

# Sarah becomes a SLUT



By  
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## Foreword

This story is the next instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe and shows the fantasy of the key character, Andy, about Sarah. This is just a fantasy and is a pointless deviation from the main story.

These stories were written by the characters in September 1998.

The ideas for Andy's story came from Richard Hertz's College Code of Conduct and Karen Wagner's Karen Naked in School.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and **will upload all stories to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org, Feedbooks and my website**. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit but some instalments may be absent where the content is not compliant with their rules.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards, John D

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## Chapter I

Sarah leapt out of bed the moment her alarm buzzer detonated the calmness of the Monday morning and she smacked her clock on the way out of her room towards the bathroom. She normally liked to snooze for twenty minutes and then drift off back to the land of dreams before being awoken forcefully by her mother and dragged into the car ten minutes late, but today was different. Today was the start of a very experimental week for her, her college and her country.

Sarah Bailey was the bastard love child of Tigger from Winnie-the-Pooh and a Playboy model. While this statement might not be factually true, it is as accurate a description as it is possible to get. As playful and wildly energetic as she is seductive and sexy, Sarah was known and admired by both sexes in all her classes and throughout the college. But it would be the half of her class that were male that would enjoy the forthcoming week the most as Sarah would be naked.

Sarah enjoyed the warm stream of water from the shower head, sopped her firm, youthful breasts with the soap and tweaked her nipples in the steamy room. A shot of warmth spread throughout her body and she sighed, leaning against the shower wall. She would not need to masturbate today, she just needed to be patient.

Sarah closed her eyes and used all of her self-restraint to just shower and wash her wavy, bouncy light-brown hair that tumbled down her attractive face, so often displaying a cute smile and welcoming blue eyes. She checked her mons and labia, they were still hairless. Her pussy needed to be alluring this week and stubble was most definitely not attractive.

She quickly dried herself and put on her white blouse and short tartan skirt, without bra and knickers; they would be redundant the moment she got to school anyway. She put on her black leather knee-high boots and admired herself in the mirror; she looked sexy.

Her mother looked at her daughter bounce into the room.

"You know we are not happy about this. Your father and I had a chat and we are not sure that this is a good idea," her mother said, looking at her concupiscent daughter with her teenage lustful eyes.

"Oh Mum," her daughter moaned and pulled herself up to her 5ft 8in height. "It's fine. It's a Government programme they are trialling. So I might get a bit naked or fondled. It's not that bad."

Her mother sat down on her chair and shook her head at Sarah. "Yes love, but why you?"

"Oh, we've been through this. Because the Government is forcing all schools and colleges to try it and they need a pair from each sixth form year to try it. If no-one volunteered they were going to pick the person at random and we had a chat as a group. Quite a few of the girls are still untouched and didn't fancy losing their cherry ..." Her mum started at this and Sarah held out her hand awaiting the disapproving comment. While Sarah's mother knew that her daughter was sexually active, Sarah was certain that the prospect of her having sex on the school lawn in a loveless encounter watched by dozens of her classmates would turn her green. "It's OK Mum. It's not likely, you know how sensationalist tabloid reporting is. But they didn't want to be touched or lose their dignity this week so everyone who has had sex got added to a draw and I won." Her mother scowled at her and Sarah added, "or lost, I suppose."

This wasn't true. The moment the program was announced Sarah wanted to be the volunteer but as anger and then fury rippled to the surface in her year group she was not prepared to be labelled as "the slut" who wanted to be part of the experiment and so she proposed a ballot of all those girls who had lost their virginity.

She was amazed by how many of her classmates who suddenly forgot that they had had a pink sausage inside them, but she always expected this to happen. Instead of well over 100 names, just 16 girls admitted they were no longer a virgin and agreed to go into a ballot that was organised by her close friend, Ingrid. Ingrid gleefully rigged the ballot (as she was in it as well) so Sarah would win at her request although her friend admitted she didn't understand why.

The answer was simple: while Sarah was not a nymphomaniac, although to the leafy, conservative corner of Buckinghamshire she lived in, her sex drive was certainly well above average, she was a rampant exhibitionist. She liked people seeing her in all of her glory and adored being admired and fawned over. This week would be as much bliss as it would be torture and she couldn't wait. She had fantasised about this week all weekend, since she was told she had "won" the ballot.

Sarah had butterflies in her stomach as her mother drove her to College. The reality of the week was just dawning on her and she suddenly wondered if this was such a good idea after all. She had a boyfriend, who lived across London and who was a little upset about the prospect of Sarah participating in "the initiative" but she was doing this to satisfy an itch he couldn't touch.

"The initiative" or Curriculum for Learning Increased Tolerance Of Receiving and Initiating Sex (CLITORIS) had been created by a crackpot University professor especially for the British youth. He argued that unlike other countries, the British were notoriously uptight and uncomfortable when presented with the concept of sex and sexuality. Often seen as a subject for behind closed doors, the country had a global reputation for repressing their sexuality. It had to change.

Professor Stephen Jenkins and his pioneering research team spent decades examining all aspects of the population's unease on sex and finally traced the fear back to the teenage years. They argued that if they could manipulate those formative experiences and make them more plentiful then the British would be as inhibited as an Italian nudist.

At first, their work was dismissed by all of the Political classes. "We will not subject our children to mindless sexual contact by over-aroused youngsters" thundered a well-known MP when it was first proposed but as the years passed and the British's repressed sexuality overtook the German poor sense of humour, the American war-mongering and Mexican laziness as the most repeated and, widely considered, accurate national stereotype, the Government wanted to act. "If we don't act now, then we might be more notorious than the French military," suggested a female back bench MP to howls of derision from Parliament and thus the Act of Parliament that enacted the CLITORIS programme was passed and named after her – the aptly named Mary Rogers Bill.

Thus the Government decreed that all schools, colleges and universities must assess whether the CLITORIS programme would work within their establishment and this inevitably meant that there had to be a feasibility study.

Sarah did not definitely know who the other three people – one from her year and two from the year above – who were also part of the CLITORIS project and they had been expressly told not to mention their participation to anyone at College.

It had to be a guy and she knew all of the guys had agreed that all of them would go into a ballot to be organised by Ingrid. Of course, she had some preferences but it didn't matter to her. She would be naked and it didn't matter whether she was with someone she liked or not, although she quietly indicated her preference to her best friend and let their own brand of randomness take its true course.

## Chapter II

The Principal sat them down in his office. There were four chairs in front of his desk and he gave a raffish smile. For years he had dreamt and wondered about this day: he was an early reader and supporter of Professor Jenkin's work although he doubted whether they should enforce such rules on their pupils. His college was a place for learning, but should they restrict themselves to just academic endeavours? He wasn't completely sure, but had decided the best way to answer that question was to cover the initiative in his educational establishment.

Professional concerns aside, he was going to enjoy the female students selected. He had recently transferred from being a deputy head at the school to being a Principal at the college so he knew all the students well, although as the two educational establishments shared premises he would probably have known of them even if he hadn't worked at the school. It didn't matter, he had taught all four of the students at some point in their academic career, and he guessed how the four would handle their traumatic week ahead.

Stephanie had just turned eighteen, as well as many heads, and her long, golden hair, combined with her innocence and shyness sent his pulse racing. Stephanie would probably struggle to cope for the week, he reckoned. Her timidity would mean she would be too self-conscious and hate all five days. As for Sarah, well, he simply couldn't believe the little minx had put herself forward for the week. She was as sexy as any girl he had ever seen in his college and there was no way that girl had been a virgin for years. But he also knew that she would be very epicentre of half of the boys all week and would not get any peace.

He had been delighted that she had been selected; he had asked his head of sixth form, Mr Hollins, to keep him abreast of what was happening as his students and senior staff devised a fair method to select the four guinea-pigs. He had secretly hoped for Anne Riesling; she had fallen pregnant and had given birth at the start of July. She still had her pregnancy bump and enlarged breasts where her body was busily providing for her new offspring. He liked Anne, she was so circumspect and genteel, her pregnancy was a real surprise to everyone, and secretly there was not a sight he liked more than a pregnant teenager and he even contemplated whether he could get away with rigging the ballot.

Of course, there was nothing wrong with Sarah Bailey, she was his second choice and he had known her brother when he was at the college. Paul was gone through the ladies in his year at an impressive speed and is, to this day, the only student to be given a school detention for having sex on the school premises.

Mr Hollins had conveyed a rumour that Sarah had rigged the ballot, but he dismissed this as fantasy. What sane girl would want to subject themselves to the horrors of the next five days? It was a surprise certainly that she had been selected alongside one of her best friends, but then statistical anomalies do happen, there was nothing more to it than that.

His musings were interrupted by the last student, a Nicholas Edwards, entering the room. He smiled nervously. "You all know why you are here. You all volunteered, of sorts, so thank you; it makes it easier for everyone." He cleared his throat and glanced at Sarah. He had to adjust his tie, it was warm in here and she was wearing a short skirt! "Now the following scheme, curriculum, programme, whatever you want to call it, will be undertaken by everyone if approved so while it might be embarrassing or degrading, just go along with it. It'll be over quickly and by the end of the year it should be a common experience

amongst everyone.”

Sarah and Andy traded looks and Sarah suppressed a smile. She liked embarrassing situations and hiked her skirt up a little further, the Principal was getting flustered and she very much liked the thought of being admired by the middle-aged gentleman.

“Now the rules are different to what we first thought but Professor Jenkins has released an updated CLITORIS and the Department for Education and Stockings ...” He blushed as he shook his gaze from Stephanie's leg. “... sorry ... Skills thinks we should follow these. Now this is being given to all of the students in the classes so everyone will know what is and isn't allowed.”

“Students on the CLITORIS programme will be referred to as SLUTs – that's Students Learning Uninhibited Thinking and shall remain naked all week, except shoes and sports equipment, while on campus. Other students are permitted to touch the SLUT anywhere and the SLUT should permit the non-participating students, ASSLORDs (Aides to SLUTs Seeking Lustful or Relaxed Dispositions) as much time as they need to complete their touching providing it does not impede the SLUTs progression of the College day. Understand?”

Andy and Sarah nodded but the big-breasted Stephanie raised her hand. “So they can touch us anywhere.”

The Principal smiled but suppressed a titter. “Yes. Anyone can touch and fondle you, and you have to let them help you. The ASSLORDs will, on the whole, not be unreasonable. If you are late for a lesson then you can refuse but unless you have a pressing engagement, just let 'em enjoy you and maybe touch them back.”

Stephanie gasped in shock.

“Now, when it comes to sexual contact, the school has a no genital contact rule but for you lucky four this has been relaxed. We have to encourage safe sex between the participants so you will find at the end of every corridor condoms and lubricant in a small bowl on the wall. If an ASSLORD or even a SLUT finds a SLUT aroused and ready for sex then it is taken as consent has been granted and intercourse should take place.”

Sarah and Stephanie looked at each other aghast. “They can rape us?” Sarah asked and the Principal gave a wry smile.

“It's only rape if there is no consent. Don't get aroused and there can be no consent.”

“But they can touch us. I'm only human.” wailed Sarah and the Principal gave a shrug.

“Them the rules,” he said evasively and picked up his paper. “The only toilets you are allowed to use are the new open-plan ones at the bottom of the Tower Block. You will notice that there are no cubicles and there is a glass screen preventing ASSLORDs from interfering with you, but in order to ensure that you don't get into trouble, the glass screen looks out over the football pitches.”

Everyone snorted and the Principal continued. “As being naked and fondled is likely to lead to some sort of sexual arousal at the start of every lesson, the teacher should ask if you require any relief. Feel free to do so, get it over with and get an ASSLORD to help. It's what the programme is there for. And you have to use the opposite sex changing room, make sure you sit on the towels provided by your feet and I think that is it. There are

provisions for punishments if anyone breaks the rules. Any questions?" Scared, worried faces met the Principal and he shrugged. "Keks off kids, please."

Stephanie burst into tears and Nicholas put his arm around her. The Principal felt guilty for a moment and looked at Sarah happily removing her tight blouse and short tartan skirt and put them on the side. The Principal stared at her 36C breasts and longed to touch them; they were pert and Sarah gave him a welcoming smile. She adored the thought of someone looking.

"Exhibitionist," Andy whispered to Sarah who just shrugged her shoulders and stuck her tongue out at him.

"I can help you with that," Sarah said to Andy and he tentatively and nervously slid down his boxers to show his erect cock.

"That's the spirit, Sarah. What did you have in mind? A blowjob, a handjob or full intercourse?" The Principal stood akimbo awaiting for Sarah to respond with three pairs of eyes were fixed on the blushing girl. Of course she meant that she would help Andy get out of his boxer shorts but the Principal had completely misunderstood.

"Ahh well it would depend ..." she deliberated and the Principal clapped his hands together.

"Depends on whatever he would want. I am not sure you are needed on this programme Sarah, you seem thoroughly comfortable with sex. But this is excellent." The Principal enthused and then sat back down behind his desk to hide his growing erection. "You are the perfect champion for the programme Sarah. If only everyone could be like you."

The young Sarah blushed and Stephanie who had only managed to strip to her bra and knickers looked enviably at the beautiful teenager. The Principal took a deep breath. In all his years as a teacher he had rarely come across someone as sexy and attractive as Sarah, but he never expected her to offer to go down on another student in his office. She was, truly, amazing.

## Chapter III

“Your nine o’ clock is Maths, isn’t it?” Andy asked Sarah the moment the two naked students entered the corridor. They both took a sharp intake of breath, although it was very mild for September, it was still September and it was in Britain which put the temperature on the wrong side of chilly. The Principal’s room was well heated and they only realised how warm it was when they stepped into the corridor. It was still registration and the college was eerily quiet as they scampered down the hall towards the tower block.

“Yes. Have you done the Calculus?” Andy asked and Sarah nodded, her breasts bouncing slightly as she strode towards the giant four-storey tower block that stood in the centre of the college grounds.

Andy tried to wrap the towel around him but it did not hide his erection and Sarah turned, saw what he had done and whipped it from him. “Oi,” he said indignantly. “What do you that for?”

“It’s against the rules,” Sarah replied, somewhat irritated. If she had to spend the week naked then her friend, could do so too and it would negate the point of her rigging the ballot if he then chickened out.

“And?”

“You’ll get punished. Anyway if you were that against the idea why did you put your name forward?”

“I didn’t. It was decided that we would all go in the ballot. And Mr Hollins didn’t tell me until Friday – he forgot. The bastard.”

Sarah smiled. She obviously had to bribe Ingrid to rig the ballot but Ingrid was taught magic by her grandfather and she still possessed excellent sleight of hand. Despite there being several witnesses to the draw, she knew how to do it so she got the right result and it was deemed impartial.

Sarah grinned at her friend who was lagging behind her and was staring up at her ass on the stairs. “If you stop looking you might be able to walk quicker,” she chided and glanced at his six inch cock. “And then you can have me before Mathematics.”

Andy groaned. He knew she would tease him the moment he found out it was Sarah he was partnered with an hour before classes started. Sarah always teased him with her short skirts and devilishly sexy demeanour, and how he longed to date her, but she was resolutely staying with her boyfriend.

They reached the first floor of the tower block and there was still just muffled sounds coming from the classrooms. Andy looked at his watch, the bell would go any minute ... now! Sarah and Andy stood outside the classroom and the door opened.

“Fuckin’ hell,” cried a tall stocky guy the moment he saw Sarah. Andy put his arms around Sarah from behind her and pulled her towards him. Her ass crack touched his cock and she wiggled her hips. Andy slid his hands down her flanks and then around her stomach to rest on her nipples. He rubbed them gently and kissed her on the neck.

Sarah sighed in quiet contentment. She wanted this in the shower that morning and

resisted. She could have whipped out her red vibrator, but resisted. But she could resist no longer and the delicate touch of her friend caused her to silently groan.

Sarah closed her eyes as Andy's fingers swirled around her nipples and his touch pulled her towards him. She felt his erect cock in the crack of her ass and sighed again. He felt good. Very good.

They were interrupted by their teacher, a Mrs Buckingham who coughed. "I presume you two will need some time at the start of the lesson," she said with a smile on her face. "If you have done your homework."

Mrs Buckingham made Andy and Sarah sit at the front of the class and opposite ends of the room, and smiled as they laid out their towels on her rough wooden chairs. Her class soon filled up and was amused when their friends joked at their predicament.

Bella, a slightly podgy and normally grumpy girl sat directly next to Andy and the teacher saw her hands slide over to his waist. She smiled and then consulted the handbook. She couldn't have Andy being distracted all lesson and found the relevant chapter. Yes, if an ASSLORD touched a SLUT in lesson without being instructed to, then they had to complete the week naked.

She wondered if she should convey this information to Bella before the start of the lesson and decided that dependent on whether she had done her homework would depend on whether she would allow the plump girl to molest Andy unpunished.

"So go on, what's it like?" Zoe asked Sarah who nodded.

"Cold. Well colder than I was expecting. My nipples were like diamonds in the corridor."

"Well that was because you had Andy touching them, my dear," Mrs Buckingham said and Sarah blushed as the class burst into giggles. "Now would you two like to finish doing what you were doing before the class?"

"Get her off," yelled a voice from the back and Mrs Buckingham gave an annoyed glance.

"If you wish to participate Jason then please do." Jason, an immature boy leapt to his feet and Mrs Buckingham smiled. "I am sure Andy would love a blow-job, if you wouldn't mind?" The air filled with howls of laughter as Jason sat back down again and shook his head. "Any more interruptions like that and you can go down and suck his cock," she thundered and Jason nodded, burying his face in his hands. She called Sarah and Andy to the front of the class and told them they had three minutes and then the lesson would begin.

Sarah and Andy embraced, kissing passionately and Sarah slid her hand between to touch Andy's cock. He pushed a finger onto her crack and she sighed. She needed a release, and bit her lip, grunting nasally.

"Oh go on," she squealed and the class tittered. This was one hundred times more entertaining than watching the nerdy kid play British Bulldog in the playground and the class piled forward to get a better view. Sarah turned so Andy could kiss her neck and her giving a better view as his finger worked its' way along her clitoris and into her hole.

"Oh fuck yes," she shrieked and Mrs Buckingham gave a wry smile. She scanned the class for signs of any touching – another certain way for an ASSLORD to become a SLUT – but there was nothing obvious, much to her dismay.

Sarah's hand, reaching behind her, was busily stroking Andy's cock and Sarah increased her pace. Andy felt his body tense and his hips start to buck with Sarah's increasing rhythm. She was loving this – about to orgasm in front of her class. She had dreamt of this day for months, fantasised about it. Masturbated to it. She wanted everyone to see Andy bring this slut to orgasm.

Sarah cried open-mouthed as Andy's fingers pressed against her slippery pearl. "Oh god ... oh yes," she screamed and there was laughter from next door. Sarah did not hear and she rode waves of climatic pleasure, Andy spurted several streams of semen onto her back.

Mrs Buckingham let them enjoy the afterglow for a few moments and then passed them some tissues. Andy wiped Sarah's back while the class descended into hushed whispers. "That was fuckin' mental," Jason said a little loudly and the teacher shot him a look. "Sorry."

Around a third of the class passed their homework to the front, including Andy and Sarah, but the aforementioned Jason and Bella had not done their assignments and Mrs Buckingham sighed exasperatedly. How could they expect to pass if they didn't do homework? If only there was a nudity and spanking rule for not doing Maths assignments. She would certainly mention it to the Principal.

She wrote up the answers on the board and turned around to see Bella stroking Andy's thigh. "Bella. Naked please."

"What?" The girl asked.

Mrs Buckingham smiled sweetly and picked up the handbook. "You heard – for the week please."

## Chapter IV

Sarah was still horny by the time the lesson finished and she dashed out with Andy. They both had an hour's break and then General Studies before lunch.

"Where shall we go?" Sarah asked and Andy looked at the herd of loved up students spilling out onto the landing and eyeing Sarah.

"Somewhere warm," Andy suggested and they ran down the stairs and made it to the corridor at the bottom before being cornered by a couple of guys.

"You got a free next?" The taller of the two, around 5ft 9in and with deep set eyes asked.

Sarah silently nodded and clenched her pussy. She knew she was wet, the thought of being taken in full view of everyone had her excited and aroused.

For Bruce and Grant – the best of friends – this represented a wonderful opportunity. They were both virgins but they never thought their first time would be with the wonderful and delightful Sarah Bailey. She was a cock-tease and every guy's dream, and normally she wouldn't be seen dead with those two.

But they were wrong, Sarah may have been sexy and attractive but she was never unapproachable. Currently, however, Sarah was very approachable and vulnerable. Grant, the short guy with Mediterranean features and a wicked smile stepped forward and guided Sarah's hands away from her slit.

"Fuck, it's very wet," he announced and the small congregation of the onlookers multiplied instantly. He unzipped his trousers and pulled them down to free a modestly-sized cock, devoid of any pubic hair.

"If you want me," Sarah uttered staring at the erect cock and bit her lip. "Then put a condom on and lubricant."

"You don't need lube love," Grant replied and Sarah shook her head.

"Please. I'll be sore otherwise. I got a lot of guys who want something."

Bruce reached up and passed his friend a condom and small packet of lubricant which Sarah sensing his nervousness, took from him and slid over his cock. She sensed he was not used to, or even ready to have sex with an audience but as she poured the small packet of lubricant over his sheathed cock she smiled at Andy and then Grant.

Bruce had moved the small table from the corner of the corridor to the centre and Grant roughly bent Sarah over it. He was used to seeing that in his father's porn collection and knew it to be right. She should be mewling now and ready to orgasm.

Alas Sarah was not going to fake any orgasms or excitement to preserve the ego of the two students but loved the humiliation of the experience. She looked up from the table, her breasts pushed into its cold, hard surface and sending shivers up her spine, and saw her classmates watching her.

Some were shouting abuse, calling her a "dirty slut" or a "whore," but others were sending compliments - "she is fucking sexy," Jason shouted from behind her.

Grant was shaking like a leaf and Sarah reached down to guide him into her hole. She was ready for this the moment she woke up and closed her eyes as Grant buried his cock into her. He was not thrusting gently but rammed it in and it was a shock for her. How did his girlfriend cope?

Sarah was eternally grateful she had made him use lubricant and his fingers were hurting her as they were digging into the tops of her thighs. Sarah groaned, he was OK but she had had much better.

She screwed up her face and tightened her internal muscles, he needed to be gentler but Grant grunted and she felt his cock twitch and then pulse a few times.

He had to be joking, that was fifteen seconds. She glared at him, annoyed at his premature ejaculation! There was a titter from the assembled girls: they knew what Grant had done and she rolled her eyes as she saw Grant withdraw. Bruce arrived behind her; his cock was bigger and he too had used lubricant. Sarah guided it in, she was very horny but also incredibly unsatisfied.

As she turned around she saw Andy getting a blow job from a student in their General Studies class. She was hot and she wondered if lesbian sex was allowed. Bruce thrust forward softly and Sarah groaned. "Oh that's nice," she murmured.

Bruce caressed her buttocks and the backs of her thighs while she rocked back and forth on his member. He was hitting her G-Spot in this position and her muscles were quivering. It felt very good.

It was everything that Bruce hoped it would be and mewed gently. Sarah was as sexy as they came and her muscles were clamping on his cock. All the masturbation he normally did, he had resisted for two weeks saving himself this moment. Two weeks of his cock being untouched – that was over forty times he normally wanked when he didn't.

Unfortunately this meant Bruce was a coiled spring, and twenty seconds after this cock touched Sarah's pussy, he filled the rubber sack.

"You better be joking," Sarah said out loud and the entire audience laughed at Bruce. "For fucks sake, both of you. Get out of my sight." Sarah pulled herself up on her arms and scanned the assembled group of laughing students. "You," she said pointing to Jason. "Can you fuck?"

"Well yeah," came the response and she told him to get a condom, and not worry about the lubricant as she was already wet enough now. Bruce and Grant melted into the crowd and Jason skilfully pumped his dick into Sarah – not too fast, or too slow – but with strong, powerful thrusts that tickled her pussy wall and glanced against her G-Spot.

Sarah sighed and mewed, shrieked, screamed, cried and spluttered. Jason was steadily taking her to a massive climax, the public nature of her powerful orgasm, heightening the intensity of the explosion waiting to happen in her loins.

Sarah gripped the edge of the table and grunted as her pubic muscles convulsed. She screwed up her face and squealed, the noise of her exhibitionism echoing around the corridor. Jason's cock quivered and pumped his seed into the rubber, and they stayed joined for a moment, savouring the sparks of pleasure as their muscles gave little contractions and then Jason withdrew.

“Thank you,” she said to him and he grinned.

“You done now?” Andy asked and Sarah nodded with a huge smile on her face.

“Well I will be when I have dealt with tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, what the fuck were they doing?”

The throng of interested perverts dissipated the moment Sarah had finished clearing up and dumped the fruits of her endeavours in the bin. “Was that girl any good?” Sarah asked as they left the corridor towards the library, looking out for the ex-virgins who had left her unsatisfied: she wanted words with them.

“You know me, I don't kiss and tell.”

“Bastard. I want to know. I want a go on her later if she's any good.”

Andy smirked. “Then I will let you find it out for yourself.”

## Chapter V

Their free period passed relatively peacefully and the two naked students were not disturbed. Sarah thought briefly she might confess that she helped rig the ballots but Andy's rant about his decency and dignity being stripped from him halfway through their work changed her mind. He might not appreciate it, and he was a close friend.

Their General Studies class was in the adjacent room to the library, being in the English block and they walked into an empty room. Mr Clarke, a newly qualified teacher was obviously still teaching his previous class and they stretched out their large towels on the cold hard chairs near the back of the room.

The bell sounded and within a minute, two dozen people were pouring into the room.

"Hey Sarah, I like your new top," Leon called as he sauntered passed her. Sarah liked Leon; he was always cracking jokes and never took life too seriously. If she was in a confessional mood, she would admit that she sometimes fantasised about his thick black cock parting her pale pussy and ramming into her, but she had never seen him naked and until a couple of weeks ago thought she never would.

"Oh you do," Sarah replied cheerily and stood up. "It comes with a matching bottom."

"Hey Sarah, is it true that you have to shave your pubic hair?" Louise, a small geeky red-haired girl at the front asked and Sarah looked seriously at her.

"Oh yeah. Why don't you? I thought all the boys liked the shaven haven?"

The girl's cheeks matched her hair amid a gaggle of nervous laughter and Sarah grinned. "What do you think Rob, bush or bare?"

Rob laughed and stuck his tongue out. "You know babe, I just don't mind." Sarah's mind whirred with mischief and she stood up, walking over to the bespectacled guy on the front row. She took his hand and rubbed it over her smooth mons.

"Hey Louise, come here, let Rob compare."

Louise shook her head but the class goaded her and she buried her face in her hands.

"What's going on?" Mr Clarke asked as he closed the open door behind him.

"We are asking the guys whether they prefer my shaven crotch to Louise's bush but she doesn't want to show them to compare. Bit mean, as she started it," Sarah gushed and the teacher smiled.

"Well we do need to cover comparisons and statistics, so why not. Louise, please undress."

Sarah smiled. She knew Louise had had sex with her boyfriend at the Year 10 school field trip, as she shared a room with her and overheard them talking post-action, but she had strenuously denied this and demanded that she be excluded from the girl's ballot. Sarah was not amused; Louise might not have wanted to be naked in front of her peers but was happy for someone else to have to do it, who equally might not want to do it. She had been selfish and Sarah was getting revenge.

Louise spluttered but a few choice words from Mr Clarke, and a passage from the "handbook" meant that she soon disrobed.

There was no reason, other than embarrassment for her not to undress. She was not podgy or had misshapen breasts, weird birthmarks or anything out of the ordinary, she had a smooth, lovely body with great tufts of red pubic hair.

She stood awkwardly and Mr Clarke wiped the board. "Right, now Louise, go to Rob and do what Sarah did." Louise walked around the class and allowed Rob to run his hands through her scraggly pubic hair. He smiled and beckoned Sarah over, deliberately sliding his fingers alongside her slit.

"Louise. I think pubic hair feels nicer, although Sarah's is sluttier and it looks nicer."

Sarah took a deep breath in mock anger and Rob flashed her a smile.

"But I'll go with the bush. It feels cool to rub your hand through it."

"Gareth, what do you think?" A tall wiry boy made no secret of feeling up Louise who was clearly feeling flushed by the attention and of Gareth's attention on her slit.

"Sarah," he eventually said after he had reduced both girls to mewling. Adam went one better, and brought Louise to a shuddering orgasm while he deliberated whether the sight of pubic hair improved the view as a girl was fingered, although Sarah bravely held out until she reached Andy.

"The problem is, is that pubic hair detracts from oral sex, I think. Can I put this to the test?" Andy asked and the teacher nodded, adjusting his trousers. Andy beckoned Louise to get on the desk, gently spread her legs and buried his face in her snatch.

She sucked in a deep breath as Andy's tongue darted along her crevice and tasted her musky, powerful juices. She squealed and shrieked in surprise. No-one had ever done that to her. Andy tickled her little button and then sucked it while his fingers curled into her well-lubricated hole and probed her G-Spot.

The red-haired minx threw her head back and her thighs quivered. She mewed, panted and then her body shook as she had an orgasm, the like she had never had before.

"You see, that was nice, but I've got a pube in my teeth," Andy complained. "Sarah, if you wouldn't mind." He gestured for her to sit on the table and she did with a dirty smile.

Sarah had been playing with herself while Louise had got off, and was incredibly wet; she fidgeted and bucked her hips the moment Andy's mouth touched her slippery, slick runway.

"Oh God," she mewed. She had experienced Andy's tongue many times before, sometimes on its' own, sometimes with fingers in her and a couple of times with her red vibrator, but never with a rapt audience like this.

She panted the moment Andy slid his two middle fingers into her slimy hole. She still had some lubricant in her, along with her juices, and her pussy gratefully accepted Andy's fingers. He made a "come-here" motion and Sarah gave a piercing howl.

Andy swirled her clitoris with his tongue and then sucked on her button. She bucked her hips as fast as she could, desperately trying to impale herself on his fingers harder and

harder.

She cursed and swore again, her body building up to a giant crescendo. It would be her best orgasm of the day, the most powerful, the most explicit. She cried out, her body tingling all over. Her loins were on fire, Andy sucked her clitoris and Sarah threw her head back, squealing.

Wave after wave of intense electricity flooded her body and her muscles quivered and convulsed frantically. Sarah cried out and then rested for a few moments.

“Definitely shaved, Mr Clarke. You don't get pubes in your teeth.” Sarah grinned at Andy and he helped her down from the desk.

Trent, a good-natured travelling gypsy, tickled both of the girls before opting for Louise – red headed girls were his “thing” and Paul agreed after fingering both of the students.

Mr Clarke opened the discussion up the girls in the class as well and after Karen ate out both of the girls to orgasms, the class was tied at 7-7. Sarah glanced over at Mr Clarke.

“That means Sir, you get the casting vote,” she said alluringly and the two girls descended on their teacher.

“Well, I'm not sure,” he muttered and picked up the handbook, frantically searching for teacher-pupil relations. Ah, page eighteen.

Sarah unzipped his fly and he let out a voluntary squeal. Page eighteen, teachers must try to avoid interfering with ...

Sarah wrapped her lips around his impressive member, already fully erect and sucked it gently. Louise stood behind her and massaged Sarah's shoulder and Sarah intimated for Louise to kneel down beside her.

... SLUTs and ASSLORDs as they go about their learning programme as part of CLITORIS, but occasionally the voice of experience ...

Sarah was the voice of experience as she passed the cock to Louise and told how to pleasure their teacher. She put a hand on his bare ass and flicked his shirt tails away. “Now rub his head with your tongue,” she whispered and Mr Clarke took a sharp intake of breath and steadied himself on his table.

... maybe required and it is envisaged that in some circumstances teachers may need to become ASSLORDs for a short period for the SLUTs to get the most out of the experience.

“Yes!” Mr Clarke cried triumphantly, and Sarah caressed his testicles as Louise sucked the tips. Sarah moved her hand to the base of Mr Clarke's member and she pumped him, stroking his veined cock.

Mr Clarke sighed out of satisfaction. He couldn't get his girlfriend to go down on him, so how come two nubile beauties were doing it? He sighed and shuddered. “I'm gonna ...” he warned and Sarah whispered to Louise.

“Just stay with the spurt. It'll be fine,” she warned and she felt his cock twitch. Several spurts of semen flooded Louise's mouth and the teacher looked down to see Louise suck him dry.

“That was all you, wasn't it?” Mr Clarke asked Louise who nodded. “Pubic hair wins.”

## Chapter VI

Sarah and Andy sat down with trays each. They had worn their towels around their waists while carrying the hot food, neither of them fancied spilling their dinner over them and then finding they had third-degree burns to their genitals. Sarah didn't even have pubic hair to protect her, which she was still moaning about.

"I mean, I get the toad a blow job and he chooses her. Disgraceful," she whinged and looked across at the naked Louise. As the bell struck, Louise was still naked and the provision in the notorious handbook was that the ASSLORD in question became a SLUT until the end of the day.

Mr Clarke therefore had taken Louise's clothes to the Principal and she was told to obtain a school towel from the Reception until three thirty, much to her disgust. Sarah watched as she didn't make it, Grant and Bruce deciding on a second attempt to prove their sexual prowess, and Sarah, still disgusted at them, gave them a small heckle and ran off for lunch. Clearly Bruce and Grant had not improved as ten minutes after she saw the podgy girl, she was in the canteen with a towel and not looking too happy.

Their mutual friend, Zoe, joined them at the table and grinned. She had been in the Maths class and watched her get off then but was shocked when Sarah recalled the previous lesson and the incident in the corridor.

Zoe was sexually repressed. She was beautiful, with deep blue eyes and shoulder-length blonde hair, but was also religious and exceptionally conservative. "I can't believe they are making you do this," Zoe moaned and shook her head. "I mean, I would just die."

Andy put his hand on Zoe's. "But you might have to. If all goes well with us."

Zoe bit her lip. "I couldn't. I just couldn't."

"To be fair, this is mostly Sarah. The SLUT is being a slut," Andy joked and Sarah flicked mashed potato at him. It stuck on his chest and he picked up the remains of his chocolate milkshake and covered Sarah's breasts. She gasped in shock at its coldness.

Sarah blew and picked up some baked beans and threw them at Andy who was retreating. A few of them hit the person behind him who turned to see Sarah shaking off thick, chocolate drink from her breasts.

"Hey food fight," someone yelled and Sarah turned around to see someone throw a full cups worth of strawberry milkshake at her, and then a plate of custard hit her rump.

"That's enough," shouted the Principal. The excited shouting died to a murmur of discontent and he made his way through the crowd to the naked teenagers. "You might want to get washed in the toilets," he announced. "And next time you fancy a food fight, do it outside."

Andy and Sarah nodded and picked up their items and left.

The open-plan toilets really were open plan. The wall had been replaced by a giant window and refitted. A shower was in the corner and Sarah, as the dirtiest, kicked off her shoes and walked in. Andy smiled as the hot water hit her dirty body and washed away the brown, yellow and pink mess.

"It's your fault," she moaned and Andy removed his shoes and walked in alongside her.

"Sssshhh," he said and from behind her and wrapped his arms around her wet body. She groaned and felt his erect cock touch her. "You love it really," he whispered and she nodded. He was right. "What are you this week?"

"I am a SLUT," she whispered as his hands glided over her wet, soft skin.

"What are you going to be next week?"

"A slut," Sarah whispered in return and Andy smiled. He was kissing the back of her neck and she reached back to squeeze his buttocks. The water thundered over them and the room was becoming humid and steamy; the windows were closed. Sarah's sighs became more audible as Andy's hand stopped travelling and concentrated on her erect nipples.

"What do sluts need?"

"They need big, thick, rock-hard cocks," she breathlessly whispered in return. Andy glanced over in the corner of the room and saw a little changing bench. He kissed her again and then guided her towards it.

She lay down and opened her arms, gratefully receiving Andy onto her. His cock was aligned with her hole at slid in, neither of them caring that there was no protection. Sarah felt a warmth she had not experienced for awhile – sex with someone she loved.

Andy grunted as he penetrated her and she mewed. He felt good; he was bigger than her boyfriend and his gentle thrusts sent shivers of warmth from her loins.

Andy reached over and kissed her. Not a gentle peck or a slobbering monster, but a loving, passionate kiss that made her glow inside. She groaned a soft, gentle cry and looked at him with affectionate eyes. She adored him.

Andy was probing her in a slow rhythm as he savoured every last touch of her exquisite sex gripping his rocking member. She squeezed her pussy and kissed him again. She was the best screw he had ever had, made better by the deep connection.

Sarah groaned again and sighed. Andy was not increasing the pace of his thrusts and she wanted him to. She was getting perilously close to a climax and needed Andy to propel her towards it. Andy noticed the lustful sounds and passionate, pleading eyes of his lover. He noticed the panting, the deep squeezing of her muscles, the gripping of his buttocks by her fingertips. He noticed everything and slowly increased his pace.

Sarah swore and groaned loudly.

She gripped Andy with renewed force, digging her nails in as far as they would go. She moaned and cried, "Oh God, fuck yes!"

Sarah threw her head back and squealed louder than before.

Andy continued thrusting his bare cock into her, and Sarah was still shrieking. Her muscles clamped down on his cock but Andy didn't relent, plunging his rod deep inside her.

Sarah gave an involuntary spasm, and then again. Andy was sighing and panting. He was near his release and had the familiar tightness, incredible warmth and excitement at the base of his testicles. He tightened his prostate muscles, hanging on for as long as he

could.

Then with one last thrust, he removed his cock and spurted over her mons. Sarah was too busy shrieking and shouting to notice the splattering of semen covering her.

They kissed again and she felt content. She could stay here all day.

The bell rang as Sarah was wiping the remnants of Andy from her shaved mons and they kissed. No-one had noticed them in the toilets and the showers and they were undisturbed with their little tryst.

"I'll see you at the end of college," Andy promised and Sarah nodded.

Sarah's next class was Biology, a part of the day she had been dreading. The teacher, Dr Richard Statham, was a lecherous oaf at the best of times, and the sight of her naked was an opportunity that he would not miss, although her time in the shower had left her satisfied and there would be no need for her to seek "relief."

Dr Statham stood by his desk as the class filled into the room. He was known for being an excellent teacher, but also a bit sleazy. Rumours of his younger days persisted but he rarely did anything that was the wrong side of professional misconduct.

"Charming outfit, Lucy," he said to a short big-breasted girl. "Colour suits you. And Kelly, can that skirt get any higher?"

Kelly stopped and flicked the back of her skirt up with a cheeky grin and the teacher grinned. "The main attraction, Sarah. I heard you put on quite a performance in the corridor."

Sarah groaned. She couldn't take an hour of this but Dr Statham walked over and closed the door. "Now settle down," he shouted. "Right, Sarah. Do you need to have some relief?"

Sarah shook her head and replied that she didn't. Dr Statham's face fell and there were some boos from behind her. She turned in her seat. "I've just had some, but correct me if I am wrong, but if a student is coerced into sex in the classroom doesn't the perpetrator have to undress as well?"

Dr Statham nodded and smiled. His shaggy black beard and piercing bespectacled eyes agreed. "Yes, Kelly, Lucy, Sally, Rebecca, Olivia and Violet. Undress please."

The girls groaned. He had demanded all of the six girls get undressed even though the boos came from the three boys sat at the back. Dr Statham gave a gentle nod towards them and the girls complained that they were being unfairly targeted.

The overweight teacher pulled the handbook from his pocket and leafed through it, choosing to read out the punishment council and the six girls complied.

"I'll get you for this," Kelly threatened Sarah who just shrugged.

"Oh come on. We all know you sleep with anyone at parties. Being fucked in the college corridor would hardly be a step down for you," Sarah snapped and Dr Statham stopped the argument.

"Sally, you appear to be covering yourself up."

A thin girl with voluptuous breasts and long black hair gave a nervous look to her teacher. She was not only very attractive but also very shy, and her normal everyday, boring clothes hid a sexy body underneath. She was not comfortable being naked at all.

"I am allowed to, Sir," she replied meekly and Dr Statham nodded.

"Liam, you came top didn't you in the test last week?"

A wiry boy nodded and Dr Statham smiled. "And you Sally. You came bottom."

"Yes Sir."

"Excellent, come to the front please." Sally nervously picked her way to the front of the class. She glanced at her tormentor and he positioned her at the very front.

"Ten questions. If you get more than two wrong, Liam will take you to the deserted classroom next door and have his wicked way. As he is allowed to do as an ASSLORD. Understand?"

Sally gasped and her face went bright red. She gave a tentative nod and closed her eyes. Sarah grinned, she liked the idea of someone else getting the attention; of course she was enjoying the day immensely but this was one lesson she was apprehensive about. She didn't need to be.

"On what type of cells do you find lysosomes?" Dr Statham asked and Sally waved her hands, and then buried her head.

"It's um ... the plant and animal cells ... it's called the Eurekaoytic..."

Dr Statham laughed. "Liam, enlighten her please."

"Eukaryotic, Sir."

"Excellent. Sally, what are the phases of bacterial growth."

Sally waved her hands again and shook her head. "Log, lag, decline and ..."

"Liam?"

"Stationary, Sir."

"Indeed. Liam, take Sally and give her a damn good lesson."

After the two students left, the lesson proceeded perfectly normally. Sally and Liam returned shortly afterwards, her breasts glistening with pearly white liquid and the seven naked students (and three clothed ones) listened to the teacher talk about bacterial growth.

It was with some relief that the bell went and Sarah could leave unmolested to go to her Chemistry class.

Andy was equally as lucky, his Economics lecture with Mr Barker went perfectly normally. A few comments were made at the start of the lesson, but they soon hit macroeconomics and Andy forgot he was naked. It was just normality, as was his Physics class directly afterwards.



## Chapter VII

"How was Chemistry?" Andy asked as he joined his naked partner in the corridor. She gave him a brief kiss and touched his rear gently.

"Fine. I had to wear a lab overcoat so no problems. Physics?"

"Just boring sort of magnetic stuff. Pretty easy really."

They looked out over the school grounds from the doorway and sighed. The weather, that was reasonably warm, had turned chilly and rain had started falling. "Weather's got grumpy," Sarah moaned and they watched a few students leap over forming puddles. The door opened and a chilly blast swept through the corridor causing them both to shudder. "This CLITORIS programme. Would be OK if we lived in the Caribbean," Sarah moaned and Andy put his arm around her to pull her closer.

"Hey, Sarah," Trent, the gypsy from their General Studies class called her as he approached them. He ran up to them both and gave a wicked smile to Sarah. "You're not going anywhere?"

Sarah eyed him suspiciously. "Yeah, home. Just waiting for the rain to stop."

His hands touched her flanks and he grinned. "Then we can play while we wait 'cos I ain't stoppin' ya?"

Sarah groaned. Trent was a good-natured nice lad, and she didn't dislike him but he was not what she wanted in a partner or a friend. She looked at his dirty tracksuit and trainers; he was the only lad in the school who got away with wearing such casual clothes.

His hands deftly touched her soft skin and she closed her eyes as it darted over her breasts and then her hairless mound. "Spread 'em, love," he told her crudely and she moved her thighs slightly apart. He jabbed his fingers alongside her labia and then ran them up and down her slit.

"You're all wet, horny little slut," he announced loudly and Sarah sighed. She wasn't but she knew she was going to be taken irrespective of whether she wanted to or not.

A few people stopped to watch as Trent slid his hand directly between Sarah's legs and pushed his fingers up and down her crevice. She was simply not ready for it, but closed her eyes and began thinking. She needed to get aroused, and quickly.

A soft, warm body snuggled up behind her and started kissing her on the neck. She sighed as its warmth enveloped around her and the owner's cock nestled in her ass crack. Hands wandered over her and touched her breasts.

She sucked in deeply and waited for the hands behind her to start playing with her nipples. Sarah moaned and mewed, her body starting to lubricate her folds nicely.

Trent shouted to the waiting crowd. "Look at this, she is gushing."

"Oh yeah," she murmured as the hands tweaked her nipples. "Oh God ..."

She opened her eyes to see Trent pull down his tracksuit bottoms. He was not wearing any underwear and smiled at his large member, erect and waiting for her.

“Pass us a condom, love,” Trent shouted to a girl who dipped her hand in the adjacent bowl and threw it to the Irish traveller. It rolled down his shaft nicely and Sarah bent over the bag rack, guiding Trent's cock to her waiting pussy.

Sarah gave an involuntary groan as the solid rod slid into her pussy. He grabbed hold of her hips and slowly rocked back and forth pushing the full length of his dick into her and then sliding out in strong, purposeful strokes.

“Ahh, excellent. That's what we like to see,” the Principal said from behind Trent. Neither Sarah nor her partner were aware of his presence but there was a small titter from everyone, including Andy, as the teacher watched. “Was she getting aroused, Trent?”

“Yeah,” Trent grunted and the Principal smiled.

“Well that's to be expected for a little minx like her. I mean, being naked all day will make her damn horny. Are you learning much Sarah?”

“Oh God ... oh yeah ... oh fuck,” Sarah muttered as Trent pushed into her strongly.

The Principal laughed. “I'll take that as a yes. Ahh, the delightful Louise, what are you doing naked?”

Louise told him but Andy was too busy watching Trent and his Sarah. She came as he gradually increased his rhythm and the Principal left them. There was a small gasp as Sarah squealed loudly and a teacher looked out of an empty classroom.

Sarah was quivering and her muscles pulsing and contracting as her body spiralled into another orgasm. She clamped her pussy onto Trent's sheathed cock and he quickened his pace.

He wanted to come as well and he grunted and filled the rubber sack with his seed.

They stayed motionless for a moment and then disengaged. Sarah smiled at him and genuinely thanked him. His foreplay might have been lousy but he filled her up nicely and gave her two massive orgasms.

“I like that bloke,” she whispered to Andy as they ventured out into the pouring rain to the school secretary, to retrieve their clothes. “He has style.”

“It's all those female cousins he has. He's had practice,” Andy joked and Sarah grinned.

“That's very racist,” she told him with a smirk. “Surely you can do better than that?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah pushed open the door to her house and took a deep breath. It was good to be back into the sanctuary of her home. She kicked off her skirt, shoes and top at the base of the stairs. She had been naked all day and wearing clothes was suddenly uncomfortable.

“How was your day?” Her mother called and she pushed open the lounge door and was met with the sight of a young lad.

“Sarah!” Her mother shouted as Sarah bounced into the room and then covered up with her hands. “What are you doing?”

“Sorry. Who is this?”

“Michael. He is going to be working at the bar and is getting a lift to and from work with me. Why are you naked?”

“I am supposed to be naked at home. It's part of the programme,” Sarah lied and smiled a raffish grin at the 18-year-old frantically adjusting his trousers. She would have him, eventually, but right now she needed her red vibrator. She had been horny on the train journey and the nakedness was getting her too wet.

Sarah thought for a moment, she had another four days of this!