

Thursday afternoon:

The school hallway was buzzing with the voices of several hundred students changing classes as Betty Lou Turner opened her locker to put away her books. The five foot two inch very pretty blue-eyed teenager with shimmering waist length blonde hair was nervous. After much soul searching, and some persuasion by some friends, she had decided to try out for the high school cheerleader squad. Being a deeply religious young girl who always dressed very conservatively, Betty Lou had been reluctant to wear such short skirts in front of every one. That, plus the fact that it would be impossible to find a sports bra capable of completely controlling her overly large thirty-six D-cup breasts as the cheerleaders jumped up and down while leading the enthusiastic fans in cheers. It was ultimately the encouragement of Becky Hamilton, the team captain, and Mrs. Jill Fuller, the cheerleader coach, which swayed Betty Lou's decision to apply.

Betty Lou's friends wished her luck as she went to Mrs. Fuller's office to find out if her cheerleader application had been approved. She felt butterflies in her stomach as she timidly knocked on the office door with so many pictures of cheerleaders taped to it. Betty Lou twisted the doorknob and went inside when she heard Mrs. Fuller's voice telling whomever was knocking to enter. Jill Fuller, an attractive five foot eight inch married thirty year old short haired blonde with three children, served as high school cheerleader coach and part time guidance counselor. There had been strange rumors about her and a couple of male students, just like there were some wild rumors about the entire cheerleading squad, but, Betty Lou chalked them up to jealous lies perpetrated by girls who were not accepted on the squad.

"Good afternoon, Betty Lou. Won't you please have a chair? Becky will be joining us in a moment." Betty Lou nervously sat on the edge of a seat as she awaited the decision. She had been afraid that cheerleading activities would interfere with her Bible studies, but when Mrs. Fuller told her that she would set an example for all girls to follow, she had applied for membership on the team. Then, after practicing cheers with Becky for almost a month, Betty Lou found herself enjoying the physical activity and the close companionship that formed between the two teenage girls. The tryouts were held in the gym the day before and Betty Lou, like the other four candidates, wore the required shorts and a tank top as they cheered their hearts out. The too tight top and shorts that Becky supplied her accentuated Betty Lou's hourglass figure. As she had jumped up and down, even her sports minimizer brassiere had difficulty keeping her large breasts from bouncing. It had been embarrassing for Betty Lou when the students applauded louder for her than any other cheerleader candidate.

Becky entered Mrs. Fuller's office without knocking. She smiled and winked at her friend. Her curly chestnut brown hair hung half way down her shapely back and she was dressed in her cheerleader tight tank top and short skirt as she sat in a chair next to Betty Lou. Mrs. Fuller announced, "Betty Lou, the committee voted to accept you as a member of the high school cheerleading squad. Congratulations!" Becky hugged the excited blonde as Jill Fuller walked around her desk to also hug the voluptuous figured

teenage girl. Betty Lou was too excited to notice that the older woman's embrace was just a little too close and lasted a moment too long as their breasts were pressed together and a long leg slipped between her own to apply a momentary gentle pressure to her pubic mound. Mrs. Fuller added, "Becky has your uniform in a new carry bag with your name monogrammed on it. You can try it on here and, if you wish, wear it home."

Betty Lou asked if she could try on the uniform when she got home but Mrs. Fuller insisted that she try it on now, in her office, so they could see if it fit correctly. Actually, Betty Lou was nervous about changing clothes in front of others. Mrs. Fuller informed the new cheerleader that she would have to change clothes in front of her and the rest of the squad on many occasions so to get over being shy and bashful. "Besides, Betty Lou, we are all girls here. The door is closed and Becky can lock it. You don't have anything that I have not already seen before many times over."

Jill Fuller sat behind her desk to watch the young blonde slowly unbutton her blouse, revealing a white satin minimizer brassiere almost overflowing with succulent teenage breast meat. Jill's hand was hidden from view beneath her desk as it slowly caressed her inner thigh, gently moving the fabric of her modest knee length skirt in circular motions against her nylon covered leg. Betty Lou unzipped her own skirt, unbuttoned the closure and let it and her white satin slip slowly slide down over her hips, exposing a pair of white satin granny panties covering her almost flat tummy and round shapely buttocks. Jill's fingers moved up above the tops of her own thigh top stocking, past the couple of inches of smooth bare skin, to press her skirt fabric into the silk crotch of her panties. The one-inch diameter ring piercing Mrs. Fuller's clitoral hood kept her clit stiff almost all the time by always rubbing against it. The added incentive of watching the most beautiful teenage girl in the school changing her clothes for the first time made Jill Fuller cum as Betty Lou turned around, giving her coach a view of her long silky blonde hair, perfect back, wonderful panty covered bottom and extremely sexy figure. Becky Hamilton loudly hummed a school fight song to cover up Mrs. Fuller's soft moans as the older woman had a small orgasm.

Becky tried to talk her friend into removing her white satin granny panties before putting on the color co-ordinated cheerleading panties, but she was just too shy to take them off in front of others. Becky pointed out that they might show around the leg openings, but Betty Lou said she would be careful not to let her skirt get high enough to let anyone see her panties before she had a chance to change them at home. Both Jill Fuller and Becky were disappointed that they did not find out if Betty Lou shaved her pubic hair, trimmed it, or let it grow wild.

The cheerleading uniform top was fairly tight on Betty Lou. Even her minimizer brassiere could not hide the fact that this is one well-endowed blonde beauty. There was a gap between the bottom of the top and the waistband of the skirt that bared her belly button, three or four inches of smooth silky skin and emphasized her tiny waist. The hemline of the flouncy skirt only came three or four inches below the crotch of

Betty Lou's panty crotch. She was a relatively short girl, but the short wide skirt made her legs look impossibly long. As Betty Lou studied her reflection in the mirror, she was almost horrified to see how much of her flesh was exposed by the cheerleader uniform. She thought to herself, "The other girls don't look like this!" as she tried to tug and pull the uniform to cover more of her exposed flesh.

Jill Fuller thought to herself, "The other girls don't look like this!" as she strummed her clit ring a few more times, giving herself another orgasm as she imagined all the lewd and obscene things that she and the other cheerleaders would do to the beautiful Bible toting teenage over the next few weeks. Becky grinned as she hummed the school fight song again to mask the cheerleading coach's moans as she thought, "Damn, the other girls don't look like this!"

It took some persuasion, but Becky and Mrs. Fuller convinced Betty Lou to wear her new uniform home. Mrs. Fuller had already called Mrs. Emma Turner, Betty Lou's mother, and had given her the good news that her daughter had been voted onto the cheerleading squad. Jill had asked her to pick up her daughter after school since she would be wearing her uniform for the first time and would no doubt be too self-conscious to ride the bus home from school. Jill had told the mother to be proud of her daughter and to encourage her to wear her uniform with pride, even though it would be more revealing than her normal clothing. Jill had pointed out that bragging about how beautiful Betty Lou is in her uniform will help her grow up to be a better person. Emma had agreed to do so.

When Emma Turner arrived to pick up her daughter, Jill Fuller saw that she was an older version of Betty Lou. She was about five foot tall, a natural blonde, a pretty face, big blue eyes, large breasts, a narrow waist for a woman about to approach middle age, round hips, relatively long legs and tiny feet. Jill had come to prefer the tight and tender bodies of teenage girls, but even though Mrs. Turner, like her religious teenage daughter, tried to hide her voluptuous body under conservative clothing, it was easy to see that she was beautiful.

Emma Turner's first reaction to seeing her daughter in her skimpy cheerleading uniform was to say that it was far too revealing, however, her previous telephone conversation with the school's coach had prepared her. Instead, Emma said, "My Lord! Betty Lou, you are beautiful!" Emma saw her daughter blush as she smiled at her mother. Her baby girl looked so sweet that Emma gave Betty Lou a maternal hug.

Jill thought of the mother/daughter possibilities and had to move her hand away from her clitoral hood ring before she came so hard she certainly would have given herself away. Jill smoothed out her skirt, stood up behind her desk, leaned forward, using her left hand on her desk to steady her trembling legs, and offered Betty Lou's mother her right hand in a handshake as she said, "I am so glad to meet you, Mrs. Turner. Now that Betty Lou is a cheerleader, we can become close friends. Do not forget that we have a training session this weekend at my home that will last from Friday evening to

Sunday night. Betty Lou can bring a bag of clothing in the morning and ride home with me tomorrow after school."

"What about going to church on Sunday?" Emma Turner asked, "Betty Lou and I go to church every Sunday morning. With her father in the road construction business and out of town for weeks at a time, we never miss going to church." Jill explained that it was an intensive training session mainly for the benefit of new cheerleaders and that Betty Lou should be there all weekend. And, she added, since the training is so focused, the telephone will be disconnected and the cell phones will be turned off. Emma reluctantly agreed to let her daughter miss church services for such important training. For the first time in many years, Emma would go to Sunday church services alone.

Betty Lou felt as if she were almost naked as she walked with her mother to the parking lot. Emma felt it was a good thing that Mrs. Fuller had warned her of her daughter's reaction to the revealing uniform and, even though Emma thought it really was too sexy for her sweet and innocent young daughter, she bragged on Betty Lou for making the team and continued telling her how pretty she was and how proud she was of her. She even reminded her daughter that she was supposed to wear her new uniform to school the next day to let everyone know she had made the team.

As soon as the mother and daughter had left her office, Mrs. Jill Fuller ordered Becky to close and lock the door. The teenage brunette did as ordered, turned around to see her coach sitting in her swivel chair with her legs spread open. "Becky, Dear, come over here and take off my panties and eat my pussy. Do a good enough job and I'll eat your pussy when you get through." Becky did not have to be told twice. Her own clitoral hood ring had been rubbing against her stiffened clitoris all afternoon and watching the religious blonde putting on her uniform for the first time had almost given her an orgasm, too.

Becky dropped to her knees between the older woman's legs, reached under her skirt, grasped the moist silk thong panties and pulled them off. Jill's hairless wet cunt was hanging part way open. The one inch gold ring placed in her clitoral hood by her dominant lesbian lover was the source of much pleasure and was copied by the girls in the cheerleader squad. Becky had been trained well on the art of eating pussy. Jill had three orgasms before they switched places.

Two hours later:

June Whitewell, the high school principal, is a pretty middle aged brunette that ruled her school with an iron fist in a velvet glove. However, as she led Jill Fuller into her private basement work out room, she had removed her two-piece silk power business suit and sensible one-inch high heel shoes. She still wore her black leather corset that had the cups to support her adequate breasts, her black silk panties, and black opera length nylon stockings. She had also put on a black Patten leather five-inch high pair of stiletto high heels. She ordered Jill Fuller, her submissive lesbian lover, to remove all of

her clothing and lay on her medical examination table that she had purchased at a medical surplus store.

June placed a belt around the blonde cheerleader coach's waist before strapping her feet into the stirrups. Jill gasped when she saw her boss and lover pulling on the long length latex gloves and reaching for the tube of lubricant. "Tell me about the new girl," June ordered her sex slave, "Tell me about what she looks like as she changed clothes in your office." Jill described the tight teen body to the high school principal as lubricant was worked into her quivering hairless vagina. June formed her gloved fingers into a cone shape and began forcing her entire hand into the blonde wife and mother's previously stretched vagina. Jill cried out in pleasure pain as the hand slipped inside her and went half way to the elbow. June Whitewell grinned as she formed her hand into a fist and began stroking it in and out of her employee's widened cunt. Each time it hit bottom, June would flick the fingers of her free hand across the clit ring and cause the profusely perspiring blonde cheerleader coach to have a massive orgasm. June was afraid to keep Jill cumming for more than ten minutes at a time because it might cause heart failure, although, if a person has to go, death by orgasm would be the preferred way.

Twenty minutes later, after making Mrs. Jill Fuller pass out from her powerful orgasms, Principal Whitewell awakened her by sitting on her face with her black silk panties off. Jill instinctively ate her pussy, sucking down her juices as if they were the nectar of the Gods. As visions of sweet innocent Betty Lou Turner danced in her head, June ground her wet crotch onto the married woman's twisting tongue until she had a nice orgasm.

Jill was not allowed to take a shower before going home to her husband and children. She had called her husband and told him that she would be working extra late tonight and that he would have to prepare supper. He was such a good husband that he never questioned his wife's extra curricular activities. As Jill dressed to leave, June said, "Do not forget to video Betty Lou's seduction. I want to add it to my collection. And, when you get home, I want you to kiss your daughters and husband with my dried juices on your lips. Understand?" Mrs. Jill Fuller meekly nodded her pretty head as she dressed and left for home.

Friday morning:

Betty Lou carried her schoolbooks and a tot bag with a weekend's worth of clothing, make-up and a toothbrush as she waited for the school bus. When the bus stopped, the woman driver with very short black hair and a man's shirt, swept her hungry eyes up and down Betty Lou's blushing body as the teenager climbed the steps to board the bus. Normally, Betty Lou's conservative clothing hid her voluptuous body. The cheerleading uniform accentuated it. Every eye on the bus watched as Betty Lou moved down the aisle in her quest to find an empty seat.

Since Betty Lou lived fairly close to the school, the only empty seat was near the back

of the bus. Only one person occupied it and that person was Alonzo Jones, the tall African-American basketball team captain. His dark eyes and bright grin shone as he drank in the beauty of the new blonde cheerleader. "Sit your sweet self down right here," he commanded. Since it was the only empty seat on the bus, Betty Lou had few options other than accepting the order to sit beside the towering Black youth. "You're looking fine, Baby. How long have you been a cheerleader?"

Betty Lou told Alonzo that she had been given her uniform the day before and that she was told to wear it to school today to let every one see that she had made the team. Alonzo grinned as he stated, "Actually, you haven't made the team yet. You have not yet been officially initiated." Then, Alonzo moved his huge Black hand to Betty Lou's shapely white thigh. She was so shocked by the large Black hand on her thigh, she did not know what to do or say and his long dark fingers curled around to the inside of her thigh and moved towards her cheerleader panties. Betty Lou frantically grabbed Alonzo's wrist with both hands in an attempt to stop his hand from reaching her panties. She regretted not wearing panties under the uniform panties but she had seen that her granny panties showed around the uniform panty leg openings and had reluctantly left her normal panties in her lingerie drawer this morning.

Betty Lou gasped as Alonzo's large Black hand turned to cup her pubic mound through her cheerleader uniform panties. The other kids in the back of the bus turned to see her grasping Alonzo Jones's wrist, as if she appeared to hold it in place as his hand went under her cheerleader skirt. Betty Lou's pretty mouth and big blue eyes were wide open as her vagina was massaged for the very first time. Waves of unfamiliar sensations swept through her struggling teenage body. She was attempting to push Alonzo's hand away, but her efforts grew weaker and weaker the more he massaged her little virgin slit through her panties.

It was only their untimely arrival at the high school that prevented Alonzo from giving the innocent blonde cheerleader her first orgasm. He leaned over to whisper in her trembling shell like ear, "Later, Baby." As he removed his hand from her crotch, then kissed her soft lips before standing up to exit the bus and report to homeroom. Alonzo wanted to stay and fuck the pretty blonde bitch but had been told that if he was late to homeroom one more time, he could kiss his basketball scholarship goodbye.

The other high school kids on the back of the bus snickered at Betty Lou as she slowly stood up on her trembling legs. Two other boys and even another girl tried to put their hands under her short skirt before she was able to exit the bus. The woman bus driver, who had observed everything that had happened that morning in her large rearview mirror, smiled and winked at Betty Lou as she descended the steps.

Everywhere Betty Lou went that day, every eye, whether belonging to student or teacher, followed her movements. She blushed each time some one made a comment or whistled. She was very grateful that it was Friday and she would have until Monday to recover her composure. She was also grateful that she would go home with the nice

cheerleader coach, Mrs. Fuller, and would not have to ride the school bus home with that dreadful Alonzo Jones. It was only during lunch when she sat with the other five cheerleaders that she relaxed and felt comfortable.

Friday afternoon:

Betty Lou was regretting having joined the cheerleader squad by the time school let out for the day. Not only was everyone staring at her body all day, but also a rumor had been started that the girl previously known as a deeply religious virgin had almost had sex with an older Black student on the school bus that morning. Of course, the people that had known her for years never believed the rumor. They knew how vindictive jealous people were and the lies they could falsify about a sweet and innocent girl like Betty Lou Turner just because she had made the high school cheerleading squad when three other girls did not.

Betty Lou was still self-conscious about her skimpy uniform as she accompanied Mrs. Fuller to her sport utility wagon after classes let out. Her coach asked her about her mother and father and about their family relationship as they rode out of town and into the country. Being away from staring eyes allowed Betty Lou to relax as they talked. The Fuller home was a large comfortable house on a dead end street with plenty of privacy and a back yard swimming pool. "I hope you brought a swim suit," Mrs. Fuller said as they entered the house. "If not, you can borrow one of mine. Tomorrow, we'll lie out in the sun for a while and work on our tan. It will be lots of fun."

A man and three little girls were eating in the kitchen. Jill Fuller introduced Betty Lou to her husband and three daughters. Jill explained to the new cheerleader that her family would spend the weekend with her husband's parents so that the six cheerleaders and their coach would have the house entirely to themselves. Her husband hugged Jill and kissed her before herding his daughters to their room to pack before visiting their grandparents. Betty Lou was envious of her beautiful coach, her successful career and her apparently perfect married life.

Becky Hamilton, the pretty brunette with long curly hair was the first to arrive after Mr. Fuller had driven off with his daughters. Then, Hazel Morris, a cute little redhead, Debbie Rainey, a tall blonde, Diane Sutton and Bea Sims, both deliciously tall brunettes, arrived in the same vehicle. They all made Betty Lou feel right at home as they took turns hugging the voluptuous blonde girl. Betty Lou noticed that a few hands touched her in inappropriate places but thought it must have been accidental.

Mrs. Fuller made iced soft drinks for everyone. Poor Betty Lou almost choked as she took a drink from her glass, "What's in this?" She tried to ask as the liquid burned her throat.

Becky motioned for Betty Lou to be quiet as she whispered, "Mrs. Fuller lets us have a little vodka so we will be able to recognize the taste in case some guy slips some into

our drink on a date some night hoping to take advantage of us." Betty Lou whispered to her friend that drinking alcohol is a sin, to which Becky replied, "A girl has to be able to tell when some boy puts alcohol in her drink or else he date rape her. You wouldn't want that, would you? Now drink your drink and stop acting like a baby."

Betty Lou did not like being called a baby, so, she took another sip. It still burned on the way down her throat, but was not a shock to her this time. Becky and the other girls smiled at the newest member to their group. They wanted her a little drunk before they initiated her into a little girl-girl loving. The third sip went down smoothly as Betty Lou returned the other girls' smiles. She was proud to be cheerleader and to have such good friends.

Mrs. Fuller kept bringing mixed drinks for her cheerleaders even though Betty Lou kept saying that she already had had enough to drink. Becky kept calling her a baby and Betty Lou sheepishly drank the mixed drinks. After the third drink, Betty Lou was slurring her words and was unsteady on her dainty feet as Becky led her to the bathroom to relieve her full bladder. Normally, Betty Lou would be too shy to pee while another person was watching, however, her bladder was sending urgent messages. So, Betty Lou lifted her short skirt pulled down her uniform panties and sat down on the commode. She sighed with relief as the urine left her full bladder.

Becky Hamilton said, "Well, at least I now know that you are a natural blonde. Tell me something, Betty Lou, have you ever shaved your pubic hair?" Betty Lou thought it a strange question but the vodka was affecting her mind as she replied that she trimmed it a little during the summer if she wore a swimsuit each time she shaved her legs. When she finished peeing, she wiped, flushed the commode, and stood up, pulling up her panties, and fluffed out her skirt. Becky asked her to wait while she peed. Betty Lou almost fell over when she saw that Becky not only had a hairless pubic mound, but, there was a gold ring hanging part way out of her vagina. Her Bible study classes had never covered such things and she was silent about what she had seen.

When they returned to the den, Betty Lou was given another mixed drink, this time, with vodka and a few extra drugs. It barely burned her throat as it went down as she sat in the darkened den with the other cheerleaders while they watched a strange DVD movie about some lesbians. Normally, Betty Lou would have thought that seeing two women kissing would have made her sick at her stomach. Tonight, after drinking too much vodka, she blinked her eyes a few times as one of the women on the wide screen television lifted another woman's skirt, lowered her panties and went down on the other woman's vagina, making her cry out in ecstasy.

Betty Lou turned her head as the camera came in for a close up and you could actually see the lesbian's tongue working on the other woman's genitalia. What she saw shocked her just as much as the movie! Across the room, sitting together on the other sofa, Diane Sutton was kissing Hazel Morris and the little redhead seemed to be enjoying it. Debbie Rainey and Bea Sims also shared the sofa with the kissing

cheerleaders. At least, they were not kissing, however, when a lighter scene in the movie shed light on the sofa, Betty Lou could see that Debbie and Bea had their skirts up around their waists and each had a hand in the other girl's panties.

Betty Lou sat on a love seat between Becky Hamilton and Mrs. Jill Fuller. Betty Lou had been so intently watching the television screen and the other sofa; she had not noticed that there was an arm around her shoulders from each side and that a hand was slowly caressing each of her bare thighs. Betty Lou looked down as Becky's slim questing fingers slipped under her uniform skirt and made contact with her panties.

The two actresses in the movie were now in a sixty-nine position and were nosily slurping away at each other's vaginas. Becky's hand moved a little higher and turned to cup Betty Lou's pubic mound through her panties. Betty did not want to attract attention to what her friend was doing. That would be embarrassing. She was sure that Becky, like the other cheerleaders, were only reacting to the vodka and the sinful lesbian DVD movie. Betty Lou leaned towards Becky and turned to whisper in her friend's ear to ask her to please remove her hand from her panties. However, before Betty Lou could say anything, Becky quickly turned to meet her and kissed her warm soft lips.

Betty Lou had never been kissed before today. At least, not a sexual kiss as Becky was doing when she forced her tongue into Betty Lou's startled mouth. Becky's middle finger was pushing Betty Lou's panties into her moistening slit and was massaging her stiffening clitoris as her tongue worked in and out of the struggling blonde's mouth. Betty Lou finally managed to pull her lips away from the lesbian brunette's and she gasped for some air as she turned her head. The innocent teen turned to her cheerleading coach for help only to have her lips trapped in another passionate French kiss as Mrs. Fuller kissed her.

Becky dropped to the floor in front of Betty Lou, reached under her short skirt, grabbed her panties and pulled them down her perfect legs, over her shoes and threw them across the room to land in Hazel Morris's lap. Hazel and Diane stopped kissing and moved to either side of the new cheerleader to hold her hands and legs so that Becky and Mrs. Fuller could fully concentrate on seducing the innocent virgin. Poor Betty Lou wanted to scream but could only moan helplessly as Becky's tongue licked her creamy slit and sucked on her little clitoris.

Jill Fuller continued French kissing Betty Lou as she reached behind the young girl's back to unzip her uniform top. Jill knew they had a sexy recruit when Betty Lou's hips began thrusting involuntarily towards Becky's suctioning lips. The blonde's entire body bowed upwards as her first ever orgasm racked her very soul, sending shivers through out her being. Afterwards, the other cheerleaders easily removed her top and skirt from her semi-conscious form. Hazel Morris, the little redhead, took Becky's place between the blonde's thighs and continued to eat the virgin's pussy. No one had to hold Betty Lou as her dainty hands moved to entwine her fingers in Hazel's red hair.

Becky and Jill unhooked all five hooks on the minimizer brassiere that Betty Lou had used to try to control her over abundant D-cup bosom. Most girls with large breasts do not have large nipples. Such is not the case with Betty Lou. Without her heavy weight bra cups to hide her nipples, they stood out like a pair of thumbs. Becky wrapped her lips around one gigantic nipple as Jill attacked the other. Betty Lou's moans from being eaten by Hazel went up almost an octave as her gigantic sensitive nipples were also being suckled. The virgin started cumming and the orgasmic pulses passed through her shaking body one after the other for many minutes that seemed like an eternity until Betty Lou lost consciousness.

Saturday morning:

The sun was shining in the window as Betty Lou awoke with a monster of a hangover. She opened her eyes to see a ceiling that was definitely not her bedroom's ceiling. Betty Lou slowly raised her head to look around. She was laying in the middle of a king sized bed and was completely nude. Not only that, to her horror, she saw that naked girl's bodies surrounded her.

Betty Lou tried to sit up, but the combination of a headache and an arm around her bare breasts pulled her back down onto the bed. She would have just stayed there and gone back to sleep but her bladder demanded to be emptied. Betty Lou removed Bea Sims hands from her breasts and noticed that her overly sensitive nipples seemed to be swollen and even larger than normal. Betty Lou crawled through a maze of feminine flesh as she left the king sized bed to go to the bathroom.

Betty Lou had never before in her entire life slept in the nude. She slept every night in a brassiere for the past four years. To feel her massive boobs swaying as she climbed out of bed was a new experience for her. She looked through an open doorway and saw it was a bathroom. She staggered in, pushed the door closed and was able to sit directly on the commode to relieve her bladder. It felt as if part of her headache went away as the urine drained from her vodka-polluted body. After she finished peeing, she reached for some toilet tissue to wipe. That was when she discovered that her blonde pubic hair was missing. Also, attached to her clitoral hood was a gold ring about one inch in diameter. Betty Lou stood up and staggered to the sink counter to see her reflection in the mirror. Not only were her reddened vagina lips as bald as a baby girl's, but the gold ring hang half way out from between her nether lips!

Becky had a hairless vagina and a gold ring, but Betty Lou would have never, not even in a million years, have guessed that she, too, would have the same. The fingers of her right hand reached down to feel of her smooth vagina lips. It felt very strange, although, it was also quite sensual. Then, when she touched her gold ring, her clitoris sent pulsations throughout her young body. She decided that it needed to be removed or else it would drive her crazy every time it was touched and applied pressure on her sensate clitoris. She rotated it until she found what appeared to be a catch. She tried

for almost a minute to open the ring so she could remove it. That is when a naked Mrs. Fuller, who had been standing quietly in the doorway, spoke to her.

"I'm afraid you won't be able to remove it. The girls super glued the catch mechanism with they put it in." A nude Jill Fuller moved to stand behind the blonde girl as she added, "And, since we have a pool, my husband bought me a laser hair removal system a couple of years ago so that I wouldn't have to shave my legs every day. I removed all my pubic hair, too. The cheerleaders liked the look so much, they copied it. They removed your pubic hair and pierced your clitoris hood to show you that you are now a member of the cheerleading squad. Congratulations, Betty Lou, you have been accepted by them."

Betty turned to glance down at the gold ring hanging from her coach's vagina. "And, the gold ring? Why?"

Jill Fuller reached out to take the small teenager into her arms, pressing the girl's huge boobs against her own as she told about how much better sex was with the ring keeping your clit constantly enlarged. Jill lied as she said; "My husband talked me into having the piercing. Later, I undressed in front of the other girls one day and they were fascinated by my ring and wanted to see it up close. One thing led to another and we developed a much closer relationship than is normal. They thought the ring was so neat that they each had one put in their own clitoral hoods. Last night, after you passed out, they lasered your pubic hair and pierced your clit hood. At least, you'll never need to trim your bikini line. Over the next few weeks, we can laser remove the hair under your arms and on your legs, too. You'll love the freedom of not having to shave."

Betty Lou had tears in her eyes as she looked up into the older woman's face. Her world had been shaken to its very core by what had happened to her since becoming a cheerleader. When Mrs. Fuller leaned down and gently kissed her lips, it felt comforting to the young teenager. Jill Fuller's hands slowly caressed her back, running her fingers through the teen's long blonde hair and touched her sexy round bottom as her lips gently munched the sweet lips of the still virginal teen. Betty Lou had never known passion until the day before. Now, however, she was in a lesbian embrace in a bathroom with a woman that was her coach, guidance counselor, a married woman and also the mother of three children.

Jill Fuller helped Betty Lou sit on the bathroom sink counter without breaking their French kiss. Jill bent down to wrap her lips around one of Betty Lou's already swollen and very sensitive nipples. The blonde girl gasped as passionate sensations washed through her quivering young body. Her legs were spread wide to allow Mrs. Fuller to move in close between them. She felt fingertips slowly caressing her hairless vagina lips, causing even more passion to build inside her virginal body. When Jill touched her gold ring, Betty Lou yelled with her first morning orgasm. Before she could recover, Jill had swapped her suctioning lips over to her other swollen nipple and began strumming on the teen's new clit ring, making orgasm after orgasm pass through Betty Lou. A few

minutes afterwards, the beautiful teenager passed out again, causing Mrs. Fuller to call for help to carry the blonde girl back to bed.

Saturday afternoon:

Betty Lou awoke the second time to find herself alone on the king sized bed. Sweet orgasm induced vibrations went through her as she arose from the bed. It was the first day that she had awoken in the nude and she liked the sensations. And, even though she knew that lesbianism, like all homosexuality, was a horrendous sin, she had enjoyed what happened last night and this morning immensely. She went to the bathroom again before searching for her clothes. When Betty Lou emerged from the bathroom, Debbie Rainy, the tall curly haired blonde, was dressed in a bikini and was sitting on the side of the bed.

"Good morning, Sexy! I was sent to see if you were awake again. I brought a swimsuit for you. It may not be a perfect fit, but it is a bikini so we can still cover any strategic areas. Let me help you put it on and we'll go downstairs and get you some yummy breakfast." Betty Lou had never before even tried on a string bikini. They were just too revealing. A small triangular cloth patch covered each nipple, her hairless vagina and butt crack. Betty Lou noticed immediately that the cloth material covering her vagina pressed in on her clitoral hood ring, making it rub against her clitoris ever time she attempted to stand and with every step she took. Debbie couldn't resist the opportunity to fondle the physical charms of the younger girl as she helped her dress in the skimpy swimsuit. Debbie smiled as she noticed the new cheerleader's facial expression and said, "You'll never get completely used to the clit ring. Just walking or running can give us orgasms. Sometimes, when we are leaping up and down while leading cheers, the whole cheerleading squad has one massive orgasm. I love my ring. And, you'll learn to love yours, too." A long, lingering French kiss followed before they joined the others downstairs.

Mrs. Jill Fuller noticed that Debbie and Betty Lou were holding hands as they slowly descended the staircase in their string bikinis. Judging from the smile on the younger blonde's pretty face, Betty Lou was adjusting nicely to being a cheerleader.

Saturday Evening:

Betty Lou Turner lay on her back on the chaise lounge on the sun deck beside the pool. Her voluptuous nude body glistened with a combination of suntan oil and perspiration as Becky Hamilton spread the blonde's legs to lie between them. Becky's long curly chestnut hair was in a pony tail down her shapely back to keep it out of her way as she French kissed the newest member of the high school cheerleading squad. Betty Lou's long blonde hair was fanned out around her head and draped to the concrete paving stones as she returned the passionate kisses.

The alcohol and aphrodisiac drugs that Betty Lou had been given the previous evening

and all day today had converted the devoutly religious teenager into a teenage slut who loved getting her pussy eaten so much that she was willing to reciprocate. After eating every other cheerleader's hairless pussy, Betty Lou was quickly becoming an expert at cunnilingus.

Earlier that afternoon, Debbie had gotten Betty Lou to lay on her stomach on the chaise lounge so Debbie could rub suntan oil on the blonde's lily white skin so that she would not become sun burnt. The mixed drink that Mrs. Jill Fuller had just given Betty Lou kept her obedient as she turned over. As Debbie slowly massaged the oil into the tender flesh of the sexy young blonde, she also untied the bikini strings.

The other cheerleaders had formed a circle around the chaise lounge where the tall curly haired blonde cheerleader was seducing the short longhaired blonde cheerleader. Diane Sutton held a video camera in one hand as her other hand played with Hazel Morris's pink swollen left nipple. Debbie told Betty Lou to spread her legs and she obeyed. The newly lasered vagina lips were smooth and hairless, but were visibly moist as Debbie moved her fingers to play with the gold clitoris hood ring. The still virginal blonde gasped as the ring pressed against her sensitive clitoris, causing a miniature orgasm. "Roll over onto your back." Debbie had told her and she did.

Lying on her back, nude on the lounge put Betty Lou Turner's incredible body on display for each and every other cheerleader, as well as the video camera, to admire. Her massive D-cup breasts defied gravity to stand straight up in the air. Her long thick pink nipples were sticking up like a pair of thumbs, begging to be sucked on. Debbie slowly kissed her way to Betty Lou's pussy, pausing to pay homage to the huge succulent nipples. As Debbie took the clit ring into her mouth and began licking on Betty Lou's clitoris, Betty Lou cried out, "Oh! My God!" as a huge orgasm racked her young and previously innocent body causing it to bow upwards.

Jill Fuller knew it was time to introduce the teenager to the wonderful world of eating pussy as she swung a leg up and over Betty Lou's head. Betty Lou's eyes were tightly shut to keep out the bright sunlight and she never saw her coach's hairless crotch being lowered onto her face. As Mrs. Fuller's shadow blocked out the harsh light from the sun, Betty Lou cautiously opened her eyes. What she saw was a hairless vagina with a gold clitoris hood ring similar to her own recent addition that was only a few inches above her lips. Her coach asked her, "Betty Lou, you love having us eat your little twat, don't you?"

Debbie was still licking on her clitoris and the poor little girl could not lie. "Yes! I love what Debbie is doing to me. It is evil, but I love it!"

Mrs. Fuller said, "Okay, Betty Lou. Tell us that you love having your twat eaten. And, say it in those exact words."

Betty Lou had never uttered the word, "twat," or any other inappropriate words, before

in her entire life. However, the alcohol, the drugs, the gold ring through her clitoral hood, the suctioning lips around her swollen clitoris, and the older vagina posed only inches from her own mouth combined to break the religious girl's will. "Yes! I love having my twat eaten! I never want it to stop! Eat me! Please!" As she called out the word, "please," Debbie sent her into another orgasm and Jill Fuller lowered her married pussy onto Betty Lou's mouth and nose. Before the young girl could recover, Diane Sutton and Bea Sims each had dropped to their knees and were sucking on her sensitive swollen nipples.

"Eat me!" cried Mrs. Fuller as she had sat on Betty Lou's pretty face. "Stick your tongue inside me and lick out my cunt juices! Wrap your sweet lips around my clitty and suck on it until you make me cum! Do It!" Betty Lou did exactly as she was instructed. Jill Fuller was so excited by the fact that her twat was the first to be eaten by the previously innocent religious teenager; she had a major orgasm in only a minute. Her body shook for about a minute, until her legs became too weak to support even part of her weight. She slid off the face of the young blonde only to be replaced by Debbie Rainey. Hazel Morris, the little redhead who had just been standing there, playing with her own clit ring, dropped to her knees and took Debbie's place eating Betty Lou's pussy.

By the time the sun had begun to set, Betty Lou had eaten six pussies and her tongue felt worn out. Jill Fuller gave her another drink and she obediently drank it as they all went inside to take a shower to wash off the suntan oil, perspiration and pussy juices. They took showers two by two to conserve hot water. Betty Lou and Becky shampooed each other's hair, washed each other's back and managed to caress each other's erogenous zones in one bathroom shower as the other cheerleaders did the same in other bathrooms.

Betty Lou stood in front of the bathroom mirror as she blow-dried her long luxuriant hair. What was unusual was the fact that she was completely nude, which was something never done in her own home. Her mother had raised her to be a good girl and good girls did not stand around without any clothes on. Also unusual was the fact that Becky Hamilton, also in the nude, kept reaching over to lightly twist a sensitive nipple or flick her finger across Betty Lou's clit ring. The non-stop sex was something totally new to Betty Lou. She had been such a "good girl" that, before last night, she had never even masturbated nor had she experienced an orgasm. She kept telling Becky to, "Stop that." Or, "Quit that." even though she actually enjoyed what her friend was doing to her and never wanted it to stop.

It was six o'clock when Becky led Betty Lou into the bedroom, opened her luggage bag and laid out two sets of very skimpy underwear, two pairs of strappy high heel sandals and two obscenely short dresses. Betty Lou went to open her own bag but was ordered to wear what was already laid out for her. The alcohol, the drugs and the events of the last twenty-four hours made the younger teenager pliable.

Betty Lou followed Becky's example and sat on the side of the bed as they each wrapped a garter belt around their tiny waists. Becky's thin garter belt was made of black silk while Betty Lou's was made of white silk. Next, Becky demonstrated how to roll her black nylon seamed stocking up and slide it up her smooth shapely leg. Betty Lou had worn pantyhose, but never regular stockings, as she did as her friend showed her as she rolled the cinnamon colored seamed nylon stocking up her even shapelier leg. Each girl attached the metal garter clips dangling from her garter belt to the reinforced stocking tops before reaching for their other stocking. The darker stocking tops came to within an inch or two of each teenage girl's hairless crotch. Next, they took turns making sure that each other's seams were straight as they went up the back of their stockings.

Betty Lou wanted to put on her panties next, but Becky insisted that they put on their shoes first. Becky strapped the black high heels to her feet and Betty Lou buckled the ankle straps of the white high heel sandals to her own dainty little feet. Betty Lou was not accustomed to wearing high heel shoes and had to have a little help balancing on the four-inch heels.

"Now for the panties," Becky said as she passed Betty Lou the white silk bikini panties and picked up the black silk bikini panties for herself. Betty Lou's panties had been purposely chosen two sizes too small. As she slid them over her high heel shoes and up over her nylon covered legs, she noticed that they were very snug and that when they were finally in place, they put extra pressure on her clitoris hood ring, forcing it to rub against her clitoris with every movement she made. This had been planned to keep the newest cheerleader horny and ready for action.

The tingling sensations from Betty Lou's clitoris were very distracting as she was given a white silk brassiere to put on. It was not until it was hooked around her waist, turned towards the front and she slipped her arms through the shoulder straps that Betty Lou noticed that there were actually no bra cups in the brassiere. What were there were two shelves to lift and support her breasts leaving her nipples and aureoles unprotected. Every since her breasts had first developed, Betty Lou had worn minimizer brassieres to make her breasts appear smaller. Her mother wore them. So had Betty Lou. Before yesterday, she would never have even considered wearing such an obscene garment. Today, she stood still as Becky adjusted the shoulder straps to make the cut out bra lift her boobs even higher.

Becky wore a black silk shelf brassiere, which made her C-cup tits stand out proudly. She stepped in front of her new friend to take her into her arms and rub their stiff nipples together before kissing the younger girl. A soft kiss naturally increased in passion until Betty Lou actually had an orgasm as Becky rubbed her panty covered crotch against the new cheerleader's crotch, forcing her gold ring to rub against her hard little clitoris. Becky wanted to take the mostly inexperienced girl to bed, but that was not part of the night's scheduled activities. Instead, Becky broke off the kiss and gave Betty Lou her dress to wear for the evening.

Betty Lou had never even seen a wrap dress before. It was made of a single layer of fire engine red silk and Becky had to show her how to put it on like a house coat, wrap it around her body and tie the sash like belt into a pretty bow on her side. It was low cut with a plunging neckline that exposed the inside slope of each large breast. Her huge nipples, although technically covered, could be plainly seen poking out the red silk fabric. The hemline went less than half way down her thighs, leaving only three or four inches of coverage before the darker tops of Betty Lou's cinnamon colored stockings were displayed. Becky's mini dress was made of black leather and exposed as much as Betty Lou's dress. Next, it was time for hair and make up.

A few brush strokes had Betty Lou's waist length blonde hair shimmering. Becky's long curly chestnut hair was also easy to style. Becky had Betty Lou sit as she applied her cosmetics. Betty Lou's clit ring made itself very known as she sat on the edge of her seat and watched in the mirror. Becky painted on much more make up than Betty Lou had ever worn before. Yesterday, she would have considered any girl with this much paint a slut. Betty Lou watched as Becky duplicated the same make up on her own face.

The clit hood ring was pressed against Betty Lou's clitoris by her very tight white silk panties with each and every step as they descended the stairs to join the other cheerleaders. She almost orgasmed before she reached the den. Mrs. Fuller and each teenager were wearing sexy mini dresses and looked like thousand dollar a night hookers. Their coach made an announcement, "Tonight, in honor of our newest member, we are going out to a club to dance and flirt with some hot men." All of the girls, except Betty Lou, cheered as they jumped up and down. She had never been dancing before.

Becky and Betty Lou rode in the back seat of Mrs. Fuller's sport utility vehicle as Jill Fuller drove and little Hazel Morris rode in the front passenger seat. The other girls rode in Debbie Rainey's sport utility vehicle. Betty Lou asked where they were going dressed up as they were but was told it was a surprise. Becky reached over and took Betty Lou's hand in hers. Betty Lou smiled at her friend as she shifted in her seat, trying to find a position where her clit ring created less pressure on her stiffened clitoris.

The ride took over half an hour as they drove to a town thirty miles away. When they arrived at their destination, it was an old three-story brick warehouse on Martin Luther King Boulevard that now served as a combination supper club and dance club. As the girls stepped out of their vehicles, Betty Lou began to feel self-conscious about being in public dressed in such a revealing dress. The other cheerleaders surrounded her and ushered her into the building before she had much time to look around. What she did notice was that about half the women were Black and half were white. What made that so unusual was that almost all the men were Black. The few white men she saw seemed to be escorting a white woman although most white women were escorted by a Black man. Before Betty Lou could comment on the interracial aspects of the club, the other cheerleaders herded their new member into the club and past the two huge Black

men who guarded the front door. Betty Lou felt as if the Black men were undressing her with their dark eyes as she was led past them. Inside the club, it was no better.

As the seven very pretty white females walked through the big room, an almost hush fell across the club. Poor little Betty Lou felt like running out the door but knew she was too far from home to walk nor did she know the way home. Becky took her hand and led her to a large table with about twenty chairs, over half of which already had a Black man sitting in it. Mrs. Fuller surprised Betty Lou when she went up to one of the bigger Black men and kissed him in a very passionate manner. Then, the Black men also kissed each of the cheerleaders, including Becky Hamilton.

Betty Lou was almost in shock as she saw how the other cheerleaders behaved. Then, she looked up to see a tall older Black man standing beside her, looking down into her big blue eyes. "Hello," he said in a deep baritone voice, "the cheerleaders from your school keep getting prettier and prettier." He smiled as he added, "My name is Samson. Since your coach and friends will be joining us at our table we would be honored if you will sit at our table, too."

Mrs. Fuller and the other cheerleaders paired off with the Black men they had kissed and everyone sat down. Samson pulled out a chair and held it for Betty Lou. She decided that it would be impolite to not accept the offer, so she sat down as gently as she could to minimize the effects of her gold ring rubbing against her stiff clitoris. Samson slid her chair forward before taking the chair next to hers. "Tell me, Beautiful, what is your name?" Samson asked her.

"Betty Lou," she told him as she saw Becky being kissed by the Black Man sitting next to her. She looked around the table to see everyone engaged in whispered conversations or kissing.

"What a lovely southern name, Betty Lou. Last week, when they said they would have a new recruit, they said you were beautiful. The word beautiful is not sufficient. You are absolutely gorgeous!" Betty Lou felt a tingle go up her spine as the Black man heaped compliments on her. When the Black waiter delivered drinks to the table, one was set in front of Betty Lou. Samson encouraged her to drink up and smiled as the girl with waist length blonde hair took a sip of her drugged mixed drink.

The drink went straight to Betty Lou's head and the room began to swirl. Her new friend offered to take her somewhere to rest until she felt better. Betty Lou was not too worried about being alone with a Black man because Becky helped to support her on the left as Samson supported her on the right as they went to one of the private rooms behind the bar. As long as Becky was there, she thought that the Black man would not try anything when they reached the room.

Even with the extra support, Betty Lou's extra tight silk panties kept pushing the gold ring against her swollen clitoris. Unknown to her, the aphrodisiac in her drink was

making her vagina and nipples itch. Her red wrap dress was gaping open, giving several people a glimpse of her huge breasts as they went across the room to a hallway. Betty Lou's gold ring had given her several mini orgasms by the time they reached the private room.

The room was about twenty feet by twenty feet. In the middle of the room was a king sized bed without a headboard or footboard. It had a fitted sheet but it was not all that clean. Fortunately, the lighting was low enough that Betty Lou did not notice the soiled sheets. There were sofas against the walls, as if spectators would sit and watch what occurred on the bed. One wall had a large mirror.

Betty Lou stood unsteadily beside the bed as Becky stepped in front of her and said, "Poor little Betty Lou. Are you feeling dizzy?" Betty Lou could barely nod her head in answer as Becky leaned forward, took the blonde into her arms and kissed Betty Lou's soft lips. Betty Lou's stiff nipples only had a single layer of silk covering them as they were pressed against Becky's black leather covered breasts. Her too tight panties continued the pressure on her clit ring, causing the teenage virgin to have a series of mini orgasms. The aphrodisiac in her drink was almost unnecessary as her body shook in orgasm and her trembling arms went around Becky's neck.

Becky pulled the loose end of the bow holding Betty Lou's wrap dress closed. A pair of large Black hands helped Becky open the dress completely. Betty Lou did not care as her fire engine red silk wrap dress was slipped off her shoulders and was tossed onto an empty sofa. Betty Lou was a virgin white girl and her lingerie was virgin white. She had never imagined that sex was so fantastic. Her Bible studies had never prepared her for what was happening to her body.

A pair of older Black hands unzipped the back of Becky's black leather dress and it fell to puddle around her shapely ankles. Her lingerie was black silk; otherwise, it was identical to the lingerie worn by the short blonde teenager. Becky's breasts were not as large, nor were her nipples and areoles as swollen, but they were still quite impressive. Both girls wore open cup brassieres, which allowed their stiff nipples to duel with each other as they kissed. Their silk panty covered vaginas rubbed against one another, causing their clit rings to ignite orgasms in both girls.

A pair of Black hands reached around from behind and slipped into the waistband of Betty Lou's white silk bikini panties. Betty Lou was too busy being kissed by Becky to notice as her panties were slowly lowered. The moist silk panties fluttered down around Betty Lou's nylon covered legs until they were around her tiny ankles and high heel shoes. A very happy Samson moved behind Becky and lowered her black silk bikini panties.

Becky guided Betty Lou to lay on the king sized bed. Both girls still wore their shelf brassieres, garter belts, seamed nylon stockings and high heel shoes as Samson stood and watched with bated breath. Becky was on top of the blonde teenager as she

stopped kissing Betty Lou's lips to move to her swollen nipples. Becky's fingers massaged the younger girl's clitoris as she suctioned her nipples until Betty Lou had a major orgasm. Then, as Betty Lou came back down to earth, Becky moved down to suck on her clitoris. Betty Lou had her eyes closed as she enjoyed Becky's tongue and suctioning lips or else she would have seen the pair of older Black hands as they fondled her huge sensitive breasts. After a couple of minutes, Betty Lou had another major orgasm. She felt the lips pull away from her vagina for a moment, then return. She was almost to another orgasm when she tried to entwine her fingers in Becky's long curly chestnut hair. What Betty Lou's fingers encountered was short course kinky hair.

Betty Lou opened her eyes to see Becky standing next to the bed with one hand playing with her nipples and her other hand flicking her clit ring. Betty Lou's eyes became wide open as she looked down between her heaving breasts to see the top of Samson's head as he ate her pussy. She thought about getting up and running from the room, but, as the man's tongue licked on her sensitive clitoris, her quivering legs stayed open and her fingers encircled the Black man's head to hold him there as she closed her eyes and had another major orgasm.

As Betty Lou came down from what seemed an endless series of orgasms, Samson stood up and quickly removed his clothing. His big Black cock was nearly a foot long as he climbed onto the bed and moved between the young girl's still spread nylon encased legs. Betty Lou was still panting as she tried to get control of her body when she felt a very large object spreading the lips of her extremely moist vagina. Betty Lou reopened her big blue eyes to see Samson, the older Black man, on top of her as his big Black cock nosed its way to the opening of her vagina. "No!" Betty Lou cried as the huge Black tool sank an inch into her pure white virginal body.

Becky climbed onto the bed to grab Betty Lou's hands as they tried to push the Black man off her. "Betty Lou, just hold still and it will all be over in a few minutes. Once you get a big Black cock inside of you, you'll love it. Trust me." Betty Lou stopped struggling as Becky leaned over and kissed her tender lips. Betty Lou cried out as Samson forced his long Black cock through the blonde's hymen. Samson willed himself to remain motionless for a minute or two to allow the ex-virgin's cunt a chance to expand before he shoved the rest of his foot long cock into her tight little teenage twat.

Mrs. Jill Fuller, the other cheerleaders and their Black dates had quietly come into the room just before Samson had taken Becky's place between the new cheerleader's shaking thighs. Black hands and fingers slipped into and under dresses to play with willing white female flesh as everyone watched Betty Lou being deflowered by an older Black man. Becky began whispering into Betty Lou's ear about how great sex with Black men was as Samson slowly forced his Black tool deeper and deeper into her pure white belly.

A gasp from Betty Lou's startled lips told every one that Samson's foot long Black

rammer was all the way inside of her and his coarse pubic hair was pressing her gold ring into her clitoris. "Oh! God!" Betty Lou practically screamed as her insides were moved around in ways she never imagined. The older Black man grinned as he slowly withdrew most of the length of his cock only to reverse direction and feed it back into the young blonde's forever-ruined vagina. Within a couple of minutes, Samson had established a steady rhythm as he fucked the white girl for the first time. The cinnamon colored stockings on Betty Lou's legs felt great on his waist as the girl wrapped them around his middle as he fucked her within an inch of her young life.

Thick soft lips kissed Betty Lou and she responded passionately. Her eyes were closed again but she knew that she was being kissed by an older Black man, however, considering that she had just surrendered her virginity to him, being kissed by him was a minor issue. All the time, Becky kept whispering into her ear about how much she would learn to love Black cock. Almost every two minutes, Betty Lou experienced another orgasm. Samson managed to last for twenty minutes in the extremely tight cunt of the beautiful white blonde girl before he felt his own orgasm approaching.

Becky had been whispering about how great it was to feel a Black man shooting his sperm deep inside of a white girl's body where no white boy's tiny little dickette could ever reach. Betty Lou, in a lucid moment between orgasms, pulled her lips from Samson's as she gasped, "What if he makes me pregnant? Please don't let him cum in me! If I become pregnant with a Black baby, my Daddy will disown me. Please, Mr. Samson, don't cum in me!" Then, Betty Lou's body betrayed her as she had another major orgasm, which sent the older Black man over the edge.

Samson felt his Black baby making seed boiling up from his over sized balls and firing up the under side of his big Black cock to shoot deep inside of the blonde girl's fertile womb. Spurt after spurt of his thick potent sperm was pumped deep inside Betty Lou's body as she had a rolling orgasm that kept going on and on. She had thought that sex with Becky and the other cheerleaders was better anything she would ever experience. As the old Black man filled her womb with his seed, she discovered that she loved having sex with Black men and feeling them cumming inside of her was the ultimate sex act.

After Samson had finished cumming inside of his latest white teenage conquest, Betty Lou kept her nylon covered legs wrapped around his waist and her slim white arms around his dark skinned neck as they slowly kissed. Betty Lou felt that she was in love with the Black man that had taken her virginity. A part of her mind was thinking about what it would be like to be married to an older Black man as she held her white body open to him. After all, she might now be pregnant with his baby. Maybe, she could learn to love a Black man. She knew that she could learn to love the orgasms that he could give her each and every night!

"My turn!" said Becky's date as Samson was pulled off of Betty Lou. As Samson's soft, but still full sized Black cock was pulled from her body, there was a slurping sound and

Betty Lou suddenly felt empty. She looked down to see another foot long Black cock moving into position. She tried to close her legs but felt other hands grasp her nyloned legs to hold them open as a second giant Black cock was slowly fed into her white teen body. Betty Lou gasped as coarse Black pubic hair hit her clit ring. She really did not want sex with any other Black man than Samson but found her legs automatically encircling the waist of Becky's Black boyfriend as he fucked her.

Betty Lou returned Becky's Black friend's passionate kisses as he stroked his thick Black tool deep inside of her belly. Samson's sperm lubricated her vagina and Betty Lou's new lover's tool moved in and out very quickly as he worked towards his own orgasm. Betty Lou had another orgasm as she was being fucked. That was when she felt his big Black cock jetting his own sperm deep into her womb. She did not want him to cum inside her because it might make her pregnant, but the possibility of pregnancy made the sex far more exciting. The fact that it would be a Black baby if she became pregnant drove Betty Lou almost out of her mind with a high intensity orgasm.

When Becky's boyfriend pulled his cock from her stretched vagina, Betty Lou did not object this time when another Black man took his place. Between her own orgasms, Betty Lou would glance around the room to see that a Big Black Cock was also fucking each and every white girl at least once during the evening. Even Mrs. Fuller was participating as she sucked one Black cock as another stroked into her from behind. Betty Lou had never seen a woman performing oral sex on a man before. A few minutes later, she accepted a wet Black cock into her own mouth as another man was fucking her. She eagerly sucked the mixture of Black sperm and white girl vaginal juices from the big Black cock being pushed past her mouth and into her throat. The video camera behind the two-way mirror recorded each and every act as Betty Lou went from a virgin to a Black Cock Slut in a single evening.

Sunday morning:

Betty Lou slowly opened her eyes. At first, she was confused and did not know where she was. Then, seeing the nude and semi nude girls in bed with her reminded her that she was back in Mrs. Fuller's home. She still wore the open cupped brassiere and matching garter belt. Her shoes and right stocking were missing and her left stocking hung in cinnamon colored nylon tatters. Then, the memories from the previous night came flooding back to her. She had unprotected sex with Black men! Her hands went to her still red and swollen hairless vagina lips and felt a swamp of Black baby making sperm that was slowly dribbling out of her over filled fertile womb.

Betty Lou's abused body was so sore; she could barely crawl out of bed. She noticed that she had been sleeping in a wet spot and a trickle of sperm actually ran down the inside of her thigh as she made her way to the bathroom. She was terrified that she might already be pregnant with a Black baby. Even though she had initially pleaded for them not to cum inside of her, she had much bigger orgasms when she felt them shooting their sperm deep inside of her womb. The night had been an endless string of

pervverted orgasms!

Betty Lou wobbled to the bathroom on shaky legs, quietly closed the door, sat on the commode and tried to force out as much of the unwanted sperm as possible, then, she searched under the sink and, thankfully, found a douche kit. She filled the bag with warm water and added a little vinegar from the bottle she found also under the sink. She sat on the commode and slid the long thin nozzle up inside of her still dripping vagina. Yesterday, her hymen would have limited how deep the nozzle would go. After having an uncounted number of foot long Black cocks inside of her almost all night, she found that the nozzle all but disappeared inside of her loose vagina. She released the tubing valve and let the vinegar water flush out her womb. She prayed that she was in time because her parents would never allow her to get an abortion and her father would disown her if she gave birth to a Black baby.

Betty Lou replaced the douche kit under the bathroom sink, flushed the sperm down the commode and stepped into the shower to wash away the dried fluids and some of the memories of the previous evening. She scrubbed her skin with a washcloth to try to remove what had happened. She looked down to see that the insides of her thighs had small bruises and her normally large nipples were swollen to an even larger size after the Black men had suckled on them most of the night.

"Evil! They are all evil!" Betty Lou Turner muttered to herself under her breath as she went to put on her own clothing before any one else awoke. She slipped on her granny panties and minimizer brassiere, long, baggy dress and flat heel shoes. She could see Diane Sutton laying on the bed with her legs spread open, her uncovered vagina swollen like her own with sperm slowly dripping out from her gaping slit. Betty Lou had an urge to fall to her knees between Diane's spread legs and taste the creamy fluid slowly oozing from the girl's well-fucked snatch. Betty Lou prayed to the Lord for strength as she picked up her bag and turned to leave. She knew it had to be Satan that made her want to lick the vile juices dribbling from Diane's violated cunt.

Betty Lou had no other way of getting home other than walking. She began her long journey, but found the going more and more difficult because of her heavy bag and sore body. Also, with every step, the damned clitoris hood ring rubbed against her ultra sensitive clit. She could feel an orgasm slowly building in her body. Just when she thought the ring was about to make her cum, Debbie Rainey and Becky Hamilton pulled their SUV to the curb and offered her a ride. Betty Lou told them that she no longer wanted anything to do with them. Then, as she turned to walk off, her clit ring gave her an orgasm. Becky was smiling as she got out of the vehicle and led the orgasming teenager to the SUV and loaded her into passenger seat. As they drove, Becky and Debbie tried unsuccessfully to talk Betty Lou into returning with them to the Fuller home. Betty Lou was insistent and they took her to her home.

When Betty Lou entered her home, she saw that her mother had already returned from church services and was speaking on the telephone. Betty Lou decided that it would be

better not to tell her mother about what had happened to her over the weekend. It would be her secret. At least, it would be a secret as long as she was not pregnant. If she were pregnant with a Black baby, her life would never return to normal. She waved at her mother and climbed the stairs to her bedroom.

Betty Lou lay on her bed and she reached for her personal copy of the Bible. She prayed that she was not pregnant as she held the Good Book. She promised to never repeat what had happened over the weekend and vowed to have the gold ring removed from her clitoral hood as soon as she knew how to get rid of it. A few minutes later, her mother knocked on her door.

When Mrs. Emma Turner returned home from Sunday Services, her telephone was ringing. It was the nice Mrs. Fuller, the high school counselor and cheerleader coach, calling to tell her that one of the girls and Betty Lou had gotten into an argument over religion and that Betty Lou had left before the training was complete. Jill Fuller had explained to Emma how important it was for her daughter to be more open minded and Emma agreed. Betty Lou's mother thought that the girl's coach was a wonderful person and a good influence on her daughter as they had talked. Emma Turner talked to her daughter for several minutes before going down stairs to cook dinner. She prepared meals for five people.

When Betty Lou was called by her mother to eat lunch, she found her mother sitting at the dinner table along with Mrs. Fuller, Becky and Debbie. Betty Lou's mother told her to sit down and eat. Betty Lou wanted to run from the room but she had been taught to do as she was told and did as her mother ordered. Emma discussed the cheerleading squad and how proud she was that her dear sweet daughter was now a cheerleader. Becky smiled at Betty Lou and winked when Emma Turner was pouring some more tea into her glass.

After the meal, Becky and Debbie asked if they could speak privately to Betty Lou in her room. Betty Lou had decided that she did not want anything more to do with the cheerleaders, but her mother told her, "Betty Lou! Be socialable. Invite your friends up to your room. Have you forgotten your manners?" Betty Lou meekly invited Becky and Debbie to her room. Mrs. Fuller stayed downstairs to keep Mrs. Turner busy so that her cheerleaders could convince the young blonde to remain a member of the squad.

Debbie closed and locked the bedroom door as Becky opened her bag and took out a DVD player. Betty Lou was telling them that she wanted off the squad and never wanted to see either of them again when the video began to play. It was a very clear shot of her laying on a bed, in sinfully sexy undies, as a Black man fucked in and out of her. Betty Lou covered her eyes with her hands as she saw her arms and legs come up to lovingly cradle the Black man as her hips rose up to meet his pelvic thrusts.

Debbie told Betty Lou, "We were going to make you one of the cheerleaders. You would have been special. Instead, you tried to run away. Okay. If that is how you want it. We

can go downstairs right now and show your dear sweet religious mother what a Black cock slut she has for a daughter! Is that what you want?" Betty Lou frantically shook her head no as tears ran down her cheeks! She tried to speak but her voice was paralyzed. "So, you do not want your mother to see the video? Okay. But you cannot be a regular cheerleader. Instead, you will be our sex slave. In return, we will not show your mother the video. Do you agree?" Betty Lou nodded her head as a tear trickled from her eye. "All right. From now on, you will eat any pussy you are told to eat. Understand?" Again, Betty Lou hung her head as she nodded her head. "I want to hear that you will do everything that we say."

Betty Lou's voice cracked as she softly said, "I will do everything that you say. I promise. Please don't let my parents see that video."

Debbie grinned as she stated, "Okay. Do as we say and we will not show your parents the video. Get undressed, Slut, you can eat some cheerleader pussy." Betty Lou pleaded with the two girls to not make her do that in her own home, but Debbie was insistent. Debbie unbuttoned Betty Lou's dress and pulled it up and off her trembling body. Betty Lou was terrified that her mother would catch them in the act and begged them to take her back to Mrs. Fuller's house first. Instead, Debbie released the five hooks along the back of the young teenagers minimizer brassiere, causing the D-cup breasts to wobble slightly as they were freed of their prison. "Get those ugly granny panties off! I think we should do you a favor and burn all of them for you."

As Betty Lou's panties slid down her trembling legs, she stood in her own bedroom, a virtual slave to two older high school cheerleaders. Debbie produced a nylon dog collar from her pocket. She showed the young blonde the attached nametag. It said, "SLUT", in big bold letters. Before Betty Lou could object, the collar was snapped around her graceful neck. Betty Lou thought her disgrace was complete until Debbie took a dog leash from her pocket and snapped it to the collar.

Debbie was grinning as she removed her top and shorts. She had worn no underwear and was now quite nude as she moved to sit on Betty Lou's bed. She gave the leash a tug, pulling Betty Lou to her. "Kneel. Sit, Slut. I did not have time to take a shower this morning. My cunt still has some Black sperm in it. It probably smells a little ripe right now, but that is your damned fault for making us chase after you. Now, get down on your knees and clean my soggy cunt."

A yank on her collar pulled Betty Lou to her knees between Debbie's spread thighs. Having been pumped full of sperm several times the night before, Debbie's vagina had an odor that was quite pungent as Betty Lou's face was pulled into the wet cunt. "Now. Eat me, Slut!" Debbie commanded as Betty Lou's nose and mouth were buried in the slimy slit. Betty Lou decided it would be best to do the job and get it over with as her tongue snaked out to lick up the juices. "Oh! Yes!" Debbie cried out loudly, "This slut knows how to eat pussy!" Betty Lou hoped that Debbie would be quieter so her mother would not hear them and come to investigate.

It took Betty Lou twenty minutes to completely clean Debbie's syrupy snatch. During that time, Debbie had five orgasms, each time loudly calling out that she was cumming. Betty Lou was surprised that her mother had not come to see what was the matter. When Debbie released the younger teen from her orally cleaned crotch, she moved over and a naked Becky took her place.

As Betty Lou ate Becky Hamilton's spunk filled pussy, she could hear her telling Debbie Rainey to put on her clothes and check on Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Turner. After another twenty minutes of dedicated pussy eating, Becky's pussy was clean and she had climaxed to four orgasms. What worried Betty Lou was that she was beginning to enjoy eating pussy and noticed that her own vagina was beginning to tingle without even being touched.

Debbie had returned from downstairs with a tray of three drinks and had winked at the cheerleader captain as she came back to the bedroom. Becky pulled on the leash to make Betty Lou's wet, glistening face look up at her. "I brought us refreshments. You will probably want to wash down all that second hand sperm. Here is your drink. Hurry up, you have more pussy to eat after you drink it." Betty Lou gratefully swallowed the drink to rid herself of the thick pungent flavor of old sperm. Debbie added, "Remember how you promised to eat any pussy you were told to eat?" Betty Lou slowly nodded her head as she involuntarily licked her cream coated lips before emptying the glass and sitting it on the bedside table.

Debbie took possession of Betty Lou's leash, said, "Up, Slut," and tugged her to her feet. "If you don't want every one you know to see the video of you loving Black breeding, you will do exactly as we say. Understand?" Betty Lou was already beginning to feel the effects of the drugs that had been poured into her glass. She was totally defeated as she nodded her head. "Good! Now, come with me, Slut!"

Becky, who was still naked, opened the bedroom door as Debbie pulled Betty Lou's leash, forcing her into the upstairs hallway. Betty Lou tried to return to the safety of her room only to be pushed by Becky and pulled by Debbie towards the stairs. The drugs made her resistance weak and ineffectual as she, naked as the day she was born, except for the dog collar and leash, was led to her living room.

Betty Lou's blue eyes went as big as saucers when she was pulled and pushed into her living room. Her mother, Mrs. Emma Turner, who had raised her to be a pure and innocent virgin who studied the Bible and took her to church each and every Sunday, was laying on the sofa, completely nude. Betty Lou had never heard her mother moan as she was doing as Mrs. Fuller was eating her blonde haired vagina.

After the three teenagers had left to go upstairs, Emma Turner made the mistake of telling her daughter's cheerleading coach that her husband was a road builder and would not be home for over two weeks. Jill Fuller had then slipped a combination

aphrodisiac and date rape drug into Emma Turner's drink when she was not looking. Within five minutes, Emma was beginning to slur her words as she talked and she was fidgeting around in her seat as her vagina and nipples began to itch. Being a gracious hostess, she asked Mrs. Fuller if she would like to go into the living room where she said the sofa was more comfortable than the dining room chairs. Jill had to hold Emma's arm to steady her as she staggered to her living room.

Emma Turner was too far-gone to notice that her daughter's cheerleading coach was sitting far too close as they sat on the comfortable sofa. "My goodness, Emma. You are very pretty. It is easy to see whom Betty Lou takes her beauty from. And your figure is hot!" A blushing Emma Turner thanked Mrs. Fuller for complimenting her on her figure. "Don't call me Mrs. Fuller. Jill will do. I know we will become close friends. Very close friends." Jill said as she moved in even closer. Emma was surprised to find that her new friend was suddenly kissing her.

Jill ran her tongue between the drugged woman's softly pouting lips as she pushed her back to lie on the sofa. Jill's hands caressed the blonde mother's body through her Sunday dress and underwear. Jill continued the kiss to keep the mumbled protests about being a married woman and how this was wrong silent as her fingers reached under the married woman to unzip the back zip of her dress. Her busy hands pulled the dress down around Emma's narrow waist only to find the minimizer brassiere acting like armor plate protecting Emma's succulent breasts and over sized nipples.

Emma tried to defend herself as she felt fingers unhooking her six brassiere hooks, but the dress pushed down around her waist effectively kept her hands tied. The aphrodisiac and other drugs made her brain befuddled as her brassiere was removed. "My, my, Emma, you sure do have some nice titties!" she was told as the coach lowered her mouth to a stiff nipple. Mrs. Turner wanted to protest that she was a married woman and was not a lesbian but could only moan as her nipple felt better than she ever remembered when her husband had suckled her breasts. Her vagina was itching and she knew it was getting moist as her new friend shifted to her other nipple.

Emma's hands stayed busy as Jill reached under her skirt and ran her hand up under, along the shapely nylon covered thighs to the cotton crotch of her pantyhose. Jill massaged the moistening vagina through pantyhose and panties as she continued the oral assault on Emma's swollen nipples. The assault on the innocent mother's body was sparking sensations that she had never before felt and her hips began moving involuntarily as her crotch was massaged by the first person other than her husband. Emma had her first lesbian orgasm as the cheerleader coach suckled her nipples and her hand massaged her wet crotch until she climaxed as she lay writhing on her living room sofa.

Jill Fuller was removing Emma Turner's dress; pantyhose and granny panties as a dressed Debbie Rainey came down to see how the conquest was progressing. The tall curly haired blonde cheerleader was grinning as she helped spread the older woman's

legs, exposing the dripping vagina hidden by the blonde pubic hair. "I like them better when they are hairless," the teenage cheerleader stated and her coach agreed and said that she had brought her laser hair removal equipment in the back of her SUV. "Great! Before we leave tonight, mother and daughter will both be hairless sluts!" Debbie Rainey had then gone to the kitchen, poured three drinks, making sure she put the drugs in Betty Lou's glass, and went back up stairs.

As Betty Lou was led to the living room sofa, she was amazed to see her mother's blonde head whipping side to side and her fingers frantically gripping the fabric of the sofa as she had a powerful orgasm as Mrs. Fuller ate her hairy blonde pussy. Becky stood behind Betty Lou as they watched their coach seduce the very pretty mother. Betty Lou felt Becky's naked body mold itself to her bare back as Becky's hands slipped under her arms to come up and cup her over sized breasts and tweak her huge nipples. Becky whispered in her friend's ear, "Look at your mother cum! Isn't she beautiful! Wow! Mrs. Fuller is sure working your mom over! Look! Your mother is about to cum again! Now, we know where you got your hot crotch from!"

One of Debbie's hands reached over to play with Betty Lou's hairless vagina. When her fingers touched the clitoris hood ring, it caused an instant orgasm for the young teenager. The combination of the aphrodisiac, the other drugs, seeing her mother cumming as her coach ate her hairy pussy, plus everything else that had happened over the weekend, pushed poor little Betty Lou Turner over the edge. As she had a major orgasm, her weakened knees gave out and she collapsed to her knees beside the sofa. Mrs. Fuller slid out of the way as Debbie looped the dog leash under one of Mrs. Emma Turner's shapely thighs and with one hand on the back of Betty Lou's blonde head, she was guided to her mother's wet vagina.

Debbie whispered to Betty Lou so as not to alert her mother just who was about to perform cunnilingus on her over heated crotch, "Remember, Slut, you promised to eat any pussy when we told you to eat it? Eat your momma's sloppy cunt!" Betty Lou's mouth and nose were shoved into her own mother's hair fringed wet pussy. The drugs were working so well on Mrs. Turner that she never even opened her eyes when she felt a face being pushed into her vagina. Her fingers went to the back of the head in her crotch and pulled it in tighter in an attempt to have another powerful orgasm like she had already had. "Eat that pussy, Slut" Betty Lou was ordered by Debbie Rainey and she did.

Mrs. Jill Fuller used her portable camcorder to record the lesbian incest taking place in the Turner home. Emma Turner was cumming about every three or four minutes as she pulled her daughter's head deeper and deeper into her excited cunt. Poor Betty Lou could barely breathe as her mother applied more and more pressure to the back of her head. Out of the camera's field of view, Becky's fingers were stroking in and out of Betty Lou's hairless pussy and sometimes gently twisting the clit ring. It was when Betty Lou had a major earth shaking orgasm and stopped eating her mother's cunt for a moment that her mother opened her eyes, expecting to see her new friend, Coach Jill

Fuller between her legs. Imagine Emma Turner's shock as her drugged mind made out the fact that it was her only daughter that was munching her carpet!

"Betty Lou! Oh! My God! Betty Lou!" Her mother cried as her drug fogged brain realized she was engaging in a very sinful act with the little girl she had given birth to and raised from a little baby. Becky's fingers in Betty Lou's cunt pushed her upwards. As her mother cried, "Betty Lou, please forgive me. I didn't know it was you!" Betty Lou was guided to lay between her mother's still spread legs until her own nude body was even with her mother's nude body.

Debbie ordered, "Betty Lou, look at your mother's pretty face. See how much she loves you? Show her that you love her. Kiss her soft sweet lips." Betty Lou did as ordered as she French kissed her own mother. "That's a good girl. Reach down and play with your mother's big suck able nipples." Betty Lou's fingers began gently twisting and pulling her mother's big pink nipples. "My, goodness! I think they are even bigger than those giant nipples on your huge tits. That's it! Your mamma loves it. Rub your pussy against hers. Go on. Your mother will love that too. That's it! Look at that, her mother is kissing her now."

Jill Fuller got some great video of mother and daughter kissing. The best scenes were when Debbie got Betty Lou to turn around and go sixty-nine with her mother. Emma had never imagined that she would ever perform an act of lesbianism. She had always said such people were sick. The first pussy she ate was her own daughter's.

An hour later, Debbie, who was the only one with clothes on, went out to Jill's sport utility vehicle to get the laser equipment. Both mother and daughter were unconscious from the effects of the drugs and many powerful orgasms as Jill removed Mrs. Emma Turner's pubic hair. Debbie opened the other bag she had brought from the SUV and took out the body piercing tools and different sized rings. She asked her coach, "We have a dozen of these two inch rings. As big as these sluts' tits and nipples are, can I pierce their nipples, too? Please?"

Jill Fuller smiled at the thought of the prim and proper religious Mrs. Emma Turner waking up with her hairless cunt, pierced nipples and clitoris hood. "Sure, why not?" she told Debbie. Both mother and daughter gasped during their drugged sleep as each huge nipple was pierced. However, neither awoke from their drug and orgasm induced slumber as they lay beside each other on the pussy juice stained living room sofa. Special suave was applied to heal the piercings and super glue was applied to each two-inch nipple ring's catch mechanism. Debbie also placed a two-inch ring in Mrs. Turner's clit hood instead of the normal one-inch ring. The over sized ring would make it almost impossible for her to wear panties ever again since they would press the ring into her clitoris until she was cumming all the time. Just sitting down would be a challenge.

While Debbie did the piercings, Jill called all of the cheerleader parents to tell them that

their cheerleading camp would last until Monday night. She called the other three cheerleaders and told them what to bring to the Turner home. Then, she called Principal June Whitewell and informed her of the mother daughter seduction. June made her coach promise to get her a copy of the mother and daughter sixty-nine video. Jill said, "Gladly!" and was told her cunt had better be extra wet the next time she visited June's home because June Whitewell had gotten in some new toys that she had found on the internet and she wanted to try them out. Jill wanted to go to her Mistress's home tonight but had to go to her own home to greet her husband and daughters as they returned from her in-laws. Jill left the Turner women in the care of five very horny and perverted teenage cheerleaders. They awoke their new victims and began a program to break their wills and make them pliable sluts. Neither mother nor daughter got much sleep that night.

Monday morning:

Betty Lou awoke with the taste of dried pussy juice in her mouth. She tried to raise her head but the dog leash attached to her collar kept her head tied to the edge of the sofa. She opened her big blue eyes to see a hairless pussy only inches from her mouth. The clit hood ring was two-inches in diameter instead of a one-inch ring like the cheerleader team members all had. Betty Lou's memory was hazy, but she remembered that she had been eating her own mother's pussy.

Betty Lou's fingers managed to unsnap the leash from her dog collar. Once free, she slowly stood beside the sofa that had been spotless only yesterday. Now, there were several stains of dried pussy juice that would be difficult to get out. Even more important, Betty Lou's deeply religious mother was sprawled on the sofa completely nude. Her large breasts sported huge nipples and those nipples each had a two-inch ring. Her pubic mound was red from the laser hair removal and was completely bald. Last, but certainly not least, her clitoris hood was pierced with a two-inch ring hanging out of her open slit.

Betty Lou only had to look down at her own nipple rings to imagine what pierced nipples felt like. Just moving around caused the weight of the rings to shift, which caused her nipples to become even more erect. She had tried to remove hers and found them sealed like her clit ring. Betty Lou did not know what kind of brassiere she and her mother would have to wear, but already knew that their days of wearing a minimizer brassiere was over. They would be too tight and the nipple rings would drive them crazy.

Betty Lou's bladder was full and she went up to her room to use her own bathroom. When she entered her bedroom, she found a nude Debbie Rainey and a nude Hazel Morris curled up together in her bed. Betty Lou quietly went into her bathroom and closed the door. She sat on her toilet and drained her bladder. She thought about what had happened. She, and her mother, had fallen so far from their religion; it would be impossible to ever get back to where they were. And, after being exposed to the earth

shaking orgasms that she had enjoyed for the past few days, Betty Lou did not want to go back.

Betty Lou wiped and got up from the commode. She turned on her shower and adjusted the temperature as she decided that she never wanted to go back to being a "good girl". Being "bad" was much more exciting. She removed her dog collar and laid it on the sink. Betty Lou stepped into the shower and washed her hair before washing her voluptuous body. As the shower spray hit her nipple and clit rings, she enjoyed more orgasms.

Monday late morning:

Emma Turner slowly opened her eyes. Instead of being in her and her husband's bedroom, she was in the living room, naked, laying on her sofa. Then, the memories of the previous evening came flooding back to her. She remembered the lesbian way Jill Fuller had seduced her on this very sofa. Then, she remembered, horror of horrors, her own daughter engaging in lesbian incest with her. Her mind reeled at the memory of her performing oral sex on her own daughter. Emma Turner began to cry, with her face covered by her dainty hands, when her naked daughter entered the room carrying a cup of coffee for her mom.

"Good morning, Mother." Betty Lou said as she sat the cup on the table, bent down and kissed her mother's cheek. "First, drink some coffee. I know how you are until you've had your coffee in the morning. I am preparing breakfast for our guests and have to get back to the kitchen. I'll be back to check on you in a little while."

Mrs. Turner reached out and took her daughter's hand in hers as she began blubbing apologies for what had happened the previous evening. She thought that Mrs. Fuller had somehow seduced her into lesbian sex during a moment of weakness and that she, herself, had involved her innocent teenage daughter in the sickness when she wandered into the living room. Emma begged her daughter to forgive her.

Betty Lou took her mother's tear stained face between her dainty hands, titled her head back, looked her in the eye and said, "You do not have to apologize, Mother. I love you."

Emma Turner was about to say, "Thank you! Thank you!" Betty Lou gently kissed her mother's lips, preventing her mother's expression of gratitude.

"Are you two at it already?" Mother and daughter turned their heads to see all five cheerleaders standing in the doorway to the living room. Debbie added, "Since you sluts live here, you can each play hostess and fix breakfast. We'll all eat in the nude. If you've never done it before, you'll find it liberating. Now, get your naked asses in the kitchen before we have to spank them." Mother and daughter knew that the threat of a spanking was not an idle threat and they went to prepare breakfast.

As she moved around in her kitchen, preparing breakfast, Emma Turner realized that her rings were demanding her attention as they agitated her ultra sensitive erogenous zones. Still, she continued to feel guilty for involving her innocent teenage daughter in the sinful act of incestuous lesbianism. Occasionally, as they passed one another in the kitchen, Betty Lou would take her mother's naked body in her arms and give her a hug. Emma Turner was too embarrassed to complain when her daughter's hands slipped down to fondle her naked buttocks before releasing her.

As everyone sat around the dining table, eating breakfast in the nude, Mrs. Jill Fuller arrived from her busy morning. She had returned to her home the previous evening just before her husband and daughters. She pretended to be a normal wife and mother, putting her daughters to bed and having boring sex with her husband. This morning, she got her daughters off to school and her husband off to work before starting her own errands. A quick trip to the high school to deliver the mother and daughter incest video to Principal Whitewell resulted in a plan for the new recruits for today. Jill made a couple of telephone calls before stopping to purchase a few clothing items.

Emma Turner had been embarrassed all morning as she was forced to wait on the teenage girls in the nude. When the cheerleader coach arrived, wearing her normal teaching clothes, Emma dropped her head and her face turned red as memories of letting the other woman seduce her added to her embarrassment. Jill Fuller took charge of the subdued mother and led her up to the master bedroom.

Jill had her arm around the nude waist of her conquest as they climbed the stairs in silence, each carrying a cup of coffee. Once in the master bedroom, they sat their coffee cups down and Jill enfolded Betty Lou's mother into an intimate embrace and tried to kiss her soft lips. Emma Turner refused to repeat her mistake and would not allow the cheerleading coach to kiss her. When Jill released her, Emma turned her head for a moment. It took only a moment for Jill Fuller to pour a few drops from the bottle in her pocket into Emma Turner's coffee.

"Okay," Jill said, "In the light of the morning, you do not want to admit to your homosexual desires. A lot of people have regrets the next morning." Emma turned to say that she was not a homosexual, but could not deny what had happened the night before. Jill added, "Let's just enjoy our coffee, and be friends. Then, if you insist, I'll leave and never bother you again."

Emma breathed a sigh of relief. Her life had been nearly shattered by what had happened to her and her daughter. She did not think that their relationship would ever be the same. She did not know that her pubic hair would never grow back. She had tried to remove the rings from her nipples and clitoris hood and found the catch mechanisms stuck. Still, if the rings were removed, she could almost go back to her life as a normal loving mother of a sweet innocent daughter. Emma Turner reached for her coffee cup and took a big sip as she began planning on how to restore her life to

normal.

Mrs. Turner was feeling a little light headed when Jill Fuller suggested that she take a shower to wash off her daughter's dried pussy juice. Emma blushed as she staggered to the bathroom. Jill laid out the new clothing she had purchased for her new victim on the rumpled king sized bed. She had peeked in Emma's lingerie drawer and closets the previous evening and found absolutely nothing suitable for her to wear this afternoon.

When Emma Turner staggered from the bathroom, she was clean but very, very horny. The shower spray hitting her nipple rings and clit ring drove her over the edge twice before she managed to finish her shower. Her legs felt rubbery as the shorthaired blonde coach took her into an intimate embrace before kissing her soft pouty lips. Emma only made a halfhearted effort to break the kiss as a tongue slipped into her mouth. Her rings rubbed against Jill Fuller's fully clothed body, causing her to have yet another orgasm. Emma surrendered herself to the carnal desires coursing through her helpless drugged body only to have Jill end the kiss to help dress the married woman for her afternoon activities.

"I can't leave you in this condition, now can I? After all, what are friends for?" Jill said as she picked up a white satin corset from the bed and wrapped it around Emma's relatively narrow waist. "You know, Emma, your lingerie drawer is filled with plain white brassieres that made your boobs look smaller and white granny panties. You did not own anything that is sexy and would enhance your body. So, I did a little shopping at the mall lingerie store this morning. I hope you approve." After hooking the corset, Jill tightened the laces.

Emma Turner looked down to see that the corset was little more than a waist cincher. It almost had a built in brassiere, it supported her breasts and lifted them, but left her giant nipples, with their two-inch rings, exposed. The bottom of the corset ended only a couple of inches above her hairless pubic mound. The bottom of the back ended even high so as to allow her round bottom to protrude unencumbered. Three thin straps hung from each side of the bottom of the corset. Garter tabs were attached to each strap. Jill tightened the laces one last time, giving the drugged mother an hourglass figure.

Having remembered seeing her mother wear stockings and a garter belt, Emma only needed a little help as she rolled the seamed cinnamon colored nylon stockings up her curvaceous legs to attach them to the six garter straps. A pair of four-inch high heel shoes with an ankle strap was buckled securely on her small feet. A snug pair of white satin panties were given to her by her daughter's cheerleader coach and she stepped into them and slid them up her nylon covered legs. She gasped fairly loudly as the panties tightly hugged her round buttocks and pubic mound because it pressed in on her clitoris hood ring. Jill led Emma to her vanity table where her modest selection of cosmetics was stored. The clit ring rubbing against her clitoris as she walks across the bedroom made her cum as she sat down on the padded stool.

Jill had to fix Emma's hair since she was shaking too much from her orgasm. It fluffed up quite nicely. Emma had never worn very much make up, but Jill had bought some of that as well. Emma would have thought that she looked like a painted up woman of ill repute if she was not on drugs. As it was, she was so horny that she was hoping that Jill Fuller would take her to bed and give her the same wonderful orgasms that she had enjoyed last night. Instead, Jill picked up a baby blue chiffon dress for Emma to wear. The dress was so thin; Emma's protruding nipples and gold rings could be seen through the fabric.

This time, when Jill put her arms around the sexily dressed mother's tiny waist, she met no resistance to a kiss. Emma eagerly responded, as she was French kissed. She even wrapped her arms around the coach's neck as she melted into the other woman's embrace. When Jill broke off the kiss to say, "It's time to go down stairs to greet our guests," Emma felt disappointment that they were not going to bed. The drugs had her too befuddled to ask, what guests.

All six cheerleaders, including Betty Lou, were dressed in their uniforms. In anticipation of visitors, they had done their hair and makeup as well. Walking down the stairs, wearing tight panties pressing her two-inch ring against her clitoris almost made Emma cum. She was biting her lower lip trying to control her body as she was led to the living room. The girls all whistled as they saw the sexy dress and the way her erect nipples and rings shown through. When she sat on the sofa, the edge of the cushion came up between her legs and hit her clit ring, making her shake as she had an orgasm. "That was a nice one," Hazel Morris exclaimed as she watched the older woman's facial expression.

A few minutes later, the front door bell rang. A couple of the Turner's neighbors watched with concern as three car loads of Black men parked in the Turner driveway, where several vehicles were already parked, and went up to the door and rang the doorbell. Seeing the nice little Betty Lou Turner opening the door and greeting the Black men so warmly put their minds at ease as they figured it had something to do with Betty Lou being a cheerleader. The neighbors went back to their soap operas as Betty led the Black men to introduce them to her mother

Even in her drugged state of mind, Mrs. Emma Turner was flustered because she had Black men in her and her husband's home. Her husband had made it plain on many occasions that he did not like Black people. She knew that he would not approve of their guests even as she was introduced to a friendly older Black man named Samson. Emma was absolutely shocked when her sweet and innocent daughter walked right up to the elderly Black man. Put her young arms around his neck and kissed him very passionately. Emma knew that if her husband saw his daughter kissing a Black man, he would have a stroke. When the kiss ended, Samson gently peeled the teenage daughter from his neck and passed her to two younger Black men who immediately put their Black hands on her daughter's body and felt her up as they pulled her towards the

living room sofa.

"And I thought your daughter was pretty," Samson said as an ebony arm went around Mrs. Turner's tiny waist. Emma looked up at the Black man with her baby blue eyes and he added, "I feel privileged just being this close to such a beautiful lady. You don't mind if I put my arm around you, do you?" She did feel uncomfortable being hugged by a strange Black man. When Emma did not answer right away, Samson asked, "You're not prejudiced are you?" Her preacher had taught her that it was wrong to be prejudiced so she told him that she was not. "Well, That is great news," he said as his other ebony arm also encircled her waist.

Every one, including her daughter, looked on as Emma Turner was pulled against the elderly Black man. Her almost naked nipples rubbed against his body, the nipple rings accentuated the sensations. He hugged her tighter, causing her pubic mound to make contact with his crotch. The drugs. The rings. It was too much for her. Emma had an orgasm as Samson ground his thick dark penis against her clit ring. The entire seduction was caught on video as Jill Fuller used her camcorder from across the room.

Emma did not protest as a man who was not her husband kissed her for the very first time. Samson's big thick soft lips were moist as they engulfed Emma's trembling mouth. He continued to grind his thick cock against her clit ring, keeping her on the verge of another orgasm, as they kissed. Within a couple of minutes, Mrs. Emma Turner had forgotten that the man who was kissing her was Black as she eagerly sucked on his huge tongue as it snaked between her hungry lips. His hands on her bottom caused her to place her slender white arms around his thick Black neck

Jill made sure she captured the passion of the interracial kiss as she moved around to also see Samson's black fingers move up to tug down on the zipper along the back of the blue chiffon dress. He stopped kissing her long enough to push her arms down and pulled the dress off her lily white shoulders and let it fall all the way around her high heeled feet. Emma almost managed to overcome the aphrodisiac drugs and the effects of the rings as she realized the significance of being in her living room, almost nude, being hugged and kissed by a Black man while her loving husband was out of town working. Then, Samson dropped his thick lips to her swollen left nipple as his Black fingers massaged the front of her white satin panties, pushing the clit ring harder against her stiff clitoris. Emma's will to resist evaporated as she had another orgasm as six cheerleaders, including her own daughter, their coach plus eleven Black men watched.

Deep inside Emma's mind, a voice was telling her that this was wrong as Samson led her out of the living room and up the stairs. Jill motioned to the master bedroom and he pulled the reluctant wife into the bedroom shared by her and her husband. Samson's large Black hand cupped her exposed breast as his fingers gently twisted her nipple ring, sending maddening sensual messages to her brain that overrode the voice telling her this was wrong. She lost all control when he kissed her passionately before laying

Emma on her marriage bed.

Emma gasped as dark hands removed her white satin panties. In a way, she was glad that her panties were no longer pressing her clit hood ring into her clitoris. In another way, she was worried that she was now on her and her husband's bed with her panties off, as a Black man quickly removed his own clothing before joining her on the bed. She did have time to notice that everyone was standing in her bedroom. Most of the cheerleaders had more than one Black hand under their skirt as they slowly stroked one or two big Black cocks in their dainty white hands. Even Betty Lou was stroking two gigantic ebony tools that seemed to be twice as large as Emma's husband's little white penis.

When Samson climbed between the blonde mother's spread legs, he blocked her view of her daughter playing with the well-endowed young Black men. Her eyes widened in disbelief when she looked down to see the Black baseball bat sized cock moving towards her previously faithful vagina. She felt the huge head nosing into her wet slit and once again thought about how wrong this was. Then, it was too late to change her mind as a head of a cock the size of a baseball was slowly forced into her pussy.

Emma cried out as the largest object to pass through her vagina since the birth of her daughter was slowly, but steadily, fed to her violated pussy. Jill moved in closer to catch the panting sounds that the blonde woman was making as she tried to accommodate a cock twice as thick and long as her white husband's! She had never felt so full! Samson's wiry course pubic hair made contact with Emma's clit ring over an inch before his Black Cock was completely buried inside the white woman's belly. She started cumming and wrapped her graceful arms and shapely nylon covered legs around her Black lover as he fucked her.

For a moment, in between orgasms, Emma remembered something important. Ten years ago, her husband had a vasectomy and she had stopped taking birth control pills. She had been completely faithful to her husband and never considered birth control to be important until now. After an orgasm, as she noticed that Samson was stroking in and out faster and faster, the white wife asked him not to cum in her. "Please," she whispered in his ear as he fucked her better than she had ever dreamed possible, "don't cum in me. I'm not on the pill and you might make me pregnant."

The thought of making this beautiful white wife pregnant sent Samson over the edge. His Black baby making seed jetted out of the end of his gigantic Black cock directly into Emma's fertile womb. Feeling the Black tool jerking inside of her belly sent Emma into the most intense orgasm of her entire life. She went into a semi coma state as she continued to stroke in and out of her until he had milked out every drop of his sperm out of his cock and into her cunt.

Emma came to as another big Black cock was being fed to her open cunt. Samson's sperm lubricated her very well as one Black cock after another fucked her and filled her

womb with even more Black baby making seed. She had lost count of the number of orgasms she had since Samson made her a dishonest woman. She had even stopped pleading for them not to cum inside of her. Her begging had only seemed to make the Black men more excited as they pumped her full of their seed. Now, she just babbled about how great they made her feel as the fucking continued non-stop for almost two hours. Emma blacked out again as Black sperm was pumped in her ruined twat.

The next Black man in line supposed to fuck Mrs. Turner refused when he saw the cream pie swamp sloshing around in her gaping cunt. Instead of being fucked, Betty Lou, who was now completely naked, climbed onto her mother and father's bed. Emma was in such a daze; she just lay there as her daughter buried her pretty face in her overflowing twat. Someone joked that Betty Lou needed a straw to suck up that much sperm. Black male hands lifted Betty Lou, turned her around and lowered her snatch onto her mother's face to put them in a sixty-nine position.

Mother and daughter ate each other's spunk filled pussies for several minutes, making each other cum as they cleaned each other. Betty Lou had about half a pint of Black seed in her stomach when Black hands lifted her off her mother and laid her on her back beside her mom. Two Black men moved into position over the two Turner women. As they lay side by side, they held hands as both of their cunts were stretched by big Black cocks. Jill made sure she got a close up of mother and daughter's faces as they were simultaneously Black bred.

The other cheerleaders and Mrs. Fuller had to go home to their families by ten that night. All the Black men, except for Samson, also left. The older Black man slept between mother and daughter in the master bedroom.

Tuesday morning.

When the alarm went off and awoke her, Betty Lou disentangled herself from her mother and the Black man's embrace and slowly got up to go to school as Samson began fucking her mother. Seeing his big Black cock slowly disappearing inside her momma's hairless pussy made Betty Lou's young cunt hungry and she wanted to join them but decided that she should go to school since she had missed classes yesterday. She left the moaning interracial couple and went to her own room to prepare for school.

After taking a shower, brushing her teeth and hair and putting on her make up, Betty Lou slid a pair of her pink satin granny panties up her thighs and attempted to put on one of her minimizer brassieres. The too tight bra felt as if it would rip her nipples off because the nipple rings were compressed far too much for comfort. Since Betty Lou had no other brassieres other than minimizer bras, she came to the conclusion that she would have to go to school today without a brassiere. She had spent part of the weekend and all day yesterday without the benefit of a brassiere and decided to chance one day at school bra less.

For outer clothing, Betty Lou chose a bulky pink woven sweater that should hide her stiff nipples and their rings. Her skirt was a brown skirt that ended at her knees. She went looking for a pair of socks and remembered that Becky had left an unopened package of thigh top stay up nylon stockings on her dresser. Betty opened the plastic bag, took out the contents, saw that there was more than one pair, rolled one stocking up one shapely leg, and then put on the other. There was only an inch between her stocking tops and her pink panties. Her highest high heel shoes were her Sunday church service sandals with two-inch heels. She slipped them on her tiny feet before hurrying to catch the school bus.

As Betty Lou passed by her parent's bedroom, she stuck her head in the door to say good-bye. Samson wished her a pleasant day but her mother said nothing. The Black man was teaching Emma Turner how to suck cock and his big Black cock looked like it was half way down her expanded throat and she was choking on it as both his Black hands were wrapped around the blonde mother's head forcing even more cock down her throat. Emma had always refused to go down on her white husband. She had considered any woman that performed oral sex to be a slut. Emma found that Black men were not as easy to say no to as she was slowly fed more and more Black cock down her lovely throat.

Her satin panties pressing against her clit ring and her sweater rubbing against her nipple rings slowed Betty Lou down as she tried to hurry to the bus stop. She had two orgasms just getting there. The bus arrived at almost the same time. Once again, when she boarded the bus, the female bus driver with short black hair and a man's shirt winked at her, Betty Lou found that the only empty seat was, once again, beside Alonzo Jones. Everyone's eyes were on her as she moved slowly down the aisle to make sure her rings did not give her an orgasm while everyone was watching.

"Hello, Babe, Where's your cheerleader uniform today?" Betty Lou explained that they were only supposed to wear their uniforms on special occasions. Alonzo laid his Black hand on her nylon stocking and skirt-covered thigh and gave it a squeeze. Unlike the last time, she did not spend most of the way to school trying to push the basketball player's hand away. Instead, she moved her book bag to block the other kid's view of his hand on her thigh. Alonzo smiled as he realized that he had just been given permission to grope the very pretty blonde teenager as much as he wanted.

Alonzo's hand lifted Betty Lou's skirt and slid it upwards until the hemline was almost to her stocking tops. He thought she probably wore panty hose and his Black hand caressed her shapely nylon covered thighs. He got a surprise when his hand reached her panty crotch and found an inch of bare flesh separated her stocking tops from her panties. He looked into the blonde's big blue eyes and grinned as his long Black fingers pulled her panty crotch to one side and reached for her clitoris. He was also surprised to find that she was now pierced and had a one-inch ring in her hairless juicy slit.

Betty Lou concentrated on having silent orgasms as Alonzo Jones played with her

throbbing clitoris. The other students suspected that some hanky panky was going on between the Black ball player and the white cheerleader but would not be able to swear to it in a court of law. By the time they arrived at the school, Betty Lou had three more orgasms. Alonzo was still worried about being late for homeroom and losing his scholarship, so, he hid his throbbing giant erection as he hurried off the bus with the other high school students. Betty waited a few moments before getting up to allow her legs to stop shaking.

Betty was the last student on the bus as she walked down the aisle to the front of the bus. Tam Grant, the butch lesbian bus driver, had kept an eye on the interracial couple in her rear view mirror. She knew that the beautiful blonde girl was being molested and appeared to actually enjoy it. Tam did not want to put a stop to sex on her bus. Tam just wanted to be a part of it. She stood up and moved into the aisle, blocking Betty Lou's exit. Tam asked, "Miss, what is your name?"

"Betty Lou Turner, Ma'am." Was the answer as she looked up into the taller woman's masculine appearing face.

"Well, Betty Lou, it is my job to keep an eye on everyone on the bus. Up till last Friday, you were just another goody two shoes little girl. Then, you boarded my bus on Friday in that skimpy little cheerleader uniform and every guy, and most of the girls, wanted to get you alone on the back seat." Tam grinned at the pretty high schooler and got a smile in return. "Then, that Black boy molests you and you actually seemed to enjoy it. And I thought you were a good girl. That's okay, because I'm not interested in good girls!"

Before Betty Lou can protest, the lesbian bus driver took her into her arms and planted a big wet kiss on her sweet lips. Tam proved to be a good kisser and Betty Lou relaxed, allowing the older woman to pull her close as they kissed. Betty Lou is panting for air when the butch bus driver finally released her. "This afternoon, when you ride the bus home. Do not get off at your regular stop. After all the other kids get off, I drive the bus back to the bus barn. Some of the girls and I have a little clubhouse on the back of the property where we sometimes play. I can introduce you to some really great girl-girl loving. Call your mom and say you're going to the library or something so that we can play for several hours. Afterwards, I'll drive you home. Okay?"

Betty Lou said, "Okay. It might be fun." She figured that her mother had Samson to pleasure her all day and it would be interesting to find out how diesel dykes made love. They kissed one last time before Betty Lou hurried off to homeroom as fast as her rings would allow her. Her day seemed surreal to her as she attended classes but thought constantly of sex. All the things that she had thought were important last week barely seemed worth worrying about now. She wondered what sex with Mr. Covington; her pot bellied algebra teacher would be like instead of thinking about polynomial factoring, which was today's lesson. Her other classes went the same way.

Tuesday afternoon:

Mrs. Emma Turner's sexually satisfied voluptuous blonde female body was coated with perspiration as she lay on her marriage bed with a Black man's potent sperm slowly dribbling from her stretched vagina. Samson had just fucked her for the third time today, which was more times than her white husband had made love to her in a whole week for at least the last ten years. Of course, each time, she had sucked his big Black cock to help get him hard so he could fuck her again, which was something she had never done for her white husband.

Samson had explained to her that sex was an instinctual act and that both men and women enjoyed sex equally when they found it satisfying. Since sexual desires are housed in the lower brain functions, logic played no part in what turns on a person. "That is why I shoot my Black sperm deep into your unprotected fertile white womb. Deep down inside your brain that is what your subconscious secretly wants. That's why you cum so hard when you feel me shooting my seed inside you. The fact that it will eventually make a Black baby inside your married white belly adds to the forbidden fruit thrill. After last night and today, you are addicted to Black cock. If we took it away from you, one night fairly soon, you would find yourself on my side of town, looking for Black cock to rock your lily white world."

The telephone ringing interrupted Samson's explanation of interracial affairs as Emma hesitantly reached for the phone. She was afraid that it was her husband checking in to see if everything at home was okay. Instead, it was her daughter calling to say that she would not be home until late tonight. When her mother asked where she would be and what she would be doing, Betty Lou told her about her butch lesbian bus driver. Emma said, "I am not sure that is a good idea. After all, I have not met this person. How do we know what she is like? You're just a teenager and not old enough..." Emma remembered what she and her daughter had done over the past few days and added, "Just be careful, Sweetheart. And, if you need me, just call. Remember, no matter what happens, I love you."

"Thanks, Mommy. And, I love you, too." Betty Lou meant it as she hung up the phone and went to her language class to daydream about Mr. Gonzales and her Spanish language teacher's big brown cock.

Before Samson could continue his discussion of interracial sex, his cell phone rang. He spoke into his phone for several minutes before closing it and getting out of bed. "I had hoped to spend the night with you again tonight. Unfortunately, the guy who was supposed to cover for me where I work fell off a ladder and broke his leg. Now, I have to go to work or get in trouble. I'll take a shower, and, as much as I hate to, I must leave you and that wonderful pussy of yours."

Emma Turner lay on her bed and thought about everything that had happened to her and her daughter as Samson showered and put on his clothing. The older Black man

kissed her and promised to return during the weekend before he left for work. After walking him to her door and kissing him goodbye, Emma decided it was time to douche and take a shower. She flushed out her womb as best she could, hoping that she did not deliver a Black baby in the next nine months. Then, she showered for half an hour, washing away memories as well as bodily secretions.

After drying off her shapely body and blow-drying her blonde hair, Mrs. Emma Turner slipped on a pair of white satin granny panty briefs. The reinforced crotch pushed her two-inch clitoris hood ring up against her already swollen and very sensitive clitoris, making her gasp. The two, two-inch rings in her constantly stiff nipples swung back and forth as she bent over to search her lingerie drawer for a brassiere that she could stand to wear with her new rings. Eventually, Emma made the same decision that her daughter had made. She went braless under her sweater and skirt.

Being a natural blonde, Emma's skin tone was very white and she wanted to wear stockings. Unfortunately, the crotch panel of a pair of pantyhose would force her clit ring against her clit with far too much force. Emma wandered into her daughter's room and found the opened package of thigh high nylons on her dresser. She sat on her daughter's unmade bed and slid the nylons up each shapely leg until the elasticized tops almost made contact with the satin crotch of her panties.

Emma Turner's mind had been thinking of all the things that had been done to her and her innocent virginal daughter and she became furious with Jill Fuller and the cheerleaders. Her young daughter would never be the same. She normally came home after school to study her homework and the Bible. Tonight, her baby was going to spend the evening with her butch lesbian school bus driver. Her daughter's innocence was ruined forever! The three two-inch gold rings mutilated her own body and her pubic hair was permanently gone. How was Emma ever going to explain that to her own husband? How would he react? The irate mother became even more furious!

Emma looked up the telephone number and called the high school. When the secretary answered the phone, Emma asked to speak to Principal Whitewell. When June Whitewell came on the line, she was interested in what her newest convert had to say. She became very concerned when she realized that the Turner woman was reporting the corruption of her innocent daughter. As Emma told part of the story to the high school principal, June was glad that the stupid bitch had come to her to report the crime instead of the police.

"Mrs. Turner, I am very sorry for what has happened to you and your young daughter. Have you told anyone else about the situation?" When Emma told her that she was the first one she had called, June breathed a sigh of relief. "We need to keep this quiet until I have time to investigate. Otherwise, they will hide the evidence. We need to talk in private. Can you meet me in my home in an hour? You can tell me in detail what has happened." The mother said that she would be there. After June hung up the phone, she called Jill Fuller, gave her instructions and hurried home to prepare for her guest.

Tuesday late afternoon:

When Betty Lou boarded the school bus, she smiled and winked at her bull dyke bus driver. Tam Grant smiled and winked back. Betty looked toward the back of the bus and saw Alonzo Jones sitting alone on the back seat of the bus. She passed empty seats as she walked to the back of the bus. Betty Lou slid onto the seat next to the Black basketball player. His large ebony hand wasted no time pulling her skirt around her waist and moved between her spread nylon covered thighs to cup her pink satin panty protected pubic mound.

When the bus's diesel engine started, the vibrations added to the sensations building in Betty Lou's sex obsessed teenage body. When the bus began to move, Betty Lou moaned as a powerful orgasm caused her nubile female form to shudder and shake as Alonzo twisted her clit ring. The very young looking Linda Sue, a pretty but very thin redhead, who sat in the seat in front of Alonzo and Betty Lou, turned to look when she heard moaning but could not see much over the back of her seat except for Betty Lou's big blue eyes rolling around as she shook. Linda Sue thought that the pretty blonde white girl sitting very close to the Black basketball player was having an epileptic seizure. She was concerned for Betty Lou because they went to the same church every Sunday except for last week, when the blonde mother and daughter had missed services for the first time.

The bus passed Betty Lou's stop and she stayed on the bus. Alonzo had unzipped his pants and had pulled out his big Black cock. Betty Lou's tiny white hand moved to fondle the huge Black tool. Her fingers could not even wrap around the thick cock. She grabbed as much as she could and pumped her hand up and down.

Most of the other students had disembarked when Alonzo whispered that he was about to cum. Betty Lou did not hesitate as she leaned over to wrap her sweet pink lips around the bulbous Black head just before Alonzo began to ejaculate. Her long blonde hair shifted forward to partially hide her face as she swallowed as quickly as she could as each jet of thick sperm filled her mouth.

Alonzo's moans attracted the attention of Linda Sue once more and she turned to see what was happening. She was so short she had to climb up on her skinny knees on the bus seat to see over the top of the seat back. What the thin young redheaded girl saw amazed her. Her friends had whispered about girls doing what the blonde was doing, but the redhead had never seen anyone engaging in oral sex, or any other kind of sex. The blonde's long hair hung down, blocking part of Linda Sue's view as she swallowed the copious quantities of sperm.

The bus stopped and Alonzo hurriedly pushed his still inflated, but softening, Black cock back into his pants. "My stop! Gotta run." He mumbled as he grabbed his books and headed for the front of the bus. Linda Sue had never imagined that any male penis

could be as large as the giant Black cock that looked like it was as thick as a vacuum cleaner hose and about a foot long. Linda Sue had actually seen the pulsations up the underside of the huge cock as jets of sperm were pumped into the pretty blonde's mouth. Linda Sue unconsciously licked her own lips as her hand involuntarily pressed her skirt into her panty-covered crotch to try to relieve the tingling sensations there.

Betty Lou pulled her long blonde hair out of her face as she looked up into the shocked face of the little redhead. Betty Lou's creamy lips were wet and shining as she smiled at the younger girl. "It tastes so good," she said as she slowly leaned forward, "Want a taste?" Linda Sue was in such a state of shock after seeing the beautiful blonde girl sucking a giant Black cock; she did not pull her head back as cream coated lips were gently pressed against her own trembling lips. She closed her eyes as the wet kiss continued. Betty Lou's pink tongue slipped between the thin redhead's trembling lips and probed into her mouth. It was Linda Sue's first taste of male sperm and first French kiss as she swallowed the drops of sperm that were fed to her.

Betty Lou and Linda Sue realized that the bus was stopped only when Tam Grant put it in park, unbuckled her seatbelt, got out of her seat and walked to the back of the bus. The older lesbian licked her lips as she watched silently as the two teenage girls shared the flavor of Black male sperm as they kissed. She did not want the school bus to attract too much attention as it sat on the side of the road for a long period of time. "Excuse me, Linda Sue. We are at your grandmother's house. You'd better go in or else she may come to check on you."

Linda Sue reluctantly opened her eyes as Betty Lou pulled her sperm coated tongue from her suctioning mouth and their soft sweet lips parted. Linda Sue sighed with a dreamy look on her cute young face as she stood up in the aisle, picked up her schoolbooks and moved towards the exit without saying a word. Before going down the steps at the door, she turned and waved to her curvy blonde friend. Betty Lou flashed a friendly smile as she waved back.

Tam looked at the pretty longhaired blonde and said, "Damn girl! Are you planning on having sex with everyone in town? Last week, I would have sworn that you were an innocent virgin. This week, you jump the bones of every boy, girl, man and woman that you meet!" Tam grinned as she added, "I think that is so hot!" Then, the bus driver kissed the teenage blonde before returning to the driver's seat to drive back to the bus barn.

Betty Lou sat on the seat as the vibrations from the school bus's diesel engine added to the sensations caused by her clitoris hood ring. She had a sparkle in her big blue eyes and a grin on her very pretty face as she thought of how much her life had changed in less than a week. She had discovered that sex was much more satisfying than she had ever imagined. Betty Lou felt grateful to Coach Fuller and the cheerleader squad.

At the bus barn, Tam Grant led her newest student conquest to the little building on the

back of the parking area that the school bus drivers used as a club house. She slowly unwrapped her present and used her fingers and tongue to manipulate all of Betty Lou's rings. The teenage blonde had a couple of orgasms and was carpet munching the butch bus driver's hairy pussy when another lesbian school bus driver entered the club room. She was big, Black, unattractive, a bull dyke and had the figure of a refrigerator. Her given name was Geraldine, but she went by the name Gerri. She liked her sex a little rough. By the time Tam Grant took Betty Lou home later that evening, she had a few bruises and had learned that she enjoyed being submissive as the two older lesbians used and abused her lush teenage body.

Tuesday late afternoon at June Whitewell's home:

The dark haired high school principal poured the distraught mother a drink. Emma Turner tried to refuse the drink, but her hostess was insistent. It warmed the blonde mother's insides as it went into her tummy. She found the drink's effects to be relaxing as Emma told the apparently sympathetic principal about what had happened to her daughter.

Emma was becoming a little drowsy and her nipples and vagina began to itch as she began to slightly slur her words. Mrs. Whitewell told the distraught mother, "My goodness, Mrs. Turner, you and your young daughter have been through a traumatic series of events! No wonder you are looking flushed. Perhaps, I can help you. Did you know that my college degree was Pre-Med? I had trouble handling all the dead bodies in medical school and dropped out before I became a medical doctor. Instead, I became a teacher, then a high school principal. Come into my examination room so I can see what they have done to you."

Letting her daughter's high school principal give her a physical exam, seemed a little strange to Emma Turner but the drugs were affecting her logic as the other woman helped her to her feet and led her into a sound proofed room in the basement. Emma did not question why anyone would even own a medical examination table as the dark haired woman gripped her sweater and pulled it up over her head before she could object. The surprised beautiful blonde woman cupped a dainty hand over each of her large pierced nipples as her DD-cup breasts wobbled slightly side to side.

Emma Turner was blushing red as she tried to hide her bare breasts from the grinning high school principal. This kept her hands busy, which allowed June Whitewell full access to the zipper on the blonde mother's skirt. As the skirt fluttered down over the shapely white satin covered bottom and relatively flat tummy, June exclaimed, "Wow! Emma, you don't mind if I call you by your first name, do you? After today, I'm sure we will be close friends. I'll call you Emma, but you will still call me Mrs. Whitewell. Okay?"

The drugged mother was so confused; all she could do was nod as the dark haired woman slipped her fingers into the waistband of the white satin granny panties. "I like you going braless even though it is a little bit slutty. The stay up thigh top stockings

are extra nice, but the granny panties have to go. You will simply have to get some sexy new lingerie. Something more in tune with the new you." Mrs. Whitewell helped the confused mother onto the examination table. A wide leather strap was buckled around Emma's narrow waist as she was made to lie down with her rounded bottom almost hanging off the end of the table.

Emma Turner still wore her high heel shoes and nylon stockings as her feet were strapped into the table's metal stirrups. The mother blushed yet again as she realized that her current position not only left her crotch exposed, but the way her legs were doubled up and spread apart, she would have no secret places that the high school principal would not see. She began to complain about being strapped down in such an embarrassing position as both of her wrists were placed in wide leather cuffs over her head.

"I am here to help you, Emma, and all you want to do is complain. You are being ungrateful." June Whitewell lifted her own skirt, placed her fingers in the waistband of her own black silk bikini panties and slid them down over her garter belt and nylon stockings. She stepped out of her panties, folded them, leaving the moist crotch out and stuffed them into the blonde woman's protesting mouth so that the wet crotch band would be against her tongue. As she wrapped an elastic band around the shocked mother's head, she said, "In the old days, I would have gagged you with your own panties. Then, I decided it was better to let my victim have a fore taste of my pussy juices. Enjoy, Emma!"

As Mrs. Turner struggled uselessly against her bonds, June inspected the piercings; smiling when she saw that two-inch rings had been used instead of the usual one inch. "My Goodness, Emma, no wonder you weren't wearing a brassiere. Those extra large rings in your nipples means we will have to do some shopping for brassieres, panties and garter belts tomorrow. Tonight, however, your sweet ass belongs to me!"

Principal Whitewell's soft hands began caressing the trussed up married woman's semi naked body. As her fingers tweaked Emma's over sized and super sensitive nipples and slowly twisted her nipple rings, the bound mother stopped struggling as her big blue eyes rolled around. June continued to play with the huge tits with one hand as her other slowly caressed its way to the hairless pubic mound with the two inch ring hanging out of the open wet slit.

"You have a very responsive body, Emma. Most women with a face, figure and responsiveness like you have are sluts. By the time I get through with you, you will be a slut, too. Don't worry. You will learn to love being a slut. You and your little slut daughter will be very grateful to us for converting both of you." With one hand massaging Emma's tits and nipples while her other hand massaged her clitoris, poor Emma had no control over her body. The lingering effects of the drugs removed her will to resist as she experienced her first orgasm for the evening.

Emma lay on the table, as her orgasm slowed, breathing through her flared nostrils as her saliva soaked Mrs. Whitewell's silk panties wadded up and stuffed into her mouth. She could taste the secretions that were in the crotch band of the panties and realized that she was eagerly sucking on the juices and swallowing them. June was smiling as she went to a cabinet to pick out a few toys. She returned to the table to show them to her victim.

"This is some new toys that I found on the Internet. This one is long and thin until you squeeze this bulb and pump it up like this. Then, the end starts to expand until it gets the size of a small football. See how big it can get? I'll open this valve and let the air out. Now, it is long and skinny again. A little lubricant and it is ready to be inserted into your cunny. My, my! As wet as you are, I almost wasted the lubricant. As I rotate it, we can get the tip to go up into your cervix. There we go! Deeper. A little deeper. There, it is all the way in. Now, let's pump it up a little. Feel it stretching your womb? Almost like being pregnant, isn't it? That should be enough pressure for now. Maybe, we will pump it up a little more later."

Emma Turner's big blue eyes were wide open as she wiggled around on the examination table. She experienced fullness in her tummy unlike anything she had felt in many years. It was even different than having sex with hugely endowed Black men. Her nipples and clitoris were swollen and stiff as the black haired woman picked up another device over a foot long also with a hose and squeeze bulb attached to one end. "This is an anal probe. It inflates, too, except it inflates along its entire length. See, just a few pumps and it will get as big around as my forehead. Out goes the air and it gets thin again. A little lubricant and into your tight little rectum it goes. Your anus sure is tight! When this probe is through with you, your rectum will be as loose as a goose. My, you sure can wiggle! It is over a foot deep in your shapely bottom. Now, a few pumps. Settle down, you can't get loose. Okay, I guess that is big enough for now. Breathe deeply and the pain will go away in a minute or two. Here, let me play with your nipples and clitty again. You'll be cumming in a minute or two." Emma had an orgasm within fifty-five seconds, but it rolled on and on for over a minute as her perspiring body shook and strained against her stout leather bonds.

Coach Jill Fuller entered the examination room wearing nothing but a black silk garter belt, dark stockings and high heel shoes. "I see you already have the old slut strapped to the table. Emma, Darling, after all I have done for you and that little slut of a daughter of yours, you tried to report me! Do you realize what trouble I might have been in? My career as cheerleader coach and high school guidance counselor would have been ruined! My husband and daughters would have been impacted, too. You were only thinking of yourself. If it were up to me, I'd shove a baseball bat up your cunt and another up your fat ass."

The high school principal admonished the upset cheerleader coach, "Now, now, Jill! You mustn't be so mean to poor Emma. She was just trying to be a good mommy protecting her daughter. Tonight, she will learn the error of her ways. To show her that you were

not serious about the ball bats, I want you to go down on her pussy. I already have inflated devices inserted into her cervix and upper colon. It won't take much to make her cum again." At first, Jill seemed reluctant to eat the cheerleader's mother's pussy, but began to enjoy sending the bound older woman into climax after uncontrollable climax.

June Whitewell, looked into Emma's blue eyes and asked, "If I take my panties out of your mouth now, are you ready to eat my pussy?" The question came between orgasms and Emma Turner surprised herself when she nodded her head. The elastic band was removed from her head, the saliva soaked soiled panties were pulled out of Emma's trembling mouth and tossed into a corner of the room as June hiked her skirt up to her waist, swung a leg over the bound woman's head, and sat on her face. "Oh, yes! They taught you the correct way to eat pussy! That's it, lick on my clitty for a little while! You make a great pussy eater, Emma! Oh! Here I go!" The open wet pussy almost formed an airtight seal on the trussed up woman's mouth and nose, making it difficult for her to breathe. Jill continued her onslaught on Emma Turner's pierced clitoris and nipples, causing mega orgasm after mega orgasm. Emma almost passed out from lack of oxygen and her own orgasms by the time the principal stopped cumming and lifted her dripping cunt off the blonde woman's face.

Mrs. Emma Turner lay on the medical examination table, her profusely perspiring body panting for air as Jill Fuller took great pride in causing violent undulations to shake the blonde mother's body every few minutes as powerful orgasms racked her mind, body and soul. June Whitewell smoothed her skirt back down as she watched Jill work her magic on their latest recruit. She told her captive, "I understood why you came to me to report what had happened to you and your daughter. You were mainly concerned for your daughter's welfare. For your entire life, Emma, you have never known that you were a slut. If you did, you denied it and never allowed yourself to truly enjoy sex. You avoided enjoyment of sex and substituted religion. Now, you are experiencing what sex can truly be as you have orgasm after orgasm. Tell me, Emma, do you like what we are doing to you? Be truthful!"

Between orgasms, the blonde woman whose body was covered in perspiration and whose lower face was still coated with June Whitewell's vaginal secretions nodded her head as she cried out, "Yes! Lord forgive me, but I do love what you are doing to me!" June smiled as her fingers played with Emma's nipple rings. Hearing the cheerleader mother confess that she loved what was being done to her caused the cheerleader coach to double her efforts to make her cum even more. Mrs. Emma Turner passed out and became unconscious after a rolling orgasm lasted over five heart stopping minutes. June checked her pulse to make sure that she was still alive.

"Wow!" Jill said as she raised her head from the passed out blonde woman's still stiff clitoris as she licked her wet lips. "I've never seen anyone cum like that."

June walked around between Mrs. Turner's spread legs to release the valves on the

inflated probes. "The Human brain is the biggest and most important sex organ. Real sex fucks a woman's brain as well as her cunt." June slowly pulled the un-inflated probes from the unconscious woman's vagina and rectum, took them to a sink and rinsed them off before returning them to her cabinet. "By the time we let Emma go home tonight, she will be so mind fucked she will do anything we tell her to do."

Jill saw her boss pick up her long line rubber gloves and put them on. She was envious as she watched the high school principal put lubricant on her gloved right hand. June Whitewell moved between the passed out woman's nylon covered legs, ran her lubricated gloved fingers up and down the already hanging open slit, formed her hand into a cone shape and slowly, but steadily, using a cork screw motion, forced her hand deeper and deeper into the blonde mother's dripping vagina.

Emma Turner's eyes flew open as she felt something very large penetrate her vagina. "Oh, God!" She cried out as June Whitewell's entire rubber gloved hand slowly disappeared inside the bound woman's twitching belly. Emma raised her head to look between the twin mountains on her chest that were her breasts, topped by large pink nipples and two-inch diameter gold rings. What she saw amazed her. It looked as if Principal Whitewell had half her arm shoved up inside of her hairless vagina! It felt like it, too!

Jill was jealous of the shapely blonde on the examination table as her body bowed upwards, testing the strength of the bonds strapping her to the table. June was saying, "Jill, I fucked your mind as well as your body when I seduced you. You weren't as much of a religious goody two shoes as this woman was, but you had not accepted the fact that you are a natural slut until I fucked your mind and body. I taught you the art of seduction and you converted all the cheerleaders into sluts. Emma here took a little more effort because she spent too many years denying that she was a slut. Look at the veins standing out on her body. Her mind is so fucked; she will belong to us from now on. As I fist fuck her, climb on her face and sample her oral skills. She is a natural born pussy eater!"

Later that night, a very shaken Emma Turner was allowed to go home to her daughter. She was so weak that she could barely keep her car on the road as she drove home. She remembered to carry in the bag with the presents that Principal June Whitewell and Coach Jill Fuller had insisted that she bring home with her. Betty Lou was stiff and sore from what the two school bus drivers had done to her, but had taken a refreshing shower and felt slightly rejuvenated as she helped her mother to her room.

Before getting into the shower, Emma Turner took her daughter into her arms and planted a big wet French kiss on her mouth. Betty Lou could taste pussy on her mother's lips and tongue but that only added to the enjoyment of her mother kissing her so passionately. June had ordered her older blonde sex slave to French kiss her daughter so that Betty Lou could taste her and Jill Fuller's pussy juices on her lips and tongue. After the shower, both mother and daughter were too exhausted to have sex.

They fell asleep in each other's loving arms.

Wednesday morning:

The alarm clock had difficulty waking mother and daughter. They were still tired and sore from the events of the previous evening as they crawled out of bed. Betty Lou got dressed for school as her mother made her breakfast. It was almost like old times, except that Betty Lou came to the breakfast table wearing her skimpy cheerleader uniform and much more make up than usual while her mother wore only a thin white silk robe where the outline of the gold rings and her over-sized nipples could plainly be seen. As Betty Lou ate her oatmeal with one hand, her other hand reached under her mother's robe to play with her clit hood ring. Emma Turner silently stood beside her daughter's chair, with one hand on the back of the chair and her other hand gripping the breakfast table, as her beautiful smiling daughter brought her to an orgasm just as she finished her morning bowl of oatmeal.

Betty Lou stood up to go to school and her mother took her into her loving arms. "I feel like keeping you home from school today. But, I know you have the rally at school and all the cheerleaders need to be there. Besides, I have to do some shopping. We can't continue to go braless. As big as our titties are, they need some support to keep them from bouncing all the time. I'll buy us both some new lingerie. And, I know just where to buy them." Mother and daughter shared a passionate kiss; Emma wiped the corner of her daughter's mouth with a napkin to remove a lipstick smudge before letting her daughter go to catch the school bus.

Betty Lou's cheerleader uniform panties forced her clit hood ring against her clitoris as she walked to the bus stop. She had only one orgasm on the way, but was on the brink of a second as she walked down the bus aisle to sit on the back seat. Tam Grant had smiled and winked as she climbed the steps and Betty Lou had smiled back. Now, however, she found that Linda Sue, the skinny little redhead was already sitting beside Alonzo Jones on the back seat. Linda Sue, wearing a sweater, jeans and her hair in a ponytail, slid over, making room between her and the star basketball player for the blonde cheerleader to sit down. Betty Lou accepted the unspoken invitation and squeezed in between the Black basketball player and tiny redhead.

Alonzo stated, "I see you wore your cheerleader uniform for the pre-game rally. You look really great! It makes my dick hard!" A week earlier, such a lewd statement would have insulted Betty Lou. This morning, she smiled a beautiful smile as she settled onto the bus seat. Alonzo's large Black hand settled on Betty Lou's shapely white thigh just below the hemline of her short cheerleader skirt. Then, to Betty Lou's surprise, one of Linda Sue's tiny hands settled on her other thigh. What Betty Lou did not know was that when Linda Sue, who was first to board the bus this morning, had sat in the back seat of the bus, which Alonzo Jones had always claimed was his personal property, and waited for the older Black basketball player to get on the bus. The cute immature looking redhead explained to him that she had seen what he and Betty Lou had done

the previous afternoon and she wanted to get a better look and maybe even join in the action. How could Alonzo say no?

Linda Sue had always thought that Betty Lou was the most beautiful girl in the world and she always wished that she could look as pretty. Although they had never been close friends, they had gone to the same church for years. Betty Lou had inherited her beauty from her equally beautiful mother while Linda Sue had inherited her tiny undeveloped body from her grandmother, with whom she lived. Whereas the Turner women had gigantic breasts, her grandmother and little Linda Sue were as flat as ironing boards. The only reason she wore a bra was to keep her big thick pink nipples from showing through her tops. Linda Sue had resigned herself to the fact that she would never develop large breasts of her own.

Because of her undeveloped body and tiny size, Linda Sue had always been shy and quiet. She had become accustomed to being the little girl that no one noticed. Her only assets were her flaming red hair and cute freckled face. Plus, like her grandmother, Linda Sue was smart. She was smart enough to know that she liked what she had seen the previous afternoon on the bus when she watched Betty Lou, the girl she looked up to more than anyone else, sucking on Alonzo Jones's big Black penis. If a girl like Betty Lou did it, then it must be all right for any girl to do, too.

Linda Sue had difficulty getting to sleep last night. She kept seeing Betty Lou bent over the Black ball player's lap with the end of the huge Black pulsating penis in her stretched lips as his sperm pumped into her mouth. Linda Sue had slipped her hand into her little silk pink panties and played with her little slit, found her clitoris and made herself cum for the first time. Her grandmother had taught her that self-abuse was wrong and she had never in her short life experienced an orgasm before last night. Then, as her heart rate slowed, she remembered Betty Lou sharing the Black sperm with her and found herself cumming yet again as she rubbed her clitoris even harder. She went to sleep with the idea that she would join Betty Lou and her Black boyfriend in their school bus fun.

Betty Lou's short cheerleader skirt was not much of a barrier to Alonzo's large Black hand as he swept the skirt up around the blonde cheerleader's narrow waist. Linda Sue's eyes were big around as saucers as she saw, for the first time, as long Black Negroid fingers caressed soft lily-white thighs. Her own small hand made small circular motions on Betty Lou's other thigh as her legs parted to allow Alonzo access to her panty-covered crotch.

Linda Sue's little clitoris was as hard and stiff as iron as she saw a coal Black finger slip underneath the crotch band of the cheer panties and she heard the gasp from the full red lips of the teenage long haired blonde beauty. The tiny redhead wanted to feel fingers inside her own panties as she observed how much Betty Lou seemed to enjoy what the Black basketball star was doing to the white girl. Linda Sue had to be contented by rubbing her skinny thighs together as she watched the older blonde girl

having an orgasm as she was fingered on the back seat of a school bus.

Betty Lou's hands were not idle as she was brought to climax. One hand was pulling down the front of Alonzo Jones's athletic pants elastic waistband and her hand slipped inside to grip his big Black tool. Her other hand reached to her other side to fondle the thin legs of Linda Sue through her jeans. Alonzo turned toward the excited blonde and their lips met in a passionate kiss. His long thick finger penetrated past her clit ring and deep into her moistened vagina. Betty Lou's bottom came up off the school bus seat as the tip of his finger tickled the opening of her cervix. His soft thick lips muffled the cheerleader's moans as she came yet again. Her hand was stroking the giant ebony rammer as her curvy body shuddered and shook. Her other hand had moved to cup the little redhead's moist jeans crotch.

As Betty Lou came down from her climax, she realized that Alonzo's Black cock was pulsing and about to cum. She let go of Linda Sue's jean covered pubic mound to use both hands extracting his giant cock from his pants. Then, she bent over to wrap her sweet red lips around the baseball-sized head and began sucking. "I'm cumming!" Was all Alonzo said as jet after jet of potent Black sperm shot into the suctioning mouth of the blonde teenage cock-sucking cheerleader.

Betty Lou swallowed about half of Alonzo's seed. She saved the other half in her mouth, driving her mouth down onto the stiff shaft and sensitive head a few extra times just to be sure she had every drop, then she raised up, turned towards the little redhead and French kissed her. The long haired blonde cheerleader and the young looking little redhead wrapped their arms around one another as they passionately kissed, sharing the rich pungent sperm as their tongues pushed the seed back and forth between them. Hearing Alonzo exclaim, "Damn! You sluts are a couple of hot lesbians!" caused Betty Lou and Linda Sue to break their embrace and giggle.

What Betty Lou and Linda Sue saw when they looked up was that every kid sitting on the back half of the bus was turned around in his or her seat and were watching them kiss. Natural blondes and redheads blush when they are embarrassed. Both had red faces as Betty Lou pulled her cheerleader skirt down to cover Alonzo's Black hand, which was still buried under the crotch band of her cheerleader panties. Alonzo looked at the other students and said, "This is some real prime pussy here. The show is over for now so turn yourselves around and give us some privacy." Since most everyone were intimidated by Alonzo Jones, they reluctantly turned around in their seats and missed Linda Sue's orgasm where Betty Lou was massaging her jean covered crotch.

When the bus arrived at the high school, Alonzo hurried off, leaving the over developed blonde and under developed redhead kissing. Most of the other students on the bus wanted to either stay and watch or join in, however, Tam Grant herded them off the bus. She then walked to the back of the bus to break up the kissing lesbian couple. "Okay, you two! Come up for some air. We're at the school and you have to go to home room." The two teenaged girls stopped kissing to gaze into one another's eyes and

smile. "Linda Sue, what is wrong with you? Your grandmother is on the Board of Education. If she finds out what you were doing this morning on my bus, I might lose my job."

Linda Sue looked up at the school bus driver, smiled and said, "Well, I guess you'll just have to keep this a secret then, won't you?" The little, immature looking redhead took the cheerleader by the hand and led her off the school bus. Betty Lou winked at Tam as she passed by her.

Wednesday mid morning:

The big shopping mall was not very busy in the middle of the week. Mrs. Emma Turner entered the mall at the main entrance. She had passed by the tawdry lingerie shop several times but had never gone in to see what creations were available to enhance the sexuality of the female form. "Only a slut would wear such sinful lingerie," she had told her friends at church. Today, she made a beeline to the lingerie shop.

Candy Rox, a very pretty twenty-two year old brunette, had arrived at work at the normal time, unlocked the door and counted the money in the cash register. Since she did not have any customers yet, not that she ever had many on Wednesday mornings, she was re-arranging her front window display when her big brown eyes were attracted to the sight of a very pretty older blonde woman walking through the mall. What caught her eye the most was the bounce of the giant breasts under the woman's loose fitting sweater. Even though Candy was married, she had the pleasure of having sex with several other girls before her wedding last year while she was attending the local community college. Then, she had taken the job as sales manager trainee at this shop. She had to measure some of the women and help adjust some of the lingerie, but, since she was now a married woman, she had never engaged in any inappropriate relations with any of her customers. That was about to change.

Candy wore a dark blue silk dress over a matching set of dark blue satin wonder bra, garter belt, thong panties, black nylon stockings and black high heel stiletto pumps. Her manager had convinced her that to sell sexy lingerie, you needed to wear sexy lingerie. Candy thought that her boss might have lesbian tendencies because she had insisted on personally fitting and adjusting Candy's sexy new undies. Even though Candy's female boss had never actually made a pass at her, her husband was always ready to have sex with his wife each and every night as she undressed for him.

As the blonde woman strolled into the shop, Candy greeted her by introducing herself to her first customer of the day. Candy almost lost herself in the big blue eyes and the friendly smile of the customer. "Thank you, Candy. My name is Emma Turner and this is my first time in this store and I need your help very badly. I have no sexy undies what so ever and that situation has to change. I have my checkbook and am willing to buy whatever will enhance my figure. Oh, and I need to buy a few things for my teenage daughter as well."

Since part of Candy's pay was based on commission, she saw dollar signs as she led the very pretty older woman to the fitting room. "Mrs. Turner, if you will remove your sweater and skirt, I'll take your measurements." Candy was so shocked; she dropped her tape measure, as the blonde woman lifted the sweater over her head, exposing the two-inch gold rings hanging in her long thick nipples. Candy bent over to retrieve her tape but never took her eyes off the swaying DD-cup breasts with huge nipples and rings.

Emma Turner noticed the way the sales girl was looking at her breasts and it made her nipples even harder as she unzipped her skirt and unsnapped the waistband hook. Emma let the skirt fall down around her voluptuous mature body to puddle on the floor around her tiny feet and ankles. She saw the sales girl's big brown eyes move away from her boobs to sweep down over her sunflower yellow satin granny panties to the inch of bare white flesh above the suntan elastic top nylon stockings. Since Emma was wearing her tallest high heels, she was only two inches shorter than the brunette who was standing so very close to her semi naked body.

Candy Rox could almost feel the body heat from her customer as she slowly stood up from where she had bent over to pick up the dropped tape measure. Her surprised eyes could just barely make out the outline of a two inch gold ring protruding from the woman's slit through the gusset of the thin yellow satin panties. It made Candy's mouth go dry and she had to lick her lips as she rose back up and looked her customer in the eye once more.

The sales girl's hands were shaking as she reached around the well-endowed older woman's body to measure her waist, bust and hips with her tape measure. Candy had never encountered any woman, or girl, with the fantastic measurements that she wrote down on a fitting room card. After taken the measurements, Candy got a pink silk dressing gown off a hook and handed it to the woman, "You can wear this in the store as we pick out what you would like to try on."

The silk gown was thin enough for Candy to make out the circular bumps where two gold rings through giant nipples were easily seen. Emma Turner followed the taller brunette from the fitting room into the store. Being in a public place in a shopping mall in just a thin silk robe, satin panties pressing against her clit ring against her stiff and throbbing clitoris, nylon stockings and high heels as another woman showed her bra, panty and garter belt sets was too exciting for the formerly conservative church-going mother. Emma grabbed the side of a sales display counter to keep from collapsing as she experienced an orgasm that caused her body to shake.

Candy was amazed that just showing the beautiful older blonde crotchless panties and open cup bras seemed to give her an orgasm. The brunette glanced out into the mall to see if any passers-by were witness to her customer's climax. Thankfully, the mall was almost deserted. When the Emma recovered her senses, she meekly followed the sales

girl, who had both arms full of colorful silks and satins, to the fitting room. Candy told the blonde woman to remove her robe and she was too embarrassed to do anything except follow orders.

Candy decided that Mrs. Emma Turner was probably a submissive person and would do almost anything when ordered. She had read about such people while studying psychology at the community college. Candy slipped her manicured fingers under the waistband of Emma's yellow satin panties and pulled them down as she said, "Let's get these off of you and we can start with a garter belt to help hold up your nylons, some crotchless panties and an open cup brassiere. When we get through dressing you, you'll look good enough to eat."

Mrs. Turner was wearing a red silk shelf brassiere that supported her massive breasts but left her pierced nipples exposed, a red silk garter belt, which nipped in her tiny waist and made it even smaller, a red silk pair of crotchless panties, which allowed her clit ring to dangle out in the open, long opera length black stockings which enhanced the beauty and shapeliness of her legs and four inch stiletto high heels on her tiny feet, as Candy ordered her to get on her knees and eat her. Emma smiled as she obeyed. An hour later, they selected some items for Betty Lou.

Wednesday Lunch Time:

The school board was holding a surprise inspection of the high school before attending the pep rally scheduled for the afternoon. Principal Whitewell was accompanying the board as they walked around the school. June had something on each member except the skinny old redheaded Ruth Dalton, who seemed to have no skeletons in her closet. The rest of the school board would phone in the results of the inspection if June told them to do so. Not Ruth Dalton. She did everything by the book.

As the school board committee approached Mrs. Jill Fuller's Guidance Counselor Office, Ruth Dalton's excellent hearing detected some strange noises emanating from the cheerleader photo decorated door. Before the Principal or anyone else could slow her down, the older redhead had opened the door and was stopped in her tracks as she almost went into shock. Jill Fuller, Guidance Counselor and Cheerleader Coach was flat on her back on the office carpet, her skirt was around her waist, her panties were hanging from one ankle as her nylon covered legs were tightly wrapped around the waist of a Colored Boy who looked young enough to be a high school student!

Alonzo Jones had come to see the Cheerleader coach to congratulate her on recruiting Betty Lou Turner. He also wanted to negotiate for exclusive rights to the pretty blonde's pussy. He promised to not only score more points for his team in the game tonight, he said he would score more than double the points of the opposing team if he could take Betty Lou home with him for the weekend. Jill Fuller was in charge of providing incentives for the athletes, so, she agreed. She even offered to fuck Alonzo here and now to seal the deal. Unfortunately, she forgot to lock the door before they

consummated the agreement.

Ruth Dalton was amazed at the size of the Negro boy's huge Black dick as he pulled it out of the married white woman. She insisted that Jill Fuller should be fired immediately. June Whitewell convinced the other school board members to only suspend her for a week until everyone calmed down and a more reasoned decision could be made. June figured that if she could not find any skeletons in the Dalton closet, she could invent one in a week's time.

Jill Fuller was in tears as she pulled up her panties and smoothed her skirt. Alonzo left quickly as he pulled up his pants to cover his gigantic wet Black cock and almost ran from the room. Seeing such a huge penis made Ruth's over-sized nipples become even larger and more stiff than normal. She was glad that her slightly padded brassiere hid her excited nipples as she stated, "This sort of behavior can not be condoned in our schools!"

Shock waves went throughout the school as rumors circulated about what had happened when the school board caught Alonzo Jones on top of Mrs. Fuller in her office. The cheerleader squad was in a state of confusion as they gathered in the gym for the pep rally during the afternoon. A television news crew was on hand to verify the rumors.

June Whitewell had been very busy doing some damage control. She called the cheerleader squad into a huddle, told them to say nothing to the news people or any other investigators and Jill Fuller would return in about a week. "In the mean time," she told them, "we need to appoint some one that the old bitch Dalton will approve of as cheerleader coach to take the heat off of the situation. I want each one of you to act as if you are thrilled about your new coach. Understand?" Each girl nodded her pretty head.

The student body gathered in the gym and was buzzing as they spread rumors to one another. Neil Patterson, the local television newsman, was grinning as he over heard some of the stories. He loved sinfully juicy stories and was only worried about cleaning the story up a little so that he could tell all the sexy details on the nightly news show.

Principal Whitewell walked out onto the basketball court to where the microphone was mounted on a stand. "Ladies and Gentlemen of the School Board, faculty, staff, students and invited guests, thank you all for coming to our pep rally. Mrs. Fuller normally officiates at these functions. Unfortunately, Mrs. Fuller is experiencing some problems at home and will not be here today. Until her return, I am appointing a temporary Cheerleader Coach to fill in for her. The substitute is a woman well known in our community for her good deeds and civic service. Mrs. Turner, please stand up. Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present our temporary Cheerleader Coach, Mrs. Emma Turner."

Ruth Dalton turned to her fellow board members and said, "I've known Emma Turner

for years. She is a religious woman of high moral standards and will set an excellent example for those sweet young innocent girls to follow."

The Cheerleader Squad gave a rousing welcoming cheer for their new coach. As Betty Lou bounced up and down, her nipple rings and clit ring agitated her erogenous zones so much that she orgasmed at the end of the cheer. Hazel Morris and Debbie Rainey each had to grab an arm to keep Betty Lou on her feet as her knees almost folded during her orgasm. Her long blonde hair and expressive big blue eyes had made the news cameraman focus on Betty Lou until the camera shifted to Neil Patterson, "The rumors of sexual impropriety at the high school are apparently groundless. But one thing is certain; any American boy would love to take such a sweet young innocent girl as one of these cheerleaders home to meet his parents. This is Neil Patterson with on the scene eyeball news. Back to you at the station, Debra."

Wednesday evening:

Each time the high school basketball team scored points, the crowd roared. Emma Turner excitedly watched the high school cheerleaders as they led the student body as they enthusiastically cheered for their players. It was only an off-season middle of the week exhibition game, but it was an important exhibition game against their arch rival high school.

Poor Betty Lou Turner was wearing her tight cheerleading uniform panties and they caused her one-inch diameter clitoris hood ring to put pressure on her sensitive clitty every time she jumped up and down as she cheered. Her long blonde hair shook and covered her face several times and prevented the students from seeing her facial expressions of ecstasy, as she was cumming. Three or four times during the game, the other cheerleaders had to prevent her collapsing as her body shook uncontrollably for as much as a minute at a time.

Mrs. Emma Turner kept her legs crossed and her upper leg bounced up and down as she watched her beautiful daughter trying to conceal her orgasms. Her own two-inch diameter clitoral hood ring rubbed against her own sensitive clit with every bounce of her crossed leg as she fidgeted in her seat. She wore a thick sweater emblazoned with the high school name and a knee length skirt in a matching color. Under the sweater, Emma wore an open cup pink lace brassiere that supported but left her pierced nipples free to rub against the relatively coarse inside surface of the sweater, a pink lace garter belt to support her tan nylon stockings, pink lace crotchless panties that put no pressure on her clit ring but allowed her legs movement to twist the ring back and forth and a pair of strappy high heels. Principal June Whitewell had a secret smile on her attractive face as she sat beside the substitute cheerleader coach. June could tell each time that mother and daughter had a climax and was very pleased that they were able to conceal their orgasms as well as they did.

Mrs. Ruth Dalton, the deeply religious school board member, sat a couple of rows

behind the principal and coach. She was so intent on watching the game that she never even noticed the strange behavior of the cheerleaders or their new coach. Her sweet young redheaded granddaughter sat beside her as the team played back and forth on the basketball court. Linda Sue wore a cute green zip up the back dress that ended just below her knees. Underneath, she wore a lightly padded brassiere partly to hide her flat chest but mainly to conceal her over sized nipples. She also wore a pair of silky little girl's panties. Her grandmother kept her in little girl's panties to keep herself from feeling old. Linda Sue certainly noticed Betty Lou's orgasms and had to press her thin thighs tightly together as her own little vagina began to tingle.

Betty Lou Turner's own mother had promised Alonzo Jones that he could have Betty Lou all weekend, if his team won tonight's game. He played harder and scored more points than he would have if talent scouts from the professional basketball teams were watching. He really wanted to feel Betty Lou's soft full lips wrapped around his big Black Cock again. And, since she would be his for the entire weekend, he could fuck her tight little cunt and turn her into a blonde slut addicted to big Black Cock for the rest of her life. And, knowing that Betty Lou's mother would know what he was doing to her precious and only daughter made it even more exciting. Alonzo was the top scorer of the night.

As the game ended, the sweating basketball players went to their locker room to hear their coach congratulate them on their win before taking a shower. Betty Lou was barely able to walk on her wobbly legs to her seat on the front row of the bleachers. All of her Bible studies had not prepared her for the massive orgasms that she had experienced while cheerleading. She felt the aura of sexual satisfaction permeating her teenage body and it was a feeling that she absolutely loved. As her mother came to sit beside her and put a loving arm around her still trembling shoulders, the teenaged girl realized that she was hopelessly addicted to sex.

"Betty Lou," her mother whispered into her daughter's delicate shell like ear, "I promised the tall Black basketball player, that scored most of the points tonight, that if he did so, he could have you all weekend. Principal Whitewell told me to make the offer to inspire him to win tonight's game. I hope you don't mind."

Betty Lou thought about the two times she had sucked off Alonzo's big Black Cock and almost came again as she thought about being his white sex slave for an entire weekend. Her voice was shaky as she whispered in her mother's ear, "No, Mother, I do not mind one bit. Alonzo has a really big beautiful cock!" Mother and daughter grinned at one another as students and parents passed by on the way to the exit. They all thought that mother and daughter were sharing a pleasant moment together because of it being Betty Lou's first game to cheer and Emma's first game to coach the cheerleaders. If the other parents and students only knew that the mother had traded her daughter off for a few extra points on a high school basketball game, most would have been shocked. Principal June Whitewell leaned over to huddle with Emma and Betty Lou Turner. She whispered a plan to put Ruth Dalton under her control so that Jill

Fuller could be brought back as cheerleader coach. Emma was enjoying her new role as replacement coach but was promised that there would be plenty of fun for her and her daughter once Coach Fuller was back in charge of the cheerleaders. Mother and daughter agreed to follow the Principal's orders.

As Ruth Dalton descended the bleachers to congratulate the high school principal and cheerleading coach on their victory, Betty Lou took Linda Sue by the hand and led her to the side to whisper in her ear without her grandmother overhearing. The plan was that Linda Sue would ask to spend the night with Betty Lou Turner. Since Betty Lou was known to be a very virtuous young lady, there was a good chance that Ruth would give her permission. It required both girls begging and Emma's repeated assurance that it was no trouble at all to talk the grandmother into giving her consent.

Both girls ran off to the girl's restroom hand in hand as the adults discussed the basketball game that had just been won. After rounding a corner and no longer being in the line of sight, Betty Lou looked around and seeing that no one was watching, pulled the redheaded girl into a dark deserted hallway, then into a recessed doorway. Betty Lou moved close to the shorter girl as she took her into her arms. Linda Sue could actually smell the pleasantly musky odor of perspiration and sex. Betty Lou encircled Linda Sue's tiny waist as the redhead's thin arms moved to clasp around Betty Lou's delicate neck. Their sweet soft lips slowly moved together until they met in a passionate kiss.

Linda Sue opened her lips when she felt Betty Lou's pointed tongue pushing inside. For several nights, Linda Sue had been masturbating as she thought of Betty Lou Turner and Alonzo Jones. To be in the arms of her idol and to be kissed by her sweet lips almost gave Linda Sue an immediate orgasm. When Betty Lou finally ended the kiss, she asked her breathless girlfriend, "What about if Alonzo Jones came over to my house tonight? We could get to know him better. And, maybe, I'll share his Big Black Cock with you? Would you enjoy that?"

Linda Sue was speechless. To spend the night with the absolutely most beautiful girl in school, kissing and other things, was the answer of her masturbatory fantasies! To have Alonzo Jones, the handsome tall Black high school star athlete join them was beyond anything she had ever dreamt of in her wildest dreams! "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Was her enthusiastic response.

Betty Lou pulled a small hanky from a hidden pocket her cheerleader uniform jumper top and wiped away her pink lipstick that had smeared onto Linda Sue's cute little face as they kissed. She took out her tube of hot pink lipstick from her concealed pocket and painted a coating onto the petite redhead's suddenly soft and full appearing lips. Linda Sue's grandmother would not allow her to wear cosmetics because she thought that she was too young. With a coat of glossy pink lipstick to make them stand out, Linda Sue had the plump lips of a natural born cocksucker. Betty Lou refreshed her own lipstick before the pair of high school girls went to stand outside the boys' locker room.

Alonzo Jones was surprised to find two grinning girls waiting for him as he walked out the door with his gym bag in his large sized hand. Betty Lou took his free hand and led him around the corner and into a dark hallway. Betty Lou broke the silence, "Mother told me about what you have been promised for the weekend and I wondered if you would like to get a taste of what you're going to get? Linda Sue is spending the night with me. How would you like to join us? Mother can drive us to our home tonight and we can all take the bus to school tomorrow morning."

Alonzo had been eagerly anticipating having the beautiful blonde cheerleader as a sex toy for the weekend, but he had never imagined this kind of an offer. There was no way that he could say no. The very tall, Black male high school senior athlete followed the two white girl's lead as they walked out to the parking lot where Emma Turner waited for them with her car engine idling. Emma told Alonzo to put his bag up front and sit in the back with Betty Lou and Linda Sue so that they could talk on the way home. The tall Black male teenager ended up sitting in the middle, between the younger white girls.

As Mrs. Emma Turner pulled out of the school parking lot, she adjusted her rear-view mirror to better see what was happening in the back seat of her car. Betty Lou and Alonzo wasted very little time and were kissing before her car had gone two blocks. Emma could just barely hear her daughter telling the tall Black basketball player that poor little Linda Sue was being left out and that he should give her a kiss, too. Alonzo was grinning from ear to ear as he turned towards the tiny redhead and took her eager body into his arms and kissed her sweet pink lips. Emma was not one hundred percent sure about seducing Linda Sue into sexual activities. After all, the little redhead had been one of her students when she had taught Sunday school classes at their church. However, watching her actions in the rear view mirror convinced her that Linda Sue was a willing participant as she wrapped her arms around the Black Basketball player's neck.

Being kissed by a boy was a new experience for Linda Sue. Her grandmother had watched her so closely, that she had never been kissed before Betty Lou had kissed her on the school bus with her creamy cum coated lips. The redhead's first kiss from a boy was a passionate tongue-swapping kiss with a Black male well over a foot taller than she was. When his large Black hand moved to cup her dress and panty covered bottom, Linda Sue almost came with excitement.

Betty Lou waited a couple of minutes to allow the little redhead a chance to become addicted to kissing the soft African Negro lips of Alonzo Jones. Then, she tapped Alonzo on the shoulder and said, "My turn." Alonzo and Linda Sue continued to kiss for another minute or so, prompting Betty Lou to tap Alonzo's shoulder a little harder.

The kissing couple slowly parted and Alonzo breathlessly stated, "Wow! For a tiny little white girl, you sure can kiss." As the car passed a street lamp, Emma could see the red haired girl in her rear-view mirror looking up at the Black ball player with a smile on her

puffy lips and love in her wide eyes. It appeared that June Whitewell's plan would be successful. Mrs. Turner pulled her skirt up almost around her waist, exposing her stocking tops, pink garter straps and crotchless panties, and placed one hand between her nylon-covered thighs to gently play with her clit ring. Emma almost ran off the road three times on the way home as she watched the goings on in the backseat as she played with herself while driving.

The two young white high school girls took turns kissing the Black ball player until they arrived at the Turner home. Questing hands roamed to explore erogenous zones, at first through clothing, then, as sexual excitement grew, clothing was re-arranged. Emma's fingers were trembling as she used the remote garage door opener and they pulled into the garage. She shut off the engine and closed the garage door before saying, "Okay, boys and girls. We're home. Time for the boys to zip up and the girls to pull up their panties." Alonzo Jones had a sheepish grin as he stepped from the car pulling up his pant's zipper. Both the girls were blushing as they exited the vehicle as they smoothed their skirts. Emma, being the polite hostess, offered, "Why don't you three go into the den and I'll get some refreshments from the kitchen."

In the kitchen, Emma poured some soft drinks into glasses over ice. She opened the bottle given to her by Principal Whitewell and started to put drops into one of the glasses. She had been told to use four drops but decided that Linda Sue was already such a horny little girl that the drugs were unnecessary. She put away the drugs and placed a digital camera into her skirt pocket before picking up the tray of drinks and carrying them to the den.

When Mrs. Turner entered her den, she saw her long haired blonde daughter sitting on the sofa with her skirt up around her tiny waist, exposing her panties while making out with the tall Black teenager as the petite red haired girl sat beside them and watched intently as a large black hand slipped into the blonde cheerleader's panties. Emma quietly set the tray of refreshments on the coffee table and gave Linda Sue a friendly smile before handing her drink to her. The teenage redhead sipped her cola as she watched Alonzo's big Black hand moving rhythmically inside the blonde cheerleader's panties.

Linda Sue had thought that she was horny before the game, however, her over sized nipples and panty covered crotch felt as if they were heating up even more as she watched. When Mrs. Turner told her daughter and Alonzo that it was not polite to ignore their other guest. Linda Sue felt grateful to the new cheerleader coach. Alonzo's long Black fingers were visibly wet as he drew them out of the orgasming blonde's panties. He turned towards the petite redhead and she melted into his arms. He brought his fingers up to her lips and whispered, "Suck them," and Linda Sue tasted the juices of another female for the first time as she opened her mouth wide enough to allow the flavorful fingers to enter. She hardly even noticed the camera flash.

Mrs. Turner had seen a great photo opportunity and she took it. The obviously older tall

Black high school male cuddling a cute and an apparently much younger little redheaded white girl made a great picture. The fact that his long Black fingers were in her mouth past the second knuckles and she was eagerly sucking on them made the picture even better. Betty Lou got off the sofa to stand beside her mother so as to have a better view as they watched the seduction take place.

As the mismatched couple began kissing, Emma took more pictures and Betty Lou moved behind her mother to embrace her as she looked over her left shoulder. Emma took a picture of Alonzo's thick lips as they molded themselves to the teenage girl's lower face. Emma felt her daughter's hands slip under the waistband of her sweater and move up to cup her large breasts as she captured in a digital photograph Alonzo's extra large Black hand moving to cup Linda Sue's almost nonexistent breasts, Betty Lou tweaked her mother's two-inch nipple rings through the open cups of her brassiere. Emma managed to snap the picture of Linda Sue's tiny hand unzipping Alonzo's fly just before she rubbed her thighs together in a certain way, capturing her two-inch clitoris hood ring hanging out of her crotchless panties and pulling on it slightly as her daughter twisted her nipple rings. Emma missed the shot of the little redhead's tiny hand slipping inside of Alonzo's pants because she was cumming.

As Emma recovered from her orgasm, she snapped a few shots with her shaky hands even as her daughter unzipped her skirt and let it slide down around her nylon covered legs. After losing her skirt, Emma saw no reason to argue when her daughter lifted the hem of her sweater to remove it even though she had to shift the digital camera from one hand to another. Emma managed to capture a picture of Alonzo's Black arms reaching behind the little redhead and unzipping the back zip of her dress. Linda Sue was ashamed of her almost nonexistent boobies and her padded AA cup brassiere. Alonzo pulled down the top of her dress, exposing her virginal white brassiere. His passionate thick lip kisses kept the younger white girl occupied as he worked the dress over her narrow hips and down her skinny legs.

Linda Sue's body was so underdeveloped that it looked as if an older Black male was seducing a pubescent little white girl. Emma Turner recorded in digital photographs the seduction of Linda Sue as large Black hands roamed over her petite body, massaging each and every erogenous zone. The younger redhead was a quivering mass of eager feminine flesh as her tiny hands slipped into Alonzo's pants to lovingly caress his huge Black cock.

Betty Lou moved from behind her mother to get a better view of the action on the sofa. "Linda Sue," she whispered to her friend, "Get down on the floor on your knees between Alonzo's legs and take out his big beautiful Black cock." The younger girl did as she was told. Her hands were shaking as she pulled the only male penis she had ever seen in her entire life from the basketball players pants. Emma took several pictures as she moved to the side to get a better shot.

Betty Lou knelt behind Linda Sue, just out of the camera angle, as she continued to

whisper instructions to her younger friend. "Linda Sue, isn't it beautiful? Move closer to it. That's right. Now, lean forward a little more and kiss the head. You watched me on the school bus. Tonight, it is your turn. Go ahead. Kiss it. You know you want to." The redhead moved slowly as if in a dream as her sweet pink painted lips planted a tender kiss on the baseball sized cock head. "There was a drop of pre-cum on the tip. I bet it tasted good. Lick all over the head as if it is an ice cream cone. That's a good girl. Mom is taking pictures so you can remember your first blow job forever."

As Linda Sue licked the domed head of Alonzo's big Black cock, Betty Lou kneeling behind her friend, slowly ran the tips of her delicate fingers under Linda Sue's small bottom and along her narrow soaked silken panty crotch until she could massage her stiff little clitoris through the double layer of thin cloth. "Open your mouth as wide as you can and see if you can swallow that cock," she ordered as she played with the panty-covered vagina. Try as she might, stretching her lips to the maximum, Linda Sue could barely get the baseball-sized head in her mouth. Her lips just managed to wrap around the crown of the huge Black head. Betty Lou, wanting to ensure that the Dalton girl would enjoy becoming a Black cock-sucking slut, rubbed her clitoris to give her a major orgasm as her lips were wrapped around the ebony tool.

After Linda Sue's first orgasm, Betty Lou pulled down her silky little panties. "Keep sucking on Alonzo's beautiful cock and I'll make you cum like you never imagined," she told the red haired girl as she lay on her back and slid her blonde head between the other girl's thin thighs. Linda Sue gasped as an experienced tongue went to work in her moist little slit. Two large Black hands moved to the sides of her head to urge her to move up and down on the big Black cock. The pre-cum leaking into her mouth was forever to be associated with the intense orgasms that rolled through her young virginal body as Betty Lou ate her pussy. When Alonzo came, the younger white girl choked a little but refused to lose a single drop as she swallowed the first of many, many loads of Black sperm.

Thursday early morning:

Mrs. Ruth Dalton was up at the crack of dawn. By the time her doorbell rang, she had had her shower, dressed in very conservative clothing, ate her two slices of dry toast and drank her two cups of creamed coffee. She opened the door and was amazed to see Jill Fuller, the disgraced cheerleader coach standing on her front porch. Ruth felt no sympathy for a married white woman that had sex with Black men. She had even less respect for a married white woman that had sex with Black high school boys. Her personal opinion was that Black males were no better than animals and any white female that had sex with them was nothing but a low class slut. Her words were civil even if they were dripping with ice water, "Mrs. Fuller, to what do I owe this surprise?"

"If I may come in for a minute, I will explain," replied the shorthaired blonde.

"Anything you have to say to me can be said from there," stated Ruth Dalton.

Jill decided that an invitation into the Dalton home was not going to be a possibility, so, she opened a folder and removed a photograph. "Mrs. Dalton, despite what you think of me, I am your best friend. I know how much you love your granddaughter, so, when I found out about these pictures; I managed to collect each and every one. You won't have to worry about them being passed around the school or your church." Jill gave the older redhead woman the photo.

Ruth Dalton felt as if her house had just fallen on her. The picture was of a Black male and a young white girl kissing. She would have found that situation revolting enough if it were not her beloved Linda Sue in the photograph! Ruth thought that she was going to be sick as another picture was passed to her. In it, her granddaughter had her sweet innocent lips stretched around a big Black penis! Ruth had never engaged in oral sex even though she had been married for twenty-two years. She did not know when these obscene pictures were taken, but she was glad that Linda Sue had spent the night with the Turner's so that she would not be here to see them now. Ruth looked at the ex-coach and, thinking that this was a simple case of blackmail, asked, "Okay. How much money do you want for these pictures?"

"Mrs. Dalton, I do not want your money. I just want my job back. If you go in front of the school board and tell them that you made a mistake when you said that I was having sex with a student, I will make sure that your sweet little granddaughter's photos are never seen by any one else. All you have to do is go to the meeting today and get me my job back."

Ruth's voice cracked a little as she agreed to do as Jill Fuller wanted. She saw the smug smile on the pretty blonde's lips as she turned and left her holding the two photos. "You may keep those two. I have many more," she said as she walked away.

The grandmother closed her front door and strode to the telephone. She called the police and asked to speak to a detective. She told the lieutenant about how she and her granddaughter was being blackmailed and was told that she should not tell anyone else about the situation and he would be at her home within an hour. Ruth figured that the police would keep her granddaughter's indiscretion a secret and could put Jill Fuller in prison for several years.

When the police detective arrived, Ruth Dalton was disappointed to see that he was a Black man. She asked to see his badge and identification. His name was Samuel Samson. Ruth was reluctant to let him see Linda Sue's lewd pictures, but he seemed very mature and professional, so she passed them to him when he asked for them. He had a deep resonant voice as he said, "I have talked with the high school principal and we are to meet her at her home so as not to arouse suspicion. You can ride with me so we can discuss the case on the way." Ruth hoped that her neighbors did not see her getting into a car with a Black man and them driving away. She felt that she had already had enough embarrassment for one day.

Mrs. June Whitewell met them at her door and led them to her basement den. A coffee pot and three full cups were waiting for them as they sat down. The principal began, "Detective Samson explained the situation over the phone. I figured it was better for me to stay home so that we could make sure that this story never gets out. Please, enjoy your coffee. It's a special blend of Colombian coffees and herbs. Now, as I was saying, there is a way to make sure that no one hears about what dear little Linda Sue has done. May I see the photos, please?" Ruth Dalton nervously gulped down her coffee as Detective Samson handed June the pictures and the principal acted shocked as she looked at them. "Oh! My goodness! These pictures are much worse than I had imagined! How could any white girl do such a thing? Detective Samson, my apologies, but, I am sure you know what I mean! Mrs. Dalton, your granddaughter seems to actually enjoy what she is doing and she is above the age of consent so the Black male can not be charged with statutory rape. I had thought that Linda Sue Dalton was always such a pure and innocent little girl. To see pictures of her acting like a complete slut is shocking! Simply shocking! Mrs. Dalton, don't you agree?"

Principal June Whitewell and Detective Samson both looked at the grandmother and awaited her answer. To Ruth Dalton, it seemed as if the room was starting to slowly spin. She tried to speak but her words were slurred as she attempted to answer. She wanted to say that Jill Fuller should be imprisoned for the rest of her life for corrupting her granddaughter but the words were almost unintelligible. June interrupted her mumblings as she said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Dalton. We already have a plan to completely control this situation. Linda Sue will spend another night at the Turner's. By this time tomorrow morning, she will be a well-trained Black cock slut. Won't that be nice?"

At first, Ruth thought that she had misunderstood what had been said, but the high school principal continued, "You have been given some drugs to make you more manageable. There was also a strong aphrodisiac in your coffee. For the next twenty four hours, you will experience things you never even dreamed of before." The white female principal and the Black detective removed every stitch of clothing from the drugged grandmother. Then, they carried her to the examination table in the basement soundproof room and strapped her down. With her feet tied to the examination table stirrups, Mrs. Ruth Dalton's most secretive private anatomy was on display and the high school principal and police detective could see that Mrs. Ruth Dalton was a natural redhead.

A lubricated vaginal expander was inserted into Ruth Dalton's barely moist slit. A very lubricated anal expander was slid into her intestines and both were turned on. The expanders began inflating and deflating, one at a time, eventually, after several hours, expanding to the size of a football. Vibrating suction cups were attached to her already large nipples and clitoris. Ruth Dalton began moaning as the sensations began. Within a couple of hours, the deeply religious and very proper Mrs. Ruth Dalton, would be a horny slut with vaginal and anal openings dilated enough to fuck even very well endowed Black men.

Thursday afternoon:

Jill Fuller arrived at Principal Whitewell's home to find that Samson and June were taking turns sitting on Ruth Dalton's face as school board member had one orgasm after the other. It looked as if she was actually enjoying eating pussy and sucking Black cock. Jill realized that the grandmother must have had been a repressed slut. Jill removed her panties and said, "My turn," after Samson shot his load of potent Black sperm down the older redhead's pulsating throat. Jill hiked her skirt up around her waist, climbed onto the examination table and sat her already leaking hairless pussy onto Mrs. Dalton's face. She smiled as an active tongue began licking her juicy slit.

Police Detective Lieutenant Samuel Samson stated that he had to return to the police station as he put his clothing back on. Jill was sorry to see the only cock in the house leave. So was Ruth. But, June had a substitute. The high school principal went to a cabinet, opened the door and took out an enormous black dildo. Attached to the back of the fifteen inch long and over three and a half inch diameter ebony shaft was a course hair covered bag with a pair of tennis balls inside and straps to attach the dildo to a person's waist. June Whitewell removed her high heel shoes, nylons and garter belt, making herself as nude as Ruth Dalton. She stepped into the harness, pulled it up and tightly buckled the straps around her own body. As both Jill Fuller and Ruth Dalton rode the wonderful waves of delicious orgasms, June Whitewell was turning off the vaginal and anal expander controller and slowly pulling the deflated probes from the older redhead's dilated body orifices. June reached out and patted the ex-cheerleader coach on her shapely ass as she said, "Get down, Jill, I want Mrs. Dalton to be able to see what is about to happen to her." Jill looked over her shoulder, saw the gigantic Black strap-on cock and grinned as she scrambled off the examination table.

Most of the effects of the drugs had worn off, but the endless series of orgasms left Ruth Dalton's thin body exhausted and weak. The pent up hormones released by the many orgasms befuddled her brain and she could not think in a logical manner. As the high school principal moved to stand beside the examination table, June reached over to tug on one of the suction cups attached to a swollen giant nipple to get the attention of the grandmother. "Ruth. Ruth! Wake up, Dear! Look what I have for you."

The sweat coated and panting redhead turned her head as her eyes slowly focused on the impossible sight of a white woman with a gigantic Black cock in full erection. "Oh! My Lord!" was all the school board member could say, as her eyes grew large and round. She watched in horror as the high school principal walked to the foot of the examination table, stepped up onto a platform that raised her groin to the correct height and lined up the Black telephone pole sized dildo and rubbed the softball sized head up and down the very wet slit. "Please, Mrs. Whitewell, do not do this. That thing is too big and it will never fit." June placed the huge head against the opening in the redhead's slit and leaned forward, putting more and more weight behind the artificial gigantic Black Cock. "Please! I am begging you! That thing will split me wide open. It

will be like giving birth! Please stop. OOOHHH!" The head went in and the massive ebony shaft slowly sank out of sight as Ruth Dalton let out a loud moan.

Jill had never seen any woman take all of June Whitewell's biggest dildo and was amazed that such a small woman could accommodate such an enormous tool. It had taken three sessions with the vaginal and anal dilators before Jill could even accept the enormous head. Then the shaft never disappeared completely. There had been an inch or two left over when the softball-sized head was stretching the back of Jill's painfully expanded. The sensations were so intense; she had passed out when she had her first orgasm with the gigantic Black dildo.

Mrs. Ruth Dalton made yelping animal sounds, groans and moans as the Black strap-on cock was completely buried inside her forever stretched vagina. She weakly raised her head and mumbled, "It went in! My Lord! It all went in!" Ruth's head hit the table and her strapped down hands gripped the table as the high school principal began pulling the huge head back towards the entrance of the blackmailed woman's opening before slowly pushing it back in.

June Whitewell reached down and pulled the suction cup from the redhead's very swollen clitoris. The vacuum pump had made the older woman's clit very long and very hard. June's fingers wrapped around it as if it were a small penis and began stroking it up and down. The assault on the school board member's senses increased as she was told, "Yes, it went all the way in. That is because you are a slut! You have always been a slut. You hid behind religion all of your life so that you would not have to face the fact that you are a slut. Today, you have eaten pussy like a slut and sucked a big Black cock like a slut and swallowed sperm like a slut. Now, you have a dildo all the way up your slut cunt and I am jacking off your slut clit. And, it is making you cum again. You, Ruth Dalton, are a slut!" Ruth's thin body strained against her bonds as her body bowed upwards as yet another intense orgasm racked her sweating body. "Ruth! I want you to tell us that you are a slut. Tell us that you are a slut! Do it!"

"I'm a slut!" Mrs. Ruth Dalton cried out as her body twisted against the straps holding her body to the examination table. "I am a slut and please do not stop. I was married to Edgar for twenty-two years and the son of a bitch never once gave me an orgasm! I'll do anything you say! Just keep fucking me!"

Friday morning:

Mrs. Ruth Dalton was late for the School Board Meeting. She had never before been late and, when she arrived, everyone was worried about her. She appeared to be suffering from some sort of an illness. Her clothing was not impeccably pressed, as it usually was and appeared to be haphazardly chosen and the top two buttons on her blouse were not buttoned. Her hair was not arranged in the orderly style that she normally wore and a thin coating of perspiration shone on her face as she entered the room. Some of the board members thought she probably had the flu. One even thought

that she had suffered a stroke as she slowly shuffled to her chair at the head table.

Ruth Dalton sat down very gently so as not to drive the gigantic black butt plug any deeper into her bowels. Outwardly, she was dressed in her conservative matronly clothing. Underneath, she was anything but conservative or matronly. The previous evening, Principal June Whitewell had used her laser to burn off all of the older redhead's pubic hair. Then, her clitoris hood was pierced, an anti-septic suave was applied to seal up the wound and a two inch golden ring was mounted through the hole. The high school principal had even super glued the catch mechanism to make it nearly impossible to remove the ring. Next, a deadening spray was used on the older woman's large over-sized nipples and they were pierced, suaved and a two-inch ring was also mounted in each enormous nipple. During all this time, the bound school board member could not cry out because Jill Fullers black silk panties were stuffed into her mouth as a gag.

After the piercings, June Whitewell had taken two large hypodermic needles from a cabinet, filled them with a fluid from a bottle and injected it into Ruth Dalton's nearly non-existent mammary glands. "Ruth, you have been flat-chested your entire life. Since men are so infatuated with women's large breasts, they probably ignored your other feminine charms. That explains why you turned to religion instead of becoming the slut that you should have been. Well, a great deal of medical research is being done in China. I don't suppose that I told you that I was almost a medical doctor? No? Forgive me. Of course you can't answer with Jill's panties in your mouth."

Jill Fuller, wearing only her wispy black silk garter belt, nylon stockings and high heel shoes, had stood beside the medical examination table and watched as her accuser of sex with a Black student was pierced and injected with breast growth hormones. Jill's clit was still tingling from the workout that it had gotten as she sat on Ruth Dalton's face. Jill's cunt juices were still glistening around the older redhead's mouth and nose even though she had a pair of black silky panties stuffed into her mouth to muffle her cries during the piercings and injections.

June Whitewell was saying, "The injections into your breasts will make them grow. My brother, who completed his internship and went into medical research, was the only westerner working at a research center in northern China. He returned last month and was able to sneak out some new discoveries. He left them with me for safekeeping. I think he will be grateful when I tell him that I found a test subject for the breast growth hormone. Plus, for the first time in your life, Ruth, you'll have tits bigger than a nine year old girl."

The School Board Chairman had to repeat himself, "Mrs. Dalton, are you feeling okay?"

Ruth Dalton stopped thinking of what had happened to her over the last twenty-four hours and said, "I may have a touch of the flu or something. My apologies. Thank you for asking. May we please settle the issue of Coach Fuller so that I can leave early?"

The chairman called Jill Fuller to sit in the chair in front of the school board.

Jill's relatively short blonde hair was perfectly arranged. Her make-up was attractive, yet, subdued. She wore a conservative dark blue wool business suit, a white silk blouse buttoned all the way to her throat, nylon stockings and two-inch heel pumps. She even carried a copy of the Bible in her right hand as she took her seat. Jill Fuller looked as pure and innocent as fresh snow. Sitting directly behind her was her husband to show his support for his wife, the mother of his three beautiful young daughters, who were also present.

Before the chairman could read the charges against the ex-cheerleader coach, Ruth Dalton spoke, "If I may, I think that I can bring this case to a quick closure. It was all a misunderstanding. I realize now that Coach Fuller and a student were on their knees having a prayer session in her office when we opened the door and startled them so much that they fell over. Since the male student appeared to be on top of Coach Fuller, I jumped to the wrong conclusion. I apologize to Coach Fuller, her husband, her beautiful children, Principal Whitewell, the student who was only praying and this school board. I make a motion that Coach Fuller is reinstated immediately."

Ruth had recited the speech exactly as Principal Whitewell had written it. Her mind was very much bothered that she had lied about what had actually happened, however, what had been done to her body in the last twenty-four hours had broken her will. The school board had little choice other than to re-instate Jill Fuller as the cheerleader coach and high school guidance counselor. The vote was unanimous.

Coach Fuller stood up and asked. "If I may, I would like to address the School Board?" She was given permission to speak by the chairman. "I wish to thank Mrs. Dalton for clearing my good name. I am sure, that in the future, we shall become very close friends. Also, Mrs. Emma Turner did such an excellent job as substitute cheerleader coach; I would like to have her as assistant coach as soon as her salary can be included in the budget. I will report back to work on Monday morning."

Before leaving the room, Jill Fuller had a bright and pretty smile as she added, "I want to thank the school board for giving me the opportunity to work closely with the young ladies who are cheerleaders today and will be community leaders tomorrow. I shall enjoy molding their minds."

When the school board's agenda turned to mundane business, Ruth Dalton excused herself and began shuffling towards the exit. The huge black butt plug that Jill Fuller had slowly forced up her rectum was held in by straps around her thighs and waist and was locked in place with small padlocks. Ruth had to walk slightly bent over, swaying her bottom, which caused her thighs to rub against her clit hood ring. The redheaded woman was concentrating on reaching the safety of her car before she had another mind-blowing orgasm. On the way into the building, she had an orgasm and nearly fell to the floor. She had grabbed at a near by water fountain and pretended to be getting a

drink as her orgasm passed through her. She had then continued to the boardroom even though her face was flushed red and was shining due to a coating of perspiration.

Jill Fuller kissed her sweet supportive husband and asked him to take their three daughters to the day care center before kissing each of them goodbye. It was not difficult for the younger cheerleader coach to overtake Ruth Dalton just as she reached her automobile. Jill removed the small radio frequency remote control unit from her hollowed out Bible and pressed the vibrate button as the older redhead was gently sitting down in the driver's seat of her four-door Buick. Ruth had not known that the butt plug was a remote controlled vibrator. She squealed so loudly that if any one else had been in the vicinity, they would have come running.

Coach Fuller leaned down to put her pretty blonde head into the still open door of the Dalton sedan and said, "Quiet, slut! I just turned on your vibrating butt plug and you squeal like a stuck pig. Scoot your ass over to the passenger seat. I'll drive." Ruth's body was shaking too much to operate a motor vehicle, so, she slowly did as she was ordered. Mrs. Ruth Dalton spent most of the remainder of the day eating the cheerleader coach's hairless pussy and cumming with the giant black butt plug in her forever stretched rectum.

Friday afternoon:

School let out for the weekend and Alonzo Jones got a bonus. Included with his prize of having Betty Lou Turner as a sex slave for the entire weekend was the addition of a cute little redhead. He had spent the last two days helping to break in Linda Sue Dalton and was ready to take her to the next stage of slut training. It would be a weekend that all three would remember for the rest of their lives.

At the Turner family home, Emma arrived from school at three-thirty to find Samson waiting on her. "I told you that I would be back this weekend," he said with a grin as she invited him inside, unlocked her door and they entered the house. No sooner had the door closed than he had the blonde wife and mother in his strong Black arms and they were sharing a passionate kiss.

Samson's large Black hands slowly slid down the married white woman's shapely back to her curved bottom. Both of Emma's arms were wrapped around the Black police detective's thick neck as his long tongue stroked in and out of her throat. Their lips never parted as Samson picked up the blonde woman by her round bottom, and carried her to the living room sofa.

Mrs. Emma Turner's conversion was complete. Her nipple rings kept her nipples hard all the time. If she wore panties, the crotch band caused her clitoris hood ring to rub her clit every time she moved, which kept her cunt well lubricated and made her horny all the time. If she did not wear panties like today, or wore crotchless panties, the clit ring was large enough for her thighs to move it back and forth as she walked which also

made her horny all the time. Plus, all the things she had been forced to do over the last week had broken her will and conditioned her mind to accept her, and her daughter's, new roles as submissive sluts.

Within five minutes, Samson had the white woman's outer clothing on the floor and she was kneeling on the floor in only her white lace garter belt, long cinnamon colored nylon stockings and high heel pumps as she eagerly sucked his long Black cock while he sat on the sofa and unbuttoned his shirt.

"What the Hell is going on here?!?!?" The passionate interracial couple were interrupted in what they were doing as they turned their heads to see who had almost shouted the question. Standing in the doorway to the living room was a short little middle-aged white man with a receding hairline and an enraged expression on his face.

A strand of saliva stretched between Emma Turner's soft red lips and the head of Samson's big Black cock as she exclaimed, "Melvin! You said that you were coming home next weekend. What are you doing home now?"

A look of absolute horror was painted on the white man's face as he stepped farther into the room to better see what his wife was doing with such a well-endowed Black man. "Some road construction machinery broke down and the boss told us to go home a week early. I figured that I would come home and surprise my family. My God, Emma! You were sucking a Negro's dick! We have been married all these years and you never once sucked mine! And, look how you're dressed! I once bought you some sexy lingerie and you called me perverted. What the Hell is going on here?!?!?"

Melvin Turner realized that his deeply religious and faithful loving wife was now a Black cock sucking whore and his emotions overcame his common sense as he ran at the much larger Black man and tried to take a swing at him. Samson had no trouble ducking the wild swing and following through with a blow that knocked the smaller white husband unconscious.

Detective Samuel Samson rolled Melvin Turner over and handcuffed his hands behind his back. "Normally, Principal Whitewell would gag the person with a pair of used panties. We can't do that because you did not wear panties to work today. We'll have to improvise; hand me my boxer shorts from where you took them off of me."

When Mister Turner awoke from his nap, he had a flavorful pair of freshly used men's boxers stuffed into his mouth as a gag and was in the back seat of an unmarked police car as it was entering the Whitewell drive way. When Samson had called the high school principal to tell her about Emma Turner's husband coming home a week early, she had a brilliant idea and told the police detective to deliver Emma's hubby to her home.

June Whitewell met the police detective car as it pulled up to her backdoor. She held a

loaded hypodermic needle behind her back until officer Samson removed the gagged and handcuffed irate white husband from the back seat. "Hold him." She ordered as she jabbed the needle into his arm. Melvin attempted to struggle but was held firm by the much larger Black man. As June pulled the needle out, she added, "That is a tranquilizer that will make him easier to control as we proceed. Bring him to the basement."

Emma Turner was biting her fingernails as she watched her husband being led to the Whitewell basement medical room. They had been married for many years and she was concerned for his safety. Melvin was groggy as his clothing was removed. The handcuffs were unlocked and his nude body was strapped down on the medical examination table. June Whitewell retrieved several more hypodermic needles and three bottles from her cabinet. After filling the needles from the bottles, she injected retrovirus hormonal solutions into each breast and buttock. Next, the breast enlargement fluids were injected into Melvin Turner's male breasts. The last injection was one developed for brainwashing prisoners. A pair of earphones was clamped over his ears and a repeating mp3 player began whispering instructions into his ears, as the room seemed to swirl about him.

June Whitewell ushered the Black police detective and the concerned wife from her basement medical room. "The drugs will complete the transformation within a week," she said. "In the mean time, Officer Samson, you will need to take care of a few details."

Friday evening, six months later:

Detective Samuel Samson and his new bride, Emma Samson, were hosting a large party at their recently purchased home to celebrate their new swimming pool. There were approximately thirty people in attendance. Most of the guests were nude. Many were engaging in various sexual acts. Others were observing the delightful activities. The privacy fence surrounding the property made sure that the party would be discreet.

Along side the pool, laying on a chaise lounge, was a very pretty Chinese girl that appeared to be a teenager. Her pregnant nude body was coated in perspiration and male sperm. Her giant pierced nipples capped her huge breasts as they rose and fell as she breathed deeply as another orgasm racked her shapely body. Her almond colored eyes were wide open as she gazed up at the star filled night sky. Her long luxurious black hair was fanned out around her head and draped to the concrete pavement. Her swollen belly was five months pregnant and a beautiful blonde teenager sucked the Chinese girl's cum filled hairless cunt, causing Mai Ling's latest huge orgasm. Betty Lou raised her pretty head as she said, "Wow, Daddy! You sure do have a great tasting pussy!"

The Chinese girl smiled and responded with, "Thank you, Betty Lou," as she raised her head high to see over her rounded tummy.

"Daddy! That is, Mai Ling, you know that Principal Whitewell wants you to always speak in pigeon English."

"So sorry, Missy Betty Lou."

When Mister Melvin Turner had been strapped to the medical table all those months ago, June Whitewell had injected him with retrovirus vectored genetic modifiers, which had transformed him from a middle aged white male into a very pretty teenaged Chinese female. For many years, the married couples in China had selectively conceived mostly male children because sons would better provide for them in their old age. The result was eighty million more marriage aged males than females. The Chinese government had funded the genetic research to allow volunteer males the chance to change gender. When June Whitewell's brother smuggled some of the drugs from the Chinese research center and shipped them to his sister for safekeeping, he had not anticipated that she would put them to use.

Mai Ling struggled to her high-heeled feet, pinned her maid's cap to her head, picked up the tray of drinks that had been sitting for over half an hour and went to the kitchen to get fresh drinks. Her old persona was officially dead. The same day she had been injected with drugs, Melvin Turner's work truck was driven into the local river and, even though his body was never found, police detective Samuel Samson swore that he had seen the middle aged white man go under and not come back up. Judge Morris declared Mister Turner legally dead and Robert Rainey, the insurance man, paid a major settlement to widow Emma Turner. Melvin became a young Chinese girl with no proof of American citizenship. Luckily, his wife gave him a job as a maid until he could acquire a visa. Mai Ling was Black bred every day and became pregnant within a month of her transformation.

As Mai Ling passed by a group of chairs arranged in a circle, she saw most of the cheerleaders on their knees giving blowjobs. Each of their fathers sat in a chair as a pretty young thing sucked his little white dick. Every two minutes, the girls would rotate one chair over. The father that managed to last until his own daughter was sucking his cock would be declared the winner and would get to fuck the girl of his choosing up her tight young ass. Once again, Judge Morris won.

Blow jobs for the fathers was a game invented by Jill Fuller to keep them busy while their wives were having their brains fucked out in the house's bedrooms by the Black members of the high school basketball team. As Judge Morris slid his greased pecker up Diane Suttons shapely butt, Ruth Morris, the Judge's new horny older redheaded bride wrapped her arms and legs tightly around a young Black male teenager as the dome shaped head of his uncircumcised Black cock fired salvo after salvo of potent Black seed into her still fertile womb. His chest almost crushed Ruth's D-cup breasts as his coarse chest hair stimulated her enormous pierced nipples. Her eyes were nearly bulging out of her head and her face was crimson red as she was also cumming. The other white

wives matched her squeals of ecstasy.

Back at the pool, Emma Samson was watching as Linda Sue Dalton, Ruth's little slut granddaughter, was sucking her new husband's big Black cock. Betty Lou had finished making the rounds, checking to see if any of the guests needed a blowjob, a fuck or, if they were female, their pussy eaten. Each party goer had orgasms more than once and the party was a huge success. Betty Lou had learned to be a great party hostess and Emma was proud of her daughter.

Emma placed a loving arm around her daughter's naked shoulders before kissing her gently up on her red swollen cream coated lips. "Betty Lou," her mother said, "I was a good girl when I was growing up. Don't make the same mistakes that I did. Each and every day, fuck your brains out."

Betty Lou had a big smile on her pretty face as she stated, "I will, Mom. I promise I will."

The End