



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: MONDAY

"OKAY, LETS COME TO ORDER!" BECKY CALLED OUT. "ORDER! ANYONE WHO COMES TO ORDER GETS A COOKIE! COME ON!"

SHE HAD TO SHOUT. THE ENTIRETY OF THE CLUB WAS BOYS, THESE DAYS, EXCEPT FOR HER...

...AND FIONA...

THERE HAD BEEN PLENTY OF GIRLS. BUT OVER THE PAST MONTH, ALL OF THEM HAD FOUND A NEW INTEREST IN CLOTHING (OR RATHER, IN NOT WEARING A LOT OF CLOTHES), IN BOYS, IN MAKEUP, OR SOME OTHER STUPID FEMININE CRAP. INTEREST IN DEBATING SOCIAL PROGRESS WAS AT AN ALL-TIME LOW.

"ON MONDAY WE WILL BE VOTING ON NEXT SEMESTER'S DEBATE CLUB PRESIDENT. I NOMINATE MYSELF, I SECOND, I ACCEPT," SHE BEAMED AT THE AUDIENCE. "ANY OTHER NOMINATIONS?"

ONE OF THE BOYS RAISED HIS HAND.

"I'D LIKE TO NOMINATE FIONA FOR PRESIDENT."



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BECKY KEPT SMILING, WITH HER TEETH.

"FIONA! DO YOU ACCEPT?"

"UMMM... I GUESS?"

THE BLONDE SAT AT THE VERY BACK OF THE CLASSROOM, AND HAD ABSENTMINDEDLY LET HER LEGS SPREAD OPEN. REVEALING DARK RED PANTIES. SHE BARELY MANAGED TO GET THEM SHUT BEFORE EVERY BOY IN THE ROOM TURNED TO LOOK AT HER.

BECKY FUMED.

"VACUOUS WHORE," SHE THOUGHT, RUMMAGING IN HER VOCABULARY FOR SUITABLE WORDS.

"I MEAN, I GUESS I COULD BE PRESIDENT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU GUYS WANT."

THEY ALL CHEERED. ALL OF THEM!

"WELL! WE'LL DO SPEECHES LATER THIS WEEK. MEETING ADJOURNED."

THERE WERE STILL TWENTY MINUTES TO GO IN LUNCH PERIOD, BUT BECKY DIDN'T CARE.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: MONDAY

BECKY FOUND PAUL AFTER FIRST PERIOD. AROUND THEM, THE INCREASINGLY NUBILE AND WILLING GIRLS OF CALVING HIGH PRANCED AROUND ON HIGH HEELS. IT SEEMED LIKE EVERY FEMALE IN SCHOOL HAD SPROUTED COLTISH LEGS VIRTUALLY OVERNIGHT.

"PAUL. I NEED YOUR HELP."

PAUL BLINKED, HELPFULLY. HE WAS THE SHORTEST BOY IN DEBATE CLUB, WITH ALL THE MUSCLE TONE OF A BAG OF SLUGS.

"I NEED TO BEAT FIONA, AND I NEED TO KNOW HOW."

"UMM..." PAUL LOOKED HESITANT. "OKAY... HERE'S THE THING ABOUT THAT. I KNOW YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT... YOU KNOW.. IMPERIALISM... BUT NO ONE CARES. ALL THEY CARE ABOUT IS..."

"IT'S MY BOOBS, RIGHT? IT'S GOING TO BE MY BOOBS," BECKY SAID.

THEY HAD ALREADY BEEN REASONABLY BIG LAST YEAR. NOW THEY WERE HUGE. AND THEY KEPT GROWING. BECKY HAD TO PUT SPECIAL CREAM ON THEM EVERY MORNING.

SHE UNBUTTONED THE TOP BUTTON, LET HER SWEATER KITTENS BREATHE. ACTUALLY, IT WAS KIND OF A RELIEF.

"THAT'S GOOD, BUT..." PAUL SAID.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: MONDAY

"OH LORD, DO THEY NEED MORE? HERE, I'LL JUST GIVE THEM MY BEST SEX KITTEN LOOK," BECKY SAID, SEETHING.

SHE ARRANGED HER BLOUSE, CURLED UP IN A VAGUELY SEXY POSE, AND GAVE PAUL A COQUETTISH SMILE.

TOO LATE SHE NOTICED HIM STARING, BLUSHING. HER SKIRT HAD RIDDEN UP, GIVING THE SMALL BOY A GREAT VIEW OF THE PLAIN WHITE COTTON UNDERNEATH. SHE TUGGED IT DOWN, HASTILY, AND TRIED TO IGNORE A HOT TINGLE FROM DOWN THERE.

"LOOK," PAUL SAID, SHAKING HIS HEAD. THAT'S NOT GOING TO DO IT. THE PROBLEM ISN'T YOU. THE PROBLEM IS... FIONA."



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: MONDAY

"SHE'S BEEN LETTING SOME OF THE GUYS FEEL HER UP," PAUL EXPLAINED, SHUFFLING HIS FEET. HIS EYES KEPT EXAMINING BECKY'S BOUNTIFUL TITS. IT WAS LEAVING HER QUITE HOT AND BOTHERED.

"FEEL HER UP!"

"TIMOTHY. ROBERT. MICHAEL Y. MICHAEL R. THEY'VE ALL GOTTEN A TOUCH OF THOSE BOOBS."

"THEY AREN'T HALF AS BIG AS MINE!" BECKY EXCLAIMED. SHE SHOOK HER HEAD. THIS WAS.. OUT OF CHARACTER... RIGHT? BUT SHE WANTED TO WIN SO BADLY...

"YEAH, BUT A FEEL UP IS A FEEL UP. YOU SEE ALL THE GIRLS IN THIS SCHOOL, LATELY. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE IN HEAT. EVEN THE DEBATE CLUB GUYS ARE GETTING THEIR HOPES UP."

"WELL! I GUESS... OKAY, THANKS PAUL. THANKS."

SHE SHUFFLED AWAY, FLUSTERED. ALL THIS TALK OF BOOBS HAD GOTTEN HER NIPPLES UNCOMFORTABLY HARD. STUPID BODY WAS BETRAYING HER, THESE DAYS.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: MONDAY

TIMOTHY WAS IN HER CALCULUS CLASS. BECKY DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE MATERIAL. SHE PAID ATTENTION TO TIMOTHY. HE WAS, AT LEAST, A PRETTY GOOD LOOKING GUY. SOME MUSCLES. REASONABLE BODY. HER BOOBS WERE SWEATING IN ANTICIPATION.

THE CLASS GROUND THROUGH. SEVERAL GIRLS HAD ALREADY TRANSFERRED OUT, CLAIMING HEADACHES FROM "TOO MUCH MATH." THOSE FEW THAT WERE LEFT WERE ARRAYED IN SKIRTS, AND SAT NEAR THE BACK.

"HEY, TIM! TIMMY. TIMOTHY," BECKY CALLED OUT, ONCE CLASS WAS OUT AND THE ROOM EMPTIED. "HANG ON A SECOND. I'VE GOT A QUICK QUESTION."

"YEAH, BECKY?"

HERE IT WENT. AND BECKY WAS SURPRISED HOW EASILY HER LEGS SWUNG OPEN, LIKE A WELL-GREASED DOOR, AND WAS EQUALLY SURPRISED HOW WARM AND HOT THE AIR FELT ON HER SLIT. ONLY A SMALL PART OF HER SHOUTED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

"JUST WANTED TO TALK ABOUT YOUR VOTE. I WANTED TO SAY THAT I SEE MYSELF AS... ACCESSIBLE..."

HIS COCK SPRANG UP, AND BECKY UNCONSCIOUSLY LICKED HER LIPS.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: MONDAY

HE WAS BEHIND HER, SUDDENLY, ONCE BECKY CLOSED HER EYES TO TAKE IN THE SUDDEN SENSATIONS. BOYS MOVED FAST.

THEN THERE WERE HANDS ON HER BOOBS, HER BIG MOUNDS, AND THE PILLOWY, ENDLESS FLESH SUDDENLY GLOWED WITH ALL THE REPRESSED PLEASURE THEY CONTAINED. TIMOTHY WAS BOYISH, MAULING THEM TOGETHER, BUT EVERY NERVE GLOWED ELECTRIC AT HIS TOUCH.

"A BOY IS TWISTING MY NIPPLES," BECKY THOUGHT, AND GROUND HER THIGHS TOGETHER.

SHE LET HIM PLAY, PANTING AND SQUIRMING. "SO-O-O... I THINK.. YOU CAN SEE... WHY I'D BE A GOOD... PRESIDENT... FOR WHATEVER..." SHE SAID, STRUGGLING TO TALK THROUGH THE HEAT.

AFTER AN ETERNITY, HE LET GO.

"DO I... DO I HAVE YOUR VOTE?" SHE SAID, PANTING.

TIMOTHY SHRUGGED. "WE'LL SEE."

BECKY GROANED, AND SLUMPED BACK, PERSPIRING.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: TUESDAY

"BECKS, TIME FOR SCHOOL!" HER MOM CALLED OUT. MOM HAD ADOPTED ALL THE MANNERISMS AND BRIGHT, BRAINLESS LOOK OF A 1950S MOM, LATELY. SHE EVEN WORE AN APRON, AND COOKED ROASTS. BECKY WAS PRETTY SURE SHE WORE MAKEUP TO BED.

BECKY HADN'T DONE HER HOMEWORK, LAST NIGHT. JUST ATTEMPTING IT GAVE HER A SERIOUS HEADACHE. ONE SHE HAD RELIEVED, TO HER EMBARRASSMENT, BY STICKING TWO FINGERS UP HER VIRGIN SLIT.

IT HAD FELT SERIOUSLY GOOD. NO WONDER THE OTHER GIRLS AT SCHOOL WERE ACTING SO BRAINLESS. ANOTHER ORGASM LIKE THAT AND SHE'D FORGET GEOGRAPHY.

SHE DIALED PAUL. "PAUL. IT'S BECKY. LOOK, I TOOK YOUR ADVICE. I LET A GUY... UH... TOUCH MY BOOBS... BUT IT DIDN'T HELP! HE'S STILL NOT VOTING FOR ME."

PAUL HESITATED, ON THE LINE. "THING IS," HE SAID, "FIONA JUST UPPED THE ANTE."



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: TUESDAY

"SHE DID A LITTLE STRIPTease FOR US," HE EXPLAINED.

"US??? HOW MANY OF YOU WERE THERE?"

"FIVE. WE ALL HAVE AP ENGLISH TOGETHER. FIRST SHE LET HER BOOBS FLOP FREE, WHICH WAS NICE, BUT THEN SHE LET US SEE HER... HER..." PAUL COULDN'T FORM THE WORD.

"PUSSY. HER PUSSY," BECKY'S OWN SEEMED TO LIKE THE WORD, AS STERN AS SHE TRIED TO SOUND. "JESUS. WHAT A SLUT."

PAUL WAS STAMMERING, NOW. "IT WAS W-W-WET.. AND SHE BENT OVER... AND WE ALL GOT TO LOOK, AND IT SMELLED SO H-H-OTT..."

DAMN BOYS. SHE HUNG UP ON HIM.

WELL. SHE COULDN'T GO THAT FAR. SOME TOUCH AND FEEL WAS FINE, BUT BECKY WAS NOT GOING TO DESCEND INTO DEPRAVITY.

LATER, FRUSTRATED, SHE COULDN'T FIT ON HER LATEST BRA. THEY HAD NEEDED TO SPECIAL ORDER IT. IT WAS INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE. AND SHE HAD OUTGROWN THE SILLY THING. AGAIN. "MOM! I NEED A NEW BRA! GET OUT YOUR PURSE" SHE CALLED OUT.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: TUESDAY

BECKY'S ENGLISH CLASS WAS A FARCE. THE TEACHER WAS A YOUNG, PRETTY THING NAMED MRS. UNDERWOOD, FORMERLY A GREAT BELIEVER IN CAREFUL DECONSTRUCTION OF SERIOUS TEXTS. SHE HAD LOST THAT. ALONG WITH HER SENSIBLE SHOES. AND APPARENTLY SKIRTS LONGER THEN A HAND'S BREADTH. NOW SHE SAT ON THE DESK, THIGHS OPENING AND CLOSING, AND BREATHLESSLY TALKED ABOUT "LUST, LUST, LUSTY LUST" IN D.H. LAWRENCE. OR MAYBE IT WAS ONE LIFE TO LIVE.

"HI ROBERT," BECKY PURRED, ONCE CLASS WAS OVER WITH. SHE DID HER BEST SEXY VOICE. IT WAS SURPRISINGLY KITTENISH. "CAN WE CHAT?"

BECKY REMEMBERED ROBERT AS SHY AND RETIRING, IN LOVE WITH PUZZLES, SO IT WAS A SURPRISE WHEN HE BOLDLY RAN A HAND UP HER THIGH. IT FELT LIKE RUBBING VELVET. THE PURR GREW DEEPER.

HE SWEPT HER UP, AND SHE FELT HER BODY GO WEAK AND TREMBLING, HELPLESS IN HIS EMBRACE. IT WOULD'VE BEEN ROMANTIC AND SWEET IF SHE WASN'T ALSO ACHINGLY AWARE HOW MUCH FARTHER HE COULD GO, HOW FAR SHE WOULD LET HIM GO. SHE WRAPPED HER THIGHS AROUND HIM AND LET HER EXPANDED CHEST RUB AGAINST HIS.

FINALLY HE LET THE EMBRACE GO, SMILED SWEETLY, AND SAID "I HOPE THIS WASN'T JUST TO GET MY VOTE."

BECKY TRIED NOT TO GROAN.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: TUESDAY

"SO WHAT IF IT WAS?" SHE SAID, UNBUTTONING EACH BUTTON ON HER THIN BLOUSE. "IS THAT A PROBLEM OR SOMETHING? I'M JUST TRYING TO BE... ACCOMODATING... TO THE BOYS."

HER TITS CAME INTO VIEW, GROANING AND PATHETICALLY CONSTRAINED BY A TOO-TIGHT BRA. HER NIPPLES, LITTLE GLASS-CUTTERS, SHONE THROUGH THE UPPER GAUZY PORTION. HER GLOBES FILLED THE OLD-FASHIONED CUPS TO OVERFLOWING, AND ONLY ZEALOUS UNDERPINNING KEPT THEM FROM SPRINGING OUT.

ROBERT WAS IMPRESSED. HOW COULD HE NOT BE? BUT HE STILL MATCHED EYES WITH HER AND GRINNED, WAITING FOR MORE.

BECKY HUFFED, BUT SMILED SWEETLY, INNOCENTLY. SHE HAD THOUGHT THIS THROUGH. FIONA COULD BE THE BASIC SLUT. SHE WOULD BE THE ACHINGLY HOT, PURE AND VIRGINAL ONE. TEASING AND LOOKING.

"ALL I NEED IS YOUR HAND RAISED ON ELECTION DAY," SHE PROMISED, AND RESTED HER LEGS WIDE OPEN ON THE DESK.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: TUESDAY

GRINNING, ROBERT STEPPED FORWARDS, HIS BREATH HOT AGAINST HER. BECKY WAS ALL TOO AWARE OF HOW VULNERABLE SHE WAS, WRAPPED UP IN STRANDS OF WISPY COTTON, NEARLY NAKED AND BASICALLY PRESENTING HERSELF FOR APPROVAL.

"NAH AH!" SHE SANG, TRYING TO KEEP HER VOICE LEVEL. "LOOK BUT DON'T TOUCH."

"I CAN TOUCH A LITTLE, CAN'T I?" ROBERT SAID, AND IT ALL SOUNDED SO REASONABLE. WHY SHOULDN'T HE TOUCH HER? SHE WANTED TO BE TOUCHED. ALL OF HER DID. HIS EYES WERE HITTING HER LIBIDO LIKE A HAMMER. WHERE SHE WAS NAKED PERSPIRATION SHONE, AND WHERE SHE WAS STILL HALF-CLOTHED MOISTURE SEEPED OUT OF EVERY PORE.

ROBERT PUT A HAND ON THE OUTSIDE OF HER PANTIES, AND BECKY TOOK IN A BREATH. HIS FINGERS WERE PROBING HER SEX, SECONDS AWAY FROM DISCOVERING JUST HOW JUICY AND WET SHE REALLY WAS. SHE WAS GOING TO STOP HIM... ANY SECOND NOW... SHE WAS GOING TO SAY ANYTHING....

"EHH," ROBERT SAID, AND TOOK HIS HAND AWAY.

"WHA-- WHAT?" BECKY SAID, STUNNED. HE WAS.. STOPPING? WHICH SHE WANTED. SHE WASN'T A WHORE. BUT... HE WAS STOPPING?

"YOU'RE A LITTLE FURRY, SWEETHEART," HE EXPLAINED. "IT'S NOT FASHIONABLE. WHY DON'T YOU GET YOURSELF ALL NICE AND SHAVED AND THEN WE CAN TALK?"

"I-- NO! I'M NOT... NO!" FURIOUS, SUDDENLY, BECKY PULLED CLOTHES BACK ON, IGNORING WHICH WAY WAS RIGHT SIDE OUT, AND STORMED OUT.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: TUESDAY

"I AM NOT GOING TO SHAVE MYSELF," BECKY TOLD THE AIR. FIONA COULD BE THE SMOOTH, SHAVEN PRESIDENT OF THE DEBATE CLUB. SHE WOULD NOT CHEAPEN HERSELF BY SHOWING UP WITH A PERFECTLY WET PAIR OF PUSSY LIPS.

BECKY MOANED. THE PROBLEM WAS, NOW SHE FELT DISGUSTING. AND GROSS. AND HAIRY. THERE WAS JUST A SHOCK OF BLACK HAIR DOWN THERE, IT HAD NEVER ONCE BOTHERED HER, BUT NOW IT SEEMED LIKE A BESTIAL GROWTH ON AN OTHERWISE SILKY BODY.

A BODY THAT WAS STILL RAGING, HORNY, AFTER GETTING DENIED EARLIER THAT DAY.

"OH HHHHH... FINE!" BECKY SAID TO HER MIRROR, AND STOMPED OFF TO THE BATHROOM, SEARCHING FOR A RAZOR.

IT WAS ALL DONE SURPRISINGLY QUICKLY, REALLY IN JUST A FEW MINUTES, BUT BECKY SPENT A GOOD HALF-HOUR STARING AT THE SHOCKINGLY PINK NEST BETWEEN HER LEGS. SHE HAD SAT ON HER HANDS TO KEEP THEM UNDER CONTROL, BUT THE THOUGHT OF ROBERT'S HANDS... ALL OVER HER BODY.. AND NOW SHE WAS SO GLARINGLY SOFT AND GIRLY...

"FINE....FINE!" SHE EXCLAIMED, AND RAN A SHAKY FINGER THROUGH HER SCHOOL SUPPLIES. A PINK PENCIL HOLDER, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, LOOKED ENOUGH LIKE WHAT SHE WANTED. THE GROWING GIRL PUSHED IT INSIDE HER PUSSY, PANTING, FEELING IT FINALLY TOUCH AT A NUB THAT DESPERATELY NEEDED THE STIMULATION.

HER MOM HEARD THE MOANS UPSTAIRS, AND SMILED.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

THE NEXT DAY, FIONA'S FINGERBANG WAS THE TALK OF EVERYONE IN BECKY'S CIRCLE. THE BLONDE, FORMER FUTURE SALUTATORIAN, HAD MEEKLY ALLOWED THOMAS TO TOTALLY UNDRRESS HER, THEN SLIP HIS FINGERS INSIDE FOR A LONG AND APPARENTLY NOISY EXPERIENCE.

BECKY CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER RIVAL FROM AFAR, SURROUNDED BY TWO DEBATE CLUB BOYS. ONE OF WHOM HAD HIS HAND NESTLED UNDISCREETLY ON THE CURVE OF HER ASS. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, FIONA'S BOOBS WERE APPARENTLY GROWING LIKE WEEDS UNDER ALL THE ATTENTION.

"YEAH, SHE IS PRETTY CUTE," BECKY'S FRIEND SARA TOLD HER. SARA HAD GIVEN UP EARLY TO THE SEXUAL MANIA ROCKING CALVING HIGH. SHE WORE BRIGHT WHITE THIGH-HIGHS, WITH PINK BOOTS, AND HAD SUBSTITUTED GLOSSY LIPSTICK FOR GEOMETRY. "WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE IN DEBATE CLUB, ANYWAY? IT'S ALL THINK-Y."

BECKY STARED IN DISBELIEF. SHE HAD TALKED COLLEGE WITH SARA. COLUMBIA. HARVARD. THE GIRL HAD HELPED HER WITH MATH HOMEWORK SINCE FIFTH GRADE. AND NOW SHE WAS TALKING IDLY ABOUT GETTING HER BOOBS GROPED OUTSIDE THE MOVIE THEATER THE PREVIOUS WEEKEND.

WELL, IT WASN'T GOING TO HAPPEN TO HER.

BECKY STALKED OFF TO FIND SOMEONE TO PROBE HER PUSSY.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

TWENTY MINUTES LATER SHE WAS IN A BROOM CLOSET, GETTING HER BOOBS SUCKED BY THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE DEBATE CLUB, PETER.

SHE HAD TOSSED AWAY VIRGINAL TEASING FOR EFFICIENCY. CLEARLY FIONA ALREADY HAD A HUGE MAJORITY OF THE VOTES CURRENTLY WRAPPED UP, WITH JUST A FEW DAYS TO GO. AND THAT MEANT SHE HAD TO ACT FAST.

WITH PETER SHE HAD JUST MEANT TO GIVE HIM A LONG, LAZY KISS AND WALK AWAY, COY. BUT THEN THE BOY HAD FOUND HER OVERSIZED JUGS. THE SURGE OF PLEASURE WIPED AWAY HER PLANS FOR THE AFTERNOON, AND LEFT HER PANTING FOR MORE.

PETER OBLIGED. HE WAS APPARENTLY SOMETHING OF A TIT MAN, NUZZLING AND SUCKING AWAY AS HE TORE HER BRA LOOSE. SOMETHING IN IT RIPPED. BECKY COULDN'T MANAGE TO CARE.

"HOW ABOUT... VOTES..." SHE MURMURED, WEAKLY. SOMETHING ABOUT VOTES. VOTING... VOTERS... SOMETHING.

"OH... YEAH... SURE.." PETER SAID, BETWEEN SUCKS.

AND THAT'S WHEN BECKY CAME. SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE COULD, FROM BREAST STIMULATION ALONE, BUT WHEN SHE CAME TO, HER HEAD WAS STILL FUZZY FROM PLEASURE AND HER TITS WERE STICKY.

SHE SMILED ANYWAY. HER FIRST ASSURED VOTE!



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

THE NEXT VOTE DIDN'T GO SO GREAT.

SHE FOUND MICHAEL Y EASILY ENOUGH -- HE LIKED TO HANG AROUND THE BACK OF THE LIBRARY IN THE AFTERNOON.

AND IT WASN'T HARD TO GET HIM NUZZLING AND PAWING AT HER TITS. IN FACT, THE BOYS WERE BARELY WAITING FOR A SMILE BEFORE ASSAULTING HER CLOTHES. BECKY COULDN'T SEEM TO DISCOURAGE THEM. IT WAS HARD ENOUGH KEEPING A STRAIGHT HEAD IN THE FACE OF SUCH A SENSUAL ASSAULT.

MICHAEL Y CASUALLY REMOVED HER BLOUSE, AND BECKY DISCOVERED DIMLY THAT SHE HAD NEVER REMEMBERED TO PUT HER BRA BACK ON. OH WELL. IT WASN'T IMPORTANT, AND IT HARDLY FIT. HER BIG BOUNCING BOOBS DIDN'T EVEN NEED THE SUPPORT.

THE PROBLEM WAS WHEN THE VICE-PRINCIPAL, MR. SANDERS, WALKED IN ON THEM. MICHAEL'S HAND WAS ALREADY NUZZLING THE OUTSIDE OF AN EMBARRASSINGLY WET SLIT, AND BECKY COULDN'T SPEAK THROUGH LOW MOANS.

"MICHAEL," THE OLDER MAN SAID, CRISPLY.

"SIR," MICHAEL SAID. HE DIDN'T SEEM ABASHED. IN FACT, HE TOOK THAT MOMENT TO SQUEEZE A FINGER INSIDE BECKY'S PUSSY, WHICH MEANT THAT SHE CAME RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE AUTHORITY FIGURE.

"I DON'T MIND A LITTLE EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY," MR. SANDERS BEGAN, THEN TRACED THE FLOW OF JUICES DOWN BECKY'S THIGHS.

"BUT PLEASE DON'T STAIN SCHOOL PROPERTY."

"OF COURSE, SIR!" MICHAEL SAID. "COME ON, BABY. I KNOW JUST WHERE WE'LL GO."



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

"SOMETHING... SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT..." BECKY MURMURED.

SHE HAD PUT HER HEAD TOGETHER WHILE DOCILELY FOLLOWING MICHAEL Y OUTSIDE, INTO THE TWILIGHT.

THE VICE-PRINCIPAL'S CASUAL DISMISSAL OF THEIR RUTTING HAD TRIGGERED IT, BUT EVERYTHING SEEMED... OFF. WHY WAS SHE LETTING SO MANY BOYS FOOL AROUND WITH HER? WHY HAD EVERYONE BECOME SO... EASY? SO HORNY? SO READY TO GO?

"YOU AGREE, RIGHT MIKEY? SOMETHING'S, LIKE, WRONG..." BECKY PLEADED. MICHAEL Y RESPONDED BY PLUMPING HER ONTO HIS LAP AND MOVING HIS FINGERS DOWN FOR ANOTHER FEEL.

"NAH, EVERYTHING'S GREAT," MIKE SAID. "SPREAD YOUR LEGS A LITTLE WIDER."

"NO... SOMETHING IS NOT GOOD..." BECKY SAID, SHIFTING AS HIS DIGITS AGAIN FOUND HER SENSITIVE SPOTS. ALTHOUGH THEY ALL SEEMED PRETTY SENSITIVE.

MICHAEL PAUSED, AND THERE WAS A MOMENT OF HESITATION. THE OLD MICHAEL RE-EMERGED. "ALL YOU GIRLS SURE ARE GROWING HUGE TITS," HE VENTURED. BUT THEN THE FUN OF FEELING UP BECKY TOOK OVER, AND HE DROVE HER TO GIGGLING CLIMAXES, ONE AFTER THE OTHER.

BUT THIS TIME, BECKY DIDN'T FORGET A SENSE OF... WRONG.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

IT WAS... EVERYWHERE... NOW THAT SHE LOOKED FOR IT.

BECKY HAD BEEN SO PREOCCUPIED WITH HER OWN GROWTH SPURT SHE HAD SOMEHOW FAILED TO NOTICE HALF THE SCHOOL -- THE GIRL HALF -- GROWING SIMILAR AND EQUALLY ROUND TITS. EACH GIRL HAD GRAVITY-DEFYING KNOCKERS, OR WAS IN THE PROCESS OF PICKING THEM UP, PROUDLY PRECEDED BY TWO PERFECT GLOBES. EVEN THE FEW STICK-THIN GOTHs WERE BURSTING WITH CURVES, IMPERFECTLY HIDDEN BEHIND FADING SCOWLS.

AND WITH ALL THAT UNEXPECTED LARGENESS, YOU WOULD EXPECT AT LEAST SOME OF THE LADIES TO BE AWKWARD. INSTEAD, TITS WERE WORN OUT, UNDERNEATH TIGHT SHIRTS WITH LOTS OF BARE MIDRIFF EXPOSED. AND THE SKIRTS! THEY WERE ALL INDECENT -- HALF A BREEZE WOULD EXPOSE WHO IN THE SCHOOL SHAVED DOWN THERE.

WHICH INCLUDED, BECKY NOTICED, HERSELF.

IT WAS GETTING HARDER TO CONVINCE HERSELF THAT SHE WAS UNAFFECTED BY WHATEVER DOUBLE-PUBERTY BUG HAD HIT THE SCHOOL. HER FIRST THOUGHT, LOOKING IN THE MIRROR, WAS "DOES MY ASS LOOK GOOD?" "SHOULD I WEAR MORE MAKEUP?"

ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL SHE CAUGHT HERSELF PONDERING BETWEEN GETTING CONTACTS, OR KEEPING GLASSES FOR THAT "HOT NERD GIRL" NICHE...



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

BECKY CIRCLED THE SCHOOL, SEARCHING FOR SOME GIRL, SOMEWHERE, WITH HER HEAD HELD HIGH AND A CONFIDENT LOOK ON HER FACE. OR, FAILING THAT, AT LEAST BOOBS SOMEWHERE BENEATH MAMMOTH RANGE.

NONE. EVERY SINGLE FEMALE HAD HER EYES DEMURELY DOWNCAST. THEY ALL TOOK CAREFUL STEPS, ONE AHEAD OF THE OTHER. OFTEN THEY WERE ESCORTED BY BOYS, ACTUALLY ESCORTED, WITH ONE HAND ON THEIR LITTLE PERT REARS, GUIDING THEM WITH SQUEEZES AND PINCHES.

IF BECKY LISTENED, SHE COULD HEAR LITTLE COOS OF HAPPINESS ECHOING AGAINST THE SCHOOL TILES.

SHE PASSED THROUGH THE CAFETERIA, WHERE THE PLUMP GIRLS PICKED AT A FEW VEGETABLES, DETERMINED TO DROP POUNDS. IN THE MEANTIME, THEIR KNOCKERS ACQUIRED SUNBURNS FROM LOWCUT TANKTOPS.

SHE HAD TO GO... SHE HAD TO THINK... SOMETHING WAS... SOMETHING WAS WRONG... SHE BROKE INTO A HALF-TROT... AND HER LEGS, ALL BY THEMSELVES, PUT ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER, MAKING HER SWAY.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

"PAUL!" BECKY SAID, NEARLY SLAMMING INTO HIM. THE SLIGHT BOY WAS SWEATING, WIPING DROPS OF MOISTURE FROM HIS FOREHEAD. SHE SNIFFED, INVOLUNTARILY. HE HAD RUNNER'S SWEAT, THAT MASCULINE COMPOUND OF ACTIVITY.

"PAUL... WHAT'S GOING... WHAT.." BECKY STAMMERED. IT WAS NO GOOD. ANY BIT OF BOY MESSED UP THE WORDS IN HER HEAD.

"IT'S FIONA," HE EXPLAINED, BREATHLESS. "SHE'S.. SHE'S GIVING OUT BLOWJOBS. TO ANYONE WHO ASKS."

THE IMAGE FLASHED IN BECKY'S MIND. OF COURSE THE LITTLE BLONDE WHORE HAD TURNED HERSELF INTO A PENCIL SHARPENER. PROBABLY BENT OVER ON SOME DESK, MOUTH IN AN O, A PLEASANTLY STUPID LITTLE SEED RECEPTACLE FOR WHOEVER WALKED BY. DAMN IT!

BUT THAT WASN'T IMPORTANT ANYMORE. SHE HAD TO GO. SHE HAD TO RUN... SHE...

BECKY REALIZED THAT SHE WAS ALREADY FALLING ONTO HER KNEES.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

PAUL WAS DOING IT. LITTLE, WEAKLING PAUL. HE GENTLY PUT HIS HAND IN HERS AND LED HER DOWNWARDS. AND SHE WAS LETTING HIM. BECKY EVEN FELT A BIT OF RELIEF WHEN SHE WAS SHORTER THEN HE WAS. IT FELT WEIRD TO BE TALLER THEN A GUY. NOT RIGHT. INCORRECT.

BUT SHE WASN'T GOING TO... EVEN WHEN... PAUL WAS UNZIPPING HIS PANTS, LETTING HIS COCK FALL OUT. IT WAS A WET ONE, CLEARLY ALREADY AND RECENTLY SUCKED BY FIONA. BITS OF PRECUM WERE AT THE BASE, AND HIS PUBIC HAIR GLISTENED.

BECKY WHINED, DEEP IN HER THROAT. SHE... NO... SHE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE CONTEST ANYMORE. SHE DIDN'T CARE THAT FIONA WAS A BETTER GIRL THEN SHE WAS, ATTENTIVE TO THE NEEDS OF BOYS, WILLING TO DO WHAT IT TOOK.

SHE WOULD LEAVE JUST AS SHE... WELL, SHE COULDN'T LEAVE PAUL HANGING... HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN SO NICE TO HER.

"MAYBE JUST A HANDJOB?" SHE SAID, FUZZY



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

PAUL JUST SMILED. HE WAS SUCH A NICE GUY. LETTING HER GIVE A HANDY WHEN WHAT HE CLEARLY WANTED... WHAT HE DESERVED.. WAS FOR HER TO WRAP HER THICK, GROWING LIPS AROUND THE GIRTH OF HIS COCK.

SHE PUT HER HANDS AROUND IT. IT WAS THICK, THICKER THEN SHE WOULD'VE THOUGHT. STICKY AND WET, TOO. ALREADY THERE WERE BITS OF PRECUM LEAKING FROM THE TOP, AND BECKY FELT HONORED THEY WERE FOR HER. AND SO SOON AFTER LETTING THAT WHORE SUCK HIM OFF! CLEARLY HE REALLY LIKED HER.

BUT JACKING THE MONSTER FELT SO... INADEQUATE... BECKY UNBUTTONED HER SHIRT WITH HER HAND, TO GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO AIM FOR, BUT EVEN THAT WAS SUCH A HALF-MEASURE. A COCK THAT SIZE DESERVED TO BE SUCKED. IT HAD EARNED IT. AND SHE WAS BEING SUCH A SELFISH BITCH...

AND IT SMELLED SO GOOD...

SHE EASED FORWARDS, TO THE WARM CENTER OF HER WORLD, AND RAN HER TONGUE ALONG THE TIP.

IT TASTED BETTER THEN SHE HAD IMAGINED, AND SHE HAD IMAGINED IT TASTING FANTASTIC.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

BECKY WAS COMMITTED, NOW. SHE STRETCHED HER JAW, AS FAR AS IT WOULD GO, AND FELT SOMETHING CLICK. PROBABLY IT WOULD BE SORE TOMORROW. OH WELL.

THE HOT MEAT SLID INTO HER THROAT. IT WAS ALREADY GREASED, AND SHE DIDN'T WANT TO STOP IT, LETTING IT COME TO REST HALFWAY DOWN HER MOUTH. BECKY TOUCHED AT IT WITH HER TONGUE, MARVELING AT THE FACT. SHE HAD A DICK IN HER MOUTH. SHE WAS A COCKSUCKER NOW, FOREVER REALLY, ONE OF THOSE GIRLS WHO HAD DONE SOMETHING NAUGHTY.

"SUCK IT," PAUL COMMANDED. HE HAD LOST THE CHILDISH TREMBLING. NOW HE WAS JUST FUCKING HER MOUTH. HE WAS ONLY GENTLE ENOUGH NOT TO CHOKE HER. WHICH WAS FINE. SHE HAD A LOT OF LEARNING TO DO.

HER BRAIN CELLS WERE GOING MAD. BUT THEY WERE UNIMPORTANT. SHE COULD SHUT THEM OUT. A FEW MORE WERE GOING POP-POP-POP WITH EVERY LICK, EVERY JET OF CREAM INTO HER MOUTH. BECKY COULD FEEL HER BODY REWIRING, IGNORING THE BORING AND TEDIOUS "THINKING" PARTS, ACTING ON SEXUAL INSTINCT, FOCUSING ON WHAT THE BOY WANTED.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

IT WAS AMAZING HOW MUCH SHE COULD FIT INTO HER MOUTH, IF SHE WAS INSPIRED TO. AND SHE WAS. GOD, SHE WAS.

BECKY'S BODY GLOWED. HER TITS FELT GOOD. SHE FELT SO MUCH... BETTER... NOW THAT THE PESKY LITTLE "MATH" PART OF HER HEAD WAS QUIETLY AND PERMANENTLY GOING TO SLEEP. SO MUCH BETTER TO LET BOYS DO THE THINKING.

"I MUST LOOK PRETTY SILLY," SHE THOUGHT, BLUSHING. LIPS DISTENDED, CHEEKS BULGING, LIKE A SQUIRREL WITH A NUT. A BOY'S NUT! BECKY ALMOST GIGGLED.

BUT SHE COULDN'T DO THAT... PAUL MIGHT NOW LIKE IT.

INSTEAD SHE DECIDED TO GET HER TITS INVOLVED. FUNNY HOW SOFT AND PILLOWY THEY HAD BECOME. ALMOST LIKE THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE WRAPPED AROUND A BOY'S DICK, ACTING AS A CUSHION.

"I'M GOING TO COME," PAUL MURMURED, BUT HE ALREADY WAS. THERE WERE TASTY STREAKS OF ICING COATING HER MOUTH. AND IF BECKY THOUGHT SUCKING A DICK WAS MAKING HER DUMB...

..SHE HADN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

SEVERAL HOURS WENT BY. WORD HAD GOTTEN OUT ABOUT THE RECEPTACLE ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

BECKY BRIEFLY LIFTED FROM A HAZE. THERE WAS SOMETHING NUZZLING HER, BETWEEN HER THIGHS. OH. A TONGUE. IT WAS LICKING AT HER CLIT, SENDING HER HIGH, NOT THAT SHE COULD GET MUCH HIGHER.

CUM COATED HER FACE. WHENEVER SHE FELT SOMEWHAT LESS THEN BLISSFUL THE GIRL LICKED SOME OF IT OFF. THAT HELPED.

"HARDER," THE BOY COMMANDED, BETWEEN LICKS. BECKY COMPLIED. WHAT A SWEET MAN, GIVING BACK A LITTLE TO A GIRL LIKE HER. HE DIDN'T NEED TO TONGUE HER SLIT. BUT IT WAS GREAT THAT HE DID.

THERE WERE OTHER BOYS IN THE ROOM. WERE THEY WAITING THEIR TURN? HAD THEY ALREADY GONE? HAD SHE ALREADY SUCKED THEM TEMPORARILY DRY? COULD THEY GO DRY? PAUL HAD ALREADY SHOT THREE LOADS DOWN HER THROAT, THE DEAR BOY.

AND HERE CAME ANOTHER LOAD. WORDS AND THOUGHTS WENT SPIRALING AWAY.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

THERE WAS A LEVEL OF HEAT, SWEAT, AND STICKINESS THAT BECKY COULDN'T SEEM TO GET AWAY FROM. MOST OF IT CAME FROM BETWEEN HER THIGHS, A CONSTANT TEASING THROB COMING FROM EACH TENDER NERVE BETWEEN HER LEGS. PLUS THE SWEET-WET FLOW OF FLUID THAT KEPT STAINING HER SHEETS WITH SEX-INFUSED FLUID.

BUT THAT WAS FAR FROM ALL. HER TITS WERE LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN, CONSTANTLY DEMANDING HER TOTAL ATTENTION. SIMPLY STROKING A NIPPLE WOULD LEAVE HER PANTING AND STUPID, STARING BLANKLY WITH MOUTH WIDE OPEN AS BEADS OF SWEAT BROKE OUT ALL OVER TITANIC BREASTS.

IT WAS STARTING TO AFFECT HER VOCABULARY. IT WAS AMAZING THERE WAS ANY ROOM FOR THOUGHTS AT ALL, AROUND THE ENDLESS PINK HAZE OF SEX. BECKY KEPT THINKING IN SHORT, QUICK SENTENCES, JUST TO GET A THOUGHT COMPLETED BEFORE HER HANDS WANDERED BETWEEN HER THIGHS.

"I GOTTA... CALL FIONA... WORK STUFF OUT...."

HER HAND WAS GREASY FROM FOUR-FINGER FUCKS, AND REMEMBERING FIONA'S NUMBER WAS A CHORE. BUT SHE MANAGED.

"FIONA?" SHE SAID, INTO THE RECEIVER. NOW IT SMELLED LIKE SEX, TOO.

"HUH..." FIONA'S SQUEAKY VOICE. "OH... HI... THIS IS FIONA..."

"FIONA, THIS IS BECKY," SHE SAID. "WE NEED TO TALK. SOMETHING IS... UM... GOING ON... I THINK WE'RE BEING..."

SHE FOUGHT FOR THE WORD. MANIP... MANIPULATERED!

WHICH IS WHEN FIONA MOANED.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

"FIONA?" BECKY SAID. "DID YOU JUST... MOAN?"

IT WAS THE DUSKY SOUND OF A GIRL, AROUSED. AND IT WAS PLENTY TO FIRE BECKY'S IMAGINATION. FIONA, FUCKING HERSELF WITH A FULL HAND. FIONA, VIBRATOR UP SEVEN INCHES, DRENCHING THE FLOOR WITH LUBRICATION. FIONA... JUST LIKE HER.

"LISTEN, FIONA, GET YOUR HANDS OFF YOUR TITS. I THINK SOMETHING IS GOING ON. I KEEP... I KEEP SUCKING DICKS!"

FIONA MURMURED SOMETHING. THEN, LOUDER: "YEAH... DICKS ARE PRETTY COOL... THEY'RE BIG AND STUFF."

YES, THEY REALLY WERE, BECKY THOUGHT. THE THROBBING VEINS... THE WAY THE HEAD WAS SO EAGER, SO SENSITIVE, SO STRONG... HER HANDS WERE ALREADY CARESSING THE DRENCHED INSIDES OF HER THIGHS.

"LOOK, THEY'RE PLAYING WITH US. I MEAN, PLAYING US OFF EACH OTHER. WE'VE GOT TO..."

BECKY HEARD A NEW VOICE, OVER THE LINE. AN UNMISTAKEABLY MALE VOICE.

"IS THERE A GUY THERE?"



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: WEDNESDAY

"MMMMMAYBE ONE GUY... OR TWO..." FIONA SAID, AND GIGGLED. IT WAS TOTALLY BRAINLESS.

"YOU HAVE... FIONA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHO ARE YOU DOING IT WITH?"

"JUST... STEVEN.. AND ROBERT... I THINK THAT'S HIS NAME. THEY'VE GOT UH... THEY'VE GOT THEIR DICKS IN ME. IT FEELS GREAT."

IT REALLY WOULD. ROBERT WAS THE BIGGEST GUY IN THE CLUB. NO DOUBT HE HAD A DICK LIKE A CLUB. STUFFING IT IN HER SLIT WOULD PROBABLY MAKE BECKY WALK BOWLEGGED FOR A WEEK.

OUTRAGE WARRED WITH NAKED, ANIMAL AROUSAL. FIONA WAS A WHORE -- NO, SHE WAS SO LUCKY, GETTING STUFFED BY TWO GREAT GUYS -- NO, SHE WAS A DUMB SLUT... NO WONDER SHE GOT SO MUCH COCK.

"BECKY?"

BECKY REALIZED SHE HAD BEEN MASTURBATING QUIETLY, LISTENING TO THE BREATHING ON THE OTHER END.

"I'VE GOT TO GO, OKAY? I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO USE THIS HOLE FOR TALKING."
AND SHE HUNG UP.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

IT HAD BEEN A LONG NIGHT. HOMEWORK HAD BEEN COMPLETELY OUT OF THE QUESTION. TWO COLD SHOWERS HAD FAILED TO KEEP BECKY FROM COOLING DOWN. SHE COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP UNTIL THREE WET ORGASMS HAD KIND OF KNOCKED HER OUT. THE GIRL HAD WOKEN UP IN A STILL-WARM POOL OF HER OWN SEX.

HER TITS WERE BIGGER AGAIN.

"AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED SIR," SHE EXPLAINED. MR. CARTER LOOKED AT HER, SIGHED. "CAN'T YOU HELP ME?" HE WAS THE DEBATE CLUB ADVISOR. HE HAD TO HELP.

MR. CARTER TOOK IN THE BIG-BOOBED VISION IN FRONT OF HIM. HE HAD KNOWN BECKY AS THE RAMROD-STRAIGHT GIRL IN THE FRONT ROW. NOW SHE WAS BENT OVER WITH OUTSIZED BREASTS, AND SHE KEPT TOUCHING AT HER NIPPLES.

"I'M AWFULLY SORRY IT CAME TO THIS, BECKY," HE SAID. "HERE, STAND UP FOR A MOMENT."

"I KNOW!" BECKY WAILED, OBEYING AUTOMATICALLY. "THERE'S SOME SORT OF... PLOT.. THE BOYS ARE PLOTTING!"

"LEAN FORWARD SLIGHTLY."

OF COURSE BECKY DID SO. A MAN WAS ASKING.

WHICH WAS WHEN MR. CARTER GRABBED HER TITS.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

BECKY WOULD'VE LIKED TO SAY SHE FOUGHT BACK. THERE STILL FLICKERING BITS OF DEFIANCE. INSTEAD, SHE MOANED AND PUSHED BACK AGAINST THE WARM COCKHEAD WORKING ITS WAY BETWEEN HER LEGS.

MR. CARTER WASN'T GENTLE.

"THIS ENTIRE THING HAS BEEN A FARCE," HE GRUMBLED. "I TOLD THEM. I TOLD THEM. EITHER ZAP THEM DUMB AND HORNY IN LIKE, TWENTY SECONDS, OR DO IT OVER HALF A YEAR SO NOBODY NOTICES. THIS WAY IS THE WORST OF BOTH WORLDS."

"OH... YOU'RE... YOU'RE MAKING US BIMBOS..." SHE SAID, NUMBLY.

"WELL, YES! GOOD JOB, BECKY! TOO BAD THOSE VAUNTED BRAINS ARE LEAKING OUT OF YOUR EARS AS WE SPEAK."

BECKY CHECKED HER EARS WITH A FREE HAND. NOTHING WAS LEAKING OUT OF THEM.

"THAT WAS A METAPHOR, HONEY. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE, ANYMORE."



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

"L-LISTEN. I CAN... I CAN..." BECKY TRIED.

MR. CARTER HAD BEEN DIRECT AND THOROUGH. HE HAD SQUEEZED HER TITS, THEN BENT HER OVER AT THE WAIST, THEN PLUNGED HIS COCK HALFWAY UP A SIPPING CANAL. IT HAD BEEN THE TRIGGER HER BODY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR. BECKY WAS JUST A CLIT WITH A BODY WRAPPED AROUND IT, FLOATING ON ENDLESS ENDORPHIN CLOUDS AS THE TEACHER USED HER.

"YOU CAN WHAT? THIS IS A SMALL TOWN. SORRY, BABY. YOU'RE 90% SEX, 10% WALKING TOWARDS SEX, FROM NOW ON."

"NOOOOOOOO... MR. CARTERRRRR.... I LIKED READING... I LIKED BOOKS... I LIKED TALKING..."

MR. CARTER PAUSED. THEN HE TWISTED SOMETHING JUST SO, AND ANOTHER RIPPLE RAN UP AND DOWN BECKY'S BODY, SENDING HER TITS SWAYING LIKE A SLOW PENDULUM.

"TELL YOU WHAT, BECKS. I FEEL BAD FOR YOU. YOU'RE A GOOD STUDENT. SO HOW ABOUT I LET YOU STAY IN CHARGE OF THE DEBATE CLUB."

"REALLY???" BECKY SQUEALED.

"IF YOU CAN MAKE ME CUM IN THE NEXT FIFTEEN SECONDS."



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

SHE COULD MAKE HIM CUM. SHE COULD. FOR THE FIRST TIME, BECKY CONCENTRATED ON USING HER BODY, LETTING IT DO ALL THE TALKING. IT WAS PERFECTLY MADE FOR MAKING BOYS CUM, AFTER ALL. THE RUBY-RED TITS, WITH ENDLESS ROOM FOR GROPE, TOO MUCH SURFACE AREA TO EVER GET TIRED OF. A PLASTIC AND PLIABLE PUSSY THAT COULD... SHE SQUEEZED... GRIP AND MILK A COCK DRY.

BECKY GLOWED. MR. CARTER WAS STARTING TO SHIVER. SHE WAS GOOD AT THIS. AND TO THINK, SHE HAD WASTED ALL THIS TIME TALKING! SHE COULD BE SO PERSUASIVE WHEN THEY CLIMBED BETWEEN HER LEGS!

"I'LL BE THE BESTEST PRESIDENT OF DEBATE CLUB EVER!" SHE SAID, AS KITTENISH AS POSSIBLE. "YOU'LL NEVER HEAR ME TALK! I'LL... I'LL GIVE ALL THE BOYS SUPER-GOOD BLOWJOBS!"

SHE RAN A FINGER DOWN MR. CARTER'S CHEST, AND EASED HER SNATCH DOWN OVER THE BACK OF HIS COCK.

THAT DID IT. SHE FELT THE FIRST DRIZZLE OF CUM SPURT AGAINST THE VERY TOP OF HER SLIT.

BECKY CHECKED HER EARS AGAIN. NOPE. NO BRAINS LEAKING OR ANYTHING.

THAT WAS A RELIEF.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

EXCEPT THAT, WHEN SHE WALKED INTO DEBATE CLUB, FIONA WAS ALREADY THERE.

SHE WAS DRESSED, WHICH SEEMED STRANGE. SO WAS BECKY, ALTHOUGH HER INSIDES SLOSHED WITH TEACHER CUM, AND HER BOOBS WERE COVERED IN A LIGHT AND GLOSSY COAT OF CRACKLING WHITE SPERM. SHE WAS EVEN SITTING QUIETLY, SIMPLY CARRESSING HER SLIT BENEATH A PAIR OF PANTIES.

PAUL WAS AT THE PODIUM, AND LOOKED SHEEPISH.

"OKAY! WE'RE READY FOR THE ELECTIONS," THE YOUNG BOY SAID. "THIS WILL BE A NORMAL DEBATE. FIONA, GO SIT NEXT TO BECKY ON THE COUCH. BECKY, YOUR OPENING REMARKS?"

HER... HER OPENING REMARKS. RIGHT. BECKY'S MIND WAS A SLUDGE POND OF LEFTOVER SEX JUICE, AND RANDOM REELS OF PORNO.

"I... I WILL BE A GOOD PRESIDENT..." SHE SAID, TO THE ASSEMBLED GAZE OF ANY NUMBER OF BOYS. FAR MORE THEN SHE REMEMBERED. "I WAS THINKING WE WOULD HAVE DEBATES."

SHE PAUSED. FIONA WAS... TOUCHING THE OUTSIDE OF HER PANTIES. THE SHREW! TRYING TO DISTRACT HER!

"I THOUGHT WE WOULD..."

NOW THE GIRL WAS RUBBING UP AND DOWN THE INSIDE OF HER SLIT, RIGHT WHERE IT WAS STILL ALL AROUSED AND PUFFY!

"UMMMMMMMM..." BECKY SAID, TRAIN OF THOUGHT STILL AT THE STATION.

FIONA TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO KISS HER.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

"OKAY... I THINK I'VE GOT A GOOD PROGRAM," BECKY SAID, AS THE BOYS FINISHED UNDRESSING HER. IT WAS JUST AS WELL. ALL THOSE CLOTHES WERE REALLY BOTHERING HER. IT FELT SO MUCH MORE NATURAL AND EASY TO BE NAKED.

AND IT GAVE FIONA BETTER ACCESS, TOO. THE LITTLE MINX HAD HER FINGERS ON JUST THE RIGHT SPOT, AND DELIGHTFUL FIONA-KISSES KEPT LEAVING HER BREATHLESS AND STUPID.

"WE'LL BE THE BESTEST DEBATE TEEEEEEAMMMMM!!" BECKY SAID, JUST AS FIONA SQUEEZED SOMETHING NICE. SHE HAD UNDRESSED, TOO. FIONA'S TITTIES WERE BIGGER, BUT STILL JUST A SMIDGE SMALLER THEN BECKY'S AWE-INSPIRING TITTIES.

THIS WASN'T EXACTLY DIGNIFIED. BECKY'S JUICES HAD SOAKED THE COUCH. BUT SHE HAD MADE A REAL SPEECH! AND SHE WAS JUST A GIRL!

THERE WAS A LIGHT SPATTER OF APPLAUSE.

"FIONA, YOUR RESPONSE?" PAUL SAID.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

"OH! UHH...." FIONA THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT. SHE COULDN'T THINK AND STROKE, SO HER HAND EMERGED. BECKY FELT EMPTY.

"I WAS GOING TO GIVE LOTS OF BLOWJOBS EVERY DAY, TO EVERYONE HERE!" SHE FINALLY SAID.

THAT GOT A REACTION. A HUGE REACTION. EVERY BOY IN THE ROOM WENT WILD, AND EVERY COCK SPRANG UP. BECKY MEWED, DISAPPOINTED.

"HOW WILL THAT HELP THE CLUB?" SHE TRIED, AWARE THAT BEING NAKED DIDN'T HELP BEING STERN.

"CLUB?" BECKY SAID. "WHAT CLUB?"

"HAVE WE HEARD ENOUGH?" PAUL SAID.

"NO! NO NO NO!" BECKY EXCLAIMED. SHE TURNED AROUND. THERE WAS A BED IN THE CORNER. WHEN HAD THAT BEEN MOVED INTO A CLASSROOM. THE GIRL SANK HER DRIPPING REAR ONTO THE SHEETS, SPREAD HER LEGS SO WIDE THEY NEARLY TOUCHED PILLOW.

"I'LL BE THE BEST FUCK IN THE SCHOOL," SHE PLEADED. "I'M SENSITIVE, AND I CUM REALLY HARD, AND EVERYONE CAN FUCK ME!"

"RIGHT NOW?" PAUL DEMANDED.

BECKY GIGGLED. THIS FELT... RIGHT. "OF COURSE RIGHT NOW, SILLY!"



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

"THAT'S SIX ORGASMS FOR BECKY, SEVEN FOR FIONA!" PAUL COUNTED OFF. HE HAD STARTED MARKING THEM ON THE BLACKBOARD.

BECKY POUTED. FIONA WAS SO BRAINLESS, SHE WOULD JUST CUM ONCE A GUY STARTED TO POUND HER. IT WAS LIKE FLIPPING A LIGHT SWITCH. BECKY LIKED TO ENJOY HERSELF A LITTLE BIT. AND THAT WAY THE GUY LIKED IT MORE, TOO!

THEY WERE BOTH ABSOLUTELY DRIPPING WITH BOY JUICE. CUM AND CUM AND CUM MIXED TOGETHER, DRIPPING OFF BECKY'S TITS. IT HAD BEEN A VERY POPULAR TARGET. SHE HAD KEPT FORGETTING TO KEEP HER EYES CLOSED, FIXIATED ON THE BOY'S BALLS BOUNCING IN FRONT OF HER FACE.

BUT SHE WAS LEARNING. DOGGY STYLE, FOR INSTANCE. THAT WAS THE WAY TO FUCK. IT WENT SO QUICK! BOYS CAME RIGHT AWAY WHEN THEY COULD THRUST INTO HER UPTURNED ASS.

FIONA CAME AGAIN. THE BLONDE HAD A LINE BEHIND HER. A LINE!



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: THURSDAY

A BELL RANG.

"AND... FINISH!" PAUL CALLED OUT.

BECKY LOOKED AT THE BLACKBOARD. BUT THE WORDS DIDN'T MAKE A WHOLE LOT OF SENSE. THAT LETTER THERE... WITH THE CROSSED PENISES. THAT WAS A "T". BUT WHAT WAS WITH THE SQUIGGLY ONE NEXT TO IT?

"TEN TO TEN!" PAUL SAID, AND APPLAUDED. HE HAD HELD BACK THE ENTIRE COMPETITION.

A... A TIE? BECKY FELT ENORMOUSLY... FULL. SHE WAS CHOCK FULL OF PROTEIN, THAT WAS FOR SURE. IT TURNED OUT SHE CAME QUICKER WHEN THERE WAS ALSO A DICK IN HER MOUTH.

"WHAT DO YOU SAY, CLUB? HOW ABOUT CO-PRESIDENTS FIONA AND BECKY? ALL IN FAVOR?"

THERE WAS A MASS CHEER. EVEN THE BOYS WERE TIRED, AND THEY WERE REPACKING WET DICKS INTO SCHOOL UNIFORMS.

BECKY DIDN'T LIKE THAT. MORE FUCKING SEEMED RIGHT, ESPECIALLY WITH HER TRIUMPH. COPRESIDENT! THAT WAS LIKE BEING PRESIDENT, ONLY CO!

"I, OF COURSE, WILL BE SECRETARY," PAUL SAID, ONCE IT WAS JUST HIM, BECKY, AND FIONA.

BECKY GIGGLED. "THAT'S A GIRL'S JOB, SILLY," SHE EXCLAIMED.

FIONA SCOOTED BEHIND HER, GRABBED AT HER TITTIES. SHE SEEMED TO BE GETTING THE HANG OF CO-PRESIDENCY PRETTY QUICK.

PAUL SHED HIS PANTS. BECKY SPREAD HER LEGS FOR HIM. "IS IT?" HE SAID, AND THRUST FORWARD.



CALVING HIGH DEBATE CLUB: MONDAY

ERIKA WALKED NERVOUSLY THROUGH THE SCHOOL HALLS. EACH CORRIDOR WAS LIKE AN OBSTACLE COURSE. HALF-NAKED, DUMB GIRLS HOLDING THE HAND OF BOYS, WEARING ABSOLUTELY INDECENT OUTFITS AND WITH GIGANTIC BOOBS.

SHE HATED THIS SCHOOL. STEPDAD HAD MOVED HERE JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO. IT WAS LIKE... MORE OF A FARM... THEN A HIGH SCHOOL. SHE WAS THE ONLY GIRL IN AP ENGLISH. THE OTHERS WAITED OUTSIDE FOR THEIR BOYS TO FINISH UP.

WORST OF ALL... IT WAS GETTING SO HARD TO CONCENTRATE ON SCHOOLWORK. THERE WAS A REASON THE GIRLS WERE SO SATISFIED, ERIKA COULD TELL. THOSE BOYS LOOKED... INCREASINGLY DELICIOUS.

BUT THERE WAS NO ENDING THE COLLEGE RESUME DRIVE. THE SCHOOL DEBATE CLUB HAD A GOOD REPUTATION. ERIKA FOUND HER WAY TO THE CLUB CLASSROOM AND CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

THERE WAS A GIRL THERE, HALF-NAKED, WITH TITS THE SIZE OF HER HEAD. ERIKA COULDN'T LOOK AWAY FROM THEM, EVEN AS THE GIRL GAVE HER A MINDLESS SMILE AND GIGGLED, JIGGLING HER ENDOWMENTS.

"I'M BECKY!" SHE SANG. "WELCOME TO DEBATE CLUB!"