

The Venus School of Sex

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Jessica's realized that she has desires that she wants to explore, what better place than The Venus School of Sex where students can take classes in whatever kinks and fantasies they might wish to explore? Little does she know that the two instructors she's drooling over know exactly who she is in real life... and they're overjoyed that she's at the school.



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The Venus School of Sex : Chapter 1

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. ½ This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

"Will you tell me all about it when you get back?" asked Hilary, watching Jessica pack with swift practiced motions. Not that she needed to pack much, from everything she'd read in the brochure the school provided "uniforms."

Jessica glanced at her best friend. They'd been best friends since they were 10 years old, and now at 25 nothing had changed that. "You know I have to sign a non-disclosure agreement along with a bunch of other papers when I get there."

"Aw that's just so you don't sue them or out them to a newspaper or anything, it's not for keeping secrets from your best friend." Hilary pouted prettily at her, tossing long blonde hair as she crossed her arms and swung her head around in mock sulkiness. Jessica grinned, shaking her own short brown curls at her friend.

"If you wanted to know, you should have signed up with me," she admonished. Her hand hovered over her garter belt and stockings, her favorite black ones with a visible seam that travels up the center of the back of her legs. Ah heck, why not. Maybe she wouldn't get the chance to wear it, but then again maybe she would.

Hilary rolled her eyes. "You're the adventurous one, not me. Not," she added dryly, "that anyone would be able to tell looking at your closet." Her eyes raked unforgivingly over the garments hanging in it. It was true, most of them were good colors on Jessica's slightly tanned skin tone, but for the most part she wore clothes that were a size too big, preferring to hide her body rather than show it off. When Hilary said that Jessica was adventurous she meant that Jessica had played around with some slightly kinkier aspects of sex with her last boyfriend, Sean, letting him tie her up and blindfold her, he even gagged her once. It had turned her on immensely, but he hadn't been willing to go further than that, saying that he felt awkward, not sexy. Hilary was pure vanilla, even though she had loved living vicariously through Jessica's descriptions. However she dressed to impress, and plenty of guys panted after her, perfectly willing to put up with pure missionary sex as long as they could peel off her skin tight jeans and tops to the delectable body they knew was just a thin layer of fabric away.

"I plan to be a lot more adventurous," Jessica muttered. She threw some toiletries in her bag, and her birth control pills, and then zipped it up. She was done. It felt weird to only need one duffel bag for a two week long seminar in sexual exploration - AHEM - two week long vacation.

"At least tell me if it's good," Hilary begged. "If you like it and you want to go back, and you say it's worth it, I'll go with you session they have it."

Jessica looked at her friend, surprised. "Really?"

Hilary blushed. "I read some stories online and on my Kindle after you told me about you and David and the stuff you were doing. Some of it's kinda hot. I'm just not sure I'm ready for it. And those are all fiction. If you come back and tell me that it's really good and it's worth it, then yeah, I think I'd be willing to try."

Jessica grinned and impulsively hugged her friend. Even though Hilary was very good about being nonjudgmental, Jessica had felt fearful that confessing she was going on a two week seminar, that would school her in all sorts of sexcapades and probably with various partners, would be too much for her friend's open-mindedness. But she needed to tell someone where she was going, and who could she tell if not her best

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friend? Obviously not her parents. Her older brother would react just as badly. And Hilary was the only one of her friends that she trusted with this information, she was the most close-mouthed person Jessica had ever met and had never failed to live up to a promise she made. So Jessica knew that she could come home and tell Hilary all about the place, but Jessica was also a very honorable and close mouthed person. If she signed a non-disclosure, she was going to keep her word and not disclose anything. But the idea that Hilary might come with her if she went back, and she felt very sure that this would be exactly what she needed and that she would go back, it would be wonderful the share the experience together.

Grabbing her bag, the girls headed out the door and off to the air port.

"You're sure she's coming," Chris asked Justin again. Justin sighed. He and Chris had been inseparable almost since birth, more of brothers than best friends, they even kind of looked alike, so he knew that Chris was just nervous, but he'd already answered that same question at least five times in the past hour.

"She's on the roster," he said again patiently. "If she'd changed her mind and gone to work today Fiona would have called me."

"Olivia's a great gal," Chris said, finally stopping his pacing and turning to face Justin. He ran his fingers through his dark brown hair, his chocolate eyes glinting with anticipation. Sitting in the comfortable arm chair of their room, Justin couldn't figure out why Chris was so agitated; standing tall at 6'3" with a fantastic body, Chris' dark good looks got him plenty of girls. Then again, Justin hid a grin from his friend, not the one he truly wanted. And Justin had to admit, he wanted Jessica too. They all worked at the same company, but Jessica was in a different department, and other than a few not-so-chance meetings at happy hours, they hadn't been able to get close to the buxom brunette, even after they heard her idiot of a boyfriend had dumped her and put her delectable ass back on the market.

When Olivia, their inside lady and very good friend to whom Jessica had drunkenly admitted some of her kinkier desires to one fateful happy hour, had dropped a few hints to Jessica about the Venus School of Sex, their prayers had been answered and Jessica had followed up rabidly on the lead. Now she was signed up for a two week session, that they just happened to be instructing at. There was no way she'd recognize them; the school insisted on absolute discretion even though the students signed a non-disclosure. The instructors were much more at risk for possible embarrassment or blackmail, so they wore masks that covered most of their faces and sometimes even their hair. Justin and Chris weren't worried at all about being recognized, she didn't know them well enough and, as frustrating as that had been in the past, now it was a huge advantage.

They'd take the next two weeks to get to know her, find out what she likes, what turns her on, and then they'd be able to use that knowledge when they got home. This wasn't the first time they'd both wanted the same girl, and their friendship always lasted through it. Both of them were big believers in letting the best man win. And with her coming to the Venus School of Sex, they'd both have a chance to do a lot of winning.

Jessica twiddled nervously with the short hem of the skirt that was part of her "uniform." Upon arrival to the school, which was a beautiful compound located in middle of nowhere, she'd been shown to her room where she met her roommate, a friendly red head named Charity and she'd had about thirty minutes to unpack her small suitcase and get dressed in the Venus' school's attire. She'd barely gotten to glance around her room, not that there was much to see. The room was barely big enough for the two queen sized beds - apparently "after-school activities" were encourage as long as you were ok with doing it in front of your roommate - a tv, a half bookshelf and two small closets with a few shelves in them. She put her underwear and belongings on

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the shelves and looked at the school uniform. It was both more and less substantial than she'd been expecting.

According to her orientation packet, which she had received the week before, students were expected to wear the school uniforms at all times, unless otherwise instructed by one of the Teachers. Uniforms may not be modified, but they may be accessorized. So she could wear her garter belt and stockings if she wanted to.

The female school uniform consisted of a bra that wasn't really a bra. It was in her size, a 34-DD, but it was even less covering than a demi-cup. Instead of providing any kind of coverage, it merely cupped and presented her breasts, the coverage only extending to just under her nipples, which were clearly visible (and sensually massaged) by the soft silk fabric of the button down school girl shirt. To her surprise, the orientation packet specified that the shirt should be buttoned to the top button unless, of course, otherwise instructed by a Teacher. The bottom of her outfit had the same strange dichotomy - the skirt was longer than she expected, grey and pleated, it hung to mid-thigh. However there were no accompanying panties. She was completely bare underneath her skirt and it made her blush to feel the air freely flowing up the center of her thighs. The uniform was complete with a pair of Mary Jane shoes, soft patent leather and obviously used, but very comfortable.

Outwardly, other than the rose pink of her pointing nipples, she was covered and demure. Underneath, she was deliciously bare. Looking at herself in the full length mirror on the back of their door, she thought she looked a little too prim to be sexy, except for when she caught glimpse of her nipples.

"That's hot," Charity commented. Jessica pirouetted, looking at herself from the back.

"You think so?" she asked anxiously. The clothes were much more form fitting than she was used to, even if she thought they were somewhat more Catholic school girl than she'd expected.

"Definitely," Charity nodded. "Your nipples look especially good."

Jessica blushed. "Thanks, you look pretty hot too."

It was true. She was especially jealous of Charity's obviously naturally red hair; the kind of reddish-orange that girls could never quite get from a dye job. It complimented her milky pale skin and the cute freckles dotted across her nose. Her breasts were small but pert, high up on her chest, and Jessica could see that her jutting nipples were long and full. She blushed when she realized Charity had seen her staring at her chest.

"It's ok," Charity said airily. "You'll get used to everyone staring at each other's nipples and other parts. This is my third time here and I barely notice anymore."

"Your third time?" Jessica said eagerly.

"Yeah, I keep coming back." The redheaded minx grinned mischievously. "There are always new classes to take, or ones to repeat. And sometimes they invite return students to participate in some advanced tutoring." Her eyes glowed with some kind of inward light and Jessica's breath caught in her throat at the sheer sexual anticipation that the other girl was giving off. Charity looked at her and shivered. "Don't worry about that yet. You'll have plenty of things to keep you busy in the regular classes."

A bell rang, quelling Jessica's desire to ask more questions, and heightening her anxiety. Charity, on the other hand, had absolutely no anxiety. She grabbed the door and pulled it open. "Come on, we gotta get to Orientation fast if we want good seats!"

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Chris leaned over and nudged Justin. "Next to Charity, left side, second row."

The two men let their eyes wander, as if looking over the fifty or so privileged students to be part of this session of the Venus School of Sex as Madame Priscilla, Principal of the unusual school, made her welcoming speech. Chris heard Justin take a swift intake of breath as his eyes settled on the delicious sight that he was looking at.

Jessica Swift, their sexy co-worker, in a much more form-fitting outfit than they'd ever seen her in before, and what a form! Her soft curls just brushed the silk-clad tops of her shoulders, her throat encased in the silky material and just begging to be unbuttoned and kissed, her large breasts cradled in the special bra that the school used and nipples standing at attention. He wished he could run over and throw her down and bite them through the silky clothe, wet the fabric down with his mouth.

And her legs! She never wore skirts that went anywhere above her knees, but he could just barely see a hint of flesh through the students sitting in front of her, long limbs that traveled up to the promised land. He fervently wished that she was sitting front row.

Chris always enjoyed teaching at the school, of course. Instructing didn't always equate to fantastic sex, but there was something incredibly edifying about helping a student improve. And, of course, sometimes he had mind-blowing sex. It also allowed him to branch out and try new things, although his and Justin's specialties were light BDSM play and menage trois, they could join in and help out any class they wanted while they weren't instructing. They'd been lucky enough to know Priscilla when they were in high school, when she'd first had the idea for the school, and blessed with their own natural good looks and skills, they'd been developing their techniques through fifteen years of working at the school. Now in their early thirties, they both felt it was time to use their techniques to get the woman they wanted, the elusive and beautiful, now suddenly attainable, Jessica. His pants were already straining at the thought of having her with them.

"So, if our return students will disperse to the various classrooms that you've been assigned to," Madame Priscilla's coolly controlled voice penetrated his fantasies, "along with the instructors, in five minutes I will release the new students to step into the various classrooms and decide what classes they'd like to sign up for. Some of our instructors teach multiple classes, so make sure you look at the times that they'll be demonstrating so that you can return to the classroom for a look at their other classes later today."

Chris nodded to Justin, he knew they were both thinking the same thought: Dear God, please let her come into our classroom.

Jessica felt absolutely breathless as Madame Priscilla released them. Even though she was excited to be rooming with a return student she wished that Charity could be beside her as she made her course selections. She looked down at the sheet of paper that listed all of the possible classes and nibbled the pen that had been handed to her. All of the students were supposed to visit the various classrooms and make notes about what classes they might like to take while at the school.

She wandered out into the hallway, nervously, although it only took a minute of looking around to see that the other students were just as nervous as her. Smiling shyly at the guy next to her, he was cute, about her height, with brown curls that would rival her own if they weren't cropped close to his head, she said, "Hey I'm Jessica."

"Nick," he smiled back at her, and they shook hands. His eyes strayed down to her breasts, making her blush.

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The boys' uniforms were just like the girls' except that they got pants instead of a skirt. She wondered if he was wearing anything underneath the pants or if he was as bare as she was, and the thought made her blush again.

"So, ah," his eyes were back on his face and his cheeks were red too, "I guess we should check out some classes."

"Yeah, I was just hoping I wouldn't have to walk into one of the classrooms alone," she said shyly. They both glanced around and saw that a lot of people were pairing up or were already paired up (probably lucky enough to be rooming with another new student), natural human instinct making them sort out someone to be a support.

Nick grinned at her, looking relieved. "That would be great. My roommate, Paul, told me it's his fourth time here. I thought that'd be great up until he left me alone so that he could go demonstrate the Cunnilingus Class."

"My roommate said it's her third time here," Jessica tried not to think about the fascinating aspects about an entire class devoted to Cunnilingus. "Oh! There she is!" She pointed into the doorway of the first classroom on their right.

"Well let's go check it out." Nick gestured gallantly, almost bowing, his curls bouncing a little. She giggled, feeling like a grand lady as she preceded him into the classroom, although she almost stopped walking when she got in and saw the title of the class on the chalk board: MMF Menage Trois.

Justin saw her come in, her breasts bouncing wonderfully in front of her, and he also saw her face pale as she saw the title of the class. He nearly groaned with lust as his eyes got the full impact of her slender legs for the first time, he wanted to run his hands up their smooth surface and beneath her skirt. Hopefully the, for some people extreme, nature of the class wouldn't entirely turn her off.

It almost made him grind his teeth with jealousy when she turned to the guy behind her and they talked as they made their way to the chairs. Jessica made friends way too easily, and with the way this guy was eyeing her breasts, unlike the guys at work, he was not indifferent to her charms. The way he, and some of the other males in the class, were eyeing her was enough to make Justin wish she was back in her own, less flattering, clothing which required an experienced eye like his or Chris' to see the feminine curves that lay underneath.

From the way Chris was determinedly not looking at the class, Justin knew his long-time buddy was having similar thoughts.

Well maybe Charity could help them out. She'd told them a girl named Jessica was her roommate, and going by the reassuring smiles Charity was sending to her, he was pretty sure her roommate was their Jessica. Charity would help them. She was a good friend and a great fuck, and she loved their classes.

"Welcome boys and girls," Justin grinned at the class, there were six of them for this first demonstration, two girls and four boys, a promising ratio. He was glad that his mask covered his face, because for the first time Jessica's eyes were totally focused on him and for just a moment he worried that she'd recognize him. Then he told himself to relax and he took on his teaching persona, Mr. Flood, knowing that his buddy Mr. Fire, had his back. Remembering their hilarity over choosing the cheesy code names helped calm him down.

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"This class will teach you how to safely have a menage trois involving two men and one woman. The instructors are myself, Mr. Flood, and my friend, Mr. Fire. The lovely Charity has kindly volunteered to help us give you a demonstration of some of the joys our class has to offer. "

Jessica took a deep, shuddering breath. This was way too wild for her, but Charity looked incredibly eager, and she had to admit that the two Teachers were incredibly hot. They were both over 6 feet tall, muscular but not overly so, with dark hair. In their masks they could almost be twins, and she was struck with a sudden vision of being wedged between them. Being 5'8" tall and a size 10 she didn't have a lot of experience feeling small and delicate, but between those two hard bodies she would be just that. They wore casually clinging leather pants and no shirts at all.

She realized she was clutching at the desk when she saw Nick staring at her out of the corner of her eye. Blushing, yet again, she released her grip on the wood.

Mr. Flood continued his explanation.

"A lot of people are frightened by the idea of having more than one man involved in sex, but the truth is it can be immensely satisfying, for both the men and woman. For instance," he turned and stepped back to Charity and Mr. Fire, who turned so that the three of them were in a line perpendicular to the students, their every movement clearly visible. "When there are two men, there are four hands." And he grinned wickedly at the class.

Mr. Flood started to unbutton Charity's shirt as Mr. Fire's hands went to the outside of her thighs and begin to slide up. Suddenly Jessica realized why the skirt length was mid-thigh and the shirts buttoned to the neck; the anticipation of watching as Charity's shirt was slowly undone, the seductive glide of Mr. Fire's hands slowly revealing inch after inch of milky white thigh, was incredibly erotic. She pressed her legs together, feeling her pussy getting wet just watching their hands move. Her aching nipples rubbed against the silk of her shirt, and she bit her lip to keep from moaning as Mr. Flood's hands scooped up Charity's small, high breasts, thumbing her nipples. She leaned back against Mr. Fire, his fingers making small circles on her upper thighs, working their way from the sides of her legs around the front towards her center. Several guys watching the demonstration were leaning forward, their faces avid.

Suddenly Mr. Flood stepped back and he and Mr. Fire turned Charity so that she was facing the class, her shirt unbuttoned halfway down her stomach and wide open so that her breasts were displayed prominently, the eraser nipples pointing straight at the class. Her face was flushed, but with desire, not embarrassment.

"Also with two men, you have two mouths," Mr. Flood said just as smoothly as before he had a giant erection. Jessica wanted to moan again, looking at the evidence of the two Teacher's arousal. If the bulges in their pants were anything to judge by, their cocks matched their large size in general. Oh god, what would it be like to have their hands touching her? Both their mouths on her? Maybe she was more interested in this class than she realized.

Mr. Flood's comment about having two mouths really hit home, straight into her pussy, as the two men leaned forward and each took one of Charity's nipples into their mouths. The redhead whimpered as they went to work, her hips moving of their own accord as the men slurped at her nipples. Jessica felt like whimpering herself, and she crossed and re-crossed her legs, unable to get comfortable. She'd never been this wet in her life.

Then, she wasn't sure which of the men did it because she couldn't see their hands behind Charity, Charity's skirt dropped to the floor. If there had been any doubt before, everyone was now aware that she was a natural

redhead.

Mr. Fire took over for Mr. Flood in speaking as Mr. Flood knelt in front of Charity, aptly enough because right now Jessica felt like her body was on fire.

"There are a lot of advantages for the woman to have two men pleasuring her," he had moved around behind Charity, his hands cupping and kneading her breasts. Jessica wished someone would handle her breasts that way, right now. She longed to touch them herself, to slide her hand down to her pussy and soothe the ache that was building in it. Mr. Flood was on his knees, obviously eating Charity out, and her face and whimpers made it clear just how good he was at it. One of her arms was up and wrapped around Mr. Fire's neck behind her, the other was on Mr. Flood's head, using it to balance - or maybe she just liked grabbing his hair. "but men can derive just as much pleasure from being in a Male-Male-Female threeway. For any of you who like exhibitionism or voyeurism, that's a big component and you also get to join in the fun."

Jessica tried to concentrate on what he was saying, but it was hard as she watched Charity's hips begin to really move, the girl was obviously building to an amazing orgasm.

"Plus, there's the pleasures of double penetration, where you completely fill the woman in her pussy and ass, and it is the tightest fit imaginable." Jessica's pussy clenched at those words, it almost felt like she might cum without anyone touching her at all.

Mr. Fire twisted Charity's nipples, making her back arch, and she shrieked as she came, her body jerking. Jessica could tell that it was only Mr. Fire's hands on her breasts and Mr. Flood's hands on her hips that were holding the girl up, as she shuddered in ecstasy. The entire audience was panting.

Charity finally went almost limp with a satisfied smile on her face. Gently, the two men let her slide to the floor where she sat leaning against Mr. Fire's legs, her wet pussy open and glistening and her blouse hanging open. Mr. Flood stood, hips lips covered with a sheer gloss, which he licked off with relish. Someone in the room gasped.

"Now," Mr. Flood said, taking over again, "this is obviously not a class for complete novices. This class is only offered for the last three days of the session and there are pre-requisites. If you are interested in taking this class make sure you make a small notation on your sheet - the one in front of you," his lopsided grin told the students that he was aware at how overwhelmed some of them were by the demonstration they'd just witnessed, "of the following pre-requisites: Basic Touch, Erotic Massage, Anal Play, Fellatio for the women and Cunnilingus for the men."

Feeling almost dream-like Jessica looked down at her sheet and made a little star next to Basic Touch, Erotic Massage, Fellatio and Anal Play. That last was another area she wasn't sure about, but it didn't hurt to mark it down.

"Also, please join us this afternoon, starting at 2 o'clock we'll be demonstrating the other class that we teach, light BDSM. If you have an interest in that you should also attend the demonstration for heavy BDSM which will be taking place this afternoon in the classroom to your right."

"So what do you think?" Chris asked, under his breath, when the students had trickled out. Charity was buttoning up her blouse again, looking very happy.

"I saw her marking down the pre-requisites." Justin shrugged, looking hopeful. "All we can do is wait and

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see."

"Maybe we can do more than that," Chris replied a speculative look on his face. A couple of students were starting to shuffle in, looking interested, but he had a few minutes before they would start. "Hey Charity, about your roommate..."

"Wow, that was... just wow." Jessica said to Nick when they were back out in the hall.

"Tell me about it," he looked a little dazed. "Not sure it's for me though." He shrugged and looked a little abashed. "I just can't imagine sharing like that, I'm a possessive kinda guy."

"I couldn't imagine it until I saw it," she confessed. "But it definitely got me hot and bothered."

"Oh yeah, me too," he agreed. "And I have a feeling that if we find a demonstration for a Male-Female-Female Threeway, my possessive cave-man feelings will take a hike."

Jessica laughed and then asked, "Do you want to just keep moving on classroom by classroom?" She kept needed to sit down again, she could feel her pussy juices starting to coat the top of her thighs. Glancing around she didn't see a sign for a bathroom.

"Sure."

In the next classroom they watched the demonstration on cunnilingus. Jessica felt very envious of the happily writhing demonstrator... what she wouldn't give for someone to get her off right now!

"Just take note," Ms. Pink told them, "everyone participates in my class. If you're a woman then you're going to learn some how-to as well as receiving."

"I'm definitely taking that class," Nick said fervently when they left.

"I don't know if I will," Jessica replied. "I've always been kind of curious, but I'm not sure I'm ready for that just yet."

"Well, we don't have to decide right away," he reminded her. "We just sign up for this week's classes right now, we don't have to decide what to take next week until the weekend."

Their sentiments were the opposite when they left the fellatio class demonstration. Jessica had been entranced by the idea of being able to fit a large cock all the way down her throat. She didn't think she'd manage as well as the demonstrator, who had swallowed the Teacher's frightening 12 incher, but even if she could just learn how to do a smaller one, she'd be ecstatic.

In the meantime she was getting more and more sexually frustrated.

"Ooo anal play!" Nick said when they got into the next class room.

Jessica arched an eyebrow at him. "Ah, an assman."

"Sweet," said a voice behind them, and they turned to see Vanessa, a pixie-ish Asian girl that they'd met during the Cunnilingus demonstration.

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"You're into anal play?" Jessica asked, intrigued. She'd heard of guys being into it, but this was the first girl she'd talked to that seemed interested."

"Hell yeah," Vanessa said nonchalantly. "I'm not exactly an anal virgin, but I'd still be interested to see what I could learn here." Jessica was amused to see Nick inspecting Vanessa with new interest. According to their Orientation Guide, students weren't allowed to fraternize sexually until after classes began, and then they were only allowed to practice what they'd learned in classes. She'd been hoping that maybe Nick would want to "study" with her, even though she wasn't super attracted to him they obviously had a good repore and she felt comfortable with him, but she had a feeling that he might be more interested in studying with Vanessa now.

Ah well, maybe he'd study with both of them. She grinned a little. True to his word, Nick had been panting after the MFF Menage Trois class demonstration. It had been hot, but it hadn't done much for her other than make her realize that, for now, she was also too possessive to want to share a man's attention with someone else of her sex. Having two men focus all their attention on her though... it was something she had never considered before but now the image of Charity wedged between Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood kept flashing through her mind.

Anal Play shoved all of that right out of her head. This was another class she hadn't expected to be interested in, but seeing the male and female demonstrators - the male had been a surprise to her, although it shouldn't have been - moaning and panting, and eventually coming from the various toys that the Teachers used on them really got to her. She closed her eyes and shivered at the idea of someone pressing their fingers, or a toy, or their cock into her last virgin hole, the sheer dirty naughtiness of it making her want to moan.

"The demonstrations getting to you a little?" Vanessa's sympathetic voice brought her back to the present. She nodded. The petite girl sighed. "I can't wait until tomorrow, then at least we can 'study.' I wonder if they do this just to mess with us a little."

"I wonder if it's as hard on the Teachers as it is on us," Nick said.

"Probably," Jessica giggled a little. "You can't really tell with the female Teachers, but it's definitely 'hard' on some of the male ones!" The three of them laughed, although it was definitely true.

By the end of the day Jessica had also seen the demonstrations for Self-Pleasure, Basic Touch, Erotic Massage, Group Sex (which she decided she wasn't really interested in), Cross-Dressing, Style (basically a class on various types of sexy clothing), and Unconventional Toys. Students were encouraged to take each class more than once, since they would (hopefully) improve with each class.

She, Nick and Vanessa saved what she considered the best for last: Light BDSM. The Heavy BDSM demonstration looked too scary for her right now, she knew that she wasn't interested in going right into that, but she remembered how much it had turned her on when Sean had tied her up. Since then she'd gotten even more curious about some of the aspects involved in BDSM. Plus, at lunch Charity had specifically asked her to come by and watch the demonstration. Flood and Fire were her two favorite teachers, she said, and so good at what they do. Not that Jessica had really needed the convincing.

The demonstration was even more arousing than she'd imagined. Mr. Fire took over the bulk of the explaining while Mr. Flood trussed Charity up to a couch that had been moved into there for the purpose of the demonstration. She was placed on the middle cushion, her wrists tied behind her back, making her small breasts with their fantastic nipples jut out even more, her legs were splayed wide open, tied to each side of the couch at the top so that she was practically bent in half, her pussy completely open and vulnerable.

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Jessica couldn't concentrate on anything Mr. Fire was saying, she was so entranced by the sight of Mr. Flood dragging a multi-stranded whip across Charity's body, her wet pussy. Everyone flinched and sighed every time he snapped in on part of her body - her thighs, her stomach, her breasts, and finally the center of her spread pinkness. Charity had some tears in her eyes, but Jessica was fairly sure they were partly tears of frustration from wanting to cum. Charity's pussy was so wet and so open that the scent of her arousal was permeating the room, and she was held so securely in place that she couldn't even move her hips to try and make some friction when Mr. Flood slowly rubbed the handle of the whip across her open folds.

The class ended with Charity receiving five whips on her pussy and then Mr. Flood giving her another screaming orgasm, this one lasting much longer than the one this morning, and causing her to cry out as he lashed her open pussy again and again. Jessica thought she might die from her own need to cum, she couldn't help picturing herself in exactly that position, Mr. Flood's dark head moving at the apex of her womanhood. She'd be unable to move away, to close her legs, to even press at him with her hands, like Charity she'd be forced to take all the pleasure that he gave her until he chose to stop it.

"I need to go to the bathroom," she practically stuttered to Vanessa and Nick before racing off down the hallway.

As soon as she got into the mercifully empty room she put the paper she'd been taking notes on (more like just circling the classes she wanted to take) and pen down on the floor and grabbed at her swollen breasts, kneading the soft mounds and pinching at her nipples. The silk rubbed across them, the same way it had been doing all day, but this time helping the sensation of relief that swept through her breasts at finally being touched.

The door opened behind her and she jumped, squeaking out the word "Occupied!" before she saw that she'd been followed in by Mr. Fire.

"I see," his lips quirked and she blushed and dropped her hands from her breasts as though she'd been burned. And she was burned, still burning, as his eyes raked over her in the mirror, taking in her flushed face, raised and needy nipples. He sniffed at the air a little and she wanted to die as she realized that he could actually smell her arousal.

Grinning wickedly he flipped the lock on the door, which she was now belatedly realizing she'd forgotten to do.

"You know," he drawled, "since you haven't taken the Self-Pleasure class, technically you aren't supposed to be doing that."

Jessica stifled a groan. She looked at the floor instead, tearing her eyes away from his piercing gaze. "I'm sorry Sir."

"Sir," he mused, and she felt him come up behind her, all the hairs on her body standing at attention as though some electric current was riding through her due to his closeness. His voice got lower, huskier. "Did you like the BDSM demonstration Jessica."

Closing her eyes, Jessica nodded.

He chuckled. "Well I believe I can help you out with the predicament you're in, but first I think you need a little punishment for breaking a rule on your very first day here."

Jessica let out a little moan, she couldn't help herself, his words had sent a hot wave of lust straight through

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her body, she could feel her pussy growing even plumper, the juices coating the top of her thighs. Strong, broad hands touched her shoulders and ran down her body, making her shiver as they slid down her back and over her ass. Then her skirt was sliding up, and she gulped a little, keeping her eyes closed. His fingers trailed up the back of her thighs to the curve of her butt, and he squeezed a little. Gasping she pushed her ass back against him.

"So eager," he murmured. "That's very good." God his voice was sexy. His fingers kneaded her ass cheeks and she wanted to beg him to punish her, to do whatever he had to do, but to please just fuck her, fuck her now, as long as he would just quell this heat that had been building inside of her all day. Just as she was gathering the courage to voice this desire, he told her, "Lean over and put your hands on the sink."

Blushing, her face heating as she realized how much access to her body this was going to give him, she did as he ordered.

"Good girl," he murmured. The accolade just made her wetter. Yes, she wanted to be a very, very good girl for him. She could feel the cool air of the bathroom as he lifted her skirt, letting it rest gently on her hips and displaying her bare ass to him.

"Spread your legs a little," he told her, "I don't want you to lose your balance. Now open your eyes and look at me in the mirror."

Jessica gulped but complied. Oh my God. This whole situation became so much more real as she looked in the mirror, their eyes locking together. She could see her breasts hanging down, swaying gently, see the scared, hopeful and aroused expression on her face, lips slightly parted and panting for air. Even hotter was the picture they made together, him slightly to the side behind her, caressing her ass, staring straight into her eyes in the mirror.

"I'm going to spank you," he told her, and she could feel her pussy clench. "This is new to you, so I'm only going to spank you five times for being bad. If you're a good girl and don't make any noise then I'll give you what you want."

Then, before she could brace herself, his hand crashed down on her right cheek. It surprised her enough that her mouth popped open, although she stopped herself from making any noise. It hadn't hurt as much as she thought it would, but he was probably just being gentle cuz she was new. Then his hand came down again on her other cheek and her eyes nearly rolled back into her head, it felt so good... the pain cut through her hot arousal and doubled it.

"Look in the mirror," he reminded her gently, his hand caressing the cheek that he'd just smacked. Stifling a whimper, Jessica stared at herself in the mirror as his hand came down again. Her lips were parted, wet and moist, her curls bounced every time he spanked her, and the look in his eyes as he watched her made her want to crumble with lust.

Again his hand came down, hitting her right cheek again and making the area flare and burn. Then the left again, and he steadied her as her knees buckled a little. Her cheeks flamed red in the mirror and her chest was heaving with desire. The sight of her, watching herself in the mirror as she was spanked, was the hottest thing that had happened to her in her life and she hadn't even gotten off yet.

Then Mr. Fire's hand came down for the fifth time, right in the bottom center of her ass, his fingers snapping against her pussy and her head jerked up. She snapped her jaw shut just in time, her pussy lips throbbing with the slap that he'd just included them in.

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"Good girl," he crooned, and his hand caressed her ass cheeks and then moved lower, and she stifled a moan as his fingers began to massage her soaking, aching pussy. "It's ok, you can make some noise now."

She gasped as he moved behind her, one strong arm sliding under her body and across her stomach so that his hand could cup her breast while he pulled her up and against him.

"Wrap your arms around my neck," he whispered, nuzzling her ear with his lips, and she immediately obeyed, leaning back against him as he pinched her nipple, his other hand reaching around her body and sliding between her legs. "Keep your eyes open, watch yourself in the mirror."

Jessica moaned as she watched his hand squeeze her breast, his thumb brushing over her nipple. His hand was rough, but the way it encased her entire mound of flesh felt incredibly good; her hips moved of their own accord as his fingers found her pussy, the heel of his palm grinding against her clit.

She gasped and came immediately, she'd been so pent up all day, having the sudden hard pressure of his hand against her most sensitive nub sent an orgasm rushing through her body, making her buck and moan with satisfaction... but Mr. Fire wasn't done with her yet. Two of his fingers slid easily into her wet hole, pressing insistently into her body, and she gasped and shivered, her tunnel clenching around him.

"Fuck yes, squirm for me baby," he bit her ear, and she writhed against him, feeling his hardness pressing against her ass, working its way into the crevice between her cheeks. Jessica couldn't believe it as her body began to quickly rise again, to an even stronger high, a more complete climax, as his fingers pressed her g-spot deep inside of her, the heel of his hand grinding against her clit.

"Oh my God..." all the air in her lungs left her body as the sensation of his fingers inside of her sent her whirling over the edge, and she was clutching at him to stay upright, her legs had gone completely to jelly, her body overwhelmed by the waves of pleasure that were exploding from her pussy and vibrating through her entire being. "Oh God, oh God oh God..."

His fingers stroked every last bit of pleasure that could be wrung from her, the aftershocks of pleasure rocketing through her. Finally she relaxed, her wound up body feeling completely sated and satisfied.

That was so much better than I could have done myself, she thought a little wildly.

Looking pleased, Mr. Fire let her go and she turned to him, a little unsteadily.

"Can I uh," she blushed, "do anything to help you?"

Chris hadn't been able to believe his luck when he'd heard Jessica tell her friends that she was going to the bathroom. While he'd been giving the demonstration speech he'd been able to keep an eye on her and he knew how aroused he was. Without giving Justin a heads up he'd followed her, in hopes of just this kind of situation. Getting his hands all over her sweet body, sliding his fingers into her juicy wetness, it had all been worth his friend's ire.

And now she was sliding to her knees in front of him, her hands at the button of his pants, looking up at him with the sexiest expression on her face, her hair tousled.

He smiled down at her. "You don't really have to, you know," he told her. And since he knew she'd find out eventually anyway, "You don't really have to wait to take to self-pleasure class to masturbate."

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"I know," she smiled up at him as she undid the button and began to slide down the zipper. She winked. "I read the Orientation Guide. But what you did was so much better than what I could have done myself, I'd like to thank you properly for it." That last part came out almost shyly, and the sight of her demurely lowering her lashes while she wrapped her hand around his throbbing cock, releasing it from the confines of his pants, just about undid him. Especially when her eyes widened at the feel of him and the expression of almost awe on her face when she pulled him free from his pants. Apparently he was bigger than her ex, he thought a little smugly.

Although the Teachers all got off at lunch, it had been awhile since lunch and watching Charity get tortured all afternoon, plus finally getting his hands all over Jessica and watching her cum, had definitely wound him up again.

"Then I would like that very much," he growled at her, his voice dark with desire.

"I know I haven't taken the class," she said, all demure and prim again, which just made him want to do the dirtiest things to her, "but I'll do my best."

He was going to tell her that he was sure she'd be great when she swiped her tongue over the velvet head of his cock and he just groaned with lust instead. Looking down, he was entranced by the sight of her tousled curls framing her sweet face as her lips parted and she took the head of his cock into her mouth. Sucking gently, she opened her mouth a little to let her tongue slide out and lick further along the underside of his cock. It was a fantastic sensation.

It soon became apparent that she wasn't going to be able to swallow all 8 inches of him, but she just wrapped one of those beautiful hands with the long delicate fingers around the base of him and took down as much as she could.

"Oh fuck that feels good," he groaned as she hummed deep in her throat, making his cock vibrate. Other than deep throating, he wasn't sure the Fellatio class was going to have much to teach her. Her tongue danced around him as she moved her head back and forth, he let his hands rest on her head, tangling his fingers in her curls just because he liked the way it felt, but he let her be in control of her movements. This time.

Jessica's hand tightened on his base, moving in time with her mouth. Her other hand was resting on his thigh, using it to brace herself against him as she moved back and forth, suckling him for all she was worth. Her pouty lips were wrapped tight around him, just like they'd been in so many of his fantasies, but the reality was so much better.

Her tongue slid around his head, nudging into the sensitive hole at the time as she pulled back from him, and then her velvet mouth was sliding back down his length, tongue lashing and rubbing him the entire way down. Once she learned how to deep throat she was going to be absolutely un-fucking believable.

Even though he wanted her to remain in control his hips began rocking of their own accord, pressing deeper into her mouth and he could feel her gasping for air around his thick meat, but she didn't stop sucking. Her hand that had been on his thigh slid down to his balls and she took them into her palm and began squeezing them gently, tugging a little.

He'd wanted to hold off longer, to enjoy her mouth longer, but the surprise of having her change tactics and literally take hold of his balls made his body tighten and he could feel his cum starting in the base of his cock and flowing upwards.

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"I'm gonna cum," he warned her, his voice tight, just in case she didn't want to swallow. But she didn't move away, in fact her hand tightened on the base of him again and her mouth slid down his cock until her lips touched his hand. He was practically in the back of her throat and he groaned as the first spurt shot out of him and into her mouth, he could feel her tongue sliding around, tasting him.

She milked spurt after spurt from him with her hands and her mouth. It wasn't the most technically proficient blow job he'd ever had, but it was one of the most sincere and definitely one of the hottest. He'd take that over an dispassionate but technically fantastic blow job any day.

To his delight she kept gently licking and suckling a little as he softened, but he had to stop her.

"Keep that up," he warned her, "and you're going to have a problem to deal with again."

Jessica grinned mischievously up at him. "Any day, Sir."

His balls tightened again, but he did the gentlemanly thing and helped her to her feet. "I sincerely hope you take mine and Mr. Flood's classes, Jessica."

Jessica felt absolutely wonderful after leaving the bathroom. The halls were empty all the way back to her dorm room, probably most of the students had gone to their rooms rather than the bathroom to take care of their needs. She was rather glad she'd chosen the bathroom.

When she got back to her room Charity was waiting for her.

"Did Mr. Fire find you?" she asked immediately.

Surprised, Jessica nodded. "How did you know?"

"Well he disappeared right after the class, and Vanessa said she thought she saw him go after you. Where'd he find you?"

"In the bathroom," Jessica replied. "He ah... did for me what I was going to do for myself." And she was blushing again.

"He's fantastic, isn't he?" Charity fell back onto her bed. "God I love this place."

Jessica giggled, rolling onto her own bed and clutching a pillow to her happily. She did too. This was exactly what she needed. Screw Sean and his awkwardness at giving her a little kink to her action, his implication that she was weird for wanting it. By the time she left the Venus School of Sex she'd be a sex goddess and he'd never get it from her again.

Chapter 2

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

"Asshole," Justin threw the epithet at Chris as soon as he walked into their shared room. "I can't believe you did that."

Chris grinned, slightly abashed but not at all regretful. "You would've done the same thing if you'd had the chance."

"Tell me about it," Justin demanded. He'd seen Chris go rushing off and the cute little Asian that had been with Jessica had told him exactly who it looked like Mr. Fire had gone after with... well, like with his tail on fire. Any of the Teachers who needed relief found it with each other or one of the return students, although it wasn't unheard of for a Teacher to find some relief with a new student. He fervently wished it had been him instead of Chris who had found relief with Jessica. Although Carrie, known as Ms. White (the female teachers all seemed to choose color names), who taught the Anal Play class was a good friend of his and sex with her was always satisfying, he hadn't been able to stop picturing Jessica in his mind; her big eyes, parted lips, legs crossed and trembling with arousal while watching the demonstrations today.

"It was fantastic," Chris breathed, settling down onto his bed, queen sized like the students, but their room was much bigger and Justin was sitting on one of the two arm chairs next to the couch in front of their large flat screen TV. "I followed her to the bathroom and she was so hot to trot that she'd actually forgotten to lock the door. I walked in and she was standing there, just like a dream, looking into the mirror and a tit in each hand, pinching her nipples."

Justin groaned, he could feel his cock twitching at the picture Chris was painting.

"I told her that it was against the rules to take care of herself before taking the self-pleasure class," now Chris laughed, "and the horny little minx didn't tell me that she'd read that part of the Orientation Guide! She just bent over the sink and let me give her five slaps to her ass, nice as you please."

His friend looked at him a little askance. "How'd you know she'd go for that?"

"She called me Sir," Chris said. "Even before I suggested the spanking. I think she's definitely interested in doing a little BDSM. Anyway, by the time I was done spanking her she was already creaming herself practically halfway down her thighs. I was already having her watch herself in the mirror while I spanked her, so I just kept her watching while I held her up, got one hand on one of those perfect tits and my other hand between her legs." His voice had taken on a dreamy quality as he remembered the feel of her soft, smooth skin, the wet tightness of her pussy. "She was so tight, but so wet that I just slid two fingers into her without a problem, and the way she gripped me..." he let out a soft, low laugh. "She creamed herself all over my fingers. Fucking her is going to be fucking amazing. After I made her cum twice she offered to take care of my own problem."

Although at the moment both men were on their way to having new problems.

"Got down on her knees, and let me tell you, the only thing she needs the Fellatio class for is to learn how to deep throat." Chris shivered a little at the memory. "She's either had a lot of practice or she's a natural or both. And very enthusiastic."

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"Alright asshole," Justin growled, the thought of Jessica on her knees, taking Chris' thick meat between her pouty lips, was wreaking all sorts of havoc with the inside of his pants. "Since you managed to get her first today, I get her the first class of ours she attends."

Chris looked as though he wanted to argue, but he knew it was only fair. "Deal."

Jessica was lying on her bed, resting her knees which were still a little sore from kneeling on the bathroom floor, looking over the listing of classes and the times you could take them. Figuring out a class schedule was harder than she thought it was going to be because trying to figure out what she wanted to take and how to take ALL the classes she wanted to take wasn't the easiest task when not all of the courses were offered all of the time and some of them you could take for just one class and others you had to sign up for a minimum number of classes. And, of course, some of the classes had prerequisites. Not all of the classes were sexual either; there was a yoga class, a pilates class, a couple of cardio classes including Zumba which she'd always wanted to try it, and you could also sign up for Study Hall, although you couldn't sign up for more than two of those per week.

"Charity," she asked, nibbling on her pen. "Why wasn't there a demonstration for the Basic Intercourse class?"

Her roommate, a third time attendee to the school laughed. "They just assume you know what that is and that you'll take it. It's a fun class though, I'd definitely suggest taking it this first week, they go over all the good parts about missionary and then start showing you different positions. I won't be there on the first day, but I'll be taking the Thursday and Friday classes next week and I'm going to fit it in whenever I can next week. Practice makes perfect!" Both of them giggled together.

"Can I see your schedule?" Jessica asked curiously. Charity handed it over and Jessica scanned it quickly.

Week One

Tuesday: First Period - Self Pleasure Second Period - Anal Play Third Period - Light BDSM Fourth Period - Fellatio

Wednesday: First Period - Basic Intercourse Second Period - Anal Play Third Period - Yoga Fourth Period - Cunnilingus

Thursday: First Period - Yoga Second Period - Study Hall Third Period - Basic Intercourse Fourth Period - Light BDSM

Friday: First Period - Cunnilingus Second Period - Anal Play Third Period - Unconventional Toys Fourth Period - Heavy BDSM

"Wow," Jessica said under her breath, both impressed and terrified by Charity's schedule. "I don't think I'm ready for a schedule like this."

"Oh definitely not," Charity reassured her, leaning over to look at the classes Jessica had circled. "You should start out light on your first day, I always like starting with Self Pleasure cuz I figure I need to get reacquainted with my body before I start getting acquainted with other people's. And you should definitely try to fit in all the pre-reqs for the Menage class - I know you aren't sure you want it, but you might as well get the pre-reqs done so that if you decide you do then you can take it." She rolled her eyes. "You wouldn't believe how many people decide too late that they want to take the class and are missing one of the pre-reqs, so they can't."

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"Will there be enough boys in the class?"

"Oh for sure. They're all shy about it now, but that's why they only offer the three-way classes the second week. By then everyone's seen everyone's stuff and no one's shy about it anymore. It'll be mostly guys that have been here before in those classes. That's why I'm taking Cunnilingus this time, I'm finally going to do the MFF three-way class and it's a pre-req. I was too scared the first time I was here, and I just wasn't ready to do the Cunnilingus class the last time, but third time's the charm!"

Jessica wondered if by the end of this session she'd be considering taking classes that were way out of her comfort zone too. But for now, Charity made her feel reassured about taking the classes she was comfortable with, although she insisted that Jessica take Anal Play. That course you had to sign up for at least three sessions the first week, Charity explained that it was because there was often a lot of stretching out to do for students who were new to the area. She also recommended taking a couple of yoga courses, to help stretch other muscles. By the time they were done, Jessica was both anxious and excited about her new schedule.

Week One Tuesday: First Period - Self Pleasure Second Period - Erotic Massage Third Period - Yoga Fourth Period - Basic Intercourse

Wednesday: First Period - Self Pleasure Second Period - Anal Play Third Period - Yoga Fourth Period - Fellatio

Thursday: First Period - Basic Intercourse Second Period - Anal Play Third Period - Yoga Fourth Period - Light BDSM

Friday: First Period - Basic Intercourse Second Period - Anal Play Third Period - Fellatio Fourth Period - Light BDSM

Jessica felt relieved that Charity would be with her for her first Anal Play class, and also her first Light BDSM class. They'd arranged her schedule for the week so that she started off slow, although Charity obviously believed in ending the week with a bang. She'd reassured Jessica that taking focusing on a couple classes was best for the first week of her first session; she could always diversify next week if she wanted to. They trotted off to the Registrar's Office where they had their class schedules approved and then off to the dining hall where they met up with Vanessa and Nick for dinner, and were introduced to their roommates. Paul was a husky blonde and Vanessa's roommate Trina was another petite beauty, with soft brown hair that was cut very short and made her look like a pixie. The six of them had a good dinner, although the guys tended to tell a lot of jokes; it didn't escape the girl's attention that every time they laughed the boys' eyes would go straight to the bouncing pink and brown nipples that were clearly visible through the silk shirts.

For the first day the Teachers didn't eat with them, although Charity told her that starting tomorrow the Teachers would each eat at least one meal in the Dining Hall so that students could approach them and ask questions in a more casual setting. After all, these kinds of classes worked best if the students were comfortable with their teachers!

"Did she sign up?" Chris hovered anxiously over Justin's shoulder and then let out a triumphant "WHOO!" as he got a good look at the computer screen, showing the classes that Jessica had signed up for just before dinner.

"Not until Thursday," Justin groaned.

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"We can still go to 'help out' her for some of the morning stuff," Chris reminded him. Teachers were allowed to take one period as a break time, but were expected to help out in other classes during their other free periods that they didn't have a class scheduled for. It helped to ensure that the students to Teacher ratio would be very small. "We usually help out in Anal Play anyway, and I don't mind helping out in Basic Intercourse if she's taking it. I wish we could 'help out' the afternoon Fellatio classes." Their Light BDSM class was the only one they were teaching this week, classes during third and fourth period, so they could help out in the morning in whatever classes they wanted.

"Not much we can help her with in Self-Pleasure," sighed Justin. "But we probably shouldn't pop up in too many of her classes anyway. We don't want to give ourselves away. And just remember," he admonished his friend, "I get her first when she comes to our class."

"And when we're helping out with the other classes?"

Justin grinned. "Then may the best man win."

Jessica writhed in front of the mirror, staring at her naked body as Mr. Fire caressed her breasts, his teeth nibbling along her shoulder blade, as his fingers plunged in and out of her sopping wet pussy.

She moaned, humping her hips, pressing her ass to his hard erection, wanting him to push her forward, to bury his hard cock inside of her. His fingers made little circles inside of her while his other hand pinched her hardened pebble of a nipple.

When she moaned again, she woke herself up.

Fuck!

Laying on her back, legs spread wide, she'd kicked off all of her covers and her night shirt was up above her hips. Guiltily she glanced over, but Charity was either fast asleep or faking it. Tomorrow cannot come too soon, she thought fervently. Her flesh felt swollen, heated. Reaching down, she found that her pussy was just as wet as it had been in her dream.

Pulling the covers back over herself, just in case Charity woke up, Jessica bit her lip to keep from moaning as she pressed her hand between her legs. Rolling onto her side, facing away from her roommate, she spread her thighs just enough to get her fingers in there and begin rubbing the top of her mound, her body jolting every time she hit her clit.

Oh god... she closed her eyes, picturing Mr. Fire again, his hands on her, his fingers inside of her. She tried to do what he had done, sliding her fingers inside of herself, grinding the heel of her hand onto her clit, but she couldn't get quite the right angle... it ended up being a futile exercise that ended up frustrating her further.

I'm just not as good at it as Mr. Fire, she thought.

Instead she went back to her time honored, quickie orgasm masturbation technique. Pinching one of her nipples between two fingers, she tugged on it as she rubbed hard and quickly at the top of her mound. This wasn't the most satisfying way to bring herself to orgasm, but it was the quickest, and she wasn't about to go get one of her toys from her closet to do it differently. Her clit throbbed as she pressed down hard, rubbing faster and harder, her hips jerking. Every thirty seconds or so she slowed to give her arm a bit of a rest, before

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rubbing hard again, feeling her body coming closer and closer to that explosive end that she desperately needed.

Her breasts heaved as she panted, her head falling back, as pleasure knotted between her legs and then began to spread outward in a heavenly warmth that made her muscles quiver. She kept moving her hand as much as she was able, her body convulsing every time she brushed her oversensitive clit. Slowly she relaxed, breath quieting, feeling... not sated, but not as anxious, not so wound up.

Tomorrow, she thought. Tomorrow is going to be wonderful.

Jessica arrived at the Self-Pleasure class early. To her delight Vanessa and Vanessa's roommate Trina were both in it as well. She'd felt a little clingy with Charity this morning, and was so glad that she had this first class with this roommate, but it was even better to be able to walk to class with a small group, instead of feeling like she was smothering her very tolerant roomie.

"This place is so hot," Trina said breathlessly. "I could barely sleep last night, I was so excited!"

"I could barely sleep last night I was so horny," giggled Jessica, and all three girls giggled. It was amazing how this uniform made her feel like a giddy school girl again.

Once in the classroom they were dividing up into males and females, and the Teachers, Ms. Pink and Ms. Blue, handed out yoga mats for the girls to lie down on and towels to put under their asses.

"We're going to start out simple," said Ms. Pink soothingly, "and we want you to start out comfortably. So everyone lay on your back and close your eyes. Breathe deeply, keep your hands at your side, but try to feel your body. Are there any muscles that are tense? Focus on them and try to relax them. It's important to take the time to put your mind in the mood, to feel the air in the room touching your skin. What is touching you before you even start touching yourself?"

Jessica breathed deeply, Ms. Pink's voice was almost hypnotic. She felt some tension in her upper back so she shrugged her shoulders and relaxed the muscles. The air in the room felt cool, and she could feel her nipples stiffening as she focused on them, the silk of her shirt glided across the sensitive nubs when she shrugged her shoulders. It felt good, and a small smile played across her face as she shrugged them again, enjoying the feel of the soft material playing across her hardening nipples. A little shiver trickled down her spine, which gave the silky shirt an entirely different movement and feeling.

Wow, this was so hot and she wasn't even touching herself yet. Before, when she'd masturbated, she'd never thought about taken the time to set a mood for herself, it was just get her fingers in and go, but already she was feeling more in tune with her body, her desires. Her nipples were as hard as if she'd been pinching them, and all she'd done is focus on the sensual rub of silk across them.

"Work slowly now, bring up your hands and touch the sides of your stomach. You like it when a lover teases you, don't you? So why wouldn't you tease yourself? Let your hands slide up past your breasts, just touching the sides of them, and then up to your collar. Start unbuttoning your shirt, slowly, and touching your skin as little as possible."

Jessica wanted to moan... her own light touch was driving her crazy. It was so much easier when someone else was teasing her, teasing herself took a whole different kind of will power than she was used to. Her fingers brushed past her breasts, tightening the silk over across her chest and nipples, heightening the sensation and

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making her nipples tingle, longing for a firmer touch.

Slowly she undid her buttons, all the way down, the silk brushing against her nipples in an incredibly light teasing way, and she did moan a little. She wasn't the only one making small sounds, so it didn't bother her. Plus everyone's eyes were closed, no one would know it was her. No wonder they made the student's shirts out of this material; not only was it translucent, it was soft, sensual, and the perfect material for teasing a woman's nipples.

"Good ladies, now slide your hands up your stomach and cup your breasts, very gently, squeeze them a little. Give them a nice sensual massage." Jessica writhed a little, all this attention to her breasts, more than she'd ever given herself while masturbating, and her pussy had a slow heat building in it, making her squirm with anticipation. "Brush your fingers across your nipples, but don't apply any pressure to them. Just brush and then knead, brush and then knead."

Oh my god... what was she doing to herself? This was the kind of teasing that she'd only thought a man could give her, why hadn't she ever tried this before at home. Her nipples were ripe cherries, aching to be pinched, and she squeezed her breasts hard in between the light touches to her nipples that were driving her crazy. The combination of hard and soft had her twisting, her legs tightly clamped together as she tried to soothe some of the burning need that was aching between her legs.

"Now being drawing circles on your breasts with your fingers, starting at the outermost part of your breasts and working your way into your nipples. When you get to your nipples, pinch them lightly between your fingers and release, and then do so over and over again, adding a little more pressure each time."

Jessica groaned, her back arching as she tried to hurry her way through this part of the exercise.

"Slower," a soft voice murmured, and her eyes popped open to see Ms. Blue crouching over her. Ms. Blue smiled at her. "Close your eyes, and slower."

Ms. Blue's hand lightly touched her wrist, dictating how quickly her fingers moved in circles to her nipples. It was achingly slow, much slower than Jessica had been going, but it certainly heightened her anticipation; her nipples were throbbing by the time she got there, and the light pinch she gave them sent a rush of pleasure straight through her body to her core. Then Ms. Blue's hand left her and she heard the Teacher moving on.

She pinched her nipples again, a little harder this time, and made a noise low in her throat. Her pussy was sopping wet, just as wet as it had been by the end of the day of demonstrations yesterday, and she'd done this to herself! Another pinch, this time harder and for a little longer, and she writhed, her back arching with desire.

"Squeeze and touch your breasts and nipples as much as you like."

Oh god how she ached to get her hands on her pussy. Instead she squeezed her breasts, pressing them together and releasing, tugging on her nipples, pinching and twisting them in her sexual frustration, wanting nothing more than to reach between her legs and rub herself into a climactic frenzy.

"Now keeping one hand on your breasts, slowly press your fingers of the other hand down your stomach and pull your skirt up above your waist." Jessica's knees automatically rose up into the air so that she could keep her feet flat on the ground. "Now press down hard on the top of your mound."

Jessica groaned, her hips lifting in the air at the wonderful sensation.

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"Let her fingers slip over the top of your mound and make a V with your index and middle finger, sliding them down the outside of your pussy, rubbing the outer lips."

Oh goodness... that felt heavenly. She was touching her pussy, and she could tell how wet she was by how swollen the lips were. Her own touch was gentle but firm, her pussy made a wet sloppy sound and it wasn't the only one.

"Rub the outer layers of your pussy, massage them in a circular motion, let the pressure run up to the where your clit is hiding and feel the difference in sensation depending on where you're touching."

Jessica's hips lifted up off the floor as she humped her own hand; the pressure, the massaging, she thought she could probably cum right now if she just felt this up. She squeezed a nipple tightly, the pain mingling with the heady sensations that were stirring in her groin.

"Oh," she gasped softly as she put some pressure on her clit, hidden underneath the folds of her pussy. That felt amazing.

"Now slide your other hand down, and use one hand to open your pussy lips and hold them apart, sliding the fingers from your other hand into the center of your wetness. Run them up and down, tease the entrance to your hole with your finger tips, tease your clit."

Jessica's head thrashed from side to side as she squeezed her eyes tightly shut. My god... her fingers were making her feel sensations that she'd never been able to give herself. Her legs spread wide, knees in the air, her pussy was splayed open between her fingers, and she could feel the sloppy sexy wetness of her juices running down into her ass crack as she pushed her fingers back and forth, up and down her wet slit. Every time they touched her clit it was like a jolt of electricity through the pleasure.

"Slide two fingers into your hole, not all the way, and then pull them out. Do this over and over again, pressing a little deeper each time."

Oh heaven... her fingers pressed into her soft wetness, rubbing the tight, ridged interior of her own body. It felt phenomenal... her breathing was starting to get louder as she squirmed, the pleasure was building up to an incredible pitch... the heat between her legs made her pussy feel like molten pleasure.

"Bring your other hand up, putting pressure on the top of your mound and rubbing back and forth on either side of your clit, as you continue to move your fingers in and out of your hole."

"Oh God..." Jessica's head fell back, her entire body twisting and arching, she could feel herself on the edge of cumming.

"Squeeze your clit between your fingers, rub it between them."

"OH GOD..." Jessica was coming, her lips parted and gasping as the most fantastic orgasm she'd ever given herself crashed over her, her fingers rubbing hard up and down with her clit trapped between them, her other hand shoving fingers into her hole over and over. The heat traveled from her fingers through her groin up to her plump nipples, and she could feel every muscle in her body tighten and release with the fantastic ecstasy that washed over her.

"Very good ladies," Ms. Pink said approvingly. "Now slowly lighten up on the pressure, let your fingers slide out of your body and go back to massaging the outside of your pussy, firmly but gently. In baseball we'd call this the follow through."

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The gentle rubbing felt wonderful, spreading the warm sensation of satisfaction throughout her entire body as she came down from the sensual high. It was so silly, in some ways, how had this never occurred to her before? She'd treated her own body like a one night stand - wham, bam, thank you ma'am. Taking the time to do it right was so worth it.

The rest of the class was spent talking about mechanics, including a close up demonstration by Ms. Pink where they watched her touch herself.

"For those of you who have signed up for other sessions of this course, not to worry," Ms. Pink winked at them as she made her closing remarks. "There's still plenty to learn. After today we start playing around with different toys each day."

"That was amazing," Jessica breathed, buttoned back up and with a very happy pussy between her legs.

"Told you so," Charity said smugly. She tossed her red hair a little in happy satisfaction. "I always love getting back in touch with my body, and Ms. Pink is so good at giving directions but not taking anything away from the experience, she's got such a great voice."

"I love this place," Vanessa said. Then she giggled and did the McDonald's theme: "I'm loving it!"

"Bet you'd like in better with some meat between your buns," quipped Trina, and all four girls fell over into helpless laughter.

Their fifteen minute break between classes was over all too soon, and Vanessa and Charity eagerly headed off to Anal Play, Trina was off to Basic Intercourse and Jessica found herself walking to Erotic Massage alone. Self Pleasure had been such a good experience that she didn't mind, she was feeling much more confident about herself and about her classes. Enrolling in the Venus School of Sex might be the best decision she'd ever made.

Chapter 3

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Author's Note: I realize that while it takes away from the realism of the story to not use condoms, I made the executive decision to ignore realism and not utilize condoms in this story because I don't find condoms sexy, just occasionally necessary. Since this is a piece of fantasy, I decided it'd be more fun to pretend they aren't necessary. I hope you enjoy the fantasy with me.

Jessica's first day of classes at the Venus School of Sex was going wonderfully. She'd started off her morning with the best self-loving she'd ever had followed by an erotic massage class that had left her feeling blissful. She'd had every part of her body rubbed down, finishing off with a gentle massage to her pussy that brought her to her second shuddering climax of the day, although a mellower climax than her one during Self-Pleasure. And then she'd given Nick, who had also been in the class, an erotic massage back and finished him off with a hand-job.

It was a little embarrassing to be eating lunch with someone whose dick had been tightly gripped in her hand not twenty minutes ago, but considering that he'd been the one to put his hands all over her body and then massage her pussy, she couldn't claim that it was unfair.

By the end of this, she thought to herself dryly, I might not even think about giving him a hand job right here at the table!

There were no classes in exhibitionism or voyeurism, because those were aspects of EVERY single class. She'd seen a lot of her fellow student's body parts already this morning, under the gentle tutelage of their Teachers.

"So what does everyone think so far," asked Charity brightly, easing herself into the seat next to Jessica. Her slow movements were such a difference from her usual abrupt bounces that Jessica was slightly alarmed.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Wrong? Nothing - OH." Charity laughed. "I just came from Anal Play, remember?" She shifted slightly in her seat. "Butt plug. I've gotta keep it until after lunch, it's how they stretch you out. Don't worry, they start small!"

Jessica's lips made a small 'o' as Nick and Paul stared fascinated at the perky red-head. Vanessa also eased into her seat gently a few minutes later, having been in the same Anal Play class along with Charity during Second Period, followed by the faster moving Trina who was looking flushed and pleased with herself. As much as she'd enjoyed herself this morning, Jessica was very glad that her classes today were all well within her comfort zone.

"This place is incredible," she mused. "It's making me consider things I'd never even thought about before." She laughed. "And showing me things that I already thought I knew!"

"Tell me about it," agreed Paul, in his deep sexy voice. He and Nick were a potent combination sitting next to each other, both good looking, Nick with his dark curls and boyish smile, Paul with his gorgeous blonde hair

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and deep bass voice. One playful, one serious... the two of them together made a great team. "That Self-Pleasure class this morning... I thought I knew how to get myself off, but damn!"

All of them agreed eagerly, and they fell into a discussion about the other classes they'd been taking during the morning. Trina's description of the Basic Intercourse class sounded pretty, well, Basic, but Jessica was still looking forward to it. It would be nice to get back on solid ground! Plus, after all the manual play this morning she was eager to do something different.

At one point and time that thought would have made her feel a little slutty, but here it felt natural. Right. She was here to learn after all, and this was a much better learning experience than whispered conversations with friends, all of them too embarrassed to provide much detail, or the horribly embarrassing conversation that she'd had with her mother which had included absolutely no detail at all. It was a hell of a lot better than the health classes offered in school, which only told you how to stay safe, not how to enjoy yourself.

"I talked to Charity during Anal Play," Chris told Justin.

"Of course you did. You better not give us away." The two of them were playing by the rules, but just barely. Although they came to the school once a year to teach, they'd specifically requested their Teaching session to coincide with Jessica Swift's enrolled session. They all worked for the same company at home, and they'd both lusted after Jessica for awhile. There was a small chance that she might recognize them, after all she had seen them before although they didn't do more than nod at each other as they passed in the hallway, or share a quick word or two of conversation at a Happy Hour.

The more the two of them talked to Charity, Jessica's roommate, the more chance Charity might tell Jessica that Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire were talking to her about Jessica.

"No, I just asked how she was liking this session so far, and you know how Charity is, in between moans she told me about how much fun she was already having with the new group of students, and how she really liked her roommate and was glad that she'd encouraged her to branch out and try new things for the classes. She also told me that she's pretty sure Jessica was playing with herself last night, she thought that was pretty funny and kind of hot. And she told me that after she takes her Cunnilingus class she's thinking about trying to talk Jessica into helping her study."

Justin felt his breath taken away with the arresting picture of Charity's red hair moving up and down between Jessica's thighs, while the pretty brunette moaned.

"Too bad we can't set up cameras in their room."

"Right there with ya, brother."

The two friends sighed, blissfully thinking about the exact same thing: Jessica.

Yoga wasn't quite what Jessica had expected, although by the end of the class she did feel fantastic. But the entire class had been done completely naked - she did hear that for any aerobic classes sports bras were provided - there were no "gym" uniforms. The class wasn't just to open up their bodies and stretch their muscles, it was to open and stretch their minds too. And wow did she get an eye full of some of her fellow students!

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By the end of the class her muscles were humming, feeling completely relaxed and she felt more flexible than before. She'd definitely have to keep yoga up when she got home - at some full clothed classes of course.

Outside the classroom to Basic Intercourse she was delighted to run into Nick's roommate Paul. It was always nice to see someone she knew, although it was a little more awkward than being in the same class as Vanessa or Trina, since Nick's eyes kept straying down to her nipples, which were hard again now that she was readjusting to having the silky fabric of her shirt back against them. In some ways, the totally nude yoga class had been quite freeing, moving in her own skin had felt so comfortable and natural. Covered again (mostly at least) actually made her feel more uncomfortable than being completely naked had.

"So what class are you coming from?" she asked him cheerily as they went into the room together.

"Cunnilingus," he said, a most attractive blush spreading across his face as he looked at her, and she blushed as she wondered if he was thinking about using his new skills on her. Oh dear...

"I just came from Yoga," she said, trying to keep the conversation flowing so that it didn't get awkward. "It was a lot of fun, I feel a lot more limber."

Paul nodded and she realized that her remarks hadn't been quite as non-erotic as she'd thought. Oops.

They were saved from further awkward conversation by the arrival of the Teachers. There were only five students in the class, three boys and two girls; there were two female Teachers and two male Teachers so the class divided up; fortunately the room was big enough that everyone had their own private space and mattress (sheets were changed between classes), except for the two boys who had to share the one female teacher. Reluctantly she said goodbye to Paul, who she at least knew even if things were awkward while they were trying to talk, and found herself face to face with Mr. Winter. She'd noticed that the women Teachers were all called by colors, the men seemed to be named after things in nature.

"Don't worry," his deep voice and confidence definitely attracted her, but the idea of having sex with a complete stranger whose real name she didn't know and whose face was hidden behind a mask, was a little scary. "I'll be gentle."

Jessica giggled nervously at his joke, looking up at the masked face. His eyes were an icy, wintery grey - was that the impetus behind his name? But for all their cold color, he had a small smile playing on his lips and from what she could see of the expression on his face he looked like he meant what he said.

"I just... don't even know what to think," she confessed.

"Don't think," that smile tugged at his lips. "Just feel." He reached out and took her hands. "Close your eyes and feel my hands, get to know them. Touch them all over, as much as you want." Closing her eyes, Jessica did as he commanded. His hands were bigger than hers, some hair on the knuckles that she hadn't noticed before, with long broad fingers... and she realized that she was wondering what they would feel like inside of her. The thought made her gasp a little. "Keep going." She ran her hands over his, holding them and then releasing to run her fingers over them; she let her fingers play lightly over his wrists and was pleased to hear a little hitch in his breathing. Erotic massage was already paying off a little!

"Very good," he told her. "Now open your eyes and look at me."

She did so, and grinned at him, with the strangest feeling that she knew him a little better now, that they'd been somehow intimate.

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"Weird huh?" It was like he was reading her mind. "It's a theater trick, for when two people who don't really know each other have to do a scene where they're lovers or intimates."

"Neat," she responded, truly fascinated by the idea. What an incredible place this was! And she was so grateful to him for realizing that she was uncomfortable and finding such a quick and easy way to make her relax, feel a little bit more in control and more familiar with him.

"Now let's begin," his eyes seemed to bore into her, a hot flame that hadn't been there before and that made her body come to immediate attention, "with a kiss." And with that he leaned in, his lips claiming hers, and his hands running up her arms. His hands were so big that they practically gripped the entire way around her arms, and then he was pulling her into him, pressing their bodies together. The kiss was both gentle and fiery, deepening as his tongue entered her mouth, insistent and in charge. He was an incredible kisser and she could feel herself melting against him.

She whimpered as he pulled away.

"Kissing is important," he began the lecture, "because it mimics the sex act. I put my tongue into your mouth the same way I will soon be sliding my penis into your vagina." The clinical terms for their genitalia somehow made the entire situation more raw, dirtier, and the visual that she got from his words made her insides clench.

"Touch me too this time," he told her, "run your hands up my chest and around my shoulders and neck. Getting lost in the moment is good, it makes a man feel in control and like he's doing a good job, but you want to reciprocate so that he can feel your hands on him."

Jessica felt her cheeks heating. She should have thought of that herself, she'd just been so overwhelmed by how quickly they'd dived into the lesson and what a good kisser it was. It was true that she tended to let men take the lead anyway, but she'd never thought about how they might want her hands on them as well.

Quickly, before she could get too embarrassed, Mr. Winter kissed her again, deeply and passionately. One hand held her up, planted in the small of her arching back as she leaned into him, and the other was cradling the back of her head, in complete control of how and where she moved her head, allowing him to deepen the kiss even further than he had before. She let her hands move up his biceps, trying to do the same light touches that she'd learned in Erotic Massage that morning, and then up to his shoulders. She pressed one against his hard chest and slid the other to the back of his head and began twining her fingers in the short bristles of hair at the nape of his neck.

Then he pulled away again, leaving her gasping.

"Very good," he told her. "Much better, but see if you can stay focused on the kiss and let your hands be a secondary concern."

Before she could even think through this his lips were back on her, and now both of his hands were sliding up and down her back, up and down her sides. She pressed her tongue back against him, feeling wildly aroused as the teasing run of his hands slide past the sides of her breasts. Then her tongue was in his mouth, and she dug her nails into his chest, the other hand tugging on his hair now and he groaned low in his throat. Suddenly she was very aware of something very hard and insistent pressing against her stomach. Holy crap, he felt huge!

Then his fingers were at her throat, undoing the buttons to her shirt. A moan from elsewhere in the room reminded her that they were not alone, but when she tried to look he pulled her face back to his.

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"Just focus on me," he told her. Her lips felt swollen, needy, almost as needy as the moistening lips between her legs. As he stared at her she realized that she couldn't tear her gaze away from his, the sexy, arresting gaze of a man who is dying to have sex with her. "Focus is important. It doesn't matter what anyone else is doing in the room, focus on the person you're with. See them, smell them, hear them, touch them, taste them. Make them your world and you will seduce them with nothing more than your eyes."

Jessica gulped. Everything he was saying was true, she felt completely ravished just by his eyes, and she shuddered as he slipped her shirt off. His gaze fell appreciatively to her breasts, supported but not covered by the bra.

"Now my shirt," he murmured to her. Jessica pulled the hem from his pants and up and over his head. Good grief he was muscular... similar to Flood and Fire, she thought, remembering that they had done their demonstrations shirtless yesterday; well muscled but not in a body builder type way, in a very attractive way that showed off muscles but had a soft, touchable quality to it. She reached out and touched him, tracing her fingers along his muscles, over his stomach.

"Just like that," he said as her fingers traced along the edge of his jeans. She looked up at him demurely through her lashes, letting her fingers slip just under the edge of fabric, and he groaned again before pulling her back into his arms, crushing her against him and bearing her down to the mattress.

"Now, I will try to kiss as much of you as I can, and you should try to kiss as much of me as you can." He left a burning trail of kisses along her neck and started on her collarbone as she turned her head and kissed his forehead, his temple and then his ear, sucking the lobe between her lips. Another moan and he ground his lower body against hers, his hands sliding up her body and closing over her breasts. Apparently he liked that, she thought, and she let her mouth travel over the curve of his ear, nibbling the soft flesh between her teeth.

He pressed down hard with his hips, and then pulled his ear away, his mouth moving down to her breasts.

"Oh," she gasped as his lips locked around a nipple. How could she kiss him while he was all the way down there? Inspiration struck and she grabbed the hand that his mouth replaced, bringing it to her lips and kissing his wrist, his palm, and then she took the tip of his thumb between her legs and nibbled on that as well.

"Well done," he told her. She might have said something saucy in reply, but then he rolled her nipple between his teeth, lashing it with his tongue, and the sensation hit her like a freight train, the pain of his teeth mingling with wonderful sensation of his tongue rasping across her sensitive bud. He squeezed her other breast, his hand covering the entire mound of flesh and massaging it wonderfully, his hips moving between her legs in a mimicry of the sex act. Wrapping her legs around his waist, she lost herself to the sensations, the sheer eroticism of it, and forgot that there were other people in the room, that she didn't really know him, that this was a class.

Taking two of his fingers she sucked them into her mouth, desperately, sliding her tongue over the length and trying to swallow them whole. He groaned and pulled them out, replacing them with his other hand as his mouth switched nipples. The fingers that had been in her mouth were wet on her breast, she sucked hard on the ones now in her mouth, wishing it was his dick.

Then his mouth left her breast and she realized she was writhing beneath him making soft mewling sounds.

"Anticipation is the best part of foreplay," He grinned down at her as he unzipped her skirt and tugged it from her body, quick and easy, and then he was back on top of her, his lips back on hers rather than on her breasts. She mewled a protest, writhing against him, her body felt like it was on fire and she wanted him inside her

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NOW.

He complied, but not in quite the way she'd expected. Instead he tilted his body and put one of his hands between her legs, letting his fingers slide up and down her heated center and then he began to push two fingers inside of her. They were just as thick and long and wonderful as she'd thought they'd be when she was exploring his hands. Remembering his instruction about using her own hands, she dragged her nails up his back with one hand, the other playing around the edge of his jeans, dipping her finger between the cloth and flesh and teasing at the parts she couldn't reach.

The way he was tilted meant that she could get her hand around to the front of him, and she trailed her finger around his hip bone as he kissed her, his hips moving as though he was fucking her, but shoving his fingers instead of his dick inside of her. She reached down further and gripped his thickness through the jeans, rubbing her hand up and down the same way he was rubbing the interior of her body.

Leaving her mouth swollen and gasping, he returned his attentions to her neck. This time when she turned her head to catch his ear she sucked it into her mouth hard, biting down, and his entire body jerked. She took advantage of his distraction to get the button undone and unzip his fly, and then she had her hands in his pants, fingers wrapping around an incredibly thick and long piece of meat. He wasn't wearing any underwear. The hot length of it pulsed in her hand and she gasped, gripping it hard and rubbing the heel of her hand against the head.

Mr. Winter moved around on top of her and suddenly his pants were off and he was to the side of her.

"Come here and climb on," he said huskily.

Jessica moved immediately, her body feeling on fire. She started lustfully at his hard cock, it was just as big as she'd thought, about 9 inches long and thick, with a bulbous head. It bobbed in front of his body. Throwing one leg over him, she centered herself over his body and started to lower herself onto him.

"Slow," his hands gripped her waist, keeping just the tip of his head rubbing against her eager hold.

"Remember what I said about anticipation. Make me work for it."

Sighing, she was dying to feel him inside her, Jessica did as he instructed. Sliding her hands up his body, she let her fingers play across his nipples, massaging the muscles in his chest. As he looked up at her hungrily she leaned forward so that her breasts were swaying above him, and began moving her hips so that the head of his cock slid back and forth between pussy lips. They both moaned together.

"Now, slowly, down."

Jessica followed his directions, the tug of his hands, and his cock pressed into her, spreading her open much wider than his fingers had. She threw back her head and panted as he slid in the first inch. Then she stopped and moved off him a little, looking straight at him, and his eyes flared with appreciation for this moment that she was drawing out. Taking a deep breath, she slid back down, taking several inches of him this time. Her pussy was so wet that she was sure she could slam down onto him in one thrust, fuck them both into a quick and fantastic orgasm... but that's not what this was about.

She moved off him again, so that just his head was inside of her, and he tensed his muscles, pushing his head upward and catching one seductively swaying nipple in his mouth. He sucked hard and she threw her head back as the sensation went straight from her nipple to her pussy, a direct line of electricity that sent heat spreading through her body.

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"Oh God," she moaned as she sank down onto him, her fingers toying with his nipples in retaliation for the sweet suckling he was giving hers.

Then she leaned back, and he released her nipple with a pop, settling back onto the floor and watching as she sat straight up and slowly sank all the way down on top of him. Wickedly, she watched as his mouth opened in a silent moan as she took him all the way into her, in this position he stabbed deep and stretched her wide with every inch that she pressed into herself.

"Bounce," he growled at her, and she complied, feeling her breasts moving in the opposite direction of her body as she moved up and down, her straight backed position giving him a fantastic view. "Play with your nipples."

She drew hand hands up her legs from her knees, up her stomach and then cupped her breasts under the bra. Annoyed with the stupid, practically useless thing, she reached behind her and unclasped it, then moved her hands back around so she could get a real grip on the soft flesh of her breasts. She rolled them between her hands and he watched her as he began to move her hips in a circular motion with his hands, grinding her on top of him. She threw her head back with pleasure as his dick massaged the insides of her pussy, his pubic hair rubbing against her sensitive pussy lips and clit, and she pinched her own nipples, reveling in the wonderful, sensual feelings that were washing over her.

"Reach behind you and run your hands up my thighs as much as you can," Mr. Winter instructed, his voice husky with pleasure. "Caress my balls."

Reluctantly, Jessica released her breasts, but Mr. Winter was very considerate and he slid his hands up to replace hers, his larger hands covering her flesh much better than she could have, and his skilled hands squeezed and massaged, her nipples rolling between his fingers with little bursts of pleasure. She ground down on top of him as she reached behind, dragging her hands up from the middle of his thighs, digging her nails in a little, until she reached the sensitive sack hanging between his legs.

"That's it," he groaned. "Squeeze them a little, tug gently. Fuck that's good."

Jessica reveled in the power he was giving her over him, her hips moving and teasing him as she lifted and lowered, her insides clenching around him, his balls literally in her hand. With her other hand she reached in front of her and touched his stomach, her fingers resting gently on his flesh and she began moving her hips like she was riding a horse. His cock bumped and jolted inside her, and she moaned as she squeezed his balls a little harder, trying to roll them between her fingers like he was doing to her nipples.

One of his hands left her breasts and his fingers slide down her stomach until his thumb was pressing against her clit, his fingers splayed across her hip.

"OH GOD," she leaned back as his thumb went to work, and she moved faster and harder up and down his cock as her body started to quiver. She had to let go of his balls and put both hands on his broad chest, leaning forward, as the hot wave of ecstasy started at her clit where his thumb was rubbing and spasmed through her pussy, and rocketed outwards, her body rocking back and forth on him as the pleasure swept through her.

The hand on his breast kept her upright, kept her from collapsing on him, and she almost howled as he kept the rubbing friction up on her clit, her legs clenched, tightening on either side of his body. "Oh FUCK Winter, fuck me, fuck me, FUCK ME!"

She barely noticed when he rolled on top of her, except that suddenly his cock was pounding in and out of her, her orgasm growing and exploding as he shoved himself in and out of her quivering pussy.

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"Put your arms around me," he ordered her, "use your nails on my back."

Fighting down the sobs of pleasure in her throat, she did as he commanded, and as her nails dug into him he slowed a little, allowing her body to relax, the after shocks of pleasure making her pussy shudder and clench him as he moved with leisurely, erotic thrusts between her legs.

Lowering his head he nibbled on her neck as he continued to whisper instructions in her ear.

"Spread your thighs wider, wrap your legs around me, keeping touching me with your hands, run them up and down my back and into my hair."

The feeling of him moving in her, her hands on his sweaty body, his lips nuzzling along her neck... oh god, the pleasure was building back up inside of her and she didn't think she could truly handle another orgasm. Her pussy was so swollen and wet around him, making sexy, slopping noises every time he thrust home.

His hand drifted down her body and under the curve of her ass, lifting her hips a little, and his fingers dug into the soft flesh, making her moan. The new tilt of her body meant that his pubic bone hit her clit every time he buried himself in her, and she let out little cries of shock with every nudge of the sensitive bud. It was so sensitive after her previous orgasm that she couldn't tell if what she was feeling was pleasure or pain when he knocked against it, but it jerked her body every time.

Then he began to pick up the tempo as her fingers gripped his hair, his eyes glowing at her through the dark mask across his face.

"Oh God," she tried to lower her legs down, to make the pressure against her pussy less abrupt, to lessen the depth he could get into her body as his cock assaulted her insides. Showing no mercy Mr. Winter hooked his arms under her legs, pulling them up so that her knees were caught in his elbows and her pussy was splayed and open to him.

"Oh please!" she cried out, not sure if she was asking him to stop or keep going. Every nerve in her pussy was on fire, his cock was growing thicker and harder, digging deeper into her as he rode her relentlessly. "Oh please, oh please!" her voice sobbed, begging him as her hands dug into his strong shoulders.

And then her back arched, her clit grinding down as he heaved and groaned. She could feel his cock pulse inside of her, and she let out a wailing cry of ecstasy as he rubbed his body between her legs, keeping himself deep inside her as spurt after spurt of cum coated her insides. Her pussy convulsed around him as she came again, her throaty cries of rapture being pulled from her throat as this deeper, more intense orgasm robbed her of all her control.

Mr. Winter's body moved in circular motions, slowing gently as his grip on her legs loosened and his cock twitched and softened inside of her. Jessica whimpered as he nuzzled her neck with his lips, her arms still wrapped around him, tears in her eyes from the intensity of her orgasm. She'd never had sex like this before. The way he'd drawn it out, heightened the anticipation, and then his constant assault on every nerve in her pussy, and now his "follow-through" as Ms. Pink had described in Self-Pleasure class. He didn't just withdraw and leave her empty. He let himself soften inside of her, the movement of his hips giving her a gentle massage that made her hips lift a little whenever he touched a particularly sensitive spot and touched off an after shock of pleasure.

"Thank you," she breathed, well he pulled up off of her enough that she could see his face.

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"My pleasure, Miss Swift," he told her. "I hope to see you in other classes, you're a very good student."

Jessica smiled dreamily. She felt amazing. A little moan escaped her lips and her body quivered as he pulled himself from her gently.

Quite the gentleman, he helped her to her feet and to put her clothes back on. She looked around the classroom. There was one female student still in the middle of her, ah, lesson, but the rest of the room had already cleared. The smell of sex and satisfaction lingered in the air. Mr. Winter escorted her to the door and sent her on her way, although she kind of wanted to stay and watch the other couple she was too shy to ask. And, of course, she wasn't sure if she'd have wanted anyone watching her and Mr. Winter, although she knew from Trina that in the classes at the beginning of the day there had been so many people in the classes that each Teacher had had several students and only one was chosen to demonstrate while the others watched. She was glad that her first Basic Intercourse class had been so small, one on one attention was much preferred.

It felt strange not to get a kiss goodbye or anything, Mr. Winter just sent her on her way. Normally there were only fifteen minutes between classes to clean up or do anything that you needed to do, but now she had a whole hour before dinner.

She decided to go take a shower and then see what her friends were doing.

Chapter 4

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"So what did you think of your first real day of school?" Charity asked her when they finally got back to their room that night. After her shower Jessica had joined her friends for dinner and then they'd chosen (from a long list of possible activities) to watch the movie that the school was showing that night, *Fired Up*. The movie was very funny and not very sexual (although there was plenty of sexual comedy) and Jessica appreciated an evening of relaxation that didn't include sexual anticipation, after the many orgasms she'd already had over the day.

"It was fantastic," she said. "I already feel like I've learned so much. A lot of it seems like common sense stuff now that I stop to think about it, especially when it comes to heightening anticipation for a more satisfying result, but for some reason I just never thought of it that way before."

"Yeah, it kinda blew my mind my first session," Charity said, peeling off her clothes and getting into her nightgown for bed. "The basic stuff they teach isn't really like teaching so much as demonstrating how good it can be if you take the time to do it right."

"Yeah, exactly," Jessica agreed, happy to slip between the sheets on her bed. The mattress was so soft and it felt so good to just lie down. Unlike last night she was completely sexually sated after the day's activities, although she still glowed to think about tomorrow. She was nervous too, because she would have her first Anal Play class in the morning, but things had gone so well today, she just had to trust in the school and its talented Teachers that she would find tomorrow just as blissfully satisfying. "Basic Intercourse they didn't even bother to give a lecture, it was just get straight into it... although that might've been because it was a one to one ratio of students to Teachers, pretty much, and I definitely appreciated the tutelage."

Charity snickered. "You're just lucky it happened that way. It doesn't happen often with Basic Intercourse. With some of the other classes, definitely. Sometimes it just depends on what courses the Teachers that session are interested in helping out with. There were six of them in my Fellatio class today." Both girls giggled. "We should probably try to sleep though, I don't know about you, but I'm exhausted!"

"Definitely," said Jessica. She would have liked to continue gossiping, but she knew that Charity was right. Tomorrow was going to be another busy day. "Good night!"

"Good night!"

Justin and Chris argued late into the night about who would claim Jessica as a student in her morning classes for the week.. Finally they agreed that Chris would take the Basic Intercourse classes on Thursday and Friday and Justin would take the Anal Play classes. Privately, Chris thought that he'd gotten the better deal since the first two classes of Anal Play were all devoted to lectures and stretching, and he'd get to sleep with Jessica first. Privately, Justin thought he'd gotten the better deal, the taking of Jessica's anal virginity.

The next morning Jessica woke up feeling absolutely delicious. Her body felt sated so sated from yesterday that she couldn't possibly imagine even wanting to have another orgasm. But when she was in the dining hall,

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she saw that several of the Teachers were sitting and eating with students, and when she caught Mr. Winter's eye she blushed and felt her insides tighten at the memory of the intense orgasms she'd experienced with him. That moistening between her panties was enough to being a slow build of anticipation that continued into her Self Pleasure class, the first of the morning. This time as she focused on herself, she also focused on the visual of Mr. Winter's deep, probing gaze, his strong hands, and his thick cock. This visual was aided by the realistic dildo that she was using in class.

Leaving the class feeling very pleased with herself, the only toys she'd ever successfully masturbated with all been vibrators, she still felt very nervous heading to Anal Play. The few times her ex had tried it with her it had hurt so unbearably that she'd made him stop before it really went anywhere. According to Charity this was because they hadn't stretched her properly, and she'd reassured Jessica over and over that no one was expected to have anal sex during the first two classes, in fact, she told Jessica, that's why everyone had to sign up for at least three classes.

Walking into the room, she saw that this was quite a popular class for Teachers to help out with. Although there were ten students (here the girls outnumbered the boys, seven girls and only three boys) in the class, there was also a Teacher for each and every one of them. Mr. Winter was there, and as soon as she slid her eyes from him, she was held arrested by the gaze of Mr. Flood. He was staring at her with such intensity that she felt her nipples tightening and her cheeks flamed hot as she remembered how hot she'd gotten watching Mr. Flood whip Charity during the Light BDSM class demonstration, how she'd wished it had been her trussed up to the couch, open to his every whim.

By the end of next week, she told herself fiercely, I will stop blushing.

She was so involved in scolding herself, looking at the floor, that it wasn't until she saw shoes standing right in front of her that she realized a Teacher had come to instruct her. Guiltily she looked up directly into the chocolate eyes of Mr. Flood.

"Hello Jessica," he said smiling down at her with obvious delight. "I'll be your Teacher for this class this week. For Anal Play you are assigned the same Teacher for each class, as each person's body is different and so it's best if the person working with you doesn't need to get reacquainted with your body every class."

Nodding, she felt a little numb. Although he didn't say it outright, he was discussing getting intimately acquainted with her asshole, an area she'd never been comfortable with, and the idea of having someone intimately acquainted with it seemed both perverse and incredibly erotic.

All around the room were small leather triangles, the highest part about a foot to a foot and a half off the floor. Mr. Flood led her over to one and then stopped, looking deep into her eyes. Jessica blushed at his intense scrutiny. He turned her on a little bit but... she could feel her butt cheeks clenching. She wasn't sure what she'd gotten herself into.

"You're frightened," he said, and it wasn't a question, but Jessica nodded confirmation. He smiled at her, reassuringly. "Don't be. This is going to feel wonderful."

"How would you know?" she asked, a little rudely. Mr. Flood's smile widened, to something almost mischievous and she felt her lips curving in reply.

"Anal Play isn't just for women and gay men, you know," he told her, his eyes glinting. Jessica gasped a little as she took in his meaning. He really DID know! "I'm not going to hurt you. We're going to take this nice and slow. Have you had any experience with anal before?"

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Jessica blushed very deeply and looked down, the memory of not being able to please her ex, the pain of him trying to push inside of her, cut deep. Maybe if she'd been able to do anal for him then he would have been more amenable to playing around with tying her up. But neither of them had been able to fulfill each other's desires.

"Sort of," she confessed. "But it hurt too much so I made him stop."

"Then he wasn't doing it right," Mr. Flood sounded so confident, so self-assured in his assessment that Jessica felt a little bit of her anxiety unknot. "But let's see if we can't relieve you of some of your fear. Also, being scared is just going to make you more tense. You want to be aroused, so that your muscles are relaxed."

Then he kissed her. He was just as expert a kisser as Mr. Winter had been, but his hands tended to roam more, rather than holding her. She clung to him, feeling his hard shaft beginning to swell, growing against her body as he ran his hands over her back, one reaching down to grip her ass, the other sliding up to massage her breast through her shirt. Remembering Mr. Winter's instruction, she let her hands massage along Mr. Flood's shoulders, digging in her nails a little as he thumbed her nipple and the pleasant sensation hummed through her body.

His fingers massaged her buttocks, pulling inch after inch of her skirt up until his fingers met bare flesh. Then he dug in, squeezing the tender flesh almost cruelly, and she cried out against his mouth in hot passion, pressing her hips against him and feeling his hardness digging into the soft flesh of her front.

Then he released her lips and helped her to bend over triangle. It was shaped so that her hips were held high in the air by the highest part of it, and that side was rounded not sharp so that nothing was digging into her, and her breasts and face pressed into the sloping side, leaving her ass and pussy entirely open and vulnerable to him. His hand pressed between her thighs, spreading them and taking away all pretense of modesty as he tucked the hem of her skirt up around her hips.

Another shiver of fear went through her.

"Relax," he told her, "I'm not going to do anything yet. We're still working on arousing you, until you want to have something inside of you." Fat chance of that happening, she thought to herself, as long as he's talking about my ass. Her pussy however... she'd be perfectly happy to accommodate him there right now, even though doggy style had never been her favorite position.

Resting his hands on the fleshy heart shape of her ass, he massaged the globes of flesh with his hands, spreading her pussy and ass crack open and close, over and over again. When she felt him gently blowing air over the heated, moistened flesh of her pussy, she moaned. She wanted his hands inside of her, not on her ass!

Justin couldn't believe how responsive Jessica was, her pussy was a beautiful glistening flower, petals moistened by dew, and she smelled absolutely amazing. Tucked above this wonderful scenery was that dark virgin territory, a small pink rosebud that had yet to unfurl. He felt lucky, so very lucky that he'd be the one to introduce her to anal pleasures. Although he felt entirely scornful of whatever past lover had mistreated this adorable, tiny crinkled hole in the past and put her off of anal, he felt privileged to be the one to show her why she should give it a second change. And he couldn't wait until he was easing his own hard shaft into the tight space.

Leaning forward, he let his tongue swipe up the center of her pussy, and was rewarded with a gasp and the delightful sight of her moving her hips up and down, begging for more. She was sweet on his tongue, like

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peaches and honey, and he was not at all averse to leaning more and starting to try and lick up all the moisture that was gathering at her center. It was a losing battle as the more he licked, the more she produced, but it was a battle he was happy to fit.

As her breathing started to change and she started to lose herself in the pleasure, the muscles of her butt relaxed, and the little bud nestled between her cheeks became easily visible without him having to use his hands to catch a glimpse. He brought one of his hands down from her cheek and began rubbing her pussy with it, as his tongue quested higher.

Jessica was lost in the sensation of having her pussy so carefully attended to. She'd never had anyone eat her out like this, from behind. It had always been lying on her back where she'd been able to watch, to grab his head, to have some control over the situation. The very vulnerability of her position was turning her on, if she was honest with herself. Not only was her pussy open and available to him, completely visible for his enjoyment, but her ass was totally vulnerable as well.

When he put his fingers on her pussy lips and began to massage, she thought she might come, but then to her shock his tongue moved higher!

"Oh no," she gasped, completely shocked by this new development. Immediately she clenched her cheeks, almost horrified at what he was doing. She'd assumed that Anal Play would mostly just be able sticking things into her ass until it was ready for a cock, and that hopefully the precursors wouldn't hurt and would make the final act less painful as well. It had never occurred to her that someone would want to put his mouth there!

But Mr. Flood's hands pulled her cheeks apart, and she moaned at the loss of his fingers on her pussy. Her face felt like it was burning from embarrassment as his tongue flicked over her asshole, tickling the nerves there, and to her shame she felt her hips moving back against him the same way they had when he'd been licking her pussy. It felt good, she couldn't deny that, but she still felt like she was doing something so completely wrong by allowing him access to that most private of places, letting his eyes and mouth feast upon her forbidden whole.

But then his fingers were back on her pussy and his tongue was licking her hole, and the combination amazing. Her hips started moving again and her muscles relaxed as she accepted this new debasement, unable to resist the pleasure that he was offering. As her muscles relaxed his tongue began to force its way into her hole, making her clench all over again at the new and unexpected invasion. Then two fingers began to press into her pussy and her body quivered, releasing his tongue, which he stiffened and began pressing into her again and again.

It was the strangest sensation, although from his enthusiasm he seemed to relish the taste. Then his mouth pulled away and she moaned again, protesting the loss, and then quieted as she blushed. Had she already developed a taste for such forbidden fruit?

Justin was very pleased with how quickly Jessica was advancing. She'd obviously been shocked by having his tongue placed on her backside but the shock didn't last for very long and she was so responsive that he felt she was ready for the next part of the lesson. Pulling the lube out of his pocket, he slathered some on his pinky and then pressed it to her damp hole. For an anxious virgin his saliva wasn't going to be enough, although perhaps one day she'd enjoy the slight burn of being penetrated with minimal lubrication, for now he wanted to make this as easy on her as possible.

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He heard the slight sound of protest she made as the head of his pinky slipped into her backside. It was obvious that he wasn't hurting her, but she obviously had some hang ups about anal sex, and the new sensation was probably not quite comfortable yet. But she'd get used to it.

That tight asshole flexed and crinkled around his pinky as he started massaging her pussy again. After a few moments her body relaxed, the initial bodily protest subsiding, especially under the expert assault of titillation he was pouring onto her eager pink pussy. As her body relaxed he started pressing a little more of his pinky in, and then pulling it out, and pressing it back in. Her body spasmed and adjusted, although he was sure that her protests were more mental; she was unused to this kind of penetration, but he knew he was being gentle enough and that his finger was small enough that while it might not be entirely comfortable, she wasn't experiencing any pain.

"Oh dear," Jessica pressed her face into the soft leather, her hands grasping the sides of the triangle. The finger in her backside was causing the most unusual fluttering feeling in her stomach. She couldn't decide if she liked it or not, although her pussy was very pleased with the expert manipulation of his fingers. What made her most uncomfortable about the entire situation was that, not only did his finger not hurt, but it was starting to feel rather good to have it sliding in and out of her. Her body had almost immediately adjusted to the small intruder, and now as it slid slickly in and out, all the way down to the knuckles on his hand, she could feel her hips automatically humping back at him.

Moaning softly into the leather, she felt humiliated. She shouldn't be enjoying this should she? This school was the first place that she'd heard girls talking about anal with pleasure, and it had disarmed her. Surprised her. But she'd figured that perhaps they were either all bluster and making it up, or that they'd liked the pain. Hadn't she seen how much Charity liked pain with her pleasure? Jessica liked a little pain too, but the amount of pain that having her ex shove his dick into her backside had caused had been way beyond her sexy threshold.

Even when he'd asked her for anal, it had been in the way that someone asks for something they know they shouldn't have. He'd wanted it because people aren't supposed to do it, because it was a big no-no in their world of prim and proper. On the other hand, she'd come to a school for sex, so she couldn't be that prim and proper, could she? The fact that she was now face forward on a leather prop, her ass high in the air while a finger dipped in and out of it as she moaned her approval definitely wasn't prim and proper.

When he pulled his finger out, she almost cried out with the loss. Then he was back, and it was thicker. Her breath caught in her throat as two fingers began to push their way in, stretching her tight little hole wider. It was not quite comfortable, but it felt good, it felt right. Yes, yes this hole should be plugged, filled, used. Fingers pushed into her vagina and she started thinking about the menage trois class demonstration, the idea of having two men inside her body at once. When she'd thought about it before it had been with the idea of one in her mouth, one in her pussy, their hands all over her. Now, Mr. Flood's fingers were mimicking a much more raw, much more dangerous sex act.

Her body tightened down with excitement, and she took her hands from the edges of the triangle and lifted her upper body a little so that she could put them on her breasts, pinching her nipples.

"That's it," Mr. Flood's deep voice washed over her, his fingers pressing in and out of her pussy and ass in an unmistakable rhythm. Then he plunged deep and twisted them back and forth, making Jessica squeal with the thrilling sensation of having her insides stirred. Her asshole felt slick, moist, ready. Having fingers in both of her holes was dirty, heavenly, she felt a sensation of fullness throughout her entire lower body that she'd never

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experienced before. "You like my fingers in your ass, don't you?"

Jessica nodded, gasping, "Yes."

The admission shamed and freed her, even as his dirty words made her shiver with a thrill of defilement. Yes, she liked it, those digits digging their way into her secret places, wringing new sensations from her, plundering her body, opening it to a new world of raptures. For the first time in her life, the idea of having a man ease his hard dick into her tight ass turned her on. It would stretch her so much wider than these fingers, bury so much deeper, and the idea made her hot, hot, hot.

"Oh God," this thumb pressed against her clit as he spread his fingers inside of her ass. And then she let out a wordless wail of ecstasy as the sensations splashed over her, her holes filled, she could feel her orgasm through her entire lower body, her ass and pussy both convulsing around the fingers that were filling them, the fingers that kept pumping mercilessly as her orgasm grew and grew.

Her hands squeezed her breasts automatically, her hips humping up and down as he relentlessly massaged her clit, shoved his fingers back and forth inside of her body. She buried her face into the leather and practically screamed her pleasure, the intense sensations wrapping around her body, lifting her high and then letting her fall into an exquisite agony of gratification.

Finally her hips fell against the rounded leather for the last time, and he gently massaged her pussy, removing his fingers from it but still keeping the ones in her ass. Jessica moaned as he continued to pump his fingers back and forth in her ass, his other hand wringing the last drops of pleasure from her orgasm. Her pussy felt swollen and sensitive, her hips jerked with each brush of her clit. Every nerve along her skin hummed with sensation. Releasing her breasts from the tight grip her hands had on them, she let her arms rest on either side of her face, submissively accepting whatever Mr. Flood wanted to do to her.

Justin had thoroughly had enjoyed watching Jessica's slow turn from fear to a sexual awakening of her deepest, darkest desires. Her delightful ass was meant to take a cock, and often. The way it had gripped his fingers, her insides convulsing around them, trying to suck him further into her body, had told him everything he'd needed to know about what a fantastic ride she was going to be.

Now he just enjoyed her complete submission to him. He couldn't wait for her first BDSM class, she was a natural submissive and he was going to thoroughly enjoy showing her all the pleasures that he could give her. But that was for later, at the moment he focused on the pleasant feel of her asshole rippling around him as he continued to play with her body. Her steady breathing with the occasional hitches told him that she was enjoying it to.

"Do you know what a butt plug is, Miss Swift?" he asked, although he was loathe to part his fingers from her body.

"Yes," she responded back, so quiet he almost didn't hear her.

"I'm going to put one in you now. It's going to stretch you just a little more than my fingers are, and it might not be completely comfortable at first - like my finger wasn't, but it won't hurt and it's going to help keep you stretched and flexible. You need to keep it in at least for lunch time, and if you can keep it in for longer that's good but at the very least just until the end of lunch."

"Ok," her voice was rather muffled. She sounded hesitant, anxious, but not scared, and her ass was still

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relaxed, she wasn't clenching her cheeks at all. That was good.

Reluctantly he pulled his fingers from her grasping body. "Stay right here," he told her, "I'm going to go get the plug."

Every student got a new plug, and they'd be able to take it home with them at the end of school. He chose a medium sized one, she'd be able to handle it and it would help her out more in the end.

Returning, he found that she had done exactly as he told her to, and she was resting with her eyes closed. He caressed her butt cheek gently and her eyes flew open. Grinning down at her reassuringly he showed the plug. Her eyes got a little big but she didn't protest.

Kneeling down behind her again he spread lubricant over the entire length of the plug, and for good measure spread some more on his fingers and pressed them back into her ass. Her hole had closed up a little, but not much, and she moaned and lifted her hips a bit as he pushed his fingers back in. Yes, he thought to himself happily, Jessica was going to be quite the slut for anal sex by the time he was done with her. He let his fingers slide in and out of her accommodating hole before pulled them out entirely and pressed the tip of the plug to her.

Jessica felt completely wrung out, and a little anxious about the size of the plug that Mr. Flood seemed so excited about forcing into her tight crevice, but the thought did turn her on, and she could see that it wasn't quite as big around as a dick, so she should get used to the idea now. She was glad that it wasn't quite as girthy as a dick, now that she knew a little more about anal she wanted to feel a bit of a stretch when he took her cherry. And she was glad that she would have the same teacher for each of these classes this week, after all the wonderful sensations he'd made her feel today, she trusted Mr. Flood to make the popping of her anal cherry very erotic and very pleasurable.

His fingers quested deep inside her again, and despite her exhaustion she felt the stirrings of arousal deep in her belly as he plunged back into her depths. In fact, if he wanted to take her anal cherry right now, she'd probably just lay here and take it... and enjoy it. But after a few thrusts of his fingers he pulled them out and she felt something cool and hard at the entrance to her back door.

Slowly he began to work it in and out, it wasn't as flexible as his fingers but it wasn't so hard it was painful either. She did whimper a little as her ass began to stretch, the widest part of the plug was definitely thicker than his fingers. It felt good and slightly uncomfortable as her tight hole opened much wider than it was accustomed to, like an itch that hurt to scratch but felt satisfying too. He worked the plug back and forth, letting her hole get acquainted with the wider part before sliding back to the narrow, and then back up to the wider, pushing a little bit more of it into her body each time.

Finally her ass closed over the largest part and she let out a little cry as the plug settled snugly into its new home. Her ass clenched around it, and she panted as she tried to get used to the sensation of this hard object inside of her. Mr. Flood massaged her thighs and butt cheeks as she clenched her ass over and over... part of her wanted to expel it, but the widest portion wasn't leaving her body without help right now. After a few minutes of massaging and her ass grappling with the plug, it settled in and she was able to relax.

Mr. Flood helped her to her feet, and the plug moved inside of her. Although her skirt was covering her ass again, she couldn't help the flush that spread across the face as the plug shifted inside her with every movement. There was no forgetting that it was there.

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"Thank you very much," she said, moving her weight from foot to foot as the plug twisted and jolted her insides a bit. She was having trouble concentrating.

"My pleasure," he responded. "I look forward to our next class tomorrow."

"Me too... ah," she glanced at the erection that was threatening to split open his pants. "Can I... would you like me to..."

Glancing down he saw the object of her intent. "No Jessica," he smiled his amusement. "Have you taken the Basic Intercourse class yet?" She nodded, not realizing that he'd memorized her class schedule and knew that she had, and had already talked to Mr. Winter about how it had gone. He leaned forward, his face warm against hers as he whispered in her ear. "Remember, anticipation makes consummation all the sweeter."

Chapter 5

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Jessica kept the plug in not only through lunch period, sitting down had been quite an experience at first and she now understood why Charity had eased herself into the seat yesterday, but through her yoga class as well. Yoga, with a butt plug snugly encased between her cheeks, became a whole new erotic experience. It was just such a full feeling, such a decadent kind of naughtiness, that she had wanted to keep it going for as long as possible.

Between classes she stopped by her room to use the private bathroom to remove it. She moaned a little as her tight hole stretched back over the widest part of the plug. It was so erotic, so painfully pleasurable, and it filled her in a way that she'd never known was possible. Moving the plug back and forth a little, she bit her lip as she wondered what it would be like in two days when Mr. Flood took her last cherry.

Unfortunately she didn't have time to play with herself, even though she was getting all sorts of heated up from the imagery and the rasping of the plug through her crinkled hole. But she had to hurry or she'd be late for her next class, Fellatio.

"I can't believe you didn't let her finish you off at the end of class," Chris groaned, when Justin was done describing the Anal Play class he'd shared with Jessica.

"Heightened anticipation," Justin joked, although to be honest he couldn't believe it either. He'd never really been the heightened anticipation kind of guy, but for some reason Jessica was special to him. Waiting for his own release, having his first release into her body be the first cum she took up that tight ass, would be special. They would both remember it, for similar reasons. "It wasn't easy though. She was so ready to do whatever I needed. God she's amazing."

"Don't get too attached," his friend reminded him. "When we get back to the real world she's not going to know who we are and we're going to have to start all over again - if we can even get her to look at us, since she didn't seem all that interested before."

"After two weeks here it's hard not to look for something," Justin replied. Going celibate after two weeks of some of the most incredible sex you'd had wasn't easy; most people wanted to go home and show off their new skills. He sincerely hoped that Jessica wouldn't be any different.

For the first time, Jessica found herself in a class where the ratio of Teachers to students wasn't 1:1. She and two other female students, Cassie and Sara, took turns with Mr. Forest. Although Jessica decided she liked having a one on one tutorial more, she had to admit that she did learn a lot from watching Cassie and Sara. Sara was a second year student who already knew how to deep throat and from watching Cassie really love attention on the soft spot just underneath the head of Mr. Forest's cock, Jessica learned just how wild that made a man get. They, in turn, were intrigued that she actually hummed while she worked, creating a vibration that played across his dick and made him thrust deep into her.

For a while they practiced trying to deep throat him on their own, but before the end of class he had also given

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Cassie and Jessica of them a little bottle of gel that they could swallow which would kill their gag reflexes. That way they could practice with the gel and get used to feeling swallowing a dick without having to worry as much about gagging. Eventually, they might be able to do without the gel at all.

By the time she watched Sara take Mr. Forest all the way down her throat again, Jessica was feeling unbearably horny. Unfortunately when she went back to her room she found that Charity was hanging out with Paul and Nick, and she got drawn into their conversation despite herself. The boys were a lot of fun. It was obvious that Paul had a thing for Charity, and Charity seemed mildly interested in him. Nick and Jessica ended up having a side conversation about a girl back home that he wanted to date named Fiona. She had just broken up with her boyfriend, who had a major reputation as being fantastic in bed, so Nick was at the school to give Fiona some time to get over him and to learn how to please her once he (hopefully) replaced her ex.

After dinner Charity whispered to Jessica that she and Paul were going back to Paul and Nick's room, and could Jessica pretty please keep Nick company? Teasing her friend about her randyness, Jessica agreed.

"So I hear you get to baby-sit me?" Nick said, coming up to her, his brown eyes dancing with amusement.

"I guess so," Jessica laughed. "I hope you don't mind, I'll try to be a good baby sitter."

Nick laughed too and then looked like he was on the verge of saying something. Then he looked away, closing his mouth.

"What?" Jessica wanted to know. He looked back at her.

"This is going to sound kind of messed up," he confessed. "Especially since I told you all about Fiona, but seeing as she and I aren't together yet, and I've been taking all these classes, and well... my fourth period class was Cunnilingus, and I'm horny as all hell, and I'm attracted to you even though I have feelings for Fiona... would you be interested in studying together?" And then he blushed, which was just too cute for words. Jessica burst out laughing.

"That is the longest proposition I think I've ever heard," she said when she finally managed to calm down the amusement. "So the gist is, you don't have feelings for me, but you're single right now even though you've got a girl back at home, and so you'd like to get it on?"

Nick nodded, looking a little ashamed. "It's ok if you don't want to, we can do something else-"

Jessica waved him to silence with her hand. "I'd LOVE to. My last class was Fellatio and that had no getting off for me! Besides, I'm not looking for any kind of long distance relationship when I leave here, but I definitely prefer a more settled situation when it comes to sex. Do you just want to be study partners for the rest of the session so that no one gets the wrong ideas about us wanting to study with them?"

"That sounds fantastic." Nick held out his hands. "Study buddies with benefits. Shake?"

And they shook hands to seal the compact. It was strange how comfortable Jessica felt with him as they walked back to her and Charity's room. For some reason she'd thought that once they'd agreed to sexing each other up for the rest of the session that things might get awkward, but it was still just like hanging out with her buddy Nick.

It did get a little awkward once they got into the room, as Nick obviously felt a little weird about starting something. Finally she just grabbed him by the shirt collar and started kissing him, walking backwards towards her bed as she did so. He was a pretty good kisser, not as practiced as the teachers, but his kisses were

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soft, not at all sloppy, and fairly enthusiastic.

Once she got him on the bed she straddled him, taking control of the situation. Truthfully she tended to like it more when the guy took control, but right now she was so horny and Nick just wasn't the domineering take-control kind of guy. However, he was quick to start unbuttoning her blouse, as she unbuttoned his. She moaned as he palmed one of her breasts, the other reaching around behind her to unsnap her bra.

"Impressive," she told him. "One handed and everything!"

"I got mad skills baby," he joked, bumping his hips up so that she rose and fell on him. They started kissing again, his hands sliding her shirt and bra off, and then she sat back, tugging at him so that he sat up and she could push his shirt off of his shoulders, still kissing him.

Sitting up like that she could really feel his cock pressing against his pants, and his arms wrapped around her, making her arch her back and press her breasts into his chest. Releasing her lips, he began to nibble down her neck and collarbone, and Jessica started to really feel some chemistry between the two of them. She ran her fingers through his curly hair, luxuriating in the soft silkiness of it against her skin. Then she let her fingers slide down his chest, feeling the tendrils of hair there, letting her head fall back as his mouth fell on her breasts. His hands began to massage down her back, fingertips seeking the edge of her skirt and the swell of her buttocks.

Jessica started moving against him and his hips moved to meet her as she rocked, the sensation of his mouth suckling at her nipple spreading heat through her stomach and down to her aching pussy. His fingers found her zipper and unzipped it.

"You don't actually need the skirt off you know, I'm not wearing any underwear," she reminded him.

His eyes were hot. "I want to see you totally naked."

The admission sent shivers down her spine. They might be sworn study buddies, but that didn't mean they didn't find each other attractive. She pushed him down and slid out of her skirt as she turned on the bed, putting one leg on each side of his head as she started to work on the zipper.

"Let's see what you learned in fourth period today," she teased, swaying her hips over his face, her pussy open and splayed, "and I'll show you what I learned."

"Deal," he said, as she unzipped his pants. He lifted his hips a little so that she could push them down past his cock, letting them settle on his upper thighs. I'll do the rest soon, she thought to herself, as Nick ran his fingers gently up the backs of her thighs and over the sensitive skin of the underside of her butt. She moaned as she felt his lips on her inner thighs, traveling upwards.

Lowering her head, she started to lick his balls, fondling them in one hand while the other held her up. This position gave her both more accessibility and was harder to hold than just being on her knees in class. Nick's lips had just reached the apex of her thighs when she sucked one of his balls into her mouth, making his hips jump. He started to lick around the outside of her pussy, sucking her outer labia in between his lips and nibbling very gently. Jessica shuddered and moaned at the new sensation - no one had ever done that to her before, they'd always just gone right for the center of her wet slit!

Letting her tongue slide up the center of Nick's dick she teased the soft spot that Cassie had shown her, letting her tongue flick and lick gently against it. Nick obviously liked the teasing as he started pressing his hips upwards, the head of his cock searching for her lips. She wrapped her hand around the base of it and let her

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tongue play over the head, making concentric circles from the outmost part of the mushroom all the way in to the head where a little fluid had gathered. Swiftly she let her tongue flick out, whisking the delicious drop away and making Nick moan into her pussy.

His tongue was sliding into her inner folds, hot and wet, while his fingers massaged her butt. As they quested towards her crack Nick paused for a moment and then let one hand slide down. Pressing two fingers into her pussy, he worked his tongue up and down around the outside of them, as Jessica began pumping her hips on top of him and finally took his dick into her mouth, a little at a time, sliding inexorably downward.

Some of the gel from the class must still be coating her throat. Her gag reflex kicked at her a little, but not as much as it normally did and coming at his dick from the top like this instead of head on helped her slide it past. She took him all the way down, until her nose was almost buried in his balls.

Nick gasped as he felt his entire length swallowed up by Jessica's hot mouth, her throat muscles squeezing the head of his cock, rippling over it as her gag reflex made a weak protest. As she began to slide back up he redoubled his efforts on her pussy, his tongue working away up and down her slit, and traveling to the top of it to tease her clit. The two fingers in her pussy worked back and forth, showing her how he was going to be fucking her soon, and he took the opportunity to start to press one the fingers from his other hand into her barely stretched asshole. He remembered her easing into the chair at lunch and he knew that she'd had the anal play class, so it wouldn't hurt her. Between the lube that was still clinging to her from the plug and her own wetness, it was no problem to slide one finger deep into her back door.

Jessica's hips twitched as her ass was violated by Nick's finger. Even though she'd been stretched that morning, the new work-out for the virgin hole had made it a little sore, and flashes of pleasure mixed with slight discomfort burst through her. Mostly it was pleasure though, and she found that she loved the feeling of being full of his fingers as his tongue rasped against her clit. She moved her hips up and down in time with the rhythm that she was using to slide his cock in and out of her mouth, her tongue lashing against the head and making his hips jerk up as she slide back down.

Her muffled moans hummed over his cock, the throaty vibrations making his balls tighten. It was also starting to make her throat sore, she'd been sucking a lot more dick today than normal, and although she loved the feel of his fingers inside of her, she wanted more.

As she pulled off of his cock, Nick quickly pulled his fingers from her body. He wasn't slow and he knew exactly where she was going with this. Immediately his pants were shucked off and on the floor and Jessica turned around on top of him again.

Putting his hands on her gorgeous breasts, filling his fingers with those soft mounds, he told her, "Ride me."

Jessica took his cock in her hand and pointed it straight up, then let herself slowly start sinking down onto it.

"Oh god," she threw her head back as his dick filled her, she was so wet that she didn't need to do anything to work it in. "That feels fucking amazing. I needed this."

"Me too baby," Nick said throatily as he brushed his thumbs across her nipples. Jessica thrust her chest forward, demanding more contact, as she started raising and lowering herself on his dick. Her pussy gripped him like a vise, massaging every inch of his cock, and she rested her hands on his body, squeezing her breasts together a little for him. Groaning, Nick started thrusting upwards to meet her every time she sank onto him, the hard rocking of his body jamming against her clit. He loved the breathy noise of pleasure that she made every time he got a direct hit.

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"That's it baby," he massaged her breasts, squeezing harder and pushing and pulling a little to control her movements on his cock. "God your pussy is so tight, you feel fucking fantastic riding my dick. It's so hot watching you bounce up and down with your tits in my hands. Moan for me, moan for me baby."

Jessica moaned, and she meant it. She'd never had a guy talk dirty to her before and it was hot. Nick had such a great low voice, the dirty things coming out of his mouth sounded so sexy. She could feel her pussy clenching around him, the wonderful heady mix of pleasure-pain on her breasts as he squeezed almost too hard, and she loved the way he was using that grip to control her movements.

"Oh Nick," she moaned, he was making her so hot with his words, for the first time she found herself wanting to tell a man what it was like to feel him inside of her. "God this feels so good, your dick is so hard inside of me, and I love the way it feels sliding in and out," she moved her hips in time with her words, "in and out. It's getting me so hot, OH yes just like that, rock me baby, rock me!"

Nick started really moving his hips back and forth, and his hands moved down to Jessica's waist so that she could lean over him, his body pressed against her clit as she started grinding down on him. Their movements became more frantic as sexual heat filled them, spurring them onwards to their gratification.

"Oh fuck baby," Nick groaned as her pussy clenched down hard. "Just like that, fuck me baby, ride me hard." Jessica slammed herself back down, and as her clit grated against his pubis her insides clenched again. This time she ground down, feeling that elusive itch in her sensitive bud that started to swell and then expand outward. She cried out in rapture as her orgasm began sweeping over her, her hips rubbing back and forth as Nick's cock jostled inside of her.

Her pussy convulsed, gripping him like a vise, and his hips rose and fell a few more times although his cock could barely move an inch in or out of her, her pussy was clutching him so tightly, and he gasped as his cum boiled up in his balls and began to force its way into her clasp tunnel. Jessica fairly screamed as her orgasm pushed to new heights as Nick's dick thickened and pulsed inside of her, the position of her on top kept her insides so very contracted that she could feel every spurt of cum as it traveled through his dick and into her body.

They ground against each other, clutching with their hands as they milked every last drop of pleasure from each other. Finally Jessica fell forward, sighing with completion as she rested her head and hand on Nick's chest. The movement and new position made his sensitive dick twitch inside of her, and she moaned and shivered at the sensation.

"Fuck that was awesome," Nick breathed, his arms wrapping tightly around her, dick softening inside of her. Turning his head he kissed her forehead.

"Fiona's gonna be a lucky girl," Jessica told him. And she kissed his chest.

They stayed up talking some that night, but when Charity didn't come back to the room by midnight the two of them fell asleep, cuddling.

Chapter 6

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Jessica woke the next morning to find herself slightly overheated because Nick's arms were wrapped around her, his body cuddled up behind her. There was also something insistently poking into the small of her back, which made her giggle. The movement woke Nick up and he stirred against her, tightening his arms for a moment. She reveled in the feeling of his body against hers, enjoying the sensation of waking up with somebody. For a moment she thought about climbing on again, but since her very first class of the day was Basic Intercourse, she figured it'd be better if she didn't. After all, it was her third day at the school and she had a long day ahead of her, including a new class - Light BDSM - at the very end of it.

But she couldn't help wriggling enticingly against Nick just for the fun of it. He moaned as her soft backside pushed against his hardness, and squeezed her body in his arms, one of his hands immediately latching onto her breast, the other stroking her stomach.

"Mmm," she feels good she said, "but we have to get up and get ready so we aren't late for breakfast. And with all our classes today we probably shouldn't waste our energy."

"Fine," Nick groaned, reluctantly releasing her. "Don't think I'm letting you off easy though, you're going to pay for teasing me!"

True to his word, when they got in the shower he began rubbing and touching all over her body, insisting on soaping her with his hands he massaged her back, cupped her breasts, tweaked her nipples to soapy hardness. Then he pressed her against the wall of the shower, her back to him just like it had been in the morning, and he used his fingers to make sure she was clean inside and out. Jessica moaned as he pushed his fingers into her, she was already hot and bothered from the thorough cleansing he'd given her, and starting to think that maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing to just go ahead and do a little more studying before breakfast.

"Uh uh," he told her when she floated the suggestion. "You're just going to have to wait for your first class like you wanted to." Nick obviously didn't plan on waiting though, he began rubbing himself up and down the length of her butt cheeks, pressing the mounds together with his hands to increase the pressure. The water from the shower cascaded down on them, keeping her body slick. Jessica put her hand between her legs and started rubbing her clit, but before she could do more than build upon the sensations he'd started, Nick was jerking behind her, warm stickyness spraying her lower back. It was quickly washed off, but he wouldn't let her finish playing with herself.

Even so, they ended up being late to breakfast, and Jessica had to go to class with wet hair.

Chris felt his balls tighten in anticipation when Jessica came into the Basic Intercourse class. Her hair was damp in a ponytail, and there were wet spots on her shirt where it clung to her, obviously from droplets of water that had dripped off of her. She was so gorgeous, and he'd been waiting months to even have a chance to be in this position. It sucked that she'd had a boyfriend and then had been so down in the dumps that neither he or Justin could really make a solid move on her, but now he was ready and willing to do so much more.

Noticing that Rick - aka Mr. Winter - was eyeing Jessica, Chris hastily walked over and claimed her as his student for the class. Rick just gave him a half-smile, obviously he wasn't too put out as there were plenty of

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other attractive students, but Rick had enjoyed teaching Jessica very much on Tuesday. Chris and Justin had been writhing with jealousy when he'd told them about it in fact.

"You've already taken one class of this course, correct?" Mr. Fire smiled down at Jessica. It was hard to look him in the eye, every time she did she remembered staring at his eyes in the mirror as he made her cum all over his fingers that first day in the bathroom. Somehow, even though she knew that they were strangers, she felt a strange level of comfortableness with him. Mr. Flood too, now that she thought about it. She'd let him play with her ass all class yesterday without even needing the kind of intimacy-introducer like she'd needed with Mr. Winter before her first Basic Intercourse class. When they looked at her, with their hot hungry eyes, it made her feel sexy and brazen. But it also made her feel a little embarrassed that she was so immediately comfortable and sexual with them, she hoped they didn't think she was slutty. And then she wondered why she cared.

"Yes, on Tuesday," she said, realizing that she hadn't answered Mr. Fire's question yet. He smiled down at her as he led her over to a free mattress.

"Good then we'll go ahead and move onto a new position. Have you ever tried doggy style before?" Jessica immediately made a face without thinking about it and Mr. Fire laughed. "I'll take that as a yes and that you weren't a fan."

"It didn't do much for me," she admitted, shrugging ruefully. "It was fun and different, but it's always been a starter-position for me, I've never been able to cum from it." Her cheeks turned pink again at her admission.

"Then whoever you were with wasn't doing it right," he murmured, and she couldn't help but thinking that yes, her ex Sean hadn't always been able to get her off. "Let me show you."

And with that he began kissing her, passionately and deeply. Jessica responded to him immediately. She and Mr. Fire had a definite spark (she giggled to herself). He was so intense, so confident, and she was definitely attracted to him. Idly she wondered what he looked like behind the mask. Maybe he and Mr. Flood were twins, they certainly had similar dark good looks.

Mr. Fire's tongue pressed into her mouth, and his hands were all over her body, sliding and groping. The intensity of the kiss, the hard and unexpected squeezes of his hands, made her absolutely breathless and a little weak in the knees. She clung to him, scratching the back of his neck with her nails, kissing back as best she could. Sucking his tongue into her mouth she felt him shudder a little against her, his hardness pressing into her belly.

He unbuttoned her blouse down to her stomach and reached into her shirt and the small cup of the bra to squeeze her breasts. Pressing them together in front of her, he kneaded and massaged the sensitive flesh as she whimpered, her own hands running down his bare chest, sliding through his hair and brushing against his nipples. In response, he pinched her nipples, not too hard, and used them to pull her closer to him, into a deeper kiss. Jessica moaned as his strong fingers pinched her tender buds, the shiver of pleasure and pain made her want to get on her knees for him. She didn't even care if she came, she just wanted to feel him inside of her!

Releasing her breasts, he wrapped his arms around her and gripped her ass, his big hands covering the majority of her cheeks as he pulled her skirt up. Jessica wiggled against him, moving her hips in time with him. Mr. Fire put one leg slightly forward and she practically climbed onto it, rubbing her front against his leather covered thigh.

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Then Mr. Fire stopped kissing her and started nibbling at her neck, it was like she had a target on her most sensitive spots as he immediately zeroed in where her neck met her shoulder and sucked, biting lightly with his teeth. Jessica gasped and moved more strongly against his leg; she was so turned on and the hard muscles of his thigh felt so fantastic as she rubbed herself against it, she thought she might get off just from that. But his mouth moved up to her ear and he whispered "Get on all fours baby."

Jessica reluctantly let go of him, getting down on all fours. Her pussy was sopping wet and all she wanted was to cum.

Mr. Fire got down on the mattress behind her and began kissing her back, his fingers massaging the outside of her pussy. Jessica moaned and lifted her hips, humping back at him. That felt amazing. His teeth nibbled one her back muscles and she hissed and arched as one of two of his fingers began to press into her sopping wetness from behind.

"How does that feel, baby?" he asked, a little smugly because he already knew the answer.

"Oh my god it feels fantastic," Jessica moaned, thrusting back at him. "Please, I want you inside of me."

Chris thought he might burst hearing that admission spill from her pouty lips. But being a Teacher at the Venus School of Sex had taught him more control than that. He kept sliding his fingers in and out of her pussy, using the fingers of his other hand to circle and brush her clit. The girl moaned and quivered, her body clenching around him with an overwhelming desire to cum. It was right where he wanted her. He removed his hands and unzipped his pants.

Jessica practically crowed with joy when she felt him slide the head of his cock up and down her wet slit. She pushed back, wanting him inside her. His fingers had had her so close to cumming and she was hot and needy for it. Instead he teased her a little, rubbing and pressing his dick against her clit, which made her shiver and gasp with pleasure, and then he would push just the head of his dick into her and then pull it out and go back to rubbing her clit.

"OH PLEASE," Jessica finally cried out, completely worked up. Before she'd completely gotten the "please" out of her mouth, Mr. Fire's dick was ramming into her pussy so hard that his balls slapped against her clit. With his hands on her hips he began a slow, languid fuck, completely controlling how fast they moved and how deeply he delved into her body.

With every hard thrust his balls slapped and rubbed the rest of her pussy, hitting dead center of her clit, and she pushed back against him, spreading her thighs wider to give him better access.

"Good," he told her. "Now try to squeeze my cock every time I enter you."

Jessica did, on his next thrust, and she cried out with surprise and ardent need at the astonishing sensation. Squeezing his cock had made her so much tighter, made it harder for him to press into her, and it had enhanced the sensation incredibly as he'd rubbed and stretched his way into her. The friction was intense, and she started trying to move fast, groaning with impatience as he barely picked up the pace.

"Lower your upper body," he instructed, "hold yourself up with your forearms."

She lowered herself down, and was astonished to feel that it really did change the way his cock pressed into her insides. It jumped and bounced in her as she clenched, massaging the shaft's entire length as Mr. Fire buried himself inside of her. Her swaying breasts brushed against the mattress with every movement, rubbing

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her nipples to hardness and giving her a sweet sensation everywhere in her body.

Then Mr. Fire leaned forward and wrapped his arms around her, one hand gripping a swinging breast and squeezing her nipple, the other pressing between her legs as he humped her from behind, rubbing her clit. Jessica went wild, she was a bitch in heat, taking it from behind and she knew that she was going to cum, a first for her in this position.

She slammed herself back against him, her pussy rippling as her orgasm built and her breathing changed, her entire body tensing and then releasing in glorious climax. Crying out the culmination of her pleasure, Jessica shook and barely managed to keep her ass in the air as the ecstasy washed over her. Mr. Fire groaned and bit down on her back, sending her climax even higher, as he made three short, sharp thrusts into her pussy and then rubbed himself up and down against her sensitive lips as his cock expanded and burst, shooting cum deep into her hole. Jessica sobbed as his hardness rubbed against her and within her, completely overwhelmed by the sensations that had blitzkrieged her entire body.

"Oh god," she whimpered as Mr. Fire moved gently against her, drawing out the last lingering vestiges of their orgasms. "Oh my god that was amazing."

Music to Chris' ears.

Chapter 7

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Jessica felt like she was glowing as she left her class and took the time to go back to her room and neaten up a little. It was amazing how different her outlook on sex was becoming after just a few days at this school! Already she felt like she could go home and get a lot more enjoyment out of sex, and that was without all the kinky stuff that had interested her and ruined her last relationship because he hadn't been. Having several orgasms a day was both exhausting and incredible. Looking in the mirror she brushed out and fluffed her brown curls. Knowing that she was on her way to see Mr. Flood, she wanted to look good. A silly sentiment, considering how many other girls there were at this school, and who knew how many he'd taught over the years, but it made her feel good too.

She took a moment to admire herself in the mirror. The uniform was really growing on her, and she wondered if she'd be able to buy something like it at home. Not that she would ever be able to wear anything like this out in public, at least not without a proper bra to cover the rosy pink nipples that were visible through the fabric, but as a kind of school girl fantasy outfit. Or just for her own pleasure if she wanted to walk around at home like this, fondly remembering the school.

Justin thought his cock was going to explode. He had Jessica bent over the stuffed leather triangle that the Anal Play class used for the second time this week and as he watched his fingers dip in and out of her perfect, heart-shaped ass he couldn't cut the imaginary visual of him replacing those fingers with a cock. Her tight, virgin ring was squeezing the hell out of his fingers, the inside of her ass greedily sucking at them, and her soft moans into the leather of the triangle that was holding her gorgeous ass up in the air were rocking his world. He'd been able to tell, the moment that she'd gotten to Anal Play yesterday, that she'd been unsure about having anal sex, but her body was definitely ready and wanting it. In fact, he could take her right now and she'd get off on it, he could tell she was that ready. But mentally, amping up the anticipation and giving her some more time and experience with having her ass handled would make its defloration better for her.

Speaking of... it was time to play with a new toy.

"I've got a special treat for you today," he told her, his two fingers still pushing in and out of her body as he spoke, "we're going to play with a new toy."

"Oh goody," Jessica said, breathlessly. The arousal in her voice, the way her hips pushed back against his hand, god she was hot. Sometimes he wondered if Chris had gotten the better end of the deal, teaching her in the Basic Intercourse class.... but he just kept reminding himself that he was going to be the first inside that gorgeous ass of hers, and he was also going to be the first to play some BDSM with her. He was thrilled that she'd signed up for the class... and he was torn between getting his rocks off inside of her this afternoon or waiting to plow into her ass, so that their first time together was even more special. Maybe she'd never know who Mr. Flood, her teacher was, but if the first time he came inside of her was the first time she'd ever had a man cum in her ass, she'd have to remember that, forever.

Picking up the box holding the anal probe he had ready for her, he opened it with one hand, loathe to take his fingers from her body. He rubbed the tip of it along her crack picking up some of the lube that was coating her skin from his fingers. The tip had a ball at the end of it, about an inch in diameter. Three more balls were spaced along the 8" length of the probe, each the same size, about two inches apart from each other. The probe

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itself was about half an inch in diameter on those spaces between the balls. He removed his fingers and popped the ball at the tip of the probe into her ass. Jessica gasped, and he could see her muscles tightening as she clenched around it. It was going to be so great when he popped the head of his cock into her and she reacted like that. In that moment he decided that he was going to wait until tomorrow, that the first time he put his cock in her it would be exactly like that.

"What is that?" she moaned as he pushed the next two inches into her, letting the next ball come to rest against her crinkled hole. He spread some lube on the length of it, enjoying how it looked partially buried inside of her. Below this beautiful scenery was the gorgeous pink view of her wet and needy pussy, well fucked from her last class. It turned him on even more to think about Chris banging her just before she came here, god he hoped she signed up for the Menage class.

"It's a probe," he informed her. And then he pushed hard on it and her asshole expanded over the next ball and then locked down onto the probe, the second ball firmly inside her. She convulsed, her back arching and he could smell the arousal of her pussy becoming even more apparent. This was seriously turning her on.

"That's it," he crooned to her, and he began rubbing against the top of her mound, just over where her clit was, with his other hand as he pushed the next section of the probe and then the third ball into her. Including the balls, she now had about 9 inches of probe deep inside of her ass. "Take it deep baby."

"Oh god," she groaned. "It's so far in me... please don't tell me there's anymore of that thing."

"Just a little bit baby," he promised, "but I'll help you. You can take it."

Yes he wanted to see her take it, see that whole length of probe deep inside of her body. Her thighs were trembling, whether from the strain the probe was putting on her or the arousal and growing pleasure that she was feeling from her pussy, he wasn't sure. Even though she groaned a protest as he forced the last ball into her bowels, her hips were moving against his rubbing fingers and her pussy was leaking fluid. She smelled amazing.

As he leaned forward to lick her wet folds, he flicked the switch on the bottom of the probe and the vibrator came to life.

Jessica walked into the Light BDSM class with something approaching glee. Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire were fast becoming her favorite instructors and she knew that they would be there. A few other instructors were as well, including some women which surprised her, and then she wondered why she was surprised. As a starter class, all of the students were required to learn submission, because those who wanted to be in control needed to know what it was like from the other side if they were ever going to be good at taking the reins - at least that's the explanation Mr. Flood gave at the beginning of class. To be honest, she wasn't listening too closely to a lot of what was being said. She was having a lot of trouble concentrating on his words, as she looked at his and Mr. Fire's hot bodies, remembering vividly every moment that she already had with each of them today.

Mr. Flood especially interested her currently because she had already experienced Mr. Fire. They'd had wonderful, fantastic, mind-blowing sex twice. Mr. Flood hadn't done more than put his fingers in her, his mouth on her, and a couple of toys. Thinking about that she shifted a bit on her seat. The Anal Play class this morning had been incredible. She loved being bent over in front of him, her skirt flipped up around her hips, which he did all sorts of naughty and delicious things to her... it was its own kind of submission and dominance as he manipulated her body. Today he'd gone so, so deep inside of her with that toy, and when it had started to vibrate she'd thought she was going to come apart at the seams. It had felt incredible, especially

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when she'd orgasmed and he'd pulled the entire probe out of her body in one smooth movement, the balls popping out of her ass and sending the explosion of pleasure skyrocketing out of this world.

Blushing, she realized she'd completely missed all the explanations he'd been giving, and now he was standing in front of her. Oh joy! Mr. Flood was going to be her instructor. Oh horror... he was looking down at her disapprovingly as if he knew that she hadn't been listening to a word he'd said.

"Jessica, can you repeat back to me the instruction I just gave you?"

"Uh..." she searched her mind frantically, but all she could think about was the look in his eye when he'd helped her up after filling her ass with a butt plug again this morning.

His full lips quirked, and she blushed again as she looked into his dark eyes.

"Well it looks like we're going to get right into this, although I would have preferred to start you off a little slower, but you need to focus and listen to me. What I said was that during this class you will call me Sir whenever you address me and you will not speak unless I ask you a question. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir," Jessica whispered, thoroughly embarrassed and also thrilled. She lowered her head to look at the floor, twisting her hands behind her back. Just calling him Sir was so hot. Even though she'd had two orgasms during the morning she was already becoming aroused again. This was exactly where she wanted to be, learning how to submit, exploring her boundaries. Bondage had always turned her on, and so had rough sex even though she didn't really like pain exactly, adding a little bit of hurt to sex just flat out did it for her.

Mr. Flood gripped her arm and pulled her over to a padded bench at the edge of the room. She was getting so used to classes filled with other students, and Mr. Flood had such a powerful presence, that it was like every one else in the room melted away as he pulled her over his knee. Flipping her skirt up, he rested his hand on her ass, just like this morning except that instead of being bent over a leather triangle she was actually on top of him, angled so that her cheek and one arm rested against the bench, her other arm hanging down to the floor. His hand squeezed and kneaded her butt cheeks and she moaned... this was so hot, the way he just man handled her and put her where he wanted her.

"I'm going to spank you now and you are going to count out each spank. Twenty should be enough to remind you to keep your focus in the moment and on me."

And with that, his hand came crashing down.

"One!" Jessica gasped as the heat spread through her body. God that hurt! TWACK! "TWO!"

By the time he got to ten she was squealing and writhing with every smack. In between every two to three spanks he would rub her ass, which was getting very sore. He had a very heavy hand and it didn't feel like he was showing her any mercy. Despite the pain, the sore ache that was spreading through her rear and lower hips, she didn't protest or ask him to stop. In fact, she was practically humping his legs as he spanked her.

"FIFTEEN!"

CRACK! Oh god...

"SIXTEEN!"

The rest of her body was throbbing for attention while her ass throbbed with heat, burning burning and

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burning right into her fantasies, into her secret dark desires and filling her up with hot desire. She wanted to jump up and straddle him, ride him to orgasm while his hands gripped her sore ass. She didn't want mercy. This power he had over her, this submission to his punishment, this was what she had been craving, what she'd been missing with her ex. It seemed silly now, to think that her ex would have been able to just summon this kind of dominance, that he'd be able to bend her over and make her feel these things without even touching her sexually.

"NINETEEN!"

WHACK!

"TWENTY!"

Tears were burning in her eyes as he finished and began caressing her, soothing her body with gentle hands. She groaned as he rubbed his hands over her sore ass, not sure if she wanted him to stop touching her or if she wanted him to dig his fingers into her heated, beaten flesh and hurt her more.

Mr. Flood chuckled, deep in his throat as his fingers dropped lower and began to stir the soupy mess her pussy had made. It was the wettest she'd ever been in her life.

"I knew you liked having your ass played with," he said over her moans as he pushed two fingers inside of her, "I just didn't realize it extended to all parts of your ass."

He pumped his fingers in and out of her a few more times as she quivered and moaned on top of him, accepting whatever he was willing to give her. She whimpered with loss when he pulled them out. Gently, he helped her slide back across his lap so that she was on her knees to his side. Then he put his fingers in front of her lips, glossy with her juices.

"Open," he commanded.

Jessica had never tasted herself before. She refused to kiss her ex after he went down on her, she refused to lick him after he'd been inside of her... but when Mr. Flood looked at her with that dark gaze, confidence in every line of his body, his voice without any hint of hesitation or flexibility, she did exactly what he said and she opened her lips. He pressed his thick fingers between her lips and the sweet, musky flavor exploded across her tongue. It wasn't entirely unpleasant... just very different. As she sucked on his fingers, on her knees with her hands by her sides, his eyes never left hers. She could feel her nipples hardening, her stomach tightening and he wasn't even touching her right now.

"Spread your knees," he told her. Keeping her lips locked around his fingers, even though she'd already sucked all the juices from them, she spread her knees as wide as she could. Mr. Flood used his fingers in her mouth to pull her up straight. "Put your hands behind your back and hold them."

As she assumed the position he wanted, Jessica blushed as she realized how lewd she must look. Her rosy nipples were thrust upward, the bra practically presenting them to his eyes through the fabric of her shirt, there was cool air wafting across her pussy underneath her skirt, and the way her body was arched it was clear that this position was meant to present her body to him. If she'd been naked he would have been able to see her spread, wet pussy, her upthrust breasts, her hard nipples... it was a very open position.

Mr. Flood took his fingers from her mouth.

"When any Instructor in this class tells you to get into position, this is what you will do. Now, I'm going to ask

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you some questions so we can get a clearer idea of what you're looking for in this class. We want to explore your desires, discover your boundaries and push your limits." Just his words were getting her so hot, hot, hot. "Was that your first spanking?"

"Yes Sir."

"Well I don't need to ask if you liked it." Jessica blushed hot red again, still feeling the burn in her ass and the corresponding ache in her pussy. "Why did you sign up for this class?"

"I always wanted to try doing something like this with my ex," she confessed. "I liked the idea of being tied up. He wasn't really interested in it though and we never did more than tie my hands to the bed a couple of times. I read stories though... it just sounded interesting," she finished a little lamely. Ugh, I sound like such an idiot, she thought.

"Your ex is an idiot," Mr. Flood said, sounding amused and almost echoing her thought. It made her feel a little better that he didn't think SHE was the idiot. "We'll start exploring and see what interests you."

Less than five minutes later he had Jessica completely naked and exposed, standing with her wrists tied above her head, her feet spread wide open and tied that way by her ankles to some brackets on the floor, and then he slipped a blindfold over her head. Despite everything that had been done to her at this school, this was possibly the single most erotic moment of her life. The look in Mr. Flood's eyes right before he'd tied the blindfold in place had been so hot she'd almost cum just from that.

The sounds of the classroom were filling her ears now, flowing over her with sensual intensity. Slaps, groans, moans, whimpers, cries of pain mixing with pleasure, startled gasps... all the things that she had been blocking out now came into focus, a cacophony of sexual stimulation to her ears.

She felt it when Mr. Flood stepped up behind her, his bare chest pressing against her back, the leathering his hard bulge pressing into her sore ass cheeks.

"Do you like this?" he murmured in her ear, to the background of sex and pain and lust. His hands ran from her hips up to her breasts where he cupped them, squeezing gently. Without her eyes all she could do was shiver and wonder where he was going to touch her next, the focus it put on the sensations of his touch was intense. "Do you like not being able to see? Being tied up and vulnerable from every side?"

She was so lost in sensation as he ground himself against her ass, the soreness and discomfort warring with the pleasure of his hands on her breasts, that she didn't even realize he wasn't asking a rhetorical question.

A sharp pinch to her nipples made her gasp and press back against him. Her pussy was flooded with wetness as the jolt of pain spread through her in a warm burst of sexual awareness.

"Yes Sir," she gasped. "I like this."

The sound from his throat came out like a purr and her head fell back against his shoulder as he started rocking against her body. Pinching her nipples again, he twisted them harshly and Jessica shuddered and moaned. The sharp stinging in the center of her breasts was almost too much, and she arched, pushing her hips back and her chest forward as he pinched the tender nubs between his fingers and pulled them away from her body. Just before she would have cried out for mercy he released the tender buds and she fell back against him, her weight hanging from her wrists as she panted with need.

"So it's not just spankings, you like a little pain," he murmured, his teeth biting into her neck. Jessica moaned,

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low in her throat. Her legs felt quivery as she forced herself to stand a little straighter, relieving the weight on her wrists. She hadn't thought she liked pain, but having him touch her like that, pull at her, push her, that turned her on like nothing she'd ever felt before. Was it that she liked pain, or was it just him?

When he moved away from her it took everything she had not to cry out for him to come back.

God she was hot as hell. The whacking off he'd done during lunch after playing with Jessica's ass had relieved the immediate burden of his arousal, but having her stretched out naked, bound, totally at his mercy was seriously testing his resolve to have his first cum with her in her ass tomorrow morning.

Justin circled around her and leaned over to suck one rosy nipple into his mouth. She moaned and thrust her breasts forward, as responsive as ever. The classroom was filled with the sounds and smells of sex, and a lot of it was currently coming from Jessica's pussy. He could also occasionally see Chris' envious glances from across the room. Not that the girl he was currently instructing wasn't attractive... but she wasn't Jessica.

Enjoying the throaty moans coming from Jessica's pouty lips, Justin pulled her nipple away from her body with his teeth. She arched, her body following him to relieve the pressure on her aching bud just as she had for his fingers. When he released it she let out another low moan that went straight to his cock. Taking the sensitive bud between his fingers, Justin put an adjustable nipple clamp on it, tightening it just enough that it would grip her tightly but not really be painful. She quivered, her body shaking as if she was trying to figure out what he had put on her, and he leaned over and sucked her other nipple into his mouth and then repeated the process.

"Do you like this?" he asked, his voice a low growl, as he cupped her breasts, squeezing the flesh hard and watching as her clamped nipples got any rosier.

"Yes Sir," she moaned immediately, her breasts thrusting out as though she was asking for more punishment.

God how he wanted to give it to her... but this being her first BDSM class, he couldn't push her too far. Wasn't allowed to. And he knew that was smart, as much as he wanted to really push her boundaries immediately and see how far he could take her.

But for now... she'd been spanked, tied, clamped and blindfolded. That was enough and more than enough for the first class. Also, they only had about ten minutes left and he'd really like to make her cum for him again.

Reaching between her legs, he was careful to make sure that the only part of his body that touched her were his fingers and the base of his hand. He slid his fingers inside of her, parting her wet folds and making her pant with hungry desire as he began finger fucking her, the heel of his hand pressed flush against her clit.

"Ride it," he ordered her. "Ride my hand like you wish you were riding me."

Jessica was in heaven. Or hell. The orgasm that was building in her was immense, but the fact that it hadn't hit her yet, the fact that Mr. Flood was barely touching her when she wanted his body pressed against hers, that was hell. She moved her hips, fucking his hand, riding his fingers, but she wanted more, more, more of him. God she'd love to have him on top of her or behind her, the way Mr. Fire had been. This tantalizing dance of Mr. Flood's, the fact that they hadn't really culminated their passion was driving her insane.

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Her nipples throbbed in the clamps, in rhythm with the movements of her hips, as her breasts bounced in time with her passionate grinding. Her head fell back as she let her weight fall onto her wrists, trying to press her pussy down harder onto his hand... and his fingers thrust into her more forcefully. Why wasn't he touching her more? She was pretty sure he found her attractive.

Slight movement of his hand and then his lips were touching hers... his tongue moving into her mouth, and she sucked on it, wanting as much of him as possible inside of her. They were fused at the lips and by his hand and pussy, but nothing else touched. Arching her back with need, her breasts with their swollen tips brushed against the bare skin of his chest. It was so hard for her to bend her body out that far, but he didn't move away as she brushed her super sensitive and clamped nipples against him over and over... her body was tightening as his hand rubbed against her clit, his fingers stroking her insides, hitting that wonderful g-spot over... and over.... And then he pressed.

It occurred to her, at that moment, that he might be waiting to give her his cock until he took her anal virginity the next morning. The thought combined with the sensations sweeping through her body and she screamed as a powerful orgasm exploded from her core. Suddenly he was there, pressing against her, his body hot and hard and pushing his hand forcefully into her pussy, this other arm wrapped around her and holding her up as she screamed and writhed. Her sore nipples pressed into his chest, shocks of pain as she moved against him interspersed with the bursts of rapture that were rocking her body. With her legs tied open like this, her arms tied above her, she was completely at his mercy and as her sensitized clit screamed for mercy his fingers just kept moving... and moving... forcing wave after wave of orgasm through her until she thought she might pass out from the over load of pleasure.

As she hung there his fingers slowed and her screams became soft sobs, her thrashing gave way to exhaustion. Mr. Flood's fingers rubbed gently, soothingly, massaging but no longer demanding.

When he brought his fingers up to her mouth she opened them immediately, smelling her juices on them. Once he took them out, he caught her lips for a kiss and released the clamps on her nipples, his mouth swallowing the gasps as blood and sensation flooded her chest. God that was intense.... His hands gently rubbed away the pain.

He untied her wrists and she practically fell onto him, clinging to him because her legs were too rubbery to hold her steady. Mr. Flood kissed her, his lips tender. It wasn't like kissing Mr. Winter or Nick... it was more like kissing Mr. Fire. The entire time he was removing the ropes from her wrists and ankles and helping her dress, it was with a kind of sweet deference.

"Did you enjoy that?" he asked her when the bell rang?

"Oh yes.... Sir," she replied with a twinkle in her eyes.

Chapter 8

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Jessica started her Friday morning feeling absolutely wonderful. Charity had spent another night with Paul and so Jessica had spent another night with Nick. Despite all the oral and manual orgasms she'd had, it had felt absolutely wonderful to actually get a cock inside of her for the second time... in some ways she felt like she was becoming a bit of a nympho or something, she just couldn't get enough sex. It was wonderful and terrifying... what would happen when she got home?

Maybe she'd just have to buy herself a lot more dildos.

Sex with Nick had been... wonderful, but not quite was she was looking for, which was probably why she was so excited to get to her Basic Intercourse class. He'd been fantasizing about Fiona and she'd been fantasizing about... well, to be honest about Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire. There was just something so intense about being with the two of them. Every time she'd closed her eyes she'd seen one or the other of them... and it didn't help that with their masks on they looked so darn similar.

"So how's everyone's first week going?" Charity asked when they all sat down to breakfast.

Vanessa laughed and bit off the end of her breakfast sausage making the boys wince. She gave them a saucy smile. "I'm having a great time."

"Me too," enthused Jessica. "I can't believe how much I've been learning already!"

"I can attest to that," Nick joked, and she jabbed him with her elbow. Everyone laughed. That was the best thing about this place, there was no judgment from anyone. They all knew that Nick was hoping to get with a girl back home, but they didn't think any less of him and Jessica for sleeping together.

"I need to find a study buddy," sighed Vanessa. She glanced across the cafeteria at her roommate, who happened to be sitting with the study buddy she'd found.

"I don't mind taking two for the team," said Nick, leering at her in a lascivious manner.

"Me either!" Now it was Charity's turn to elbow Paul, who immediately turned and kissed her deeply. Jessica smiled, watching them. It was obvious that there were some feelings there, between both of them, unlike her and Nick's much more casual arrangement.

"I don't mind," she told Nick and Vanessa, "if you two want to have some study sessions together."

"Thanks!" chirped Vanessa, looking thrilled. Nick looked rather stunned at his good fortune and immediately followed her thanks up with his own. It was amazing how casually everyone took it... but the truth was, as much as she enjoyed Nick's company and as much as she enjoyed sex with him, they just didn't have the kind of spark that she was looking for. Maybe that was because she was hardcore crushing on two of her instructors, but she knew it was better this way anyway.

And, she thought privately to herself, as long as he was free to, he should be able to have sex with whatever woman he wanted. He wasn't Fiona's yet and he certainly wasn't hers, so she wasn't going to restrict him. Plus, she had a very busy schedule today, so she doubted she was going to be feeling the need for his company

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tonight anyway.

Chris' cock surged the second Jessica walked into the Basic Intercourse classroom. God she was so beautiful. Watching Justin work her over during the BDSM course yesterday afternoon had been so hot that it had bordered on torture. He couldn't define what was so special about her... she had such a wonderful, feminine body, such a sweet smile, and now - as he and Justin both knew intimately - such incredible carnal sexuality. The two of them had gone from being smitten with her at work to bordering on obsessed now that they'd been instructing her at the Venus School of Sex. Her lush curves entranced him, the rosy nipples pressed against the thin material of her shirt undid him, and when they actually had sex... chemistry didn't begin to cover it.

He didn't know what he and Justin were going to do at the end of this. They'd be back to work with her not knowing who they were, and their awesome plan of getting to know what she liked and using it to their advantage was seeming less and less awesome. When they all went back home, they'd know exactly how amazing she was in bed and yet probably still have no idea how to actually GET her there using their real identities.

Not only that, but it was seriously going to suck to be the loser... he knew it wouldn't effect their friendship, at least he really, really hoped... but it was just so hard to get up any real interest in any girl but Jessica. He vacillated back and forth between trying to become interested in one of the other students, and just imagining that whatever student he was instructing was Jessica. Justin was the same. Neither of them were finding relief with the other Instructors anymore - which was unheard of for them. They were just staying in at night whacking off... both of them quietly taking care of business while picturing the same beautiful girl.

Justin's forbearance was nothing short of amazing, as far as Chris was concerned. He knew that the guy had been dying to get off during the Light BDSM class yesterday. Jessica would have loved to have him pounding her between her legs, that much was obvious. And yet Justin was still holding back, just waiting to get inside her beautiful ass. Well that would be happening soon, and the image that popped up into his mind along with that thought nearly knocked him over with the sheer eroticism of it. He and Justin had shared plenty of women sexually and he did love watching Justin do his thing... he wished he could watch the Anal Play class, but he'd already volunteered to help out with Fellatio. Plus, it was probably better not to tease himself.

When Mr. Fire came over to claim her as his student, Jessica felt a small surge of happy lust between her legs. Happy because she was hoping for him again. It was silly of her, to get so attached to an Instructor, but he and Mr. Flood fascinated her. There was just something more to classes with them, so much more exciting and fulfilling than any of the other ones. Just like yesterday, he led her over to a mattress and leaned down to kiss her, both of them still standing. His lips were soft and demanding, and she responded in kind. This is what was missing with the other instructors, other than Mr. Flood, and Nick. The intensity. The heat. With the other instructors everything was almost clinical and with Nick... she got warm fuzzies but not actual heat. Chemistry was the key.

She moaned against his mouth, her body moving against him as the kiss deepened and he cupped the back of her neck with his hand, massaging with his fingers as he bent her back, pressing his hard body along her entire length. As usual, he wasn't wearing a shirt and her hands scrabbled against the broad plain of his chest, digging into his muscles as she searched out his sensitive nipples with the tips of her fingers. Mr. Fire left her lips and began to kiss a burning trail down her neck, his hand sliding around to begin undoing the buttons of her shirt. She bent her head to nip at his ear, enjoying the shiver that ran through his body when her teeth dug into his lobe. Yes, her lessons were going very well indeed.

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Sliding her shirt from her body, Mr. Fire ran his hands up and down her sides, brushing the sides of her breasts with his palms but without making any real contact. Groaning with anticipation, she arched her back against him, her exposed and upturned nipples brushing against his chest as she clung to his shoulders, wanting to hurry things up... but that's not the point of the class. Supposedly this was going to help teach her how to lengthen foreplay and heighten anticipation, but mostly it just made her so hot and needy that the only thing stopping her from jumping on top of him and wrapping her legs around him while they were still standing was the fact that he was still wearing his usual leather pants. Instead she just grabbed his head and pulled him down for another hot kiss, thrusting her tongue into his mouth as she pressed her front against him, grinding herself against the hard leather covered bulge.

"Very good," Mr. Fire said as he broke off the kiss. Reaching behind her he undid her bra strap with one flick of his fingers and she grinned happily up at him in anticipation. She was practically panting with need for him to go faster. "Now take off my pants, but slowly. Make me suffer."

Instead of following his direction immediately, Jessica kissed his chest, her lips and tongue massaging the flesh, teeth giving him small nips that made him shudder as she pressed her hand against his groin and moved it up and down. His hips moved, and when she glanced up at him she could see his eyes watching her with avid hunger. The power she felt, the power that he had handed over to her, just made her even more horny, and suddenly she realized what a rush it must be for the instructors, for him to touch her and have her respond with lust and need. Now she was doing it to him, getting some of her own back, using her lessons to seduce him with her body. And she wanted to. She wanted stand out to him amongst the students, if she could make him fantasize about her while he was instructing other females that would be even better.

Her mouth closed around his nipple and she sucked hard as her fingers curved around the bulge, as much as she was able to through the fabric of his pants. Mr. Fire gasped and his hips thrust forward, a low growl issuing from his throat and she reveled in the noise. Biting gently, remembering her BDSM session with Mr. Flood yesterday, she pulled Mr. Fire's nipple with her teeth, letting it go as he gasped and his back arched. This was so incredibly erotic. Mr. Fire's hips moved, rubbing his erection against her hand.

Slowly she sank down in front of him, kissing down his stomach, still pressing her hand against the hot bulge of leather at the front of his pants. His eyes were like his name, fiery hot and ready to burn right through her.

"Keep going," his voice was hoarse. Demanding. She ignored it and licked along the top of his pants as she settled onto her knees. He moaned. She rubbed, and let her other hand reach around to touch the back of his knee, sliding it up his thigh to the underside of his butt. As she lowered her other hand on the bulge she looked up at him deliberately as she put her mouth over the leather and bit down. The fabric was thick enough that her teeth didn't hurt him at all, but the pressure over his cock caused his knees to actually tremble and he steadied himself with his hands on her head.

"Goddamn," his voice was tight, "who taught you how to do that?!"

Jessica didn't answer, because the truth was, no one had taught her. Being with him, being at this school, was just bringing all sorts of erotic impulses that she'd never known she had. In some ways, she was going by sheer instinct right now. She unbuttoned his pants and unzipped them, rolling them down his hips and freeing the rampant erection. Helping him step out of the pants, she rubbed her cheek along the length of his cock, and enjoyed listening to him moan again. No wonder he and Mr. Flood took their time with her, extending the foreplay. Hearing, seeing and feeling his responses to her touch, to her plays, was the hottest aphrodisiac she'd ever had.

Mr. Fire grinned down at her. "Take off your skirt. There's a reason I gave control over to you for foreplay,

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and you're going to keep it now. You're on top today."

A tight wave of lust clenched down Jessica's insides. She always liked being on top anyway, but the idea of riding Mr. Fire, of looking down and watching him watch her bounce on top of his body, that was going to be so intensely hot. As he laid down on the bed she quickly pulled off her skirt and knelt down, throwing one of her legs over to straddle him.

His hands caught at her hips before she could lower herself onto him.

"Uh uh, anticipation remember? Now that you're on top it's even more imperative that you keep control over yourself and draw this out. What can you do to make me even hotter now that you can't bite me through my leather and we're lying down?"

The smirk on his face annoyed her.

"I can do plenty," she told him in a low voice, leaning forward so that her breasts swayed over him seductively. His eyes followed them and then his hands traveled up her body to cup them, hold them and squeeze them. Jessica moaned and arched her back, keeping her hips well above his where he had stopped her descent in the first place, so that as his body started to thrust beneath her he hit nothing but air. In fact, she leaned farther forward and away from his questing hard-on so that her nipple was conveniently placed over his mouth.

Immediately Mr. Flood opened his lips and drew her breast towards him, sucking the rosy tip between them and deep into his mouth. She could feel his tongue lashing at it as he sucked it deep, and it was her turn to moan. God, her body was so ready... but he wanted her to tease him. Pulling back, she popped her nipple out of his mouth and lowered her own lips to his body. This time she sucked on his nipple, the one she hadn't attended to while they were standing, and he groaned his appreciation, his hands roaming over all the parts of her that he could reach - her hips, her stomach, her back, her breasts... he dug his fingers in, squeezing hard as she teased him with her mouth and hands.

Sliding her body lower, she let her upper body descend so that his cock was wedged between her breasts. Looking up at him, she smiled sweetly before moving her upper body like she would her hips, her arms tight against her sides, squeezing her breasts together to create a small tunnel that his dick traveled through. She'd seen something like this in a porn once, and she had no idea if she was doing it right, but Mr. Fire groaned his encouragement, his hands tangling in her hair as he reached for her. Obviously, at the very least, this was a tease. Pressing her arms even tighter, squeezing him between her breasts, she lowered her face and licked the tip of his dick as it thrust between her breast flesh.

"Yeeeessss..." hissed Mr. Fire as her tongue swiped across the top of his cock, over and over again with each thrust. "Fuck Jessica... that's fucking perfect."

His words, his arousal, had her so hot. She began crawling back up his body, keeping herself pressed firmly against him until she was lying on top of him, spread out, his hard dick trapped between their bodies and she attacked his mouth with a desperate kiss, sucking his tongue between her lips. His hands groped her, down her back, down to her ass, and he pressed his fingers into her soft butt cheeks as he humped his hips up at her.

God... she couldn't wait any longer. She needed him inside of her. Now.

Shifting on top of him, she raised her lower body up onto her knees, sliding her hips forward and rubbing her wet slit along the entire length of his cock, covering him with her juices as his shaft slid back and forth between her lips. They both moaned and humped... even though he wasn't inside of her this felt fantastic.

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After a few minutes of rubbing against each other his cock was as wet as her pussy, and it was like a sexual slip and slide between her legs. Pulling forward, she circled her hips around until the head of his cock was against her hungry hole, and then she pressed down.

As the head of his cock nudged inside of her she gasped and threw her head back. She was always so much tighter when she was on top that it was usually hard to get a dick inside of her, but she was so wet that it slipped in without a problem, stretching her very suddenly. Making minute movements with her hips, she slid his head in and out of her hole, several times, until Mr. Fire groaned and brought his hands up to her breasts, squeezing hard with an almost punishing force. In response, she pushed down so that he filled her a few more inches, her slick wetness making the penetration incredibly easy. God he was so big inside of her, even with only a few inches stretching her open. His hands moved on her breasts, just as harshly as he'd squeezed, but she welcomed the sweet pain, it was a heady rush through her body that mingled with the wonderful sensation of being stretched open and filled.

Very slowly she let herself sink down on top of him, working up and down so that he entered her just a little more each time. As she got lower and lower on his dick, he started thrusting up to meet her and she would have to pull away. She watched him, eyes glittering, as he moaned and growled at her, the frustration on his face was so incredibly hot as he tried to slam himself fully inside of her and she moved her body away. Finally he grabbed her by the hips and forced her body down as he thrust upwards, and both of them cried out with passion as he filled her up completely, burying himself to the hilt.

"God yes," she moaned, grinding down on top of him, luxuriating in the sensation of being completely filled by his dick. It was so big, it felt like it was throbbing inside of her. She purposefully squeezed her muscles and then gasped as she felt it bounce and move in response.

"Ride me baby, ride me," murmured Mr. Fire, his hands still on her hips, encouraging her to move.

Jessica began to bounce, she leaned forward with her hands on either side of his head and moved her hips so that he slid in and out of her, slow but hard. She dragged her body off of him and then would let herself fall back down, feeling every slick inch of him as he penetrated her deepest parts, over and over again. Mr. Fire looked down between their bodies, and she knew that he was watching his dick sink into her pink wetness with every thrust, watching it split her open and stuff her with his meat.

One of his hands moved up to play with her breast while the other went behind her to caress her ass, fingers gripping the firm cheek as she rode him. He was filling her, touching her, playing with her. The best thing about this school was that the main thing they taught was pure enjoyment in sex. Sure, there was technique and craft involved, but mostly it was about taking the time to have a purely sensual experience, not just a quick orgasm. Even if she didn't cum from this, it would still be some of the most fantastic sex she'd ever had. That she had no doubt she was going to have an amazing orgasm was just the cherry on the fabulous ice cream sundae.

"Lean back," Mr. Fire instructed, his voice controlled and deep. She could tell that her movements were really getting to him. His hand pushed against her breast, pressing her upwards, and she continued the motion after he couldn't reach that far until she was sitting up straight on top of him, her knees flexing with every bounce, her thighs spread over his body. "God you're beautiful. Play with yourself. Let me watch you."

His words were like fire across her already sizzling nerves. The compliment, the desire to see her... no guy that she'd ever dated or had a relationship had made her feel this good. This hot. Mr. Fire looked at her like she was a sex goddess, and as she rode him she truly felt like one.

Lifting one of his hands off of her hip, she brought it up to her mouth and sucked two of his fingers between

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her lips. He moaned as he watched her sucking on his digits, her tongue sliding across the underside of his fingers. As she sucked on his fingers, she cupped her bouncing breasts, squeezing and kneading them as her back arched and she let her teeth drag across the tips of his fingers. Beneath her his bucking became stronger, more wild, and he shoved his fingers deeper into her mouth. Jessica responded by sucking harder on them. She pinched her nipples, rolling them between her fingers and making small sounds at the back of her throat as his fingers began to move in and out of her mouth, mimicking the sex act that was occurring down below.

Inside of her she could feel him swelling, elongating, and she knew that he was close to cumming. She moved faster, harder. Leaned forward a little so that his cock was pressing against her in just the right place every time they thrust together. His hand moved from her hip to the lower part of her stomach, his thumb pressing down just over where her clit was. She opened her mouth and his fingers fell as she cried out with pleasure, her insides burning, the pressure against her clit the final piece of the puzzle. As she moved on top of him, grinding down so that his cock bounced around inside of her, her hands left her breasts and landed on his body, holding her upright as she jerked and spasmed on top of him. Mr. Fire bellowed and his cock thrust up hard, setting her off on another spiral of pleasure as he burst inside of her, his cock pulsing against her throbbing walls, his hands holding up her slumping body as his hips jerked again and again.

Jessica whimpered as he spurted inside of her, her orgasm washing over her in waves of ecstasy, the feeling of him cumming so deeply inside of her was out of this world. Her insides quivered, milking him for every last drop of cum that her body could suck out of him.

"Oh God..." she moaned when the fantastic pleasure finally released her, and she slumped over on top of him. Mr. Fire cradled her against his chest, kissing her hair as their breathing slowly returned to normal.

She could feel him softening inside of her, but she didn't get up until he finally fell out on his own.

Chapter 9

Even with only fifteen minutes between classes, Justin and Chris were able to meet up so that Chris could give his buddy a play-by-play of Jessica's Basic Intercourse class. Just listening to his friend talk about her sexual prowess had Justin read to burst inside his pants. He'd already been pretty hard up, desperate to get inside her... now he just hoped that he could give her at least as much pleasure as her friend. Although, granted, he was also going to be the first inside that sweet ass, so at the very least she'd remember him. Hopefully in a great way.

"She was absolutely incredible. I'm telling you, it's not just what she came in knowing or what she's been learning, she's just really into it. I let her just lie on top of me at the end and she stayed there, all the way up until I wasn't inside of her anymore."

Justin flinched.

"That's great man."

It was... it was... but he was also jealous of his best buddy. It sounded like there was a lot of chemistry going on between him and Jessica, and that was great except that Justin felt that he had a lot of chemistry with her as well. In some ways, he knew they had both been hoping that coming back and teaching at the school would help one of them find someone else, or make both or one of them realize that Jessica just wasn't the girl for them or find out that there was a lack of connection, but instead both of them were just falling harder and harder for her. It wasn't enough that she was beautiful, sweet, and shy at work, or that they knew she was a wonderfully giving person through their co-workers, but now they were being exposed to the sensual animal that had apparently been hiding behind her shyness and her more outgoing friends. They both still wanted her, even more than they had.

"I know," Chris said, his eyes connecting with Justin's. Sometimes they just really thought on the same wavelength. "We're both just sinking deeper and deeper aren't we?"

Justin decided to try and lighten the moment. "Well I'm going to be sinking something deep in her soon and you already have."

Chris punched his buddy's shoulder as they both laughed. Neither of them were gloom and doom kind of guys, they had more "in the moment" mindsets. Whatever happened when they got done with this session of school, would happen. For now, they were both going to enjoy being able to get their hands all over the girl they were both lusting after... and maybe falling for.

Seeing Mr. Flood waiting for her as she walked into the room sent a flush of heat through Jessica's body. Even though she'd just had the most fantastic orgasm with Mr. Fire, only 20 minutes ago in Basic Intercourse, just seeing Mr. Flood got her body all hot and bothered and ready to go again. Especially because today was the heavily anticipated day when she would lose her anal virginity to him. It was also the first time that they would be having sex, and she hoped that she wasn't setting her hopes too high... the whole week of classes with him had been like one long foreplay and she felt about ready to burst. Her lips parted, her nipples tightened and rubbed against the fabric, and by the time she made it over to where he was standing, by their usual leather triangle, her pussy was leaking juices. God she was so ready to go.

"Good morning Jessica," he smiled down at her. His voice was deep and rich and sounded just as anxious as

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she felt. The idea that he was as turned on as her, that he'd been anticipating this class as much as she had, sent a throbbing pulse deep through her core. "Are you nervous."

"Not at all," she grinned, her words almost a confession, definitely an invitation. She barely noticed the small shiver that went through him because he was leaning over to kiss her. Their lips met and she melted into him, her hands clasping his muscular biceps to hold herself up. Immediately he gripped her ass, hard, in both hands, squeezing her soft cheeks as he held her pressed against him, his fingers pulling at the fabric of her skirt until they hit flesh. Jessica moaned against his mouth. God, she was so ready for this. She didn't know why she had this incredible spark of chemistry with Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire, she hoped that they both felt it too, but even if they didn't she didn't care... it made the classes, the sex, so much better than any of her other classes.

His hands pulled her cheeks apart, fingers digging into her crack, and she could feel cool air sliding between her cheeks. She moaned again, pressing up against him, rubbing her upper body on his as she pushed her hips back, encouraging him to explore her ass further. Although his fingers pressed down, their height difference was too much for him to get his fingers anywhere near her asshole.

Instead he broke off the kiss.

"Let's get you out of these clothes," his voice was a low growl. Yes, she was sure he was just as turned on as she was, and she was sopping wet, even though she knew that he wasn't going to be fucking her pussy.

Kneeling in front of her, he undid the buttons on her blouse, kissing the soft skin of her stomach as soon as it became available. Jessica shimmied off her shirt and undid the clasp of her bra, so eager to have his hands on her, as he unzipped her skirt and let it fall to her feet. As he kissed her stomach, her hips, he also reached up and grasped her breasts, so much more gently than he had yesterday in the BDSM class. She moaned softly as she thrust her hips towards his questing mouth.

"Spread your legs," he told her. She parted her thighs, putting her hands on his head to steady herself. Releasing her breasts, he put his arms through her legs and grasped her ass, supporting her from behind as he started to lick and suck at her juicy pussy. Jessica moaned... being eaten out, standing over him like this... her mind suddenly flashed back to her first day here at the Venus School, the menage trois demonstration when she'd watched Charity be eaten out, standing between Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire, one with his mouth on her pussy, the other supporting her front behind and playing with her breasts. Oh God... what would it be like to be between them like that?

Her pussy clenched down as she had a small orgasm, picturing herself trapped between their hard bodies. As her hips ground over his mouth, Mr. Flood pressed one finger into her ass. Jessica groaned, her muscles clenching down around the invader, her pussy well tended by Mr. Flood's tongue, and she gripped his dark hair, her movements becoming more frantic as she could feel another, stronger orgasm building. Then Mr. Flood pulled his mouth away. For a moment she felt bereft, and then she remembered what was coming, his finger pumping in and out of her ass a few times as a reminder. Her legs felt wobbly and for a moment she couldn't feel anything but the finger dragging in and out of her virgin ass.

Then it was all the way out. Mr. Flood grinned up at her and patted the triangle next to them.

"Are you ready?"

Jessica nodded, saying yes out loud just seemed like it would make her too vulnerable. And she didn't trust her voice not to wobble. Or sound idiotic. And she didn't want to sound stupid in front of him.

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He helped her position her body over the triangle, for the first time she was completely unclothed as she bent over it, and the leather was cool and soft against her skin. Experimentally, she rubbed her breasts against it a little and moaned as the nubby fabric caressed her nipples, the movements also caused her ass to sway a little.

Mr. Flood knelt behind her, his hands caressing and rubbing the sides of her heart shaped ass. She moaned as he began kissing her cheeks. In this position she was spread so open, she could feel his hot breath sliding down her ass crack and over the virgin rosebud at its center. Her pussy wept sweet juices in anticipation. The kisses became harder, and he nipped at her, causing her to wave her ass up and down frantically, the only movements she could really make with the triangle in front of her and his hands on either side of her hips. Then his tongue slid down the center of her crack and played over her sensitive hole. She gasped and closed her eyes, her hips moving as he licked and sucked her asshole, the tiny nerves tingling with pleasure.

Then his hands left her and his mouth dipped lower, back into her pussy, and she moaned, moving her hips up and down with the strokes of his tongue. After just a moment, two slick fingers pressed into her ass, lubing the tight hole as he sucked the folds of her labia into his mouth. By now she was used to the feeling of fingers in her ass, the butt plugs and play over the last two days had done their job well. The fingers felt good, erotic... forbidden but in a good way, as they slid in and out of her, mimicking the sex act that was about to take place. As Mr. Flood's mouth and fingers did their work, she could feel her orgasm rising again, the pleasure tightening in the base of her stomach. As she squirmed, her hips and ass high in the air, it felt like her anus was tightening down on him, giving her a completely different sensation than his mouth provided.

But of course, as before, he pulled away before she could reach completion.

Jessica moaned and squirmed, her chest rubbing against the leather, her hips humping the top of the triangle as she tried to find relief for her needy body.

Then she felt something thick... soft but with a hard interior, hot and slick, pressing against her anus. Oh god... she thought, this was it. She was going to lose her ass cherry to Mr. Flood.

The bulbous head of his cock was so much bigger than his fingers, she gasped and clenched as he popped past the tight ring of her ass. It felt... painfully good. Uncomfortable but necessary. His dick felt like it was giving off waves of heat as she squeezed and released around it, over and over again, trying to adjust to this new dimension that her ass was being forced into. It wasn't like the probe that he had used on her before. Then her ass had expanded around the balls, but been able to clamp down again as soon as each ball had entered her fully. Now there was no relief to the stretch of her ring as he pressed a little deeper, easing his dick into virgin territory.

Even though it hurt a little, Jessica welcomed the pain. It felt so good too, her hole stretched and tight over his thick meat, and she was so turned on from all the foreplay that she just wanted him deeper... harder... she wanted him to pound her through the hurt.

Justin gritted his teeth, trying to keep a tight grip on his self control as he watched his cock slowly bury itself in Jessica's sweet, heart shaped ass. She was so tight, her cheeks so creamy... just like they had been yesterday before he'd spanked them pink. He moaned and dug his fingers into her soft flesh to keep himself from thrusting forward too hard and burying himself in her before she was ready. From the way her shoulders were moving, he could tell she was panting a little, and he wanted to make sure she was feeling nothing but pleasure. A little discomfort sure, but that should be eased quickly. He'd gotten her as worked up as he could before penetration, to make things as easy as possible on her.

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God her ass was so tight... it gripped and massaged every inch of him that it encompassed.

He caressed her lower back. "Are you doing alright Jessica?"

The nodding of her head didn't reassure him nearly as much as the roll of her hips, pushing back against him and taking another inch of dick all on her own. He groaned and thrust forward. She shuddered, but she didn't protest or ask him to stop. God she was so tight... he let himself go, just a little, and pushed in the last two inches quickly but gently. It felt perfect. It felt right.

Oh God... she could feel his body pressed against her ass cheeks... he was fully inside of her. Deep, so deep inside of her body and she could feel it so much more acutely in this tight space than she could in her pussy. It felt like he'd invaded her entire body with his cock. Shuddering with the incredible sensations that rushed over her, exultation, discomfort, stretching, anticipation, sensual soreness, she clasped him tightly with in her, and felt his own shuddering reaction. That was hot. Even with her back to him, almost no control over the situation, she could still elicit that kind of response from him. Letting out another moan, she squeezed again and pushed back.

Mr. Flood's hands gripped her hips and then he was pulling back... oh god, that felt so... she couldn't even describe it in her head. It was like a wave, receding from the ocean, as if he was dragging her insides back with his cock, and then as he moved forward again, the wave came crashing back, slapping her down with a sudden rush of pleasure. She squeezed as he pulled out, and cried out as the combination made all the sensitive nerves around her stretched hole sparkle with sensation. The heavy thrusts, slow but insistent, rocked her body back and forth on the leather, his balls slapping against her open pussy, increasing the erotic bliss that was humming over her body.

Then his hand slipped between her and the leather and long, practiced fingers pressed against his clit. Jessica's body arched, pushing back at the oncoming thrust that split her ass open, her hands pressing down on the bottom of the triangle and pushing the rest of her body back. Her inner walls spasmed, and she could feel herself moving away from just pure pleasure as her body started building towards its climax again, her ass rippling around the constant intrusion of Mr. Flood's rampant cock. As she pressed back against him, her ass cheeks clenching every time his body was flush with their tender flesh, his thrusts became harder, faster, no longer concerned with her comfort.

She writhed with pleasure on her knees, her hands constantly moving to help her push back against the onslaught of cock and then sliding back down the slanted surface of the triangle. The fingers at her pussy were only a small part of the pleasure that was mounting in her, the tunneling of her primrose path was where her orgasm was flowering, the steady slick thrusts stabbing so deeply into her body that she felt consumed by the passion that it incited.

"Oh yes..." her thighs quivered as the tight knot of tension inside of her squeezed hard, "Oh yes, oh yes.... OH YES!" the tension exploded outwards, an eruption of ecstasy that shuddered through her entire body. Her arms lost their fight to keep her upper body upright, and she fell before him like a sacrificial offering. Mr. Flood's fingers kept rubbing against her clit, thrusting hard into her ass, and she clenched and thrashed in complete rapture, her ass squeezing him deliciously as her body reached a point of incredible culmination.

Moving his hand back to her hip, both of his hands pulled her body back against him hard as he ravaged her ass, leaning forward over her prone form, which thrust him even deeper into her. Jessica writhed beneath him, the heat of his body covering her ass and lower back, pressing her hard into the triangle as he dug deep into her body, his cock forcing itself completely into her. She could feel it swelling inside of her, and then he

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thrust hard and completely. The ring of her ass clamped down hard on the very base of his cock as the first spurts of cum barely managed to squeeze past, she was gripping his meat so tightly. She could feel the movement inside his cock as the cum traveled up the base of it in waves along his shaft and spurting into her deflowered hole.

"Oh God..." she moaned. It was the most incredible feeling, his small movements which were restricted by how tightly she was clenched around him, the shuddering of his body as he coated her insides with his cream, she wonderful soreness of her ass as it received its first offering of cum, and the wonderful afterglow that she felt throughout her entire body as her orgasm subsided. She lay her head down on the cool leather, closing her eyes and just luxuriating in the sensation of Mr. Flood's cum filling her.

Maybe she would ask him to give her a plug at the end of this class too. So that she could keep him inside of her a little longer.

Chapter 10

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Jessica was glad that she had taken Fellatio for her 3rd period class. After her morning of Basic Intercourse with Mr. Fire and then losing her anal virginity to Mr. Flood, she'd needed a little bit of a break. The two of them were absolutely overwhelming and her chemistry with them was almost disturbing. After all, she shouldn't be crushing on her teachers in a school like this, the inevitable heartbreak would be so much worse when the school session was over. But another part of her kept thinking that she should just get in what she could during the two weeks she was here... and hope that the incredible sex with them didn't ruin her for other men completely.

During Fellatio she'd been taught by Mr. Light, and it had been enjoyable but clinical. It also got her all revved up for her last class of this week, another session at Light BDSM. She knew that there would be other teachers there, but she really hoped to end up with either Mr. Fire or Mr. Flood, of course. She couldn't help it.

During lunchtime Chris and Justin had argued over who would get Jessica for the BDSM class that afternoon. It wasn't an argument either of them were expecting. They were both trying to be the gentleman even though they both wanted to be her teacher, with Chris insisting that Justin should because Chris had gotten to have sex with her more often during the week and Justin insisting that Chris should since Justin had been privileged to pop one of her cherries.

Finally they played Rock, Paper, Scissors to make the decision.

Fairly skipping with anticipation Jessica entered her last class of the week, anxious to find out who her teacher would be and hoping it would be one of the Instructors she had so much chemistry with. To her delight, Mr. Fire almost immediately came up to her, and her face lit up with excitement. Just seeing him and Mr. Flood was enough to send a tingle of lust through her body. She honestly couldn't decide which of them she preferred and although part of her was sad that she wouldn't be with Mr. Flood again today another part of her was excited to see what Mr. Fire would do differently.

"Hello again Jessica," Mr. Fire said in his deep voice, his eyes skipping over her outfit, practically undressing her with just his gaze. Well he'd certainly seen her naked enough but the blatantly sexual look still made her blush.

"Hello Sir," she said submissively. He smiled at her approvingly and a rush of pleasure went through her. "Very good little one."

The use of the same pet name Mr. Flood had used on her yesterday made her shiver. Jessica liked being called little one. And being told that she was a good girl. Something about being submissive just flat out did it for her and she was eager to have Mr. Fire explore this side of her a little more.

"Come over here."

Not touching her at all Mr. Fire just turned and walked away, expecting that she would follow and Jessica

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trotted after him obediently. Between her legs she was already getting wet, and looking over her shoulder and seeing Mr. Flood glance at her as he bound another girl to what looked like a wooded cross, just made her even wetter. She turned back to Mr. Fire and watched his butt as he moved, the muscles clearly visible in the tight leather pants he was wearing. Man he had a nice butt. Watching his butt became so engrossing that she almost didn't notice when he stopped next to a mattress, and she jerked to a halt to keep from running into him.

The look on his face when he turned around and found her so close behind him was half surprise and half amusement.

"Why do you seem so distracted, little one?" he asked, his voice bemused.

Jessica blushed deep crimson, lowering her head and staring at her feet. Mr. Fire tucked his fingers under her chin and lifted her face to his.

"Answer me." Looking into his beautiful eyes she noticed flecks of green and amber in the hazel color.

She cleared her throat but her voice still came out in a whisper. "I was uh... I was looking at you Sir."

"At what part of me?"

Jessica squirmed, but his eyes bore into her, demanding and quickly losing patience. Her voice dropped even lower, barely audible. "At your butt, Sir."

She squirmed some more, pressing her thighs together as this intimate admission, his demand for answers and her embarrassment over providing them turned her on even more. Mr. Fire kept his fingers under her chin, keeping their visual contact and watching as she flushed and paled, her thighs rubbing together.

"Is this turning you on little one?"

Oh god, he was going to make her answer. A flush of heat went through her body culminating with her pussy getting even wetter.

"Yes, Sir," she whispered, thoroughly embarrassed. His grin got wider.

Mr. Fire let go of her face and stepped back.

"Keep your eyes on me," he ordered. "Don't look away."

Jessica wanted to groan as she focused on him. He was so hot... she wanted to know what he looked like behind the mask, but just staring through its eye holes at his confident and dominating gaze was sexy.

"Take off your shirt. Slowly."

Despite the fact that he had seen her naked many times it was somehow different to find herself stripping in front of him in a room full of people being spanked, restrained and sexed up. There was nothing restraining her, no one was making her do this, but his verbal orders were just as hot as ropes around her wrists. It was so much harder to be responsible for her own debasement, she wouldn't have expected it to turn her on so much but it did. The cool silk rippled around her body, rubbing her hard nipples as she unbuttoned it. Finally her fingers reached the bottom of the buttons and she let the thin silk slip from her shoulders, her nipples excited and ready as they thrust out from her chest.

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"Now the skirt and bra."

That only took a moment as she unzipped her skirt and it fell, pooling around her feet, the bra quickly following. Mr. Fire walked around her slowly, inspecting her body, and she thought that by now her blush must be permanent and probably extended all the way down to her breasts... When he came back around to stand in front of her she made sure to lock eyes with him immediately. The pleased look on his face was also hungry, wanting her, and she wanted him right back. She tried to put her desire for him to touch her into her pleading gaze.

"Mr. Flood taught you the position yesterday, correct?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get on the mattress and get into position."

Jessica immediately turned and got onto the mattress, her thighs spreading as she knelt, breasts thrusting upwards as she put her hands behind her back. Her lips parted, she was so wet and ready for him.

"Touch your breasts with your hands. I want you to play with yourself."

The low command made her groan. She could feel her pussy getting wetter as he stared down at her, watching as she squeezed her breasts hard, her fingers pinching and rolling her nipples. Looking up at him, she played roughly, pulling at her tender buds and stretching them out under his lustful gaze, fingers digging into her soft breast flesh as she offered them up to him.

"Reach down with one of your hands and spread your pussy open. I want to see your clit."

The heat in her body wasn't just from embarrassment now, it was also blatant need. Although she couldn't believe that she was just willingly follow his commands to expose herself to him, she couldn't deny how hot it got her either. Trying to get some of her own back at him, she slid her hand seductively down her stomach, her index and forefinger making a V that she used to spread her pussy lips, her clit slowly revealing itself, nestled in a dewy blossom of pink. Her other hand kept playing with her nipple, her fingers curved over the mound of her breast.

The lewd picture she presented made her even more humiliated, especially wondering if anyone was watching her do this but she was beyond caring. It was too hot, his hungry eyes watching her but his body refusing to touch her, refusing to fulfill her.

"That's very pretty. Now slide one of those fingers inside yourself, get it nice and wet."

Jessica groaned as she followed his instruction, her hand sliding over her heated, needy flesh and then one finger parting her lips and entering her body. She shivered. It was so much hotter when she was doing it because he told her to, not because she was just getting herself off. Swirling the finger around inside of herself, she groaned, pinching her nipple hard and arching up at him.

"Very good, little one. Now reach behind you and put that finger in your ass. It should be easy, I know it's already had some stretching today."

He smirked at her as the blush flared over her face again. Pulling her finger from her body she transferred the wet digit behind her, pushing her ass out as it quested for her recently deflowered hole. She'd never played

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with her own ass before. As she pushed into the tight hole, she couldn't help but shiver with another roil of lust. It was sore, but that just reminded her exactly what she'd been doing with it this morning and how hard she'd cum while Mr. Flood had been fucking it.

"Move it in and out."

Biting her lip to keep from crying out and begging him to touch her, she pressed her finger in and out of her ass. "Now put your other hand on your pussy and play with yourself." Her fingers were very quickly between both sides of her legs. spread thighs lewd and needy, fingers pushing in and out of both of her holes with wet sloppy sounds.

Mr. Fire unzipped his pants - FINALLY! - and stepped forward.

Chris glanced over at Justin, who had his student bent over a bench and was going at her from behind as he watched the erotic tableau created by Chris and Jessica. She was so freaking hot, on her knees, fingers wriggling away inside of her as she panted with sexual need. His dick felt like it was about to burst seeing her like this. Everything about this class obviously turned her on... she was the epitome of his and Justin's dream girl. Beautiful, great personality and everything they both liked between the sheets... naturally submissive, into a little bit of pain, incredibly responsive and being ordered around obviously turned her on.

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, fisting it in his hand as he stepped up to her.

"Open up little one," he ordered softly. "Keep playing with yourself, but you aren't allowed to cum until I do."

The moan she let out was cut off as he fed his thick erection between her lips, his own groan emitting as her soft mouth sucked him in, hungry for his cock. Immediately she began moving her head back and forth... he could tell that she had just come from a Fellatio class because the head of his dick went right down her throat without even the hint of gagging from her. Putting his hands on her head, he pumped his hips in and out of her eager and wet mouth, her lips clamped down tightly around his shaft, her tongue sliding and licking, teasing the underside as his head wedged between her tonsils. The confines of her throat vibrated as she moaned, her body wriggling beneath him with lust as she played with herself.

Mr. Fire's order that she not cum until he did just made Jessica even more desperate to get off. The heat between her legs had her entire body on edge. She pushed a second finger into her ass, the tight hole clenching down around her slender fingers as they pushed in and out of her. The thick dick between her lips was so satisfying, at this point she almost didn't care what hole he was in, just having him inside of her while she was this hot made her shudder with satisfaction. Sucking deep and hard on him, she thought to herself that she'd never gotten such intense satisfaction from giving a man a blow job.

Movement at the corner of her eye caught her attention and her gaze slid from Mr. Fire's hips over to where Mr. Flood was slamming into another student from behind, her bound body draped over a bench, and his dark eyes locked with hers as he rutted. The hunger in his eyes, the fact that he was watching her as she blew Mr. Fire made her cry out with desire, her throat vibrating over Mr. Fire's cock as it took another plunge into her mouth. Her fingers stopped moving between her legs, pushed fully into her, her body quivering as she caught herself just on the edge of her orgasm.

It was absolute torture, balancing on that edge, the tight tension in her body almost painful, her holes

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stimulated and ready but not quite fulfilled. Her muffled cries and the tears in her eyes as he realized what her orgasm denial was doing to her, finally sent Mr. Fire over the edge.

"Cum little one," he gasped, shoving hard into her mouth, "cum with me NOW."

At his first order Jessica's fingers had pulled mostly out of her, and on his final word she plunged them back in, her clit rubbing against her hand as her denied culmination fell over the edge and off the cliff, her body writhing in ecstatic passion. Only Mr. Fire's hands on her head kept her upright and on his cock as she automatically swallowed his cum, her screams of pleasure reverberating through his body. It felt like he dumped a gallon of cum down her throat and she loved it.

As she came down from her incredible high, her holes twitching with the lingering echoes of her orgasm, she kept sucking at him as she righted herself on her knees, holding her own weight again. Slowing the movement of her fingers, she massaged herself, stroking herself softly into the warm after glow of bliss. Mr. Fire let his dick slip from her soft lips and knelt down in front of her, cupping her breasts as he kissed her deeply.

Taking the hand in her pussy, he pulled it up to his mouth and cleaned it off. Jessica groaned again at the erotic sight of him licking her fingers clean of pussy juices.

Mr. Fire smiled at her.

"You can take your other fingers out now and get dressed."

As Jessica left the classroom both Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood were standing by the door. Mr. Flood stopped her with a light touch on her arm.

"We know you're going to be choosing next week's classes over this weekend," said Mr. Fire, grinning seductively. "We hope to see more of you in this one..."

"And we really hope you'll take our MÃ©nage Trois class," finished Mr. Flood.

Blushing hotly, Jessica ducked her head and nodded before practically fleeing the classroom. She was far too embarrassed to handle staring at them while she knew all three of them were thinking about what it would be like to be together all at once.

Chapter 11

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Jessica woke up alone in her room for the first time on Saturday morning. Nick had spent the night with Vanessa and after yesterday's multitude of orgasms and intense experiences she was more than happy to have had a night to herself. The minor obsession she had going on about Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire was something that she'd wanted to have time to think about. She'd gone to the Friday night movie showing with Charity and the rest of her friends, and enjoyed watching Love Actually which was one of her favorite movies, before coming back to her room to just veg out. Charity was at Paul's, of course, and the room seemed a little empty without her sunny personality, but it did give Jessica plenty of time to poke at her emotions.

The chemistry with her Instructors was intense, yes, and it made the classes much more enjoyable... but she really had to remind herself that it was just sex when it came right down to it. Sexual chemistry happens and you can't always help who it's with. She lay back on her bed, idly toying with her nipples as she thought back to yesterday. She'd spent a lot of time last night trying to figure out which one she preferred, but why bother when after next week she'd never see them again? It just made more sense to have as much amazing sex with the two of them as she could, enjoy the chemistry, while she was here. After that they'd be a wonderful memory and she would just have to hope that she could find a man at home to date that she had at least half the chemistry with.

Her fingers stilled on her breasts and she popped up out of bed, suddenly eager to start the day. She hadn't realized how much her infatuation with them had been bothering her until she'd had the time to actually think everything through. The new resolution to just enjoy herself, seriously, without worrying about the consequences or trying to decide who she liked better - because it really didn't matter - felt freeing. Also she was eager to start her weekend at the school. The weekend was down time. Of course students could study or ask their teachers for special help, but there were also plenty of other activities that had nothing to do with sex. Checking the schedule that was sitting next to her bedpost, Jessica decided that she wanted to go for the morning hike and picnic lunch before coming back to spend some time in an art class. It had been awhile since she'd done any painting - probably not since high school - but she'd always found art to be very relaxing. After the art class she could go check out the school wardrobe, which opened at 5pm, so that she could find a dress to wear to the dance that had been announced for tonight. The theme was 1920's Speak Easy.

Hopping up she went to her closet and examined the small amount of clothes that she'd brought. Since students wore nothing but their uniforms during the week the school had recommended bringing only changes of clothes for the weekend and the trip home. Jessica put on her neon pink thong before covering it with her favorite pair of torn jean shorts. They hugged her ass and thighs, showing off plenty of leg but without letting her butt cheeks hang out of the bottom. Then she put on her regular white bra and pulled a purple tank top made out of ribbed material over her head. It felt weird to be wearing regular clothes again, her pussy felt almost constricted in the underwear and shorts. She put on socks and laced up her sneakers, since she was going to be hiking, before heading out the door for breakfast.

The dining hall was very sparse that morning, only a few other students were up and moving around, and when Jessica went to join the hiking group she found that it consisted of Mr. Winter and Mr. Flood leading the hike for herself and three other students - a boy named Oscar and two girls named Lily and Bridgit. The tingle of pleasure that she got when Mr. Flood gave her a smile and a greeting heightened her anticipation for the day. She hadn't meant to be thinking about anything sexual today, but she had to admit that it was hard not

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to check him out in his unusual (for him) outfit of cutoff jeans and a form fitting cotton green t-shirt. The well-used hiking boots on his feet didn't lessen his appeal at all; it was obvious from his eager anticipation that hiking was something he truly enjoyed. Both he and Mr. Winter were carrying back packs that held the picnic lunch.

Somehow everyone naturally fell into pairs as they started up the path into the woods; it was just wide enough to accommodate hiking side by side. The morning sun was filtered through the leaves and the lush green of early summer foliage interspersed with bright flashes of color where flowers had bloomed was beautiful. Of course, she found herself hiking next to Mr. Flood who did plenty to improve the scenery. It was so weird to see him and Mr. Winter in completely normal clothes, although still wearing their masks of course.

"So what are you doing up so early this morning?" he asked her. "This isn't exactly the most popular activity over the weekend usually."

Jessica laughed. "My 'study buddy' was studying with someone else last night and my roommate was also 'studying' in someone else's room. I guess everyone else was probably busy studying too and ended up sleeping in. I hate sleeping the day away anyway. And I love hiking. It's nice to stretch my legs."

She blushed a little bit as she realized what double entendre could be made with her last sentence, but Mr. Flood just smiled and winked at her.

"I know what you mean. I'm big into the outdoors and I always look forward to this part of the class session, even though we usually have very few students joining us for it. There have been a couple of times where it's just me and Winter out here hiking."

"So lack of participation doesn't stop you?" she laughed, enjoying the easy flow of conversation.

"Not at all. All the weekend activities are hobbies that the Instructors do in their own time, that we truly enjoy. As much as we all enjoy teaching the classes, in some ways the weekends and sharing our passions with the students is just as rewarding."

"That's fantastic," she said. "I had no idea that's how the activities for the weekend were chosen."

"It's a pretty good system. So you've done a lot of hiking?"

"I wouldn't say a lot, but I used to go camping every summer with my parents and I try to get out at least once a year, although I have to drive to get to any hiking trails."

The conversation flowed easily between them as they talked about their love of the outdoors. Jessica found out that Mr. Flood loved hiking, fishing, camping, sailing... if it involved being outdoors, he was into it. She was fascinated by his description of his sailboat, she'd never been sailing before and listening to him talk about being on the water, the mechanics of using the wind to determine speed and direction, was fascinating. For a brief moment she wished that she could ask him to take her sailing, but she squashed that thought down and reminded herself that she was just supposed to be enjoying their sexual chemistry and then moving on after this session of school. Despite the mask over his face it was all too easy to imagine dating someone like him. During the walk she was able to impress him with some knowledge on the local foliage, the few plants that she recognized from camps she'd been to at her local nature center.

Eventually they reached a clearing in the woods a meadow of short grass and plentiful wildflowers. Nearby a creek bubbled over a rocky bed, the water cool and clear and filled with minnows. Jessica and the other girls spent a few minutes wading in the creek, letting the minnows come and explore their feet as they stood still in

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the shallow water.

After a few minutes of wading back and forth, a large shadow approached and Jessica looked up to see Mr. Flood standing on the edge of the creek, grinning at her.

"Well hello little water sprite."

Jessica giggled. "You should come in, it feels fantastic."

"Maybe later. Do you like blackberries?"

"I love blackberries."

The grin on his face broadened. "Want to go pick some blackberries with me? There's a patch nearby."

Jessica nodded her head and waded towards him. Chivalrously, he offered her his hand as she stepped out of the creek bed and onto dry land.

"Do I need to put my sneakers back on?" she asked. She hated walking in wet shoes.

"No, there's a dirt path down to the patch, and the school keeps it pretty clear of any debris."

Mr. Flood grabbed a basket for them to put the berries in and a blanket, which he rolled into a pad to kneel on and tucked under his arm, and then they were off down the blackberry path. Despite the brambles there were plenty of berries, and the two of them were quickly enjoying picking berries and popping a few of them into their own mouths, and quite a few of them into each other's until their lips and tongues were stained with berry juices. Jessica was kneeling on the pad of blanket to get the lower berries while Mr. Flood picked the ones from higher up. He made a game of trying to drop them into her cleavage while she tried to stop him by catching the dropping berries in her mouth.

"You know what this reminds me of?" she asked him.

"What?"

"Did you ever read that kid's book, 'Blueberries for Sal'?"

He laughed. "That's the one where her pail keeps making noise while she picks the berries, because she keeps eating them right?"

"Yes," Jessica darted to catch another berry in her mouth. "Missed," she teased him.

"Maybe I just like seeing you on your knees with your mouth open," he teased back.

Feeling playful and forgetting that he was her instructor, Jessica leaned over and bit his buttock. He jumped and roared with laughter, stumbling and falling down as she tried to grab at him. She giggled so hard at the dumbfounded expression on his face that she didn't see him coming; he was up and on top of her in an instant, cradling her body gently as he pushed her down to the ground. The low growl in his throat didn't intimidate her at all, it just turned her on.

"Well you are a very bad little girl," he said, nipping at her collarbone as he settled himself between her legs. The soft grass beneath her tickled the backs of her thighs and neck.

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"Mmmm, well maybe you should punish me Professor," she replied, surprising another laugh out of him.

"Oh so that's the way of it, is it?"

"Yes sir," she grinned up at him. Then he kissed her, hard and demanding, his mouth tasting like the sweet blackberries that they'd been eating. Jessica wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing back hard. It suddenly occurred to her that even though this man had taken her anal virginity, they'd never had regular sex. Shivering, she spread her legs further and wrapped her legs around him too, pulling him into her body.

Mr. Flood pushed up on his hands.

"Let me go and put your arms above your head."

Jessica moaned, knowing that she wasn't being rejected, that he was just taking control of the situation. His verbal commands turned her on as much as Mr. Fire's had. As she obeyed him, loosely laying her arms on either side of her head, wrists about half a foot apart above her.

Justin couldn't believe how incredible Jessica was. He'd already known how much he liked her, but finding out how much they had in common was just adding fuel to his already stoked fire. Seeing her in hiking clothes this morning, up early and ready to go, had been best surprise he'd ever had. Chris was going to go nuts when he found out that he'd slept through an opportunity like this. His buddy wasn't against the outdoors, but he was not a morning person and he always took the opportunity to sleep in on the weekends. Too bad for him.

Straddling her eager body over her hips, Justin skimmed the tips of his fingers from her collarbone down to her waist, watching as she arched up for him, hands above her head on the ground. Sliding his fingers under the hem of her shirt, he worked it up her body and over her head and arms, dropping it to the ground beside him. Seeing her in a covering bra was almost maddening after the easy access he'd had all week. Dropping down to kiss her, tasting the sweet berry of her mouth, his tongue explored between her lips as he slipped one hand underneath her and behind her back, pinching the bra's clasp and undoing it quickly and easily.

When he pulled away, taking her bra off, Jessica grinned and undulated, thrusting her breasts up at him.

"One hand, impressive."

Justin laughed at her audacity, cupping her breasts gently and running his forefingers over her nipples, teasing them to hardness.

"Are you looking for more punishment Miss Mouthy?"

"So far I don't feel punished at all," she said, and then closed her eyes, gasping as he pinched her nipples. Moaning, she arched her back again as he rolled the tender buds between his fingers, toying with her body.

"We'll get there," he murmured.

Reaching over, he pulled a blackberry from the bush and crushed it between his fingers, rubbing it on her nipple and watching as the black juices ran over her pale skin.

"Hmmm, what a delicious berry," he said playfully. Then he moved his body down to straddle her thighs,

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making it easier for him to lean over and lick the juice off of her breast, sucking her nipple into her mouth. Shuddering underneath him, her hips moved up to bump against his hard cock as he suckled at her breast. Despite his best attempts at cleaning the berry juice with his mouth, little stains of dark blue were left on her creamy skin. Justin traced the blue tracks with light finger touches as he grabbed another berry from the bush, repeating the process over her other nipple. Lapping at the juices, he admired the berry stains on her flesh, thinking that they made her look like some kind of exotic woodland goddess, her nipples stained dark in preparation for some arcane ritual.

Jessica moaned, humping her hips up and down, her body trapped between Mr. Flood's legs as he sucked and nipped at her breasts. The berry juice was cool on her skin, and the juxtaposition of his warm mouth when he sucked the juices off just made her pussy even wetter. With her arms above her head she felt very open and vulnerable to him. She didn't even mind when she noticed that the juices were staining her breasts with color, it was almost like he was leaving hickies on her and she'd never minded those. Besides, eventually she figured she'd be able to wash it off in the shower. For now it was incredibly hot having him eat off of her breasts.

One of his hands slid down her stomach while he sucked and nibbled at her tender buds, alternating between them, letting one dry in the cool breeze as he wet the other with his mouth. As his fingers curved over her jean covered mound, Jessica moaned and rubbed her clothe covered lower body against him. The palm of his hand pressed down hard and the seam dug into her pussy as his fingers pressed between her slightly spread legs. Gasping with pleasure, she rubbed herself against his hand, the rough material of her shorts giving her all sorts of wonderful friction. When she tried to spread her legs more, to give him further access to her body, she found herself stopped by his knees which were firmly planted on either side of her.

Just as she could feel that hot itch building, he moved his hand away and sat back, looking down at her again, a pleased smile on his face. Jessica panted with need, her stained breasts aching for his mouth to return, her lower body burning with hungry desire. Slowly, almost like a strip tease, Mr. Flood removed his own shirt and Jessica watched him avidly as his bare chest became visible, her tongue darting out to lick her lips without her realizing it. She longed to reach up and touch him.

She hadn't been aware of moving her hands, but suddenly Mr. Flood's full length was on top of her, his arms covering hers, his hands on her wrists pushing them back above her head as his lips pressed against her neck. Writhing, she pushed up against him, enjoying the feel of her breasts squashing against his broad chest, nipples rubbing his skin.

"Keep your hands up here, little one," he told her and Jessica moaned as he slowly pulled himself up off of her, but she kept her arms firmly in place. Mr. Flood stood up over her and took off his jeans, so that she could see he'd been going commando underneath. The thick stalk of his erection jutted out from his body, and he fisted it, looking down at her as he pumped his hand back and forth a few times, seeing the greedy look on her face. Jessica spread her legs and he knelt between them, running his fingers up the insides of her smooth thighs and sliding just his finger tips under the edge of her shorts. Straining, she humped her lower body up and down.

Taking her legs, Mr. Fire put them both on one of his shoulders, bending her at the waist as he leaned forward to undo her button and zipper. Hooking his fingers over the edge, he pulled off both her shorts and her thong at the same time. Then he grabbed another berry from the bush. Jessica gasped as he manipulated her body so that her knees were folded against her chest, her feet pressing on his shoulders as he crushed the blackberry against the crinkled hole of her anus. Then his mouth was on it, flicking pieces of pulpy berry off of her skin and chewing them, his lips moving against the sensitive nerves of her asshole. His tongue pressed against her there, and she humped her hips up and down as he poked at her tender hole with his stiffened tongue. Turning

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her wrists over, she clutched at the grass above her head as he licked berry juices from her asshole, the wet flood from her pussy running down her crack to add to the flavor.

Slowly his tongue moved up towards her needy pussy and Jessica gave a moan of encouragement as his tongue teased the area between her slit and asshole, trying to press her hips down so that he would move his mouth further north. Taking several berries from the bush, Mr. Flood teased one up and down her wet slit, the soft and bumpy texture feeling strange and erotic against her needy folds. Then he reached around her leg to pop the berry in her mouth. Sweet blackberry and musky pussy juice mingled on her tongue, giving her an idea of what a tasty combination Mr. Flood was about to feast on.

He crushed the rest of the berries into her pussy, rubbing the pulp up and down her wet lips as the blackberry pieces stuck to her flooded folds and the juices turned her pussy a dark purple. Then he began licking up the mess he'd made. Jessica writhed, groaning with pleasure at the incredible sensations, feeling his tongue cleaning her, sliding through her folds and coming away with the berry pulp. Her pussy was a gorgeous mess of berry juice and female arousal and Mr. Flood's hands tightened on her waist as he licked the potent combination, careful not to press his face into her pussy even though he wanted to.

By the time Jessica's pussy was cleaned of the berry pulp, although her pink flesh was still stained dark which completed the erotic image of her as some kind of supernatural woods creature, she was ready to cum. More than, in fact, Mr. Flood had carefully kept her right on the edge of orgasm and her shuddering body was desperate for relief.

"Oh please!" she cried out when he pulled his tongue away from her. Mr. Flood pulled her feet off of his shoulders and put them on the ground, keeping her knees bent and pointed at the sky and her thighs spread. His hands gripped and caressed the outside of her thighs, holding her in place as he leaned forward brushing the head of his cock against her pussy. Massaging hard into her flesh, he began working his way down her thighs towards her ass, and Jessica spasmed with need as he continued to deny her orgasm.

"This is what happens to mouthy girls who ask for punishment, they get it."

Jessica moaned writhing.

"I'm not really a bad girl," she protested, "I'm sorry I was mouthy, just please, please I need to cum... OH YES!"

At her admission Mr. Flood lunged forward, shoving half of his dick into her needy and ready hole with one thrust. The sharp stretching of her pussy, the ecstasy of having him inside of her at last, was all Jessica's teetering body needed to explode with culmination. Her pussy rippled around him and she thrashed, crying out with passion as he thrust again, burying himself inside her while she convulsed in the throes of a giant orgasm, her hands gripping the grass so tightly that she pulled some of it up by the roots. Gripped by her squeezing tight pussy, Mr. Flood leaned into his thrusts, pumping steadily through the waves of her pleasure, building her orgasm higher as it flooded her nervous system until a new level of ecstatic heat ripped through her.

Jessica thrashed as Mr. Flood ravished her body, smaller explosions of pleasure continuing to burst inside of her as he plunged in and out of her tight wetness. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she hung on for dear life as he bucked against her, his hands wrapped under her back and pushing down on her shoulders, shoving him harder and harder against her. Catching her mouth for a kiss, their tongues rubbed against each other as she moved her hips in time with his. The heat of her pleasure was never allowed to dissipate and she could feel it building again as they pleased each other.

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He'd played her body so skillfully, teased her so mercilessly... this was the perfect way for them to have sex for the first time. She felt blissful as her body tensed around him, the hot core inside of her gathering itself for another explosion.

"Oh fuck," she arched against him, her thighs gripping him as his cock got even thicker and harder inside of her, plowing into her as they rutted, the cool breeze blowing over them, the warmth in the air caressing them. "Oh.... Oh I'm going to cum again... OH GOD I'm going to CUM AGAIN!"

Screaming her pleasure to Mother Nature, Jessica's nails dug into Mr. Flood's shoulders, raking down his back and making him bellow as the combination of pleasure and pain sent him over the edge as well, no longer able to resist her clutching pussy and the sensual undulations of her body. They came together, the expansion of his cock inside of her as she tightened down on him, liquid spurting into her hungry pussy, sent both of them spiraling into euphoric climaxes as their bodies bucked and heaved against each other.

As they slowly descended from the incredible high, the thrusting grew softer and slower, the last dregs of cum spurting from Mr. Flood's cock as Jessica's pussy shuddered around it. Her thighs tightened and released, squeezing his body and then dropping down to the ground. They both gasped and shuddered as the movement triggered echoes of pleasure in both of them.

Mr. Flood kissed her neck, her forehead, her lips tenderly as he softened inside of her, Jessica caressing his shoulders, soothing the scratch marks that she'd left there. Not that he minded them at all, they were badges of honor as far as he was concerned. Eventually his cock slipped out of her body and they both groaned in disappointment, as it meant that this idyllic time was almost over.

Carefully he pulled himself off of her, giving her one last kiss before sitting back onto his knees.

"That was wonderful."

"Wonderful doesn't even begin to describe it," Jessica sighed, stretching out her body. Then she looked down at herself, the berry stains on and around her nipples, the black stains between her thighs, and the dark stains and glossy cream on his cock. She giggled. "We're a mess."

"You're beautiful," he told her, one finger stroking down her thigh and making her shiver.

He reached for his pants.

"Wait." Jessica scrambled to her knees. "Stand up."

Mr. Flood's lips quirked as she gave him orders, but he did what she said, and then moaned as she started to lick the juices off of his groin and cock. The taste of them, combined with the berry, was delicious, and she did a very thorough job of cleaning him off with her tongue. Then she sucked his dick into her mouth, enjoying how easily it fit there when soft - well mostly soft at least. It was so easy to get her lips pressed against his pubis, and so hot too. The look in his eyes as he watched her told her just how sexy he thought she was.

By the time she was done, some of his cum had dripped out of her pussy and was sliding down her thighs. Mr. Flood had her stand and then he scooped up the cum on one thigh with his fingers and popped them in her mouth. Jessica sucked on his fingers, cleaning them of every drop. When he scooped the cum off of her other thigh, she obediently opened her mouth again, but to her surprise he put his fingers in his own mouth and then winked at her.

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"Mm, berries and cream." She giggled.

They helped each other dress, still giving each other soft kisses and tender caresses, their clothes covering their berry stains that were still very visible on Jessica's breasts and pussy and now Mr. Flood's cock and groin as well. When they walked back down the dirt path to join the others for lunch, he gave her one last deep, passionate kiss before they went out of the woods and into the clearing.

Chapter 12

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

On the hike back from the clearing, Jessica continued talking easily with Mr. Flood. Lunch had been fun - they'd come back to find Mr. Winter and Bridgit going at it in the middle of the meadow. It was a beautiful day and apparently being outdoors was affecting everyone. Who knows what the other two had been up to, they came out of the woods giggling madly, so Jessica suspected that everyone had been spending their morning in a pleasurable manner. It was nice to just sit and talk to everyone while they ate, enjoying the morning and acting like the past week had been entirely normal in all of their lives.

Upon return to the school she got a sexy smile from Mr. Flood before he went off with Mr. Winter to do whatever they were doing that afternoon. Jessica debated between going to the painting class and going to take a shower to wash off the berry juice. After all, the weekend was rather relaxed, she didn't have to go immediately to the art room because she could just drop in at any time, but she wanted to have enough time to finish whatever she started. And it wasn't like anyone could see the berry stains that Mr. Flood had left on her... Smiling secretively, she decided to go ahead and go to the painting class and just enjoy her little secret of knowing that there was some extra color that had been "painted" onto a couple of her body parts.

She'd been so wrapped up in the surprising morning activities with Mr. Flood and was feeling so good after being out in the sun and hiking, that she'd almost forgotten about Mr. Fire. When she stepped into the art room and saw him focused on a canvas in front of him, the attraction to him hit her like a ton of bricks. 'I don't have to choose between them,' she reminded herself sternly, even though it was (of course) her natural inclination to feel like she had to choose. But they were instructors, not dates, and just because she'd had a fantastic morning of kinky berry sex with Mr. Flood that didn't mean that the chemistry between her and Mr. Fire was just going to disappear. He was dressed simply, in nice jeans and a button down red shirt, and she thought that he looked pretty fantastic in regular clothes.

Curious she went over and stood next to him to see what he was painting. Mr. Fire glanced up at her and smiled a welcome, his big muscular body strangely at ease with a paintbrush in his hand.

"That's amazing!" she gasped, staring at his work. It was an oil painting of a narrow street with no cars on it, the median was covered in flowery bushes, tree branches arched over the street in a canopy of green with lacy looking green tendrils hanging down from them, the sidewalk and buildings on the opposite side from the median were painted charming white and tan wood with hand lettered business signs. The street looked like something from the 1950s, but incredible beautiful and Jessica loved the way nature overlapped with the man-made objects, a harmony and blending melding the two together.

"That's where I grew up," he replied, dabbing his paint brush against the tree. It was obvious that he wasn't done with the hanging canopy of branches, although the rest of the painting looked mostly finished.

"How long have you been working on this? There's no way you started this today."

He laughed. "No, I brought it with me. I've been working on it about two months now, although I did come here right after waking up to start painting."

"Where is it?"

"Savannah, Georgia. See the hanging moss?" he pointed his brush at the lacy green webs hanging down from

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the branches, careful not to touch the canvas. "That's Spanish moss, it's everywhere in Historic Savannah. Except the hanging squares."

"Hanging Squares?"

Mr. Fire winked at her and she felt her stomach flip flop. "Where they used to do the public executions. Local lore says that Spanish moss won't grow where innocent lives have been taken."

Jessica shivered. "Is that true."

"Who knows for sure," he shrugged. "But Spanish moss grows all over the place in Savannah, except for the hanging squares."

"That's creepy," she complained and he laughed at her.

"Not into ghost stories?"

"Too scary. Especially when it seems like there could be some truth to them."

"Too bad. Savannah's incredibly beautiful, but it's also supposedly the most haunted city in America."

"Maybe I'll have to make a day trip sometime," she teased.

"It'd be worth it. Did you want to paint?"

Mr. Fire directed her to the art closet where Jessica decided to use watercolors. His expertise with the oil painting had intimidated her and she didn't want to use the same medium as him. There was a seat right next to him that she decided to sit in, ignoring the other open seats around the room. They weren't the only ones there, a few other teachers and students were scattered around, some painting, some sketching, some playing with clay. Jessica wasn't sure what she wanted to paint exactly, so she started with some broad strokes of blue across the top... something nature-y maybe.

After a couple minutes Mr. Fire started talking with her, asking what she was doing, what kind of supplies she liked working best with, and the conversation flowed as easily with him as it had with Mr. Flood. She had to admit that mostly she did pencil sketches, she just wasn't a good enough painter to really put any time and effort into it so mostly she doodled. But she liked painting - especially water colors, which she found especially relaxing. Impressionist painting had always been her favorite, and they segued into a serious discussion about Monet and Van Gogh because those were the two that she knew best (like most people).

An hour later she was putting the finishing touches on her berry bushes and the blue sky overhead when Mr. Fire left his easel to look at her paper.

"Nice," he commented. For a moment she thought he was just saying that, but then he continued. "You've got some good shadows on the ground, and I like how you made the berries stand out against the less defined lines of the brambles. Did you go hiking this morning?"

"Yes." Jessica blushed deeply.

"Mmm." he winked at her.

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Chris followed Jessica into the supply closet with the excuse that he wanted to show her some of the other supplies that she could choose from if she wanted to start a new project. God she was so hot in regular clothes... as much as he missed seeing her pert nipples peeking out at him through the school uniform, there was something so sexy about her being covered up while he remembered what she looked like under those clothes. As she stood in the middle of the supply closet he came up behind her, his body only an inch away from her back. Sensing that he was there, she leaned back against him, and his hard dick pressed against the soft curve of her buttocks.

"Mmmm," she purred, rubbing her ass against him. Immediately his arms went around her, one sliding down to press over her jean-short covered pussy, the other sliding up under her shirt and squeezing her breast through her bra. Her hands were down by her sides and she reached back to grab his thighs, pulling him against her.

Tilting his head, Chris let his lips walk down the side of her neck, and she moved her head to the other side so that he had completely free access as her pony tail brushed away.

"So you like art supplies do you?" he asked, his hands rubbing and squeezing her body, his bulge humping against her ass. God it felt like they were a couple of teenagers, both of them fully clothed while he was feeling her up in a school closet.

"Well after I saw how talented you are with your hands," she teased. And then gasped as his fingers slipped into her bra and pinched her already hard nipple. Carefully he worked his fingers into the crotch of her shorts, pressing up through one of her leg holes and rubbing the moist, slippery flesh of her pussy. She moaned, her body moving with his, pressing her ass back against him as her hands squeezed his thighs. Pulling his hands away, Chris turned her around and pushed her up against one of the vertical struts of the shelves, knowing that would be more comfortable for her, as his mouth descended on hers and they kissed deeply, her body rubbing against his. Her hands pressed against his chest as he groped her ass, lifting one of her thighs a little so that he could press the core of his body against hers. Jessica moaned against his lips, sucking his tongue into her mouth.

"We're wearing too much clothing," he muttered, pulling away from her. Slipping his hands under her shirt, he had it up and over her head and she started unbuttoning the buttons on his shirt as he reached behind her to undo her bra. As he leaned back, pulling the undergarment from her body, he burst out laughing.

"What? -Oh." Jessica looked down at herself and giggled. Her nipples were dark and purplish, streaks of purple color looking like it was dripping down her creamy skin from the darkened buds.

Chris pressed one finger lightly against her nipple, feeling it harden under his touch. "Berries?"

"Yeah," Jessica giggled.

Obviously she and Justin had enjoyed the hike this morning. Chris felt faintly envious... but at the same time like this was giving him the opportunity to be much more creative than he'd been planning on. Why have just regular sex in the supply closet when you can spark things up and make it interesting? Especially since the school had all sorts of supplies in here, some of which was meant to give the students and teachers some intriguing options.

"Do you trust me?" he asked, rubbing his finger tip against her nipple, while she leaned back against the cool metal of the vertical strut.

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"Yes," she breathed.

"Put your hands above your head."

Jessica was practically panting as she raised her arms. He took of his shirt and put it around the shelf's strut, one sleeve on each side. Making sure that her elbows would be bent, he swiftly tied her wrists with the sleeves, giving the main part of the shirt enough slack that he'd be able to turn her around to face the shelf when it was time. As his lower body pressed against hers while he was tying her wrists, Jessica shook her upper body back and forth, rubbing her breasts and hard nipples over the bare skin of his chest. Once she was secured, he kept his lower body against hers, trapping her between his hard cock and the shelves, and began playing with her breasts.

She moaned fitfully, squirming against him as he squeezed and kneading her flesh and then began pulling and tugging on her nipples, rolling the little buds between his fingers. Her cries became more impassioned, the movement of her hips harder, as he toyed with her nipples, giving the aching buds no rest. He could tell how turned on she was by the teasing, the rough treatment of her nipples, and her helplessness with her hands tied above her head. Finally he released the tender buds, they looked even darker now and were fully erect, and he unbuttoned her shorts and pulled them and her thong down and off of her. Like her breasts, her pretty pink pussy was stained dark with berry juice, and he could feel his cock throbbing in his pants. What the hell had Justin done to her? It was incredibly hot.

Going over to one of the shelves, Chris grabbed one of the special brushes that the school kept from a box and pulled it out of the plastic sleeve it came in. These brushes all came individually wrapped. The bristles were soft but stiff, it was a pointed brush, the kind used for water colors, and the handle was bulbous and actually thicker than the brush itself, about 6 " long and rounded at the end. Picking up a clean bowl he filled it with water at the sink and then turned to see the bound beauty watching him with curious and anticipatory eyes. God she was beautiful. Her arms above her head meant that her already perky breasts were lifted even further, her tormented nipples pointing out proudly and stained dark, her legs were parted enough that he could see the slick wetness on her berry-colored pussy.

Returning, Chris put the bowl of water on the shelf next to her waist, the perfect height for him to dip the brush into. Wetting the end of the brush he then began to sweep it across her nipple, like he was painting the sensitive thing. Jessica gasped and arched her back.

"It's cold!"

"I know."

The feeling of the soft, cold, wet brush circling around her nipples was torturous. She'd thought she was going to cum just from the way Mr. Fire had been pinching and tugging at her sensitive nipples, and now to have him teasing her all over again... she could feel her pussy leaking like a sieve. Cool drops of water trickled down her breast, sliding in a tantalizing way across her skin. All of her nerve endings were humming. Holding the tip of the brush directly over her nipple, Mr. Fire slowly pushed it straight down and Jessica panted as the bristles on the brush rubbed and splayed against her nipple. Then he re-wet the brush and repeated his actions on her other nipple.

Jessica humped her hips, letting her wrists pull on his shirt, but the way he had knotted it just meant that the clothe tightened around her arms. When his warm mouth replaced the cold brush she thought she might explode with the combustible need that was building inside of her, the sucking of his lips seeming to draw

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directly on her pussy.

"Ooooooooooooooh fuck..." she moaned as he switched nipples and the brush began swirling around her stomach, working its way lower and lower. Mr. Fire pulled his head away and she whimpered, watching as he re-dipped the brush in water and then gave her a scrutinizing look.

"Not much cleaner, but a little."

Jessica blushed again.

Then he knelt in front of her, tapping the inside of her thigh with his fingers, and she obligingly spread her legs, her elbows stretching out a little as her body sank down due to the change in position. The cold bristles of the brush stroked her pussy lips, the soft touch wasn't nearly enough to satisfy her need and she cried out, humping her hips and trying to get more contact. Mr. Fire's strong hand on her hip pressed her against the shelves, holding her in place, as he painted over her pussy with water, teasing the tender folds with the soft bristles.

When he pointed the brush over her clit and then pressed down on it, the same way he had with her nipples, Jessica shuddered and writhed, and as he rubbed the bristles hard against her she bucked and cried out as she came, the paintbrush sweeping over her clit again and again as she humped and clutched at the strut, pulling on his shirt, for support. As the brush began stroking up and down her juicy slit, Jessica moaned and sighed, the grip of her ecstasy gentling as the brush tickled her sensitive folds.

Standing up again, Mr. Fire swept the brush over her lips, painting them with her juices, and then he kissed her so that they could both taste her orgasm as he pressed against her hard. Suddenly he pulled away and turned her around so that she was facing the strut.

"Hold onto the shelves," he told her, his hands moving her thighs apart to his desired spread. Jessica's fingers gripped the shelf that her wrists were bound above. She could hear clothes dropping behind her and knew that he had taken his pants off. Moaning with desire, she moved her ass up and down, wanting him to push inside of her and pound her from behind.

Instead, something cold and hard began to push into her pussy, rounded at first and then slowly spreading out and getting wider. Jessica gulped and wriggled as she realized that he was inserting the handle of the paintbrush into her pussy. As he began to move it back and forth inside of her, slathering it with her juices, Jessica made pleased noises in her throat and pushed back. The handle was slowly warming itself in her body and the odd shape, tapered at both ends with a thick center, felt good inside of her. A slick finger pushed at her backdoor and she groaned as she was penetrated in both holes, his finger lubing her ass as he fucked her with the brush handle.

"Does that feel good?"

"Oh God yes.... don't stop, please don't stop..."

A deep chuckle. "I wasn't planning to."

Then his finger pulled out of her ass and something much thicker began pressing against the crinkled hole. Jessica yelped as he pushed in past her tight ring and then relaxed. All the work of the week to get her ass ready to be deflowered remained effective, and although she could feel herself stretching to accommodate his thick shaft it didn't hurt, it was just a little uncomfortable as the taut hole was breached. It was also a much tighter fit than yesterday because of the brush handle that was still buried in her pussy. Mr. Fire reached

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around her body and in between her legs and started pumping the handle in and out of her pussy again as he began the slow process of working his way into her tight ass hole. The combination made her holes clutch at him and the handle, her body feeling so wonderfully full, a warm glow that started in her stomach and spread down past her knees.

Her legs felt wobbly as he pushed the final inch inside of her ass, his body pressed against her spread cheeks. Then he began to thrust, matching stroke for stroke with the paintbrush that was embedded in her pussy. Jessica's gasps of pleasure rent the air, her heated sex pressing back hard against Mr. Fire, holes spasming as she enjoyed the slick, erotic plundering of her tight anus and the matching movements of the handle rocking between her pussy lips.

A small part of her wondered if this is what it would feel like to be ravished by two men, and then even that thought was swept away by the growing climax between her legs. As Mr. Fire's cock buried itself into her pulsing ass, over and over, she could feel a whole different kind of orgasm starting... the brush rubbed over her g-spot in her pussy and it was like the head of his cock nudged a corresponding spot in her ass, every time he thrust into the quivering hole. Her hands gripped the shelf strut tightly as her entire body tightened and then released, the hot pleasure in her ass wrapping around the creaming of her pussy, and her orgasm spiraled wildly, engulfing her entire body.

"OH FUCK!" she screamed, throwing her head back and arching her ass, presenting it for a more brutal assault, as Mr. Fire's cock expanded inside of her, inflating her tightest hole even more. Shoving the paintbrush deep into her pussy, he then grabbed her hips with both of his hands and used the leverage to really nail her backside. Jessica's pussy was so tight with her release, the brush handle stayed firmly lodged in her hole as it clutched and shuddered, the interior of her hot ass spasming around the bouncing cock inside of it. With a bellow Mr. Fire bucked and entrenched itself deep in her ass, spurting thick gouts of cum and filling her dark cavity.

"Oh fuck..." Jessica groaned, her hips still moving slightly as she rubbed her ass against Mr. Fire. His dick was finishing its convulsions inside of her ass and she had been able to feel every pulse of his cum pressing past her rim and into her body, she'd been so tight. There was a strange feeling as the brush was finally released by her clasping pussy, and she cried out, her body undulating a little, as it fell from her and dropped to the floor.

Mr. Fire covered the back of her shoulders with kisses, his hands gently massaging her breasts from behind as they came down from the wonderful rapture, his cock slowly shrinking inside of her.

Chapter 13

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Jessica couldn't believe the day she was having. By the time she got back to her room to take a shower around 4pm, she was feeling completely overwhelmed by all the surprises of the day. Who knew she would have so much in common with Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire? It had been strange getting to know them a little more outside of the classroom setting, but nice too. Kind of made it harder on her because she was more attracted to them than ever, having glimpsed some of the personality behind the masks and their Instructor positions. She wondered if she'd ever meet a guy that could compete with either of them.

"Why so glum, chum?" Charity asked as Jessica came back to the room, freshly washed. She'd been able to get most of the blackberry stain off of herself, although there was still a little left.

"Have you ever had a crush on any of the Instructors here?" Jessica asked, before she could lose her courage.

Charity rolled her eyes. "Oh yeah. I fell head over heels for an instructor my first year here, Mr. Lake. He let me down pretty easy at the end of the session. Still sucked though. I never know whether to hope to see him at a session or not. Why? Do you have an instructor crush?" The pretty red head perked up at the gossip.

Jessica blushed. "Maybe a little. On two instructors."

"Ooooo, is it Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood?" Charity asked. Jessica nodded. "Yeah, they're dead sexy. You're not the first, although they seem to kind of have a thing for you too, which I'd never seen before. Normally they switch around who they're instructing every class, not ensure that they get the same student over and over."

"Oh." Jessica didn't know what to think about that. Hopeful? But that was silly. Even if they were attracted to her that didn't mean anything.

She put down her towel and started changing her clothes again.

"Hey, what happened to you?!"

Obviously Jessica hadn't done as thorough a clean-up job as she'd thought. Blushing, she quickly started to put on her shorts and tank top again.

"I uh, went hiking this morning and Mr. Flood and I went to pick blackberries... and ah..."

It didn't take long before Jessica was dressed and sitting on her bed, recounting her entire day's activities to Charity, who was obviously both impressed and envious. Apparently neither Mr. Flood or Mr. Fire had a reputation for interacting with students during the weekends. That both of them had gotten down and dirty with Jessica was very unusual. She ignored the fluttering in her stomach.

"I'm just going to enjoy it while I'm here," she told Charity. "After all, it's just good chemistry and this isn't my real life. It's a great break, but I'm going to be back to reality at the end of next week and they aren't a part of it."

"That's exactly the right attitude to have," Charity said approvingly. "Enjoy what you can while you can, and it'll be a great memory when it's over. Although, you can always come back here too."

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"If I can afford it," Jessica rolled her eyes.

"Yeah well. This ends up being my big vacation every year, even though I always tell myself that NEXT year I'm going to Hawaii."

The girls both laughed.

Jessica glanced at the clock. "We should go pick out our dresses for the dance tonight. You know where the clothing room is, right?"

"Yes! I'm so excited, let's go!"

"You should have come hiking with me this morning," Justin said grinning.

"You should have come to art class," Chris countered.

The two of them were hanging out in their bedroom, the first time they'd been together all day, and had just recounted their morning and afternoon with Jessica. She got under their skin, into their heads... normally they tried to stay aloof from the students and never had any "extra-curriculars" (as the Instructors liked to call them) during the weekends. Then again, they'd never come to the school before in order to make sure they could be the Instructors for a particular student.

"She's too perfect," Chris said. "It's unreal how perfect she is."

"Well, she has a few flaws."

"Like what?"

"She went to art class this afternoon."

Chris laughed and threw his pillow at his friend. Justin had never been able to sit still long enough to actually draw or paint anything. And while Chris could tolerate camping, to him it was something you did for one night, two at most, and you brought a lot of booze. The two of them had a lot in common, but when it came right down to it Justin was a lot more active than Chris, and Chris was a lot more artistic than Justin. Jessica was a siren call to both of them.

"So what are we going to do about tonight?" Justin finally asked the burning question.

Chris sighed and lay back on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. "I don't know man. Dance with her."

"Obviously. I meant after that."

"Maybe we should just play it by ear."

"We could just leave her alone. Let her go back to her room alone. Or with a study buddy."

"My head says that's the best idea. My heart and my cock on the other hand..."

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"Yeah I know what you mean."

The two of them stared at each other. Chris lying down, Justin sitting on his own bed. They'd been friends for a long time and it was testament to their deep bond that they weren't already fighting over her. Neither of them could even feel possessive... they were both happy for each other that they'd found a girl they liked. They just both wished they could like different girls.

"Hey man," said Chris.

"Yeah?"

"Those berry stains..."

"Yeah?"

"Fucking sexy. You perv."

They long-distance fist bumped across the room.

Jessica and Charity giggled as they rifled through the clothes in the costume room. There were several other students in there as well, although Jessica was kind of surprised that there weren't more. She and Charity had arrived exactly at 5pm, wanting to make sure that they were able to get good outfits for tonight.

"Some of the older students brought something to wear," Charity explained when Jessica expressed her surprise. "I like going through the school's stuff though, they always have much more interesting clothes than anything I could bring from home. And not everyone is as on top of it as you are." Charity grinned. "I bet you didn't procrastinate when you were a student at a regular school either."

"No, I always handed my projects in early," Jessica admitted.

"Knew it."

A rack of dresses that looked to be more covering than the rest of the short and low cut outfits available caught Jessica's eye. Curious she went over and picked up a dress that seemed to be made entirely of fringe, from its high neck to its skirt. Very flapper-ish. She took it off the rack and shook it, loving the way the fringe looked when it was flying. It was much more modest than she'd originally thought to wear although... frowning, she took a closer look at the material underneath the fringe.

"Oh my God."

"What?" Charity asked, poking her head out from behind a rack.

"This dress... see all the fringe? It's completely see through underneath, it's made of some kind of mesh."

"Ooo!" exclaimed Charity, trotting over to take a look. "You have to try it on. That's sexy."

The material was stretchy and tight, hugging all of her curves, and hanging down from her ass. It left her arms free, but covered her from her neckline down to mid-thigh. There was a button at the back of the neck to make sure that it covered her completely. The fringe looked modest, although if her nipples got hard they might poke

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out between strands of fringe, but when Jessica moved and the fringe shook... it was like naughty peek-a-boo.

"Spin around," demanded Charity. She applauded as Jessica did so. "Holy crap that's hot. You have to wear that."

"If you don't want to, I will," said one of the other female students.

Looking in the mirror Jessica shimmied a little and giggled as her body parts flashed. She shot an apologetic look at the other student. "Sorry, but I think I'm going to keep this one."

"No need to be sorry," the girl said. "You look awesome." And then she left to go look for an outfit for herself.

It took a little bit more digging before they found a sexy number for Charity. It was made of sheer green silk and it draped around her seductively, but it wasn't fitted anywhere but her waist and if she moved in the wrong way she risked the entire thing falling down. The green set off the ivory of her skin and the brightness of her red hair.

"Do you think Paul will like it?" Charity curled some of her hair around her finger, admiring herself in the mirror.

"Definitely," Jessica said. "Especially when he realizes how easy it is to get it off of you."

Charity giggled as she leaned forward. "I can see everything when I do this!"

"I think that's the point," Jessica teased.

**** After dinner Charity and Jessica got ready and then headed to the dance. Jessica had pin curled the front of her hair and looped the rest of it into a complicated looking bun, that was actually three separate buns snugly placed together at the nape of her neck. She felt wonderfully naughty in her dress, because she wasn't wearing any underwear at all, and every time she moved flashes of her skin and body showed. It wasn't immediately obvious, unlike some of the sexier outfits that she saw other girls wearing - some of them were dressed in period, some not so much - but that just made her even happier with it. The dress was beautiful, unique and somewhat subtle (in comparison anyway). Plus she loved the way the fringe felt as it moved and swept across her body.

When she got to the dance she looked around, but she didn't see Mr. Floor or Mr. Fire right away. The room - where they usually ate, all but three tables had been taken down to make room for dancing. And when you got tired you could sit at one of those tables and have a snack, or just sit at one of the chairs lining the room. There was a DJ. Like any school dance, it was a little cheesy and uncomfortable, but as soon as Nick and Paul got Jessica and Charity out on the dance floor, Jessica started to relax and have fun.

The music switched back and forth from modern to 20's big band. They didn't really know how to dance to it, but they faked it.

"May I cut in?" asked a deep voice. Jessica looked up to see Mr. Fire. He was wearing a zoot suit, all black with white accessories and a white mask.

"Is that okay," she asked Nick.

"Sure, I should share myself around and dance with Vanessa," he said back, smiling genially. Then he gave

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her a quick kiss on the cheek and left her alone with Mr. Fire, who immediately took her hand. After just a few steps it was obvious that he knew what he was doing and that she did not.

"I'm sorry," she said, as she stepped on his foot for the second time.

"It's okay," he spun her around. "Relax... here we'll slow down. You take a quick back step with your left foot, and then two slower - but not slow - steps in place with your right then left. Watch, like this."

After getting the opportunity to see him do the steps it was a lot easier to mirror them. She still messed up a couple of times when he turned her, but it didn't take her long to catch on, and then they were swinging around the dance floor. About halfway through the song, midway through a turn, someone grabbed her out flung hand and Mr. Fire let her other hand go, suddenly she was swinging into the arms of Mr. Flood.

"You two are quite a team," she said to him laughing. He was dressed exactly opposite of Mr. Fire, in a white zoot suit with all black accessories and a black mask.

"We try," he said back. Then he did some kind of complicated turn that left her breathless and unable to talk as she had to concentrate to avoid tripping over herself or him.

"How did you two learn to do all this dancing?" she asked.

He shrugged. "It's fun. And dancing is often considered a way of seduction."

"Like flirtation?" she asked feeling breathless. He had no right to look this good or make her feel so weak kneed.

"More like a prelude to amazing sex." Mr. Flood winked at her and then pulled her in close, changing his steps just enough that they could dance for a moment with their bodies pressed together, before he spun her out again. The sudden motion, the sensual step, made Jessica's body tingle, despite the fact that she'd already had two incredible orgasms today.

Then Mr. Fire grabbed her hand and pulled her into his arms. They switched her back and forth several times, making her feel dizzy and gleeful. Each time the other would take her hand with less and less time between switch offs. T

he music changed, a slower song, as she was dancing with Mr. Flood. Mr. Fire pressed against her body from behind, trapping her between them as they swayed to the music. Mr. Flood's comment about dancing being a prelude to sex suddenly seemed to have a lot more meaning. Although, as she looked around the room, there were plenty of people who had given up on the prelude part and were just having sex, either on the dance floor or on the furniture. About half of the students and instructors were still just dancing, like her and her two favorite teachers.

She leaned her upper body back against Mr. Fire as her hands ran down to Mr. Flood's hips, pulling his groin against hers. The room was saturated with people and sex, and although she'd been nervous about the idea of two men at once, suddenly it seemed exciting. Being sandwiched between them was giving rise to all sorts of desires that she'd never acknowledged, some that she'd never known she had.

Chris and Justin looked at each other over Jessica's head. Either of them would have bowed out, if she'd shown a preference, but her preference seemed to be having both of them with her. She was encouraging both

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of them with the touches of her body and hands. They'd nearly keeled over when they'd seen her dancing, the sexy peep show that her fringe provided was ridiculously hot. In fact, part of the reason they'd both chosen to swing dance with her wasn't because they were good at it - although they were - but because they could easily turn her as often as possible, making the fringe fly out horizontally and showing off the maximum amount of her possible. Watching her dance and getting the full view was as much fun as dancing with her. And she'd been a fast learner, as she had proven herself to be with everything else.

In some ways it happened so fast that Jessica almost wasn't sure how she'd ended up back in Flood and Fire's room with both of them. They'd been dancing with her, and then Mr. Fire had suggested going somewhere more private... they'd walked back, all three of them arm in arm, and now she was sitting blushing on one of their beds (who knew which one) with one of them on each side. And she was blushing. Suddenly the good idea seemed incredibly terrifying.

"Relax," Mr. Flood murmured as he massaged her tense shoulders. She melted a little under the touch of his skilled hands. "We're not going to have a threesome."

"We're not?" Jessica wasn't sure if she was relieved or disappointed. Both of them laughed, but not in a mocking way.

"You haven't taken the class yet," Mr. Fire said. He put his hand on her thigh, stroking her skin with light fingers. The touch was comforting and arousing at the same time.

"So what are we going to do?" She was confused, horny, and anxious all at once. Although Mr. Flood's fingers were doing a good job of smoothing away some of her anxiety as his fingers walked across her upper back. "

"We're going to take turns," Mr. Flood said in her ear, and she shivered as his breath blew across the sensitive part of her neck. "We'll both be here, and we'll both be touching you, but only one of us will be with you at a time. That is, of course, as long as you're amenable."

"Yes," she said immediately. She put a hand on each of their legs. "Very amenable."

Once she gave them permission all gloves were off. They had her stripped down to nothing and then Mr. Flood was sitting behind her on the bed, his hands still massaging her shoulders as Mr. Fire knelt between her legs, pulling her hips to the very edge so that he was right at face level with her pussy.

"OH!" she gasped, quivering as he began to lick at the wetness between her thighs. The combination of her desire, his tongue and the relaxing muscles of her shoulders was strange. Her body felt torn between being wonderfully loose and exquisitely tight. Having the two of them touch her at once was almost intoxicating... there was so much more to feel! Fingers massaging her shoulders, stroking her inner thighs... Mr. Fire's tongue between one set of lips and - she turned her head to catch Mr. Flood's mouth in a kiss - Flood between another.

They kissed passionately, his tongue pushing into her mouth as Mr. Fire's tongue pressed into her pussy hole. Jessica moaned and wriggled, moving her hips up and down. Mr. Flood's fingers pressed firmly into her shoulder blades, holding her in place and also giving her body a rush of pleasure as her muscles were forced to release their tension. It was like a mini-orgasm. Their skilled manipulation of her senses was dizzying, and she suddenly wished that they could have a real threesome, with both of them taking her at once. She wanted to know what it would feel like to truly be sandwiched between them.

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Suddenly Mr. Fire began kissing up her body, his fingers gently massaging her pussy as he moved his lips to her breasts. Mr. Flood's fingers worked their way lower, to the middle of her back, which made her arch her back and press her breasts out for Mr. Fire to enjoy. Fire's hands were on her breasts, Flood's on her back pushing her forward, and she felt like her pussy was on fire. And now that both of Mr. Fire's hands were on her breasts it wasn't getting the attention it deserved. She almost grumbled, but then Mr. Fire's teeth closed down on her nipple, making her dig her fingers into Mr. Flood's thighs as she moaned with pleasure.

Mr. Flood bit down on the back of her neck where it met the top of her shoulder, his hands working down to her lower back. As he released tension from muscle after muscles it was like a cascade of small orgasms sliding down her backside. And then the tension just built right back up again as they teased her and nibbled at her with their mouths. Jessica's right hand drifted towards her pussy, intent on rubbing herself, but Mr. Fire's hand caught it.

"Naughty girl," he said, taking his mouth from her breast.

Mr. Flood chuckled behind her, making her body shake as his stomach moved. "We don't want you to cum yet. Trust me, you're going to have a lot of orgasms tonight, until you can't handle it anymore, and we want to be able to take turns with you as much as possible."

Heat flushed through Jessica's body at his words... this was something she hadn't thought about before. Her body did get more and more sensitive after every orgasm... god how hot it would be to be worked up to the point where she was begging them to stop because the pleasure was too much.

"Let's get her in position," Flood said to Fire. "Otherwise she's going to orgasm just on accident, she's so hot." His eyes winked down at her, inviting her to share his amusement. Jessica smiled up at him, mostly because she was relieved that they were finally going to get things rolling. The dancing tonight, being teased between them, their mouths and hands on her... hot didn't begin to describe how she was feeling. It had been like one long night of foreplay.

The two of them got undressed, except for their masks of course, with Jessica's somewhat confused help - she was torn about who to get her hands on - and then settled her to their satisfaction. Mr. Flood cradled her from behind, his hard dick pressing into her back. She looked up and him as Mr. Fire got into position between her legs, and he leaned down for a kiss. So Mr. Flood's tongue was in her mouth as Mr. Fire started to work his cock into her eager and ready pussy.

Chris could have felt jealous when Jessica started kissing Justin as he was entering her, but he didn't. Seeing them kiss was hot... and he certainly wasn't being left out. Even when Jessica was kissing Justin, one hand wrapped around his neck, her other hand was clutching Chris' arm, fingers digging in as he buried himself inside of her. Not only was she in the moment with him, she was deep in the moment with both of them. This wasn't the first time he and Justin had shared a girl, but it was the first time they both had some feelings involved. It changed everything. Made all of it much more intense. And it was a distinct relief that he wasn't feeling jealous.

From the way that Justin was keeping his eyes open and watching Chris thrust between Jessica's open legs, a look of desire and enjoyment on his face, he wasn't feeling jealous either. The rush of friendly love that he had for Justin was re-enforced by the shared woman between them.

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As Mr. Fire thrust into her, Jessica wrapped her legs around him, one hand always on him, feeling his body as he moved. Her other arm was wrapped around Mr. Flood's neck... true to his word he was staying out of it other than the kissing which she had initiated. Wanting to change it up a little, Jessica moved her lips away from Mr. Flood's and looked up at Mr. Fire moving above her. Licking her lips, she put both of her arms over her head and around Mr. Flood's neck as she arched beneath Mr. Fire, her heels digging into the back of his thighs.

Just like she wanted, Mr. Fire leaned down to catch her lips in a kiss.

Being almost in between them like this, the fantasies that it was setting off in her head... she'd be part of their MÃ©nage class. God this was hot. She had no idea that being with two men at once would get her going in this way.

Part of her felt a little ashamed, thinking about what her ex would say. He'd thought her desire to be dominated had been perverse - what would he think if he knew about this? But that small sense of shame was quickly swept away by their fingers, their obvious admiration of her body, and the clear fact that they obviously didn't think what they were doing was wrong or perverse. They were enjoying giving her attention as much as she was luxuriating in receiving it. Mr. Fire's body was heaving between her legs, his tongue invading her mouth, and then Mr. Flood moved his hands from lying passively by his sides and placed them on her arms around his neck. When she tried to move, wanting to hold his hands in hers, he tightened his grip and didn't let her move her arms at all. That one hint of domination, the lack of control now that her arms were pinioned above her head by Mr. Flood, was all she needed to get out of her head and completely into her body.

She hadn't even realized how spaced out she'd been, almost as though she'd been having an out of body experience, observing what was happening. Now she felt the drag of Mr. Fire's cock in and out of her tight pussy, the way he made sure to grind against her every time he slammed home, the jerk of him inside of her as his head rasped over her g-spot. Her moaning got louder, and Mr. Flood's hands on her arms became harder as she started to writhe in reaction, using her legs to pull Mr. Fire into her body, her hips lifting to meet him.

Chris took what Jessica and Justin were offering him, his hands on either side of her body, Justin's thighs pressing against his forearms. The way Justin was holding the girl it was like he was presenting her for Chris' to ravish. The wild look in her eyes and the response of her body told him that she was back with them. Sometimes girls would space out a little at first, when they realized that they were doing something wildly out of their comfort zone. Justin taking control of her body had obviously flicked her wick right back into somewhere she was comfortable with, and now she was responding to him with a passion that was as great as his own.

Her pussy gripped him, hard, and he could feel the tensing of her thighs that indicated her orgasm was building. They tightened around his sides.

Jessica was full of heat and need, her pussy felt swollen and tight with it. Behind held down by one man while another pounded away at her eager body was making her lose her mind - in the best way possible.

"Oh God!" she cried out, her head falling back against Mr. Flood's chest as she writhed against him. "Oh please!"

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Then Mr. Fire did a long, hard pull out and reverse, like his cock was parting her body, the friction dragging along her interior. Then, when he bottomed out, he rubbed himself up and down against her, his cock bobbing inside her, circling, the pressure against her clit was enormous...

She screamed her orgasm, the waves rocking her back and forth between the two men. Mr. Fire kept up his grinding for a few moments longer before going into over drive, splitting her spasming pussy over and over as he enjoyed the tight and rippling confines of her body. Through her own cries of ecstasy she heard him moan and then felt him swell inside of her, the small spasms of his cock as he released, sending her pussy into another shivering frenzy of rapture. Her pussy milked his cock, sucking his cum up into her.

Mr. Fire was barely done cumming when he pulled out of her, still half hard. Jessica twitched in reaction, her body undulating as the motion made a small orgasm shudder through her.

"Wha-?!" she started to ask as Mr. Flood moved swiftly from behind her, letting her body drop back onto the bed. She felt hazy, her body was still humming with the afterglow of her orgasm.

Then Mr. Flood was between her legs, lining himself up with her pussy. The head of his cock slid up and down her slit, lubricating the tip and Jessica practically levitated off the bed at the sensation, her pleasure-soaked folds and swollen clit were far too sensitive.

"WAIT!" she cried out, putting up her hands to stop him. If just him rubbing himself on her was almost too intense to bear then she needed a minute to come down from her orgasm, to let her body unwind, before he took his turn. But Mr. Fire grabbed her hands and held them down, pinning her to the bed.

"Just hold still baby, this is going to be amazing," Mr. Flood crooned.

Jessica couldn't answer him, she was too busy orgasming again as Mr. Flood shoved his swollen cock into her over-sensitive hole. The sensation was intense, although she'd had men keep thrusting through her orgasm, she'd never had someone push into her while she was still at the peak of her pleasure. It was overwhelming... an astonishing flare of rapture... a shove off of a high cliff and she was falling... falling... Mr. Flood pulled all the way out, rubbed her up and down and then impaled her again, over and over.

By the time he started a slow and steady fucking, Jessica was wrung out and sobbing from the concentrated bursts of ecstasy that had become almost painful and too much for her to bear. If she'd been coherent she would have been begging him to stop, begging for a moment to recover... and at the same time she was fervently glad that hadn't been possible. That was the longest drawn out multiple orgasm she'd ever had... Mr. Fire had been right, it had been absolutely amazing.

Now, surprisingly, the even pace of Mr. Flood's thrusts, his careful avoidance of pressing against her clit, was giving her the space that she needed to become less painfully sensitive. After a few minutes of enjoying the gentle lovemaking, Jessica could feel her insides starting to clench again. She wanted it rougher. Harder.

Justin couldn't believe how tight Jessica was, her pussy was bearing down on him with as much force as if Chris hadn't just had sex with her. Watching her all night, dancing with her, now having her in his bed... talk about a dream come true. And he and Chris could take turns pleasuring her, all night. By the time she got home, she'd never forget them. Then, they'd start trying to talk to her at happy hours or at work again and maybe this time... maybe this time one of them would have a chance.

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Jessica wound her fingers through Mr. Fire's as he held her arms down on the bed. Not that she needed it anymore... she didn't want Mr. Flood to stop. Not at all. But she did like being held down by one of them while the other one pounded in and out of her body. Despite the fact that they were taking turns it made her feel like both of them were involved, and boy did she like that. If she thought she had chemistry with each of them separately then together they were like a firestorm. Or a flash flood. She almost giggled at that thought, but then Mr. Flood started to really move against her, angling his body so that he pressed against her clit.

Pressing her feet down on the mattress, Jessica thrust up to meet Mr. Flood's incoming cock. Her hands twisted and clutched at Mr. Fire's, all the muscles in her body tensing as another orgasm began to build in her core. Their sexes rubbed together, and she could feel Mr. Flood growing bigger inside of her.

For a moment, she was disappointed, thinking that she wasn't going to get off... but she couldn't blame him because he had had to wait longer than Mr. Fire. The shiver of pleasure that ran through her spine when she felt him grow rock hard and begin to spurt was almost enough to get her there... but not quite.

Mr. Flood grasped her hips, his fingers curving under her ass to lift her, and he rubbed her splayed pussy against his body, working her up and down. The sheer power in his muscles, the dominating gaze on her face even as he came inside of her, and Mr. Fire's hands still holding her down to the bed while Mr. Flood manipulated her body was overpowering. The orgasm crashed through her, starting in her clit where the engorged bud pressed against Mr. Flood's pubic bone, setting off the inside of her pussy as it rippled around the spurting cock inside of it, and then up through her chest and out of her mouth as she cried out with ecstasy.

The assault of friction against her tender folds continued until Mr. Flood had softened inside of her and Jessica was once more practically sobbing from the intense pleasure the men had given her.

"That was beautiful, Jessica," Mr. Flood told her, passing a finger over her lips as he pulled out of her. Mr. Fire's hands started running up and down her arms, making her body tingle... every nerve ending felt like it was over stimulated, even on the non-sexual parts of her. There didn't seem to be an inch of skin that didn't feel sexual at the moment. "Thank you for coming back here with us."

"Thank you for..." Jessica's voice trailed off as she blushed hotly. The men were both still touching her, light touches over her skin, working their way towards her breasts from opposite directions. She lay passively, soaking in the sensations they were causing inside and outside of her. Her pussy was feeling swollen and satisfied, and it was leaking the combined juices of all three of them.

Watching Jessica shudder with reaction on the bed between them, the two men looked at each other and locked eyes. Yeah, they were going to need to take turns with her at least one more time tonight.

Was there a Guinness World Record for how many times two men could make a girl orgasm in one night? Because if there was, they were determined to break it.

Chapter 14

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Sunday morning Jessica woke up in bed with Mr. Fire. Not the bed that she'd had amazing, relentless amounts of sex in last night with him and Mr. Flood. After they'd each taken three turns with her, she literally thought that she might cry if she had another orgasm and they'd moved her to the other bed. She'd fallen asleep curled between them.

Looking around for Mr. Flood she spotted a bottle of Gatorade and four pills on the nightstand. When she reached for them she winced, her legs had moved and the throbbing ache between them told her just how much she's strained her body last night.

There was a note tucked under the bottle of Orange Gatorade.

Jessica,

I had to go lead another hike this morning. I would have asked if you wanted to join but you looked so peaceful that I didn't want to disturb you. Take the Ibuprofen, it will help with any after swelling or soreness from last night. Drink all of the Gatorade, you need it. Don't let Fire talk you into sharing, he can get his own.

If you'd like to join me this afternoon, I was planning on going to the movie room to watch the Chuck Norris movie they're showing. It's terrible and hilarious. I hope to see you later today or this week during classes.

~Flood

Geez, even in his note he was demanding! But it was still very sweet. And she didn't question at all that she needed the Ibuprofen or the Gatorade. It hadn't occurred to her before, but she'd noticed last night that Mr. Flood was definitely the more dominant of the two men. Mr. Fire was plenty dominant on his own, but once Mr. Flood had been added to the mix he'd seemed to take overall control. Not that Mr. Fire was completely subordinate exactly... it was more like a boat Captain and his experienced first mate. And she was the boat. That made her giggle, and also wince once her sore stomach muscles moved.

She quickly downed the Ibuprofen and guzzled the Gatorade. The minute it hit her tongue she was craving it and it immediately started to make her feel much better. Not as weak and achy. In fact, it was hard to stop drinking it once she got started. She was touched that even though Mr. Flood had to leave early that he'd been so thoughtful.

Turning, her head, she examined the quiet face of the man still in bed with her. Mr. Fire's mask was knocked slightly askew... not enough that she could see his features, but enough that it made her want to even more than usual. His dark hair was tousled, his expression peaceful and content. She wondered if she had looked like that to Mr. Flood. That made her hands go up to her own hair, and she smoothed her curls down as best she could. Then she gently leaned forward on the bed, slim fingers reaching for Mr. Fire's mask.

The tips of her fingers had barely touched his mask when his hand suddenly darted out and grabbed her wrist. Jessica shrieked in surprise. Mr. Fire opened his eyes and gave her a level look, she blushed, knowing that she was guilty.

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"I should punish you for that, but I won't. Not today at least." His voice was rough with sleep.

"Sorry," she said, although she felt more guilty than repentant. "I had a sudden affliction of overwhelming curiosity."

He grinned, roguishly. "Understandable."

Then he released her wrist, yawned and stretched. Damn he was hot. Mr. Fire glanced at the clock and groaned. "Ten thirty? Way too early."

Jessica couldn't help but laugh.

"Lazy," she teased.

"Absolutely," he said, sitting up and running his hand through his ruffled hair. "Flood's the one you want for early mornings. I'm no good in the morning." He glanced at the bottle she was holding in her hand. "Can I have some of that?"

"Mr. Flood says no," Jessica said impishly, handing him the note. Mr. Fire snorted.

"Well that's true enough. Although I could also get you more, if you decided to share with me."

"I'm not sure I should risk being punished by both of you," she teased, holding the Gatorade bottle away from him. Mr. Fire let out a low growl and his arm snaked out, wrapping around her waist and pulling her against him.

"Now you're just asking for it." He kissed her, hard, but without opening his mouth. Jessica was both disappointed and a little relieved, because she was pretty sure she had morning breath and that the Gatorade hadn't washed it all away. "I should spank you."

"But you won't," she said, handing him the bottle.

"I won't right now," he grinned at her. "It's okay, I actually hate Orange. Probably why he chose it." Then Mr. Fire released her. Sad. That had felt rather nice. Although he was also obviously suffering from some morning wood and he probably didn't want to push it with her. Which was a good thing, because she was pretty sure she didn't have the energy. And the Ibuprofen was helping already, but her pussy still felt bruised in the best possible way.

"Finish your Gatorade. What would you like for breakfast?" he asked, getting out of bed. She remained witting with the sheet covering her lap, although her full breasts were on display and he eyed them appreciatively.

"You mean at the dining hall?"

"You're in an Instructor's room now," he said, his eyes glinting with amusement. "We can order in."

"Oh." Jessica thought for a moment. "Can I have scrambled eggs with cheese and hash browns?"

"Sure. Coffee?"

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"Orange juice please."

Mr. Fire nodded and picked up the room's phone, putting in her order and ordering an Eggs Benedict and coffee with cream for himself. When he got off the phone he was pleased to see that she'd finished the bottle of Gatorade.

"Come on," he said. "Let's take a shower while we're waiting for the food."

Jessica spent the rest of the morning being pampered. Mr. Fire washed her off in the shower, handling all her sorest parts very gently, and despite the very hard erection he was sporting he behaved like a perfect gentleman. After the shower he bundled her into a soft robe (his own, she found out, while he borrowed Mr. Flood's) and had her sit in bed to eat breakfast off of a tray. He sat on the other side of the tray with his own food and they chatted, and he teased her by insisting on feeding her occasional bites of food... but sometimes he made her reach for them with her mouth so that she almost fell on top of the tray, and other times he popped the forkful into his own mouth rather than hers. It was silly and fun.

By the time he let her get dressed and leave, because he had to go to the art room, Jessica felt like she'd had the best brunch date of her life. Mr. Fire tried to convince her to come join him in the studio, but she wasn't feel particularly creative. She wanted to go back to her room, changing into some new clothes and then relax a little. Although she did tell him that she might join Mr. Flood in the movie room. It felt too weird not to let him know, and also slightly weird to tell him, but he just smiled and said he hoped that she had fun. Then he walked her to her room where he gave her a kiss, not on her lips but right next to them.

She had lunch with Charity, Nick, Paul, Vanessa and Trina, most of the conversation revolved around the dance. Jessica was uncharacteristically quiet as she thought over her own experiences post-dance. By unspoken agreement, no one was asking probing questions, although the rest of them were offering up plenty of information. Not knowing what to say, and not wanting to tawdry the night's events by making it gossip, Jessica just didn't say anything. She was pretty sure that Charity, at least, had seen her leave with Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire, but Charity didn't say anything either, for which Jessica was grateful.

Afterwards she ended up deciding to go to the movie showing. Partly because she'd always enjoyed watching Walker: Texas Ranger and partly because she wanted to see Mr. Flood. It made a kind of cyclical sense... yesterday she'd spent the morning with Mr. Flood and the afternoon with Mr. Fire, and today she'd spent the morning with Mr. Fire so she'd spend the afternoon with Mr. Flood.

When she walked into the room she spotted him right away, sitting on one of the love seats. There was no one sitting next to him. Part of her felt a little shy and wanted to run away, but as soon as he looked up and saw her, he smiled and patted the seat next to him. The calm, self-assured conviction that she was going to come sit next to him was too sexy to deny. So she did.

"How are you feeling?" he asked immediately as she sat down. "Do you need more Ibuprofen?"

Well now that he mentioned it...

"I'm starting to ache a little again," she said. "If you have some I'd appreciate it."

Mr. Flood pulled out a small pill box from one of the many pockets on his cargo shorts and took out two pills, handing them to her.

"Only two?" she teased.

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"At your weight four is fine for the first dose, but I'd prefer not to overdo it. Too many of these over a long period of time isn't very good for your live," he said, completely seriously. Jessica wanted to roll her eyes, but his concern for her was really too sweet, even if it was a bit overbearing in some ways.

"How do you know my weight?" she asked.

"We get dossiers on all of the students." Mr. Flood grinned at her, the expression lightening up the seriousness of his face. He was much harder to tease than Mr. Fire, more serious in a lot of ways. "So no, I'm not just making some kind of insulting guess."

Jessica stuck her tongue out at him and his expression darkened... but not angrily, more like with some kind of sexual tension.

"Don't make me take you over my knee after I've just given you pain killers." His voice was mild, but the scorching look that accompanied it wasn't mild at all. Despite the soreness between her legs, Jessica felt a tingle of interest. Then he picked up a bottle of water and handed it to her. Obediently, she opened it and swallowed the pills.

"So I haven't seen this movie before," she said, segueing away from the spanking threat. Even if it did turn her own. There was a flicker of amusement in Mr. Flood's eyes and then it was gone. "What's it about?"

"There's a demon that's trying to bring itself into our world and the only thing that can stop it is someone with King Arthur's blood."

"So Chuck Norris is a long-lost ancestor of King Arthur?"

A small smile played on Mr. Flood's lips. "No, he gets involved because a prostitute falls on his cop car."

Jessica burst out laughing. "Seriously?"

"Chuck Norris movies are great like that." He grinned at her, obviously pleased by her reaction.

The movie was just as absurd as described, and yet also a lot of fun to watch because Chuck Norris was great at kicking ass. Despite the fact that Mr. Flood was a lot more serious-minded than Mr. Fire had been this morning, she thought that his taste in movies said a lot about his sense of humor. They watched the movie with her cuddled up against him, his arm around her and her head on his shoulder. It felt almost unnaturally comfortable. This is not how she had seen herself spending her time here at the Venus School.

Mr. Flood obviously wanted her to come and join him and Fire for dinner, but Jessica begged off. She had too much to think about. After a quick dinner with her friends in the dining hall, she practically ran back to her room to get some space. This weekend, today especially, had confused the hell out of her. Sure she'd felt the chemistry with Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire all week, but this weekend she really felt like she was starting to get to know them a little better. And the more she got to know them, the more that chemistry - okay, if she was being honest with herself, the more her FEELINGS - started to get wrapped up with them.

How could she have such confused emotions about any man whose face she'd never seen, much less two of them?

"Dude, we're so fucked," Chris said glumly, spearing a piece of steak on his fork and studying it like it might

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reveal some secret clue to him about how to handle his life.

"We keep saying that," Justin muttered. He wasn't really eating, just poking the food around his plate. Sipping a lot of red wine. He looked at his friend. Chris was on his third beer. "Here, drink some water."

"Don't you get all dominant on me." Chris scowled at him. "I'm not Jessica."

Justin shrugged. "You still need water. And sorry."

"No prob. She brings it out in me too. She's just so damn submissive and eager to please." Chris took a big gulp of water. He wasn't really offended, just frustrated. Justin took care of everyone around him, that's what he did and it's what made him happy. He was just a little heavy-handed about it sometimes. And the more time they'd spent with Jessica that more heavy-handed he'd been getting. Chris was pretty sure it was a reaction to his frustration in dealing with their favorite student; a frustration that got more and more intense for both of them as time went on.

"And bratty, sometimes." The grin on Justin's face lightened his features.

Chris felt his own smile tug at his mouth. "Kinda fun when she is though."

"We could always tell her who we are on the last day," Justin said.

Chris rolled his eyes. "And admit that we followed her here too? Yeah, that sounds really manly and not at all creepy-stalker."

"Yeah, right." Justin sighed, raking his fingers through his hair. It was almost weird for them to be seeing each other with their masks off. And nice too, not having to wear the damn things.

A glum silence fell over the room. Chris inspected more steak. Justin pushed his broccoli around on his plate and took another sip of wine.

"We just have to get things back to the proper dynamic," Justin said finally. "The weekend got things all out of whack. Here, we're her instructors, not her dates. The weekend is over, tomorrow if she ends up in any of our classes then we'll keep the proper distance. When we get home then we can try to get her to date one of us."

Chris slowly nodded his head, thinking it over. "That sounds right. I'm a little worried that we came on kind of strong, if we can push things back to the teacher-student relationship that should help fix things."

More silent.

"I don't know if I want this week to last forever, or to be over with as quickly as possible," Justin admitted.

Because, of course, after this week the dice would be rolling. But getting through this week and waiting for the denouement was emotionally torturous for both of them.

"I hear ya man. I hear ya."

Jessica felt a little sad as she thought over her options. She was sure that she wasn't the first student to become infatuated with one (or more) of the instructors. But the conclusion that she kept coming to was always the

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same: enjoy her time here and stop trying to think about the future. Neither Mr. Flood nor Mr. Fire could be part of her future or her real life. This weekend had just confused her, getting a glimpse behind their masks (so to speak). She had to get back into thinking of them as her Instructors, nothing more.

Looking over her class schedule, she hesitated, wondering if she should save herself some heartache and not take the Menage class... but the promise of pleasure between the two of them that had been made last night was far too much temptation. Before bed, she turned in the schedule that she'd previously decided on.

Monday:

1st Period - Yoga

2nd Period - Fellatio

3rd Period - Basic Touch

4th Period - Light BDSM

Tuesday:

1st Period - Basic Touch

2nd Period - Zumba

3rd Period - Unconventional Toys

4th Period - Light BDSM

Wednesday:

1st Period - Basic Intercourse

2nd Period - Anal

3rd Period - Yoga

4th Period - Menage Trois

Thursday:

1st Period - Yoga

2nd Period - Anal

3rd Period - Study Hall

4th Period - Menage Trois

Friday:

1st Period - Basic Intercourse

2nd Period - Anal

3rd Period - Yoga

4th Period - Menage Trois

Chapter 15

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Jessica's Monday seemed almost mundane after her weekend, and she was grateful for it. There was no sign of Mr. Fire or Mr. Flood at breakfast. She ate with Nick, Paul, Charity, Vanessa and Trina and started to feel like a regular student again. Although she hadn't been able to resist signing up for the Light BDSM class that afternoon, she'd kept her morning free of classes that she'd ever run into Flood or Fire in. Yoga relaxed her right away, Fellatio was enjoyable with Mr. Winter and Basic Touch was almost boring. She should have taken it last week, before Basic Intercourse, really, but at least learning some of the erotic massage points was fun. It wasn't that she wasn't learning anything, but by the time it was over she was seriously anticipating Light BDSM.

And also feeling a little afraid. What would it be like to face her men (no, stop that, NOT her men) her INSTRUCTORS after spending a weekend of having amazing, hot sex with them, on top of getting to know them more intimately? She would just have to concentrate on forgetting what she knew about them as people.

Walking into the classroom she had her usual reaction the moment she saw them; her nipples tightened and heat flashed between her legs. Yeah, her class schedule today had her all ramped up and ready to see them. Either one of them. And that was a good thing, right?

When Mr. Flood came over her to she was torn between being excited that she was going to have a class with him and being disappointed that it wasn't with Mr. Fire. But of course, if it had been Mr. Fire she would have still been torn between excitement and disappointment. Her body buzzed, already eager for the end of the week when she'd find out what it was like to be between both of them.

"Hello little one," Mr. Flood said. His voice was both cool and hot, the nickname somehow making the greeting incredibly intimate, and yet putting her back into the place of a student rather than the woman that he'd gotten to know. Jessica felt a flood of relief, his tone was perfect for getting her back into the head space that she needed to be in to deal with her Instructors. The little sliver of sadness in her heart, hearing him put her back into that category, was exactly WHY she needed him to behave that way.

Trying to treat Jessica like just another student was downright wrong. Part of him hoped that he could see a glimmer of disappointment in her eyes too, but he was probably just projecting. He and Chris had decided that he should handle this first class with Jessica because he was very good at modulating his tone and choosing the precise words necessary in a delicate situation like this. Chris tended to get flustered and say the wrong thing, even though he didn't mean to.

It's why they made a good team.

"So far we know that you like a little bit of pain and spanking, and that you respond well to verbal commands. We're going to spend today's lesson trying some new stimulation and seeing what you respond to."

The heat in Jessica's eyes flamed.

"Yes, Sir."

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Just hearing her breathy voice, so sweetly submissive and eager to please, was enough to give him a hard on... especially since he'd been at half-mast already.

Jessica's heart fluttered, not just because of Mr. Flood, but because she was truly interested in this class. It was why she had signed up for the Venus School in the first place, and in the previous two classes that she'd attended she'd learned more about what turned her on that she'd ever suspected. She'd always known that being tied up turned her on, but being tied up the way Mr. Flood had done her first class and then manipulated like that... that had been so hot. And she'd never realized that she had a penchant for pain. Or that being restricted by orders would be just as sexy as being tied into that position.

What would today's lesson bring?

Mr. Flood led her over to a corner of the room.

"Strip and get into position," he said, his voice deep and commanding. Jessica took off her clothes as Mr. Flood stood there watching her, his arms crossed in front of his chest. The close inspection made her feel very exposed and the flush that started in her cheeks sent heat all the way down her body, including between her legs.

She knelt, spreading her knees apart and putting her hands behind her back, folding them at the elbows and holding onto her arms. The position made her breasts thrust out, but she didn't look up to see if Mr. Flood was inspecting her body. Instinctively, she knew his eyes were roaming over the naked expanse of skin, her taut nipples and spread pussy lips. He would notice that she was already a little shiny with juices.

All she could see of him was his lower legs and feet as they walked around her in a slow circle. It felt like she was practically panting, and she struggled to control her breath, slowing it down. Being examined by him turned her on.

Halfway through his second circle, he stopped so that he was standing behind her, and Jessica felt her breath hitch in her throat. She was so attuned to his movements that she could practically feel the heat from his body as he knelt behind her. Fingers trailed across her shoulders and down her arms to the bend in her elbows, making her shiver as goosebumps raised all over her body.

Then something soft and firm wrapped around her forearms, holding them together tightly. Now her hands were bound behind her, and even though her position hadn't changed one millimeter, suddenly she felt much more vulnerable and much more turned on. Mr. Flood's lips descended on her shoulders, kissing them from left to right and making her moan. Across the room she could see Mr. Fire glance at her, his eyes flashing over her thrust out breasts and the open spread of her pussy, and she imagined him coming over here and kissing her front the way Mr. Flood was attending to her back. Being bound between them.

Her pussy was drenched.

Mr. Flood walked back around in front of her and began caressing her breasts. She was right on eyelevel with the bulge in his leather pants and she wanted nothing more than to rub her face across his crotch. Soft sounds escaped her lips as his hands rubbed her sensitive mounds, teasing her nipples to greater heights. She felt flushed with the heat that was spreading from between her legs, they wanted to close together and rub. It wouldn't take much friction against her clit to get her off, she was so turned on right now. Closing her eyes, she hummed low in her throat and enjoyed the sensation.

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Then her eyes popped open as a flash of pain shot through her nipple, a small yelp hitting the air... it sounded so much like the yappy small dog that she'd grown up with that it took her a moment to realize that she'd been the one to make the sound. There was something dangling from her nipple, squeezing the tight little bud. As Mr. Flood reached for her other breast she immediately tried to pull away, and his hand flashed out and hit her clamped breast faster than her eyes could follow. She yelped again.

"Stay still little one," he said firmly. "If the sensation becomes too much you may use the slow down word of 'yellow,' but I think you can handle it."

Jessica bit her lip. Somehow his belief that she could handle it made her feel the need to prove him right. Although, now that the initial surprise and pinch was fading, she had to admit it didn't feel that bad. When he put the second one on, now that she was expecting it, the pinch was sharp but almost pleasant. Her pussy throbbed in response to the rough treatment.

"Do you like that little one?" Mr. Flood rubbed his finger over the tip of her right nipple, which was now so much more sensitive.

"Ooooo... yes, Sir," Jessica managed to say, gasping with the new and enhanced sensations.

"See? Not so bad." He smiled at her. "The most important part of any BDSM relationship is trust. You have to trust me not to go too far over your boundaries and I have to trust you to tell me when it becomes too much, especially since right now we're finding out where your boundaries are. These are not harsh clamps and you've already shown yourself to like a little pain with your pleasure. Would you like to add a little more to the mix?"

"Yes Sir."

The words were out of her mouth before Jessica even thought. Immediately she regretted them... was she really ready for this? While the clamps throbbed wonderfully, what if it all became too much for her? What if that meant he'd be disappointed in her? Trust. Right. She had to trust Mr. Flood and he thought that she could handle it. And that made her want to at least try, for him.

She realized that he'd been standing there watching the expressions play across her face, confirming that her automatic response was, in fact, truly what she wanted. That concern for her, the desire to only give her what she was truly interested in, decided her. She smiled at him, indicating that she was sure about her decision. The pleased smile that she received in return made her heart flutter.

Mr. Flood walked over to the wall where all of the teaching implements hung, returning with one that had many leather strands that were a little longer than the handle.

"Do you know what this is?"

"A flogger, Sir?" Jessica phrased it as a question, because while she thought she was right, she wasn't a hundred percent sure. She'd never actually seen one after all.

The reward for a correct answer was another smile. "Very good, little one."

When he trailed the soft ends over her breasts, Jessica moaned. They felt good. Not at all painful.

A flick of his wrist and they slapped her softly. It was almost like a caress. Yes, yes she liked this quite a bit. A few more slaps to the sides of her breasts made her nipples throb happily. Her skin felt flush and sensitive

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and juices were starting to coat the tops of her thighs. Then he flicked it harder, catching the soft underside of her right breast and Jessica let out a sharp cry.

That one had stung.

Another slap, this one to the underside of her left breast also stung. Now that the flogger was bringing the blood to the surface, Mr. Flood increased the force behind the strokes. They still weren't very hard, but they were hard enough to smart... and when one piled on top of another...

Justin's cock felt like it might burst if he could touch it. He wondered if Jessica even realized that she'd closed her eyes, or that she was moaning and moving her hips, asking him with her body to fuck her as he flogged her breasts. Granted, he wasn't giving her any truly punishing strokes, but by now she was definitely experiencing both pleasure and pain. Her breasts were a bright pink and started to dark.

The next flick of his wrist brought the flogger down across her clamped nipple, smacking into the engorged bud, and Jessica's body jerked, her head falling back as she cried out. Her shoulders moved, automatically trying to bring her arms around to her front and protect the sensitive parts of her body. The flogger hit her other nipple and she undulated, her legs automatically closing. He bent down and slapped her thighs.

"Open for me."

When she opened her eyes, pushing her thighs back apart, they were glazed looking with pleasure. A slap between her legs to her splayed pussy had her moaning.

She was more than ready and he didn't want to wait any longer.

The cessation of the flogging was barely noticed by Jessica, she was so distracted and involved in the incredible pleasure that was mixed with the burning ache in her breasts and nipples. When Mr. Flood undid the restraints on her arms and picked her up, she rubbed her face against his shoulder.

It wasn't until he unclamped her nipple and a jolt of pain shot through her that she even realized she was lying down on a mattress. Soft lips wrapped around her unhappy bud, she whimpered and clutched at his head, wrapping her fingers in his hair, as he soothed her with his mouth. His tongue laved over her, making her wince and shiver. When he took off the other clamp she let out another small shriek and then a moan as his mouth began to work its magic. Blinking tears from her eyes, she was surprised at the dark pink color of her normally pale breasts and the angry red of her visible nipple.

Neither of which made her feel at all less horny. If anything she was more than ready to have Mr. Flood inside of her.

Thank goodness, apparently so was he. At some point, he'd divested himself of his pants and now he was between her legs, rubbing the head of his cock up and down her pussy lips. They were still slightly sore from the continuous fucking he and Mr. Fire had given her on Saturday, but that didn't bother her in the slightest.

Mr. Flood pressed against her, the head of his beautiful cock slipping inside of her, and Jessica moved her hips upwards to meet him. When her hands went to his shoulders he grabbed her wrists and held them down on either side of her head, his weight driving them into the mattress.

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Fuck. Yes.

This was what she needed. Craved. The power in his body holding her down as pain and pleasure mixed, the soreness in her pussy warring with the lovely stretch and friction of his cock which was now thrusting in and out of her, the smoothness of his skin against hers as her sore nipples chafed against him. It wasn't just his cock that was fulfilling her, it was everything he'd done to her. All the pain and pleasure that was now mingling in a heady rush.

Because her legs weren't tied down, Jessica couldn't help but wrap them around his thrusting body, but he didn't seem to mind. Her wrists were trapped between his hands and she was beneath him, happily matching him movement for movement as best she could and reveling in her restrictions.

She was so wet, so ready, that he'd barely thrust into her seven times before she was crying out, wriggling beneath him with her arms pushing against the weight of his hands, thighs clenching around him. The sweet cries of her release and the arching of her body nearly undid him and he slowed. Jessica moaned when he pulled out of her, and then jerked as he rubbed his dick up and down her slit, taking advantage of the knowledge he and Mr. Fire had gained over her on Saturday night.

Jessica was exquisitely sensitive to being re-entered after orgasm, and when his turgid cock, slick with her juices, slammed back into her, she screamed and her pussy clutched at him, her second orgasm running over her like a train. It was wonderfully intense, his pumping hips rubbing against her and extending the waves of ecstasy that rolled through her, knowing exactly how to manipulate her insides.

Then he suddenly released her wrists and wrapped his arms around her. Jessica clutched at his upper back with her fingers as his hunched position around her allowed him to get his knees under her ass, tilting her lower body up for maximum penetration as her sore breasts and nipples were crushed against the hard planes of his chest. The hard thrust of his body into hers broke her apart into a million pieces and her nails dug into his back as she writhed in his clutches, her mind was spiraling out of control with her body as the next four hard thrusts penetrated her fully and completely, and then finally he was spilling himself inside of her.

She didn't see stars, she saw galaxies.

Justin cradled Jessica in his arms, feeling wonderfully proud of the expression on her face. It had taken him and Chris half the night on Saturday to get that look on her face, and obviously the effort put into learning her body and its responses had been well worth it. She looked incredibly beautiful and utterly sated. Slowly, so slowly, her shivering body allowed him out of her tight grip. They'd fastened onto each other like a couple of leeches. The burn in his shoulders told him how deep her nails had dug... he would have marks. He relished them.

Kissing her hair, her forehead, Justin let her slowly relax underneath him and waited until her limbs lost their tension before he let her go. He only left her for long enough to get a blanket to wrap her in. They had ten minutes left in class and he planned to cuddle the shit out of her.

Glancing at Chris on the other side of the room, he almost felt bad. Although the student Chris was working with was beautiful and eager to please... she wasn't Jessica. He knew where Chris would rather be. Wrapping their favorite girl up in his arms, Justin had to sigh and feel selfishly glad that today he was enjoying sweet Jessica. Tomorrow it would be Chris' turn.

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Being wrapped up and cuddled by Mr. Flood wasn't exactly a new experience, but it just never seemed to lose its appeal. Of course, part of her bubble of happiness was broken when she looked over at Mr. Fire. She had to immediately squash the part of her that was jealous that he was with another student, and that she was bound and pleasuring him. Instead she just turned her face into Mr. Flood's shoulder and sighed with happiness, focusing on the fact that, for right now, at least she was in one of their arms.

Chapter 16

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That evening, for the first time since she'd started staying in Paul's room, Charity came back to her and Jessica's shared room for the night.

"Is everything okay with you and Paul?" Jessica wanted to know.

"Oh yeah," replied Charity cheerfully, tossing her red locks of hair over her shoulder as she sat down on her bed and lay back. "We're great... it's just sometimes you need a break and your own space, you know?"

"Right," agreed Jessica. Although, truthfully, part of her was wishing that she had a lot less personal space... it was so unfair of Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood to be so darn attractive, and then finding out that there were good people behind the masks with qualities that she really enjoyed, that was just pushing the envelope too far. Class had been fulfilling, and wonderful, and yet there was a small part of her heart that was just so sad because after this week it was all going to be gone. She knew that she'd remember these two weeks fondly, but a wistful girlish part of her wished that she could bring one of them home with her.

"He's a great guy," said her roommate, sighing and curling up on her side to look across the room at Jessica, who was sitting on her own bed. "I just wish he didn't live so far away. I'm from Rhode Island and he's from Kentucky... it could be a hell of a lot worse, but it could also be a lot better."

"Yeah," said Jessica. She knew that Mr. Fire had grown up in Savannah... was that where he still lived? That was a long drive from Arlington, VA. He and Mr. Flood seemed to have such a good connection between them, did they know each other in real life? Did both of them live in Georgia? The thought made her feel rather glum. "Do you think you guys will keep in touch after next week?"

"Maybe," Charity said, studying her nails. "I'm not sure."

She looked so sad that Jessica moved over and sat on Charity's bed. The two girls cuddled, taking comfort in each other's presence, Charity snuggling her head onto Jessica's shoulder and wrapping her arms around Jessica's waist. It was surprisingly comfortable, and intimate without being sexual.

"What about you and Nick?" Charity asked. "I was starting to wonder if there was something going on between you two, but he's been spending more time with Vanessa lately."

Jessica laughed. "We're just friends. We did the study buddy thing a little bit. But he's got a girl back home that he wants to try and be with."

Charity pulled away to look up into Jessica's face, her voice turning sly. "And what about Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood?" The teasing gleam in her eyes made Jessica laugh again, and she pushed her roommate playfully.

"They're instructors, there's nothing going on there."

"That's not what it looked like on Saturday."

Jessica squirmed, feeling her cheeks turn red. "I mean, yeah. I spent the night with them. But nothing's going on. They're just instructors."

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"Mmmm," Charity said. She rolled her eyes and a rather blissful expression crept over her face. "They're great instructors. You're going to love the MÃ©nage class."

Smiling Jessica lay on her back, pulling away from her roommate. Charity immediately snuggled closer, laying her head on Jessica's shoulder, and Jessica wrapped her arm across Charity's back. The difference between cuddling with a roommate and cuddling with man-hulks like Fire and Flood was pretty stark; Charity's touch was much lighter, her body slimmer and softer. It was rather nice.

"Hey," Charity said, pushing her body up so that her weight was rested on her elbow, looking down at Jessica. "Mind if I practice my cunnilingus on you?"

"I'm sorry, what?" Jessica asked, not sure she'd heard her roommate correctly.

Laughter. Charity's smile turned absolutely devilish. "Oral sex. On you. I haven't had much of a chance to practice outside of class since I've been with Paul every night."

"Oh, ah..." Jessica felt at a loss for words. "I'm not sure I'd be comfortable with returning the favor..." she finally ventured. Part of her was curious what it was like to be with a woman, but she'd never experimented with any of her girlfriends and she didn't think she was interested enough to actually go down on another girl.

"That's okay," said Charity breezily. "I wouldn't expect you to. Plus, you haven't had the class so technically you're not allowed to practice it while you're here anyway." She winked cheekily and leaned down, planting a soft kiss right on Jessica's lips.

Although she made a startled sound in her throat, Jessica didn't push her roommate away as Charity's soft lips molded to hers, and then an eagerly insistent tongue pressed its way into her mouth. It was... very slightly different from kissing a man. Somewhat softer, yes, but also... Charity's tongue moved differently. It was insistent but not demanding, like they were two partners in a dance, rather than one of them taking the lead. Jessica realized that her hand was on Charity's breast, squeezing the soft tissue, a firm handful that just filled her fingers. Somehow her hand had moved there without her even knowing it.

Charity's own hands were unbuttoning Jessica's shirt. "God you have gorgeous breasts."

"Tha-aaaAAAAAnks," Jessica said, her word turning into a gasp as Charity sucked one of Jessica's nipples into her mouth. Shifting position, Charity moved on top of Jessica, her knees between Jessica's legs, as she feasted on her breasts. Jessica moaned and reached down to rub Charity's own breasts, unbuttoning the top few buttons of Charity's shirt so that she could get her hands skin to skin on the perky mounds. They were smaller than her own, but the pink nipples were longer, and Jessica experimented with pulling on them, making Charity gasp. It felt oddly sensual to be playing with a woman's nipples rather than a man's; they were so much larger and firmer.

"Do you want to taste one?" Charity's fingers plucked at Jessica's nipples as she asked the question, a mischievously sneaky look on her face.

"Yes please," Jessica said, rather shyly. But when Charity moved up her body, taking off her shirt and letting one pale pink nipple hang over Jessica's lips, there was nothing shy about her mouth. She latched on, flicking her tongue over the engorged bud, sucking it into her mouth and enjoying the difference. Charity moaned, pushing more of her breast at Jessica, and she opened her mouth, trying to take as much of the soft flesh into her mouth as she could. Very gently, she bit down, sinking in her teeth, and Charity gasped and moved on top of her.

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No wonder men liked to suck on women's nipples when they got such responsive reactions. And there was so much to suck on.. the soft flesh of Charity's breasts was different from the firmer stub of her nipple, and both of those were different from the soft, nubby skin of her areola. Jessica ran her tongue over the little bumps that were sparsely ridged around Charity's nipple, before biting down on the succulent center again.

"Yeeeeeeeeees," Charity hissed, her eyes half closed and her hips moving against Jessica's body. She had one hand still on Jessica's breast, and Charity pinched the nipple and twisted, making Jessica shudder underneath her, moaning into Charity's smaller breasts. "The other one."

Moving slightly to the side, Charity's eyes were eager as Jessica's mouth latched on to her other nipple. The one that had previously been in Jessica's mouth was now a slightly darker pink, damp with her saliva. After a few more minutes of Jessica suckling on Charity's nipple, the redhead pulled her breasts away and began to move back down Jessica's body. Kneeling between Jessica's legs, Charity lifted the other girl's skirt, revealing the pretty pink pussy beneath, already wet with juices.

She began to kiss around Jessica's hips, moving her tongue in patterns over Jessica's bare mound as the brunette gasped and humped her hips up and down. Charity's touch was so different... much more teasing than a man's, more exploratory, and her slim fingers rubbing Jessica's thighs and buttocks were almost tickling her. Jessica moaned as Charity's tongue took a quick swipe around her outer labia, teasing the edges of her pussy. A sudden lick right down the center of her pussy lips made her gasp, and her hips jerked as her clit was touched.

Then Charity's mouth latched onto Jessica's pussy lips, sucking and nibbling her outer and inner labia, licking and exploring every nook and crevice... there wasn't enough of a rhythm to it for Jessica to get off, but the pleasure that was building from the oral assault had her writhing on the bed, her fingers digging into the bed sheets. Fingers pried apart her buttocks, and she could feel Charity's nail probing at her asshole.

"Oh God..." Jessica groaned as Charity's finger pushed into her... much slimmer than Fire or Flood's digits, Charity didn't need any lubrication other than Jessica's pussy juices, which were leaking down her crack, to gain entry into the tight hole. It burned slightly, in the most wonderful way. Jessica's hands moved from the bed sheets to her breasts, squeezing her own soft mounds, the flesh spilling over the sides of her fingers, and pinching her nipples. They throbbed wonderfully as Charity's finger pumped in and out of her ass, the tight hole squeezing down on the invader, as the oral assault intensified.

When Charity sucked Jessica's clit into her mouth, shoving a second finger deep into Jessica's ass, the overwhelmed brunette cried out as the ecstasy. The wave of pleasure took her body and she rode it upwards, her nerves lifting and surging, before slowly descending into the blissful aftermath as Charity's tongue laved over her swollen folds, lapping up her juices. With a pleased moan, Jessica released her nipples, rubbing the tender buds gently as an apology after her rough treatment of them.

With a few last licks, Charity smooth Jessica's skirt back down over her hips, smiling happily at the proof of her oral prowess.

"So what do you think?" Charity asked, her blouse still hanging open and she moved back up the bed and lay down on her stomach next to Jessica.

"Well I'd give you an A+!" Jessica said and they both laughed.

"You should try the class if you come back here again," Charity said. "It was weird for me at first, but it's a lot of fun. Women are so different from men."

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Jessica thought about it for a moment. "Maybe, I'm not sure I'll be back."

She buttoned her shirt back up. The class would probably be interesting, and she was now wondering what it would have been like to be in Charity's position, but she knew the truth was that if she came back here again she would be doing so in hopes of seeing Mr. Flood and / or Mr. Fire. And that just didn't seem really emotionally healthy.

Chapter 17

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

One of the things that Jessica liked best about her roommate was that Charity had no problem being very casual and it always kept things from getting awkward. They had fallen asleep in bed together, after talking for half the night, and the next morning could have been kind of weird, but it wasn't at all. It was nice to have a girl to gossip with and talk to... and updating Charity on her weekend with Flood and Fire and getting a second opinion was really nice. On the other hand, Charity had never seen them behaving with any other girl the way they were with Jessica, so when it came right down to it, Jessica was just more confused than ever.

Poor Charity was going through her own struggles with her feelings for Paul and the knowledge that long distance relationships aren't exactly the easiest thing in the world. Jessica could definitely sympathize. What if she did get up the courage to ask Mr. Flood or Mr. Fire if they wanted to keep in touch after this week was over and it turned out they lived in California or something?

Ugh.

Better to just live in blissful ignorance and pretend that this entire interlude was just some fantastic dream.

Tuesday classes started out with Basic Touch, which was more fascinating today. Mr. Jade let Jessica focus completely on his penis, examining it to her heart's content and trying out different ways of touching him. It's not often that a man will let a woman get that close to his anatomy without starting to feel self conscious, and she'd never had someone be so patient with her. Normally when she had given her exes a hand job they'd just wanted her to get them off and hadn't been interested in letting her experiment. With Mr. Jade's encouragement, Jessica lightly touched every last centimeter of his cock, finding the soft spot on the underside of his head where the skin was smoother, tracing the visible veins, pressing her thumb against the base where his urethra was and rubbing. It was evident from his reactions which touches felt good and which didn't do much for him. She found that rubbing the underside of the mushroom head at the end of his shaft was both incredibly teasing and arousing.

A hot and sweaty zumba class followed by lunch and Jessica was more than ready for her afternoon. Watching Charity and Paul at lunch had kind of made her heart hurt. They were so obviously into each other and yet they were both holding back. It was like an allegory for her with Fire and Flood... except that she was pretty sure she was the only one holding back when it came to them. But that's just because she needed to protect her feelings.

"How are there only three and a half days left in this week?" Chris moaned, rubbing his face as he looked at the calendar.

Justin shrugged glumly. His buddy might not have seen the movement, however, as his face was currently buried in the pillow on his bed. Despite his longing to bang it into something hard, like the wall, he was pretty sure that Chris wouldn't let him do that, so he just buried his head like an ostrich trying to escape the obvious truth. The two of them had been going back and forth between elation and dismal misery ever since the weekend. Jessica seemed both closer to them and farther out of their reach than ever. And the school session seemed to be racing to an end. The pitfalls of their brilliant plan were becoming more and more obvious with every passing hour. They were both obsessed over a girl who still had no idea who they were, and now they

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knew exactly how awesome she was as a person, not just in bed. This was so much worse than lusting after her from afar.

Neither of them had been able to stomach eating lunch. Chris was anxious about his afternoon class where he'd be able to be with Jessica again. Justin was remembering his class with Jessica yesterday and feeling envious that it was Chris' turn. Both of them were trying to avoid the little nagging thoughts in their brains asking what they were going to do at the end of school.

By this time next week they'd be back at work, where Jessica didn't know who they were although she might recognize their faces as guys who work for the company. Although she probably wouldn't recognize them with their masks off.... Probably. Neither Chris nor Justin were sure which to hope for... would life be easier or harder if she recognized them once they were all home?

Jessica looked dubiously at the suction cups that Mr. Winter had attached to her breasts. As unconventional toys went, this was definitely something she'd never seen before. He chuckled at the expression on her face. Her nipples throbbed a little, trapped in the tight suction. Mr. Winter had teased and sucked them to hardness before placing the suction cups over them and squeezing the air out with a little bulb that was attached to them. Inside the cups were flexible pieces of plastic which were pressed against her nipples.

When he flicked the switch and the cups began to vibrate, Jessica's nipples were wonderfully teased in their confinement by the vibrating, stroking plastic prongs that she had been so unimpressed with.

By the time Jessica got to the Light BDSM class she was a wet, lustful mess. The unconventional toys class today had focused on teasing toys, toys that were meant to tantalize and enhance your sexual experience, but since it was a class and not sex there was no satisfaction at the end. Her nipples were swollen and slightly misshapen from the long time they'd spent in the suction cups, her nerves were humming all over her body from the fuzzy and tickling toys that had been used on it, and her completely unattended and unsatisfied pussy was screaming for relief. She wanted to hug Mr. Fire when he walked up to her, she was so relieved that her agony was about to come to an end.

Mr. Fire arched an eyebrow at her, she could see the shift of the muscles around his eye even though the mask covered the majority of his expression.

"Why so antsy little one?" he asked.

"I just had the Unconventional Toys class," Jessica replied.

Immediately Mr. Fire reached out and pinched her nipple harshly, making her yelp and squirm even more as the erotic heat flashed through her. Her nipple was already sore and yet the continued punishment just excited her even more in her highly aroused state.

"You're in BDSM class now," he said, looking down at her. "What do you call me in here?"

Jessica blushed. She'd been so distracted by her body's desires that she'd completely forgotten.

"I'm sorry, Sir," she said, the honorific sending a quiver of heat through her. Would he punish her? "I just had the Unconventional Toys class, Sir."

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Mr. Fire smiled at her, almost mischievously. His playful side was a contrast to Mr. Flood's more serious demeanor; if he had been Mr. Flood then his lips might have moved or twitched but he probably wouldn't smile at her outright. They were such a balance to each other; she couldn't tell which one she preferred. As if it really mattered. She was with Mr. Flood today and if she was very lucky then she'd be with both of them tomorrow.

"You must be a little worked up," Mr. Fire said. Jessica squirmed and tried not to glare at him, she felt like he was getting far too much enjoyment out of her obvious need. "I think this is the perfect time to try something new and see how you respond."

"Something new?" Jessica asked, and then remembered at last minute to tack on: "Sir?"

"This way," Mr. Fire turned, ignoring her question. He led her over to a corner of the room and ordered her to undress before cuffing her hands and lifting them above her head, attaching them to one of the many chains hanging down from the ceiling. Then he spread her ankles and cuffed them to the floor bolts, leaving her open and unable to move. Jessica was shivering non-stop with anticipation, her body humming.

Then she caught the smile on Mr. Fire's face and her heart quaked a little. She'd never seen that expression before. He looked almost devilish. With a quickly darting gaze around the room she finally located Mr. Flood - would he save her if things got out of hand? But it seemed that he'd already gotten an idea of where Mr. Flood was going, his eyes were alight with naked lust and the same gleeful, almost malicious, anticipation.

Before she could become too frightened, Mr. Fire approached her from behind tied a fold of cloth over her eyes. Jessica gulped. Being blindfolded definitely heightened both the anticipation and the sensations in her body, and she was more aware than ever of her empty pussy, her nipples which were tight and hard on her chest, and the humming of her nerves along her skin.

"I think," Mr. Fire said as his finger suddenly swiped along the center of Jessica's slit, making her hips jerk and her clit flare. She was so horny that she thought she might cum if he just did that one or two more times. "That today is the perfect day to see how you respond to orgasm denial."

Jessica gasped. "Denial, Sir?" Her body reflexively pulled at the chains, trying to get free. She didn't like the sound of that at all.

A low chuckle as fingertips brushed across her nipple and she went from fighting her restraints to thrusting her breasts out, trying to achieve more contact.

"Orgasm postponement, really. Denial would require much more time than we have available to us this class period. Sometimes it lasts for weeks or even months."

The undersides of Jessica's arms tingled as Mr. Fire's fingers trailed from her elbow to her armpits, making her squirm with an almost ticklish reaction except that she was too turned on to laugh. Turned on and horrified. There were women who were denied orgasm for months? Even another five minutes sounded awful to her. Surely he couldn't be serious.

"I'm not sure I like the sound of that, Sir," Jessica said. If it had been Mr. Flood she wouldn't have dared, but Mr. Fire seemed to enjoy her repartee. He laughed again and she moaned and writhed as a finger plunged inside of her from behind.

"It will seem like agony, but when you do cum..." his finger thrust roughly and Jessica's insides spasmed in

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response, "it will be incredible."

She might have begged, but suddenly there was a hard slap against her on her right cheek, and the finger left her. Crying out with disappointment at its removal, she yelped as something hard and unforgiving slapped her left ass cheek. It alternated, back and forth, heating her flesh... and then something soft and fuzzy rubbed against her tender ass... coaxing the heat into something exquisitely pleasurable. Jessica moaned and thrust her ass back, wanting more. The spanking had already turned her on, but now she was even hotter.

The softness left her skin and then a slap hit her right breast and Jessica shrieked. Her nipple throbbed on her chest where it had been slapped, almost dead on. Then her other breast received the same treatment. She braced herself for another slap on her breasts, but instead something whipped up between her legs and hit her splayed pussy. Jessica's body arched as she cried out, the punishment flaring through her.

"OH! Please! Again, another one, please!" she begged, unable to stop herself... she was so close to cumming, she was sure that another slap, any kind of friction would send her over the edge.

Instead she got a leather flogger across the inside of her thigh, taking the attention from her pussy and making her yelp as the stinging pain went through her. Jessica's wrists pulled in the cuffs as she inadvertently struggled, trying to position her body so that the whip would slap her pussy again, but she was too well restrained and the whip continued to pinken her thighs. Every so often the whip would snap up between her legs, unexpected and with no rhythm or warning, and Jessica would writhe and beg again. Her pleas fell on seemingly deaf ears.

When the beating stopped, her buttocks were pried apart and something hard and insistent pressed against her hole. Jessica pushed back, spearing herself on Mr. Fire's cock. Part of her wanted to scream that it was the wrong hole, that she needed him in her pussy, but most of her just wanted him inside of her, however she could get him. Fingers stroked down her back as just a few inches of cock worked its way back and forth inside of her. No matter how Jessica arched or pushed her hips back she couldn't feel anything but the cock inside of her and the fingers stroking her back, her shoulders, her sides, her hips, the curves of her ass...

She wanted something hard to press against, she wanted the feel of Mr. Fire buried completely inside of her, his hips pressing against her, but all she got were light touches of his fingers and those throbbing three inches. All of her awareness seemed to center on her ass, the gripping burn of his invasion, it was the most incredibly intense tease. There was no way she could come from this, no matter how determinedly she rocked herself back and forth on the few inches that his position and her restraints allowed her.

"Please, please, please, please..." The words fell from her lips like a mantra, a verbal overflow of her body's desires, although if he had asked her 'please what?' she wouldn't have been able to form a coherent request.

It seemed to be forever, her body suspended by the chains and by the denial, and then the cock in her ass began to push deeper. Jessica screamed her triumph... although it quickly turned to more moaning and pleas as the smooth, steady rocking of the cock in her backside only extended the tantalizing sensation of satisfaction just out of reach. No matter how much her anus gripped him, the erotic grind didn't increase in intensity or speed and Jessica was left writhing against him, trying to move things to her own pace.

Something brushed against the backs of her shoulders as a finger was placed at her collarbone, right in the center at the base of her neck. Slowly, incredibly slowly, it began sliding down her front, a tiny trickling motion. Her nipples throbbed and her clit hummed, electricity seeming to rock between the finger and her tiny engorged bud, as if it knew where the finger was heading. Moving frantically, humping her hips, Jessica's frustrated pleas became louder, more desperate, afraid that the finger would move away at the last minute. Minutes, hours, seemed to pass before it was between her breasts. She was caught on twin poles of focus

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between the finger that was moving down the center of her stomach with all the speed of a glacier, and the pumping of the cock in her spasming anus, which was becoming more intense as the finger moved.

Her orgasm felt like an overwhelming crescendo, building inside of her as the finger hit her belly button, the insides of her pussy and her ass shuddering in anticipation.

The finger came to the top of her mons and all of the sudden she heard Mr. Flood say, "When I touch your clit, you may come."

OH GOD... both of them, they were both there... Mr. Fire in her ass and Mr. Flood about to touch her clit. Jessica's entire body tightened and she screamed, her muscles straining as she hovered on the edge of orgasm.

Mr. Flood's finger rubbed over the top of her mound and then pressed down on the aching button at the top of her clit, and every single one of her muscles spasmed in ecstatic release.

Suddenly there was too much sensation between her legs, and Jessica undulated and cried out, shrieking her intense rapture as the cock in her ass thrust hard and rough and fingers rubbed her aching pussy lips, the friction against her clit sending her into heated spasms that unraveled all rational thought. She became nothing more than a well of intense pleasure, a whirlpool of ecstasy that sucked her down and lifted her up. The stunning release went on and on and on...

Chris groaned as he unloaded into Jessica's ass. Her orgasm had been incredibly intense, and her tightness squeezed every last drop of cum out of him. The chains were supporting most of her weight now, her thrashing orgasm was finally subsiding and leaving her weak and satiated, hanging between him and Justin. God that had been intense. He and Justin had only ever pulled this trick one other time, and he was glad they'd been able to do it with Jessica today.

He looked up to catch Justin's eye, but his friend was still watching Jessica's face as she quivered between them. Chris burrowed against her back, hugging her tightly to him to relieve some of the weight on her arms as the after shocks of her multiple orgasms jolted through her. This hadn't been what he'd planned for today, but considering the aroused and frustrated state she'd been in when she arrived at class, he hadn't been able to resist.

Finally Justin looked up from watching Jessica's expressions and they stared at each other. Chris knew they both were thinking the same thing. The Menage Trois class was going to be explosive.

Chapter 18

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Jessica was disappointed when she got to her Basic Intercourse class, first thing Wednesday morning, and didn't see Mr. Fire or Mr. Flood. Instead, Mr. Winter stepped up, his eyes glinting with appreciation at seeing her again. She smiled at him. At least she felt comfortable with him, even if he didn't send sparks of arousal shivering down her spine the way Flood and Fire did.

"Good morning," she chirped back to his greeting, covering her disappointment. After all, she wouldn't want him to think that she didn't like him - because of course she did.

"You have the MÃ©nage class this afternoon?" he asked, confirming her schedule. Jessica nodded. "Then we'll take things light today. Didn't you read the recommendation that you take a lighter load if you're in the MÃ©nage class?"

She blushed. Of course she had. But then she'd thought about how much she'd enjoyed having Basic Intercourse with Mr. Fire and Anal Play with Mr. Flood before going to Light BDSM. Considering how well she'd handled that load (pun intended) she hadn't thought that the MÃ©nage class would be that different. Apparently she was wrong, and that just made her even more excited for the class.

"Insatiable aren't you?" Mr. Winter laughed and Jessica giggled. He was a nice man and in some ways maybe it would be good to have a class without the intensity that Mr. Fire and Flood always had with her.

By the time Jessica finished Anal Play and headed to lunch, she was feeling a little sexually frustrated. Basic Intercourse with Mr. Winter had been fascinating, they'd concentrated on stretching her out (much easier since she'd started doing some of the yoga poses that she'd learned in the evening to help keep her limber) and showing her different positions that she'd never thought of before - much less heard of. The lesson had turned into hands-on Kamasutra, and while everything had felt fantastic, the constant changes in position and stimulation meant that she hadn't orgasm.

Anal Play had been more of the same. Neither Mr. Fire or Mr. Flood had been there - and she was feeling slightly abandoned and wondering if they didn't want her anymore - and Mr. Jade had shown her various toys that could be used in her ass. The anal beads had been her favorite, giving her small shudders of pleasure as he'd pulled them out of her and they'd rippled over the tight ring of her anus, but it wasn't the overwhelming fulfilling orgasm that she needed.

Now she had mixed feelings about the MÃ©nage class. She needed to get off so badly and she was dying to see Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood, but at the same time she was now worried that they weren't interested in her anymore. How awful would it be to get to class and have them choose someone else to work with? The idea made her feel shaky and nauseous and completely put her off her lunch.

"I can't believe you talked me into leaving her alone in the morning," Chris said, he'd been growling at his friend all lunch.

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Justin wasn't even bothering to pretend to be hungry. Chris was able to eat any time, anywhere, but Justin was feeling too wound up. He'd managed to get down about a quarter of his turkey club sandwich and half a glass of water before he had to stop.

He glared at Chris. "I missed out on a class with her too. And you know it was for good reasons."

They had spent all last night going back and forth on the pros and cons of spending the morning with her. But considering that she had their MÃ©nage class this afternoon they would have had to restrain themselves, and the idea of being with Jessica but unable to enjoy her completely was just as torturous as leaving her alone all morning. Both of them knew it was for the best, neither of them were happy with it.

And, like Jessica herself, they both were anxiously awaiting the afternoon MÃ©nage class. The first time that they shared her... would it put her off of both of them forever? Would she enjoy it? Would a preference for one of them over the other become clear?

Thanks to her third period Yoga class, by the time Jessica got to her MÃ©nage class she wasn't a complete nervous wreck. The class had calmed her as she'd stretched out her muscles, allowed her to relax into a much more accepting mental state. What would be, would be. If they weren't interested in her, then that might be better for her silly heart, which seemed to want to fall for one of them. Although, which one she couldn't definitively say at the moment. But then again it's not like she really had to choose anyway. And if they did still want her... then she'd enjoy the hell out of her class.

It also helped to cool her arousal, just a little, but as soon as she walked into the classroom and saw them, her entire body tightened up again. To her surprise there were only two other girls in the class, both of whom were snapped up by the other instructors just as quickly as Jessica herself. Her mouth felt dry as Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire approached her, like the sexiest double mint commercial ever, except that they weren't identical. Their matching outfits of black masks and black leather pants made them look very similar.

And soon she was going to be sandwiched between that.

Jessica's breath hitched in her throat and she wanted to press her legs together, but surely they'd see making a movement that obvious, and it was just too embarrassing to show them that she was so turned on by their mere presence.

"Jessica," Mr. Fire said, by way of greeting as they reached her. The anticipation she heard in his voice matched her own and she shuddered. Mr. Flood's lips curved in a smile as he passed around behind her and pressed himself against her, his hands running up her sides, and she could feel his erection pressing into her back. Mr. Fire cupped her face in his hands and tilted it up, so that the back of her head rested against Mr. Flood's shoulder.

Yes... this was what she wanted. What she'd been waiting for since she got a taste of it over the weekend. Their hands ran over her body, deftly undoing the buttons on her blouse, teasing the hemline of her skirt.... she clung to the waistband of Mr. Fire's pants, trying to make her fingers undo his zipper as she rubbed her ass across Mr. Flood's groin.

Mr. Flood's hand curved around her neck and tilted her head back again, his thumb pressing against her jaw and up to her lower lip where he rubbed sensuously. Jessica wanted to beg, but the way he had her head tilted back, jaw securely held in place, she couldn't open her mouth at all. His easy dominance over her body had her wet, wet, wet.

"You want us don't you?" Mr. Flood asked, his breath hot on her neck. She moaned her assent, low in her throat, as he nuzzled the side of her neck with his face. Both of her breasts were cupped in able hands, one

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holding her gently, the other squeezing and rubbing. Fingers pressed between her legs, and she spread them as much as she could - which wasn't as far as she wanted - because of the way Mr. Flood was holding her. "We're not going to sandwich you today Jessica."

His words disappointed her, but as two fingers thrust up inside of her she couldn't stifle her anxious sensual moans, her body wriggling between them. Mr. Fire pressed against her front, pressing his hand further into her eager pussy. Her clit throbbed against the palm of his hand. Fingers plucked at her nipples, sending pleasurable sensations sweeping over her. Being with two men was ridiculously intoxicating, robbing her of all her self-control as they overwhelmed her senses with expert hands and mouths.

"We're going to get you ready for us," Mr. Fire said as Mr. Flood bit into the sensitive skin of her neck. Jessica shuddered between them, crying out. Then Mr. Flood's hand was removed from her chin as Mr. Fire bent his lips down to hers. Behind her Mr. Flood shifted and she felt fingers sliding between her ass cheeks, heading towards that eager hole. It was still lubricated from her Anal Play class earlier, enough that he was able to force a finger into her anus. She cried out into Mr. Fire's mouth as they fingered her, front and back, their digits making promises that their bodies would eventually keep.

A second finger pushed into her anus, and she couldn't believe how full she felt... how wonderfully stimulated. God... could she possibly take their cocks in both holes at the same time? This already felt like too much... she writhed between them, their bodies and arms holding her up when her knees went weak. Jessica cried out as they made her orgasm, their fingers questing inside of her, pleasuring her, driving her wild with erotic thoughts and sensations. Her body quivered between them like a harp string, plucked and singing with elation.

As she came down from the heady sensation, she was aware that neither of them had cum yet, and Mr. Fire's mouth was suckling on her breast. Oh fuck... she tried to let her head fall back against Mr. Flood's shoulder again, but he was moving behind her and her head lolled on her neck. Suddenly he tucked himself back up underneath her, lifting her head. The fingers in her ass slid out, and she shivered with the loss. Then something harder, thicker, and more insistent nudged against her back door. Arching her back to help with the entry, Jessica moaned as her asshole was split open by Mr. Flood's cock, the entry made even tighter because she was standing.

"OH! Ooh pleaaaase..." She shuddered as his cock began to force its way into her, the opening of her tunnel almost too intense to bear as Mr. Fire sucked and nipped at her nipples. Mr. Flood put his arms around her, one tucking under her breasts and lifting them up to Mr. Fire's mouth, the other around her waist, holding her securely in place as he began a slow, sensual thrusting in and out of her backdoor. It wasn't until Mr. Fire's fingers fluttered in her pussy that she realized he still had fingers in there, and both of her holes clenched down around the invaders.

Mr. Flood moaned behind her as her ass spasmed around his cock, the tightness of her hole gripping him with all its strength. "Lift your arms up and put them around my neck."

Jessica obeyed him immediately, opening up her breasts to them... to her disappointment Mr. Fire began kissing down her stomach, below where Mr. Flood's arm was holding her upright. Then the delicious sensation of his tongue against her hips made her forget that disappointment. Mr. Flood's hand under her breast reached up to replace Mr. Fire's mouth on her nipple.

"We're going to kneel down together," Mr. Flood said, nibbling on her ear. Jessica gasped, the jolt of pleasure going straight to her pussy. "Can you kneel down without letting me fall out of your ass?"

"Yeeeeeeeeeeessss..." Jessica said, her voice coming out in a hiss as Mr. Fire's tongue flicked over her clit.

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The word was both an answer to Mr. Flood and encouragement for Mr. Fire. Slowly their legs folded, Mr. Fire's hands guiding them down. The jostling of Mr. Flood's cock in Jessica's ass created all sorts of interesting sensations deep inside of her, and her pussy got even wetter for them. Once they were on their knees, Mr. Flood pulled her back against him, his knees planted firmly between hers and keeping her thighs spread wide.

The position gave him plenty of leverage to thrust up into her ass, and at the same time spread her pussy open for Mr. Fire's eager mouth. The fingers in her pussy twisted as Mr. Fire licked at her shaved mound, teasing her clit. Jessica pulled on her arms around Mr. Flood's neck, his hands were running up and down her body now that he didn't have to hold her up. She undulated against him, her body rocking on top of his cock, her tight asshole clenching as she squirmed on top of him. Inside of her Mr. Fire's fingers curved upwards, hitting her g-spot and Jessica's body jerked between the two men. The rising tide of pleasure inside of her was far faster than she thought it would be, she was so responsive to the sensual combination of the two men.

"Don't cum yet," Mr. Flood's voice was an insistent murmur in her ear. "Breathe deeply, hold it off."

Jessica wanted to scream at him, but her BDSM classes had made her obedience to him almost automatic. She trembled on top of him, her muscles straining as she tried to slow her breaths, her body coiling and coiling and coiling...

"Now, cum for us now," Mr. Flood ordered, his cock thrusting upwards into her ass so that the slight burn and pain radiated outwards, mixing with the pleasure, and Mr. Fire's mouth sucked hard on her clit. She came screaming, ecstasy washing over her, bursting out of her, from so many pleasure points that it felt like her entire body had turned into one large sexual organ. Cum spurted into her ass, setting her off on another round of orgasms as Mr. Flood's cock swelled inside of her, fluid gushing into her. She humped her hips hard, between his cock in her back hole and Mr. Fire's mouth and fingers on her pussy, completely lost in her pleasure.

It wasn't until she was moaning, feeling like she might pass out, and her orgasms began to subside that she realized Mr. Flood's hands were holding her arms in place, keeping them securely behind her head so that her body was kept open and vulnerable for Mr. Fire. There was a light in his eyes, feverish and hungry as he stared at her open body, his hand jerking on his cock. He'd been masturbating the entire time he'd been eating her pussy. Jessica whimpered and opened her mouth, her arms twitching... she wanted to touch him, to feel him.

Mr. Flood's cock twitched inside of her ass, where it was slowly shrinking. "Stay open for him sweetheart, we want to see him cum all over those beautiful breasts of yours."

That was something that had never turned her on before, but now Jessica wanted it. She wanted to see Mr. Fire cum, see it spurting out of him and onto her, covering her with his satisfaction. Arching her body upwards, she offered her breasts like a gift, and he groaned as the first jets of his seed spurted out and onto her. Jessica was fascinated by the grimace on his face, this power that her body had over him. The sticky cum was warm on her breasts, pooling around her curves, as he jetted several long ropes of it onto her body. When he was done he sighed, looking down at her with softness in his eyes. Fluid trickled down her stomach, the tickling sensation making her shiver a little.

"That was beautiful," Mr. Flood murmured, kissing the back of her head. His fingers stroked down her thighs and up her body as though he was soothing her.

"Beautiful," Mr. Fire echoed, his eyes lingering on his cum covering her breasts and stomach. Then he leaned

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down and kissed her, lingeringly and passionately, their tongues rubbing against each other in a sensuous dance. Mr. Flood's fingers rubbed cum into her stomach as he kissed down her neck. Even now they were moving in tandem.

When Mr. Flood's cock fell from her ass she let out a small cry of loss, that Mr. Fire drank in with his lips. Mr. Flood passed her over to Mr. Fire, giving him a turn to hold her as Mr. Flood went to get a damp clothe to wash her with. Mr. Fire nuzzled and cuddled with her, letting her sink into his arms and just relax. There was a definite advantage to having two lovers, one was able to indulge her desire to snuggle while the other got the tools to care for her.

Mr. Flood was gentle with the warm clothe, rubbing it over her breasts and stomach and a quick swipe through her legs. She smiled sleepily at him. This had to have been the most satisfying day of classes that she'd had yet.

"Thank you," she said, with feeling, before leaving them. They both laughed and took turns kissing her thoroughly. Their kisses were just very slightly different from each other, now that she could compare them one after another, but both of them set off sparks and butterflies in her stomach.

Jessica wasn't sure she'd know how to handle one such man, how was a girl supposed to keep up with two?

Chapter 19

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

Jessica lay on her back after dinner, thinking about her day. God... she was so fucked. In a fantastic way and a really crappy way. Her body felt... drained. Satiated. Fulfilled. She'd actually wanted Mr. Fire to cum on her breasts. How strange. It should have felt degrading, but it didn't. Instead, she'd felt incredibly sexy having Mr. Flood hold her body open for Mr. Fire, being between the two of them, watching Mr. Fire's cock twitch and spurt as he covered her with his spunk.

And at the same time, she'd felt so emotionally satisfied. These two gorgeous guys, they really didn't seem that much older than her, who were thrilling and fantastic in bed, also had a softer side that she'd been privy to this past weekend. How was she ever going to find a guy that matched up to them? Either of them? On the other hand, she didn't fool herself into thinking that she could keep up with either of them either. They were so much more experienced than her, more sexy, more confident. In real life they'd probably never give her a second glance, she'd only come to their attention because she was here to learn.

Maybe they just liked teaching. And she knew she was a quick learner. Still, sometimes she felt like maybe, just maybe, there was a little something there... but no. She shouldn't do that to herself. That kind of happy ending only happened in fairy tales.

A knock on her door interrupted her maudlin thoughts.

"Nick!" she said, surprised by her visitor. The faint hope that maybe Mr. Flood or Mr. Fire was coming for an after hours visit died quickly and she buried it deep. "What are you doing here?"

He grinned at her. "I was hoping maybe you wouldn't turn down a study buddy for the evening? Vanessa's great but... I don't know. It's starting to feel weird being with just one girl for study sessions, like I'm cheating on Fiona or something. Even though I'm not technically with her."

Jessica laughed as she let him in the room. "Maybe not with her yet, but I think that being surrounded by all these women who are constantly wanting sex with you, and you still thinking about her shows a level of commitment that she'd be an idiot to say no to."

Nick ran his hands through his brown curls as he made himself comfortable lying down on her bed. He curled his arm out, an obvious invitation to cuddle, and Jessica took him right up on it. Cuddling sounded great right about now. Unfortunately cuddling with him didn't really turned her on. His fingers traced patterns on her arm, she rubbed his chest, they talked about what their real lives. She patiently listened to him was eloquent about Fiona's charms, Fiona's sweetness and Fiona's life. In fact, she probably learned more about Fiona than she had about Nick and she'd never even met the girl.

"So..." Finally Jessica brought up the elephant in the room. "Should we be studying?"

To her relief, Nick grimaced. "This is going to sound kind of awful, and it's not that you're not a very attractive woman, and if it wasn't for Fiona then -"

"It's okay," Jessica said, cutting him off as she laughed. "I think we're more friends material anyway." Nick's body relaxed, making Jessica giggle again. "What, did you think you were going to have to bang for roof?"

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"What?" The surprised laugh that he gave showed he'd never heard the term before.

"Bang for roof. I got it off of 'How I Met Your Mother,' it means having sex with someone so that you have somewhere to stay."

Nick laughed again. "I figured out what it meant, I just hadn't heard it before. And yes, I guess I was a little worried about that. Vanessa didn't take it so well when I stopped being interested in, um, studying."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Jessica said, sincerely. "I don't mind if you just want to have platonic sleepovers."

"Can I ask why? I mean, not that I'm insulted, I'm just wondering. You haven't mentioned having anyone back home, and I haven't seen you studying with anyone else here."

Jessica bit her lip, but Nick had already proven to be a pretty good friend in the short time that she'd known him. She felt pretty comfortable with him. So she told him everything about Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire, even finally admitting that she was starting to think she might have real feelings for them.

"I think the weekend really screwed with my head. Getting to know them as real people... I have a lot in common with both of them. And it's not like I have anyone else at home that I really click with. I have no interest in getting back with my ex. I guess I'm just afraid that I'm going to go home and be hung up on these two guys, and I can't have either of them. It kind of sucks. A lot."

Her friend was quiet for a moment, stroking her brown curls and thinking. Jessica rested against him, feeling a lot less stressed now that she'd vented to someone and gotten all of it off of her chest. Venting to Nick was somehow easier than to Charity, maybe because it was his first year too and he was a guy so he could give a male perspective.

"I guess," he finally said, slowly. "I guess that all you can do is go home and start looking. At least now you know what you like and what to look for. And maybe you'll get home and find out that it was just a location thing, like, it was easier for you to have your classes with men that you felt like you had feelings for. There's got to be other guys out there that like art or camping."

She giggled. "True. I guess I just have to put myself out there. It was just so nice and easy to meet them here and immediately fall into things, you know?"

"I know," he said, and then his voice turned teasing. "But sometimes life isn't easy and little brats are just going to have to deal with that."

"Brat?" she said in mock outrage, and then began tickling him. That led to a tickling war that left them both breathless and a little turned on. But Nick's emotions were for Fiona and Jessica's were all for Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire.

As she drifted to sleep that night she wondered if he was right and if she just felt that way because she felt better having intense sex with them if she had feelings for them. It was possible. And it made her feel a little better, because it meant that maybe, when she got home, she wouldn't feel as bereft and lonely without them as she thought she might.

Thursday wasn't nearly as intense a schedule as Wednesday had been. Breakfast was a little awkward, with Vanessa sitting as far away from Nick as she could, and she wasn't nearly as bubbly as she had been yesterday

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morning. It was a little sad, and Nick looked guilty. Jessica gave him a supportive squeeze on his arm. He couldn't help being a great guy or that he was in love with a girl back home. And Vanessa couldn't help it if she wanted more from him than he could give.

Unfortunately Jessica knew exactly how that felt.

Yoga first thing in the morning had been a good idea. It was calming, relaxing, and she could feel all of her muscles unwinding. Second Period Anal play was more satisfying than yesterday in some ways; Mr. Jade was her Instructor and apparently had had a discussion with Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood. Jessica was excited to have early confirmation that they would be her instructors for MÃ©nage again today, but it also felt rather strange to know that the three of them had discussed Mr. Jade having anal sex with her.

Although he roused her body and the anal sex was hot, her orgasm satisfying, it just didn't have the same emotional level of satisfaction that she got whenever she was with Mr. Fire or Mr. Flood. But, like Nick had suggested, was that just because she'd spent more time with both of them as her Instructors? Still... she didn't have a problem being with the other instructors. She found Mr. Winter downright sexy. It was just that there was something about being with Flood or Fire, or Flood and Fire, that was just better than being with anyone else.

Two more afternoons with them. Two more classes. Jessica almost felt depressed by the time she got to her third period study hall. Fortunately Nick was there too. The two of them sat in a corner and watched, pretending to take notes on the other students techniques while really they just talked. This time he didn't seem to want to talk about Fiona and she definitely didn't want to talk about Fire and Flood, so she just listened to funny stories about him growing up and told a few of her own.

And then it was time for MÃ©nage class.

When Jessica walked into the classroom and saw Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire standing there, she tried to gauge her reaction. It was like a punch to the gut that left her breathless and wet. Could she mentally fake this kind of visceral reaction? If it was just her trying to make it okay for her to be so intimate with them, then why hadn't she focused on just Mr. Fire from the very beginning? He'd been the one to come find her in the bathroom. Or why hadn't she focused on Mr. Flood when he'd been the one to take her anal virginity? That was something that should have bound the two of them together.

Why both of them? And why this gut, instinctive reaction? If only she could pack them into her suitcase, life would be perfect.

They even moved in sync, coming towards her, leaving her mouth dry and her legs trembling with anticipation. Her ass was feeling well used after her Anal Play class, but that didn't matter. If they wanted to sandwich her between them she'd take it. Hell, she was willing to beg for it if she thought it would get what her what she wanted.

"Hello Jessica," Mr. Flood said when they reached her, as Mr. Fire gave her a welcoming grin. "We're very happy to see you again. Before we get started today we'd like to talk about yesterday and how you felt, just to get a handle on whether or not this class is really for you."

How she felt? Dear God, why did they have to want to talk about that. Then Jessica realized that he probably meant physically, not the turmoil of her emotions. Physical feelings she could handle. The two men guided her over to a mattress and sat down on it with her, one on either side. Every nerve in her body felt like it was

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on high alert being this close to them and yet not touching them.

"Is there anything you particularly liked yesterday?" Mr. Fire asked, turning her gaze towards him.

"Um..." Jessica flushed. Suddenly talking about her physical feelings seemed just as intimate and exposing as talking about her emotions. Was admitting that she wished they'd both been inside of her too much?

"I think she could use some distraction," Mr. Flood said behind her, and Jessica shivered as his fingers brushed her hair over her shoulder and began to rub the tense muscles of her neck. She started to turn to look at him, but he gripped the base of her skull and turned her back to Mr. Fire's intense eyes. Jessica froze, feeling unable to look away, caught between them. "Keep your eyes on Fire, little one, and answer his question."

"Um," she said again, and then blushed, feeling like an idiot. Mr. Flood's fingers moved down to her shoulders, and he even managed to make a simple shoulder rub feel erotic. "I liked having so many hands on me."

"That's good," Mr. Fire said, leaning forward. "I think Flood's right, you need to relax, little one." He scooped up her feet, pulling off her shoes and propping her legs up on his lap before he started to rub her feet with strong hands. The position turned her around so that she was leaning against Mr. Flood, whose hands began to wander from her shoulders down to her breasts, cupping them and rubbing her nipples through the thin material of the shirt. Jessica moaned, she could feel her body responding to them and it was making it difficult for her to concentrate.

"So you like a lot of hands on you," Mr. Flood said in her ear, and Jessica shivered at both his words and the intimate low tone he was using. The teasing brushes against her breasts were getting to her, sharp contrast to the firm press of Mr. Fire's hands on her feet. Mr. Fire was staring straight at her the entire time, not even looking at what he was doing, and the smoldering heat in his eyes made her insides tighten. "What else did you like about yesterday?"

"Feeling like you were marking me." The words popped out of her mouth before she could stop them, and then Jessica blushed heatedly. Both of them chuckled, enjoying her discomfiture.

"We were marking you, little one," Mr. Fire said. "Inside and out."

"We already know you like being dominated," said Mr. Flood, his voice almost overlapping Mr. Fire's. The combination of having both of them talk to her so seductively was an incredible turn on. Their sexy voices and hands were dragging all the tension and modesty right out of her. Mr. Flood nipped at her earlobe with his teeth and Jessica moaned. "What else did you like?"

"Being between both of you," she said. That wasn't too bad, that wasn't slutty sounding. Mr. Flood pinched her nipples, making them throb, as Mr. Fire's hands began to move up her calves, spreading her legs slightly. The heat they were creating was unbearable.

"Where were we?" Mr. Flood growled at her, his fingers coming down hard on her nipples again. Jessica writhed.

"You... in my ass..." She moaned, humiliated and turned on. "While Mr. Fire ate me out... I liked that."

"Good girl," Mr. Flood said, and he kissed the side of her neck as his fingers released her swollen nipples, rubbing the tender buds, and not soothing her at all. She wanted him to pinch her again, and hold them tightly.

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Arching her back, Jessica let out a small cry of disappointment as his hands left her breasts. Then she realized that he was unbuttoning her shirt and she shivered in anticipation.

"Is there anything you didn't like, little one?" Mr. Fire asked, taking over the questioning as Mr. Flood kissed down her neck, his nimble fingers almost as the bottom of your blouse.

"I wanted you inside me," Jessica said, and then moaned in embarrassment and arousal as Mr. Fire grinned at her, spreading her thighs as his fingers worked their way up her muscles. He scooted closer on the mattress, never breaking the connection of their eyes.

"I wanted to be inside you too," he murmured, and he leaned over and kissed her.

Now she truly was trapped between them. Mr. Fire pulling off her shirt and kissing her neck and shoulders, her lips caught by Mr. Fire's kiss, their tongues dancing. Mr. Flood got her bra off and then his hands were cradling her breasts as he pulled her against his hard chest. Somehow they'd shifted position and now she was leaning back against him, his legs on either side of her. Mr. Fire took her hands and put them on Mr. Flood's thighs.

"Keep your hands here, little one," he said, before kissing her again.

Automatically, unthinkingly, Jessica obeyed his order, her hands tightening on Mr. Flood's thighs as Mr. Fire spread her legs. His fingers stroked against her wet, open pussy, underneath the skirt. God bless school uniforms which require no panties. Having his fingers touching her pussy, while there were two hands on her breasts, was so hot. Her body was falling into what was becoming a familiar overwhelming mass of sensation, turning her into a quivering pool of female pleasure, sensual putty in their hands. And mouths.

Mr. Fire turned her over and Jessica found herself facing Mr. Flood's cock, jutting out of his leather pants, which he had undone. Hands pushed her skirt up and caressed her bare ass as she automatically leaned over, her lips reaching for Mr. Flood's dick, wanting him inside her mouth. Her tongue flicked out and licked the tip, making him moan. She thrilled at the sound, and licked all around the head, then cried out as two fingers pushed inside of her pussy, pushing her forward, rocking into her and sending pleasure coursing through her.

"Open up, little one, I want to see your pretty mouth sucking my cock," Mr. Flood said, reaching under her torso to grip her breasts as Mr. Fire continued to finger fuck her from behind. Jessica moaned and opened her mouth, stifling the hot sounds with Mr. Flood's dick, a gag of thick meat that appreciated the vibrations of her voice humming over it.

Between them... she was between them... not quite how she'd wanted to be, but they were both going to be inside of her, Jessica could sense it. She sucked hard on Mr. Flood's cock, grabbing at his hips with both of her hands, wanting to touch him, feeling him, get as much of him inside her as she could. Mr. Fire teased her from behind, making her wiggle her hips at him. God she wanted both of them, and right now she didn't care if that was slutty or wrong or perverse... they completed something inside of her and she wanted to be between them, feeling them thrusting into her.

Something cool and wet prodded her anus, and Jessica groaned as Mr. Fire slid a butt plug into her. Not thick enough to irritate the sensitive tissues of her ass after the Anal Play class this morning, but enough to tease her nerves, tighten her insides. When he rubbed the head of his cock along her wet slit, getting it wet and ready to enter her, Jessica groaned around Mr. Flood's cock and wagged her hips, sucking enthusiastically.

"Fuck Fire..." Mr. Flood groaned. "Whatever you're doing, don't stop. She's driving me wild."

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Mr. Fire pushed into her, teasing her with just an inch of him, before pulling out, and Jessica practically wailed, making Mr. Flood groan and pinch her nipples. Her mouth was hot, wet, and providing continuous suction, not to mention multitudes of little vibrations as she panted and moaned around his meat. She was feeling far too wild to remember any of her lessons, but the practice she'd had meant that her body automatically reacted with muscle memory, sucking and licking at Mr. Flood's cock, pulling him into her throat as she sank her lips to the base of him. Here, at least, she had control and could swallow as much of him as she wanted to, taking him all the way in while Mr. Fire teased and tantalized her from behind.

Her ass clenched over the butt plug, her insides expanding as Mr. Fire pushed deeper into wet sheathe, made even tighter by the plug he'd inserted into her other hole. Oh god... was this what it would feel like when they both took her? No. Mr. Flood was bigger than that plug, it'd be fuller... better... Jessica's pussy flowed with cream as the men began to establish a rhythm, their cocks forcing her to rock between them, hips pumping at either end. Every thrust of Mr. Fire's pushed at the plug in her ass, shoved her throat down on Mr. Flood's meat, and every thrust of Mr. Flood's sent her jetting back to the pleasure of Mr. Fire's cock and the bouncing of the plug inside of her.

Jessica's body quivered in orgasm between them, her soft cries not going unnoticed. Mr. Flood tugged on her nipples as Mr. Fire reached underneath her and began rubbing her clit, extending the pleasure as she rocked between them. The spongy walls of her insides convulsed around him, sucking at his cock and encouraging him to cum in her... but neither he or Flood were ready for that yet. They fucked her through the orgasm, keeping the heat in her body flowing. Jessica's orgasm subsided and almost immediately another one started to build, making her want to beg, plead with them for a moment... but all she could do was making mewling noises around Mr. Flood's cock, pleasuring him further.

She gave herself up to the rhythm, to the force of their bodies, letting go of her control and allowing them to take over, to move her, to pleasure her. Both men felt her mental release, her complete involvement. She wasn't fighting her incoming orgasm anymore, she was going to take herself and them over the edge.

Mr. Fire pounded into her hard from behind, forcing cries of ecstasy from Jessica's throat as her body tightened, her nails digging into Mr. Flood's hips as she clung to him. Her world had dissolved to meat, sex, pleasure, FUCK... Mr. Flood's cock thrust deeply into her mouth, into her throat, cutting off her air, and she swallowed automatically as he expanded inside of her, cum gushing down into her stomach. The lack of air as she drank him down made her feel dizzy, enhancing all the sensations that Mr. Fire was creating in her pussy, and her throat convulsed around Mr. Flood's spurting erection as she began to cum.

Slamming harder, Mr. Fire felt Jessica's body quiver and he wrapped an arm around her hips, leaning forward so that his body pressed the butt plug deeper, and he felt her pussy convulse as she began to writhe beneath him. Stars burst before her eyes, she couldn't see, she couldn't think, she was screaming her pleasure around Mr. Flood's softening cock. Fingers pulled at her nipples, twisting, prolonging the intensity as her body exploded with ecstasy. Something inside of her swelled, and she expanded with him, writhing and gasping as fluid gushed into her body from the other side. Everything seemed to meet in the middle and blaze outward, rocking through her until she couldn't take anymore.

Hanging weakly in Mr. Fire's arms, Jessica moaned, taking in deep breaths of air.

"Good girl," Mr. Flood said, helping Fire turn her over onto their side. Mr. Fire spooned her from behind as Mr. Flood lay down beside them, stretching his body out along Jessica's front and facing her. Hands stroked down her sides as she came down from the incredible high, feeling weak and satiated. It wasn't until Mr. Flood kissed her, oh so gently, that she realized she was still whimpering. Her body quivered as small quakes shook her foundations, rattling around inside of her as the men stroked and soothed her with their gentle hands and gentle kisses. Mr. Fire softened inside of her and fell out, leaving her feeling somewhat empty... except

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for the butt plug of course.

But how could she feel truly empty with these two wonderful men on either side of her, petting her, coaxing her to relax, to settle. They filled her up with emotion that she wished she didn't have, kept her warm and safe, snugly between them. Jessica sighed and closed her eyes, snuggling into them.

Justin carried Jessica back to her room, sound asleep with her head cradled against his chest, as Chris opened the doors for him. Laying her gently on her bed, he tucked the sheets around her. The MÃ©nage class had completely overwhelmed her - overwhelmed all three of them in fact. He and Chris had been teaching that class for a long time, but he couldn't remember them ever having a session quite like that.

Both of them stood over her, watching her sleep, brown curls laid out on the pillow, a sweetly satisfied smile on her beautiful face. She looked like an angel. He glanced at Chris. Neither of them wanted to leave.

"We can't stay here," he said, voice tense.

"I know."

Neither of them were happy about it.

Chapter 20

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Jessica roused to her roommate's voice.

"Come on Jess, time to get up and eat something... dinner time. Wake up Jess," said Charity, shaking the other girl gently. Jessica groaned and stretched, wincing a little at her sore muscles. The last thing she remembered was cuddling with Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood after some seriously intense orgasm. She must have fallen asleep... but how did she get back to her room?

"Uuuuuuuuhhhhh," she said, rolling onto her back. She felt sore and sticky and probably smelled like sweat and sex. And she felt like she could sleep for a year. "When did you get here?"

Charity's face peered down at her curiously, before spreading in an impish smile that made the redhead look like a pixie. A malicious one. "Mr. Flood and Mr. Fire sent me to make sure that you got up for dinner. Now I can see why. Enjoy your menage class?"

A sleepy, satisfied smile curved Jessica's lips immediately. Then she moaned again, this time with impatience, as she pushed herself up. Her muscles felt weak and watery. Definitely time for food. And water.

"Here," said Charity, handing her a bottle of orange Gatorade. "Mr. Flood said you'd need this." And remembered that she'd liked orange, just like him. She wondered why he and Fire hadn't come themselves. Or stayed... she wouldn't have minded waking up in between them.

Feeling slightly abandoned, Jessica accepted Charity's help in getting dressed as the other girl babbled on about her day. Apparently Nick and Vanessa had made up, to the point where things were no longer awkward at least. And Paul had hinted that he wanted her phone number and email, which made Charity flush with pleasure. By that time they were heading towards the dining hall and, thanks to the Gatorade, Jessica wasn't feeling quite as weak and shaky. That was good.

That night Nick joined her again, which Jessica was grateful for. It was the last night at the school. The dance last week had been the big social event, tomorrow after dinner everyone would leave. It just didn't seem possible that the real world was so close. When she found herself crying, not even knowing why, Nick held her. Despite knowing that he was excited about going home, she was glad that he was there for her. Charity was in his and Paul's room of course. Once at dinner the two of them had gotten less cheerful and more desperate, the reality of this being their last night at the school hitting them hard.

Eventually she drifted off to an uneasy sleep, held securely in Nick's arms.

Friday morning Nick found a note slipped under Jessica's door informing her that her schedule for the day had been changed to accommodate her last class of the day. Originally she was supposed to be going to Basic Intercourse and then Anal Play, but the school was worried that it would be too much for her body, so she now had a Fellatio class followed by Study Hall before her afternoon classes of Yoga and Menage Trois. Jessica didn't know whether to feel relieved or disappointed. Of course, the main reason she'd signed up for those classes was with Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood in mind. If they weren't going to be her Instructors, like they hadn't been on Wednesday, then she didn't mind missing those classes.

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Especially if it meant that they could thoroughly use her in the Menage class.

In Fellatio she had Mr. Winter, which she enjoyed. It was nice to be able to see him again before the school week ended. She'd liked Mr. Winter a lot, even if he didn't throw up quite the same kind of sparks that Mr. Fire and Mr. Flood had, she felt like she definitely had an affinity with him. At the end of the class she hugged him, hard, and he'd chuckled as he hugged her back.

Study Hall had, for once, not been filled with people having sex. Instead everyone there was hanging out, talking about their experiences and what they were going to do with them back home. Jessica thought about her best friend Hilary, and realized how much she missed Hilary's sweetness and innocence. The things that Jessica had done at the school were probably going to blow poor Hilary's mind. Hilary and her other friends, and especially her ex Sean had seemed so far away these past two weeks, it was like living on a different planet or in a different reality. Now she was going to be going back to her old life soon. Changed on the inside, but would anything show on the outside?

She felt a little jealous of the people around her. Unlike them, the men that she wanted to attract were here at this school. For a moment she entertained a little fantasy of going home and getting together with Sean for a night, just to show him what he'd been missing out on, since he'd appreciate the difference... but her heart wasn't in it. And when they'd broken up he'd said some harsh words about her "freak" tendencies, as if wanted to be spanked a little made her unusual. After having experienced this school, Jessica knew that she wasn't unusual at all. Just different from him.

In a lot of ways she was going to be leaving here much more confident a person, in herself. And a little heartbroken too. Breaking up with Sean had sucked, especially since it had made her question her own proclivities, but she hadn't really missed him that much after he was gone. Somehow she already knew that she was going to miss Flood and Fire. Of course, maybe it was just the excitement that she'd miss, but part of her thought she'd miss their personalities too. The small glimpse that she'd gotten last weekend.

This whole week had felt a little weird, not having more time outside of class with them. As if they were holding back after the weekend. Just like her.

Charity and Paul didn't show up for lunch. Probably in one of their bedrooms getting some more time alone before they had to leave. Jessica could feel the tension winding up inside of her, and she got more and more quiet as she talked to the friends she'd made. All of them were looking forward to going home, especially Nick. And she just wanted to stay here. Although not really. Fire and Flood would be going home too. There was only one session of school a month and not all of the instructors came to each session.

So staying didn't really solve her problems either.

Yoga was a relief. Not only did she get away from everyone else, but she was actually able to relax and just get in touch with her body and inner calm. Tension flowed out of her, and she needed that right now. Of course, as soon as she left the class and headed to the Menage room, that lack of unhappy tension meant an arousing anticipation at seeing Flood and Fire started to kick in.

This was her last time with either of them, and her first time ever being double penetrated. Something she hadn't ever considered before attending this school. Something she may not have considered if they hadn't been the ones doing the demonstration at the beginning of last week that lit her imagination and body on fire. Jessica took a deep breath, brushing suddenly damp hands across the short fabric of her skirt.

It was amazing how many ways she'd opened up in the past week. It was so easy for her to forget now how

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short her skirt was, the fact that her nipples were always visible through the sheer fabric, she'd even gotten used to the way it rubbed over her nipples, teasing them. Tomorrow she'd be back in normal clothes, normal underwear, and she wouldn't be having sex.

Just that thought made her yearn for her men even more, and her steps quickened as she hurried towards the classroom, heart pounding. They had to be there of course... they wouldn't let her down. She hoped.

When she walked into the classroom, it was like they'd been waiting for her, on either side of the doorway. The second she walked in they pressed in on either side of her, their body heat surrounding her as they moved her away from the door. Mr. Fire's lips pressed down on hers as Mr. Flood guided them, and then he passed her off to Mr. Flood who kissed her deep, hard, his tongue swirling around her mouth. If she'd had a moment to think she would have felt silly for always doubting them, it was all anxiety, not real fear because deep down she could feel the connection between them.

But she didn't have a moment to think. They passed her back and forth between them, dizzying her with kisses. She felt drunk from the heady feeling of their lips, their hands, touching her, taking away her breath. Her knees trembled and they held her up between them, whichever one wasn't kissing her rubbing his hands all over her body. There was no way she could adequately respond, although she touched both of them as much as she was able, but they overwhelmed her. The desperation in their kisses matched her own.

Her nipples hardened as fingers rubbed them, squeezed her breasts, and the swollen heat between her legs started to ache. They hadn't even undressed her yet.

"Jessica," Mr. Flood said, his voice a mere murmur of desperate need for her, and she had time for a whimper before Mr. Fire's lips came down hard on hers, demanding her attention as his tongue pressed inside of her. Fingers stroked at her sides, Mr. Flood's teeth bit at her neck. Flesh swelled in his mouth as he sucked at her shoulder, and she felt each sucking motion like a pulse in her clit, as if he was tugging at the lower part of her body.

Then they started to undress her. Leather covered erections pressed into her front and back as they stood next to the mattress, rocking into her, showing her what they were going to be doing. Wetness flooded between her legs, she was so ready for them. Wanted them inside of her, front and back, to be completely filled by them. It was as if her entire time at the school was all leading up to this experience.

"So beautiful, Jessica," Mr. Fire said, his face burying itself in her breasts. She moaned as he cupped them with his hands, his teeth and lips and tongue tormenting the aching, swollen mounds, and every movement he made sent a hot flash of need to her pussy.

"Pretty, pretty Jessica," said Mr. Flood behind her, and she suddenly realized that he'd taken off his pants, as his swollen cock pressed lengthwise along her ass crack, rubbing up and down between the firm cheeks of her ass. His hands splayed across her hips, pulling her back against him and she tilted her head back and to the side so that they could kiss.

She loved hearing them say her name, as if it was something beautiful, something to be treasured.

When Mr. Flood ended the kiss she couldn't stop looking at him, drinking him in with her eyes. Trying, desperately, to picture the face behind the mask.

He smiled at her, a gorgeous smile, as if he knew that she was trying to memorize the lines of his face that she could see. "It's time Jessica, get on Fire."

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For a moment she didn't understand what he was saying, and then his hand fisted in her hair, the sensation sending a shiver through her body, as he manipulated her head down, forcing her gaze away from him and to the mattress. His fingers stroked over her mound as she looked down, her mouth suddenly going dry as Mr. Fire smiled up at her. Laying on his back on the mattress, his cock fisted in his hand, he stroked himself as he watched her and Mr. Flood, his eyes roaming her naked body. Drinking in the sight of her as much as she was of them.

Even though Mr. Flood had told her to get on top of Fire, he was still holding her pressed against him, grinding his dick into her ass, one hand rubbing her hips, the other her breast, more teasing with her fingers than anything else. Her pussy burned, feeling hot and swollen, even though neither of them had touched her there. She wanted to climb on top of Mr. Fire, but Mr. Flood was still holding her.

"You're going to straddle him and ride him hard," Mr. Flood whispered into her ear as she stared at Mr. Fire, who was masturbating his cock. The combination of Mr. Flood's words, the incredibly sexy sight of Mr. Fire, and the hands and cock on her without actually touching her where she most wanted it, made Jessica feel like her insides were burning with heat. "And then I'm going to take this sweet, beautiful ass, and we're going to fill you up like you've never been filled before."

Jessica moaned as the cock behind her rocked against her backside, her insides clenching automatically as heat and need washed over her. They were teasing her with their bodies, with their words, riling her up until she was focused on nothing but them. As if she'd needed any help with that.

Then Mr. Flood released her and she wobbled forward, his hands on her waist, guiding her movements as she put one foot on either side of Mr. Fire's body and dropped to her knees on the mattress. Running her fingers over his chest, she just enjoyed touching him for a moment, teasing his nipples to little nubs of hardness. Beneath her his cock bumped against the insides of her thighs, against the slick juices of her pussy lips and she shuddered.

Hands on her waist pushed her down and she gasped as Mr. Fire's dick spread her open, sliding into the wonderful tightness of her body. They both moaned, and his hips thrust upwards, forcing even more of him inside of her. Mr. Flood's hands were relentless with their pressure, pushing her down completely onto Mr. Fire.

Her hips started to rock as the wonderful sensation of being filled, of his hard body against hers, between her thighs, sent her spinning. Mr. Flood's hand slid up her back to the back of her neck. Then he pushed her forward, until Mr. Fire took over the pressure, bringing her down to him for a passionate kiss.

As their lips met, he nibbled on her lower lip, his tongue licking and then pushing into her mouth, swirling against hers. A finger pushed into her backside, lubing her up, staying with the rhythm of her and Mr. Fire's thrusts. Then it was gone and she shuddered, in anticipation, in excitement, in fear... knowing what was coming next.

Mr. Fire stopped moving beneath her, letting all of Jessica's focus go to the velvety head of the cock that was rubbing against her anus. The nerve endings seemed to light up as Mr. Flood teased her back door, and Jessica cried out, the sound muffled by Mr. Fire's lips. He pinched her nipple, distracting her, as Mr. Flood began to push in.

Oh god... too much... too full... Jessica twitched between them, her body clamping down as the head of Mr. Flood's cock pushed into her ass. High pitched whimpers escaped her, and Mr. Fire drank them in.

A shudder rippled through her body, almost like a small orgasm, as Mr. Flood pushed further deeper inside of

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her. The sensation of his cock rubbing against the length of Mr. Fire's, through the thin lining of her body, was exquisite. Painful. Sensational. With every inch of cock that entered her ass, Jessica convulsed, slowing the intrusion even further as her body tightened and released, massaging both of the men.

All three of them groaned when Mr. Flood's body finally came to rest against her ass cheeks, his dick fully buried in her ass.

His hips made a slow, small circle, grinding himself against her, bobbing his thick meat inside of her. Jessica cried out at the sensation, arching her back and pulling her head away from Mr. Fire's mouth as she shivered between them, her holes stretched so full to accommodate them.

"How do you feel Jessica?" asked Mr. Flood, his hands firm on her hips, holding her in place between them.

"Fuck me... oh please fuck me..."

The feeling of fullness had her almost delirious, the words dropping from her lips before she could contemplate whether or not she needed another minute to adjust. But then their hips started to move, taking turns. Mr. Fire's cock dragged out of her as Mr. Flood's pushed in, inflaming her passion. There was never a moment when she wasn't filled with cock, taking her, rocking the foundations of her body.

Her clit swelled against Mr. Fire's hard body, pressed against him by the weight of Mr. Flood, the force of Mr. Fire's cock pushing up inside of her. She pushed back against them as best she could, the overwhelming sensation of being filled slowly receding behind the overpowering need to cum.

It felt like her entire body was coming together, her pulse pounding with the rhythm of her cocks, her breathing changing to the same rhythm, as if they forced air in and out of her with their movements. Jessica cried out between them, the muscles in her body tensing.

"You may not cum," Mr. Flood growled in her ear. Jessica wanted to scream at him, but suddenly their rhythm changed. Mr. Flood paused, buried deep in her ass, and then matched his next stroke with Mr. Fire's, so that they pulled in and out of her at the same time.

Oh god... that one small change, that small difference in the rhythm, kept her from orgasming, set her on the edge and no further as her body adjusted to the new sensations. They dragged out of her, inflaming her swollen tissues with need, desperation filling her. She pushed away her orgasm, wanting to follow Mr. Flood's direction, squirming between them and screaming with passion as they pushed back in together, filling her completely. "Hold on baby, just hold on," Mr. Flood said, as they pumped their hips again, matching each other's actions.

Jessica writhed. The intense heat inside of her was becoming overwhelming, being kept just on the edge of cumming was almost painful. Her pussy contracted, her ass gripping down hard, squeezing both of them. Their answering groans only turned her on more, let her know how close they were.

Another thrust, and her nails dug into Mr. Fire's shoulders. She felt like screaming in frustration.

"Now sweetheart," Mr. Flood said, and their cocks pulled out partially and then shoved in. Mr. Flood's hands pushed down on her hips as she was impaled, forcing her onto the full measure of their dicks, taking both of them all the way to the base. Her body exploded at Mr. Flood's command, a screaming, toe-curling orgasm that encompassed her entire body, taking her frustration and neediness and exponentially exceeding it with pleasure.

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They pushed in and out of her to their own rhythms, not giving her one second of rest. Heat and pleasure sizzled over her body, even their fingers touching her skin seemed to be setting off small explosions of ecstasy as she climaxed again and again between them, their thrusts sending her rolling on waves of rapture.

Swelling inside of her at almost exactly the same time, they burst forth, one after the other, and she couldn't tell which was first, she was so lost in the maelstrom of shuddering, screaming, orgasm.

Their bodies rocked together, slowing, dragging the last quivers of pleasure from each other with increasingly gentle strokes as the two men started to soften inside of her. Jessica lay limply on top of Mr. Fire, moaning, her limbs feeling too weak to allow her to participate. She felt like a rag doll. A sexed up, satiated, completely satisfied rag doll. The shudders, the quivering, was all involuntary as little bursts of pleasure trickled over her, from the inside, from the outside... lips kissed her skin and she gasped, fingers stroked her back and sides and she moaned. Every touch was a revelation in sensation.

"Good girl," Mr. Flood said.

"Beautiful girl," Mr. Fire said, right on top of him.

Yes, no doubt who was more dominant and who was more sweet. And she loved them both. In a moment of utter clarity she knew it, recognized the swell of emotion inside of her and the repercussions of her state. Her lips tightened before she could say the words. Spill her guts out in the aftermath of blissful orgasm. Instead, she just let them turn her on her side, snuggling her between them, as the three of them shared slow caresses and drugging kisses for the rest of the class.

At the end of it they both walked her back to her room, mostly guiding her along on shaky steps.

Chapter 21: Conclusion I

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

If you get to the end and don't like it - that's okay! Just keep reading. There are three so there's more than one chance to enjoy a possible conclusion! =)

Jessica looked around her room, feeling so strange. Only one bed. Clothes in the closet. Not very many attractive clothes either, she realized. She'd always worried so much about looking slutty that none of her clothes were really sexy at all. Dumpy was the more operative word. But she'd gotten used to a short skirt with no panties under it, and a silky see through blouse. Of course she couldn't actually wear that here, but she could certainly get some clothes that would be more flattering. Sighing heavily, she unpacked the few items that she'd brought to the Venus School, putting them away her closet and the light colored wood dresser that she'd had since she was a kid.

Hearing the door to the apartment slam, Jessica grinned, knowing that her best friend and housemate Hilary was finally home. While Hilary had been able to take her to the airport on the outgoing journey, she'd been unavailable for the return trip.

"JESSICA!" Hilary's voice was a high excited shriek. "I know you're here, get out here!"

Before Hilary was even done talking, Jessica was already bursting from her room and heading down the hallway to the apartment's living room. The girls slammed into each other, in the kind of hugging, jumping, crying, shrieking embrace that only best friends can manage without toppling over or causing each other permanent injury. Seeing Hilary was the best part of Jessica's homecoming so far, after a lonely ride home in a taxi cab from the air port, the empty apartment where nothing had changed, while Jessica knew that she was a completely different person inside.

"OH, I've missed you so much!" Hilary said, squeezing Jessica tightly. The two girls clung to each other, sniffing a little as they did a clingy little happy dance of relief that they were back together. Jessica knew it had been much harder for Hilary than for herself; Hilary had probably been lonely in the apartment, where she was used to having Jessica's company, whereas Jessica had been inundated with new experiences and meeting new people, with plenty to distract her. "Tell me everything... wait, let's order some food and break out the wine and then you can tell me everything!"

Jessica had to laugh. Hilary hadn't changed at all. So the girls quickly ordered their standard Chinese dinners and brought out a cheap bottle of Riesling to share, and collapsed on the couch. Telling Hilary everything was a relief, and it also made Jessica sad as she had to admit that she'd kind of fallen for two of her Instructors. Hilary being Hilary, she thought it was wonderfully romantic. The pretty blonde loved movies where everything turned out all right in the end, and even though she hadn't managed to find that happy ending with any guy, that didn't stop her from hoping that one day Prince Charming would come along.

She firmly believed that if Jessica was meant to be with Flood or Fire that at some point in her life they would show up again. And, if not, that Jessica would find another guy who would fulfill her even more than either of them had.

"Besides," Hilary said, over her plate of steaming moo shoo pork, "you'd have to choose between the two of them if they were here, and you don't seem to know which one you like better."

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"Well that's true," said Jessica. They were so different and yet so similar... ack. Not any point in even thinking about it right now.

"So, was all the kinky stuff everything you ever imagined?" Hilary asked, with a glint of interest in her eye.

Jessica laughed. "Have you been reading more on my Kindle while I was away?"

Flipping her long blonde hair over her shoulder, Hilary pulled a mock appalled face that Jessica would accuse her of such a thing.

"I mean... it's not entirely out of the realm of possibility, I suppose," Hilary said, a little snobbishly. Both girls giggled and Jessica rolled her eyes at her friend's silliness. "I didn't think it would be something I'd be into but... I don't know. There's something exciting about the stories that you read."

Grinning Jessica winked at her friend. "It's even more exciting in person."

"Oooo, tell me, tell me."

Chewing on her sweet and sour chicken, Jessica tried to think of how to describe it. "It's like... you're totally out of control of what's going to happen, but at the same time you trust the guy to make sure that what happens is going to be good for you. And being out of control, to me, is really hot. Not knowing where he's going to touch next, what he's going to do, and being completely vulnerable, unable to stop it. He could do anything that he wants."

Hilary shivered a little. "That sounds kind of scary."

"It is, but good scary. Sexy scary. As long as you trust him. And there were other things too. I liked the spankings and the clamps... I definitely like a little bit of pain with my sex." Jessica laughed as Hilary gave a bigger shiver, more like a shudder.

"I don't think I would."

"Well, it's not for everyone," Jessica said. "There's more too it though. Like... Mr. Flood was definitely more dominant than Mr. Fire a lot of the time. Mr. Fire would be more playful, but I loved seeing Mr. Flood crack out of being dominant because it was such a surprise when he did it. And I liked the way he kind of man handled me. Mr. Fire did that too but it was... I don't know, somehow gentler. Sweeter. The two of them together were pretty incredible. And Mr. Flood was always doing things like making sure that I was taken care of, with Gatorade or having someone check in on me so I didn't miss dinner... that kind of thing."

Now Hilary looked a little wistful. "That sounds nice."

"Very nice," Jessica said, although 'nice' didn't even begin to cover how cared for it made her feel, how pampered that Mr. Flood had done those little things. Or how much fun it had been to be playful with Mr. Fire.

Studying her best friend carefully, Hilary could see how despondent Jessica was about coming back home from the school. Obviously it was because of the two instructors. Well, Hilary couldn't do anything about that, but maybe she could make the transition a little bit easier for Jessica if she distracted her.

"Want to go out dancing tomorrow night?"

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"Yeah," said Jessica, smiling. "That sounds awesome." Dancing was always such a release for her, that sounded exactly like what she needed. Plus if they were out with a bunch of incredibly good looking guys, then maybe she'd be able to forget about Fire and Flood. Or find someone even better.

Maybe Hilary's optimism was spreading.

Jessica took advantage of her Saturday to start getting her mindset back into being at home. She checked her email, her Facebook, called her parents and chatted with them for a bit, texted a few of her other friends who had only known that she'd been on vacation, and tried not to be too antsy about the lack of sex.

That afternoon she and Hilary went shopping, so that she could update her wardrobe a little. Even though she didn't have a ton of spending money, there were enough sales going on for her to get some basic pieces which would flatter her body more than the loose clothing that she had in her closet, none of which was form fitting. Mostly she got tops in different colors, good for day to evening wear so that she could get as much use out of them as possible. Eventually she'd add more 'going out' clothing, although she did pick up a dress to wear out that evening. It was a simple little black dress, but much shorter than any she'd bought before, it came down to a few inches under her ass, and the scoop neckline showed a generous amount of cleavage. Sexy, but classy.

The strangest part of being home was that it almost felt like the past two weeks hadn't happened. Settling back into her old life, her old persona was far too easy. Buying new clothes helped her keep the newer identity that she'd discovered, keeping her from becoming boring and unattractive again. She'd never felt sexier than when she was at the school, wearing clothes that were designed to show off her body. Of course she didn't want to go that far here at home, but she didn't want to go back to being the person she had been before she left either.

That night she and Hilary primed and giggled together in their shared bathroom. It was obvious that Hilary was happy that Jessica was feeling so confident and excited about going out. Normally Jessica was happy to go out, but she didn't go all out in getting herself presentable - although that had partly been because she'd had a boyfriend for almost a whole year, and so who cared what she looked like when she went out?

But now Jessica wanted to look good for herself. She had to admit that she wasn't too excited about meeting any guys while she was out, mostly she just wanted to go out with Hilary and have some fun.

They hopped on the Metro and took the fifteen minute ride from the suburbs into the nation's capital and its thriving nightlife. It was only a ten minute walk to Hilary's favorite club to go dancing at, filled with flashing lights, lots of people and a throbbing bass beat. Jessica could feel the rhythm pounding through the soles of her feet, and her hips swayed back and forth as they stood at the back of the crowd at the bar, waiting to push through.

"Hi, would you like some Jell-O shots?" said a bubbly voice to Jessica's right. There was a female server with a tray of lime green shots wobbling in their little cups. At the moment the crowd of people between Hilary and the bar was three people deep, so she tapped Hilary on the shoulder, catching her attention.

"How much?" asked Hilary, as soon as she turned. She was looking hot in a deep royal halter top and short black skirt that swayed and flowed around her nicely tanned legs. As her blonde hair swung around, the guy standing next to her glanced over and looked her up and down appreciatively.

"Three dollars."

Well it was a lot faster than getting through to the bar. Both Jessica and Hilary got two of them, quickly

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sliding their pinkies around the edges of the cup and sucking the Jell-O down.

"Whoo-hoo!" cheered Hilary as they finished the second one.

The guy that had checked her out laughed, he'd obviously been watching their enthusiastic drinking.

"What do you ladies want to drink?" he asked, leaning over so that they could hear him over the music.

Immediately Hilary smiled at him and lowered her eyelashes, looking both demure and flirtatious. Jessica envied her friend's self confidence. It had been so much easier at the school when there was no flirting necessary.

"Vodka and cranberry for me please," said Hilary.

The guy turned to Jessica, his eyes sweeping over her appreciatively as well. Unused to the attention, she flushed a little, feeling pleased that her new dress had garnered an approving reaction. The guy was tall, blonde and handsome, and obviously appreciated the charms of both of the ladies.

"Rum and Diet Coke please," said Jessica.

The two girls handed over some bills, which he passed to a guy in front of them along with their drink order.

"I'm Bryan," said the guy, turning back to them. Hilary introduced herself and Jessica, giving him a million watt smile that said he was her hero. Definitely giving him their drink order turned out to be a lot more efficient. Bryan's friend, who gave his name as Greg, passed their drinks back to them, handing another drink to Bryan and holding onto his own before the four of them managed to disengage from the crowd.

"Wow," said Jessica. "Thanks for helping us out, we'd probably end up dying of thirst if we were on our own."

"I doubt that," said Greg smoothly, giving her a wink as he sidled over to her. Also very cute, he looked to be in his late twenties with light brown hair, and he seemed to like the way she looked in her black dress. Unfortunately, despite his attractiveness, she didn't actually feel any attraction to him. Gratitude, sure. "Don't you know the bar rules? Pretty girls always get served." He winked at her.

Okay, well sometimes a spark doesn't happen right away. And Hilary was already flirting with Bryan, so she wouldn't want to ditch the guys. Jessica would try a little flirting of her own, and if nothing else then she'd play wingman for Hilary tonight. Bryan was just Hilary's type, another blonde like her, lean, cute, and very preppy looking. It wasn't Greg's fault that Jessica wanted tall and dark and wearing leathers.

"Thanks," she said to Greg, laughing. "It's nice to have handsome men taking care of us."

The gleam in his eye told her that he appreciated the compliment. The guys steered them away from the bar to where there would be less people knocking into them.

Justin had seen Jessica enter the bar, with the pretty blonde she was always hanging out with. He'd kept himself from approaching her by sheer force of will, because he and Chris had agreed that they would do it together, so that neither of them got a leg up on the other. They liked to play fair. Of course, once the two yuppies moved in on her and her friend, he immediately texted Chris to get his ass down to the club.

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The next fifteen minutes were pure torture, sitting at the bar and nursing his gin and tonic, making sure that Jessica and her friend never left his sight. There was obviously a lot of flirting going on, although he was relieved to see that Jessica's expression didn't look truly engaged. Not like when she was with him and Chris.

When preppy ran his hand down her arm, Justin bared his teeth.

Then the foursome started heading towards the dance floor and Justin followed, keeping his distance and staying in the shadows. Kind of melodramatic, but he didn't want to draw attention to himself.

Watching Jessica dance with that idiot was even worse. Not only did he not know how to dance other than to bump at her ineffectively with his hips, he was handsy. The smile on her face was starting to get stilted as she continuously maneuvered her body away from his groping fingers. For a moment she managed to get both of her hands on his, separating them a little bit, but the guy almost immediately pulled her in close to him, gyrating his hips into her body. From the way she was leaning herself away from him, she didn't appreciate it.

Justin growled under his breath and checked his watch. Where the hell was Chris so that they could end this farce?

When he looked up again Jessica's pretty face was flushed and angry, and she was pulling the guy's hand off of her breast. That did it. Justin was plowing through the crowd, as the guy tried to pull her in for a kiss and she was trying to fend him off. Her blonde friend had clued into what was happening and was moving towards them just as Justin reached the couple, pulling preppy away from Jessica and inserting his body as a barrier between them.

Jessica had never been more relieved than when Greg was pulled away from her. Obviously more than a little drunk, he'd been getting more and more handsy, and Hilary had been too involved in what looked like actual fun dancing with Bryan to notice immediately. And Jessica hadn't wanted to ruin the good connection for her friend, so she'd been trying to keep it quiet.

As she looked up at the broad shoulders in front of her, the dark wavy hair of the man who had come to her rescue, Hilary was suddenly standing at her side, babbling apologies for not noticing sooner what was happening.

"Back off," she heard her rescuer say, and Jessica froze. That silhouette... that voice... When he turned and looked down at her with those commanding dark eyes, she knew for sure.

"Flood," she whispered. Although it was far too loud for him to have heard her over the music, it was obvious that he knew what she had just said, that she recognized him.

Her entire world turned over in a series of flip flops, sizzling in her stomach. Not only did she recognize him as Mr. Flood, but she realized that he worked with her too. She'd seen him and another devastatingly handsome guy hanging out with her work crowd at happy hours before... oh my god, that must have been Fire. The first instinct was to look around for Fire, wondering if he was here too... he couldn't be far away, the two of them were such a team. Surely if Mr. Flood was here than Mr. Fire was as well.

"Justin," he said. Greg and Bryan had melted away into the crowd, unwilling to stick around when the girl's had such a muscular and intimidating protector. He smiled at Hilary. "And you are?"

"Hilary," said her friend. Jessica just stood there frozen, her eyes darting back and forth between his face and

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the crowd, still looking for fire. There!

Another tall, dark and handsome man pushed his way through the crowd, looking confused. When he reached them, his eyes were on Jessica, as Flood - Justin - leaned over and said something in his ear. The confusion was wiped away by something that looked a lot like anger, and his eyes got hot as they swept over Jessica's body and then he looked around the room. Justin glanced around too and then caught Fire's eye and shook his head.

Finally they both looked back at her.

"And what's your real name?" Jessica asked Fire.

"Chris." He nodded at Hilary. "Hi."

Chris and Justin. Fire and Flood. Here. In her town. Both of them looking incredibly good without their masks on. But seeing them had confirmed something for her. As drawn as she was to Justin's dominance, his caring for her, and his love of the outdoors, when she'd seen him, she'd instinctively started looking for Fire. That kind of said it all didn't it?

But they were friends, she didn't want to come between them.

Chris could tell the moment that Jessica began to withdraw from them. She'd lit up when she'd seen him, thrilled, and now she was pulling away, her expression becoming more cold and distant. Why? He didn't think that Justin had misjudged the situation and chased away a guy that she was actually interested in.

Seeing her here, looking gorgeously sexy in that little black dress, with her tousled curls and the glowing sweaty flush on her face... she was real. Beautiful. He wanted her. Not a big surprise.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked her.

For a moment her eyes lit up, excited, and then shuttered again as she shot a look at Justin. Did she want him? No, that was more of a wary look, as if she was afraid of... oh.

Chris reached out and pulled her into him, so that he could talk into her ear rather than shouting it out in front of her friend.

"We both want you, but it's up to you. We're friends, and nothing's going to change that, either of us is willing to bow out. We just want to make you happy."

She pulled away for a moment, looking at him for sincerity. When she glanced over at Justin, he was already dancing with Hilary. Chris smiled. Justin had always been better at reading body language than he had, he'd already known which way the wind was blowing. Glancing over at them, Justin smiled and gave an approving head nod.

Although Chris knew that Justin might be envious, he wouldn't let it come between them. That's just not who either of them were.

Jessica turned back to look up at Chris at the same time he looked down at her. She felt so right in his arms, swaying gently against him, not at all in time with the music. They were moving to their own beat.

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Even though it was insane, Jessica let Chris take her back to his house. They'd spent another hour at the bar, dancing, while Justin had watched over Hilary. She'd had a quick word with Bryan, under Justin's watchful eye, but it was obvious that Hilary's interest in him had waned after the way his friend had treated Jessica, and the fact that Bryan hadn't done anything to help stop it.

Although she'd appreciated Justin looking out for her friend, and she still found him incredibly attractive, it was Chris that she was more interested in for a relationship. Sweet, playful, artistic Chris. And apparently he was interested in her as well?

It seemed too good to be true.

"Lots of thinking going on in there," Chris said, taking her hand and pulling her from where she'd been standing by the door, into his living room. It was a nice room, cozy with a big blue couch, a wide screen television and a glass coffee table. She didn't get much of a chance to look around though, because Chris and his sexy, dark eyes were intently watching her face. "Are you second guessing? Wishing you went with Justin?"

There was no censure in his eyes, just gentle curiosity. But Jessica knew that she wanted to be here, she just wasn't sure if he really wanted her or not.

"No," she said, wondering how much of her feelings she should risk revealing. "Just um... are you sure you want to do this?"

The slow sexy smile gave her made her insides melt.

"I want you," he said, pulling her against him and pressing his erection into her stomach, making her gasp. "I wanted you before I got to know you, and I wanted you even more after getting to know you, and I hadn't thought that was possible. I had a better plan for letting you know who I was, but I'm hoping that we'll have plenty of time now to get to know each other even better. Without the student teacher relationship."

"That sounds nice," Jessica said, her mouth dry. She felt dizzy with happiness. He wasn't just talking about sex, he was talking about his feelings, about continuing to see her.

Then her happiness was wiped out into sheer lust as he leaned forward and kissed her. Their tongues danced as she melted into him. Hilary and her romantic optimism was right: if it's meant to be it will happen.

Clothing melted off of them, and she didn't get more than a couple glimpses of his apartment as he pulled her back to the bedroom, kissing her thoroughly and shedding clothes along the way. By the time they were up the stairs and in his room she was naked and her heart was pounding, her pussy so wet and ready for him.

Chris lifted her in his arms and tossed her on the bed.

"Fuck you're beautiful... I've wanted to see you here, on my bed, for so long," he said, groaning as he climbed on top of her. Jessica spread her legs for him, showing him the pink wet readiness of her pussy as her hands reached for him.

The feel of his weight on top of her, the rubbing thrust of his cock as it pushed into her... Jessica moaned as she wrapped her legs and arms around him, her entire body feeling like it was already on fire. She hadn't

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needed any foreplay, but once he was inside of her Chris slowed things down, which drove her crazy. The lazy thrusts of his hips were interspersed with teasing touches of her skin, kisses over her shoulders, brushes across her nipples.

Having the foreplay combined with the sex was... intoxicating. Thrilling. And oh so frustrating. Her hips thrust up against his, but no matter how she tried to speed the rhythm he ignored it, concentrating on building the slow heat inside of her... when she knew that if he just let loose then she'd orgasm almost instantly

"Oh Chris..." she said, almost growling as she dug her nails into his back. "Pleeeeeeaaase..."

"I like hearing you say my real name," he responded, thrusting into her with force so that she shuddered and clenched around him, her hips tilting up in excitement.

"Chris..."

Another hard thrust that left her gasping.

"Oh Chris... fuck... fuck me Chris..."

Saying his name got to him like nothing else, and suddenly he was thrusting and heaving on top of her, plowing into her as she cried out his name over and over, her legs tightening around his body as she came. He swelled up inside of her as she screamed out his name, rubbing his body hard against her and they came together, just a man and a woman, the way he had wished they could be for the past two weeks.

Groaning, he collapsed on top of her, snuggling her in close, reveling in the feeling of her pussy shivering around him. Yes, this was where he wanted to be. Always.

Click on the next chapter for the second ending!

Chapter 22: Conclusion II

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

If you get to the end and don't like it - that's okay! Just keep reading. There's one more chance to enjoy a possible conclusion! =)

"Wow," said Jessica. "Thanks for helping us out, we'd probably end up dying of thirst if we were on our own."

"I doubt that," said Greg smoothly, giving her a wink as he sidled over to her. Also very cute, he looked to be in his late twenties with light brown hair, and he seemed to like the way she looked in her black dress. Unfortunately, despite his attractiveness, she didn't actually feel any attraction to him. Gratitude, sure. "Don't you know the bar rules? Pretty girls always get served." He winked at her.

Okay, well sometimes a spark doesn't happen right away. And Hilary was already flirting with Bryan, so she wouldn't want to ditch the guys. Jessica would try a little flirting of her own, and if nothing else then she'd play wingman for Hilary tonight. Bryan was just Hilary's type, another blonde like her, lean, cute, and very preppy looking. It wasn't Greg's fault that Jessica wanted tall and dark and wearing leathers.

"Thanks," she said to Greg, laughing. "It's nice to have handsome men taking care of us."

The gleam in his eye told her that he appreciated the compliment. The guys steered them away from the bar to where there would be less people knocking into them. It didn't take long before they hit the dance floor, but by that time Jessica already knew she wasn't that interested in Greg. He was nice and cute and funny, but he just did nothing for her.

Unfortunately that didn't keep him from pressing his suit a little more than she was comfortable with on the dance floor. He had Roaming Hands Syndrome. She felt bad, but after about half an hour she couldn't put up with it anymore and had to give Hilary the look that mean "Please, get me out of here."

They took a quick trip to the bathroom where Jessica apologized, but Hilary wouldn't hear any of it.

"He's nice, but that's not really what we're out here for. You're supposed to be having a good time!"

"I was, I'm just starting to get uncomfortable."

"Then we'll go home," Hilary said, smiling. Jessica was relieved to see that there wasn't any disappointment on her friend's face, she truly wasn't that interested in Bryan. Without going to find the guys to say goodbye, the two girls dipped out and left the club.

Coming back to work on Monday was so strange, after having been gone for two weeks. It was like nothing had ever changed. Not even the office gossip. Of course, that might have been because Jessica was spending time with the same people she always spent time with. The women she and Hilary went to lunch with tended to talk about the same topics: men, diets, and the latest movies or books that they were interested in.

During the afternoon she went into the break room to get a glass of water and found, to her annoyance, that the cooler was empty and whoever had been the last person to get a glass hadn't put a new jug on. Sighing, she

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pulled the empty one off and bent down to get the new one. She hated these things, they were heavy and you had to turn them upside down and get them in the exact right spot... she struggled with the awkward piece of equipment.

"Stop. Don't move."

That voice. Yeah, she'd heard that voice saying similar things before. Tanned hands grabbed onto the jug and Jessica found herself looking up into a very familiar pair of eyes. Eyes that seemed rather shocked to be seeing her as well.

No mistaking that look.

"Justin, what are- oh."

Another familiar voice, this time from the doorway to the break room, as Mr. Flood - a.k.a. Justin - settled the jug into its spot on top of the cooler. Jessica turned, already knowing that she was going to see the unmasked Mr. Fire.

Both of them were obviously startled to see her there, too startled to cover their immediate reaction. If there had been an opportunity for them to cover up who they were, it was gone now. They glanced at each other, speaking volumes in just one look, and Jessica's eyes narrowed.

Crossing her arms, she quickly realized that just pushed her breasts up. The new shirt she was wearing showed enough cleavage that Mr. Flood, Justin, ran his eyes appreciatively over the visible creamy skin, and made Jessica's stomach sink right into her pelvis. All the blood seemed to be rushing there too.

"Uh, hi," said Mr. Fire, shifting nervously as he shot a glance at Flood. Justin just stood there impassively, looking down at her and reading every minute expression and hint of body language. Sexy, scary man.

"Justin," she said to him, keeping an iron grip on her voice so that it didn't shake. Then she turned her gaze back to Mr. Fire. "And...?"

"Chris," he said, clearing his throat. "We should, ah, go somewhere and talk."

Jessica scowled. She wasn't sure that she wanted to talk to either of them, but then Justin's hand gripped her arm and she melted a little. "Come on, we'll go to my office."

If she'd had a moment to think she might have protested, but Justin's hand on her arm was insistent, and she DID want to know what was going on. So she walked, keeping pace with him rather than letting him drag her. Damn her traitorous body for thinking it was hot that he was leading her through the building like this.

When they got to his office she recognized the division - they took care of all the social media marketing. She had never been down in this part of the offices, being the CFO's executive assistant, but she knew that's what happened over here. Justin's office door was very thick, and the sound of it shutting was both intimidating and exciting. He didn't release her arm until he had her settled in one of the chairs in front of his desk.

Surprisingly he didn't sit on the other side of the desk, instead he sat in the chair next to hers, keeping them as equals. Chris leaned against the desk beside him. Both of them were watching her so closely that it was unnerving.

"We didn't want you to find out like this," Justin said, taking control of the situation as usual. But at the same

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time his eyes were so caring, so concerned for her. It was in that moment that Jessica knew, if she had a choice, she'd choose him. Being dominated and taken care of, the way he did, it completed something inside of her.

"That's okay," she said. "I was just really startled to recognize you. Both of you." Quickly she snapped her eyes up to Chris, not wanting to leave him out of the conversation. After all, she still really liked him, but he just didn't make her insides pop and sizzle the way Justin did. Seeing them as real people, without their masks... Justin was just the type of guy that she'd been looking for. Not that it made a difference. She steeled herself for the inevitable lecture about how they would all need to maintain their professionalism. That was going to suck, but it was for the best.

"Listen, Jessica." Justin leaned forward and took her hand. As overpowering as he was, he was still such a sweetheart underneath. "Chris and I... we both like you. A lot."

Well that wasn't at all what she had been expecting. She gaped at Justin and he put his fingers under her chin, gently closing her mouth.

"We're not going to force ourselves on you, now that we're back home," he said. "But," he glanced at Chris and took a deep breath, the most vulnerable she'd ever seen him, "if you were interested in one of us, that would be... ah..."

Watching him stumble over his words was the cutest thing she'd ever seen.

"The other one won't mind?" she tried not to glance at Chris, but couldn't help it. Justin was who she wanted, even now, Chris' passiveness during this talk confirmed her decision. Out of the two of them, Justin was definitely the more dominant, and she liked that.

"No," Chris smiled at her, as if he knew what she was thinking. "The other won't mind."

"We're best friends," said Justin. "Nothing's going to change that, but either one of us would be very happy to be with you."

Jessica bit her lip, not sure if she could just say it. But then Chris laughed and clapped Justin on the shoulder. Both of them had seen the little looks she was giving them... apologetic to Chris and wanting towards Justin. There were truly no hard feelings on Chris' part, he knew that Justin cared a lot about her, and obviously she felt more compatible to him.

"Good luck you two," he said, and walked out the door.

When Jessica turned back to look at Justin he was still staring at her, almost wonderingly. A little sadly too, as if he regretted that his friend couldn't be as happy as he was. So strong. So domineering. So generously caring.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes Sir," she said, the 'Sir' coming almost automatically. The heat in Justin's eyes flared. He glanced at the clock. Eleven thirty five.

"What time do you usually take lunch?"

"Noon."

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"Would you mind taking an earlier lunch today?"

Her heart started to pound and her mouth went dry. Closing her lips, she nodded as she tried to get herself together. Mr. Flood... Justin... stood and went to the office door, locking it. Just hearing the noise made her nipples harden. He came back, looming over where she was sitting.

"I have a fantasy, involving you sweet Jessica, are you interested?"

"What is it?" Two silly questions. Of course she was interested and it didn't matter what it was, but she was still curious and wanted to know. He chuckled darkly, and the sound zipped through her. That was the laugh that he tended to use right before doing something... hot.

"I'd like to bend you over my desk and take you from behind."

Oh so hot.

"Yes please."

His hand cupped her chin and pulled her to her feet and he leaned down for a kiss, his hard body feeling so good against hers. Work sex... she didn't have an office, but if she did this was exactly the kind of fantasy she'd want to fulfill in it. Hands slid down her back and gripped her buttocks, squeezing them and making her push her body against him.

"Unbutton your blouse," he said, as he nipped her earlobe, teasing his lips along the sensitive skin of her neck. Jessica complied, and he immediately put his hands into her shirt, scooping them into her bra and pulling her breasts out. As she arched her back, letting her head fall, he lowered his lips to one hard little nipple and sucked. The sensation throbbled through her.

It only took him another moment to get her situated, blouse hanging open, hard nipples brushing against his oversized day calendar, elbows propped on the desk, with her skirt up around her hips. The fact that they were both going to be mostly clothed just turned her on even more.

"Where would you like me?" he asked, his voice a sexy murmur as he trailed a finger over her asshole and then down into her very wet pussy. Jessica hesitated for only a moment.

"My ass please," she said softly. He'd taken her anal virginity from her and she wanted him there again. It would complete something for her. Justin groaned softly behind her as she wiggled her perfect, heart-shaped butt at him, so turned on that she wanted him in her most intimate hole.

A drawer opened and closed next to her and she giggled as she realized that he kept lube at the office.

"Do this often?" she asked, looking over her shoulder at him with a raise eyebrow. His expression was stern, but there was laughter in his eyes as he slapped her right butt cheek. The heat burned through her. Two fingers probed her anus and she gasped as he pushed them inside of her, stretching the tight ring of muscle.

"Let's call it wishful thinking, except that it looks like my wish is coming true."

Oh god... he really had fantasized about having her like this one his desk. And like a boy scout, he'd made sure he was prepared just in case one day it happened.

After pumping his fingers back and forth in her a few times, Justin lined his cock up with her asshole. They

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both groaned as he began to push in. It was so tight, so hot... Jessica clenched down convulsively as he pushed deeper. The erotic burning stretch of her muscles was almost too intense to bear after several days of no activity in that area.

Bent over his desk, taking his cock up her ass... and feeling completely dominated by him. Wanted by him. This was more than just his fantasy come true, it was hers as well.

He pressed a hand between her legs, rubbing her pussy, as he shoved deep into her bowels, keeping his other hand firmly on her hips.

"Play with your nipples, pinch them hard," he ordered and she could hear the strain in his voice as he pleased himself with her body. Spreading her legs even more, Jessica bent down further, her breasts flattening against her hands which were stuck between them and the desk. She pinched her nipples, twisting them underneath her, as Justin slammed into her from behind, her ass high in the air and filled with his cock.

"Oh... Oh Justin..." she cried out, feeling her pussy start to cream. Her ass tightened down on him. "OH JUSTIN... OH FUCK...."

"That's it, cum for me," he said in a husky growl, thrusting brutally into her anal cavity, his fingers pinching her clit. Jessica covered her mouth with one hand, letting out a muffled howl as she shuddered and came, the ecstasy expanding out from her stretched asshole and rippling through her body.

Justin groaned and spurts of cum forced their way into her asshole, filling her with his seed. Her ass twitched and spasmed, sucking every drop from him.

They lay, panting, against his desk, Justin's cheek resting on Jessica's back.

"Have dinner with me tonight? The correct answer is yes."

Her anus contracted around his softening cock as she laughed softly.

"Any night and every night that you'd like," she said. Hilary had been right, the darn optimist. Sometimes dreams did come true.

Click on the next chapter for the second ending!

Chapter 23: Final Conclusion

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to any actual person is entirely coincidental. This is an erotic story and is intended to be read by adults only.

This is the last possible conclusion for this story! =)

Coming back to work on Monday was so strange, after having been gone for two weeks. It was like nothing had ever changed. Not even the office gossip. Of course, that might have been because Jessica was spending time with the same people she always spent time with. The women she and Hilary went to lunch with tended to talk about the same topics: men, diets, and the latest movies or books that they were interested in.

"Happy Hour on Wednesday? The Lounge is doing a martini night," said Mary. The Lounge was their favorite place to go for Happy Hour, especially because they had live music playing 5 out of 7 nights of the week and just enough room to dance if you really wanted to.

"That sounds like fun," said Jessica. The girls night out with Hilary on Saturday had been fun, even though they'd had to leave sooner than she might have liked after that guy Greg started getting handsy.

"I'm in!"

"Me too!"

Hilary and Olivia grinned at each other.

"I'll invite some other people around the office too, if that's okay with everyone," said Olivia. The girls nodded.

"The more the merrier," said Mary. She was a very inclusive person, one of the reasons it was so easy to hang out with her. Personally Jessica liked the big group happy hours. It was a big company which meant that there were a lot of people she'd never met before working there and it was always fun to meet new people. Especially now that she was single, feeling confident and knew what she wanted from a man. All very good things.

As soon as Justin got off the phone with Olivia he called Chris.

"Happy Hour, the Lounge, Wednesday."

Chris gave a loud whoop of excitement.

"Awesome. So, how do we want to do this?"

"Approach her together," said Justin. "See if she recognizes us. If not, we ask her to dance."

"If she does... we ask her to dance." Chris laughed.

"Exactly."

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Both of them could feel adrenaline pumping in excitement, unfortunately they couldn't use all that energy until Wednesday. This Happy Hour had to go better than the ones before. For one, they knew that Jessica was single now. For two, they both knew that she was definitely compatible with them. Approaching girls who had never played around with BDSM wasn't always a good move because it wasn't something either one of them wanted to give up entirely, and if the girl wasn't interested they had learned that they never felt completely sexually satisfied. It sucked, but was true.

With Jessica they knew exactly what they were getting. She was their dream girl... and they were each secretly hoping to be her dream guy. Or, well, not so secretly. But discreetly at least.

On Wednesday Jessica decided to wear one of her nicer new outfits to work, from the clothes she and Hilary had bought on Saturday. A form-fitting pink blouse with a few ruffles around the neckline to distract from how low-cut it was and a wide black belt that separated it from the grey pencil skirt that went down to her knees but hugged her ass and thighs in a sexy and professional way. She even dug out her two inch pumps, figuring that she'd be sitting down for most of the day anyway. Normally she didn't care that much, but since they were going out after work she might as well take advantage and do herself up a little. A pearl necklace completed the classy / sexy / innocent look that she was going for.

During the day she kept her hair up, but once she and the girls headed out to the Lounge she pulled it out of the clip and let her curls tumble around her shoulders, feeling utterly feminine and sensual. It was nice to dress up and feel good about herself.

And the men definitely noticed the difference. Not just the ones that she worked with, but other men around the bar eyed her appreciatively. Saucily tilting her head up, Jessica added a little extra bounce and sway to her walk, letting her hips roll.

"You've turned into a sex kitten," Hilary whispered to her giggling. Jessica giggled too.

"I mean, that was the idea right?"

"Just leave some men for the rest of us," Hilary said.

Jessica rolled her eyes. "I don't think that will be a problem. You look fantastic, as always."

"Maybe," said Hilary, modestly. "But I've been trying to catch the eye of those two guys from marketing and both of them are too busy checking you out to even notice."

In the way that girls do, Hilary surreptitiously tilted her head as she lifted her martini glass, and rolled her eyes towards the guys she was talking about, pretending to be moving her head to take a drink. Jessica laughed, as if Hilary had said something funny, and then turned, letting her eyes roam across the entire room, without stopping. Although it was hard not to stop. The two guys that Hilary had pointed out were indeed checking her out, and they were very, very hot. Both tall with dark hair, they'd shucked off their work jackets in favor of the white button down shirts they were wearing.

Out of all the men that she'd just seen with her little room scan, they were definitely the two that she was the most attracted to. Maybe because being tall dark and handsome - and two of them - they reminded her a little bit of Flood and Fire. Then again, any tall man with dark hair reminded her of them. She'd been seeing phantom instructors every time she went out. Still, they were very cute.

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"Maybe we should go talk to them," Jessica said. "I'll take the one on the right, you take the one on the left."

Hilary laughed. "Wow, that school really changed your confidence level!"

"It changed my level for so many things," Jessica responded, teasing.

"Maybe I'll go sometime," Hilary said a little wistfully. "Would you go with me if I did?"

Jessica hesitated. This was something she herself had been pondering. Go to the school and risk seeing Flood and Fire again, risk getting in deeper emotionally? Would it be better or worse if they weren't there? "I'd have to think about it. Maybe."

"Ah, the Instructors?" Hilary asked, her face lighting up like a little idea light bulb had just gone off over her head.

"Yeah, I just don't know what would be worse, having to face them and leave again, or not seeing them at all." Jessica took a long pull of her very dry martini.

Hilary made a sympathetic noise and then changed the subject, not liking seeing her friend so sad. Especially when she was supposed to be coming out to forget. She knew that she wasn't going to go to the school without Jessica though. Unlike her friend, Hilary wasn't that brave. Although she'd been intrigued by Jessica's e-books and the descriptions that Jessica had given her of the school, she'd settle for a nice vanilla man without the exploration. Unless Jessica wanted to come along and hold her hand a little. Then she'd go. But not before.

When Hilary trotted off to the bar to order another drink, Jessica was left alone for a moment. Sighing she wondered whether or not she should just leave. It was just too hard to be out and seeing men without comparing them to her instructors for last week.

"Hello," said a deep voice to her side. Jessica looked up, startled, into a pair of warm brown eyes. It was the two guys that had reminded her the most of Flood and Fire. Up close they were even more good looking, and she felt the first stirrings of interest in her body. Well that was new and welcome. Definitely the first time it had happened since she got home. Was it pure serendipity that there were two guys who resembled the instructors that she'd fallen for at her firm? Hilary would call it a sign.

"Hi," she said, smiling up at them. What a difference the Venus School had made; a month ago she would've ducked and run, way too shy to even respond to them. In fact, she was pretty sure that she recognized these guys, and that she had done exactly that the last time they'd tried to talk to her. That was pretty much her standard response to any guy that she thought was out of her league. It was too scary to talk to them and not worth the effort of trying to get over that. Now, even knowing they were out of her league, she found that she wasn't scared. Deep down she now knew that she was sexy, she knew what she wanted from men and just because they were gorgeous it wasn't going to send her running for the hills. "I'm Jessica."

"Justin," said the one who had said hello to her.

"Chris," said the other one, sidling around him so that they were standing side by side.

Wow, another Doublemint duo. They looked similar, although they had different noses, Justin had higher cheekbones and Chris' eyebrows were more arched than Justin's. Very cute, both of them. Sexy too. Okay, it might be worth sticking around if gorgeous men were going to come talk to her. She wondered why they hadn't come over before; normally two guys wanted to find two girls to talk to and Hilary still hadn't returned from the bar.

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"Nice to meet you," she said.

"We snuck up on you this time," Chris said, grinning at her playfully. "Didn't want you to run again when you saw us coming."

Justin smiled, but gave Chris a warning look. That was another difference between them, Chris was obviously more playful and flirtatious whereas Justin had that dominant, "I'm going to smile at you and you're going to melt" thing going on. A thought tugged at Jessica but she dismissed it as too silly for words.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Hilary, obviously abandoning her to the two men, as she walked over and joined another group of their co-workers who were chatting again. Traitor. But her best friend didn't look at her, so Jessica didn't have the opportunity to glare. Heat pooled in her stomach as she looked back at the men and realized that she was the focus of two very intense gazes. They looked like they wanted to eat her up. Or was she just imagining it because they reminded her so much of two other men?

Feeling overheated Jessica decided that it was time to retreat, even if they made fun of her.

"Well, I hate to tell you, but I think I'm going to be running again actually," she said with a smile to take away the sting of her words. "I was only here for a quick drink."

Justin frowned, his eyes going to the empty martini glass in her hand. "How many of those have you had?"

"Just two."

"You just finished that one. You can leave in thirty minutes, after you have a glass of water."

He said it so simply, so matter of fact, that Jessica actually nodded before she caught herself. Then she gasped at his audacity and her response to it. Indignation flashed in her eyes. How dare he treat her like a child? They didn't even know each other.

"I'm fine," she snapped.

"Come on, let's go dance," said Chris, moving to her side and tugging at her arm. Justin nodded at her, approving this activity. Between the two of them they had her completely mentally off balance, Chris distracting her from Justin's demand, Justin distracting her from Chris' manhandling. She felt like she was being swept up like a tiny shell in an ocean wave, and she had no idea when she was going to come crashing down onto the sand.

Less than two minutes after Chris had her out on the dance floor, his body moving so close to hers but without rubbing against her in a lewd way, Justin had joined them and he had a glass of water for her. Jessica glared at him but took the glass of water. Whatever. She was thirsty and it wasn't a bad idea. After about half a glass she was debating trying to retreat, but Justin put his hands on her hips from behind, holding her in place between him and Chris. Unfortunately her body responded with absolute delight, being sandwiched between the two of them, attuned to her need for sex, her desire to be between two men.

"Drink the whole thing," he growled into her ear, and heat shivered through her. She had the straw in her mouth before she had time to think about it. Dammit. Apparently going to the school had also brought out her submissive tendencies completely, whether she was having sex or not.

She was about to pull the straw away from her mouth when Chris put his fingers under her chin, holding it in

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place. His eyes were smoldering with sex and lust.

"Suck," he said. Jessica automatically sucked in a mouthful of water. And then sputtered as she tried to breathe it in instead of swallowing.

Behind her, Justin laughed, wrapping his arms around her as she coughed. Ugh. How unsexy.

"Sorry sweetheart," Chris said, his eyes dancing. "I thought you'd know to swallow."

Jessica glared at him, about to take him apart for inappropriate sexual innuendo to a co-worker, when Justin's fingers stroked the sides of her hips. She had a sudden in drawn breathe down her burning throat as heat flashed through her. There was an answering flame in Chris' eyes, pinning her back against Justin. Whom she suddenly realized had a throbbing erection, pressing against her ass. Part of her wanted to move away... the other part of her wanted to grind back into him.

Her body was primed for sex. She'd gone from having multiple orgasms a day and amazing sexual experiences for two weeks straight, to nothing for the past 5 days. Now she was in a fantasy situation, with two men, who were both acting interested in her, and had her caught between them. The situation was so similar to her experience at the Venus School that her mind finally, reluctantly, caught up with what her body had been trying to tell her from the very beginning.

"You... it can't be... You're..." She floundered for words, too afraid to actually say them. Chris moved forward, trapping her between them, and she could feel her heart beating rapid-fire in her chest, her eyes were opened to their biggest as he loomed over her. The sexual response was immediate, and she tightened her thighs together as her pussy flooded. He glanced up and over her shoulder with amused and wary eyes.

"I think she's figured it out," he said. Jessica gasped. It was true.

Before she could react Justin was already moving, his fingers wrapped around her arm in a firm grip and pulling her toward the exit. "Let's go somewhere else."

Chris played rear guard. No one noticed that they were leaving.

It turned out Justin lived a short walk from the bar, in small brick house with beige shutters. Very manly. Very appropriate. Very confusing. Jessica felt numb, chaotic. As they'd walked she'd texted Hilary and told her that she had left, apologized for not saying goodbye and that she'd text her later. The answering text has been scolding but not upset. The two men had carried on a conversation, leaving spaces for her to join in, but not pressuring her to. Mostly about everything that they'd missed at work while being away for the past two weeks. She felt grateful, as it gave her time to get herself together.

Once they were in Justin's house he got her a glass of wine. White. The kind of drink she usually had at Happy Hour, at least when it wasn't martini night. Jessica stared at it blankly for a moment and then downed it in one gulp, which got her a glare from the man holding the bottle.

"Drink this one more slowly," he ordered.

"And if I don't?" she asked snarkily.

"Then I'll take you over my lap and spank you."

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His tone brooked no room for argument and Jessica gasped at the liquid rush of lust that flowed through her. Chris' hands rubbed her shoulders from behind, guiding her towards one of the stools sitting in front of the kitchen island.

"Sit down, little one," he said. "And do what Justin says, he's feeling testy today."

Once they got her situated, the two of them moved to the other side of the island. In some ways it gave her some more space and that should have made her feel more relaxed, but it also meant that they were both looking at her again, pinning her in place with their eyes. There was no way to escape looking at them without being obvious about it. Jessica stared at her glass of wine.

"You must have questions," Justin said, and Jessica looked up, surprised. He smiled gently at her. Ah yes, Mr. Flood. All dominance and hard edged steel, until you got to the gentle caretaker underneath. "Go ahead and ask."

Of course, now that he'd opened the door, her mind was like a blank slate.

"Okay, I'll start," he said, glancing at Chris. "We've both had our eye on you for awhile."

"But you always ran when we tried to get close," Chris interrupted, winking at her. "It was enough to make a man feel intimidating." Jessica managed a weak smile. Intimidating didn't begin to cover it, but Chris' playfulness helped her to relax and feel more comfortable. Just like Mr. Fire's had. Yeah, they were still the same people that she'd spent the last two weeks with.

"When Olivia mentioned that you were going to the Venus School, well... we hadn't had a stint of Instructing for awhile and we decided to return."

"You were there because of me?" Surprise overrode her natural inhibitions, and the alcohol was probably helping too. She was honestly startled though, she'd just thought it had been some kind of crazy coincidence and they'd happened to recognize her in the bar. Hearing that they had gone there for her made her feel warm... and then angry. "So you knew who I was the entire time?"

"There's our little firebrand," said Chris, grinning at her. "I knew we couldn't keep you down for long."

"Yes, we knew," Justin said calmly, his eye catching hers like a spear. She quivered. "School policy maintains that we can't talk about that kind of thing while we're there though. And we weren't even sure if you'd like either of us."

"We were hoping to get to know you better. Find out if you were the kind of girl that would, ah, enjoy being with one of us."

They glanced at each other again, looking surprisingly off balance and vulnerable. Like they still weren't entirely sure.

"I enjoyed being with both of you," she said, fueled by the alcohol, and the tenderness that she felt seeing that they weren't as cocksure and confident as they'd been acting. The immediate beaming smiles that she got from both of them warmed her insides. She toyed with her wine glass, sliding it back and forth between her fingers on the island top. "So... what now?"

"Well, now we were hoping that you might have some mercy on us and let one of us take you out on a date,"

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Chris said. Justin nodded. They both looked incredibly tense. Jessica felt her heart sink. Choose between them? How was she supposed to do that? Somehow they'd gotten mixed up together in her head. She liked the balance that they provided each other, the different aspects of their personalities that complemented the other's.

Taking a big enough swallow of wine that Justin's eyes narrowed at her, Jessica gathered her courage.

"I... enjoyed being with both of you," she said again. And then stopped, looking up at them with a pleading expression. Trying to say out loud what she wanted was just too hard. Too risky. Would either of them even want to be with a girl who wanted something as perverse as she did?

They both stared at her.

"Both of us?" Justin echoed. He looked at Chris. Chris looked back at him. Jessica's shoulders tensed, unable to interpret the expressions on their faces. "Huh. I hadn't realized that might happen, although I should have."

Chris grinned at him. "Me either. I can't say I'm entirely sorry though."

"No, not sorry at all," Justin said before looking back at her. Now both of them were looking at her in a way that made her insides melt into a gooey mush of organs. They weren't going to run screaming?

"Really?" she asked, unable to bear the suspense. "You don't think I'm a freak?"

They both laughed.

"Not at all," Justin said, and they both started coming around to her from different sides of the island. Jessica spun around on her stool so that she was facing away from the island, leaving her glass of wine there. "I think you just made both of us very happy. No matter which one of us you chose, the loser would have been sad to lose you and the winner would have been sad for his friend."

"I don't mind sharing at all," Chris said. "We've shared women before. Never a woman that meant anything to us but I'm willing to give it a try if you are."

Justin nodded. They were both now standing in front of her, one on either side, looking down at her as she sat on the stool. Who could believe it... Hilary had been right all along. Sometimes a girl really did get her fairy tale ending, even if it was a particularly kinky fairy tale.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, please."

That was all they needed. As they moved in on her Jessica closed her eyes and she couldn't for the life of her tell which of them kissed her first. It didn't matter. She wanted them. Both of them. Hands were on her and she had one hand on each of their shoulders, keeping her upright on the stool. The lips kissing her took control of her mouth forcefully, commanding as his tongue delved into her, claiming her. Then she was passed off to another kiss, just as demanding, just as dominant. God, could she really keep up with both of them?

They were going to find out.

One of them scooped her up in his arms and Jessica wriggled, finally opening her eyes. Justin, of course. She peeked over his shoulder to where Chris was following, grinning ecstatically at her, looking like all his dreams had come true. She glanced at Justin and caught him looking down at her with a tender expression on his face as she had been looking at Chris. They really did care about her, and just as much about each other.

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Neither of them showed any jealousy, not that Justin was carrying her or that she'd been watching Chris as another man held her. Hope rose in her chest. They could make this work, they really could.

As soon as Justin tossed her on the bed clothes were flying off of her, leaving her naked for them.

"Well this isn't fair," she said, wrinkling her nose in a teasing manner.

"On your knees little one," Justin said, ignoring her half-hearted protested. "Present yourself to us."

Desire quivered inside of her as she got on her knees. That's why they were still clothed. Establishing dominance from the very beginning. Oh goodness... they were both going to dominate her. At the same time. Justin's intensity, Chris' playfulness mixing together as they used her for their pleasure. It was the sexiest, most insane fantasy she'd ever had, and it was happening. Although everything had been focused on her during the MÃ©nage class, she was already realizing that it was very different from being dominated by both of them at the same time.

Once she was on her knees, hands behind her back with her breasts thrust out, glistening pussy open for them to see, they both crawled onto the bed with her. Jessica whimpered, wanting to be able to touch them. Grabbing a handful of curls at the nape of her neck, Justin tilted her head back. He could see her pulse beating in her throat as her heart rate sped up in excitement.

"Don't move," he ordered, and then he claimed her mouth. It was too intense to be described as a kiss. He took her with his lips, owned her, mastered her. Jessica made soft begging sounds in her throat, her fingers tightening around her wrist behind her as Justin used one hand to toy with her breast while Chris' hands slid down the front and back of her body. Her clit throbbed as his finger brushed by it. Dipping the digit into her juices, he swirled her soft folds, soaking his finger in wetness, which he then rubbed across her clit, lubricating the little nub and making it stand even further at attention.

When her hips moved his hand came down hard on her ass, sending a jolt of hot desire flooding through her loins as the sharp sting jolted her.

"Don't move," Chris said, repeating Justin's previous order.

Oh, but it was so hard not to! They were toying with her body, teasing and tantalizing her nerve endings. Two fingers plunged into her body and she moaned enthusiastically into Justin's mouth as Chris began to finger fuck her. The hand on her hair tightened, making her scalp tingle, and a sharp pinch on her nipple made her insides clench around the thrusting digits in her pussy.

"Mmm, she's hot for it," Chris said.

Justin ended the kiss and looked up as Chris pulled his fingers from Jessica's body, coated in her juices. When Justin opened his mouth, Chris inserted his fingers, letting his friend suck her sweet nectar from his hand, and Jessica gasped at the sight. The guys grinned at each other, pleased that they were still able to shock her. They didn't have any sexual interest in each other, but they'd had enough contact during the times that they'd shared a woman that they were extremely comfortable with each other. And it never failed to arouse a woman than to see the two of them interact in some unexpected way.

"Very sweet," said Justin, and then he turned to kiss her again, letting her taste herself on his tongue, before sliding away again. He gave Chris a quick nod, handing over the proverbial control.

"Lie back little on," Chris said as Justin got off the bed. "Stretch your arms out above her head and grab onto

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the bars on the headboard." He loved Justin's bed, it was made for situations just like this. They wouldn't secure her with restraints tonight though, they were going to want to move her around too much and they were going to be too impatient to deal with cuffs or rope. Grabbing Jessica's ankles he pulled her body down so that she was completely stretched out. Then he spread her legs wide, and she whimpered as her pussy was exposed to him, feeling incredibly vulnerable. This was so different than being in a classroom where there were other people around. This was real. "Beautiful."

Moaning, Jessica arched her back, her muscles straining as Chris kept her in place.

"Don't move sweet heart. Now I want you to watch Justin, and whatever you do don't let go of the headboard."

This was worse than bondage. At least with bondage she could have fought the restraints, tugged on them. Now it was up to her own willpower and her desire to follow their orders to keep her in position. Jessica whimpered as Chris' mouth kissed the inside of her knee, just as Justin began unbuttoning his shirt. It was sheer torture. Chris slowly moving up her thighs with his mouth, teasing her body, as Justin did a slow strip tease for her, and she couldn't reach out and touch either of them. Visually stimulating, physically sensual, and a complete mind fuck.

She had been right. The two of them together were absolutely overwhelming.

A tongue slid between her heated pussy lips as Justin's pants dropped. Her hips thrust up and she whimpered. Immediately Chris' hands pressed down on her body, right over her hip bones, keeping her legs from being able to close and also holding her down so that she couldn't move. All she could do was take what he was giving to her... slow sensual lapping at her pussy, teasing her, swiping up her slit and avoiding the one spot that she wanted him so badly to hit. She wriggled with denied passion as he held her in place, her fingers feeling like they were going to go right through the iron if she gripped any harder.

Then Justin rolled down his underwear, revealing the thick erection between his legs. Jessica moaned. She wanted it. Inside of her. She didn't care where. Keeping eye contact with her as Chris's tongue slide up and down her pussy, Justin deliberately gripped the heavy shaft and stroked himself. The moaning sound that Jessica made could only be described as guttural.

"Please," she begged. "Please..."

"Please what?" Justin asked, moving closer. Her eyes were locked onto his dick, she licked her lips as she saw the pearly drop of fluid at the tip.

"Please, fuck me," she said in a hoarse whisper.

Justin smiled at her. "Not yet."

She groaned. Damn them, rat fink bastards!

"Stay still," Justin ordered as Chris got up from between her legs. They traded places. "Watch Chris now sweetheart."

If they kept tormenting her like this she was going to go insane. Unlike Chris, Justin didn't hold her down. Instead he put each of her legs over his shoulders, opening her pussy to him... and also her anus. As his tongue pressed against the little bundle of nerves Jessica gasped. The visual stimulation of watching her second strip tease, of the other man that she loved - yes, loved, she wasn't going to deny her feelings for them anymore, not to herself at least - while her other lover tongued her ass was incredibly intense.

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Muscular chest, thin line of hair down to his stomach. A finger, lubricated with her juices, pressed into her ass and Justin's tongue swirled around her pussy lips as Chris unbuckled his belt and Jessica writhed. They were too much for her, and yet she couldn't even contemplate the idea of leaving. No, no, no, she would stay here and take whatever they would give her, which would probably be screaming orgasms until she passed out. Her body was thrumming with anticipation, the sensual tension that they were building inside of her was becoming unbearable. Chris pulled off his pants and boxers and Jessica's eyes flashed.

"Fuck me, please fuck me," she begged.

"Mmmm, you beg so nicely," Chris said, walking over. Kneeling beside her on the bed she felt completely helpless as he examined her entire body and the head bobbing between her thighs. Justin's oral assault was highly skilled, the finger in her ass stretching her, teasing her, and not allowing her to cum. Then, when Chris reached down and began tugging on her nipples, Justin finally moved his mouth to the only neglected part of her pussy - her clit.

Jessica howled with orgasm as the tight pinch on her nipples, the suction of her clit and the finger in her ass sent her careening over the edge of passion, pleasure rippling through her. So much stimulation, more than she'd ever thought possible, because it was two men who were pleasuring her. Two fingers delved into her pussy, below Justin's mouth, and Chris lowered his lips to hers, swallowing her renewed screams as the pads of Justin's fingers rubbed over her g-spot and sent her on another wave of clenching, shuddering ecstasy.

She moaned softly as they released her and Justin let her legs fall to the bed. The satiated feeling in her belly allowed her to release the hard grip she had on the headboard. Justin chuckled softly as he looked her over.

"Give me your hands, sweetheart," he said. God, how could they be so controlled when she had just been so wild? As she released her grip on the bed, wincing a little, she gave her cramped fingers into Justin's care. Chris slid behind her lifting her up so that he could settle himself behind her as Justin kissed her hands and massaged them. The flare of lust she saw in Justin's eyes made her realize that of course they were feeling just as wild as she was, but they had to remain in control of themselves otherwise they might just fuck her into the ground immediately. It was a kind of thoughtfulness and caring that a lot of men didn't have, and Jessica truly appreciated it.

Chris cupped her breasts and began to play with them from behind as Justin massaged the cramps out of her fingers. She moaned as new feelings of arousal stirred through her, re-igniting the heat between her legs. They were so damn good at that. The amount of desire that the roused in her made her feel wanton. Like the sex kitten that Hilary had accused her of being.

Spreading her legs a little more, she looked up at Justin through lowered lashes, flirtatiously inviting. He burst out laughing.

"I think she's had enough pampering," he said, grinning down at her. She loved being able to make him laugh, to break that exterior of control. Almost as soon as she had that thought the laughter was gone again, although it still lurked in his eyes. But he was getting back down to business. "Turn over little one, I want to see you suck on Chris' cock."

"Yes Sir," Jessica said, and she had the joy of seeing his cock jerk in response. Making her movements as sultry as possible, she slowly turned over, lifting her ass in the air and wiggling her hips invitingly as she settled onto her knees between Chris' legs, settling her hands down onto his thighs. Chris moaned, watching her movements with avid interest. With surefire female instinct she knew that Justin was doing the same behind her, and she deliberately arched her back as she leaned over, thrusting the creamy swells of her ass into

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the air.

"Little tease," she heard him say behind her, his voice husky with desire. Lowering her lips to Chris' dick, she let her tongue slip out and tease his head. He groaned and thrust his hips upwards, but she moved her mouth away, sliding her tongue down the side of his shaft as it thrust past her. Little tease indeed, she'd show them.

But that's not how they played and truthfully she didn't really want them to. Chris grasped her hair in his hand and maneuvered her head around until his cock was pointing straight up at her lips. The manhandling just turned her on even more, and she spread her legs wider as she bent her head to her task, hoping that Justin would have pity on her. The head of his cock rubbed against her sensitive pussy as she began to bob her head up and down on Chris, the musky smell of his body filling her nose as she sucked hard on the thick meat, rubbing her tongue over all the sensitive spots she'd found on him during classes. His grip on her hair sent waves of lust surging through her as he took even this little bit of control away from her, moving her head up and down on him. As his cock hit the back of her throat, she swallowed, feeling him ease past her gag reflex. A shudder went through her as she managed to stuff most of him in her mouth. There was something intensely satisfying about the feel of having him between her lips.

The soft moaning noises he was making was music to her ears, and almost distracting enough for her to forget what was going on behind her... at least until Justin started thrusting forward. Her body opened for him, stretching around the thick cock that was pushing inside of her, and she cried out around Chris' dick. All of them moaned and grunted together, feeding on each other's pleasure.

"Fuck that's beautiful," said Chris, and she glanced up at him to see him staring down at her. Their eyes met, her mouth filled with him, intensifying the experience as Justin began to rock back and forth behind her. She shuddered as Justin began to pull out of her, trying to follow him with her body, but his hands on her hips and Chris' hand in her hair kept her in place.

Reaching underneath her with his free hand, Chris grasped her breast, giving him hold over another part of her body. Even now they kept her restrained, right where they wanted her, giving her everything they wanted and making her take it. And she loved it. Her body shuddered between them as Justin began fucking her from behind, filling her over and over again with his thickness. She made whimpering noises around Chris' dick, making him moan as the vibrations from her throat traveled over his hard length.

"Hand me the lube," Justin said, and the command made Jessica's body clench again. The eager noises she was making her muffled but unmistakable and the men grinned at each other as Chris released her breast and reached over to Justin's side table, grabbing the lube that he'd sent out there.

Justin held himself still inside of her as he coated two of his fingers with lube and Jessica wiggled her hips eagerly, earning herself another hard smack on the ass. It only made her want them more.

"Fuck baby," Chris said, his body quivering underneath hers as she went into suction overload in reaction to the two fingers pushing their way into her anus. She was already so full of Justin's cock, and she was hoping, praying, that they would sandwich her again. That she would be able to feel both of them inside of her, rubbing against each other, filling her with everything they had. Was Justin preparing her for that, right now? Her insides convulsed around him. The eagerness to be filled by them translated itself into one of the most enthusiastic blow jobs she'd ever given, her needy mouth making hard hungry slurps as if she could drink all of her desires and fantasies straight from Chris' body. "SHIT!"

The hand on her hair pulled her head back up and she whimpered with disappointment at the loss of his cock in her mouth.

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"Everything okay?" asked Justin, slowing his thrusts from behind her. Chris grinned at him.

"More than okay, but I think she's ready for the next part."

"Please, please, please," said Jessica. Her eyes were glassy with lust, her hair tousled and lips swollen from kissing and sucking. Chris had never see anything so beautiful. Carefully he slid down underneath her as Justin pulled out of her pussy.

"Come here baby," Chris said, grasping her hips in his hands and arranging her above him. Immediately Jessica sank down, right on top of him, her needy pussy grinding against his body. The fast thrust had taken his breath away and he groaned. The thirty seconds between being in her mouth and being in her pussy had barely been enough. "Hold still sweetheart, let Justin get into position."

Which would also give him enough time to recover.

With his cock liberally coated in Jessica's pussy juices, and the lube from his fingers in her ass, Justin decided that she was prepared enough. The sight of Chris' dick filling her pretty pink pussy was enough to make him want to cum just from looking at it, but he knew that's not what he really wanted. Pressing Jessica forward, he admired her curves of her body, the sight of a cock already filling her, and the shining tight ring of her anus, all slick and ready for him. The head of his cock looked tiny against her little hole and as he pressed inside he could feel the intense heat of her body surrounding him. It took a little bit of work and force to get his head past the muscular ring, she was practically pulsing around him as he pushed.

Mewling, Jessica shoved her hips back, giving small cries of pained pleasure as Justin's cock was forced into her tighter hole, sliding along side of Chris'. Once he was able to breach the opening, he shoved in hard, filling her completely. Her back arched and she yelped as he slid home, her body quivering with the aching stretch of accommodating two cocks at once.

"Ooooooh yes," she said, all of her muscles tightening around them. She was already on the verge of another orgasm, just from having them inside of her like this. "Please, fuck me, fuck me... please..."

"Our names," Justin whispered in her ear as they held themselves inside of her, keeping her wedged and still between them. Chris pinched her nipples hard and she spasmed, clamping down on them. "Say our names."

"Justin please... Oh fuck... Chris... please, fuck me." As she said each of their names, they started to move, alternating rhythms. Justin pushed into her ass as Chris' cock dragged out of her pussy, then as Chris shoved upwards into her pussy Justin's cock pulled out of her ass. Caught between them Jessica could do nothing but accept their pleasure, her body rocking but unable to accommodate both rhythms at once. She writhed and panted, her high pitched gasps and begging turning all three of them on more.

When she came she screamed, alternating their names as she bucked and heaved, her clit pressed hard against Chris' pubic bone, her tight holes clenching and releasing, trying to hold them inside of her.

"That's it baby, ride it out," Justin said, reaching his hands between them and sliding it down her stomach. Chris pinched her nipples again, just as Justin's fingers rubbed over her mound.

"Oh no... please... I can't..." Jessica begged, twisting between them. The overwhelming passion had flooded her system and she was sure that if she orgasmed again then her heart would stop, she couldn't take it.

"Cum for us baby," Justin growled, his fingers pinching her swollen clit.

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She howled.

"OH FUCK! JUSTIN!... oh oh OH CHRIS! Oh please... fuck... PLEASE... JUSTIN... CHRIS!"

Her clenching holes finally got the best of both of them and they shoved into her, spurting almost in unison. Jessica screamed, a high keening noise, as she was forced into an intensely powerful orgasm, her toes curling as she thrashed between them, all of her muscles spasming. The pressure against her clit was relentless, she was so full, and they were pulsing inside of her... rocking her... FUCK!

Tears trickled down her cheeks as she collapsed between them, her body making small movements as they filled her with their cum, every nerve ending alive and tingling with blissful satisfaction.

"Oh," she said again softly, under her breath, her cheek resting against Chris' heaving chest. The men's arms around her felt so wonderfully right. In this moment she sincerely thought her heart might burst with emotion.

Movement behind her, and with reluctance she felt Justin slip from her anus. She shuddered at the sense of loss as well as the sensitivity of that whole area. Once Justin was out, Chris shifted her over, which meant that he was no longer inside of her either, but at least she was cuddled between them. Now her back was pressed against Chris and Justin leaned forward to kiss her again.

"Can we talk you into staying the night?" Chris asked.

Before Jessica could answer Justin growled at him. "Of course she's staying the night."

She giggled. "Are you going to tie me down if I say no?"

"Yes," Justin said, completely unrepentant.

It was too easy to be there, cuddling with them, feeling as if she didn't have a care in the world. But what would tomorrow be like?

"Guys," she said, and then hesitated. "Look, I really care a lot about you both, but are we seriously going to do this? How does this work?"

Both of them kissed her at once, Justin on the lips and Chris on the back of her neck. Wonderful. They were wonderful.

"We'll make it up as we go along," said Chris. "That's what most people in relationships do."

"We love you Jessica," agreed Justin. "We'll make it work."

Jessica gaped at him and he smiled at her as Chris laughed.

"We love you Jessica," Chris repeated, caressing her hip.

"Oh..." she said, tears sparking in her eyes. "I love you too."

And the three of them moved together, holding each other so close that she could no longer tell where one of them began or any of them ended. Together. They'd figure it out.

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