

Blowjob Class

by Pan

“Please Mom, drive faster. Please!”

“Celeste, darling, you need to calm down.”

“Mom, you’re – oh my god, what are you *doing*?”

“It’s called a red light, darling.”

“It was amber!”

“Well, it’s red now. What on earth has gotten you so worked up?”

Celeste looked at her mother, but bit her tongue instead of answering the question. She... she couldn’t tell her mother what her concern was.

She didn’t know why; she just knew she couldn’t.

“I just don’t want to be late,” she mumbled.

“Well, we’ll get there when we get there. But if we speed and run red lights, we might not get there at all.”

“Good,” Celeste muttered, and her mother pretended not to have heard her.

“Ah, Celeste...”

As soon as she’d walked inside the building, Celeste had known that she was too late.

A part of her had considered running outside, fleeing the school grounds and playing truant.

But she knew that wasn’t an option. She didn’t know why; she just knew it wasn’t.

The minute hand on the large school clock may as well have been the Grim Reaper’s scythe. Except it wasn’t death that awaited her at the end of its slow arc.

Worse.

She was about to commit social suicide.

“Hello, Ms Thompson,” Celeste muttered. She wished she was somewhere else. *Anywhere* else.

But instead, here she was. First period.

Blowjob Class.

“We’ve already paired off,” Ms Thompson tutted. “But that’s absolutely fine. I’m going to put you with Artie here.”

“Can’t I go with...”

She trailed off. Once upon a time, she’d been known for her caustic wit. But ever since the new principal had arrived, Celeste hadn’t been able to talk back to teachers.

She didn’t know why she couldn’t; she just knew she couldn’t.

And so instead, Celeste nodded.

She didn’t hate Blowjob Class. Her boyfriend John was in the class with her, and it had been nice being able to experiment with him in a safe environment. Outside of class they’d barely progressed past making out. She’d gotten topless in front of him a few times, and enjoyed the shivers of pleasure as he’d sucked on her teenage nipples, but they’d gone no further than that.

And so Blowjob Class had been a nice way to share intimate moments without pressure, without the risk of being branded a slut. She’d enjoyed learning the skills, too.

As well as that, Celeste had been surprised to discover...she just enjoyed giving head.

It wasn’t something she’d admitted to anyone: not John, not her best friend Katy, no one. But of all the new principal’s odd changes to the school, Blowjob Class was secretly the one that

she most loved.

She glanced over to see who John was paired with, and her heart sank.

Katy.

She knew that Katy had a crush on her boyfriend. Everyone knew that. And Celeste couldn't deny the slight thrill she got from that fact.

Celeste genuinely loved Katy; they'd been best friends since grade school. But there had always been an unspoken competition between them.

A competition that Celeste often won. She'd been the first of the pair to need a bra, the first to kiss a boy, and when she'd bagged the hottest guy in the school, the one Katy had a crush on, she felt like she'd cemented her victory.

Now her best friend was going to suck her boyfriend's cock. Only in class, sure, but still...

What if she was better at it than Celeste was?

The young woman's stomach tightened at the thought. She wanted to call Ms Thompson over, tell her she wasn't feeling well, see if she could be excused...

But she couldn't lie to her teacher. Celeste didn't know why she couldn't; just that she couldn't.

Why had her mother been late? Normally it wouldn't matter, but on the day of Blowjob Class? If you weren't there when everyone was choosing partners, you got stuck with...

The teenage girl sighed as Artie clomped towards her.

She was sure he was a nice enough boy. Celeste wasn't a bully. Ever since the new principal had arrived, bullying had become a thing of the past. No one even spoke of it, it had just disappeared overnight.

No one knew why bullying had so suddenly died out; just that it had.

A few years ago, perhaps Artie would have been the victim of a sarcastic comment or three from Celeste, but not since the new principal had arrived. Now, she found herself smiling politely at the overweight boy.

He smiled back, before redirecting his gaze at her chest. The new school uniform was quite generous with how much cleavage it exposed. Another change that Celeste had quite enjoyed, up until now.

She didn't do anything to discourage her classmate's gaze. Instead, she pulled her shoulders back, and made sure he had plenty to look at, as had become her habit. She didn't know why she'd started doing that; just that she had.

"Now," Ms Thompson said firmly. "Today, we're going to be starting with foreplay. Everyone, can you...yes, Michael?"

"Sorry, ma'am, but I'm confused. I thought blowjobs *were* foreplay."

"To some, Michael, yes, but that's outdated thinking. For some couples – particularly LGBT couples – blowjobs are considered the 'main event', in a sense. And even if a couple typically has PIV intercourse, a night dedicated only to giving head can be a nice way to vary things up a bit. Does that make sense?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Any other questions, before we begin? Hodgeson?"

"Excuse me, ma'am, but how can lesbians have a blowjob night?"

"What?"

"You said LGBT. The L is for Lesbian."

Ms Thompson sighed, and Celeste had to bite her lip. It was exactly the kind of question an unruly student might have asked to throw off the class, but that wasn't an option since the new

principal had started. No one knew why it wasn't; just that it wasn't.

The entire class was beginning to giggle now. If he wasn't asking the question just to troll the teacher, that meant Hodgeson was serious.

And since a student had a serious question, Celeste knew that Ms Thompson would have to answer it to the best of her ability. She didn't know why that was the case; she just knew that it was.

"Perhaps one of the lesbians is trans," Ms Thompson replied, after a few moments of thought. "Or maybe they're lesbian, but...I don't know, on blowjob night they have sex with a man."

"Wouldn't they be bisexual then, ma'am?" Katy offered helpfully.

"You can identify as a lesbian and still enjoy bisexual experiences," Ms Thompson continued. "The lesbian identifier is often used to refer to one's romantic preferences. Now, unless there are any other questions..."

Her pause was so short that the students immediately realized that she wasn't sincerely seeking questions.

"...we should begin!" the teacher continued, clapping her hands authoritatively.

Celeste turned uneasily to her blowjob partner. She'd been so preoccupied with the pairing of Katy and John, she hadn't put serious thought into what was about to happen.

Over the next forty-five minutes, she was going to practice foreplay with Artie, the fat kid who wore glasses glasses. He was about half a foot shorter than her, with thick greasy hair. Where the girls' school uniform introduced by the principal had been quite flattering, the boy's uniform was...not.

Celeste thought her boyfriend managed to wear it with style, but the credit for that lay on her boyfriend's shoulders, not the uniform's.

It was as though the girls' uniform had been quite carefully, lovingly designed, while the boy's uniform had been nothing more than an afterthought. Girls wore a white, cleavage-sharing blouse, and the grey pleated skirt flattered all but the most rotund of female forms.

But Celeste knew that she would not gain weight, and if she did, she'd work hard to lose it again. She didn't know why she'd do that; just that she would.

Apparently the boys of the school felt no such obligation.

The bottom two buttons of Artie's shirt were unbuttoned, revealing the bulge of a hairy stomach. The pants were a dull grey, and the button-up shirt, tie, and blazer were flattering for only a very limited range of body-types, of which Artie's was not one. The blazer looked like it was half a size too small, and the pants were not designed for someone of his weight.

Masking her shudder, the young woman tuned back into the teacher's instructions.

"...with which you're all familiar, but just to be sure, we'll spend the first few minutes of the lesson on that. I'll come around and give tips as appropriate."

Celeste felt like there was nothing "appropriate" about making out with someone other than her boyfriend – even if it was educational – but she knew that complaining about that now would be the height of hypocrisy, considering how vocally she'd enjoyed the previous eight weeks of Blowjob Class.

Besides, it wasn't like she had a choice. She turned to Artie, forced a grin to her face, and asked if he was ready.

The lump of a student just nodded. It didn't look like he was making a move towards standing up, so Celeste positioned herself on his lap. From her perch, she could see her boy and best friend – they'd wasted no time, locking lips as soon as the words were out of the teacher's

mouth.

Her blowjob partner's eyes widened at the intensity with which Celeste kissed him, working her anger out on his mouth. As Ms Thompson hollered instructions, Celeste obeyed them with passion, to distract herself from the jealousy that threatened to consume her.

"Girls, run your hands through your boy's hair. Not like that, Bessa, you're not a comb."

"Gentlemen, use your hands to explore your partner's bodies. Watson, don't go leaping straight for the clitoris like a bull at a gate. Start with the waist and legs; this is supposed to be foreplay, after all."

"Yes, exactly like that, John. Good work. Katy obviously loves that."

It was all Celeste could do not to tear herself away from Artie's hungry mouth to see exactly what Katy was loving so much, but she tried to focus. Her lips had parted, and Artie's spongy tongue was languidly exploring her mouth.

When John kissed her, he was always firm and demanding, in a way that Celeste found incredibly hot. He tasted better than Artie did, too. Celeste closed her eyes and tried to focus on the class, on the way Artie's hand was grasping her ass...on anything except Katy and John, half a classroom away, making out so well that the teacher had given them a special shoutout.

"Okay, now we're going to try some more advanced foreplay. Ladies, take your tops off. Bras, too."

Celeste's eyes opened.

Oh, god. Why had *this* been the class she was late to? Last week had been deep-throating, and the week before had been entirely focused on giving attention to the balls.

Obviously she wouldn't have been *happy* to hear the sound of her best friend choking on her boyfriend's cock, or John's moans of pleasure as Katy fondled his sack, but...well, that would have been better than this.

Anything would have been better than this.

No one, Ms Thompson had assured them, was good at deep-throating at first. Afterwards, Katy and Celeste had discussed it briefly, and they'd both confirmed how ineffective their first efforts had been. (Deep-Throating 102 was coming up towards the end of the semester).

Celeste would much have preferred for John to spend the class with Katy struggling to take his cock down her throat.

As it was, they were going to be...

The teenager sighed as she began to unbutton her blouse. Celeste had won most of the unspoken competitions against her bestie, but while she had been the first to need a bra...it hadn't taken long for Katy to outpace her.

When it came to tits, Katy was undeniably the victor.

That was a big reason Celeste had enjoyed the new school uniforms so much. The right kind of bra can turn an average size pair of tits into a *magnificent* set of cleavage, and Celeste had amassed an entire collection with that focus.

When they were standing side-by-side in their uniforms, no one would guess that Katy was a full two cup sizes larger than Celeste.

Not even John.

But now, with the tops off, he'd know. He'd know that Katy had a bigger pair of tits than his girlfriend.

From now on, whenever she took her top off for him, he'd be mentally comparing her to Katy.

And Celeste knew that was a competition she couldn't win.

Shrugging her blouse off, Celeste tried to hide her worries from Artie's face. It wasn't his fault, after all, and she knew that Ms Thompson was constantly monitoring the class for students who weren't 'showing their blowjob partner the respect they deserved'.

Short or tall, thin or fat, gay or straight – it was important that every female student left high-school knowing how to give a good blowjob, every male student left knowing exactly what he liked.

Celeste didn't know why it was important; just that it was.

Her blowjob partner's eyes lit up as she undid her bra. He didn't seem to mind how much of her tits' volume had been artificially inflated; Artie was clearly excited just to be seeing her boobs at all.

“Boys, watch what I do and try to follow along.”

With what seemed to be great effort, Artie tore his eyes away from Celeste's breasts, and turned his attention to their teacher. Ms Thompson had removed her top as well, and was using her hands to demonstrate different ways to stimulate the breasts.

Artie's hands were warm and clammy, but once she adjusted to that, Celeste tried to let herself enjoy his fondling. Considering the lack of emotional connection, she hadn't expected to feel a fraction of what she'd enjoyed with John at the drive-in movie theater, but to her surprise she once more began to feel the tingling of arousal that John had given her.

Either Artie was a natural, Ms Thompson's instructions were *really* good, or Celeste had particularly sensitive nipples, because it wasn't long before she was practically writhing under his touch.

Glancing around, she could see she wasn't the only one. Blowjob Class was normally focused almost entirely on the male's pleasure, so it was interesting to see the different reactions on the girls' faces. Delilah, sitting next to her, was flushed and wide-eyed, like she'd seen an erotic ghost. Yasmine's eyes were closed and she was biting her lip, deep in the throes of passion. Jillian seemed unaffected; she had a bored look on her face as her partner followed the teacher's lead.

But Celeste's heart leapt to her throat when her attention came to Katy. She looked like she was on the verge of orgasm, writhing and gasping and blushing and panting and staring deeply into John's eyes.

Even worse: John was passionately staring back.

The room fell away. All Celeste could see was her boyfriend, with whom she had recently used the L-word, and her best friend, connecting not only sexually (which would have made total sense; it was Blowjob Class) but – from the looks of it – emotionally as well.

She had to do something. She knew she had to do something. She couldn't just...let it happen.

John was her man, and she wasn't going to let her best friend steal him away from her.

But what? What *could* she do?

Celeste wanted to take Artie's surprisingly-talented hands off her breasts, storm across the room, and wrest Katy away from her man. She wanted to call the teacher over, insist that they swap partners, tell her that if she didn't, she'd have her fired. She wanted to storm out of the room crying, and hope that John would follow her.

But she couldn't do any of those things. Not during class. Celeste didn't know why she couldn't; just that she couldn't.

She closed her eyes, and let herself sink into the pleasure that her chubby partner was giving her. She knew he wouldn't notice; his gaze was firmly locked onto her firm tits, her pink nipples.

As Ms Thompson continued instructing the class, the jolts of arousal coursing through her body provided Celeste with a welcome distraction from what she knew was happening just a few feet away. She pressed her thighs together, amazed at how wet she was getting from the near-stranger's attention. Far more than she ever had in class before, if she was being honest. More, even, than her necking sessions with John.

A smile slowly spread across the teenage girl's face.

She knew exactly what she had to do. It wouldn't necessarily halt John and Katy's pleasure, but she knew it would distract from it, while having the side-benefit of making her boyfriend very, very jealous.

"Oh, *Artie*," Celeste moaned, throwing her head back, her eyes still tightly closed. "You're soooo good at this. Mmmm, yessss. Don't stop..."

While her intent had been distraction, her reaction was fundamentally honest, and so the young woman was unsurprised to find that she could cry out as long as loud as she liked, without breaking any of the new principal's unspoken rules.

She didn't know why she could; just that she could.

Nothing she said was a lie. While Celeste was a pretty good actress, she didn't even have to pretend. The lust in her voice was completely genuine; Artie's clammy hands on her tits were doing things to her that she didn't even know she'd like.

The next time she got topless with John, she would happily let him apply the lessons they'd learned in Blowjob Class.

If she got topless with her boyfriend again.

If he'd even be her boyfriend after today.

No. She couldn't let herself think like that. Celeste knew she had to focus on what she could do to affect the situation. She had but one tool at her disposal, and she planned to use it as effectively as possible.

"Oh, yes," she continued with a shuddering groan. "Oh, just like that. That feels amazing..."

It took a lot of willpower not to open her eyes and see if her words were having the desired effect, but she knew that if this was going to work, John and Katy couldn't glance over to see her needily staring back at them.

"Well done, Artie," Ms Thompson said proudly. "Everyone else, stop for a moment. Gather around and pay attention to what Artie's doing."

At her teacher's instruction, Celeste's eyes shot open, and her face went red...redder than it had already been.

Shit.

She'd wanted attention, sure, but not this much. Not for the entire class to come and...stare at her boobs.

Her boobs, being fondled by the fattest kid in class.

Shit.

But she knew that she couldn't stop now. Even if John and Katy had been so absorbed in the other that they'd ignored her, that was no longer an option. The entire class's eyes were on her, and she wouldn't get a better opportunity to make her boyfriend jealous.

"Artie, why don't you lean forward and use your mouth. Do this with your tongue and teeth..."

With a room full of schoolmates staring at her, Celeste decided the best option was to close her eyes once more. Some of the less-popular girls were smirking, all of the boys were happily

staring at her tits, and as the room disappeared from her view, the teenager got a glimpse of the annoyed look on her boyfriend's face.

Was he mad that his hands had been dragged away from Katy's huge boobs, or at how much she was obviously enjoying the touch of another man?

As Artie's mouth gingerly clamped around her nipple, Celeste gave up on trying to answer the question, and just enjoyed the sensation. He must have been a fast learner, because it only took a minute or two for his efforts to transform from 'pleasant' to 'holy god please don't stop'.

"Holy god, please don't stop..." Celeste babbled. She was squeezing her thighs rhythmically in an effort to stimulate herself. She couldn't remember ever feeling this turned on; even when she played with herself late at night, after a hot date, remembering the look on her boyfriend's face, or the events of their most recent Blowjob Class together.

Even on the rare occasion she made herself cum, she still didn't feel like she'd hit these heights of arousal.

"This is so hot. I've been this turned on before," she gasped honestly. "Oh yes, please, Artie, please..."

"Everyone return to your partners," Ms Thompson instructed, "and see if you can recreate what Artie and Celeste are doing."

As she heard the class shuffle away, Celeste risked opening her eyes. Artie's mouth was on her left breast, but his eyes were staring up at her.

She smiled down at him, feeling unexpectedly...affectionate.

Oh, god. No.

This had been the topic of an early class. When someone brings you sexual pleasure, it creates endorphins, which the brain struggles to separate from the brain chemicals caused by... love.

Ms Thompson had told them about it, and warned that teenagers were known to feel emotions particularly intensely. In response, Celeste had bumped her shoulder against her boyfriend's, and winked at him. He'd smiled back; the smile that always gave her butterflies.

The same butterflies she was feeling now as Artie sucked at her breast like a newborn infant.

Fuck.

She suddenly understood what her teacher had been warning them about.

If this was how she felt about Artie, a lump of a student with whom she'd never exchanged more than a few words...how would her boyfriend be feeling about Katy by the end of class?

"That's enough foreplay," Ms Thompson said, as though reading from a script titled 'Celeste's Worst Nightmare'.

"Blowjob time?" Michael asked enthusiastically, and the class tittered.

"Almost," the teacher responded. "We just have one more aspect of female pleasure to explore: digital stimulation."

It sounded like a sci-fi term, but Celeste remembered had studied hard for the final Handjob Class exam, so she knew exactly what it meant: digital, as in 'using one's digits', as in fingers.

Celeste was about to be fingered for the first time. And not by her boyfriend, who was sitting just a few chairs away, but by a boy so large, his fingers probably resembled hot dogs.

So why did the idea of feeling Artie's chubby fingers inside her give her such a thrill?

Artie's eyes flicked down to her skirt as Ms Thompson began giving instructions once more.

"Now, let's keep the panties on, to begin with. There's a lot you can do through the fabric,

and I want to...mm-hmm? John?"

Celeste was unable to stop her attention from snapping to her boyfriend. She blushed, hoping that no one had noticed, that she hadn't looked too desperate.

"Katy isn't wearing panties, ma'am," he said, and laughter began to roll around the room, until Ms Thompson held up one hand. Everyone immediately fell silent.

They didn't know why they did; just that they must.

Celeste hadn't joined in the laughter. She wasn't sure how to take that news. John's tone had suggested neither admiration nor shock. Did he find it hot that his blowjob partner was going commando, or did he think it was tacky?

"Katy," Ms Thompson tutted. "You know that's against uniform policy."

Bras were optional, but panties were strictly regulated. The girls had been given a list of specific brands and styles they were to wear to school. It had been a struggle to acquire an appropriate pair without her parents finding out, but Celeste knew that everyone had to keep their purchases a secret. She didn't know why they did; just that they did.

She wondered how Katy had managed to break the panties rule.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," her best friend replied. "I spilled something on them right before class."

Ah. That would explain it. Katy must have discovered a loophole, a technical following-of-the-rules that left her bottomless. And then – once she'd noticed Celeste was late, and realized she wouldn't be there to pick partners for Blowjob Class – used it to be pantiless with her best friend's boyfriend.

"Well then," Ms Thompson replied, thin-lipped, "you two can just sit there and wait until we reach the panty-removal stage."

Celeste tried to hide her smile as she closed her eyes. Her boyfriend wouldn't be touching Katy's pussy for several minutes. He'd a captive audience to the show she was about to put on.

As Ms Thompson's instructions began, the room began to fill with the sound of female pleasure. For a moment, Celeste thought that the other women must have found their partners' touch particularly arousing, but then she realized: she was the cause.

Celeste was one of the most popular girls in school. When the others had heard her moaning expressively, she'd...maybe not 'inspired' them exactly, but at least given them permission to begin expressing their own pleasure instead of holding back.

Her efforts to make John jealous had resulted in a room of moaning women. And Katy wasn't one of them. Celeste had never thought of herself as a trend-setter before.

On one hand, it was very flattering. On the other, it meant she would have to be even louder, to make sure that John could hear her over the crowd.

But Celeste wasn't one to back down from a challenge.

"Mmmm," she moaned loudly as Artie began stroking the outside of her panties. "Oh, *fuck*."

Profanity within school grounds had become a thing of the past since the new principal's tenure, so Celeste was surprised (and delighted) to discover that she was allowed to swear during the throes of passion.

"God, Artie," she mewed. "You're so good at this..."

Celeste wasn't lying, either. She and John had never gotten this far, but the young woman knew that even if they had, he wouldn't have been quite so...skilled.

Possibly because Artie was such a nerd. Skipping homework was now a thing of the past; no one knew why it was, just that it was – but there was still extra-credit reading, which no one

but the most dedicated students ever did.

Perhaps Artie had read up on digital stimulation. Or maybe he was just a natural.

“Now, gentlemen, slip the panties to the side, and—...what is it, Katy?”

“Does that mean that John and I can join in now?”

Celeste couldn't help but smirk at the frustration in her best friend's voice.

“Not yet,” Ms Thompson replied. “Perhaps this will teach you a lesson about obeying the uniform guidelines. Now, move the panties aside and keep stroking, but this time directly on the vulva.”

“Oh!!”

Surprising herself with the intensity of her reaction, Celeste's hips involuntarily thrust forward as Artie's hand made its first contact with her pussy-lips. As he stroked her bare lips, she could feel small thrills going through her entire body.

Celeste had played with herself before. Every time she necked with John she'd go home and get herself off, but it was also something she did just for herself. For pleasure, or cos she was bored, or horny, or even just to get to sleep.

But it had never felt like this.

Artie's sausage-like fingers were causing pulses of pleasure to race through her entire nervous system. She could feel herself getting wet, warm. Flustered.

She stared at the overweight student who was touching her, his eyes squinting as he looked at her pussy.

God, why did *that* turn her on? No one had ever looked at her pussy before. Not even John. Artie was the first.

“Now,” Ms Thompson instructed. “Above the vulva, you should be able to find the clit. Be gentle with it, Watson, we are not animals.”

The moment Artie's fat fingers found Celeste's clit, she surprised him – and herself – with her long, loud reaction.

“Fuuuuuck,” Celeste moaned. “I'm...I'm cumming! Oh, god, Artie...no one's ever touched me like this. You're—you're amazing!”

Her voice trailed off and her entire body began to twitch and shake as her orgasm overcame her. Even at her most aroused, she'd never cum this quickly. After almost a minute of toe-curling, goosebump-causing pulses of pleasure running through her body, Celeste opened her eyes and looked at her class partner with admiration.

She wasn't the only one. Ms Thompson was standing over them, beaming at the students.

“Fantastic work, Artie,” the teacher said proudly. “Well done.”

Celeste felt a little miffed that she wasn't getting at least some of the credit, before realizing she was being unfair. If she'd brought a guy off with her hands, she would have been just as annoyed if he'd been congratulated for cumming.

“Let's give the rest of a class a chance to catch up,” the older woman said in a low voice. “In the meantime, just make out for a little while longer. Artie, maybe give Celeste's ass some attention as you do.”

Artie looked as though all his Christmases had come at once as Celeste wrapped her arms around him and moved her tongue into his mouth, a thrill running down her spine at the contact. He obeyed the teacher's suggestion, kneading the female student's buttocks as they kissed, clearly enjoying the moans she made as they kissed.

She was enjoying kissing him far more than she'd expected. Far more, she knew, than she should.

After several minutes of Ms Thompson's advice on clitoral stimulation, it became clear that no other students were going to cum (including, Celeste gleefully noted, Katie) and they moved onto the main topic of Blowjob Class.

"Pants off, boys," the teacher instructed, and Celeste's eyes almost fell out of her head as Artie ungracefully undressed.

Artie's gut wasn't his only oversized feature. His cock was huge – it looked like it was at least half as big again as John's, and thick enough that she didn't think one of her hands would be able to encircle it.

Typically, Celeste didn't look around during Blowjob Class. In the first few classes she'd thrown a few glances at the nearest couples, but after confirming that John's erection looked much like the other boys', the teenager had been more than happy to keep her attention entirely on her boyfriend.

What's more, it wasn't something that anyone particularly discussed. They could have, if they'd wanted to – the new principal's edicts wouldn't have stopped them (Celeste didn't know why she was free to discuss relative cock-size; only that she was) but it wasn't something that generally came up.

Artie was typically the last person paired up, so no one in Celeste's social circle had ever partnered with him in class before. She was sure that despite it not being a common topic of conversation, if someone had seen what the chubby kid was packing, they would *definitely* have mentioned something.

"Fucking hell, Artie," she said loudly, revelling in the fact that – in Blowjob Class, at least – she was allowed to swear. "You're *huge*."

A giggle spread around the classroom, but soon died down as (Celeste assumed) people looked over and her claim was confirmed. It took all of her willpower not to throw her boyfriend a knowing stare; she was sure that he'd checked for himself.

Even with busty, almost-naked Katy sitting on his lap, Celeste knew there was no way her words wouldn't cause him to at least glance over, compare his erection to Artie's...and realize he fell short.

Far short.

As Ms Thompson began instructing the students, a nervous shiver ran up Celeste's spine. Over the past few months, she'd begun to get comfortable taking her boyfriend's dick inside her mouth, but it was a...well, a normal-size cock.

Artie's was something else.

What if she couldn't fit his entire monster into her mouth? What if she choked, in front of the entire class?

What if she threw up?

Celeste forced her mind away from the negative thoughts. If she was going to do this, then she needed to focus on the task in front of her. Opening her eyes, Celeste wrapped her hand around Artie's huge, hard cock, a thrill coursing through her body at the sheer size of it.

She'd held other cocks before, of course. John's in Blowjob Class, and her friend Pedro's in Handjob Class before that.

But none of them could compare to Artie's.

As the teacher instructed them on how to use their tongues, Celeste's pink muscle slid over Artie's shaft, tasting the precum that was dripping out of the tip. He groaned quietly as she licked up and down his cockhead.

Celeste smiled at his reaction, then her cheeks burned. She knew he shouldn't be reacting

like this. He wasn't her boyfriend, he was just a nerd that she'd been paired with because she was late.

A nerd with the largest cock she'd ever seen.

In truth, Artie was *too* large. Celeste had never sucked on anything bigger than John's, and the thought of trying to fit it all in her mouth made her nervous. But she tried anyway, surprising herself by just how much of his cock she could take. She'd never been one to back down from a challenge.

It was uncomfortable, almost to the point of unpleasantness, but Celeste drew on everything she'd learned in deep-throating class. She inhaled through her nose, exhaled through her mouth, moaning "ahhhhh" as she did to open up her throat.

After several minutes, Celeste's throat felt raw and she could feel tears flowing down her cheeks as she tried desperately to overcome her gag reflex, but...she'd done it.

She'd taken Artie's entire monster cock deep into her throat. She was more than a little impressed with herself; after an entire class, she'd only just managed to get John's regular-size dick all the way down her throat. In less than ten minutes, she'd managed to do the same with Artie's, and he must have been close to twice the size.

Celeste looked up into Artie's eyes as he stared down at her face. He smiled at her, and – though her lips were distended around his girthy base – Celeste smiled back.

With her eyes locked onto Artie's, she started bobbing slowly, feeling his member pulse as it slid in and out of her throat.

Now, her only concern was making him cum. If she could make him cum, then she could end the painful (though triumphant) blowjob.

But, more importantly, she'd be pleasing him. And for reasons she didn't want to explore, pleasing Artie now held a powerful appeal.

As she worked her lips over the thick head of his penis, she felt a throbbing start to build between her legs. Despite having just cum, the act of deep-throating her classmate's cock was turning her on. There was something so hot about it; she was like a teenage pornstar, taking a monster cock in front of a room full of people.

Sure, they were all focused on their own blowjobs, but that didn't stop it from being a turn-on.

After a few more minutes, Celeste was squirming with frustration and arousal. The thick cock in her mouth was turning her on more than anything she'd ever done before: making out with John, feeling Artie's lips on her nipple, even feeling her boyfriend's cock pulse in her mouth for the first time, before she'd swallowed his seed.

She let out a long moan, which was apparently exactly what Artie needed: without warning, a spurt of semen shot from Artie's erection, splashing against the back of her throat. Her heart raced with excitement. With love.

No, not love. That wasn't it. She loved John.

Celeste loved John. She just...she liked Artie.

She liked his cock, at least.

Celeste pulled it out of her mouth until the head sat just inside her lips and began swallowing reflexively, her hands diligently stroking the enormous erection. The rest came faster, filling her mouth with warm, salty liquid. She'd noticed that Artie's balls were proportionate to his dick, which apparently meant they provided copious amounts of sperm.

She continued sucking on Artie's shaft, her hands diligently rubbing his shaft to milk every last drop from his enormous testicles. After thirty seconds he was done, the last dribbles of his

cum disappearing down the teenage girl's throat.

When she finished swallowing Artie's seed, Celeste pulled her mouth off his cock and licked her fingers clean. She wanted to say something – some kind of congratulatory comment to commend him for his load, but (unusually for the young lady), she was lost for words, feeling... bashful. Shy.

It didn't make sense. Artie was a fat nerd; she was one of the most attractive, popular girls in school. And she was dating a handsome athlete. Who she was in love with.

Whose cock didn't even compare to Artie's.

Before Celeste could go follow that dangerous train of thought any longer, Ms. Thompson came over, a huge smile on her face.

"That was fantastic, Celeste," the teacher said. "Sometimes when we don't have the numbers, I have to pair with Artie, so I know how hard it can be to swallow his entire load down. Great work – you too, Artie."

As the teacher continued making her rounds, the chubby boy blushed as he stood up and pulled his pants back on. He looked at Celeste with a smile which somehow managed to be both cocky and shy; he was still smiling when Ms. Thompson announced that it was time to stop, and that anyone who hadn't made their partner come would have to try again next time.

Celeste had spent the last few minutes looking around the class, trying to act like she hadn't been watching her best friend suck John's cock. To her delight, John and Katie hadn't reached orgasm – John had seemed quite distracted by what he'd seen (and heard) his girlfriend doing with Artie.

At her teacher's announcement, Celeste looked at the clock in confusion. They still had almost ten minutes before the class finished, and Ms. Thompson almost always let the female students try to make their partners right up until the bell rang.

"I have a special treat for you today," she announced, placing her hand on Celeste's shoulders.

The teenage girl's eyes widened. Oh, no. She didn't know what was happening, but she knew it couldn't be good.

"For obvious reasons, we primarily focus on the male orgasm in this class. But today, I noticed that one couple had a remarkable chemistry. While we were practicing foreplay, Artie here managed to give Celeste a powerful climax—"

John was *definitely* jealous, Celeste noted with a thrill.

"—and I suspect it may be repeatable. Or even if it's not, it'll be educational. Artie, Celeste: do you mind?"

Celeste's heart began racing a mile a minute as she realised what the teacher was asking. She wanted her to...with Artie...in front of everyone...

"Of course not, miss," Celeste replied, a smile on her face. "Happy to help." It was how she always responded to direct requests from a teacher. She didn't know why she replied that way; only that she did.

"Let's start with making out again," Ms. Thompson instructed with a smile.

Celeste turned to face Artie, who didn't seem to share any of her stage fright or dread. The overweight teenager she'd been paired with was practically bouncing with excitement; whether at the prospect of making out with her again or because they were now doing it for an audience, Celeste couldn't tell.

For a moment she froze, her mind racing as it tried to work out if there was any way out of this.

It quickly became obvious: there wasn't. There was no objection she could raise, no action she could take, no loophole she could slip through. She was going to have to do this.

They were going to have to do it. In front of everyone.

In front of John.

That was the thought at the forefront of her mind as Celeste curved her arms around Artie's neck, drawing him close. That, and the butterflies that appeared in her stomach when his lips met hers. *At least this will make John jealous*, she told herself, trying not to think about the strange reaction she was having to kissing Artie. *At least it'll stop him thinking about Katie*.

Not that it mattered any more – the class was over. Everything he was going to see of Katie, he'd seen. Everything he was going to touch, he'd touched.

Everything they were going to do, they'd done.

Still. She got a small amount of pleasure from knowing that he was going to suffer, watching her, just as she'd suffered all class.

Celeste's lips parted, allowing Artie's flaccid tongue inside her mouth. She shivered with pleasure as he moved his hands to her waist and she felt him start stroking her ass with the palm of his hand.

God, she really was sensitive there. And Artie's hands were so...skilled.

There was something so attractive about it.

"Now, Artie, move your mouth to Celeste's breasts."

The chubby student obeyed Ms. Thompson's command, and Celeste moaned as he suckled her nipples into his mouth. How was he so good at this? It didn't stand to reason.

Or perhaps they just had a connection.

"I believe you were quite a bit more vocal about this last time, Celeste," the teacher instructed, and Celeste nodded.

"I'm so wet," she moaned. "Artie, you make me so wet...so fucking hot..."

She arched her back, pushing her chest forward towards Artie's sucking mouth. Her fingers twitched, itching to find their way to the huge cock she'd had in her mouth just a few minutes earlier.

"Mmmhmmmmmm, yes. God, you're so good at that. I miss your cock. I miss your cock in my mouth..."

Celeste shut her mouth abruptly. She'd just let her mouth babble, not expecting *that* to come out.

"Now, Celeste," Ms. Thompson beamed. "Spread your legs for the class. I want everyone to see exactly what Artie did that was so effective."

Celeste's face was bright red, but she obeyed.

For the next few minutes, Ms. Thompson used Celeste's exposed pussy as a visual aid for the class. The other students watched as she pointed out Celeste's labia majora and minora, how her clit was swollen with excitement. Ms. Thompson excitedly highlighted the moisture seeping from between Celeste's thighs, explaining how the body produced fluid to lubricate its sex organs, and permit easier entry of the penis. It was all stuff that they'd learned before, but Celeste knew that she was a good model.

She tried not to think about how much it turned her on to be used as an object in front of her peers.

All the while, Artie was masterfully stimulating her tits, licking and sucking and occasionally reaching up to pinch them. Celeste writhed under his attention, trying desperately to ignore the feelings of affection building up inside her.

Then came the moment Celeste was simultaneously dreading and desiring beyond all reason.

“Put your hand between Celeste’s legs,” the teacher instructed. “Rub one finger up and down Celeste’s labia.

As soon as Artie’s hand made contact, Celeste began grinding her hips against his fingers, grinding herself onto them like she was in heat.

“Oh, my god.” Celeste groaned as her breathing grew ragged. “Touch me! Touch me touch me touch me touch me...”

Ms. Thompson smiled at her student’s reaction. “You can see that she’s close,” she instructed. “But most women aren’t able to achieve climax without direct clitoral stimulation.”

An amused tone entered her voice. “John, you may want to take notes.”

A titter went around the class; Celeste wanted to open her eyes to see her boyfriend’s reaction to the teacher’s comment, but more than that – more than anything – she wanted to cum. It was hard to think about anything other than Artie’s hand as it slid up and down her slit, driving her wild, turning her on. Making her want him all the more.

Celeste’s body was on fire. She wanted to get off. She needed it. She didn’t even care who was watching, who was touching her – she just needed to cum.

“Now, Artie, touch her clit. Gently – I don’t think it’ll need more than that.”

As soon as the chubby teenager’s finger touched her clit, Celeste’s body began convulsing. “YESSSS!”

Celeste screamed as she exploded in orgasm; her juices flowed freely from her vagina, soaking Artie’s fingers. She felt like a pornstar. Like a teenage pornstar, getting off for a crowd. Everyone was watching her. Everyone was watching her cum.

The sensations were overwhelming as she writhed and moaned through her intense release. Her vision blurred, the room spinning around her as her pussy pulsed in a long, exhibitionistic orgasm. She was so wet – soaked with arousal and sweat.

When Celeste finally stopped shaking, she collapsed into Artie’s arms, gasping. He looked down at her with a smile, and her heart swelled with fondness.

He’d just given her so much pleasure. He’d made her feel so good.

She wanted him, so bad.

”Amazing work,” Ms. Thompson said, placing a hand on Celeste’s shoulder, snapping her out of her trance.

God, what had she been thinking? She didn’t want Artie. She wanted John. Artie had just been...her class partner, nothing more than that. Most people weren’t lucky enough to be in Blowjob Class with their boyfriends; they had to be paired with random people all the time.

And they didn’t fall in love with them every class.

Of course, they probably didn’t have the same connection she’d had with Artie. And Celeste was confident that none of them were packing what Artie was packing...

“Next week, we’ll be focusing on testicular stimulation and pubic hair maintenance,” Ms. Thompson reminded everyone. “If you already trim, gentlemen, please let it grow out until then so we have more to work with.”

The bell rang, and with a sigh of relief, Celeste realized that she’d done it. She’d made it through the class, paired with a stranger, while her boyfriend was paired with Katy. Next week, if she could make sure not to be late again, everything would be back to normal. Next week, she could...–

“Celeste,” Ms. Thompson said, interrupting her student’s line of thought. “Before you go:

you and Artie did incredible work today. You're a really great pair."

"Thanks," Celeste said. She didn't need to glance at her boyfriend to know how jealous the observation must have made him.

"I think it was helpful for the other students to see you two working together," the teacher continued.

"I'll bet," the young woman said, flashing her teacher a smile.

"Great!" Ms. Thompson said, clapping her hands together triumphantly. "From now on, I want you two together."

The room fell away. Celeste froze. "Uh...what?"

"Yes, you were exceptional models for the rest of the class. Going forward, you two are going to be a permanent couple."

Celeste felt like the room was spinning. She glanced over to Artie, who had a huge grin on his huge face. She looked to her left: John's face held the same look of horror that she knew hers must, while Katy – her supposed best friend – had a huge grin on her face.

She wanted to faint. She wanted to scream. She wanted to storm out of the class, telling Ms. Thompson exactly where she could stick it.

But she couldn't.

Celeste didn't know why she couldn't, only that she couldn't.

"Of course not, miss," Celeste replied, a smile on her face. "Happy to help."