

Group Project Part Two

What a total waste of my Sunday evening. I could've been on a date with John Daugherty this very minute, finding out if Jacqui is full of shit or what about how he ate her out for a solid hour. I could be doing molly with Gina and Alissa back at the sorority house. Hell, I could be laying in bed all by myself doing nothing whatsoever and it'd be better than this.

God I hate group projects.

I'd lucked out and gotten that dork Susie in my group, plus this other total loser named Alan. I'd pegged Susie's life story in about two minutes of meeting her. Pretty, but only recently; spent her childhood ugly and so she got big into school as a way to make herself feel better. Now she's all "I'm such hot shit" just for being a girl with a passable body (if you go for tall and kinda flat) and a pretty face who can still pull straight A's.

Nothing against getting A's. I get mostly A's myself; I'm just not so fucking dumb that I make myself work my ass off to get them all. I've never slept with a prof or anything, but flirting goes a long way ("omg, you should totally come to our party tonight, professor!", "that looks soooo good on you", or if I was really struggling, "I don't know if I'd be able to keep my hands to myself if you weren't my teacher...") And when it doesn't work, there's always plenty of classmates just as susceptible.

Alan I was less sure of; assuming every geek out there was also school-smart was a rookie mistake, but he was definitely the sort of lonely horn-dog who'd be good for a serious effort just to impress me a little. I suppose we also had Colin, but that jock was the reason jock stereotypes existed. Hell, I might've bailed altogether except I'd had our professor last semester and some assholes had complained I hadn't been doing my part, so he'd told me he'd be watching close.

I'd been planning on being late anyways (I didn't give two shits about picking our topic or format), but Alan texted me and told me we'd moved the start back half an hour. So I showed up an hour late instead at Susie's apartment.

Alan let me in, and said Susie was in the bathroom and might be a bit. (Fucking gross way to greet someone, right? Not like he had a chance of sleeping with me, but it'd be nice if he at least pretended he did and dispensed with the TMI.) Colin apparently wasn't coming at all. He was kinda hot, so that sucked, but honestly the grade mattered more to me than muscly eye candy, and we'd definitely do better without him.

Alan played the gracious host for a few minutes, but I barely paid attention. The doofus had left his phone on the table (some cheapo model I didn't even recognize), and it was just buzzing like crazy. I've always been pretty distractible, and this thing was just the worst for that problem.

Finally I just cut him off and asked what the sitch was on our project.

“We’re doing a piece on slut-shaming, actually. Some skits to show the do’s and don’t’s of how to treat women. Sound good?”

“Really?” That was surprising. This was a pretty cool topic, actually -- one of my biggest pet peeves was being treated like shit because I have big boobs and good fashion sense. Whether it was people assuming I was a moron or the endless tide of dude-bro’s who figured I obviously put out for any guy who had the guts to pay me a compliment, it got old fast.

“Really really. Susie and I already have most of our skit worked out. She volunteered to play the slut, and so her part will be getting treated like an empty-headed skank, mocked and used and treated like a piece of cheap meat. You know, to illustrate the problem.”

I laughed; Alan smiled at the humor of it too. (Then his phone buzzed even harder, and it was like the feeling went right through the table and through my whole body. So annoying!) It was funny though, having Susie, a total priss, acting and dressing like a slut. It was cool of them not to try to typecast me into that role just because I’m classically hot. Still, it meant I had to ask, “What’s my role, then?”

“Well, we don’t have a script yet, but I was thinking since she and I are modeling a negative relationship -- a woman treated like dirt for being a dumb slut -- then you and I could model a positive way of treating a, shall we say, woman comfortable with her sexuality.”

I kept a frown off my face; I definitely didn’t relish the idea of even pretending to be into this dork. “So then what’s Colin going to do?”

“Oh, I’ll find something else for him.”

“Oh. OK.” I shrugged. No sense fussing over it. Alan’s phone buzzed again, and I tried to shake off the vibrations that seemed to tingle even after it stopped. “So what did you have in mind?”

“Glad you asked. So first off, I need you to give me a hand with Susie. Nothing big -- just help me run her down, put her through the paces, so to speak. Treat her like someone you have absolutely no respect for. A real stupid slut.”

I grinned. This could be fun, actually, having an excuse to mock that goody two-shoes. “I can do that.”

“Awesome. And for us, we’ll work on the script once we finish Susieslut’s skit, but I was thinking we could just show people how we can be completely free with how we talk about act towards one another. Polite -- friendly even -- but we’ll show how we don’t need to hide or be ashamed of our needs and feelings.”

Susieslut, that was funny too. “So like, we’ll just... be nice?”

“Sure. Like OK, say we start off, and you come in wearing something really sexy, just like off the charts hot. For now, let’s just... hmm, hold still,” he said, then reached out and undid a couple buttons on my blouse. Then a couple more. It fell open, exposing a whole lot of cleavage, definitely more than I’d ever normally show.

“Um, but how is this supposed to teach anyone anything about slut-shaming? Like, I really do look like a slut right now. I’d be ashamed as hell to go to class like this without anyone

even saying anything.” I peered down my top, wishing I’d worn a cuter bra now that it was on display.

“But that’s what I’m saying, Tracie -- you’ll come in, looking really hot. Like, every guy in the room getting hard in seconds hot, right? We won’t have to settle for something tame like this. And instead of being like ‘whoa, you sure are a big-titted whore, let’s go fuck’ like we will with Susie, instead I’ll be like, ‘oh hey Tracie, your tits look positively amazing in that, thanks for showing them off.’ Make sense?”

“Um, I think so,” I said, not really sure I was, but too distracted by that buzzing to put up a fight. “So like, are our characters supposed to be dating, or are you just some guy commenting on my tits? Because that doesn’t actually seem respectful.”

“Oh I don’t know, I think complimenting a girl -- especially a hottie like you -- can be intended very respectfully. But sure, if it makes you feel better, let’s be a couple.” He looked over at the bathroom door suddenly, and I realized I hadn’t even noticed a separate buzzing sound that had been coming from there, preoccupied as I’d been with the phone in front of me. A moment later, Susie came out, and I shit you not, she’d apparently been in there shaving her pussy fucking bare, and was showing it off like she wanted to be judged on it.

Honestly, I had minimal interest in helping out with Susie’s end of the sketch, but I humored them. I helped Alan bring this so-called slut down a few pegs as she got down and blew him (this super-loud, showy blowjob that was basically something out of a cheesy porno), and then we gave her big ass a long spanking while he fucked her. It seemed a bit much for a class project, but every time I was about to say something to that effect, that stupid phone distracted me from it.

(Susie had an identical one she kept right in hand the whole time. Maybe it’s a dork-only brand of phone?)

Finally, Alan bucked the stupid little skank off his dick and said it was time to get to work on my part of the project. “Now, Tracie... shall we start working on how a man *should* treat a woman?”

I nodded. I’d been thinking over my character while watching Alan fuck Susieslut. “Let’s start at the beginning. What do you think I should wear? I know we said something really sexy, but I don’t think we should over-do it, right?”

He shook his head. “No way, we need to completely over-do it. The whole point is to show we should treat a girl with respect even if she’s every bit as depraved and slutty as Susie is.”

“Susieslut, you mean,” Susie corrected a bit peevisly. She was sitting on the floor now, legs spread wide in her tiny skirt as she tried to scoop Alan’s cum out of her pussy. Not that it’d stop her from getting knocked up, but hey, let her try. “I’m not depraved or slutty, just my character.”

“Sure, that’s what I meant. So... yeah, that’s it. Maybe you should be wearing *exactly* what Susieslut is? That way we could make the contrast crystal clear.”

“Yeah, um, I guess we could do that,” I said. “What were you thinking of wearing, Susie?”

“She’s wearing that,” Alan said, pointing.

“I am?” Susie said at the same moment I asked, “She is?” I looked her over; a cut-off jean skirt so short it was going to either show her pussy or the top of her ass crack, and a top that was... what was that? It looked like she’d stuffed her torso into the leg of a pair of leggings and cut away the parts she didn’t absolutely need.

It was by a wide margin one of the most whorish things I’d ever seen a girl wear. Brilliant, really, for our project. “One problem though,” I said. “We’re different sizes. I’ll never fit into that.”

Wouldn’t you know it, I was wrong.

It took almost five minutes and both of them tucking, squishing, prodding and cramming me into it, but we did it. More or less. Susie had a bigger booty than me, but I still had hips just as wide, so the skirt wound up crushing my legs together and showing both a little bit of my pussy AND the top of my butt crack. The top... well, it was technically on. Every shallow breath I took, I could hear stitches ripping, and just getting it on me to begin with had torn it in half a dozen places. (Especially across my chest, as I had an easy three or four cup sizes on Susie).

But it was on. Susie sat off to the side, naked. (“Why do I have to stay naked?” she’d grumbled, but Alan had just put her phone between her legs and let it buzz until her eyes glazed over. Man, maybe she really was a stupid whore.)

Alan was just staring at me, a blatant leer on his face as he looked over my body. For a moment it made me uncomfortable, but then I remembered that in character, I was his adoring girlfriend, and he was probably just too bad of an actor to make a difference between affectionate admiring and creepy pervy. I couldn’t be mad that he wasn’t a great actor.

“So, you like? I thought I’d try to look cute for you,” I said, turning on the smile I used to turn guys to putty.

“Cute? You’re so much better than cute, Tracie -- you’ve got to be the most fuckable girl in school!”

I paused. “Is... is that right? Like, aren’t we showing respect?”

“Sure. It’s a compliment. What’s wrong with compliments?”

Buzz. I nodded. “Good point.”

“Seriously though, you’ve got guts to wear a skirt like that, showing everyone your hairy pussy. I bet if you turn around I could see your ass.”

I turned, giggling like a horny, besotted girlfriend would. “Well?”

“Sure can. Hell, I bet I wouldn’t even need to adjust the skirt to fuck you, would I? What do you think?”

“I try not to,” I said, again giggling. I had to seem like a stupid slut if I was going to be able to change the way people saw stupid sluts.

“I bet every guy who lays eyes on you has to stop and wonder what those big titties of yours look like naked,” Alan went on.

I grinned. (In character.) “I know they do. Why else would I dress like this?”

“Well why don’t we show them, then? C’mon, let’s give the guys in class a chance to show what they’ve learned. Take your top off, Tracie.”

I tried to imagine it, being at the front of our class’s big lecture hall. There were probably two hundred students in there, probably about half of them boys. This was an important topic and I know Susie and Alan were doing their best, but still, I couldn’t help but think a lot of the boys might see their part of the presentation, watching Alan use Susie the way a guy would a hooker he didn’t especially like, and actually get turned on. A hundred horny boys, all waiting with mouths watering to see my tits.

“Remember,” Alan said, as if he could read my mind, “they won’t be seeing *your* boobs. They’ll be seeing Tracietits’ boobs.”

I let out a sigh of relief, and ironically, taking the breath after it was precisely the thing that did it -- there was a sudden tearing, and the top finally gave way. My boobs burst out into the open air.

Alan stared at them like he hadn’t just seen them (and felt them (a lot)) minutes ago while I’d been changing. Then after a moment, he clapped his hands, and again, and soon his slow clap caught on with Susie, too. In my imagination, I could see the whole auditorium, professor and all, drowning out the sound of me tearing away the last of the flimsy top with thunderous applause, pounding out their approval at seeing a woman unashamed to act like a total slut.

I finally began to understand.

“OK, so you guys, I have an idea. I think that moment there, where my breasts--”

“Titties, Tracie, don’t be embarrassed to call them what they are,” Susie interrupted. “Talk to us like the gorgeous set of T&A you were born to be.”

Buzz. I smiled. “Right. So when my titties pop out and they see what an awesome thing it is, a girl proud to show off her big jugs, I think they’ll start to see. What if we channel that into some more positive energy?”

“What’d you have in mind?” asked Susie. For a moment, I almost felt bad for her that she wouldn’t be getting her cute little tatas cheered for. But hey, not my fault she drew the short straw. Stupid little skank.

“Well, what if we did kind of a repeat, you know? Like, we could do a scene like you did with Susie, but this time while we’re at it, we could coach them on how to treat a modern, uninhibited, sex-positive girl like Tracietits.”

Alan’s cock had already been at half-mast even after getting off in Susie’s slut cunt a few minutes ago, but at my suggestion it went full-on erect. I could see why, but hopefully he could stay cool about things and remember this was just a group project. It didn’t mean any more than it did when two actors kissed in a movie. No more than it had when Susie had wailed and pleaded for him to ride her sleazy ass bare-back.

“That’s a fantastic idea, Tracie,” said Alan, pulling my body up against his and squeezing my ass in both hands. He slid one down between my legs as he kept speaking, smiling at me when he found my pussy was good and wet. (Which was meaningless -- just Tracietits getting herself ready for her admirers to watch her show them how well she could please.)

Somehow, Alan’s phone had wound up in my left hand, but I didn’t really need the hand free at this point. He was already naked, and my brief token handjob only required my right.

“Look at her, ladies and gentlemen,” Susie announced to our imagined audience, “stroking that cock like she loves it. Like she loves all cock, right, Tracietits?”

“Muh, huhm,” I said around Alan’s cock as I took it into my mouth. *Buzz*. I actually really did rather enjoy cock, so this acting wasn’t too hard.

Alan immediately gripped my ears like handlebars and started slowly thrusting in and out of my face. I hated when guys did that, but Tracietits wouldn’t, so I let him have his fun. “And hey, Susie, maybe we could give the class some notes? You know, on ways to address hot little sluts like Tracie here without shaming them? Here, hand me that marker,” he said.

And so it went, the two of them brainstorming and workshopping the process as Alan fucked my proudly slutty face. Just like he did with Susie, he came on me rather than in me at the end of the blowjob, though naturally, he came on my tits and not my face. We were using Susie’s window, looking out across the parking lot at the apartments across the way, as our imaginary classroom. I hefted my dripping titties and preened at how great it felt to have made a guy jizz on them.

It was only then I realized that Alan was using the marker to take notes on Susie’s naked body. I’d been busy, so I’d just assumed he was writing on paper somehow. I guess it made sense, and was certainly a much more memorable visual than words scrawled on a dry erase board.

I didn’t really get a chance to read them, because Alan was still hard (he said he’d taken some stamina-boosters before coming over, to be ready for studying). It was time to fuck -- or, as Susie (in Susieslut persona) corrected me, time to *get* fucked. Obviously, since girls had holes waiting to be filled, and boys had cocks just for filling us.

I had some really good group members, to explain this stuff to me when I got distracted. *Buzz*.

At first I bent over the table and (with some effort) flipped the too-tight skirt over my ass, presenting myself like a bitch in heat. But Alan said that titties as big and sexy as mine should be admired while the cunt they belong to is getting banged, and I had to agree. I rolled onto my back on Susie’s table and spread my legs as wide as I could as he pounded my pussy like a man possessed.

At one point Alan completely slipped out of character. “Fuck, Tracie, I’ve wanted to split your little snatch open since the minute I laid eyes on you back in August, and now here you are practically begging me to treat you like the village bicycle, you little fucking tramp.” I wanted to

remind him that he was talking to me like I was Susieslut and not Tracietits, but he'd set his phone between my huge slutty jugs and the buzzing completely preoccupied me.

Hopefully he did better during the presentation. This was a really big grade.

I guess he was still providing notes on Susie, but I was too blissed out to pay much attention. At some point he came in me, as I'd been coming almost non-stop since he first stuck his dick in my cunt. I didn't care. Unlike Susie, I was on the pill, so as far as I was concerned he could get off in me whenever he wanted.

For the project, that is. The real me isn't a total ho-bag like that. The real me was actually a bit annoyed when Susie insisted on smacking my jizz-stained titties just like I had her big bare booty. (In character, obviously I was beside myself with how grateful I was that someone was "playing" with them.)

The two of them gave me a bit to recuperate after, laughing at how even a simple group project was a surprisingly strenuous workout. I headed off to the bathroom to wash off the jizz on my tits and ass and thighs and pussy, and then while I was at it, went ahead and shaved my snatch to match Susie's. United in sluthood, even if Susieslut was a half-witted cum guzzler and I was a classy, sophisticated gourmand of cock. Both of them wanted to touch if after, and each complimented me on how slutty it made me look.

Then we went over the notes written on Susie. Her front had been designated the Do Say side, and her back, Do Not Say. They'd written nice and big, so she had to do some work posing herself so we could read along her inner thigh, lifting her little boobies so we could read under them (unnecessary, but I didn't want to hurt the comparatively flat girl's feelings), and so on.

On the Do Say side:

- *Look at those titties jiggle!*
- *Your pussy's so tight I'd never think you were such a slut*
- *I can't wait to try on your ass*
- *Are those things fake? They look professionally done*
- *I could never get enough of your slutty little mouth*

"Not a bad little list," I said. "Honestly, I don't even remember hearing you say half of that, but it's awesome seeing a man with such admiration for my sluthood. I mean, for Tracietits' sluthood, anyway."

"Oh that's nothing," said Alan dismissively. "You should see the handy tips on her backside. Turn around, Susieslut."

And there were the Do Not Say's:

- *Do you accept change, and if so where do I put it?*
- *Booty like this you know she's ready to get bent over*
- *Bitch is dressed to show off her cock obsession*
- *Let's see if her cunt's as hollow as her head*
- *She's begging for it*

The last one she had to bend over and pull her ass cheeks apart so I could read it, and there were arrows drawn from it. One was pointing at her pussy and the other at her asshole, in case one of our classmates was too dumb to know what the “it” was that she was begging for.

“Man, gets my blood boiling just reading those,” I said, smacking Susie’s ass firmly to punish the words *big dumb butt slut* for being written there.

“All right, now let’s get the two of you posed together so I can get some pictures of this,” Alan said.

“Wait, why?” I said. Rehearsing in the privacy of Susie’s apartment (relative privacy, anyway, since we’d left all the curtains and blinds open) was one thing, but how did I know he wouldn’t do anything inappropriate with those pics?

Alan frowned, then took his phone and slid it between my legs. Even as the sudden buzzing made me forget my question, Susie asked the same, then received the same non-response.

What the hell did it matter, anyway. Probably a good idea to have pictures of our Do’s/Don’t’s lists. I guess it didn’t explain why I had to be in the pictures too, but why pick a fight over something the group was already going to do anyway?

So we posed for a few dozen pictures, Alan directing us how he wanted us, all the while trying to ignore the vibrations pulsing around my crotch. He finally got tired of it after getting a few of Susie and I pretending to sixty-nine (and then a few of us actually sixty-nining). It was to show that girl-on-girl sluts shouldn’t be shamed either, or something. Whatever.

Then he said we needed to do one last recap of the project, so Susie and I cooperatively blew him. He shamed her and praised me, or praised her and shamed me, whichever he was supposed to do. Not that I didn’t care, but it was getting late and I just wanted to be done. If smiling at him as I lapped at his balls during Susie’s turn to slurp his shaft and giggling as he told me he’d never seen a bigger set of whores in his life got us done faster, so be it. (Was that flattering? degrading? I forgot which any more. These two dorks would know.)

He came one last time on both of our faces, snapping a few more pictures as we licked it first off our lips, and then off of one another’s faces. Like total sluts would, with pride (for me) or with total humiliation (for her).

“That was a great meeting, girls,” Alan said, collecting his phones and tucking them into his backpack. I could focus again, and I realized I should probably feel a little self-conscious being naked in front of my classmates. I looked around for my clothes as Susie wrapped herself in a blanket she’d had on her couch.

“So you feel ready? And... you’re sure this was a good idea?” Susie asked nervously as I pulled my panties back on, blushing at feeling the silk on my now-bald pussy.

“Absolutely sure. I tell you what, you feel under-prepared, or either of you think we should change topics, just call me and we’ll get together to brush up, or... prepare something else, I guess.” He laughed, as if that was unthinkable. I had to agree. This idea was a guaranteed A+.

Best group project ever.

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