like her old self every day.  
  
The same, however, could not be said of Ashley. She was a new person.  
Physically, the change was obvious. Gone was the long, brown hair and  
girlish clothing. Instead, she now sported a mannish crew cut, combed back and  
gelled on top and had gotten both of her ears triple-pierced. She even wore a  
shiny, silver stud in her nose. The clothing was different too. No more dresses and  
frilly blouses; she now basically wore only black jeans and dark tee-shirts.  
Just the same as Karen.  
  
The changes were more than just physical. After the night of the  
football party at BCN, Ashley had quickly drifted away from her old group of friends  
and started spending all of her time with Karen. Eventually, they became  
inseparable, and could often be seen holding hands and even - the rumour  
went - kissing in the woods behind the school. Ashley soon joined her girlfriend in  
social isolation, but she didn't seem to mind much. Neither did Karen.  
  
On the Monday of the last week of school, Stacy had resolved herself to  
attempt to talk to her old friend, but when she tried to locate her, she  
quickly found out that Ashley and Karen had left school a week early (right  
after exams) to go on a camping trip together. Ashley's puzzled mother had  
confided to Stacy that Ashley had withdrawn her application for a position  
at a major university back east and, over the strenuous objections of her father,  
had instead decided to attend college at BCN next year. Her parents were  
both mystified at this change of plans.  
  
Stacy could have told her why, but kept her silence.  
Karen had FAILED AND HAD one more year of highschool in Bakersville...  
  
\*\*\*\*\*  
  
"Excuse me, Ms. Peabody?"  
  
Stacy stood in front of the secretary's desk, clutching the pink slip  
which had informed her of the principal's wish to see her "immediately". The  
last week of classes was more of a formality than anything else - checking  
in books and materials - so there had been no problem in leaving the class to  
answer the principal's summons. His secretary, a tall, thin women with her  
gray hair pulled back in a severe bun at the back of her head, took the slip and  
stared at it.  
  
"And you are Stacy Richards?"  
  
The older woman stared suspiciously at the teenager, as if suspecting  
her of being an imposter.  
  
'Yeah,' Stacy thought to herself sarcastically, 'like I really want to be here'.  
  
"Yes," she answered politely. "Dr. Grossman wants to see me?"  
  
'Probably something about being this year's Homecoming Queen,' she  
mused.  
  
"So it would appear." The secretary picked up the phone, pushed a  
button and spoke into it.  
  
"A Stacy Richards here to see you, sir." There were a few moments of  
silence and then she nodded briskly.  
  
"Go right in; he's expecting you."  
  
Stacy entered the principal's large office. It was set in the back of  
the school building, giving it a good view of the playing fields and then the  
forest stretching out behind Greenwood. The principal, Dr. Randall Grossman,  
sat behind a large oak desk. He had short, jet black hair which had recently  
begun the long retreat up his forehead. His large, dark eyes peered out from  
behind his bifocals. Despite this seemingly mild appearance, the principal  
had a strong physical presence about him. He had experienced little or no  
trouble in intimidating the students (and staff, for that matter) into compliance  
with his policies. As a result of his abilities, Greenwood regularly had one of  
the highest academic records in the state.  
  
The students, of course, hated and feared him, and Stacy was no  
exception. Grossman did not hesitate to expel a student when he saw the need and had even, on one memorable and well- publicized occasion, been instrumental in the criminal conviction of a student who had been caught with a stolen exam  
paper. Stacy, perhaps better than anyone, remembered this.  
  
"Miss Richards." His voice was high; surprisingly effeminate.  
"Please... have a seat."  
  
Stacy sat as the school principal opened a white folder and removed a  
sheet of paper from it. He glanced at the form and then looked up at her.  
  
"Stacy," he began, "your marks this year have been the best we've ever  
seen from a student at Greenwood. I've personally never come across such a  
consistently brilliant student."  
  
"Thank you," Stacy said, breathing a small sigh of relief. She hadn't  
been expecting trouble, but you never knew.  
  
"That's why I was so surprised at your History test," the principal continued.  
  
"What?"  
  
"History 12," he explained, handing the piece of paper over to her. It  
was the cover sheet of her exam paper in the History class; the one Gary had  
given her the wrong paper for. It had a "49" marked on top of it in bright red  
pen.  
  
Forty-nine!  
  
Stacy felt like she was going to throw up. That was a failing grade.  
Her hand trembled as she held the sheet. After everything that had happened to  
her this year; and now...  
  
"Summer school," Dr. Grossman said, as if reading her mind. "If you  
fail a course, you have to make it up over the summer." He stared at her as she  
turned pale. "You know that, don't you?"  
  
White as a sheet, Stacy nodded, not trusting herself to speak.  
  
Summer school!!!  
  
A tiny smile played across Dr. Grossman's mild face as he noted the  
girl's reactions. They were perfect; and so was she. A real find. Ever since Mr.  
Edgar's tearful confession the previous week, Grossman had been looking  
forward to this moment. He had always fantasized about something like this – getting control of one of the beautiful young sluts in his school and imposing his  
"tastes" on one of them - but he had never dared try it before now. There  
was too much at risk: his job, his career, his reputation; and there was always  
The Club whenever he felt the need to indulge himself.  
  
The Club! What wonderful things they could think of to do with this  
teenage slut; what wonderful things they WOULD do to her... if his plan  
worked.  
  
And it should. It should work. If Edgar's description of events was at  
all accurate, there was every reason to believe that his plan would unfold  
exactly as he hoped. First, however, he wanted to test the water. See how she  
reacted...  
  
Stacy thought quickly. She couldn't go to summer school. She just  
couldn't! Taking a deep breath, the teenager regained control of herself and  
looked over at the principal. He sat staring at her appraisingly. Maybe. It  
worked with Edgar; why not with...  
  
"Young lady," he said sternly, breaking the silence, "is there anything  
you wish to say or... do to convince me to exercise my discretionary powers  
in favour of giving you a passing grade."  
  
He stared at her from behind his bifocals.  
  
"I can do that, you know."  
  
Stacy wasn't stupid. She knew what he was talking about.  
  
"S-sir," she stammered, flushing red. "I'll do whatever I have to do to  
pass; whatever you w-want." The blonde teenager fought down the bile which  
rose in her lovely throat. She was supposed to be finished with this bullshit.  
  
Dr. Grossman raised an eyebrow. "Anything?"  
  
"Yes sir," she answered quietly.  
  
They understood each other.  
  
Moving suddenly, the school principal leaned forward in his chair and  
punched a button on his intercom.  
  
"Ms. Peabody," he ordered. "Hold all my calls and visitors for the next  
two hours. And call Gardner to the office. He can wait out there." The  
secretary acknowledged the orders.  
  
Dr. Grossman sat back in his chair and stared over at the trembling  
teenager. She looked so delicious, sitting there in her tight jeans and pink  
top, her beautiful blonde hair done up in a long braid.  
  
"OK Stacy," he said. "Here's the deal." He got to his feet and walked  
slowly across the room towards her.  
  
"Stand up against the desk."  
  
She did as ordered. The large oak desk came up to just below her  
crotch.  
  
"Now, bend over and grab these drawer handles."  
  
Once again, Stacy did as ordered. She was now bent over the desktop,  
stretched out with her hands just reaching the two drawer handles.  
  
"Now," the principal continued, running his gaze appreciatively up and  
down her body "if you can hold that position for the next two hours, you  
pass.  
But if, for any reason, you let go of those handles... well, we'll be seeing  
you at summer school. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes sir," Stacy answered quietly. Her fingers curled tightly around  
the small metal handles as she prepared herself for the worst. A tear trickled  
down one cheek and fell onto the desktop. She had a pretty good idea of what  
would soon be happening...  
  
Harold Gardner was a big man. He was also a black man. He worked as a  
janitor and general handyman at Greenwood High, a position he had held ever  
since he had been personally hired by the school principal, Dr. Grossman. He  
and Grossman went back a long ways. They had similar tastes in certain...  
activities, and both enjoyed membership in an exclusive Club. When Gardner  
had lost his job at City Hall because of his criminal record, Grossman had been  
happy to take him in and provide him with employment. No blackmail or  
anything like that; just one friend doing another friend a favour.  
  
Gardner looked over at Ms. Peabody and smiled. The secretary looked  
over and acknowledged his smile. She too was a personal appointee of Dr. Grossman and, like Gardner, she was a member of the Club. Grossman had discussed his plans for Stacy with her a couple of days earlier and, although she was somewhat concerned about the risks, she had agreed to go along with it. If  
it worked...  
  
A rhythmic slapping sound came from the principal's office. It had been  
going on for about twenty minutes now, and showed no sign of abating.  
Gardner and Peabody looked at each other and smirked; they had a pretty good idea of what was happening in there.  
  
Five minutes later, the sound stopped. The door to the principal's office opened and Grossman looked out. His face was flushed red, and damp with sweat.  
  
"Ah, Mr. Gardner," he said. "I wonder if you could help me with a little 'matter' in here."  
  
"Ah'm sure ah can," Gardner answered, getting to his feet.  
  
"Is there anything I can do," Peabody asked hopefully.  
  
Grossman shook his head.  
  
"I'm afraid I need you out here," he answered. "You have to hold my  
calls and keep people out of the office for the next little while. Later  
though..."  
  
He smiled promised much as he closed the door.  
  
Ms. Peabody shivered and reached one hand down to massage her pussy as  
she imagined what was going on in the office.  
  
Gardner didn't have to imagine any more.  
  
The blonde slut (as he thought of her) was lying across the oak desk,  
grasping onto a couple of drawer handles as if her life depended upon it.  
The janitor was somewhat surprised to see that she was not tied down in any way,  
but said nothing. Grossman knew what he was doing.  
  
Her jeans and panties were down around her ankles, and her tight  
teenage ass was beet red from the spanking the principal had been administering to her for the last half hour or so.  
  
"Harold," Grossman said, puffing slightly from his exertions. "Stacy  
here was just saying how much she fancied sucking on a black cock while I spanked  
her." He brought his hand down sharply on the teenager's quivering ass.  
  
"Isn't that right Miss Richards?"  
  
Stacy flinched and squirmed when he hit her, but her hands remained  
tight around the door handles.  
  
"Y-yes sir," she answered, gritting her teeth against the pain. "I'm  
afraid I m-might make too much noise while... while being spanked..."  
  
"And..."  
  
Stacy groaned with humiliation.  
  
"S-sir..." This was addressed to the janitor. "Would you put your cock  
in my mouth please? If I have a c-cock to suck on... I won't make so much  
n-noise."  
  
The blonde teenager squirmed on the desk as Grossman fondled her beet  
red ass.  
  
"Well Harold," the principal asked. "Will you help her out?"  
  
Gardner, his cock already straining against his overalls, quickly  
agreed. In a flash, he was seated behind Grossman's desk, pulling out his large,  
black cock and feeding it to the crying teenager as bent over in the desk in front  
of him. She gagged, but soon accommodated it in her mouth.  
  
"Suck it, bitch," he ordered, cuffing her on the side of the face.  
Obediently, she began to bob her head up and down. Hands still firmly  
gripping the drawer handles, she began to slurp hungrily at his cock. She was good.  
  
"Feels good, you little cocksucker," he complimented her. "You've  
sucked plenty of cock before."  
  
Stacy groaned in humiliation as she slid her mouth up and down on his  
cock, but didn't pull away.  
  
She just kept sucking.  
  
Even when Grossman continued the spanking, this time using a wooden  
yardstick, whacking away at her ass until it was bruised red and blue. Even  
when Gardner quickly came, spurting cum into her sucking mouth and down her  
throat; she just sucked him dry and then kept on sucking as he became hard  
again. Even when Grossman, panting and gasping from his sadistic exertions,  
finally stopped whacking her flaming bottom with the yardstick and jammed  
his near-bursting cock first into her dry cunt, and then into her tight asshole.  
She just kept sucking and squirming until finally, both men let loose,  
flooding her with cum from both ends.  
  
Even then, she just kept sucking until finally Gardner pulled out of  
her mouth.  
  
Grossman, exhausted, leaned against the desk. His face had turned an  
alarming shade of red, but there was a vicious smile on his face. "OK," he  
said. "That's enough. You can let go now."  
  
Stacy tried, but her hands were so tightly wrapped around the handles  
that it took her several seconds to tear them loose. Groaning with pain and  
humiliation, she brought one hand up and wiped ineffectually at the  
glistening sperm which covered her lower face. The two men watched as she then bent over and slowly pulled her panties and then jeans over her shining red ass,  
covering the thin trail of sperm which trickled down her thigh.  
  
Finally, she was dressed. She turned her tear-stained face towards the  
principal.  
  
"T-the test," she mumbled, dazed with pain.  
  
Grossman reached over, grabbed a pen and wrote a large "Pass" on top of  
it.  
  
"Well done, Stacy," he congratulated her, still gasping. "I just wish  
all of the students here at Greenwood were as dedicated as you are."  
  
Stacy ignored the taunt. Moving carefully, she turned and limped out of  
the office.  
  
"Jesus," Gardner muttered. "Yer jus' gonna let her walk outta here like  
that? What a loss. Everyone in the Club will wanna hear 'bout..."  
  
"The Club will meet her soon enough," Grossman chuckled, reaching into  
a desk drawer and pulling out a cassette tape. "We're not done with her  
yet..."  
  
Friday, the second of July.  
  
The last day of school at Greenwood High.  
  
The school seemed quiet, already half-deserted as a good proportion of  
the students were skipping the final hours in favour of starting their summer  
holiday a day early. Really, the only reason to attend the last day was to  
pick up the school yearbook and say goodbye to one's friends. The yearbook was  
mailed out anyway, and, with more kids on the beach than in the school,  
there was no real reason to say goodbye.  
  
Stacy Richards walked slowly along the quiet hallway, rucksack full of  
gym equipment in one hand and school yearbook in the other. Still in pain from  
the severe spanking administered to her earlier in the week, she would have  
preferred to have stayed at home, but her duties as a Rec Instructor had  
required her presence at school to check through and store the class sports  
equipment. Actually, she would have preferred to be on the beach with her  
friends, but her ass was in no shape for a swimsuit. Maybe in a couple of  
weeks, but not now.  
  
She walked up to her locker and began to dial the combination on the  
lock when she became aware of a giggling behind her. Turning, she saw three  
girls, from a lower grade, looking at her and laughing. One of them was pointing to  
an open yearbook.  
  
"What's so funny?" she asked, angry. She wasn't used to being treated  
this way by her social inferiors at school. Unintimidated, the girls just laughed  
and continued down the hall.  
  
Puzzled, she watched them go. What was going on? Stacy looked around.  
Suddenly paranoid, she noticed that others were looking at her as well. Some  
of them were just grinning at her while others flipped through their yearbooks,  
laughing and whispering. The seemingly deserted school hallway now seemed  
full of laughing, whispering students. What was happening?  
  
Locker forgotten, Stacy placed her rucksack on the floor and opened the  
yearbook. Everything seemed normal as she flipped quickly through the book;  
just the typical high school yearbook...  
  
The page flipped open to the sports section.  
  
"Oh god..." Stacy sagged up against her locker, suddenly weak.  
  
WOULD STACY RICHARDS PLEASE REPORT  
TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE  
(the PA system)  
  
Stacy ignored it, staring at the picture which covered half a page. It  
was under the heading "Swim Club", but rather than the entire team, it just  
displayed Stacy. She was posed in a swimsuit; one of the too-small swimsuits  
Sharon had forced her to wear during the second photo session. The suit had  
been soaked, and her nipples clearly showed through the thin fabric of the  
suit as she knelt, knees widely spread, licking a large, pink dildo and staring  
seductively at the camera.  
  
Gary!!  
  
That bastard. She didn't know how he had managed it, but it was him  
alright. Panicking, she began to turn the pages to the "R" section of the  
grade twelves. If he had put that picture in the sports section, what had he...  
  
It was her picture; and she recognized it. She was dressed in the  
tight, pink rubber dress Sharon had produced for the first photo session, leaning  
forward, hands pushing up her breasts and a look of passion - no, lust - on  
her beautiful face. She looked like a complete slut.  
  
Her stunned gaze slipped down to the text below the picture: 'Girl most  
likely to... do just about anything.' Under that was a tiny "happy-face"  
with the sentence 'I fucked Stacy Richards' beside it. Horrified, the panicking  
teenager scanned the remaining pictures on the page. Under the photograph of  
Terry Rhymer was three of the "happy-faces"; she had fucked him three times  
during the year. The pages of the book flipped through her fingers, coming  
to rest in the grade eight section; there were rows and rows of "happy-faces"  
under Tim Myers' picture.  
  
The yearbook slid out of her numb fingers and dropped to the floor as  
the full realization of what had happened sunk into her. During the course of  
her torment, she had been sustained by one goal: to keep what was happening  
secret - to maintain her position at Greenwood. Now...  
  
There must be a way. Most of the yearbooks hadn't been given out yet.  
If she acted quickly, she could stop the mailout and maybe even get most if not  
all of the books recalled.  
  
WOULD STACY RICHARDS PLEASE REPORT  
TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE!  
(the PA system)  
  
She didn't even hear it.  
  
Moving as fast as she could, she raced through the combination on her  
locker and jerked it open, determined to stow the rucksack and get to the  
principal's office as soon as possible. As she did so, however, a small  
stack of material - glossy magazines - slid out onto the hallway floor. Alarmed,  
Stacy reached down and picked one up. It was a porn magazine, entitled  
CUMSHOT and it had...  
  
For the second time in as many minutes Stacy felt herself unable to  
breath as panic swept through her body. She was on the cover of the magazine! The  
full-colour photograph featured a sharp close-up of her face as she lapped  
hungrily at a string of cum running from her mouth to a large cock. Neil's  
cock, she realized, recognizing the scene.  
  
"What's this?"  
  
It was another student - Stephanie Bowers; Stacy had stolen her  
boyfriend in grade ten. The girl bent over to pick up a magazine: YOUNG THINGS.  
  
"Give me that," Stacy yelled, inadvertently attracting the attention of  
a number of other nearby students. She grabbed the magazine out of the other  
girl's hand and tossed it into her locker. Then she dropped to her knees and  
gathered up the remaining publications - TEENAGE SLUTS, CUMHUNGRY - and  
likewise put them away.  
  
WOULD STACY RICHARDS PLEASE REPORT  
TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE!  
(the PA system)  
  
She didn't even notice it.  
  
Stacy slammed the locker shut and locked it. A small crowd of students  
had gathered around to see what the fuss was, but the magazines were safely  
locked away.  
  
"Fuck off," she cried at them, tears running down her face. They  
watched silently as she ran off in the direction of the main office. She had to get  
those yearbooks recalled!  
  
Stephanie watched her go, puzzled. Usually Stacy was so cool; so  
superior. What had happened to her? She gazed speculatively at Stacy's locker. It  
looked like she'd never...  
  
Wait a moment.  
  
She reached into her pocket and pulled out a small slip of paper with  
three numbers on it. She had found it stuffed into her locker that morning.  
The numbers looked like combination numbers. Could it be? As she moved forward  
to try it out, she noticed two or three of the other students in the crowd were  
also pulling out small pieces of paper and looking at them. With mounting  
excitement, Stephanie began to enter the numbers...  
  
Stacy barged through the door and charged into the school head office.  
No one was there. Frantic, she ran behind the counter and into the  
administrative section of the school. There must be someone...  
  
"There you are!"  
  
It was Ms. Peabody. She walked angrily towards the panicked teenager.  
"We've been calling you to the office for ten minutes now. Are you deaf?"  
  
"Ms. Peabody," Stacy began, ignoring the secretary's tirade, "you've  
got to recall the yearbooks. Someone has..."  
  
She was cut off as Ms. Peabody grabbed her by the ear and began  
dragging her down the hall towards the principal's office.  
  
"Oww..." Stacy stumbled along behind her, trying to pull away but the  
pain was too much. Finally, they arrived at the office. The secretary knocked on  
the door and then pushed it open without waiting for an acknowledgment. She used  
her grip on Stacy's reddened ear to propel the reluctant teenager into the  
office and then entered behind her, closing the door.  
  
Rubbing her ear, Stacy looked around. Dr. Grossman sat behind the desk,  
a serious look on his face.  
  
"Stacy," he said, "sit down."  
  
"Sir," Stacy began breathlessly, "The yearbook... you have to..."  
  
"SIT DOWN!"  
  
Startled, Stacy fell silent and dropped into the seat directly opposite  
the desk.  
  
"This is a very serious matter," the principal explained grimly. "I've  
just had some important evidence brought to my attention regarding your  
academic performance this year."  
  
"S-sir?"  
  
Stacy flinched as she felt a hand at her shoulder. It was Ms. Peabody,  
standing behind the chair.  
  
"I found this cassette tape in my mailbox," Grossman continued, pulling  
a small tape deck out of his desk. "Listen."  
  
He punched the play button. Stacy listened. Almost at once, she heard  
the sound of her own voice:  
  
<"I heard you have a copy of next week's English exam. Is that true?"  
  
"Why do you want to know?">  
  
Stacy felt an absurd sense of deja vu as she listened in panicked  
disbelief.  
  
<"I want a copy of that exam. I need it for this weekend."  
  
"Stacy, you mean you want a copy of a stolen exam paper so you can  
cheat on next Monday's English test."  
  
"Yes. I need it to pass the exam... I'll pay money. How about $100?  
Please?"  
  
"Alright, I'll sell you the stolen exam paper for $100. Will that be all, Stacy, or do you want any more exams? I can probably get whatever you want."  
  
"That sounds great. I'll buy whatever you can get for the classes I'm  
in. $100 a paper."  
  
"It's a deal. Meet me tomorrow after school in the woodworking shop. It  
should be deserted on Friday afternoon... Don't forget the money.">  
  
The hissing stopped for a second as the tape fell silent. Stacy  
struggled to get to her feet, but the secretary held her down, her hand firmly  
pressing down on the teenager's shoulder.  
  
"There's more," she whispered menacingly.  
  
Stacy knew that. She knew exactly what was coming. Trembling, she  
listened as the voices began once again:  
  
<"Well," her voice again, "Do you have it?"  
  
"I've got it. One stolen English exam paper for Stacy Richards. And my  
money?">  
  
There was a brief moment of silence, and they the sound of paper being  
crinkled.  
  
<"It's all there; you don't have to worry about that... now or in the future."  
  
"Fine, It's all yours."  
  
"Thanks.">  
  
The voices fell silent, and she heard a door slam: the shop door slamming when she left the room. The hiss slowly faded as the recording came to halt.  
  
Stacy went limp, yearbook forgotten; magazines forgotten... Nothing  
mattered anymore. How could that one incident of cheating on the math test  
have brought her to this? She brought her hands up to cover her face.  
  
The school principal hit the "stop" button. He looked over at her,  
struggling to hold back a smile.  
  
"I think you know what this means young lady," he told her.  
  
She knew. Oh... she knew.  
  
Ms. Peabody, still keeping her hand firmly on the blonde teenager's  
shoulder, bent down put her lips to Stacy's ear.  
  
"Summerschool," she whispered. Her tongue flicked out and licked at  
Stacy's ear.  
  
"I'm sure," Dr. Grossman continued, watching with glee as his secretary  
slid her hands down and began mauling the breasts of the unresisting  
teenager, "that this summer will be a learning experience for all of us..."  
  
THE END???