**Naive Teacher In Winston**

by potatoHead42

**Naive Teacher In Winston Ch. 12b**

*See-through cosplay and cheer-up blowie.*

Previously on...

\* Earlier in the week, Lana had agreed with Dennis' coworkers, the "Cox Friends", that she would send them selfies so they could help her pick one to send to her fiancee. They called it the Daily Selfie.

\*\* So far, she sent them a photo of her wearing a sexy black lace sheer bra (Wednesday), an upskirt picture of her bare ass (Thursday), and a selfie of her white panties and bare legs (Friday). On Saturday, they took a group photo with a pantiless Lana and their hands on her ass.

\* Also, a few days prior, Lana punished the TTT trio in detention by giving Jim a titjob in front of them. She threatened them not to say anything to anyone, but Wyatt disclosed the event to the whole class. Evie was secretly unhappy with her boyfriend.

\* On Sunday (this day), as the busty teacher showered, she noticed her cooch was hairier than usual. She was also worried that Dennis couldn't get an erection the day before, so she vowed to get more practice, including with her anus (which Dennis is apparently not interested in at all).

\*\* She asked her friend Mary and she suggested buying some lingerie and maybe experimenting with toys. Lana decided to check out the local lingerie store at the end of the day.

\* Earlier in the day, Lana attended a Pink Deluxe massage, booked by Dennis, to celebrate her success at the Winston school. The massage entailed some toy play, opening her eye and pussy to new experiences. The masseuse even showcased various 'Pleasure Assistants' (sex toys).

\*\* Dennis also reserved a table at a nice restaurant, where the lovebirds will go after the AV Club event.

\* To end the morning, the AV Club organized a small "meet and greet" where they allowed the pre-order of Lana's naughty making-of video, recorded when she posed for their steamy recruiting poster. The townsfolk that pre-ordered can come back in the afternoon for a Cosplay Show and a private photo shoot.

\*\* Lots of people should come by, including her students, Principal Bill, Mayor Dick, her "school boyfriend" Greg, Dr. Hardik, and some of her colleagues.

\*\* After, Nurse Vivian showed her the "Senior Home", discussed anal sex, and suggested a decent lube brand. Vivian scheduled Lana to come by the senior home on Thursday.

\* Weirdly, Lana's nipples ached and burned. The reasons are unknown, but removing her bra helped.

\* Lana visited Cal and his homeless friends at East Winston Park during lunch. Her only intention was to get her beach cover back. Still, many more things happened, like penis-kissing, groping, and genital rubbing. Our naive teacher even promised to stop by every day to check on them.

\* After lunch, Dennis had to return home to charge his dead phone, leaving the curvy teacher alone with her pupils.

This is where our story restarts...

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Day 14 – Afternoon

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Cosplay

Lana Cox is a head-turner.

No doubt about that. Lana's shiny brunette hair, sparkly green eyes, voluptuous 38DDs, shapely bubble butt, and toned body stand out wherever she goes. The present moment is no exception. As she walks with her students, the townsfolk turn to admire the hot, busty teacher.

Lana's nipples burn, and her tummy flutters as she saunters back to the AV Club booth with Jim, Herb, and Simon. Pietro Romano, Simon's father, is a bit ahead of them, concentrating on something on his phone.

'Ugh... got to ignore my nipples. Maybe I can ask the doctor.' - she thinks. Her nipples have been uncomfortable and stinging for a couple of hours now. 'Gosh, I hope everything turns out okay... wearing a Cosplay in front of everyone is a bit intimidating. I am sure the outfit is proper since Dens seemed on board with the idea... but I don't know...'

"Jimmy, is this cosplay... uhh... too d-daring?" - the teacher nervously asks her favorite male student.

"Not at all, Miss Lana! It's just a long white dress." - the ginger boy states. The shy, intelligent nerd is the president of the AV Club, with a cute freckled face and a thin body. Lana loves when Jim is confident and leads his buddies, which rarely happens. His friends call him Prez.

"Not even as sexy as your pants..." - Simon says, touching her butt to emphasize his point. The teacher doesn't seem to mind. "Quite boring, actually." - the long-haired boy completes. He is tall and lanky and wears thick-rim glasses. He is the tech expert of the club, and due to his fabulous black hair, the others call him Fabio.

"We did want to make it as authentic as possible." - Herb reminds them. The chubby boy is short and has a shaved head, and his massive schlong earned him the nickname Hoseman (a combination with his last name, Holgmann). He is the ideas man of the inseparable trio.

"That is up to Miss Lana." - Simon adds, and the others nod.

"To me?" - the teacher confusedly looks at her pupils.

"Yes, you just have to agree to wear it like Carrie Fisher did in the original movie. Hairdo and all." - Herb explains.

Lana vaguely recalls the character of Leia and the outfit she wore. It was a simple white dress with a belt. From her memory, it was pretty conservative.

"That sounds good." - the teacher agrees.

"For real?" - Simon blurts out.

"Miss Lana, do you know what we're talking about?" - Jim asks, concerned.

"Yes, I do not see any harm in that." - she replies naively. 'It's just a boring dress.' - she thinks.

"Cross your heart?" - Simon insists. Lana raises her eyebrow; the boy seems too enthusiastic about it.

"I promise. Ah, who will do my hair?" - the buxom fiancee asks.

"I will! Been practicing my space buns." - Herb says proudly.

The three boys start discussing the details of the costume and the event. Lana's mind wanders about some of the events from that morning.

Suddenly, her nipples burn again. 'Ugh... can't wait to remove my bra again. It was such a relief earlier.' - she reflects. She doesn't notice when Simon's dad approaches her.

"Hey Lana, how are you holding up?"- Pietro asks, interrupting her thoughts.

"What do you mean?" - she blurts out, surprised. 'How can he know about my nipples?'

"About the event?" - the long-haired man says, arching an eyebrow. "Are you nervous?"

"Uhh... a bit, I must admit. The idea of being in cosplay in front of a bunch of people is scary." - she confesses, looking down at her feet.

"You'll do fine. You're a natural!" - Pietro says, brazenly squeezing her butt.

"I am!?" - the teacher exclaims, not minding his hand on her ass. 'Pietro is so supportive! I am glad Simon has such a great father.' - she pushes her bottom into his hand encouragingly. The cameraman doesn't miss the invitation and gropes with more enthusiasm.

They return to the event area, and her students enter the tent to get some equipment.

"Yes! That's why I asked you to pose for me." - Pietro says, caressing her buttocks. "Besides being good at it, your beauty will help me attract more customers." - he slaps her bubble butt.

"Ahnnngg!" - she exclaims, her cry mixing in with a moan. "Similar to what the boys are asking me to do with the club..." - the teacher says.

"That's right! And speaking of school, Bill asked me to help with the pictures on Tuesday." - the photographer says.

"What pictures?" - Lana asks, slightly distracted by his groping.

"He mentioned something about Biology." - Pietro smirks, pinching her fat ass. She mewls

"Ah! I remember now." - she says and immediately flushes, remembering that she agreed to pose naked for a school supplement. "We are shooting a lesson supplement for school."

[Potato Note: you can read more about the Biology supplement in Chapter 8, "More Sex Ed, testicle massage and steamy school play", but I will remind you again when the time comes ;).]

"That's cool. I guess the kids will appreciate it." - the black-haired man says.

"Right!? It will be great material for them to learn!" - she says enthusiastically.

"That's not what I meant." - the cameraman says, winking seductively.

'Oh, gosh... Bill told him about me being naked... I hope Pietro doesn't tell Simon or Dens...' - the busty teacher thinks worriedly.

"Oh... uhh... please keep it a secret..." - Lana whispers. Pietro nods with a naughty smile.

"Hi, Miss Lana, we need you now!" - Jim says, popping his head out of the tent. She nods and opens the flap to the tent, glancing uneasily at the photographer before entering.

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The interior of the tiny tent is cramped, with only a little room to maneuver. It's filled with boxes, but now, in addition to the rack of clothes in the corner, there seems to be a changing screen.

"What do you think?" - Herb asks, holding up a white dress and a silver belt.

"That looks cool!" - the teacher says with a smile.

"We opted to forego the hood. It will be better this way." - Jim says excitedly. "Is that okay?"

"You tell me, you boys are the experts!" - she giggles.

"You know it, Miss Lana!" - Simon says, getting some plastic pistols and lightsabers from a box.

"Oh, wow. Those are well made!" - Lana exclaims, surprised by the quality.

"Yeah, we went all out." - Jim beams at his teacher. He checks his watch. "Guys, it's time to get ready."

"Yes, Prez!" - Simon jokingly salutes him.

"Miss Lana, here's the dress." - Herb hands her the white costume.

"Where do I..." - she asks when they are interrupted.

Pietro enters the tent with a camera in hand.

"Boys, where is the dang cord for this? I'm trying to set up." - the man asks, showing them the camera.

"Should be there, dad." - Simon points to the outside.

"Well, it's not." - his father shrugs.

"Fabio, you forgot the cable?!" - Herb facepalms.

"It's not a big deal, Hoseman. We can get it from the club room." - the long-haired student says.

"Dude, the school is closed!" - the chubby boy reminds his friend.

"Maybe Miss Lana can help us get in?" - Simon grimaces, trying to find a solution. Jim seems to be rummaging around in a backpack, not paying attention to their conversation.

"No, she has to dress up and do her hair and makeup. We don't have time." - Herb shakes his head.

"Aha! I got a key from the Principal on Friday!" - Jim announces, triumphantly lifting the key up in the air.

"Prez to the rescue! He saved your ass." - the shaved-haired teen says, poking his friend, who grumbles.

"Hand it to Simon, and we'll go grab it." - Pietro says urgently.

"Uhmm... I shouldn't lend it to anyone. I promised the Principal." - Jim explains, locking eyes with his teacher.

"Damn... fine. You come with me, Jimmy." - the long-haired adult says, hastily exiting the tent.

"But..." - the AV Club president mutters, looking between his friends and the teacher. He doesn't want to miss the opportunity to see her change.

"You have to!" - Hoseman urges.

"Sorry, dude..." - Fabio murmurs to his friend.

Lana smiles encouragingly at her pupil.

"Fine, fine. I'm going. You owe me one..." - Jim says to Simon before rushing out of the tent.

The teacher goes behind the small changing screen to try out her dress. Simon pretends to be busy sorting out the props for the shoot while Herb feigns to organize the makeup utensils.

'They're not fooling anyone.' - Lana thinks. Before she steps behind the screen, she catches both boys stealing her glances. 'They're so cute...' - she giggles.

The changing screen is narrow, not providing the teacher much room to move without exposing a body part. As she removes her leggings and top, both boys are treated to displays of bare legs or arms escaping from the sides of the diminutive barrier. Their young dicks immediately stiffen at the naughty sight, and due to being so close to their naked teacher.

Lana grabs the dress to put it on, but her nipples suddenly sting. She groans with discomfort. A thought crosses her mind.

'Should I remove my bra? It will be such a relief. Not sure I can tolerate wearing both all day... hmm... what if people notice? Hmm... they won't. If I remember, the dress was a bit loose in the movies. And it seems opaque enough... I shouldn't worry. Maybe I can ask the boys...' - she decides.

The teacher pops her head from behind the screen. The two teens have a horny look, something lost on Lana. Although she doesn't miss their boners, evidently straining their pants.

"Ehm... do you boys think it is okay if I forego a bra?" - she asks, turning red.

"Yeah, Miss Lana. It's what we talked about!" - Herb says, confused by her question.

"You have to! It's authentic." - Simon reminds her.

Lana doesn't quite grasp what the two are saying. Still, she wants any excuse to get rid of her bra, which is currently causing her sensitive nipples to burn and itch.

"Uuhh, sure. Good to know. Thanks." - the buxom teacher says, returning to her task.

The future-wife removes her pink bra, letting her heavy breasts fall free. The burning subsides straightaway. She moans, relieved.

Suddenly, Herb appears next to her.

"Whoa..." - the shaved-haired student mutters.

"Eeeek!" - she yelps, covering each boob with her hands. "Herbie!"

"Ermm... sorry, Miss Lana. Just bringing over your belt." - the chubby boy says innocently.

He stands there ogling his teacher in just her panties.

"Can you hand it to me, please?" - she asks. The boy looks around, trying to find the accessory.

"Ah, must have dropped it. Fabio, the belt!" - Herb says to his clubmate as the teacher rolls her eyes. The chubby boy grabs Lana's half-naked ass while waiting. She doesn't object.

The long-haired boy promptly appears, carrying the plastic white and silver belt.

"I got it, Hoseman." - Simon says. "Here ya go, Miss Lana." - he hands her the belt.

Absentmindedly, she reaches out for it, uncovering her left tit.

"Nice!" - Herb says, emphatically squeezing her butt.

"Ah!" - she shouts, grabbing the accessory and quickly bringing it against her chest to cover it again. She flushes.

"Your boob is amazing, Miss Lana." - Simon grins.

"Erm... thanks... now... excuse me while I get dressed." - she says weakly.

Not wanting to push her further, the cheeky teens leave their teacher alone to get dressed.

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Lana puts on Leia's dress and tries to judge the outfit on her. There are no mirrors in sight.

The dress is pure white and loose-fitting, with the bottom ending slightly above her ankles. A slit on the right side starts at the bottom and goes all the way to her knee, giving it some freedom of movement. The top seems to properly hide the shape of her breasts, and the high-neck collar covers most of her neck. The sleeves start tighter but flare out as they go down. Overall it seems overly conservative.

'I really thought they were going to give me something more risqué...' - she thinks. 'Argh... why am I disappointed? Did I want to be showing off in front of everyone? No... of course not... I just want to be authentic and help them. I guess the fans will like this. I need to trust my students.' - she evaluates.

Her eyes fall onto the belt hanging from the screen. 'Oh, almost forgot...' - she giggles.

She wraps it around her waist, bunching the previously-loose dress together. With the belt, the fit on the top of the dress is way tighter, perfectly delineating the shape of her enourmous titties. She looks down at herself.

'Oh, gosh... now my breasts are too obvious. Is it too much? I hope not... I like it more like this...' - she thinks, her cooch dampening at the thought of showing off her boobs to everyone. 'Let's see what the boys say.'

Lana gets out from behind the screen.

"How do I look?" - she asks with a big smile. She twirls, giving them a look at the whole thing. Her braless tits jiggle tantalizingly due to the spin.

The teacher sees Herbert's and Simon's jaws falling down.

"Wow! Fantastic! With the boots and hair, you'll be perfect." - Herb says, adjusting his boner.

"Oh...thanks..." - she says shyly, eyeing his healthy member. "You think so?" - she pouts.

"I do! Here..." - the chubby boy says, handing her a pair of white boots. They have flat soles and go almost to her knee.

She puts them on, and once again, her boobs visibly wobble with each motion.

"Flawless." - Hoseman says, proud of his work.

Lana notices that Simon has been quiet the whole time and has a confused expression.

"What is wrong, Fabio? Do I not look good?" - she asks nervously.

"Well... you do look good..." - the long-haired teen says.

"But?" - the teacher insists.

"But why are you wearing panties?" - Simon inquires, raising his eyebrow.

"What do you mean?" - she asks, surprised.

"Oh, I didn't even realize! Miss Lana, turn around." - Herb orders. She obediently turns. They analyze her butt for a couple seconds and exchange a couple words.

"What is wrong with it?" - she asks, self-conscious.

"It's just that you agreed to wear it like Carrie Fisher did." - Simon explains.

"To be true to the movies." - the shaved-haired boy adds.

"I thought I was?" - the naive teacher says, befuddled.

"Not at all. Leia didn't wear panties!" - the long-hair student says.

"Huh?!" - Lana blurts out.

"Yeah, George Lucas famously told her that there is no underwear in space." - Hoseman elaborates. "She went full commando in the dress."

The wife-to-be gasps softly.

"You promised earlier you would do the same..." - Simon reminds her of earlier.

'Ah... I had no idea what they were talking about... I thought it was just the hair. I can't let them know I didn't understand and promised it. I will look foolish in front of my students...' - she reflects.

"Right, that is true. I just forgot for a second." - she pretends. 'The dress is long and opaque. Nobody will know.' - she tells herself.

"Phew, and here I thought the authenticity and the photos would be ruined." - the fabulous-haired teen says, wiping his forehead. Herb nods.

"Yes.... We would not want that..." - Lana agrees timidly. 'I should play along, so my students are happy. For Jim and the club...'

"Good catch Fabio." - the chubby boy pats his friend on the shoulder. "So, hand them over, Miss Lana." - he says, stretching his arm.

'Ah... this is for their sake...' - she steels her resolve, taking a deep breath.

She puts her hands under her dress, hooks her thumbs to her pink panties, and pulls them down to her boot-clad ankles.

Both boys gasp. They were expecting her to go back to the screen and remove her panties there, something that didn't even occur to her.

Lana steps out of her panties, bends over (her boobs wobbling erotically), picks them up, and hands the warm garment to Herb. The smell of pussy fills the air. Some darker spots can be seen on her pink underwear.

"Uuhh... ehhmm... t-thanks..." - Hoseman says, looking at the panties as if scared of them.

"It is for authenticity's sake, right?" - Lana asks, forcing a smile. 'Lana, be brave for them...'

"Yeah! Thanks, Miss Lana, for doing this." - Simon says, adjusting his stiffie.

Herb can't resist the urge, bringing the fresh panties to his nose and whiffing them. He sees that Lana is looking. Embarrassed, he puts them on top of some boxes.

'He's so naughty...' - the teacher's pussy gushes knowing her student smelled her secret scent.

"I am a bit nervous about this... lots of people will see me. Are you sure it is okay?" - she admits.

"No need to worry. We will be with you." - Simon says supportively. Herb nods.

"Thanks, boys." - the teacher says.

"Now, sit down here, and we can do your makeup and hair." - Herb points, dragging over a small metal stool.

Lana sits, her unrestrained boobies bouncing erotically for her boys.

Both teens go into "work mode", going around the teacher and adjusting her hair and makeup. The two boys are still sporting evident boners fueled by their raging hormones. Lana can't help but admire the straining pants of her students, at eye-level with her.

Herb accidentally bumps his erection onto her back.

"Oops... sorry, Miss Lana." - the chubby student apologizes.

"Erm... not... not a pr-problem, Herbie." - the teacher says ungracefully.

After that, both naughty teens constantly bump their erections on her upper body. Every time, the teacher feels a pang on her cooch, a hungry desire to jump and ravage her pupils. Her hard nipples are unmistakable against her dress.

Hoseman is behind Lana, adjusting her hair when he asks Simon to hold the teacher still. The long-haired student doesn't miss the beat and grabs her breasts through the thin dress.

"Annng...." - a moan escapes her lips. Simon pulls his hands back.

"Ah, sorry! My hands slipped. I was aiming for your shoulders." - the student says untruthfully.

"Uuhh... it is okay..." - Lana says, her chest throbbing from the contact.

"Well, don't mind if I do!" - Fabio shouts and dives into her breasts with both hands, sinking his fingers into them through her dress.

"That is not what I.... ahhh..." - she can't help but moan when he pinches her nipple. She meant that 'it was okay since it was an accident', but the horny young man mistook it for a green light to be naughty.

"Don't move, dammit!" - Hoseman berates them.

Lana decides not to protest against the groping as her student's hands relieve some of the aches still on her nips. 'Besides, Herbie needs us to stay still...' - she excuses.

They continue like that for another minute when the shaved-haired boy announces he is finished with her hair.

"Let me see my masterpiece!" - the chubby boy says. Simon lets go of her boobs, and she hears some shuffling. Herb comes around and clears his throat. She turns to look at him.

Her face is met with his stiff dong, massive and bare.

"Eeeeeekkk!" - she screams, caught by surprise. "What the heck!"

Hoseman pokes her mouth with his fat hog. Her cooch twinges, but she moves her head to the side.

"Ah... it was just a prank, sorry." - Herb says, moving his naked dick to contact her cheek. She is about to yell at him.

"He got you good!" - Simon starts laughing. Herb joins in, although he makes no move to tuck his schlong away.

'Oh... it's just the boys coming out of their shell...' - she evaluates, eyeing his huge boyhood. 'I can't be mad at them... I'll let it slide...' - she feels wet between her legs.

"You did!" - she giggles, trying to join in. "Do not worry, Herbie. Just a prank, right?" - she winks at him. He nods, dumbfounded.

Simon looks at his phone while Herb adjusts his dick back in his pants.

"Hoseman, time to finish up." - Simon says, grabbing the props box.

"Fabio, we're done already! Whatchu you think, Miss Lana?" - the chubby student says, handing her a portable mirror.

The teacher admires herself in the mirror. The space buns hairdo and her makeup look amazing. She is an excellent Princess Leia.

"It looks impressive! How did you do it?" - the busty teacher asks in admiration.

"Secrets of the trade!" - the shaved-haired boy says proudly.

"You have to teach me someday!" - she proposes gullibly.

"It's a date, hehe." - he chortles, knowing it will be an excellent opportunity to exploit his teacher a bit more.

"You do look impeccable, Miss Lana. Let's go!" - Simon orders, opening the tent's flap.

"Can I have a minute?" - the teacher asks. 'I need to compose myself before going out.' - she reflects on her slight state of arousal.

"Sure, we're going ahead." - the long-haired boy says before leaving.

"Take your time." - Herb smiles at her before picking another box and exiting.

The cosplaying teacher is left alone in the tent.

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Daily Selfie

Lana roams around the tent for a couple minutes, fully concentrating on her breathing. Her horniness has finally subsided, and her nipples are returning to normal.

As she is about to leave, her phone makes a noise from inside her purse, which sits on top of a box.

\* Blip, blip! Blip, blip! \*

Lana promptly checks it.

Message -- 01:40 -- Cox Friends

\* CoolPaul12: Hey sexy

\* PB-Justin: forgot about us?

\* Noel Murns: She wouldn't.

She smiles at the messages, memories of the previous night still fresh in her mind.

\* Lana: I could never. \*big smile\*

\* Noel Murns: That's right. We are more than friends now.

\* PB-Justin: "special friends"

\* Lana: \*blushing face\* We are teammates!

\* CoolPaul12: if that's what you call it lol

\* PB-Justin: Cox, I heard you met my baby bro today

\* Lana: Ah, I know him well...

\* CoolPaul12: Oh, it's like that? Naughty

\* Lana: No! He's just a student!

\* PB-Justin: he told me he is your boyfriend \*raised eyebrows\*

\* Noel Murns: Lanita! Playing the field, huh?

\* Lana: Gosh, it's a long story. Will explain later.

\* CoolPaul12: hold you to it

\* PB-Justin: So, let's get to the point... where is our Daily Selfie?

\* Noel Murns: We are anxiously waiting for it.

'Ah, I almost forgot... but I am wearing a cosplay.. I wonder if I can do it later..' - she thinks.

\* Lana: Maybe later? I'm wearing a cosplay right now.

\* CoolPaul12: of whom?

\* Lana: Princess Leia from Star Wars.

\* Noel Murns: Hot damn! My childhood dream!

\* PB-Justin: It's perfect for the selfie

\* Noel Murns: Please, Lanita!

'I guess there is no harm... everyone outside will see it...' - she reflects.

\* CoolPaul12: don't forget to make it hot!

'Ah, right... Dens don't want me to send them a pic of my boobs, so I should show them my bottom, but I'm not wearing underwear! Hmm... I don't think they will ask me to send a photo of my bare cooch to them... will they?' - she ponders.

\* Lana: I am wearing it authentically, so I do not think it's proper.

\* PB-Justin: even better!

\* CoolPaul12: fuck yeah!

\* Lana: Are you guys sure?

\* Noel Murns: Dennis will love it. He's super into Star Wars.

\* Lana: That's true... I guess then...

\* PB-Justin: don't keep us waiting too long ;)

'Gosh... I need to discuss with Dens this idea of being unable to send my boobs to the guys... it's getting me in a pickle... oh well... it's for him anyway.' - she considers. 'Should I snap one of my coochie... just like that?' - she chews over. Although she let them take pictures of her kitten the day before, this was different. This would be her own doing. She would be sending Dennis' coworkers a pussy pic. 'What can I do? Hmm... Paul asked to make it hot... but... AH! I have an idea!'

A minute later, a photo shows up in the chat. It's a full-body shot of Lana in the Leia costume, and she is lifting the front of her dress, exposing her bare sex. Or, she would be, but there is a fire emoji covering her pussy, leaving her legs and some of her pubic hair exposed.

\* Lana: Thanks for the idea, Paul! What do you guys think?

\* Noel Murns: Wow, you look perfect!

\* CoolPaul12: fuck! You're on fire ;)

\* PB-Justin: Love me a slutty Leia

\* Lana: \*roll eyes\* Is Dens going to like it?

\* Noel Murns: He is out of his mind if he doesn't.

\* CoolPaul12: 100%, it got me hard as steel... I'm gonna go beat off, bye

\* PB-Justin: classic Paul! Lol

'Oh f... Paul is going to go jerk off because of me... wow... that's so hot... mmmm...' - she feels her cooch dampening again.

\* PB-Justin: do you have the uncensored?

\* Lana: I do... why?

\* PB-Justin: send that one to Dennis, he'll love it

\* Lana: I am not sure... what if someone sees it?

\* PB-Justin: Nah, he is paranoid about these things...

\* Lana: \*thinking emoji\*

\* Noel Murns: I would cum on the spot if my woman sent me that!

\* Lana: \*open mouth\*... wow Noel!

\* Noel Murns: TMI?

\* Lana: No, I just didn't expect that from you.

\* PB-Justin: It's the effect you have on us, Cox

\* Lana: Thanks... I gotta go, I am late

\* Noel Murns: XOXO Lanita

\* PB-Justin: TTYL sexy

'Wow... the guys are getting more and more direct... so crass and vulgar... I like it... gets me aroused... I shouldn't... but there is no harm in it, right? Dens will be the one enjoying it later... they are just.... Preheating the oven... yeah... that's a good metaphor.' - she thinks.

Lana opens the chat with Dens and attaches the photo. Before hitting send, she recalls that his phone is dead, so he won't see the message.

'Ah, I should send him an email! That way, he can see it later or at the computer.' - she thinks, pleased with herself for remembering.

She stares at the censored photo that she sent to the Cox Friends.

'Hmm... should I? Ah... I'm a bit nervous... be brave, Lana! Dens is your fiancee; he will love it! The guys said so... mmm... I'll do it!' - she decides, her heart beating fast.

The teacher opens the uncensored photo, presses the share symbol, then the mail button, and writes "Hot Leia for You" on the subject line. She types 'De' on the 'To' box, taps the second name from the list (Dennis' email), and hits send.

Her heart thumping, she shoves her phone back into her purse and leaves the tent.

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Lana sees Herb and Simon running around setting things up as the event is about to start. She spots Dennis Laywood, her fiancee, walking toward the AV Club area, accompanied by Pietro and Jim.

"Hi, babe!" - the ginger betrothed says once they arrive. "My childhood dreams came true!"

"You look amazing, Lana." - Pietro adds.

"Wow, Miss Lana. Just wow!" - Jim says.

She turns scarlet at the compliments, her insides feeling fuzzy and warm. Jim and Pietro go help the other two, leaving the lovebirds alone.

"You really like it?" - the buxom beauty asks her future-husband.

"I do... just..." - Dennis swallows. "Your nipples are poking out..."

"Ah..." - Lana looks down at her prominent pokies. She absentmindedly covers them with her hand, causing her boobs to squish lewdly.

"You don't have a bra on?!" - his mouth gapes.

"It is for the character. I promised the boys I would dress like Carrie Fisher." - the teacher explains.

"In w-what way?" - the bumbling man stammers.

"Apparently, George Lucas said there was no underwear in space or something." - she shrugs, causing her tits to jiggle. Dennis can't help but stare at them.

"Ah, he did! I remember that." - he says, recalling the original interviews. "That's why you removed your bra?"

"I had to be fully authentic in that regard. Do you mind?" - she asks. 'Hopefully, Dens doesn't mind that I also don't have any panties on... ah... might as well show it to him.'

Lana does a little spin, and her breasts bounce erotically. Dennis stares at her body, slack-jawed.

"I see.... Well, I guess you skipped a bra before..." - he analyzes, not realizing she meant she had foregone ALL underwear.

"I have! And nobody will see anything since the dress is long." - she smiles, happy to have his support.

"That's true." - Dennis agrees. "Wait... were the boys inside when you changed?" - he asks suspiciously.

"They were just helping me. They even did my makeup and hair!" - she says, pointing to her space buns.

"Looks good... but did they see you naked?" - the ginger fiancee inquires.

'Oh... Dens is only worried about them seeing me fully naked? I guess he doesn't seem to care about partial nudity... and the boys only saw one boob, so it's fine.' - she rationalizes.

"No, hun! I changed behind a screen." - the curvy wife-to-be explains proudly.

"Phew!" - he exclaims, wiping his neck.

They hear a noise, and Lana turns to the side to check it out. Dennis can't help but admire her voluptuous curves in the sexy cosplay.

"Babe... you look so hot in this. It hugs your boobs... wow..." - he says, drooling. She giggles.

"I can ask Herb if we can borrow it... you know?" - she says suggestively.

"You would do that?" - he asks wide-eyed.

"Of course, hun. Anything for you." - she smiles at her wonderful fiancee.

"You're the best!" - Dennis says hornily.

"You are!" - Lana says lovingly. "Also, did you charge your phone?"

"Ugh... I had to leave it at home. It started doing an update!" - he grimaces.

"Well, take a look at your email later. There is a surprise for you!" - she winks.

"Ohh, now I'm curious. What is it?" - he asks, optimistic.

"I do not want to ruin the surprise! You will have to see it for yourself, Silly Carrot." - she giggles.

"Boo!" - he hoots.

"I promise you will enjoy it...." - she says, feeling a tad anxious about it.

"Okay, I love you, babe." - Dennis says, giving her a peck on the lips.

"Love you too. Now, let's help the boys!" - she proposes, trying to distract her mind with something else.

The enamored couple joins the others to help with the final preparations for the event.

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Catwalk

The AV Club boys did a great job in the photo shoot area.

The area is surrounded by vegetation, and located to the side of the tent. The only way to see it is to look at it from the end part of the event tables, where they were sitting in the morning. Otherwise, it is completely secluded. The students set up a large green screen with a camera perfectly framing the whole area. A few lights also provide professional illumination for the pics, and a couple boxes contain Star Wars props.

The only strange thing is a table in front of the screen. Seems random.

"Good work, boys! Everything looks neat, but what is this table for?" - the teacher asks.

"You will find out soon!" - Herb grins.

"Okay, Prez, we are ready!" - Simon says, positioning himself behind the camera.

Jim and Pietro are holding off a small crowd of townspeople.

"Okay, folks! Slowly make your way to Herb and our star cosplayer!" - the nerdy student directs.

Dennis moves out of the way, close to the table, and Lana stands next to the chubby AV Club member.

The group gathers in front of them. There were close to 25 fans. An impressive feat for such a tiny town.

'Wow, so many people came to see me right away... that's nerve-wracking...' - she reflects, looking at all the excited faces. There is nobody she knows particularly well among them.

"You're getting famous, Miss Lana!" - Hoseman nudges her.

"Gosh... seems like it..." - she flushes due to all the stares.

"You're basically the town's muse now!" - the shaved-haired teen snorts.

Jim joins the two in front of the small crowd. He clears his throat before diving into his speech.

"Everyone! Welcome to the first AV Club event of the year!" - the ginger teen announces, turning beet red. All the townsfolk applaud loudly. "We're gathered here to celebrate the launch of the making-of of our official club poster!" - he continues to more applause. "Please, a round of applause to Miss Lana Cox, our supervising teacher, and sexy cosplayer!" - he declares and takes a deep breath.

The crowd cheers and hoots. Lana turns scarlet and waves her hand, embarrassed.

"Our first event is the Catwalk! Hoseman, take it away!" - Jim motions to his teammate.

"Thanks, Prez! So, Miss Lana will stand on top of the table to pose and showcase her authentic cosplay to everyone!" - the fat boy explains.

The busty teacher looks nervously at her fiancee, who is standing to the side with Pietro. He gives her an encouraging thumbs up. She sighs.

"We can take photos and videos, right?" - a person from the audience asks.

"Of course! During this part, we encourage everyone to take out their phones!" - Herb answers. "At the end of the catwalk section, we have a surprise!" - he says, putting his hand on Lana's shoulder. The group claps.

"And for the second part of the event..." - Jim takes over. "We will have Private Shoots with our cosplayer. The priority is for those who already pre-ordered in the morning!"

"Can we still pre-order?" - someone asks.

"Yes, after the catwalk, the AV Club will be at the main table dealing with purchases and handing the posters/receipts." - the Prez explains. "Everyone ready?"

The crowd roars and hollers.

Herb pulls out a little step stool, and Jim helps the teacher climbs on top of the table.

Lana looks at the eager townspeople ogling her. Her heart hammers away in her chest.

'You'll be fine, Lana. No need to be nervous. Dens is here. My students are here. This is for them. Just pose and try to have fun!' - she tells herself.

"Without further ado... I give you Miss Lana as Princess Leia!" - Herb shouts to the cheers of the fans.

The teacher awkwardly waves at first, but as the people encourage her, she starts to break out of her shell. The cosplayer begins walking back and forth on the table and strikes little poses.

The townsfolk are going wild, taking photos and videos.

"Show us your tits!" - someone shouts. "What an ass!" - another one yells. "Sluuut!" - an old voice booms. "Love hairy pussies!" - another person screams.

And that goes on. Every crass, rude, and sexual comment fuel the fire burning inside our naive teacher.

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Simon and Jim are standing next to each other, observing the event. Both of the teens have boners looking at their teacher.

Unbeknownst to her, the dress is a bit translucent with the bright light, allowing the people to faintly make out her pubic hair, nipples, and areolas. It's almost as if she is half-naked with just a semi-sheer sheet.

"Do you think Hoseman knows?" - Jim asks his friend.

"Pfff... of course! You know him." - Simon chuckles.

"Hopefully, Miss Lana doesn't find out." - the president says worriedly.

"Or worse, her fiancee..." - the long-haired says, glancing at his dad and Dennis, who are watching the event further away and from the side along with Herb.

"I don't think he can see from the side... I hope..." - Jim scowls.

"Cross your fingers... for now, I'll enjoy and take photos for us... for later use." - Simon winks.

As the busty teacher turns to show her backside to the fans, the light shines and displays the contour of her body perfectly, emphasizing her tight gap and where her pussy is. If her dress was any shorter, her pussy would be on full display to the crowd below.

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Due to the situation and shouts, Lana's nipples harden, becoming distressingly apparent for all to see. They also lightly burn, heightening the feeling of the fabric against her soft skin.

"The bitch's getting horny, folks!" - she hears from someone in the front row.

The curvy wife-to-be looks down at her breasts and nipples.

"That is not true!" - she replies weakly. 'Oh, goodness! The burning is making my nipples get erect... right? Ah, who am I kidding? I'm loving this... them yelling obscenities at me... calling me names... parading in front of them... this is so hot...' - she reflects.

The audience chuckles at her response.

Suddenly a flash from a camera goes off. The combination of the camera flash and the event lights makes her dress almost see-through. Her previously-faint pussy and areolas become evident in the photos using flash.

Word quickly spreads, and, needless to say, the townsfolk go wild using flashes.

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"Dude, your girlfriend is amazing..." - Pietro tells Dennis.

"I know... and she's my fiancee." - the ginger man corrects his friend.

"Oh, yeah. My bad." - the long-haired man says.

The two guys admire the voluptuous teacher posing and showcasing her outfit to the crowd.

"Wow... she blows me away..." - Dennis comments. He swallows anxiously.

Dennis is torn. On one side, he loves seeing his partner in such a sexy and nerdy cosplay. On the other side, everyone else can also see her curves; to make matters worse, they are taking photos. Who knows what they'll do with them?! Well... he knows. He would do the same.

He decides to stop thinking about it. It's not good for his well-being or their relationship. Lana is just a nice teacher who is trying to help her students. If he can get her to dress sexy for him as a reward, then it's worth it.

"Yeah..." - Pietro mutters. "Thanks for being a good sport and letting her help my son out, dude."

"No problem. Lana is very giving." - the tall ginger man sighs.

"Oh, I know. I know." - the long-haired man smirks.

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Meanwhile, the teacher is in her own world, swimming in her sexual bliss.

'Oh gosh... all these lights... they are taking photos of my body... it's almost like they can see naked.... I love it... am I an exhibitionist? I feel so embarrassed doing this... but also on fire... my cooch is drenched, and my nipples are throbbing... gosh... I have never felt this way. I'm so horny and aroused... this is so weird... I wanted this...I need it... no... I'm just wearing the outfit they prepared. I'm not an exhibitionist...' - she debates.

'You're not being honest with yourself, Lana...' - she hears a strong dark voice in her head.

'I am! I am just helping out... I do feel good... but I didn't want this!' - she replies.

'Don't deny your nature... you truly are a pervert....' - the voice says firmly.

'Mmmm... no.... I'm not...' - she answer feebly.

'Aren't you happy your fans are watching your body? Nobody will think less of you; it's reasonable!' - the voice says, and she gasps. 'I bet they're all hard for you... all those hard dicks, wanting to fuck you...' - it whispers before going silent again.

'Goodness... I... I'm enjoying it... but it's just the circumstance... right? It's not like I'm going to crave this feeling... the feeling of being exposed... of showing my slutty body in front of random people... of letting them ogle me, undress me with their eyes... imagine doing dirty things to my body... gosh... mmm... maybe I need to embrace this feeling... I feel amazing...' - she thinks.

Before she can reflect anymore on her feelings, she notices that Herb is climbing up on the table. She looks at him, bewildered. The chubby boy asks for everyone to calm down and be quiet.

"Now it's time for a surprise!" - Hoseman announces. "Prez, the scissors." - Jim hands him a pair of giant black scissors. "After each photo session, we will have a Dress Cutting ceremony!" - he says. "You can cut a bit of Leia's dress and take it home as a memento of the event."

Lana gasps at the unexpected announcement. The crowd cheers enthusiastically.

"Calm your tits, everyone. It's only a tiny piece at a time." - Herb explains, reassuring his teacher. "So, I'll do the first honors. This time is an exception, as it will be bigger than what will be normally allowed." - the shaved-haired chubby student emphasizes.

'Wow... Herbie has a daring plan... hopefully nobody goes overboard...' - her coochie twitches at the possibility.

Herb kneels and starts to chop at the bottom of Lana's dress. She is trembling at the prospect of allowing the others to do the same. The boy finishes his work and triumphantly lifts the piece of cloth in the air.

Lana glances at her "new outfit". The bottom now ends right below knee. Herb had cut off two whole palms! The boy also had to increase the slit on the side by a palm. Since otherwise, it would be coinciding with the bottom of the dress.

Now, she looked like a sexier version of Leia. Her nipples throb with arousal but also burn, reminding the teacher of her condition.

"Ta-da! We look forward to seeing what you all can come up with!" - Herb shouts.

"Now, onto the second part of the event!" - Jim yells, standing next to the table.

As Jim directs everyone back to the entrance, Herb leans into her ear.

"Don't worry, Miss Lana. We won't make you pose up here if that worries you." - Hoseman whispers.

"What do you mean?" - the teacher asks, unsure what he meant.

"Everyone would be able to see your vagina from below!" - the fat teen explains. She gasps at the realization.

Before she has time to process correctly, Jim interrupts them.

"Herb, Miss Lana. Quick change of plans!" - the ginger student says from underneath. They look at him, and Lana notices a glint in his eyes. "Everyone is asking for a group photo, which seems like a good opp to have a fun souvenir of the event. We can put it on the club wall."

They both agree and climb down from the table. Lana is careful to not give anyone a peek up her dress.

Simon instructs everyone to move to the side and positions the teacher in the middle of the frame. Herb and Jim move the table out of the way.

"Okay, peeps! Gather around Leia!" - Simon shouts, and the group surrounds the teacher, obstructing the other's view of Lana.

The teacher immediately feel hands all over her, on her butt, breasts, legs, back, and even on her cooch. Everything happens so quickly that she doesn't have time to react. The only thing that responds is her body. Her temperature rises, her nipples ache, and her breathing gets heavier.

The filthy hands on her start groping and squeezing.

"Will start taking pictures on 3, so be prepared!" - Simon yells. "3... 2.... 1... say AV Club!"

"AV Clubbbbb!" - all the people shout.

Lana feels her hands being guided inside two pants. Each land on a hard cock. She inhales in surprise but wraps her hands around the hot shafts absentmindedly.

The gropey hands on her body get more daring. She feels her dress being pulled up and a finger rubbing her bare virgin cooch while another prods at her tight asshole.

'Gosh... this is getting out of hand... help....' - she looks at Simon desperately. His eyes widen as the teen can sort of see what's happening with his teacher.

Before the long-haired photographer can signal to his clubmates, the teacher's butt and pussy are each penetrated by a finger.

"Accccckkkkkk!" - the curvy fiancee yelps. "Ohhh...." - she whimpers, the mixture of pleasure and pain taking over her body. The feeling of two strangers' fingers simultaneously going in and out of her is overwhelming.

Suddenly, Jim pulls her away from the grasp of the townsfolk, with Herb and Simon pushing them away and keeping them at bay. Nobody was being aggressive; they were merely taking advantage of the situation.

Stunned, Lana adjusts her dress while standing with Jim beside the camera. Pietro and Dennis approach them. Behind them, Herb and Simon are shepherding people back to the area's entrance.

'Goodness... two fingers were inside me... in my cooch and anus at the same time... wow... that was so wild... I couldn't stop them... did I even want to?' - she questions herself, squirming a little. 'No, the whole thing was wrong... I should be upset at them... I didn't even give them my consent... I should be angry... right? But... oh... Dens seems mad...' - she realizes as her fiancee stands beside her.

"Babe! What the heck happened!?" - Dennis inquires, concerned and upset.

"Seems like things got out of hand?" - Pietro suggests.

'Oh, no... what should I say? Should I make a big deal out of it?' - she ponders. The teacher glances at Jim, who is staring at her with big eyes. He is clearly worried about her answer. 'No... Dens and Pietro might put a stop to the whole event. The boys worked so hard for it. I can't let that happen. As their teacher and their role model, I need to protect them. I will downplay it for now, and I can talk to Dens during dinner about it. It's for the boys' future; he will understand.' - she decides.

"Uhhh, nothing much. The people just got too enthusiastic." - she shrugs, playing down the situation. Dennis looks confused, while Jim looks relieved.

"But I heard you scream..." - her husband-to-be mutters.

"Oh... I was caught by surprise... too many people around." - she says, omitting the real reason.

"I see, so they weren't touching you?" - Dennis asks, leery.

"A little, but nothing too terrible!" - Lana says.

"Ugh... I don't like that. At all." - Dennis shakes his head.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Laywood!" - Jim apologizes.

"Jim, maybe we need need to put a stop to it. Lana and I are clearly uncomfortable." - the ginger man says to the ginger student.

"Sorry, I promise we won't let it happen again!" - the AV Club president pleads.

"It is okay, Jimmy." - the buxom teacher says, patting her student on the back. "Hun, the boys put so much effort into this. It would be a shame to stop for such a silly thing." - she reasons.

"Silly? They were basically on top of you!" - Dennis moans, exasperated.

"Dude, the next part is just private photos." - Pietro reminds him.

"That's true! Now it's only 1 or 2 people at a time, Mr. Laywood." - Jim explains. Dennis thinks for a bit.

"Hmm, I can agree... but only if you boys promise nobody will touch her directly." - Dennis says, trying to put his foot down.

'Oh, Dens put emphasis on "directly"... strange... does he means some indirect touching is okay? I wonder what that would be? Maybe the boys understood him...' - Lana thinks.

"I swear. We will be vigilant!" - Jim says with a salute.

"I trust you, Jim. You remind me of myself." - Dennis shakes the boy's hand. He is proud of himself for showing them he must also be respected.

"Thanks, Mr. Laywood." - Prez says diplomatically.

"Now, to prove the photos will be harmless to Dennis... let's each take a photo with Lana." - Pietro proposes.

"Super idea, Mr. Romano! Let me grab Hoseman and Fabio." - Jim says, running toward his friends.

"That sounds great. Having a decent photo with my future-wife will be nice." - Dennis agrees.

"Oooh, yes! Something to put on a portrait!" - Lana says excitedly.

"Cool. I'll make sure it's all in order." - Pietro says, checking on the camera.

Lana pulls her fiancee aside.

"Dens, what has gotten into you? You are not normally like this." - the busty teacher mentions. He falters for a second; she sees right through him.

"I know... I... sorry, I was just jealous, babe." - he admits.

"Silly Carrot, do not worry." - she caresses his face and runs her hand through his hair. "You let me know if anything you do not like happens, okay?" - she says endearingly.

"I will. But be careful! Okay, babe?" - he asks worriedly.

"Yes, you can rely on the boys." - she states seriously.

"I have confidence in them. But some of the townsfolk seem sketchy." - he says with a little twinge of jealousy.

"Aw, you are cute." - she kisses his cheek. "Alright, if things become too much, you can stop it at any time!" - she says, and he nods.

Joined by the other two students, each of them takes a photo with Lana. When Dennis' turn comes, Simon asks the teacher to turn toward the side for a more romantic pose. In reality, he wants to hide from both lovebirds the fact that her dress leaves little to the imagination.

Afterward, our teacher and her students prepare themselves for the event's next part.

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Private Shoots

As Lana is adjusting her makeup using a small hand mirror, she overhears Herb and Simon discussing something.

"... we're in a pickle!" - Herb shouts, throwing his arms up in the air.

"Yeah, not enough people." - Simon laments.

"Not just that! He'll see what's happening..." - Herb says, and his clubmate groans.

'Oh, the boys seem worried. I should try to help them. It's my duty.' - the teacher evaluates. She approaches her students.

"What is going on? How can I help?" - she asks, putting her hands on her hip.

They exchange looks with peculiar expressions and then shrug at the same time.

"Ah, we don't have enough people to do everything!" - Hoseman complains.

"We urgently need someone else to manage the line." - Simon elaborates.

"Hmm..." - Lana looks around. She spots Greg Zimmer, a student from her school. He is one of the first in line. "Greg!" - she waves at him.

The fat boy does a 'me?' sign. The teacher nods and motions for him to come over.

"Hi, Miss Lana. Hey, dudes. What's up?" - Greg asks them.

Lana and the boys quickly explain the situation, and the outcast student promptly agrees to help.

"Thank Greg, I will reward you later." - she declares without thinking. 'Phew, I'm glad that is solved.' - she judges, not realizing the possible implications of her promise.

"I'll hold you to it, Miss Lana." - the blubbery boy smirks.

As she walks away, she hears Herb commenting with Simon.

"That's sorted! One less thing to worry about, and now I can distract him." - the shaved-headed teen says, and Simon nods.

Lana passes by Jim, and she suggests that they recruit Greg to the AV Club. Jim promises to consider it and bring it up later with the other two members.

Continuing her trek, she goes to the table where Dennis prepares to restart his duties from the morning. She receives a good luck smooch from her fiancee. Finally, she gets back to the photo area.

The AV Club added a curtain from the tent to the trees, allowing complete privacy in the photo shoot area. This will also prevent the people in the line from seeing what is happening. Theoretically, there is still enough space for the AV Club, Dennis, and Pietro to see the shoot from their seats if they turn their heads in that direction.

Simon and Jim come over.

"Miss Lana, I will instruct and organize the people back there. So, I'll leave you in Fabio's care." - Prez says. "Fabio, make sure nobody touches Miss Lana directly. Dennis' orders."

"Yes, Prez! Will make sure to remind them." - Simon agrees.

"Now... uhmm... Miss Lana." - the ginger student says unconfidently.

"Yes, Jimmy?" - she asks, locking eyes with him.

"Please, treat these people well. They are fans trying to help us out." - the club president pleads.

"I promise I will do my best!" - she guarantees. 'I have to help my boys.'

"Thanks!" - he beams. "Good luck!" - Jim fist-bumps Simon and returns to the entrance.

Simon moves his hand and rests it on the teacher's shapely ass. She leans into his hand and wiggles her buttocks a little.

"Ready?" - the long-haired student asks, squeezing her cheek.

"As ready as I can." - Lana says earnestly. He slaps her ass. 'Gosh... Fabio is just casually groping me...' - she thinks, biting her lip.

"Greg, you can let the first one through." - Simon requests to the fat teen.

She takes a deep breath.

'I feel surprisingly at ease, knowing that Dens is close and the AV Club boys are also here with me.' - the innocent teacher reflects, optimistic for what's to come.

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As the first fan stands next to Lana, Simon goes over the rules again.

"Reminding you of what Jim said: only 5 photos and no touching the cosplayer directly." - the AV Club photographer says. The townie nods enthusiastically.

The first two people pose with the prop Lightsabers while Leia/Lana poses with a Pistol. They each ask for a kiss as their last photo, but she denies it due to the no-touching rule. They each cut an inch off her left sleeve for their dress-cutting part.

Lana was anxious and excited before the photos started; needless to say, her excitement fizzled out after the initial two.

'Ah... boo... people don't know how to have some fun... I know I am just helping, but there is no reason for me not to have a good time.' - she reflects.

She notices Simon handing a piece of paper to the fan.

"What is that Fabio?" - the teacher asks curiously.

"It's just the website where the photos will be published." - the long-haired teen explains.

"Published?!" - she blurts out.

"Don't worry, it's not public. Each person gets a unique login and password." - Simon assures her.

"Ah, phew." - she sighs. She walks toward Greg. "Greg, I am worried that Dens cannot see what is going on."

"Why is that, Miss Lana?" - the fat student asks.

"Well, he agreed to stop the photos if anything gets out of hand. So, I want to make sure he can me at all times to do that." - the teacher explains.

"I see. Okay, I'll make sure Dennis can see everything." - Greg says, opening the end of the curtain a bit more. Lana spots Dennis discussing something with Herb. Her fiancee sees her and waves.

"Thanks, I appreciate it." - she says, caressing Greg's cherubic face and returning to her spot. As soon as she turns, the fat boy closes back the curtain with a smirk.

As Lana adjusts herself, Simon asks Greg to let the next fans in.

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TTT Trio

Lana squeals in delight, realizing her three students are next. She is so delighted to see them supporting the AV Club that she doesn't dwell on their previous shenanigans.

"Hey, teach!" - Lukas grins at her. Lukas Hunter is the son of her best friend, Mary, and Dennis' boss, Lucius. The prankster student is pretty in a boyish way, with brown hair and blue eyes. He is the leader of the school's trio of troublemakers.

"Hi, Miss Lana!" - BJ waves. Benjamin Tan is a southeast Asian, tanned, black-haired boy with a big head. He is the jokester and dumb one of the group and is madly in love with his teacher.

"'Sup, Miss Lana." - Wyatt greets. Wyatt Walters is a dark-skinned boy with bleached hair. He is currently dating Evie, Lana's student. He is often the balanced voice in the trio, keeping the other two from going too far and showing them where to go.

"Hello, boys! It is great that you came out to support your classmates." - the teacher says.

"Sure..." - Lukas chuckles. "Simon, we're a group. All good?" - he asks the photographer.

"Yup. Just reminding you three of the rules: only 5 photos each and no touching the cosplayer directly." - the long-haired student says.

"You bet." - Wyatt agrees. He makes a signal to the others, and they nod. "Miss Lana, can I have a quick word?" - he asks, stepping to the side. The teacher follows him.

"Of course, dear. What can I do for you?" - she asks, concerned.

"I need to apologize." - the dark-skinned student says bashfully.

"Oh, what for?" - Lana cocks her head.

"Evie said it wasn't nice when I told the class what you did during detention. I basically snitched on you." - Wyatt says while looking down at his feet, ashamed.

"Ah..." - she mutters, trying to remember.

"I'm sorry! Evie told me to do anything to redeem myself. What can I do?" - the black boy pleads.

'Huh.... This is unexpected. I barely remember that. But if this is so significant to him and Evie, it seems like a perfect opportunity to teach him a lesson. Let's play along...' - she evaluates.

"If I recall correctly, I said something about getting an F in Bio." - the teacher states.

"Anything but that! I can't flunk your class. Please, Miss Lana. I'll do anything." - Wyatt begs. She sighs with disappointment.

'This is going to be a little mean, but I think it will be good for him...' - she assesses.

"Hmm... well..." - she pretends to be considering it. "From now on, you will do what I say when I say." - the teacher says seriously.

"Yes, Miss Lana." - the bleached-haired teen mutters.

"Call me 'ma'am'." - Lana orders.

"Yes, ma'am." - Wyatt says, slouching.

"With enthusiasm, Wyatt. And stand straight." - she barks.

"Yes, ma'am!" - Wyatt says, straightening up. She contains a giggle.

'I like it... It's so fun to tease him...' - she thinks, biting her lower lip.

"For starters, you are not allowed to participate in the photo shoot today. My order is for you to watch while your classmates have fun." - Lana says strictly.

"Ugh! For real?" - the dark-skinned boy groans.

"Maybe next time you will think twice about telling on someone." - she says sternly.

"I swear, I'll never snitch again." - Wyatt says desperately.

"Good, there may be hope for you yet." - she says, toying with the boy.

"When do I know I've redeemed myself?" - the student asks, a mixture of horniness and fear in his eyes.

"That is up to me to decide. Keep obeying me, and I will let you know if you do." - the teacher elaborates.

"Argh..." - Wyatt utters.

"No complaints, go stand over there." - Lana points to a tree stump on the side.

"Yes, ma'am." - the bleached-haired teen says, a bump visible on his crotch area.

'Oooh... maybe he liked it. I kinda do... this will be fun. I better talk to Evie about it, to ensure I don't go too far.' - she makes a mental note.

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Lana goes back to where Lukas and BJ are standing.

"What's up with that?" - BJ asks curiously, nodding at his friend.

"That is between him and me." - Lana says, her tone indicating that there should be no more questions.

"Hah! Wyatt is in troubleeee..." - Lukas sings.

"Do you want to end up like him?!" - the teacher barks. The prankster boy's eyes widen. He shakes his head. "Did not think so. Fabio, are you ready?" - she asks. 'This IS fun!' - she reflects.

"Yes, Miss Lana!" - the long-haired boy gives them a thumbs up.

Lukas picks up two lightsabers and a pistol. He hands BJ the blue saber and the plastic gun to the teacher.

"Teach, I know we can't touch you directly...." - Lukas says with a hint of mischief. He twirls his red lightsaber playfully.

"Yes...?" - the teacher asks gullibly.

"But is indirectly okay?" - the naughty teen asks.

"Uhh..." - she ponders. 'That's what I thought earlier... Dennis must have been specific on purpose. Let's see what this miscreant has in dirty mind first.' - she evaluates. "Lukas, what do you propose?"

"If we touch you with the lightsabers, that should be fine." - the Hunter boy answers, lifting the plastic weapon.

"We would not really be touching you." - BJ adds.

"Yeah, seems pretty reasonable." - Lukas concludes, nodding vehemently.

'If I recall what Bill said in his letter, this should be a school function too. At least partially. So, the Program is probably valid here... when my students are concerned.' - she rationalizes.

"All right. That seems fine. Your hands will not be touching me." - Lana says, a bit to herself too.

"Okay! Just pose with the gun, and we'll do the rest, teach." - Lukas says. He turns to Simon. "First photo!" - he announces.

Lukas uses the tip of the lightsaber to poke her left boob. Lana moans at the unexpected contact. BJ goes a bit further and pokes her nipple, which throbs in response. Simon takes the picture.

'Ohh... clever... the photo will be kinda hot, and they are not touching me at all... mmm... Dens is so smart and naughty for having thought of this.' - she reflects, her cooch heating up.

The two boys rub the sabers around, teasing her tender tits. She moans softly.

"Now, teach. Kneel for the next pose." - Lukas says as Simon gives him the go-ahead.

Without questioning, she submissively kneels. As she does, her boobs jiggle. She feels the warmth from her cooch and a burning sensation on her nipples.

"Lick it. Treat it like your favorite cock." - the Hunter boy says. Lana gasps.

The teacher is debating whether or not to do it when Benjamin rubs her aching nipples with his lightsaber. The touch causes her nipples to stop burning. She moans appreciatively.

'It's harmless... it's a piece of plastic. They are just having some fun taking photos... it's up to the fans to decide how we should pose, right?' - she tells herself naively. She knows going down this path will probably mean further indiscretions, but she does it anyway. 'This is for the club...'

Lana licks the phallic object, pretending it is a real penis. Meanwhile, BJ continues to tease her aroused nipples with his saber. Simon tells them the picture is incredible.

"Miss Lana, can you suck me?" - the Asian boy asks. She looks at him, perplexed but with obvious lust in her green eyes. He opens his pants and fishes out his hard 7-inch bulbous dick.

"BJ!" - Lana gasps, but her cooch twitches at the welcome sight.

"Dude, what the f..." - Wyatt shouts from his tree stump.

"BJ, you dimwit!" - Lukas exclaims.

"It was a joke, jeez! Calm your titties." - BJ says, poking Lana's nipple again with the saber. She moans softly. "I meant my lightsaber. Suck the tip of my saber, Miss Lana." - he clarifies, guiding his fake weapon to her rosy lips.

She nods shyly and wraps her mouth around the tip of the plastic toy. She doesn't break eye contact with his rock-hard prick as she slides the saber inside her mouth.

"Pretend you're playing with both our dicks. Jerk me off, teach." - Lukas instructs.

'I have been helping Jim and the boys a lot... mmm... it's fair to support my other students too...' - she reasons in a nonsensical way.

Her hands grasp Lukas' lightsaber and start jerking it at the same time BJ guides his object in and out of her mouth. Simon interrupts, asking them to move on to the next photo.

They pull their sabers away, and Lukas extends his hand to the teacher, helping her stand up again. As she does so, her dress stays stuck halfway down her thighs.

"Stay like that! I have an idea." - the prankster blue-eyed boy says.

Lukas uses the lightsaber to lift Leia's dress, stopping at the edge of Lana's pussy. BJ still has his sausage out for some reason, and Lana can't help but keep stealing glances at the boy's fascinating and oddly large cockhead. Simon takes a photo of the arousing situation.

"I'll help you now, bro!" - the Asian boy says, using his own saber to continue to lift the teacher's white dress.

Lana's pussy comes into view for a moment before she yelps and puts both of her hands on top of it.

"Miss Lana! No panties, how fucking sexy." - BJ teases her.

"Eeep! You should not do that!" - the curvy teacher exclaims, turning red.

"The rules said nothing about nudity, just no touching." - Lukas points out.

"Ah... well..." - she stammers, embarrassed. 'That's true... I guess they've seen me plenty of times, and we are in private... all right... Dens is watching, and he hasn't said anything. Courage, Lana...this is for the club...' - she repeats.

"Let us lift a bit more, teach. Pleeeeease?" - the Hunter boy asks. She sighs with resignation.

"Fine... but I will keep her covered." - the busty fiancee says. Her students nod.

The two members of the TTT trio lift Lana's dress up to her waist, exposing a lot of her naked lower body, only covered by her hands. Simon takes the fifth photo.

Meanwhile, the third member of the trio, Wyatt, is steaming with jealousy that he is missing the fun with his hot teacher. He vows to himself to do anything to be forgiven.

For the next photo, BJ suggests that Lana holds a pistol and does a classic Princess Leia pose. She accepts but keeps one hand covering her pussy. The picture is highly erotic, with the half-naked teacher posing with her students as if it is the most normal thing in the world.

"I have an idea to spice things up!" - Lukas announces.

"More? What is it?" - she asks as her hand lightly caresses her wet cooch.

"Let me show you... move your hand for a second..." - the pretty boy says.

Instinctively, the teacher moves her hand out of the way, revealing her hairy cooch to her pupil. Instead of reacting to the sight, Lukas holds his red lightsaber over her sex, covering it.

"Hold it against you, teach. Looks so hot." - the Hunter boy says. BJ nods in agreement.

The teacher holds the base of the saber and presses against her skin, barely covering her sex with the red shaft. Her pubic hair spills out from the sides of the plastic toy, although her vagina is covered. Simon takes another pic.

"What if we do this?" - Benjamin says, using one hand to press the lightsaber against the teacher's pussy. His other hand is busy playing with his still-hard dick.

Lana's pussy lips open with the pressure, lodging the fake weapon between them.

"Ahhhh....."- she moans, the sensation of the cold toy against her raw pussy sending shivers up her body. 'Mmm... they are so bad... they're taking advantage of the situation... knowing I need to pose with them... ahh... the toy feels amazing... I'm so wet... shame they can't touch me...' - she thinks, already lost in lust.

Without waiting, Simon takes the 8th picture and gives his schoolmates an OK sign.

"Stay like that, teach." - Lukas orders. He starts lifting her dress again. BJ catches on and does the same. They reach the bottom of her big tits.

"Stooopp..." - she weakly says as she beings grinding her cooch against the lightsaber.

"We can cover your tits for the pic, don't worry." - Lukas grins, and she only moans in return, still playing with her toy.

They lift the costume all the way past her breasts, which fall heavily. The horny teacher sighs with relief as the burning on her nipples subsides.

"Fucking amazing tits..." - BJ comments.

She flushes and moans as her embarrassment only fuels her arousal. Lukas hovers his hand in front of her nipples, obstructing them from the camera.

"This way, we're not touching you!" - the blue-eyed student says.

"It doesn't matter if your boobs are out, as long as there is no touching. Right, Miss Lana?" - BJ asks, copying his friend.

"Hm-hmm... seems fine..." - she says raspily. Her breathing is heavy. "You are not touching me at all..." - she agrees weakly. 'They are within the rules... gosh... my boobs are out... but the aching stopped at least.... Mmm... this is so improper... and my cooch is rubbing against the plastic sword.... ahh... I'm so indecent... no... this is for the club... it's all reasonable...' - she tells herself, rubbing her sex furiously against the red lightsaber.

Simon adjusts his pants and then takes the penultimate picture.

"Last one!" - the long-haired photographer announces. "Make it count."

"Okay, teach. This is a bit out there, but go with me." - Lukas says, and she obediently nods.

The student pulls his lightsaber from between her pussy lips, sliding it along her slit. The teacher trembles in pleasure and bites down her lip to avoid moaning too loud.

"Wow, Miss Lana, you're so wet..." - BJ points at the slick toy, beating off his dick. "I want to taste you...." - he adds, and she whimpers.

In her state, Lana doesn't even realize that her cunt is completely uncovered and that the boys have stopped covering her tits. The curvy teacher is fully naked, her dress only covering her collarbone, neck, and arms. Simon sneakily takes a couple pictures for himself.

"Another time, dude." - Lukas tells his friend. He sandwiches the damp lightsaber between her massive boobs. "Push your slutty tits together, teach." - he commands.

She obeys and pushes her round orbs from the side, keeping the toy weapon in place.

Lukas moves his hands to hover above her pussy. He instructs BJ to do the same.

"See? Now you're covered again, and we're not touching!" - the mischievous teen grins.

The sexed-up teacher only groans, accepting her fate (and ignoring that her breasts are basically exposed to the camera).

The long-haired student smirks and takes a photo. Simon is stupefied by how far his favorite teacher let these two little shits go. He knows Hoseman and Prez will get a kick out of it. And this will certainly facilitate their future AV Club plans.

To paint a clearer picture of their last photo: Miss Lana Cox, the school's biology teacher, stands naked between two of her students. Her hair is in space buns, and she only wears long white boots. Her dress is hiked up to her neck, and she is pressing her double-D tits together with her hands. A red lightsaber is being enveloped and held between her perfect knockers. Her erect nipples and large rosy areolas are unmistakable. On each side, the boys have one of their arms stretched in front of her, hovering a couple inches above her sex and hiding her most intimate area from the camera. The rest of her is entirely bare. One of the students is also holding his sizable erection.

"Thanks, teach. This was fun! My mom will love when I tell her." - Lukas says, removing the lightsaber from her tits and putting it back in the box.

"Ah..." - Lana says, a bit sad that it has ended. 'Gee... Mary will get a kick out of it for sure...' - she reflects.

However, Benjamin has one last prank to play. The cheeky boy steps in front of her and takes hold of the hem of her costume, careful to not touch her directly. He starts to pull the dress back down her body, covering her.

"Ooops..." - the southeast Asian student says as he thrusts his hip forward and rubs his hard wiener against her wet cooch.

"Annngggg!" - she moans, a jolt from her sex running up her spine.

"Sorry, Miss Lana." - BJ says. He bucks his knees and thrusts upwards, poking his teen cock at her vagina. Even though her pussy is drenched, he still feels resistance against his jab. He steps back and finishes pulling her dress back down. "I slipped." - he grins.

"Ahh... Benjamin!" - she yells, her mind clearing. "You touched me!"

"It was an accident. And technically, I didn't touch you. 'Twas my dick." - the Asian boy smirks.

"He's right, teach. Technically you are safe." - Lukas states.

"Am I?" - she asks, dumbfounded. She wants to believe them; that way, she doesn't break Dens' rules. 'I guess so... his penis is not him. Maybe it doesn't count at all. And it was an accident. So doesn't matter anyway.' - she thinks hornily. "Nevertheless!" - she shouts, knowing she has to put her foot down with the prankish boy. "What did you do, Benjamin? That was too far!"

BJ looks at her wide-eyed. He forgot that there is a fine line where his teacher is naive and goes along with their suggestions. Anything too far, she pushes back and explodes.

"Uhh... I...." - BJ stammers nervously. He is afraid of her.

"Sorry, ma'am. BJ is just an idiot." - Wyatt appears and pulls him away. "Put your dick away, dumbass." - his dark-skinned friend bids. The tanned teen obeys, looking down at his feet in shame.

"It is okay." - she says. 'I can't get mad now. We are in the middle of the event. I will deal with him later.' - she decides. "Benjamin, I will see you in detention on Monday." - she says, crossing her arms.

"But..." - the Asian boy starts to protest, but Wyatt covers his mouth, and Lukas steps in front of him.

"You got it, teach. We'll make sure BJ is there." - the Hunter boy says.

"Good, good." - she nods, happy to show them who is in charge.

Before they leave, Simon reminds them of the dress-cutting part. Lukas cuts an inch at the bottom, leaving her dress to end at her knees, and BJ chops an inch of her dress' high neck.

"Can I do it too?" - Wyatt asks. And she stares at him. "Ma'am." - Lana smiles, pleased.

"You may, but only my arm." - she says, stretching her left arm toward him.

Wyatt grumbles and slices a chunk of her left sleeve.

The TTT trio finally leaves, carrying pieces of her dress and the website code.

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Five townsfolk follow her students. Since indirect touching is now acceptable, the teacher lets them rub lightsabers and pistols on her body. Over her Princess Leia cosplay, they poke her breasts, prod her ass, and rub her cooch with the props. The material of her dress is thin, so Lana is still on fire by the time the fifth person leaves.

Each fan cuts a bit more of her costume; her left sleeve is to her elbow, while the bottom of her dress is already an inch above her knees.

'Goodness... this is getting out of hand. I need to make sure Dens is okay with it.' - she reflects.

"Simon, can you ask Greg to call Dennis over?" - she asks. Her student nods.

She adjusts herself and puts the props away. After a minute, she sees her fiancee walking over and goes to meet him.

"Hey, babe. Oh, your cosplay looks nice!" - Dennis says, alluding to the cutting. Everything is still very prim with the outfit.

"Ah! I am glad you like it, hun! People seem to be enjoying it." - the beautiful future-wife smiles.

"I bet. I am enjoying it too!" - he reveals.

"You are?!" - she asks, baffled. 'I thought he didn't mind it but didn't realize he was actually liking it!'

"Yup! The boys and Pietro are super fun. We're talking about shows and a possible D&D campaign." - he says enthusiastically. She rolls her eyes at the nerdy things.

"And is the event going well?" - she inquires apprehensively, trying to refer to the photo shoot.

"Sure?" - the ginger fiancee shrugs.

"Nothing bad then?" - she asks, relieved.

"I don't think so. Everything seems in order so far." - Dennis nods his head.

Unlike Lana, Dennis was talking about his role at the event at the table. Due to Greg's naughtiness, the line and the curtains are in the way, and Dennis couldn't see anything that had happened with her so far.

'I guess he didn't stop us. He said he would if he didn't like it. That means he really is okay with it... - she chews over.

"Are you sure, Dens? People are having a lot of fun with the props. Indirectly." - she winks at him.

"That's fantastic, babe! It will make for great photos." - he smiles and leans over. "Maybe we can take some 'special' photos with the props later." - he whispers lustily.

"Oh, Mr. Pervert! That sounds fun." - she smiles, happy to have his support. 'So, indirect touching is more than okay. I'm glad.'

"Everything good, Simon?" - Dennis asks loudly, turning toward the student photographer.

"All in order, Mr. Laywood." - Simon gives him a thumbs up.

'Dens didn't mind anything at all. Does that mean I can go even further?' - she ponders.

"Hey Dennis, the Doctor is here!" - Pietro shouts.

"Ah! Nice." - he replies. He holds his fiancee's hand. "Babe, I need to talk to the doctor about something I discussed with Pietro. I'll tell you over dinner. You'll like it!"

"I cannot wait." - she smiles, and they exchange a quick kiss. He starts to walk back, but she holds his arm. "Hun, do you mind if we have a bit more fun?" - she asks shyly.

"Not at all. Enjoy!" - Dennis smiles lovingly and marches toward the doctor.

She exhales and feels a flutter in her flat tummy.

"Everything okay, Miss Lana?" - Simon asks, patting her bubble butt again.

"All Perfect. I am relieved." - the teacher smiles at her student. She rubs her backside against his hand.

"That's good. Are you ready for the next fans?" - the boy asks, griping a chunk of her assflesh.

"I am..." - she purrs, rubbing her legs together and stimulating her cooch.

The following 5 people taking photos are similar to the ones before. They use the props to tease the teacher and take some suggestive images, but nothing too out of order. The last person bends the teacher over and lodges the lightsaber between the cheeks of her ample and shapely butt.

Each person chops a bit more of her costume. Her right sleeve is presently also at her elbow, and the high neck of the dress is completely gone, now starting at her collarbone.

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Dr. Hardik

Lana spots the local doctor chatting with Greg; he is apparently next. Her nipples burn and ache, reminding her of her predicament.

'This is a great time to ask him about it!' - she decides.

"If it isn't my favorite chinaal. Hello, sweety!" - an old south Asian man says.

"Oh, hello, Dr. Hardik. How are you?" - Lana says. She had barely spoken with the old perverted doctor in the morning.

"Achcha, good." - the sexagenarian Indian man replies. "Your boyfriend asked for my help."

"Yes, he just told me. What is it?" - the busty teacher asks.

"Hope he is not having problems playing with your chut. That would be a shame." - the senior pervert smiles.

"Erm, sorry. I do not know what that is." - she answers earnestly.

"Your vagina, sweety." - the Indian doctor says impatiently.

"\*Gasp\*... I do not think so..." - Lana mutters shyly.

"Achcha, achcha. He will come to see me tomorrow." - the old man says, stretching his arms and contacting her tits with his palm.

"Oh... oooohhh..." - she moans. "Stop that, you perverted doctor." - Lana says, slapping his hand away.

"Caham!" - Simon clears his throat. "Reminding you of the rules, Doc. Only 5 photos and no touching the cosplayer directly." - the AV Club photographer says.

"Arre... boring. What can I do then?" - the south Asian doctor asks.

"I will tell you in a minute, but I need some medical help first, please?" - the teacher asks, as her nipples start to throb again after his touch.

The old man spits on the floor.

"What can I do you for, rani?" - Dr. Hardik asks.

Lana explains to him the symptoms of her nipples and what she has done so far. She mentions the lotion from Summer as a possible cause.

"I see..." - the old doctor thinks. "I am coming to the school on Thursday to discuss the physical exams. So, I can bring a prescription cream to help you, sweety."

"Thursday? Does it mean I have to wait until then?" - she exclaims, slightly upset.

"Patience. It's only a few days." - the old man shakes his head. She sighs.

"Should I worry?" - she asks, concerned.

"Not at all. It could be an allergic reaction to the lotion or something in the fabric. Could also be related to your high libido, chinaal." - the south Asian doctor explains.

"\*Gasp\*!" - she puffs. 'Is he saying I have a higher libido than normal? Gee...'

"Achcha, maybe it's a family thing. I'm not sure. Talk to your mother." - the sexagenarian man dismisses.

"All right. What do I do until then?" - the teacher asks, squeezing her boobs absent-mindedly.

"Ishu, maybe ditch the bra whenever you can. If feasible, avoid direct fabric contact." - Dr. Hardik says.

"Really? Is it necessary?" - she asks. 'I guess Bill won't mind since the Program encourages it. Gosh... hopefully, Dens is okay with it.'

"Arre, still a prude. Yes, it can make the problem worse. Also, try to get sexual relief when possible." - the doctor says, rocking back and forth.

"Ehh!?" - she exclaims. 'He is so crass...'

"It will calm your desires, too. Whenever your tits are particularly achy or stiff. They might be accentuating the issue. Okay, sweety?" - the Indian man says.

"Um-hum... thanks, doctor." - the teacher says. 'Not sure what to do yet... I'll see what happens and then go from there.' - she assesses.

"Now for my reward, chutiya. What can I do?" - he asks lecherously.

"Uhh... you can use the props to touch me." - the buxom fiancee says, showing him the box.

"Jhakaas... fantastic! Let me see here..." - the elderly Indian man says, rummaging around.

The old perverted man goes to the box and grabs a slave Leia choker with a plastic chain and a pair of more miniature sabers, about 12 inches. He hands it to Lana to put the choker on. The accessory immediately transforms her white outfit into a lewder one.

With a grunt, the sexagenarian sits on the step stool that Herb left there.

"Be a good randi and come sit on my lap." - he gives her a crooked smile and pats his lap suggestively.

"What does 'raindy' mean?" - Lana asks curiously.

"Randi." - Dr. Hardik corrects. "Means prostitute." - he says nonchalantly. She gasps at being called that, but her pussy clamps, enjoying it.

"I cannot sit on you... that would be touching." - she says, brushing off his name-calling.

"Che... like this immoral woman has any boundaries." - the doctor mumbles. "Fine, get on all fours in front of me." - he orders, tapping a tiny lightsaber on the floor. The saber almost looks like a sex toy.

Lana feels her cunt juice drool down her leg. For some reason, she decides to obey the senile pervert. The teacher kneels before him and then gets on all fours with her large rump in the air. She is sideways to the camera and the doctor.

The doctor admires her thick bottom, swallowing up the dress and stretching the fabric to its limits.

"Are you capturing this, boy? Her buttocks are perfect for a good choda." - Dr. Hardik tells Simon. Lana looks at him curiously. "How do you say that? Ah! A good fucking." - the doctor says with a grin. She gasps, and he rolls his eyes. He mutters something under his breath.

He struggles to pull her dress up using the tiny lightsaber. Suddenly she hears a ripping.

"Eeepp! What are you doing?" - she protests.

"chutiya, I just cut your dress a bit. Your fat ass is too big to get it over." - he states seriously, shaking the 12-inch lightsaber.

Lana looks at the slit of her dress, now halfway up her thigh. She feels the doctor sliding her dress up, and she holds her breath, anxious and horny.

Her shapely creamy ass comes into view of the doctor and the camera. The Indian man also has a prime view of her virgin pink twat and rosy asshole.

"Already wet... what a slut..." - he says lecherously, and she squirms. "Your butt is so large and beautiful. You were made to be bred."

Lana's face goes utterly scarlet at the doctor's words. He is so direct, so casually vulgar. She loves it, as is evident by her pussy gushing and glistening.

"Doc, only a couple photos left... make it count." - Simon tells him.

"Arre yaar..." - the old man grumbles with frustration.

She feels the doctor rubbing the lightsaber along her cooch. The soft squishy sounds are only evident to the participants of the shoot. She feels pressure on her virgin vagina as he presses the base against it.

"Noo... not there... please..." - she begs breathlessly.

"Okay, sweety. I won't." - the Asian man says, to her surprise.

'He will accept it just like that? I bet he will ask for something else... hmm... what can he do.... Oh! Maybe my anus? Yeah... that seems like a good compromise... and I get some practice... for Dens, of course...' - she thinks.

"You can... put it... in my anus..." - she says shyly.

"Oooh... I knew you had it in you, chinaal." - Dr. Hardik says. "A-hem... \*ptoo\*!" - she hears the doctor spitting on the toy weapon. "\*Ptoo\*!" - she feels something cold on her asshole. He just spat into her hole.

"Doctor! Did you just spit on my anus?" - she wriggles her backside but doesn't move from her raunchy position.

"It's to make it easier. For penetration." - the perverted man smirks.

The future-wife feels the cold plastic prodding at her entrance. She tries to relax her sphincter. Suddenly she feels tremendous pressure as the base of the lightsaber goes inside her.

"Ahhh..." - the teacher moans, the pleasure overcoming the tiny bit of pain.

"Achcha, this will make for a nice photo." - he says, smacking her ass with force. The sound echoes around the small clearing.

"Yeowwww!" - she yelps, but the pleasure makes her shiver.

He holds the chain in hand to pose for the shot.

To paint a clearer picture of their last photo: Miss Lana Cox, a newcomer in town, is wearing a sexy Princess Leia costume. She is on all fours in front of an old Indian man holding a plastic chain attached to a choker around her neck. The bottom of her dress is hiked to the beginning of her large creamy buttocks, exposing it fully. One of her ass cheeks has a red mark. A toy green lightsaber is sticking out from the butt, presumably being held from by asshole.

Simon takes a picture of the obscene picture.

"Who knew you would love it up your tooshie, slut." - the doctor says casually.

Dr. Hardik pushes the tiny weapon further inside her asshole, all the way to the base of the hilt, about 3.5 inches.

"Ooof... I feel so full..." - Lana mutters, wriggling her bum to adjust to the sensation. Her cooch is dripping like crazy, and her nipples throb. 'I want to touch myself... no... I shouldn't... this will get out of hand... it's just harmless so far, nothing that we shouldn't do...' - she tells herself.

The lecherous doctor starts to slide the lightsaber in and out of her asshole. Lana moans in tandem with the lewd wet sounds.

'This feels so good... ahh... it's so wrong... this dirty old man is sliding a toy inside my anus... goodness... but why does it feel so good? Ahmmmm... if this is what a toy feels like in my rear... imagine a real penis... wow... I need to try it... it's not that big... smaller than Dens... ahhh... so I need to get used to something bigger in my butt... that seems too much... but I need to be able to fit him... I better practice... mmmm... Dens will be so happy when he gets to put his peepee in my bottom... mmm...' - she thinks, enjoying the anal masturbation session.

"And that's a wrap!" - Simon announces. Both Lana and the Doctor curse out loud.

"Noooo...." - she whimpers. She was starting to feel her orgasm build up.

"Don't make me call the others, Doc." - the AV Club boy warns him.

"Arre. Fine." - the Asian man pulls the saber out of her back hole with a lewd sound. "\*Ptoo\*!" - he spits on her asshole again. The teacher trembles, secretly loving being degraded.

'Gosh... I enjoy being treated like a slut by this perverted old man... mmm... no, no... it's just my body's natural reaction.' - she squirms.

The doctor gets up and adjusts his erection in his pants.

"Next time I will fuck your ass, bhosdike." - the elderly man says. "See you Thursday. Ram-ram!" - he says, walking away impatiently.

Lana gets up and puts herself together. The slit of her dress now goes halfway up her thigh. It looks incredibly titillating.

"Thanks, Fabio. That old perv always pushes too far." - she says, fixing her makeup and hair.

"No prob, Miss Lana. That's why I am here." - the long-haired boy smiles, putting the slave Leia choker away. He secretly accommodates his erection when she is not looking.

'I need to reward him sometime... he's been so nice and helping me throughout this event. I'll think of something.' - she reflects with a naughty smile.

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Afterward, a few more fans come, and once again, they use the lightsabers and pistols to tease the teacher and keep her on edge. She is feeling on fire, in dire need of relief.

They also chop a bit more of the costume, mainly focusing on her left sleeve, now practically gone, and at the bottom of the dress, now three inches above her knee.

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Chloe & Bill

"Miss Lana!" - the blonde captain of the volleyball team squeals. "We're back!"

The peppy blonde jumps towards her teacher and hugs her, her teenage C-cup boobies mashing against the teacher's D-cups.

Simon's mouth falls agape. Instant boner.

"H-hi, Chloe!" - Lana says to her student. When their chests contacted, she felt her cooch twinge.

Principal Bill comes right behind her and immediately marches to the AV Club student without directing a word toward the curvaceous teacher. He quietly speaks to Simon about something.

"I missed you!" - Chloe smooches her teacher's mouth, not letting go of the embrace.

"Me too, Chloe." - Lana says warmly, trying to figure out what the principal is saying.

"I can't wait to take some hot pics and show them to Drew!" - the blonde athlete says, letting go of her teacher.

Chloe Chase is the pretty class rep of Lana's class, 2-D, and she is dating Andrew, the principal's great-nephew. The blonde has long hair and a fit athletic body. She is peppy, cheery, and slightly pervy, although she has never had sex before. While she is bisexual, she is enamored with big cocks.

"Oh, yes. It will be fun." - the brunette educator agrees.

Bill thanks Simon and trudges to where the busty young ladies are.

"Hello again, buttercup." - the old principal nods to Lana. He puts his hand on Chloe's tight backside and squeezes it firmly. She moans.

Principal William 'Bill' Winston-Phillips is one of the most influential men in town, and his massive size indicates that. He is in his late 60s and is tall and overweight, looking like a sizeable ancient bear. He is also excessively lecherous, a fact known by every woman in Winston.

'Oh, there he goes again... hugging Chloe but ignoring me...' - she thinks, envious.

"Chloe and Principal Bill, a reminder that you are not allowed to touch the cosplayer directly." - the AV Club student says, shattering Lana's hope of getting the big, old man's attention.

'Gee... I forgot about that...' - Lana reflects, a bit disappointed by the rules.

"Don't be a party pooper, Simon!" - the popular blonde says, showing him her tongue.

"Now, now, doll." - Bill says, lifting Chloe's skirt and slapping her firm ass. "We need to play by the rules."

"But..." - the naughty athlete protests, rubbing her sore butt.

"That doesn't mean that us two can't touch. Right, Lana?" - the old man smirks.

"Uhhh, yes. You two are allowed to..." - the busty teacher answers. 'Great... now I have to watch Bill touch and grope Chloe while he ignores me... humpf... wait... why am I so jealous? Argh... Lana, control yourself...' - she thinks, shaking her head.

"Superb!" - the principal says. "Chloe, let's take some nice photos."

"And what do I do?" - Lana asks, feeling left out.

"Oh, yes. Please join us, too, sunshine." - Bill says, slipping his hand between the blonde's bum cheeks.

"Ahh... Uncle Bill... mmm..." - Chloe purrs and squirms.

Lana's cooch and nipples throb, seeing her student openly groped by the oversized principal again. The sight gets her hornier, and she bites her lip, wishing it is her instead of Chloe.

The trio does a few fun and innocent poses with the props. Chloe is on the principal's right, while Lana is on his left.

"All right, Chloe. Kneel for me." - Bill says, unzipping his trousers and pulling out his enormous fat dick and heavy balls.

Both girls gasp, amazed by the sheer girth and length of it. Chloe has already seen it, but the old prick is still a welcome sight to her sexed-up brain.

"Oh, goodness..." - Lana mutters, admiring the principal's penis. 'It's so thick... and long... and it's still soft... wow... even like this is way bigger than Dens... Dens looks like a little boy next to Bill... gosh... what am I thinking...' - she shakes her head, trying to dismiss the thoughts.

The blonde class rep obediently kneels next to the cock and, without any instructions, holds it in her tiny hands, smiling obscenely at the camera.

"Oh, Uncle Bill..." - Chloe moans, rubbing her cheek on his old fat sausage.

Lana gasps, jealously turning her stomach and making her heart thump.

"Bill..." - the buxom teacher says, and he smiles at her. "Can I... get close, too?" - Lana asks, blushing intensely.

"Hah!" - the bear-sized man guffaws. "Of course, peach. Just make sure to not touch me directly."

Nodding, she kneels next to his girthy and hardening member. Simon adjusts his painful boner as the picture of his bustiest teacher and sexy schoolmate beside the principal's big cock is absurdly hot.

"Uncle... what do I do now?" - Chloe asks, looking at the big man with sparkly eyes. His dick twitches at her sexual innocence.

"Well, why don't you suck it on it a little bit?" - Bill suggests. Lana holds her breath.

"I haven't done it before... not even to Drew..." - the blonde says shyly, wrapping her hand around his member.

"It's a good opportunity to learn, doll." - the principal states, his dick almost at full mast.

"I want to... but Simon is watching me..." - Chloe says, turning red with embarrassment.

"Pretend he is not here. And Lana doesn't mind, do you, sunshine?" - the oversized old man asks.

"Ahmm... I..." - the shapely teacher mutters, ogling his elder prick. "No..." - she croaks.

"There you go! Now be a good girl and give my old fat cock a lick." - Bill pats Chloe's head.

"I can't believe my first blowjob will be on camera..." - the blonde class-rep coos, trying to contain her enthusiasm. "And to Drew's great-uncle..." - she says breathily.

Lana feels her cooch clamp and gush, drenching her thighs. 'Imagine if I gave a blowjob while being filmed... to someone else instead of Dens... gosh... the idea is so hot...' - she reflects, resisting the urge to touch her burning twat.

Chloe starts to lick the principal dick, which quickly grows to its full 9 inches of heavy man meat. She continues to eagerly and awkwardly lick on his tool for a few seconds.

Lana is practically drooling, observing her. 'I wish it was me... look how big it is... gosh...' - she thinks, pinching and squeezing her aching nipples.

"Open wide, lewd girl." - Bill commands, taking control of his prick.

"Ahhhh..." - Chloe says, opening her mouth as wide as she can to accommodate his thick hog. The principal guides his cockhead to her hungry hole. "Sorry, Drew..." - she mutters.

Bill pushes his old dick inside her wanton mouth, and Chloe lets out a muffled moan. She shakes and trembles lightly, having a small orgasm.

'Goodness... did Chloe climax just by sucking on Bill's penis-head? Did it feel that good? Hmm.... I want to try it... why does she get to do this... the rules are not fair...' - she reflects enviously, twisting her stiff nipples.

The overweight man slowly slides his prick in and out of her mouth, with the blonde athlete doing everything in her power to engulf him and not gag. She continues to let out muffled groans.

Lana keeps admiring the situation, mesmerized and debating on what to do. She is so enthralled by the spectacle before her that she opens her legs absentmindedly. Due to all the "modifications" from the townsfolk, her dress had ridden up a lot when she knelt. These things combined leave her drooling pussy in plain view of the camera.

Simon groans approvingly, admiring his teacher's pink, wet snatch. The boy takes a few zoomed photos of Lana's aroused sex for his private collection.

Chloe continues to suck and bob on the principal's dick. However, her inexperienced mouth can only take a couple inches of his meaty dick. Lana bites her lower lip and inhales deeply.

"Bill..." - Lana utters, unable to contain her jealousy and desires anymore.

The old principal smirks, knowing the time has come. He pulls his jumbo dick out of his great-nephew's girlfriend's mouth. Chloe mewls and is left panting, slobber all over her red face.

"Doll, are you ready to help out your club?" - he asks Lana, his cock bobbing a few inches from her face.

"Yes, please... I will do anything...." - the teacher pleads, her mind foggy with lust.

"Do it like Chloe, touch my dick." - Bill orders as Chloe starts gingerly groping his large balls, covered with white hair.

"I cannot... the rules..." - Lana says, licking her lips. She feels her juices running down her leg at the idea of playing with the principal's well-endowed saber. A fact not missed by Simon's camera.

"Well, you said we can't touch you, but nothing about you touching us." - the principal arguments.

"It is still touching if I use my hands..." - the curvy teacher says weakly, albeit she wants nothing more.

"Miss Lana... why don't you use your tongue?" - the blonde athlete suggests, rubbing her kitty above her panties.

"Good girl, Chloe!" - Bill pats her head, and she mewls again. "If you use your tongue on my dick, it's indirect touching. Like a prop." - he explains.

"Really? Ohh..." - Lana moans as Chloe pushes the principal's hairy balls, and they hit the teacher's cheek.

"Yes, sunshine, it's basically like licking that toy there. Seems reasonable." - the old man says.

'Hmm... licking his penis is not directly touching... I'm not using my hands... and his big fat penis is not him... so it should be fine regarding the rules... yes... I think Dens would approve...' - she convinces herself.

"All right..." - the horny teacher agrees sheepishly. "Just to help the club..." - she adds, and Bill nods approvingly.

The bear of a man doesn't waste time and guides his thick shaft to her mouth.

"Be a good hussy and give my dick a lick to the camera." - Bill orders, Lana squirms at the name-calling.

Lana shyly sticks her tongue out and licks his engorged shaft. She moans as if it is a delicious dish. The large principal groans happily.

The busty teacher starts to slide her red tongue all over his prick, appreciating his musky taste and manly smell.

'Ahhh... this seems wrong... I'm licking my boss' penis while two of my students watch... I'm such a dirty teacher... so obscene... no... this is for the club... to help them... Bill said so himself...' - her mind whirls as she lathers his old dick. 'He tastes good... it's so manly... the taste alone makes my cooch twitch...'

"You're doing a great job, Lana." - the principal groans. She moans at his praise.

Chloe whimpers next to the principal. Her hand is inside her panties, furiously rubbing her kitty.

"You can join in, too, doll. There's fat cock for all sluts!" - Bill chuckles, winking at Simon.

The blonde joins her teacher, and the two hotties lick his massive dick simultaneously. They start lapping at his member, their tongues hitting each other multiple times.

'This is so hot... Dens would love this... seeing this little vixen sharing a big sausage with me... mmm... this gives me some ideas... gosh... all I want is to plunge my fingers inside my cooch... or something inside me... I'm burning up... I need to get off so bad... mmmm...' - the teacher thinks.

The photo of the two sexy and horny sluts licking the principal's cock would obtain an obscenely high price at an auction.

Bill starts thrusting his old hips, fucking the girl's tongues as they lick him. His girthy manhood slides along their erotic inexperienced tongues, slobber covering the girl's faces.

The principal's grunts and groans get faster and louder by the second, indicating his incoming ejaculation. Simon is almost bursting into his pants, looking at the scene.

"Fuck... I'm going to come..." - the principal announces. Without warning, he shoves his dick inside Chloe's mouth. She chokes. "Swallow my load, little harlot.... Uggggg..." - he grunts.

The oversized principal thrusts his old cock deeper into the blonde student's mouth and lets out a guttural groan as he discharges his aged semen down the athlete's throat. Chloe rubs herself more intensely and makes a muffled moan, having another orgasm. The sight is also too much for Simon, who splurges in his pants.

'Ahh... goodness... that looks so dirty... so nasty... she is basically a tissue for his semen.... I wish it was me... getting face-fucked by his fat dick... Lana! What are you saying...' - she chastises her thoughts, but she is pinching and pulling her throbbing nipples as she watches.

Bill pulls his fat saliva-covered penis from the blonde's mouth, panting heavily. Lana can't help but wish she was the one who had gotten the principal off alone.

'Maybe in the future he will let me try it out...' - she thinks, hornily.

Chloe stands, struts to her teacher, and kisses her. Lana feels her student's tongue invading her mouth, the taste and aroma of fresh cum taking over her senses. The nasty blonde quickly breaks the saliva exchange.

'Mmm... Bill doesn't taste that bad... almost like Dens, a bit worse. Maybe I can get used to this...' - the naive fiancee reflects, savoring the taste left in her mouth by her fit pupil.

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After everyone recovers from their climaxes, they put themselves together, except for our dear teacher, who is still on edge and in need of an orgasm.

"That was great, dolls." - Bill says, and the two women purr at him. His hand is inside Chloe's panties as they talk, caressing her bare ass. "Excellent, Lana. I am glad I didn't have to tell you that the 'Incentive Program' is valid here." - he says.

"I assumed it did." - the teacher admits, enviously eyeing his groping hand.

"Well, keep it up. I can't wait to see what you cook up tomorrow." - the old man says.

"Tomorrow?" - Lana asks, unsure.

"Yes, at school. Your first official day in the 'Program'. And wearing the new uniform." - Bill reminds her, pumping up his eyebrows suggestively.

"Ah, sorry. A lot of stuff happened this weekend; Friday seems like it was ages ago." - the buxom fiancee says, embarrassed by her mistake.

"I can attest to that!" - Chloe winks at her teacher, who blushes. "Simon, can I check the photos?" - the blonde asks, going toward the AV Club boy. They start going over some of their pictures.

"Sunshine, I heard you are interested in your butt?" - the principal asks quietly, patting her backside.

"Uhhh... um-hum... I even let someone play with it today." - she admits, putting her hand over her mouth.

"Nice, nice. That is a good path." - Bill nods in approval.

"What do you mean?" - Lana cocks her head in confusion.

"Don't worry about it. On a related note, I chatted with Mary earlier, and she asked me to give you something at school." - the principal says cryptically.

"What is it?" - the busty teacher asks.

"A surprise." - he winks. "I'll bring it tomorrow or Tuesday. You can try it then."

"Okay, I will do my best!" - she says enthusiastically, not really understanding what he meant.

"You're a trip, Lana." - the old man chuckles.

"The photos are great, Uncle Bill!" - Chloe shouts, interrupting them. "You are so hot in them, Miss Lana." - she adds, biting her lower lip.

"Ah... thanks, Chloe." - the teacher says, turning red again.

For the dress-cutting part, Chloe cuts Lana's dress collar a bit, creating a sort of v-neck. Bill does the same. A tiny hint of her cleavage is now visible.

"Well, this was fun, but we have to go to a family party." - Bill says. "Thanks, Simon!" - he waves to his student, who waves back.

"Uncle, can we play more?" - the class-rep purrs, rubbing up against the burly man.

"Such a lewd girl. We'll see." - the big man chuckles, slapping her butt. \*Slap!\* The fit athlete squeals.

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Lana walks the two to the entrance to the shooting area. Dennis is there, chatting with a couple folk from the line.

Seeing him, Chloe approaches Lana and gives her teacher a big tongue kiss in front of everyone. The two pretty women make out for a few seconds, giving every hot-blooded male in the vicinity an instant hard-on.

"Bye, Miss Lana!" - Chloe says, winking at Dennis and strutting away.

"See you tomorrow, sunshine." - Principal Bill says, marching after the blonde sexpot.

Dennis approaches his fiancee, adjusting his tiny boner.

"Hi, Dens. Did you like when Chloe was there?" - his betrothed asks. 'Hope he did. That means I can do more of it...'

"Yes, babe. It was so hot." - he admits, as their lesbian kiss has given him jerk-off material for a couple days. He isn't aware of anything that had trespassed in the private shooting area.

"Thanks, hun!" - she kisses him. 'I'm glad he is okay with it... for a second, I thought I went too far with Bill, but it seems like it's all good.' - she thinks, relieved.

Dennis kisses her back. He smells something weird on her, a musky scent. Maybe it was Chloe, he thinks, unaware that the odor is from Bill's dick and balls.

"Uhhh... are they still respecting the no-touching?" - he asks, wriggling his nose.

"Absolutely! Nobody's hand has touched anybody." - she smiles, choosing her words carefully. 'I'm glad he didn't mind the penis contact. Bill was right! It really doesn't count as direct contact. Even Dens agrees.' - she reflects.

"Phew! That's good. I was fearing the worst." - the ginger fiance admits.

"Do not worry, hun. I am meticulously following the rules." - the future-wife says. 'Dens is funny... he doesn't mind my tongue licking a fat penis but then gets all nervous about hand touching. I'll never fully understand him...' - she ponders.

"Thanks, babe!" - the lovers hug deeply. "Can we take some 'special photos' now?" - he asks.

"Oh, sure!" - she says enthusiastically.

The couple goes to the shooting area, and Simon reminds them of the rules. Dennis laughs and gives him an approving thumbs-up.

To Lana's disappointment, Dennis only takes tame photos, trying to do move-like poses with the sabers and the pistols.

'Not sure what is so special about these...' - she thinks. He makes a pew-pew sound with the gun. She giggles. 'He is such a big kid sometimes. I love him so much.'

He seems to have enjoyed it as the ginger fiancee checks the photos and gives Simon his endorsement. The fiancees kiss and say their farewells, returning to their event duties.

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Lana continues to take photos with some more townsfolk. The first one, like before, uses props to insinuate sexy situations and tease the heck out of our poor teacher.

Rumors spread among the people in the line, and the next fans lift her dress, getting her to flash her pussy for the photos. After the fifth person, she lets them rub the lightsabers/pistols on her wet cooch.

She is a hot mess when the 10th person leaves, holding a piece of her dress and the website with the photos.

Speaking of her cosplay: Her right sleeve is also gone due to the latest cutting, leaving her sleeveless. Her new v-neck must have awakened something in the townspeople as they continued to cut at it, leaving our teacher with a nice cleavage, showing the very top of her full orbs.

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Prof. Henry & Kenny

A mousy older male and a tall young man arrive next.

"Hello again, dear!" - Prof. Henry greets her. He is a short and scrawny tenured professor that works with Lana. He is in his mid-60s and is wearing a tweed jacket and a boater hat.

"G'afternoon, Miss Cox." - Kenny beams. He is a tall, lean, simple 20-year-old man who works as the school janitor. He is wearing basic jeans and a white t-shirt.

"Hi, Henry and Kenny. Glad you came back." - Lana says to her colleagues.

"Yup, aunt Stella was cool 'bout it." - the janitor reveals.

"That is great!" - the teacher says. Kenny goes for an embrace when Simon clears his throat.

"Ahem! Reminding you of what Jim said: only 5 photos and no touching the cosplayer directly." - the AV Club photographer says.

"That is unfortunate. I was hoping for some kisses." - Henry says lecherously, holding Kenny back.

"So, we can't 'ave any fun?" - the tall custodian asks gloomily.

'Ah, Kenny seems sad. Should I tell them we can do some things? Henry always goes too far, but he's a harmless lecher. They mean well... okay, let me show them something fun...' - she decides.

"We can! Like this..." - Lana says, pulling her new v-neck down and freeing her perfect breasts. The aching on her nipples subside, giving her instant relief.

She turns beet red. 'I can't believe I did this... But I feel better... the doctor might be right. Also, it's just for the club. No need to dwell on it, Lana.' - she tells herself.

"Golly! What enormous melons!" - the old professor exclaims, his eyes almost coming out of their sockets.

"Awesome! I don't get tired of seeing 'em nekky." - Kenny says, and Henry gives him a peculiar look.

"You can use the toys to touch me..." - she instructs, pointing at the box.

The trio starts posing, with the bare-breasted teacher sandwiched between her two colleagues.

"Thanks, dear." - Prof. Henry says, eyeing her boobies. "It's been so long since I saw a purty woman like you. Since my wife died." - he says.

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that, professor." - Lana says, feeling pity for the old man.

Meanwhile, Kenny is distracted, making laser noises and posing with his lightsaber and pistol.

"Your jugs are perfect." - the old man says. "Can I lick them?" - he asks, wetting his cracked lips with his tongue.

'Poor Henry... he is so old and alone... nobody treats him well, and he's really good with Kenny. Okay... I can let him do this. It's the same as me licking Bill, doesn't count as direct touching...' - she rationalizes.

"All right... but be gentle..." - she says, flushing. "And no touching with your hands!" - she adds.

Lana turns sideways to him, presenting her hard nipples to her scrawny co-worker. This causes her shapely bubble butt to be turned to the janitor.

Without wasting time, Prof. Henry starts licking her nipples, alternating between them. Lana moans, enjoying the sensation. Simon takes photos of it.

'Wow... Henry... he knows what he is doing... who knew...' - she thinks, breathing heavily.

"You're making an old chap really happy." - the mousy old man says, sucking on her nipple like a delicacy. He drools on her boob and slurps it away. "Wowzah... your bouncing fuck-jugs are driving me wild!" - he says raunchily, and her cooch twitches at his words.

"Miss Cox, can I touch your bum?" - Kenny asks tentatively, having grown bored of his toys.

"Ahhh... uuuh... not with your hands, but you can touch me with your saber." - the teacher says breathily, glancing at her younger co-worker.

"Really? That's cool!" - the janitor says. She feels something heavy hitting her ass.

"Damn!" - Simon exclaims, slack-jawed.

Lana looks behind her; her heart and pussy skip a beat. Kenny's cock is massive.

"Kenny! What are you doing?" - she exclaims, flustered by his walloping meatstick.

"Ya said I could touch your booty with my dick." - the simple man smiles, smacking her ass with his large hard dick.

\*Smack, Smack\*

Simon stops the camera and worriedly rushes toward the entrance without a word.

Lana is in awe. It is the biggest penis she has ever seen. 'Goodness... it's bigger than Bill's or Pringle's! What is this... must be 10 inches... wow... it looks like a baseball bat... this could never fit inside me... mmm... maybe.... Wait, what am I thinking?'

"I did not mean your big penis. I meant your lightsaber...." - she says weakly, barely composing herself.

"Dang. Sorry, ma bad." - Kenny says, rubbing his tool all over her dress.

"So well-endowed... what have they been feeding you?" - the busty teacher asks rhetorically.

"I eat a lot of beans and veggies." - he replies thoughtfully. Kenny lifts the teacher's dress, uncovering her bare creamy butt. "Nice!"

Lana is about to say something when she feels Henry biting her nipple.

"Yaaahhhh...." - she moans and yelps at the same time.

"Forgot about me, dear?" - the old man grins, lapping at her sensitive tits. "These knockers are banging!"

She feels Kenny rubbing his massive hog between her fat asscheeks. He starts to slide his cock up and down, dry-humping her ass. Her butt is so big that he is only rubbing against the cheeks.

'Gee... what is he doing... Kenny is just using my backside like a toy for his pleasure... it's kinda hot... uuhmmm...' - she thinks, losing it.

"Your body is much better than the whores I've had." - Prof. Henry says lecherously. "You could make great money with your plump milkers!" - he states, and she groans.

'Ah... imagine... selling my body... as a teacher... as a future-wife... that's so wrong... so improper... people would call me all sorts of names... whore... mmm... trollop... tramp... tart... mmmm... harlot... ahh... prostitute... nnnngg... this feels so good...' - her mind wanders, lost in desire, as the old professor licks and bites her horny nipples.

"Miss Cox, can I put ma saber inside ya?" - Kenny asks, pulling her buttcheeks apart to get a good view of her ass.

"No... you cannot..." - she whimpers. The janitor pulls her cheeks further, stretching her anus. She moans, surprisingly enjoying the pain. 'It's like a pleasurable pain... mmm...'

"Nah, not your snatch. I want your bootyhole!" - Kenny clarifies, rubbing his donger along her back hole.

'He is too big... I'm not ready for that. Not sure if I ever will be able to take a penis so large. Sorry, Kenny.' - she thinks, slightly disappointed.

"No, that hole is not for you...." - she says feebly, feeling his massive cockhead poke at her virgin anus.

"Please? I want to feel good too..." - the janitor insists, jerking his dick in anticipation.

"Caham! Hey gents, what's going on?" - Herb asks, walking to them with Simon in his tail.

Prof. Henry's eyes widen, and he freezes with Lana's nipple in his mouth. Kenny looks at the chubby student and smiles.

"Hey, Herbles. Wanna join us? She has two holes over here." - the tall, simple man says nonchalantly.

Lana gasps. 'Is he asking Herb to penetrate me at the same time as him? Wow... Kenny is so forward... he doesn't know the limits... Stella told me he is too thick to realize when he is being improper. He probably doesn't even know what he's saying.' - she reflects.

"What the fuck!" - Herb says, making his hand into a fist.

"No, stop! Both of you." - Lana says, moving away from Kenny and the mousy professor. She pulls her dress back down. "It was a misunderstanding. It is all good now." - she says.

"It's funny! She said saber. She meant ma lightsaber, but I thought she meant ma dick." - Kenny laughs, putting his massive unit away.

"Whatever. You two better go." - Simon says menacingly. Herb nods, crossing his arms.

Gulping, Prof. Henry scarpers, almost like the mouse he is.

"That was lots of fun! We'll do it next time, Miss Cox!" - Kenny smiles innocently. He walks away, whistling a tune.

"That was close. Phew." - Herb says, sweating.

"Thanks, both of you. Those two can be a handful. They do not know when to stop." - Lana says.

The teacher notices Herb is staring at her, wide-eyed. She looks down at notices that her boobs are still out. She squeals and puts them back in her dress. Her nipples burn again, making her wince.

"I knew letting them come in together was a bad idea. Kenny is always in his own world." - Simon says, shaking his head.

"It's fine. Nothing happened." - Herb says, patting his friend on the back.

Lana agrees. 'Gosh... I just hope they behave tomorrow at school... maybe I let them go too far? Argh... why did I do this? I can't seem to control myself...' - she ponders, her heart thumping.

The naive teacher decides to not worry about it now.

"Miss Lana, since they didn't cut your dress, me and Simon will do it." - Herb says. Lana nods, a bit apprehensive.

Simon cuts the dress slit to be almost level with her pussy. Herb doubles down on it and makes the slit go to her waist. Any wrong move could expose her virgin cunt to everyone.

"Boys! This is too much!" - she complains, looking at their latest alteration.

"Don't worry, Miss Lana. We're almost at the end of the event." - Simon assures her.

"And Dennis is fine with it." - the chubby student adds.

"I am not sure he likes when everyone sees my vajayjay." - Lana says.

"It's too late now. We already cut it. And I guarantee he loves it." - Herb makes an OK sign.

'Hmm... I'm not convinced, but it is too late to worry. Let's see what Dens says.' - she evaluates.

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Pee Break

Herb starts to walk back to his place, but Lana calls him.

"Herbie, I need to pee. Can you show me where?" - she asks.

"Erm... we don't have a spot. Maybe we can go to the convenience store?" - Herb asks Simon.

"We can't, Hoseman. We are almost out of time, and there are still a few people for the photos." - the long-haired boy points out.

"Damn." - the fat student says. He suddenly has an idea. "Ah! I can take you to the bushes. It's secluded enough. Nobody can see."

"I guess so." - the teacher says in agreement.

As Herb escorts the busty wife-to-be, they pass by the line of fans, and people catcall and shout all sorts of names at her. Greg is there, trying to keep everyone in order.

"Oh, Greg. Come with me. I need your help." - Herb says to the lonely chubby boy, who nods and follows them.

The AV Club student guides them to some bushes near the event area. The "bathroom" location is only about 50 feet from the line, so the townsfolk can see them clearly.

Sheepishly, Lana goes into the vegetation and chooses a spot. Herb gives her a thumbs up. She nods apprehensively toward the fans, who are looking their way.

"We'll protect you. Don't worry." - Hoseman says, turning his back to her and blocking the villager's view with Greg.

They cross their arms as if they are security guards. Lana giggles at their antics.

She glances in the direction of the people, but the two fat boys are doing an excellent job of blocking her from sight. Satisfied, she turns, hikes her dress, and squats.

As Lana takes care of her business, Greg shuffles around, letting people get glimpses of Lana mid-pee.

Herb notices this and playfully punches the chubby boy, asking him to stand straight. Greg, feigning dumb, keeps wobbling and moving. Frustrated, Herb decides to let go.

Unbeknownst to our naive teacher, many people saw her taking a leak, and some took pictures. Some of these photos might make a reappearance in the future.

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As she leaves the bushes, the trio sees Jim chatting with Jen a few feet away. Jen is Chloe's best friend, and Jim has had a crush on her since forever.

The two have yet to see the group. Lana puts her finger to her mouth, asking Greg and Herb to be quiet. She wants to eavesdrop.

"So, will you go out with me?" - Jim asks, flustered.

"Hah! Did Chloe put you up to this?" - Jen asks, amused.

"Erm... no..." - the ginger boy stammers.

"Well, the answer is an obvious no. I wouldn't be caught dead with a nerdy boy." - the brunette athlete says.

"But..." - the AV Club president mutters.

"Better luck next time." - Jen dismisses, leaving.

They see Jim's eyes fill up with tears. He runs away, heartbroken.

"Shit. I better go after him." - Herb says worriedly.

"Let me know if I can help." - Lana offers.

"Thanks, Miss Lana. But Prez needs his bro." - the shaved-haired teen says, running after his friend.

The teacher sighs. 'Poor Jim, Jen was so mean to him. She is so daft! She will never find a better boyfriend than Jim. Even his penis is great. I mean... that doesn't matter. Maybe a little. But his personality is good too. He is sweet, loyal, and caring.' - she reflects.

"Man, that's gotta hurt. I know the feeling." - Greg says sadly.

"Oh, poor Greg." - Lana says, caressing his chubby cheek. 'I will talk to Jen tomorrow. Maybe I can change her mind to give Jim a chance.' - she decides.

[Potato Note: while Jen was extremely mean to the boy, neither Jim, Herb or Lana realize that the girl is a lesbian. Oh, well. Mistakes abound! Good for us.]

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Lana returns to the photo area, and some more townsfolk come over. Every single one of them requested the teacher to expose her twat during the photos. They also rub the props on her vagina, which she lets them all freely do. Thankfully, no one tries to insert the object into her (to her slight disappointment).

Her Princess Leia cosplay top has been chopped to show a bit more cleavage, while the bottom of her dress now ends halfway up her thigh. Combined with the dress slit that goes to her waist, her costume looks scandalous.

As the people come and go, our gullible teacher is increasingly desperate for relief. As a reminder, her nipples throb desperately.

'Maybe I can orgasm after the next person?' - she thinks, pinching her aching nipples.

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Mayor Dick

"Miss Lana, we're ending soon. The next person is the last." - Simon announces.

The shapely future-wife sighs, a mix of relief and pent-up frustration. 'Calm down, I will be able to take of it soon...' - she tells her fired-up body.

"Looking lovely, Ms. Cox." - an elegant elderly man says, strolling towards her.

"Mr. Wins-" - Lana starts to say, but she catches herself due to his expectant gaze. "Mr. Dick!" - she corrects. He smiles, pleased.

"Mayor Dick..." - Simon says nervously. "I'm sorry, but just a reminder that there is no touching our model directly."

"Of course, youngster. I appreciate the reminder." - Dick nods.

Richard 'Dick' Winston-Phillips is an elderly man in his seventies who is still fit and elegant. Even though he has white hair, his cheeky smile indicates that there is something more playful to his personality. He is the town's Mayor, the president of the Winston-Phillips Co., and the patriarch of the Winston-Phillips family. He basically owns Winstonstead.

"It is good to see you again, Mr. Dick." - Lana says politely.

"Please, dear. Skip the mister. Just Dick." - the Mayor grins, stopping beside the teacher. "And yes, it has been a whole week. How are you enjoying the town?"

"Oh, I love it. It already feels like home, Mis... Dick." - the busty fiancee says.

"That is fantastic. I heard extraordinary things from my brother, Bill." - Dick says.

"Thanks, I am enjoying teaching at the school." - the teacher smiles.

"The 'Program' suits you perfectly. I am elated you agreed to be part of it." - the Mayor nods.

"Ah... uhhh... the honor is all mine." - Lana says, blushing.

"Indeed!" - Dick smiles, his eyes sparkling. "Let us take some photographs now?"

"I'm ready when you are, Mayor." - Simon says from behind the camera.

"Dick, people have been using props to pose with me. Do you want one?" - she points at the prop box.

"No need for that, Ms. Cox. I am too old for these things. 'Stellar Wars'." - the old man chuckles.

"It is Star Wars..." - she says quietly.

Suddenly, Lana sees her fiancee walking into the photo area.

"Oh, Mr. Winston-Phillips! Glad you came to the event." - Dennis says from the entrance.

"Mr. Laywood! Nice to see you." - Dick grins. "Thank you for letting me borrow your beautiful fiancee." - the old man says, moving behind Lana.

"You're welcome, Mayor. I'm happy to please." - the ginger man says subserviently. "Lana, what are you wearing?" - Dennis asks, seeing the current state of her outfit.

"Ah, some people went overboard." - she tries to explain.

"Sorry, Mr. Laywood. We couldn't stop them." - Simon adds.

"I think it is fine. Ms. Cox looks mighty wonderful. Don't you agree, Mr. Laywood?" - Dick asks, intently staring into Dennis' eyes.

"Oh, yes. Lana looks beautiful." - the ginger man agrees. He decides to drop the subject until later.

"Good, good." - the Mayor smiles.

Lana feels Dick's hand rest on her butt. She ignores it, and he gropes her ass. She flinches slightly.

"Dens, you wanted to talk to me?" - she asks, trying to overlook his advances. Dick squeezes her thick posterior a couple of times.

"Yeah, babe. But it can wait a minute. I'm sure Mr. Winston-Phillips wants to get on with the photos." - her fiancee says.

The phat-assed teacher feels Dick's hand slide down and under her dress. She holds her breath.

'What is he doing? That's against the rules! Dens is right here...' - she thinks worriedly.

"Please go ahead, Mr. Laywood." - the company's president says.

"Not at all, sir. I don't want to be rude." - Dennis says adamantly.

Lana feels Dick's hand contact her cooch. She holds in a gasp.

'Oh, gosh... Dens might get mad at the Mayor if he finds out... not good... I don't want any trouble... maybe I should pretend nothing is happening...' - she considers.

"You are not. Go ahead and talk with your future-wife. I do not want to disrupt a schmooze between lovers." - the Mayor asserts seriously. Richard's bony hand starts to caress the teacher's bare snatch.

"Sir, If you insist." - Dennis says, unsure.

'Gee... Dick is playing with my coochie in front of Dens... mmm... if Dens gets mad at Dick, he can lose his job... ahh... I better ignore him... let him do it...' - she deliberates.

"I do indeed." - Mr. Winston-Phillips nods.

The old politician rubs his finger along her aroused clit. A jolt runs across her body, making her shake slightly, including her braless boobies.

"Babe, are you okay? You just shook all of a sudden." - Dennis points out, a concerned look on his face.

"Ah... I am fine, hun... just a shiver..." - the wife-to-be says weakly.

"Probably just a gust of wind. Particularly common around this area." - the Mayor says, flicking at her clit. She trembles again, almost letting a moan out.

"Weird, I didn't feel anything..." - the ginger man says, looking around. "Oh, well." - he shrugs.

"So, Mr. Laywood. Go ahead, talk to your woman." - Richard says, petting Dennis' future-wife's wet twat.

'Eeeekkkk.... Dick is going overboard... he needs to stop...' - she thinks, extremely aroused.

"Right. So, babe, I just came to tell you that me and Pietro are..." - the ginger man says.

"Pietro and I...." - Lana corrects, interrupting her fiancee.

"Ugh! Pietro and I are going to play some games at our place." - Dennis finishes, motioning to the exit.

"Ah... all right..." - she says breathlessly. Her face is unusually flushed.

"Are you sure you're okay?" - the worrying fiancee asks.

"I am... I just..." - Lana starts to say. 'I can barely speak, Dick is distracting me...' - she thinks, so on edge from the day that she really doesn't want the pussy-play to end.

"Maybe Ms. Cox got worn out from the day." - the company's president completes, coming to her aid.

"True. It was draining." - the ginger man agrees. "Don't exert yourself, babe. I'll meet you for dinner, 'kay?" - he locks eyes with her. And she nods weakly.

Lana feels Dick's thin finger slips inside her sloppy cunt.

"Nnnggg..." - she groans faintly. Dennis looks worriedly. 'Oh, gosh... keep it together.' - she tells herself. The busty teacher inhales, trying to compose herself. "I am alright, Dens." - she assures her trusting fiancee.

"Okay. Pietro is waiting. I should go." - Dennis says. Not wanting to make things more awkward in front of his boss' boss, he decides to quickly leave. "Bye, Mr. Winston-Phillips." - he begins to leave.

"Mr. Laywood, are you not going to kiss your betrothed goodbye?" - Dick asks as he gradually slides his finger in and out of the teacher's pussy.

Lana bites her lip, trying to keep her voice from coming out.

"Oh, I didn't want to be rude." - Dennis explains, glancing worriedly at Lana. She forces a smile.

"Nonsense. It is the least a loving fiancee can do to his significant other." - Richard insists again.

Knowing there is no way out, Dennis shyly approaches them and gives Lana a quick peck on the lips. As he does, the lewd Mayor pushes his finger further inside her. She flinches.

Dennis notices that his betrothed is breathing a bit too heavily.

"See? Much better." - Mr. Winston-Phillips says with a wide smile.

Lana squirms under Dick's naughty finger. She feels an orgasm building up.

"Thanks, sir." - Dennis smiles. "You're so red, babe. You might have a fever." - he puts his hand on her forehead. "Not too hot, just a tad. Take care, okay?"

Dick removes his finger and daftly pulls her dress down. The curvy fiancee feels relief but also disappointment that she didn't get to come once again.

"I will... see you soon." - the voluptuous teacher says, trying to keep any feelings in check.

"I'm worried about you. Do you want me to stay?" - Dennis asks quietly.

"Not necessary, young man. I assure you that I will tend to your bespoken." - the Mayor says, resting his hand on her ass again.

"Yes, sir. See you at dinner, babe." - Dennis says.

"Bye, hun." - the buxom educator says breathlessly.

The ginger man nods to Simon and walks away with a final wave.

As soon as he is out of sight, Lana moves away from Dick.

"Mayor Dick! What do you think you are doing?!" - she shouts, panting. Simon looks at them, confused.

"Ah, darling. It was a silly prank. I could not resist." - Mr. Winston-Phillips gives her a cheeky grin.

"Oh..." - the naive teacher says, her defenses immediately coming down. 'Dick was just teasing me! Still... that seemed too much...' - she thinks, unconvinced.

"You were not aware that I love to play pranks on people?" - the old Mayor explains.

"I did not..." - she admits. 'Was it really? Hmmm... if it's true, pranks can't be helped... He is the Mayor... he wouldn't just abuse me in front of my fiancee, would he? No... of course not...' - she thinks gullibly.

"Ah, I understand how that might have come across then. Apologies." - Dick says wholeheartedly.

"Oh, it is not an issue... I just... was not expecting it." - Lana says earnestly. 'He seems sincere. I guess since it was a prank, Dens won't be upset. Phew... and here I was worried for a second.' - she considers, relieved.

"Well, next time, you know." - Richard says with a grin.

'Next time?' - she exclaims in her head.

"Mr. Mayor, do you want a few photos?" - Simon asks, interrupting her thoughts.

"Hmm... maybe just one photograph. I could display it in a picture frame on my desk." - Dick says.

"At city hall?" - Lana asks.

"Yes. Have you been, Ms. Cox?" - Mr. Winston-Phillips inquires.

"I have not had the pleasure." - she says genuinely.

"Please visit me this week. At any time." - the old man requests, patting her bum.

"I will. Do I need an appointment?" - the teacher asks.

"Not at all. I have an open-door policy." - the Mayor informs her.

They pose next to each other, smiling for the photo.

"Shame that I cannot stay longer. I have a family event to attend." - the old man says.

"Oh, with Principal Bill?" - Lana asks.

"Indeed. I heard that things are already remarkably intriguing." - Dick says, hinting at possible events.

Surprising the teacher, the Mayor steals a kiss from her. He chuckles as he strolls away.

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Since the event is over, Simon turns off the camera.

"Miss Lana, can you help me arrange things? Herb is still talking to Jim. And my dad and Dennis just left." - the long-haired boy says, exasperated.

"Of course, Fabio." - the teacher answers fondly. 'Gosh, I need to delay my orgasm... Mr. Dick got me so hot... I know it was just a prank... still... I need some relief... badly.' - she thinks.

As they pack and arrange the photo area, the teacher chews over what happened with the Mayor.

'I wonder if maybe it was a test? Maybe Bill is testing me..., or Dick is testing Dens. I am so confused. Maybe it has to do with his promotion? I wonder if I should tell him. No... I probably shouldn't reveal it to him if it was a test. Maybe it's part of the test? Argh! Maybe Mary will know what to do or what it meant. I will ask her tomorrow.' - she ruminates.

Simon keeps glancing at his teacher, who, due to her short dress, is unknowingly flashing him her glistening pussy with every other movement. His pants are already a mess from Chloe, but now, Miss Lana risks causing him another accident.

Thankfully, they are interrupted by Herb.

"Hey, Miss Lana. Prez needs your help." - Hoseman says.

"He does?" - she asks worriedly.

"Yeah, with the Jen thing. He's in the tent." - the shaved-haired student points.

"All right. Sorry, Fabio. I should go help Jimmy." - Lana says, putting the equipment down.

"Go ahead, Miss Lana. I will fill Fabio in and be right behind you." - Herb says.

The busty teacher nods and prances toward the tent, eager to help her favorite male student.

"Who is going to clean all this shit?" - she hears Simon ask his friend.

"You? I'll owe you one." - Herb says.

"I can help!" - Greg says, coming from the entrance of the event area.

"Where were you?" - Simon inquires, frustrated.

"Pooping!" - the friendless fat student says proudly.

"Fucking hell, dude..." - Simon mutters as the large-assed teacher enters the tent.

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Day 14 -- Late Afternoon

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Cheering Up

Lana sees Jim sitting on top of a wooden box, quietly moping. He looks up at her with big puffy eyes. He had been crying.

"Hi... Miss Lana..." - he says sadly, barely paying attention to her.

"What happened, Jimmy?" - she asks, going toward him and caressing his hair affectionately. She had witnessed enough of the event to know what had occurred.

"\*Sigh\*.... your suggestion didn't work." - the nerdy boy says sulkily.

'He must be serious. He did not even look at the state of my cosplay...' - she thinks, her aroused state still dominating a good chunk of her brain power.

"It is going to be okay, Jimmy. I am here now." - the teacher hugs his head and gently strokes his soft ginger hair.

"It's all your fault..." - Jim says darkly.

"Mine!?" - Lana exclaims. She steps back, feeling attacked. Herb silently comes into the tent.

"I thought... I thought... \*sniffle\*.... That since you showed interest in me..." - the ginger student starts to say.

"I just... was trying to motivate you and.." - the busty educator begins to defend herself.

"Caham! Miss Lana." - Herb interrupts her with a serious tone. She stops. "Let Jim finish. It's important." - he says. She nods meekly.

Jim takes a deep breath and wipes his eyes. He slaps his cheeks, pepping himself up. He looks down at his feet and starts to spill the beans.

"I never thought I had any chance with girls my age. None of us did. We were content to be our lame selves in our own isolated world." - Jim says, pausing.

"That's right." - Herb agrees, filling the silence.

"But then you came along, Miss Lana. A beautiful girl... nay... woman. Smart, hot, pretty, and fun. The sexiest woman I have seen. One that likes nerdy stuff and that wants to see us grow. And you paid attention to us! Three nerds with their own geek club. It was the stuff of our dreams." - the club president says. The teacher blushes furiously.

"It was, it was." - the chubby student echoes his friend.

"When you, an amazing woman, showed interest in us, in me, it gave me hope. If this gorgeous and voluptuous teacher could be involved with me, a girl my age certainly would. At least asking one out seemed plausible now." - Jim explains, shuffling his feet.

"That's true." - Herb nods along.

"I knew I could never be with you, Miss Lana. You are basically married. Yes, I love you, but it's one-way love. I recognize that. It's not realistic." - the ginger boy says, and Lana feels her heart beat faster and her tummy tingle.

"Heartbreaking, Prez." - his chubby friend adds, patting him on the back.

"But there was one girl in our school I always had a crush on. Jen. I always liked her bratty side. The way she bosses people around, the way she is a bitch to everyone. She always did stuff to my heart." - Jim shivers. "Since my amazing, loving, and curvy teacher was out of my reach, I could show Jen my newfound confidence. Prove to her that I was ready to date her."

"Ugh..." - Herb grumbles, shaking his head.

"Yeah. It all came crashing down. Jen laughed at me. She called me a 'loser virgin'. She said she 'wouldn't be caught dead with a nerdy boy'. She mocked me and said I had a 'small, slimy dick'." - the club president reveals depressingly.

Lana gasps. 'Oh... I didn't hear all those things, just the end. Poor Jim... Jen is wrong! His penis is not small. She doesn't know what she is missing!' - she thinks.

"Oh, Jimmy. I am so sorry. Tomorrow, I will tell Jen that you have a great penis. Maybe that will convince her." - the teacher says, trying to help.

"No, Miss Lana. You have done enough. I don't need your pity." - the ginger student spits back, clearly upset. She inhales, surprised at his response.

"Now, now. Let's not fight. I have a great idea." - Herb declares. Both look at the chubby shaved-haired boy. "You should send Jen a 'dick pic' to prove that your peen is big." - he smiles.

'Oh, no! That's terrible!' - Lana thinks immediately.

"What?!" - Jim blurts out, seemingly outraged. He stands up from the box. "No, Hoseman. We'll not do that. That's rude, man. You know we are feminists here. Have you lost your mind?" - he asks his friend.

"Ah... I... yeah. That was a bad idea. Sorry, Prez." - Herb says, blushing.

'Yay, way to go, Jimmy! That's my pupil for you.' - she thinks fondly.

"That was a good call, Jimmy. I am proud of you." - Lana says, caressing his freckled cheek. The boy blushes, but she sees something flash in his eyes for a second.

"Still, the goal of my original idea remains. We need to make Jen jealous somehow. Show her what she's missing." - the chubby boy insists, resting his hand on the teacher's prominent backside. She wiggles her bum, pleased with the touch.

"I don't know what girls my age want." - Jim says, throwing his hands up and sitting back down.

"Yeah, no clue." - Herb shrugs.

"Well... I am almost a girl your age." - Lana says tentatively with a shy smile.

"No offense, Miss Lana, but you are old enough to be our mom." - the shaved-haired boy snorts.

"You little shit! Take that back." - she giggles and playfully slaps him on his man-boobs. "I am only nine years older than both of you."

"Fine, fine!" - Hoseman surrenders. "Miss Lana, what do girls our age want?" - he asks, sliding his plump hand into the high slit of her cosplay and patting her naked bum. She purrs lightly.

"Well, I know they are horny all the time..." - she says earnestly, wriggling her thick butt against Herb's hand. "Jimmy, it is a shame you cannot show her your... manly qualities...."

"Huh?" - Jim asks, looking up at her. His eyes widen. From his vantage point, he can see under her short dress, and he is staring directly at her unshaven twat.

"You are well endowed..." - she blushes shyly. The ginger boy stares at her. 'Oh, he wants me to clarify...' - she concludes. "Ermm... You have a good penis size!" - she blurts, turning an even brighter shade of crimson.

"You are a genius!" - Herb shouts enthusiastically.

\*SLAP\*

The shaved-haired student smacks her ass and rushes to his bag.

"Ouch!" - she complains, rubbing her stinging posterior. 'Herb and Jimmy are so forward now...' - she thinks, enjoying their attention.

Jim is hypnotized, staring at his teacher's snatch up close. Herb returns, holding his own phone.

"So, yeah. While sending Jen a dick pic may be rude, Prez, what if I get a candid photo of you getting 'help' from another girl?" - the chubby boy suggests.

"What do you mean, Hoseman?" - Jim asks, breaking eye contact with Lana's pussy.

"Miss Lana can hold your dick for a photo. It'll make Jen super jealous." - Herb explains his idea.

"I cannot!" - the curvy teacher protests.

"You said you were basically a 'girl our age', so who better to do it?" - the stubby student argues.

"That's a great idea, Hoseman. Please, Miss Lana. Help us?" - the tall and thin boy pleads.

'Hmm... should I help them? They are my students. But, no... the boys spreading a photo of me doing this to my favorite student... might be too much. It's not proper.' - she reflects.

"I am sorry, boys. I should not. It is not becoming of a teacher to be doing this to her student and share it." - Lana says, trying to put her foot down.

"Ah..." - Herb mutters, thwarted. "Wait! I can avoid getting your face, Miss Lana. She won't know who is doing it." - the boy states. "It's just to help Prez have a chance with Jen."

'Oh... gee... nobody will know. And I can help Jimmy. My aid so far has been doing wonders for them! They both have matured so much from when I met them. They are so brave now and much more confident. And they are doing great at school. It is my duty to continue to help them, right?' - she deliberates, her legs squirming in anticipation. Her nipples throb underneath her dress.

"All right. I am willing to do it, but just one picture." - the busty fiancee agrees.

"Nice!" - Jim says, standing and giving his friend a high-five. The ginger boy is already hard from staring at his teacher's uncovered twat for the last few minutes.

Unceremoniously he pulls his pants and underwear down, revealing his raw 7.5-inch steel-hard prick to his teacher. She gasps momentarily.

'Gosh... he's erect already... Jimmy's pecker is so nice... it looks strong and manly. It's covered in flaming curly hair... kinda hot... mmm... he will make a woman so happy one day...' - she evaluates, analyzing her student's penis.

Herb instructs her to approach him and wrap her hand around his shaft. He will frame the scene to only capture her arm and Jim's body, avoiding his face.

Obediently, Lana takes hold of the ginger student's hard-on with her left hand. 'Gee... it's so hard and hot... it's pulsating in my hand... mmm... this is so naughty...'

"Oh. That won't do." - Herb says. "Miss Lana, can you remove your ring? A girl our age wouldn't have it."

Lana notices that her engagement ring is shining to the camera. She never removes her engagement ring since it's just a simple band. She has a fancier one at home for special occasions, but this is the day-to-day ring that she doesn't have to take it off.

'Sorry Dens, it's just for a second...' - she thinks, putting her ring in her purse. She holds Jim's prick again. 'Feels strange holding my student's penis and not having my ring... almost as if I'm cheating on Dens... no, no... don't be silly, Lana.' - she shakes her head.

Herb takes a photo and shows it to them. It's a hot pic, but Lana's part is nothing more than a womanly hand on the screen.

"Bleh... I don't think it's good. This could be from any porn website." - Jim points out.

"Oh, that is true.... What do we do?" - the gullible teacher asks.

"Hmm... duh!" - Herb shouts. "Let's do a quick video!"

"A video? How is that going to help?" - Lana asks.

"Yeah. Jen needs to hear Prez's name to know it's real! Just say some stuff while stroking his dick." - the chubby boy says nonchalantly.

"\*Gasp\*... I... should not..." - the future-wife says, absentmindedly taking her student's penis in her hand. Jim groans.

"Come on, Miss Lana, we're wasting time!" - the chubby boy insists.

'Ah... what the heck... I am already holding it anyway. What's moving my hand up and down? It's not like anything besides my hand will show. It should be fine... This is so I can help my favorite student with his crush. It's a good deed!' - she tells herself. Her cooch throbs, and she unconsciously starts to stroke his hard prick.

Jim disagrees with Herb's approach but is too busy deep in pleasure to intervene.

"Gosh... what should I say?" - she asks sheepishly.

"Just say you like his penis and want it inside you... use his name." - Herbie instructs. She gasps.

"Inside me? But I..." - she stammers, blushing.

"Just act, Miss Lana." - the chubby rolls his eyes. He points the camera at them. "Rolling!"

"Oh, Jim. I like your penis.... I want it inside me... please?" - she says awkwardly.

"That was terrible! I thought you were an actress?" - Herb questions.

"Sorry..." - she winces.

"Let me delete this. Do it again." - the chubby student barks. "Rolling!"

'Oh gosh... that was awful... but I don't know how to be sexy! Who is the most sexual person I know? Mary! Mary would perform perfectly here. Okay, Lana, channel Mary... you are Mary Hunter now... yes, yes... I can be sexy... I ooze sex... all right... here I go...' - she takes a deep breath.

"Oh, Jim! I love your big dick... mmm... I can't wait to feel it inside my pussy... give it to me... please..." - the wife-to-be says in a husky tone. 'Goodness, what am I even saying...' - she thinks, turning red. Her nipples ache, begging to be touched.

"And cut! That was perfect!" - Herb says triumphantly.

Lana lets go of Jim's still-hard penis. He struggles, trying to put it back in his pants. She giggles.

"I'm just cutting the start..." - the shaved-haired AV club boy mutters, looking at his phone.

Suddenly, Simon shouts from the entrance of the cramped tent.

"Hey, Hoseman! Need your help here, now! Greg was shitting himself." - the long-haired student yells.

Herb groans. Jim sits back down on the box.

"Damn. Okay... I'll finish up and send it to Jen. Will let you two know what she replies." - the chubby boy says.

"Thanks, Herbie." - the teacher smiles at her pupil. Her heart is still beating fast due to what she did.

Herb rushes out, leaving Lana alone with Jim.

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Lana notices that the freckled-faced boy still seems down. She drags a metal stool and sits across from him.

"Jimmy, what is wrong?" - she asks worriedly. She tenderly caresses his freckled cheek.

"I feel bad for doing that to you, Miss Lana." - the ginger boy says earnestly.

"Doing what?" - she asks tenderly.

"The video..." - he clarifies. "Herb didn't get your consent. He kinda just went with it."

"It is okay... I wanted to help you." - the teacher admits.

"I'm sorry. Hoseman means well, but he gets carried away by his ideas and his own little world." - the club president says.

"You do not need to apologize on his behalf." - Lana says.

"I do. It's my fault. I often encourage and instigate him. He gets so happy and enthusiastic with his ideas. I don't want to put him down, but he went too far this time." - Jim says.

'Wow, Jimmy is such a grown-up. He is protecting his friend and, at the same time taking all the blame for it. He is a special boy.... Not a boy, a man.' - Lana reflects, her heart skipping a beat due to his bravery.

"You are a good friend, Jimmy." - she says, fondling his flaming hair.

"Thanks, Miss Lana." - he smiles at his mentor. Her sparkly green eyes make him blush.

"And I forgive you. And Herbie." - the teacher says. She opens her legs absentmindedly, exposing her bare pussy to her student.

"You do!?" - he blurts out, wide-eyed. The boy can't help but think she is teasing him.

"Although it was not the most appropriate way, Herb was trying to support you." - she says.

They stay silent for a few seconds as Jim burns a hole in her uncovered hairy snatch.

'He stills seems sad... almost as if he's concentrating on something... maybe he's embarrassed... I know the feeling... say something, Lana... say something...' - she prompts herself, but her student interrupts her thoughts.

"Ah... damn... Miss Lana..." - Jim mutters.

"What is it, Jimmy?" - she asks lovingly. She notices he is not starting at her face but down. 'Probably shy...' - she reasons.

"I need to apologize even further. I am sorry. For everything." - the ginger boy says. Lana is confused but decides to let him speak. She nods encouragingly. "Sorry about the poster... we pushed you too much and put a sexy picture of you around school and town. Sorry about the making-of. We didn't even ask for your consent. And now a bunch of people from town will have it and jerk off to it." - he says, and she gasps. "Sorry about the event too... the meet and greet and the catwalk went too far. I feel like we are just taking advantage of your generosity and naivete." - he finishes.

She inhales, not knowing where to start. 'Goodness... I need to let him know everything is okay.'

"Jimmy, do not get me wrong. Yes, some of these things were a bit daring or out there. And I certainly would not have done them in the past. But now it is different." - she declares.

"It is?" - the boy asks.

"I am your teacher. Your mentor. I am responsible for your club and if you succeed or not. I want nothing more than to see my dear pupils grow and thrive, even if that means I have to participate in some less-than-savory activities." - Lana assures him.

"For real?" - Jim squints.

"I mean it. Helping you boys has been joyful. I have not been this happy in a long time. Maybe ever." - the busty teacher reveals.

"And your fiancee?" - the ginger student questions, reminding her of Dennis.

"I have his utmost support. On everything." - she clarifies.

"Actually?" - his mouth falls open.

"Truly, Dens is on my side. No matter what. We love each other." - Lana says adamantly.

"I see..." - Jim says, a bit sad but also confused as to why his teacher is still flashing him.

"Everything I did, and do, has been for you. For all my students. For my job. For my future-husband." - she says. "Do not worry, Jimmy. I assure you nobody is taking advantage of anyone." - she concludes.

The boy nods timidly and then goes quiet. He seems to be thinking, staring at the floor.

"Are you not mad?" - he asks, eyes locked with his teacher's pussy.

'He is still unsure... the apologized and everything... I should give him a big smooch to show that I am still his teacher.' - she determines.

"Not at all. Jimmy, let me give you a kiss to prove it." - Lana says. "Come here..." - she says, making a 'come hither motion'. She is unintentionally being too seductive.

The boy stands up and stumbles toward her. She notices the apparent boner in his pants and giggles, but her cooch squirms, heating up.

The teacher lovingly looks up at her favorite student, ignoring his hard crotch, and he looks lustily down at her.

They kiss deeply and passionately.

Lana can't help but feel sparks with the kiss. 'Oh, my... do I like Jim? No, no... this is a natural instinct. He's a good boy, and he's my best student. And he's been so mature through this whole thing. I guess I am just reacting to him as I do to Dens.' - she reflects, trying to justify her thumping heart, throbbing coochie, and sensitive nipples.

Jim squeezes one of her bra-less tits and sits back down.

"Jimmy! You naughty boy." - she says playfully, but her cooch is already wet.

"Ah, sorry..." - he mutters, observing a wet glisten on her pussy.

"Mm-hmm... I noticed you are hard..." - the horny teacher points out.

"Ugh... well... you know..." - the nerdy boy stammers, trying to think of an excuse.

"No, I do not." - she says, amused. She looks at him with hungry eyes, licking her lips absentmindedly.

"I couldn't help it, Miss Lana! You have been flashing your pussy at me..." - Jim explains.

Surprised, she looks down at herself and gasps. She snaps her leg shut.

"Gosh, that was not on purpose. I got distracted." - she says, embarrassed.

"Oh... I thought... stupid me..." - the ginger student says depressingly. He stares at his feet gloomily.

'Oh... he thought I was doing it intentionally! Poor Jimmy. He did seem motivated, but now he immediately got sad again. Hmm... he is responding to me being lewd... so maybe I can reward him? He has been honest and sweet. It will make him happy. It's my duty as his teacher, right?' - the curvy teacher tells herself. Her twat pulsates, excited at the idea.

"Jimmy, come here. Let your teacher take care of you." - she says, opening her legs and showing him her moist cooch.

"Miss Lana?" - the student asks, taken aback. He slowly gets up, almost as if hypnotized by her cunt.

"Quick, before I change my mind." - Lana hurries him.

"What are you going to do?" - the freckled-faced boy asks nervously. He stares down at his teacher, who is still on the metal stool.

'Good question, Lana... what is the plan? Well... it's just Jim and me. Alone. And I promised Dens that I would get some practice with my mouth. Mary also asked me to practice for the play. Jim is perfect... he likes me, and I like him... as my pupil, I mean. And I already had him in my mouth..., so it's not like it's new. This will kill two birds with one stone... it's the perfect time... we are alone, and it will benefit both of us...' - she talks herself into it.

"Erm... I am going to give you a... blowjob..." - she says, whispering that last part.

"A blowjob?" - he asks, dumbfounded.

"Yes..." - she nods shyly. "Oh, do you not want it?" - she asks worriedly.

"I do! So bad..." - the nerdy student says. He pulls his pants and undies down in one fell swoop. His hard penis springs up. "See?" - he says, pushing his hips forward to emphasize.

"I see it, alright!" - the teacher giggles at her joke. 'Gosh... I can't believe I am going to do this with someone else besides Dens...' - she thinks, biting her lower lip. Her pussy is sopping wet.

Lana wraps her hand around his throbbing 7.5-inch teen prick. She stops as if having second thoughts.

"Everything all right?" - Jim asks, concerned for his possible blowie.

"Gosh... I am sorry if I am bad at this. I have not done this to anyone besides Dens." - the future-wife reveals. Jim's cock twitches at her revelation.

"That's so hot, Miss Lana." - he says, pumping his hips, fucking himself on her hand.

The buxom fiancee is about to lower her mouth to her student's eager dick when she remembers the work party from the previous night. She recalls how wrinkly and crummy her dress got after pretending with Noel during the Horn Test.

'If it got that bad during a pretend situation, imagine the real thing....' - she considers.

"Jimmy... do you mind if I remove my dress?" - she asks shyly.

"Uhbbu?" - he gasps, not believing his luck.

"I take that as a yes." - the curvy teacher says, releasing his young penis and pulling her dress over her head. As her nipples get free, relief washes over her. She shivers. "I do not want it to get dirty and wrinkly." - she justifies, putting her cosplay on top of a box. She keeps her white high boots on.

Jim thought he might come right on the spot. Her naked body is absurdly hot. Better than any porn or Instagram model he has ever seen. And she is real. His teacher. Who is about to give him a blowjob. Fuck.

His prick throbs and bounces. Lana looks at it in admiration and wraps her delicate hand around it.

"You like your teacher's body, Jimmy?" - she asks teasingly. He nods, stupefied. She leans forward, approaching her face onto his virile member. 'I want this so bad... I need it...'

The teacher tentatively licks his penis, and he groans approvingly. She slowly licks from the base of his shaft to the tip of his head. She swipes her tongue against his glands, tasting her favorite student.

'He tastes good... mmm... Jen is a lucky girl...' - she thinks, lowering her other hand to her aroused cooch.

Inexperienced, she licks him for a bit since Bill seemed to have liked it a lot. Jim only groans and moans in response.

"Do you like it, Jimmy? Like when I tease your prick?" - she teases. He groans. "You are so cute...."

"Suck me... please..." - the ginger boy begs. She giggles, liking being in control.

Lana opens her mouth and wraps her rosy, plump lips around his engorged cockhead.

"Fuuuuuckk..." - he lets out a guttural groan.

As she sucks his head, she starts to pump his dick, her fingers slowly massaging up and down his young shaft. Her other hand gingerly pets her cooch.

"Am I doing good, Jimmy?" - she asks, popping his dick out of her mouth. "Your balls are so cute..." - she says, giving his developing scrotum a lick.

The teacher puts him back in her mouth, sucking on his dickhead and slowly sliding it in and out. Lana doesn't really know what else to do, so she mainly concentrates on stroking her student passionately.

'Wow... Jimmy hasn't cum yet... Dens would never last this long. Ever. Good for him... he has a big sausage and can last a long time... Jen is so lucky...' - she thinks, a bit jealous.

Jim notices his teacher keeps calling him Jimmy and treating him like a boy. He wants to show his teacher that he is a man too. He wants to show her that he can be her fiancee. That she doesn't need Dennis in her life. That he can suffice. He decides to do what the men in porn do.

The AV Club president starts thrusting his hip to match her movements, sliding it further inside her mouth.

It begins slowly, but soon, Jim is in control, shoving his cock in and out of his teacher's wet and warm hole. He is only sliding about three inches in, but it's enough to feel in control.

"Suck my cock, Miss Lana... be a good slut and suck it...." - he says obscenely, letting his dick do the talking. She moans, enjoying him dominating the situation.

Lana's left-hand starts to stroke her pussy more vigorously as her right-hand pumps his dick.

'Oh, my.... Jim is so hot taking command... I love this...' - she thinks as he slowly fucks her face.

The ginger student grabs her bare boobs, digging his fingers into her soft skin. She groans.

"I love your big fucking fat tits, Miss Lana... they are so lewd... so obscene... every boy in school has a boner just looking at your melons... you need to show them more... be a good slutty teacher for your students...." - he says as if possessed. She moans, his words making her tremble.

He kneads and pulls her large breasts as he continues to pump his teen cock in and out of her mouth.

"Mmmmfggg!" - she moans onto his dick. 'Ahhh... Jim... you are so manly... and dominant... yesss... call me names... play with my boobies....' - she thinks, unable to contain her true desires. She furiously rubs her cooch.

Jim is completely lost in pleasure; he simply wants to ravage his teacher and prove to her that he is a man. With one sudden movement, he shoves more than half his cock inside her mouth.

She immediately gags on the 4-inches of dick that went down her throat.

"\*Cough cough\*!" - she coughs, pulling her face away from the dick. A couple mascara tears run down her face.

"Not good enough, Miss Lana..." - the ginger boy says, pulling her face toward his dick.

She submissively opens her mouth, waiting for him to shove his rod down her throat. He does, and she gags again. He pulls it out and pushes it back in. Jim pinches and pulls on her nipples; she groans with pleasure as his dick invades her. Nevertheless, she gags for the third time.

Lana is secretly loving being manhandled by her student. Her twat drools as she rubs it, leaving a small puddle on the stool.

Jim finally pulls his dick out of her mouth.

'Gosh... that was hot... I really need more practice... I can't even take Jim's cock... I mean penis... how can I be good for Dens?' - she thinks, rubbing her burning pussy.

"Erm... Jimmy... can we try again?" - she asks, looking at him with big eyes. The runny mascara on her face gives her a slutty look and makes his prick twitch.

"You can't take it." - he states with a bit of disdain. "You're a bad slut." - he says, and her cooch clamps. He pinches her nipples again. She moans, making his cock twitch. "Fine! Open wide..." - he orders.

"Ahhh..." - she says, opening her wanton mouth as Chloe did earlier.

As Jim shoves his teen cock into her mouth, she feels a jolt down her spine. She loves being submissive to her student.

Unfortunately, after 4 inches, she gags again. She rubs her cooch more intensely.

"Not good." - he pulls his dick away. "You are not ready for blowing my cock, Miss Lana." - he says, and she whimpers.

"Oh, please... I can do it... put your big boy into my mouth..." - she pleads, her face a mess. She continues to wildly rub her twat, her orgasm approaching. 'I'm so close... please Jimmy... please...' - she thinks.

"One last time... and I am not a boy, I am a man!" - he grunts, abruptly shoving his young pecker back in her mouth. When half his cock is in, she gags once again. He pinches her nipples, taking her over the edge.

'Yesss... be rough with me... treat me like a slut... put your cock in my mouthhh... ahhh....' - the teacher shoves two fingers inside her soppy cunt and comes, a wave of orgasm washing over her.

"Did you just come? You can't take my dick, but you can come on it... slut..." - he says condescendingly. She mewls, mid-climax.

Jim has only one thing on his mind. He wants to fuck his teacher and come all over her.

"I guess I need to use your fat tits instead..." - the ginger student says patronizingly. He removes his slobbered prick from her mouth.

He pulls her tits apart and lodges his dick between them. The mix of her sweat and his penis covered in her saliva is enough for him to easily slide it between her orbs.

"Fuck... your boobs are awesome..." - he groans as he fucks her tits.

Lana limply lets him use her boobs for his pleasure. Jim picks up the pace and grunts and groans as he humps her round melons. Jim has no idea how he lasted this long; he has been on edge the whole time. Screwing his teacher's ample chest is the last straw.

"I'm gonna come..." - the nerdy ginger boy announces.

A rope of white goopy fluid erupts from the head of his cock, firing directly at her chest. Then more and more semen spew from his dick, splashing all over her tits and between her breasts. He keeps thrusting away as all his young seed gets milked out of his prick and onto his teacher.

The boy makes a mess. Globs and splashes of translucent white goo are splattered all over Lana's boobs and upper chest. A strong smell fills the teacher's nostrils, making her feel queasy.

Weakened by his powerful ejaculation, Jim stumbles and sits back on his wooden box.

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A sexually charged silence fills the room as the two recover from their orgasms.

'What did we do... wow... that was certainly unexpected... my second blowjob was so rough and so hot... I loved it... I'll need to do it again... no, stop. That was a tad improper. We just got carried away. It was just a regular blowjob...' - she thinks as her cooch throbs due to her recent orgasm.

Jim sighs deeply, interrupting her thoughts.

"Sorry, Miss Lana... did I go overboard?" - the boy asks, grimacing.

"We got a bit carried away. Both of us." - the teacher admits. 'It's not his fault... I let him keep going with it... I even got into it...'

"Sorry..." - Jim mumbles, putting his head down. "I did not mean to do it. I'm not sure what took over me."

Lana stands and hugs him, the bottom of her large naked breasts smothering his freckled face. The ginger student is exhausted, but being embraced by his nude teacher makes his virile penis stir again.

"It is okay, Jimmy." - she ends the embrace, her bosom feeling a little lonely and cold without his face. "Where did you learn all that? It is not very nice to women." - she asks.

"Oh... I didn't realize. I saw it in porn." - he reveals, blushing.

"Of course you did." - she shakes her head and sighs. "Well, know that not every woman will enjoy it."

Jim nods his head shyly. He tried to be manly for her, and he failed. But what she just said makes him think that she did not dislike it.

"Did you?" - the ginger boy asks, turning a shade of copper.

"Hmm... I did... a little." - the future-wife admits, also blushing.

To an initiated, they look like a young couple in love, both turning red and embarrassed after their first sexual encounter.

"Ohhh..." - Jim says. The is still hope.

"Still..." - she shakes her head. "Next time you should ask!" - she adds, meaning when he is with another woman. That's not what Jim understood from it.

"I will! I promise." - he says enthusiastically. He must keep proving to his teacher, his love, that he is a man! He needs to study and chat with his friends ASAP. The boy stands up abruptly. "I feel way better. Thank you, Miss Lana, for cheering me up." - Jim grins.

"You are welcome, Jimmy." - she says, and they exchange a kiss. This isn't your chaste smooch; this is a lover's kiss. "We will figure out the next steps with Jen later." - she says breathlessly.

"Uhh, right. Jen." - he nods, the girl being the last thing on his mind. "I should go help Hoseman and Fabio. They probably need me."

"Go ahead. I need to clean up." - she says, pointing at the goopy translucent mess on her upper chest.

"Wow, I made a mess!" - Jim chuckles.

"You did... I am covered in cum."- Lana giggles, scooping out some of his semen and showing it to him. After giggling, she smears it back on her skin. He feels a stir on his dick; the busty teacher has no idea how sexy and lewd she can be.

The ginger boy decides to depart the tent, leaving the teacher alone.

As Lana cleans herself of his sticky seed, she scoops a glob in her finger. She looks around and brings it to her lips, tasting his cum.

'Mmm... not bad... I don't mind at all. I kinda like it. He tastes better than last time. Weird. I guess it must be something he is eating, right?' - she reflects, inadvertently not realizing that she is starting to like the taste of freshly squeezed cum.

The curvy teacher spends some time putting herself together. She changes into her regular clothes, re-does her makeup, and sprays some perfume to mask the semen stench.

Lana spots her pink panties, still on top of the box that Herb put them on. She picks them up and notices they seem to have something crusted on them.

'Weird...' - she thinks, giving it a sniff. 'Just smells musky, like panties.' - she shrugs, putting them back on.

She leaves the tent and says a brief goodbye to the AV Club boys.

"Thanks for today. Bye, Miss Lana!" - Herb says.

"It was the best day. Thanks!" - Simon agrees.

"Thanks for the help!" - Jim shyly waves to her, and her nipples burn.

"Bye, boys, see all three of you on Tuesday at the club!" - the teacher says.

As she walks toward town, she reflects on the rough blowjob.

'I want it again. I should ask Dens to do it to me... he has to, right? Oh, but I can't take him entirely. So he might not like it. Maybe... would it be wrong to ask Jim to let me practice on him again? Or should I ask someone else? It might be better to practice on a different size... maybe even a peepee closer to Dens' size? Hmm...' - she chews over.

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Town – Lingerie

As she walks through Winston, many townsfolk greet her or say naughty things to the curvy teacher. She relishes the compliments.

Lana still has some time before the dinner date with Dennis, so she decides this is the best time to visit the local lingerie shop, as recommended by Mary.

'It will be good to thank Dens for being thoughtful for the Pink Deluxe massage and dinner. If Mary is right, he will be surprised, and his peepee will get erect instantly!' - she reflects lovingly. 'Tonight I won't back down, and we will have some adult time.' - she bites her lower lip, thinking of all the fun they will have.

She picks up her phone and messages Dennis to let him know she will be home shortly.

Message -- 05:12 -- Dens <3

\* Lana: Hi, hun! Going home soon, just need to do a quick pit stop.

\* Dennis: cool, babe / Pietro is still here, but I'll kick him out

\* Lana: lol... What time is our reservation?

\* Dennis: 6:30, but it's a 15 min drive

\* Lana: Ah, I better hurry! I still need to get ready.

\* Dennis: see you soon, love u

\* Lana: Love you too.

The voluptuous fiancee arrives at the supposed store. The sign reads Archer Sleepwear and Lingerie.

'Archer? Where do I know this name? Hmm...' - she thinks, unable to recall. She shrugs and walks into the tiny store.

"'Sup, Miss C!" - the young man standing at the counter greets her.

"Hi, Kyle. I did not know you worked here." - she says. 'Gosh... I don't particularly enjoy that he is here...' - she looks at the 23-year-old man. Kyle Hook is lean, tall, and muscular, with an oddly familiar face that the teacher can't quite place it. She remembers his thin 7-inch peen that she saw in the men's room and blushes.

"Yup, this is where I met Derek." - Kyle smirks, knowing what she is thinking.

"Oh, he comes here often?" - Lana asks, confused.

"Nah, it's his parent's store." - the guy rolls his eyes.

"Ah! Archer! I see." - she realizes. 'That will make this also Zack's parent's store. Ugh. I hope I don't run into either of them.

[Potato Note: Derek is Mary's ex-student and has had a couple lewd interactions with Lana during the beach excursion. Zack is Greg's school bully and is constantly a naughty pain in her butt; he appeared in Ch 12a, among others.]

"So, Miss C., how can I help you?" - Kyle asks from behind the counter.

"Uhhh... well..." - the teacher approaches the counter shyly. "I need some Lingerie." - she whispers.

"Hah!" - he guffaws at her decorum. "You came to the right place. That's what we sell here." - he smiles. "Let me help."

Kyle moves from behind the counter and motions the busty fiancee to come along. He rests his hand on her buttocks as he guides her to the Lingerie section, which comprises half the store.

"These are the boring ones... for old ladies..." - he says, pointing to a section. "And these are the sexy ones!" - he indicates, squeezing her bum with his other hand.

"Thank you..." - Lana says, moving away from his groping hand. "I can take it from here."

"Suit yourself, Miss C." - Kyle shrugs, returning to the counter.

Lana quickly looks over the lingerie.

She picks up a sheer red bustier. 'Gosh, some of these are too daring...'.

Next, she touches a see-through pink teddy. 'Hmm... do men like this?' - she wonders.

She also spots a pair of crotchless panties. 'Who would wear this?' - she asks herself, but she feels a tingle on her cooch.

After a couple minutes, she opts for a lacy blue babydoll. It seems just sexy enough for a first try, and blue is Dennis' favorite color. As promised, she takes a picture and sends it to her best friend, Mary.

Making up her mind, she carries the babydoll to Kyle at the checkout.

"Miss C, you won't try it out?" - the thin muscular guy asks, disappointed.

"Ah, not today. I do not have time." - the curvy teacher replies.

"It's a shame. This one is kinda boring." - the man says, ringing it up.

"Is it?" - she asks, her confidence faltering. 'Maybe Dens won't like it...'

"Yeah, we have some sluttier ones. You'll drive all the men wild." - Kyle grins.

"Oh... I see. Are you sure?" - Lana mutters. 'That is the point... but he may have ulterior motives...' - she thinks suspiciously.

"Hundred percent! Come back, and I can show you." - the tall man assures her.

"Hmm... maybe." - she replies. 'I don't want to give him any opportunities to be naughty... better avoid it if I can. Unless Dens loves it, then I can get another outfit.' - she considers.

Sensing that the curvy teacher is not falling for his words, Kyle decides to put his plan into practice. He doesn't remove the magnetic tag of the intimate apparel, which will force the teacher to come back eventually to have him remove it. He smirks as he puts the lingerie in the bag. He also disables the security, so the gate doesn't beep on the way out.

While Kyle scans the items, Lana looks around and notices a little tray full of bottles of intimate lubricants (lubes).

'Oh, gosh... what are these doing here? I guess the store is not hiding what the lingerie is used for... mmm... kinda naughty... AH!' - she spots the lube brand that Vivian had recommended earlier. She quickly grabs the bottle from the tray.

"Kyle, can you add this too?" - she asks embarrassedly, handing him the small bottle.

The lean man grins and pumps his eyebrows suggestively at her. The beautiful fiancee turns crimson as she scans her credit card. The cashier adds the lube to the bag and gives her the receipt. She leaves.

Outside, Lana moves the lube from the lingerie bag to her purse.

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As soon as the teacher leaves, Kyle calls Derek, sharing the plan with his best friend.

"Awesome, dude! Can we put a camera in the changing room?" - Derek asks.

"Hmm... your parents won't fire me for it?" - Kyle questions.

"Nah, I'll tell them it was me. Or my stupid brother." - Derek chuckles.

"Cool. We can turn it on once Miss C comes back this week." - Kyle says.

"Good work, bro! Call me when she is back." - Derek requests, ending the call.

Kyle smirks and texts his sister about the latest development.

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Day 14 – Evening

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Dinner Date

Around a quarter to six, Lana arrives back home and hugs her fiancee.

"How was the end of the event, babe?" - Dennis asks after their embrace.

"I had to help Jim out. It took a while." - she says, removing her coat and shoes. Dennis sits at the table, sipping on some whiskey.

"Is he okay? What happened?" - the ginger fiance asks. His phone vibrates on top of the table, and he glances at it.

"Ah, he got rejected by his crush. So, we had to devise a plan to make her jealous. Not sure it worked. In the end, it got a little bit intense, but I managed to cheer him on." - she recounts as she puts some of her things away.

"You're an awesome teacher, you know." - he compliments her as he reads the message from Cynthia, his co-worker.

"Thanks, hun. And I got some practice for you." - she beams at him. 'I am glad Dens approves of me helping Jim. I'm still not great, but I can improve. For Dens.

"That's good, that's good." - he says, putting his phone away. He sees the bag from the clothes shop. "What did you buy, babe?" - Dennis asks curiously.

"It is a sexy surprise." - the busty wife-to-be winks. Dens feels his peepee stir.

"Can I see?" - he asks enthusiastically.

"Tonight, Mr. Pervert." - she giggles.

"Ahh... boo!" - the ginger man says playfully.

They exchange a quick kiss, and she rushes to get ready for their reservation.

Lana chooses a lovely long green dress matching her eyes and black heels. She looks elegant and proper. Trying to entice her man, she foregoes a bra.

'Besides, doctor's orders!' - she thinks, happy to not accentuate the burning sensation on her nipples.

She holds up a black thong, her only one (besides the new ones the school gave). However, she chickens out last minute, instead putting on a pair of simple black undies that cover her entire posterior.

She leaves the bedroom but remembers her engagement ring, still in her purse. She decides to wear her fancy ring since this is a romantic date with her significant other.

Dennis is wearing a nice dark blue suit and a powder blue shirt and tie when she enters the living room.

"You look beautiful, babe." - Dens says, admiring his betrothed.

"Thanks. And I figured I could spice things up." - she winks and jiggles her large breasts provocatively.

"Oh wow..." - he mutters, slack-jawed. "Are you sure it's a good idea?"

"The place is not in Winston, right? So, I thought, why not?" - she smiles mischievously.

"Yeah, why not! Let's have fun! It's not like there is anyone we know there." - he agrees.

"That is the spirit!" - she exclaims, and they exchange a loving kiss.

The restaurant is in a neighboring town, so they leave early and arrive in time for their 6:30pm reservation. Dennis rambles about Pietro, the whole drive in their minivan. About the stuff they did and what they talked about. He didn't ask her even once for details about her day.

The restaurant is charming, and during dinner, they order an expensive bottle of wine to celebrate. Dennis continues to talk about the long-haired man.

"Hun, maybe that is enough about Pietro. Tonight is about us." - Lana says affectionately.

"Ah... you're right. Okay, last thing. Can we invite Pietro and Simon to our house for dinner?" - he asks, taking a sip of wine.

"Sure, that will be nice." - she agrees, munching on warm bread.

"I heard Simon is not doing so hot in school, so he might need some tutoring." - the ginger fiancee says.

"Oh, I had no idea. I will talk to him." - she makes a mental note.

"Thanks, babe. You're the best." - Dennis compliments. She smiles.

Their appetizer arrives, a delicious beef carpaccio dish, and they enjoy it while gossiping about other people in town.

"Also, what about Dr. Hardik?" - the busty betrothed asks, recalling earlier in the day.

"I didn't tell you?" - he asks, and she shakes her head. "Well, Pietro told me that I should do a spermiogram."

"What is that something to do with your sperm?" - she asks, interested.

"Yup, it's to test it. A semen analysis to measure my fertility." - the ginger-haired man says.

"Ah, are you concerned about it?" - the curvy fiancee asks, sipping her wine.

"Not really, but it's good to make sure we can have babies." - he smiles gallantly at her.

"Aw, I love that you are thinking about our future family. That is great." - she smiles warmly and squeezes his hand.

"I am. I'll go for a consultation tomorrow." - Dennis replies.

"Hmm... how do you think he measures your seed?" - Lana asks, curious about the procedure.

"I have no idea, probably with a stick or something?" - he says, swigging his wine. She giggles at his answer.

"Silly Carrot! In all likelihood, not with a stick." - she says, wiping a tear.

"I know!" - Dens shows her his tongue. "Guess I'll find out tomorrow." - he shrugs.

"Good luck, hun." - she says warmly.

They eat their entrees as they continue to chat about their future lives in Winston. They discuss their wedding, and the conversation quickly goes to their families and possible upcoming vacation plans.

Dennis notices that the young waiter, probably nineteen or twenty, keeps glancing at Lana's breasts.

"Babe, our waiter keeps staring at your boobs." - Dennis whispers as the server leaves.

"Really? I did not notice it." - she asks, amused. 'Maybe Dens wants me to tease him...' - she thinks, still slightly aroused.

"Yeah, all night. He can't take his eyes off." - the ginger man explains.

"Hmm..." - she mumbles. 'Seems like Dens does. That's hot. And it will certainly help him get excited for tonight...' - she squirms her legs, feeling dampness between them. "Want to have some fun with him?" - she asks mischievously.

"What do you mean?" - Dens asks, feeling a little horny by her sexiness.

"I will show you." - she winks seductively. The busty teacher is feeling extra frisky due to her charged-up day.

As the young waiter approaches their table to refill their water, Lana pulls the left side of her dress down, letting her breast fall out. Her round, supple boob, and sizeable pink areola, capped with a hard poky nipple, is on display to everyone in the restaurant.

Dennis notices it, but it's too late. He looks up to see the waiter staring at her tit, wide-eyed.

"Babe, your dress!" - Dennis points out, aghast.

The wife-to-be looks down slowly and makes a noise as if noticing in slow motion. She takes her time to adjust her dress back in place.

"Oops, must have slipped." - Lana says, blushing. Her cooch is on fire. It's throbbing like it urgently needs something inside.

Dennis' jaw almost hits the floor. The waiter awkwardly fills their glasses and excuses himself.

"What was that?" - Dennis whispers, his heart thumping.

"I just teased him a little. I thought you might like it...." - she says worriedly. "You did not?"

"I am not sure... m-maybe... he's a stranger..." - the ginger fiancee mutters, clearly torn.

'Oh... Dens is so confusing... I thought he'd love it... he is always encouraging me to do these things... hmm...' - she contemplates what to say.

"That is why it is safe to play around here. Nobody knows us." - the buxom brunette says convincingly.

"Ah, I see..." - Dennis murmurs with conflicted feelings.

"Can we try again?" - she asks optimistically, this time trying to include her fiancee in the game. Her face is red, partially due to the wine but mostly her arousal.

Initially, his expression turns to surprise. Then, to horniness. He inhales deeply and leans forward.

"Okay, babe... be cautious..." - Dennis whispers. "I don't know how I feel about a stranger seeing your boobs in public, but we can try... it's kinda fun..." - he admits quietly.

'Ahhh... I get it... Dens is saying that a person we know would be fine! Makes sense why he is more encouraging in town. Weird, I would've thought a strange would be easier... maybe I can convince him...' - she reflects, rubbing her legs together and stimulating her damp cooch.

"Pretend not to notice it this time, okay?" - she says sultrily, and he nods.

Dennis sees the waiter walking toward them and gives his curvy betrothed a small signal. He seems enthusiastic about it. Lana pretends to go for her wine glass with one hand, and with the other, she pulls her dress down again, freeing her perfect breast.

The waiter hands Dennis the dessert menu and stops in his track when it's Lana's turn.

"Are you not going to give me the menu?" - she asks teasingly.

"Uhhhh.... Yes, yes..." - the young man says, unable to break eye contact with her naked boob.

Lana suppresses a giggle; she's having too much fun. Dennis feels like his heart will jump out of his mouth, he is painfully hard, but his stomach is in knots.

"Do you want something, hun?" - Lana asks, turning to her fiancee. Her unrestrained tit jiggles obscenely. Dennis shakes his head, unable to speak.

"I... uuhhh... gonna go. Be right back to get your order..." - the waiter mumbles, staring at her chest.

"Oh, can you stay? I have a couple questions about the desserts." - she smiles wickedly. The young server gulps and nods.

Lana asks a couple questions about the ingredients of the sweets. The waiter stammers to give her an answer, the whole time brazenly staring at the engaged woman's uncovered boob.

"Thank you, but I do not want anything." - Lana smiles naughtily at the man, who nods and clumsily bumbles away. She sees that the waiter has a large bump on his slacks. 'Mmm... looks nice...' - she thinks. She turns to Dennis. "So?" - the busty brunette asks her fiancee with a lewd grin.

"All right... it's super hot..." - Dennis admits, adjusting his boner in his pants. He glances around to make sure nobody else saw the event. "You can put your boob away now, babe." - he whispers, and she giggles, covering herself.

"I knew you would like it!" - she says. 'Sometimes he is so insecure, but others so forward... I don't really get it. He's so weird. At least he seems on board today. Maybe he'll let me do it again?'

"You're driving me crazy today... the cosplay, the teasing, and now this." - he says, wiping his brow.

"Take me home then..." - she purrs sultrily.

"Guh!" - he exclaims out loud, almost choking at her forwardness. She giggles, and he stands up, his tiny boner extremely apparent. "I'm going to pee and then pay. See you soon."

"Can I flirt with the waiter again?" - she coos, making puppy-dog eyes at her future-husband.

"Okay, but quick." - he agrees. "And tell me all about it...." - he whispers, adjusting his pants again. He leaves, going to the other side of the restaurant.

'Hmm... Dens is really liking our "adult play" today. This was the right call. Combined with the lingerie, I'm sure he will go wild.' - she smiles, proud of her plan.

Lana sees the waiter and motions him to come over.

"Hi, Mrs., how can I help?" - the server asks, stopping beside her table.

"It is Miss. I am not married yet." - the curvy fiancee says, and the young man's eyes widen. She stands up. "I just wanted to say thanks for playing along."

"Oh, I imagined it was something like that. No worries. My pleasure." - the man says with composure.

"You deserve a goodbye reward." - she says sensually, stepping forward and kissing him on the lips. After a few seconds, she steps away. "Did you like my boobie?"

"Yes, it was the hottest thing that ever happened to me..." - the waiter says earnestly.

"Good. You can touch it if you want." - the busty future-wife purrs. 'Oh, I shouldn't do much more than I did when Dens was here.' - she reflects. "But only one." - she adds, pulling part of her dress down and freeing her boob.

"Are y-you s-sure?" - the young server stammers, and she nods. He stretches his hand and squeezes her bare, perfect orb. The sexy teacher moans with approval. He gives it a couple more gropes.

"Naughty boy, that is all you get." - she says huskily, stepping away from him and fixing her dress.

Lana turns and starts to walk away. She stops and turns her head toward him.

"Until next time." - she winks seductively and lifts her dress, exposing her panties-covered butt. She bends over slightly, giving him a nice view of her mound. After maybe five seconds, she lets her dress fall and resumes walking, giggling like a naughty schoolgirl. 'Gosh... that was so hot... I am so wet... Dens will love it...' - she thinks, biting her lip.

The loving fiancees meet back at the entrance.

"Did you tease him again?" - Dennis asks, curious. She sees the fire in his eyes.

"I gave him a nice tip and showed him my boob again..." - Lana reveals, and he groans. "But I was bad, hun. I did something without you." - she says shyly.

"What did you do?" - the ginger betrothed asks, his eyes wide as saucers.

"I showed him my but..." - she whispers in his ear.

"That's so hot, babe." - he admits. "I quite like this side of you, Lana. It's so sensual." - Dennis says, blushing. Lana smiles at her man. Suddenly something comes across his face. "You were wearing undies, right?"

"Yes..." - she says, lifting her dress and showing him her black panties. He scouts around, making sure nobody is watching her indiscretion. 'Did he not want me to?' - she thinks.

"Ah, okay..." - Dennis says, seemingly relieved. However, Lana mistakes his relief for disappointment.

'Did he want me to tease the waiter even further? It would have been hotter if he had seen my cooch... like the people in town... is that what Dens want? Goodness... sometimes he is so naughty. Almost as much as the lecherous old men from town.' - she thinks, her panties damp with her juices.

They hop back in their minivan and start to drive back home.

"Thanks for dinner, hun." - the voluptuous fiancee says to her man.

"Did you like it? Food was awesome." - Dennis says.

"Yes, and the service too. It was all lovely. Can we come back?" - she asks, hoping for further opportunities to tease the young waiter.

"Anytime, babe." - he says, eager to return home.

Lana stares out the window as they drive and muses about the events.

'Why did I hide the kiss with the waiter from Dens? I don't know... it felt like I went a bit too far... I didn't tell him about letting the young man grope me either... argh... I should have told him... but I couldn't... why.... Mmm... It's kinda hot not to tell him... it's just a little sexy secret...' - she thinks, her cooch throbbing.

'Geez, Lana... what is wrong with me? Ugh.... This day is getting away from me. Too many things happened, and I'm out of control. My sex drive is sky-high. Hopefully, Dens can take care of me, and I can start fresh tomorrow.' - she thinks optimistically, not realizing that her views and morals have been slowly changing.

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Bedtime

The couple arrives home and performs their nightly rituals, preparing for their 'adult time'.

"Hun, did you receive my email?" - she asks, referring to the selfie she sent him, where she is dressed as Princess Leia and exposing her pussy.

"I haven't... what did you send?" - he says promptly.

"Can you check again? Maybe it is in the spam folder." - she says worriedly.

Dennis sighs, knowing he just checked not long ago. He opens his laptop and checks once more. Nothing.

"Nothing, babe. What is it?" - he inquires.

"Oh, nothing. Maybe it did not send. I will check my phone." - she says, going to the couch.

Lana checks her phone and notices she got a message from Mary about an hour ago.

Message -- 7:36 -- Mary

\* Mary: Bestie, what are you thinking?!

The brunette teacher stares at the message, confused.

Message -- 8:20 -- Mary

\* Lana: Hi, bff. Sorry, I was out for dinner. What is going on?

\* Mary: Why did you send us that slutty photo?

\* Lana: What photo?

\* Mary: "Hot Leia for You"

\* Lana: Wait, how do you know that?!!??!?!

\* Mary: Look at your sent mail!

Lana's heart is beating fast. In a panic, she checks her 'sent folder'. The email to Dens with the photo is there. She opens it, and her heart skips a beat.

She had mistakenly sent the picture of her bare snatch in cosplay to the School Staff.

\* Lana: OH NO!

\* Mary: It wasn't on purpose?

\* Lana: No! I'm going to die!

\* Mary: Damn, shit... fuck...

\* Lana: I didn't mean to! I... what do I do?

\* Mary: Well... not much you can do. All the staff will see your pussy tomorrow morning.

\* Lana: Nooooooooo

\* Mary: You have to own it now

\* Lana: What do you mean?

\* Mary: Say you were supporting the AV Club with their club activities. You are being a good teacher

\* Lana: How is that helpful? I just sent a pic of my cooch to all the teachers

\* Mary: And Bill! And Stella. Also, the janitor, the cafeteria people, the librarian...

\* Lana: Kill me now!

\* Mary: You're in the Incentive Program, right?

\* Lana: Yeah?

\* Mary: Perfect! Bill can use this to show how good of a teacher you are

\* Lana: Oh! Wait... show?

\* Mary: Yeah, to the board!

\* Lana: No! I don't want even more people seeing the photo

\* Mary: Ah, precious. Your cooch is out there now! Better own it and use it to your advantage.

\* Lana: I don't like that...

\* Mary: Enjoy the ramifications of your mistake ;) / Bestie, I have to go now, talk tomorrow, love you

\* Lana: Okay :( I love you too.

She sighs and rolls around on the couch for a few minutes, her mind and heart racing.

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Trying to take her mind off her new problem, Lana changes into lingerie to seduce her handsome fiancee.

The curvy teacher removes all her clothes and puts on the lacy blue babydoll. She senses something cold against her upper back. She sees that the electronic tag is still there.

'Ugh... Kyle is incompetent! I need to go back there and have him fix this. Oh well, nothing I can do now. It's time to reward Dens.' - she thinks.

Lana comes into the room. Dennis is in bed and drops his phone when he spots his sultry fiancee.

"What you think, hun?" - she says shyly, doing a little twirl. The sexy garment's material shines in the light, and although it is not highly erotic, it emphasizes her voluptuous body.

"Woah! I love it. When did you get it?" - he asks, slack-jawed.

"I bought it today. For you." - she says with a meek smile.

"You're amazing..." - he mutters.

There is a noticeable tent on his pajama pants. Lana crawls on top of the bed, her large 38DD hanging down and swinging lewdly as she goes towards her man. She stops a couple feet away.

"Someone is already excited..." - she coos, eyeing his mediocre boner. "Can I see it?"

Dennis enthusiastically removes his pants, revealing his less-than-average peepee to his betrothed.

"Babe, you're driving me wild..." - Dennis mutters.

'Mary is a genius! I haven't seen Dens this hard in a while... maybe I need to get a sexier pair. Well, I already have to go to the store because of the tag, so might as well...' - she reflects.

"How about this?" - the busty brunette teases.

Lana sits on the bed and opens her legs wide, fully exposing her hairy and wet twat to Dennis.

"Fuck me!" - he exclaims, seeing his fiancee's vagina in its entirety for the first time. "Your vajayjay is beautiful..." - he comments, making her blush.

"I want to reward you tonight, Dens. Anything you want." - she says invitingly, opening her lips to her man.

'What is Dens going to choose? Maybe he will want to lick me... or have me give him a blowjob... or play with my anus! What do I do if he asks to have my cooch? I'm not ready yet...' - she speculates, feeling many butterflies in her flat tummy.

Dennis' eyes go from her pussy to his erect weenie. He notices that her delicate bare feet are close to his member. His little guy twitches at the idea.

"Can you... jerk me... ermm... with your feet..." - the ginger fiancee says.

"\*Gasp\*..." - she gasps at the unexpected request. She is clearly disappointed by his choice.

"While I stare at your vajayjay?" - he completes, analyzing her virgin twat for the first time.

'Wow, I did not expect that... doesn't seem very hot. Oh, well... I want to please him. I wonder what brought this about...' - she thinks.

Unknowingly to Dennis, the interaction with Cynthia's feet the previous night had awoken a hidden desire in him. The event from the party was so impactful that he dreamt of a footjob during the night.

"Of course, Mr. Pervert... your wish is my command..." - she says, licking her lips seductively.

Sheepishly, she bumps her feet against his steel-hard peepee. Dennis groans.

She starts to rub and touch her delicate feet against his manhood.

"Ah... please place your soles on each side... and jerk me off like that..." - he moans, enjoying the sensation of her soft skin.

Trying to satisfy him, she does it, although she feels a bit awkward about it. 'He had so many options, and he chose this... I cannot judge... maybe he just wants to try it out...'

Lana starts gingerly moving her feet up and down, masturbating Dens' peepee.

"Does this have a name?" - she asks, feeling surprisingly naughty and aroused by her actions. 'This is more fun than I thought... it's kinda hot, in a dirty way...' - she thinks.

"A footjob... unnng..." - he groans, staring at her exposed cooch.

Both start to get into it, and the busty fiancee cannot hold back anymore. She starts to pat and rub her needy cooch. They are so worked up from the day that they are both ready to climax in about thirty seconds.

"Ah... Dens... this is so naughty..." - Lana says, rubbing her snatch and clit more intensely.

"Feels so good, babe... you're amazing... ahhh..." - he says, closing his eyes and putting his head back. "I'm gonna cum... it's so good..." - he groans.

Lana feels her orgasm building up. Dennis grunts, and semen shoots up from his weenie, falling onto her feet.

The sight of her lovely fiancee repeatedly spurting his fresh cum is enough to send the curvy teacher over the edge. She shakes and trembles, having a small climax.

After recovering, they clean up and put their pajamas on. They lay in bed and sleepily cuddle. Lana is so exhausted from the day that nothing comes to her head; she is simply enjoying lying close to the person she loves.

"That was awesome!" - Dennis says, yawning.

"It was a lot of fun. Where did you come up with that?" - Lana asks curiously.

"I'm not sure. I just wanted to try it." - he smiles lazily at her.

"It was certainly different. I liked it." - she admits, and they kiss intimately.

"I love you, babe. You're the best." - the ginger man says, yawning again.

"I love you too. And you are the best! Thank you for everything." - she says, snuggling up to him.

"Like what?" - he asks, squeezing her softly.

"Moving here, helping me grow, encouraging me to push my boundaries. Everything." - she says.

"You're welcome. But I have to thank you, I'm not sure what I would've done without you. You have been my rock." - he says sleepily.

"Aww, Dens. Thanks. I am glad we are spending the rest of our lives together." - she smiles caringly.

"Me too." - he says, beaming at his beautiful betrothed. "Goodnight, Lana."

"Goodnight, Dennis." - she says.

They exchange a peck on the lips before closing their eyes.

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