

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



The smile on her face must have been what gave her away. That, or the slight fidgeting in her chair accompanied by the infrequent glances up from her lap to the front of the room in a poor attempt to look like she was paying attention.

Mr. Mason cleared his throat, clearly unhappy with the complete lack of disrespect for his class. It surprised him that Trixie was misbehaving. She wasn't the class clown, nor was she exactly a wallflower. Still, she was a good student, and he had high expectations of her. His displeasure was only visible to anyone who looked at his face as he stalked down the aisle, approaching Trixie from behind. He had peeked over her shoulder and had caught sight of what was on her screen. He masked his surprise well, the only indication of it is a raised eyebrow.

Without hesitation, he bent down and took possession of her cell phone, not making any attempt to avoid physical contact. His knuckles brushed the soft fabric of her skirt as he discovered her fingers were wet.

The look of terror and shock that washed over the little girl before him made Mr. Mason's pants grow tight as he took the confiscated phone to his desk. He had kept his finger on the screen so that it wouldn't lock on him.

"Now, it's time to take out your novels and read chapter seven silently." He took a seat behind his mahogany desk, locking eyes with Trixie, who resembled a deer in headlights more and more with each passing moment. When he was certain that only her fearful eyes were on him, did he give a dark, knowing grin? He could have sworn he heard her whimper from across the room, but his focus had shifted to the little device in his hand- and the sweet, soft pink lips that sat splayed open on the screen. The timestamp said that she had taken the picture moments before he had seized the phone, which held a slightly musky scent. Mr. Mason leisurely scrolled up in her conversation, his other hand rubbing the bulge in his dress pants.

Trixie couldn't keep her heart from leaping out of her throat. She had her book open on her desk, but the words could have been greek for all she knew. She could see him scrolling through her phone, indulging in the erotic texts she had been exchanging with a boy from another class. Not to mention the pictures she had taken both before and during Mr. Mason's class. Watching him like this made her both so incredibly uneasy and somehow even hornier than what she was. This wasn't right at all.

She was completely at his mercy at this point. If she called attention the fact that he was invading her privacy, Trixie ran the risk of the whole class finding out her dirty little secret. The thought of turning from an average student to an easy slut throughout a period made her stomach turn. Mr. Mason seemed perfectly content to make her suffer silently, with the occasional glance at her with a gleam in his eye. He was enjoying this. What did that mean for her?

Her torment seemed unending, the hands on the clock ticking by ever so slowly. She was struggling with how to proceed, the helplessness proving too great, and before she fully realized what was she was doing, she was standing in front of his desk. Her knuckles were white as she dug her nails into her palms, her uneasiness growing as she felt the weight of his gaze on her.

"M-Mr. Mason? M-may I please... Ah... May I pl-please use the restroom?" That was the best she could come up with, a small reprieve from his judgemental stare sounded heavenly. He placed her phone on the desk, letting her see that he had found some unsavory videos she had taken recently, and he leaned forward, hands clasped under his chin. When he spoke, his voice was low, and it sent

a shiver down her spine.

“You may not, Beatrice.” His eyes flickered down to her phone and then to the brim of her skirt before returning to her red face, “Return to your seat at once. Oh- and do keep your hands above your desk for the remainder of the class.”

She paled considerably, a whimper caught in her throat as she whispered, “Yes, Mr. Mason...” before turning on her heels and making her way back to her seat. She could feel his eyes on her ass, and she did her best to sink into her chair, being mindful that her hands were visible at all times while her thighs rubbed together with a need for friction.

He thoroughly savored watching Trixie sweat out what consequences she might be facing. He had finished going through her phone and finding every juicy picture she had. Mr. Mason didn’t even hesitate to send the best ones to himself. He felt that she could still use some practice with her camerawork. He casually looked over at her writhing in her seat, and he grinned at her. Setting her phone on the desk he made his round of the classroom, making sure that everyone was on task.

As he passed her, he said in a firm voice, “See me after class.” that made her audibly whimper. Enough so that her neighboring pupil looked over with a curious expression. Trixie avoided his gaze and only nodded in response to their teacher. The remainder of class was spent in agonizing silence for one and tantalizing anticipation with the other.

She was the last one to rise from her seat, and she trudged up to his desk with ever-increasing dread. Trixie didn’t know how to start or what to say to get her way out of this. Mr. Mason’s critical leer left her even more speechless than before, so he started, and she could only simply stumble along behind him as her heart threatened to give out.

“I am deeply disappointed in you, Beatrice. I did not expect a fine girl like you to behave in such vulgar ways. What do you have to say for yourself?” He pressed his fingers together as he eyed her judgmentally over his glasses.

“I-I d-don’t... I was j-just... Ahh, I don’t kn-know how to explain it, Mr. Mason... St-stupid kid stuff?” She knew her reasoning was weak and she felt worse when he chuckled at her.

“Oh, but Beatrice, those were very adult activities you were partaking in. And within my class. You should be ashamed of yourself.”

She went to protest, but she was silenced with a dismissive wave of his hand. That hand that collected her phone to slowly move in front of her face in a taunting manner.

“We’ll be seeing what your parents have to say about this, little girl. I will be holding your phone overnight, and you might be able to pick it up tomorrow. That of course, depends on how tonight goes. Good Day, Beatrice.”

She stood there balking at him for a few minutes longer before the next class started filling in, and she had no other option but to leave. The rest of her day was spent in a haze, one that even Aiden was barely able to pull her out of. He had been complaining to her that she had left him hanging in the bathroom with a stiffy and that he had to get back to science class while still needing to burst.

Trixie apologized and promised to make it up to him somehow, as one would when making such commitments when mentally being worlds away. She didn’t quite hear what he was going on about and simply continued nodding and yessing him to death.

“So the bleachers after school. Great.”

“Yeah, I’ll see you there.” She agreed, the location jarring her back to reality. She wasn’t ready to do anything at all sexually at this point, with the knots still tied in her stomach from English class, but she was also undeniably horny. Maybe Aiden could help take the edge off of her anxiety. At least being with him would help kill some time before she went home to the chopping block.

They had two more classes to go before then, and by the time she was convinced that she was at least not going to puke. Her last class of the day was Home Ec and this semester’s rotation was cooking. Getting her hands messy in some dough helped relax her a bit more, and she was almost in a cheery mood when the final bell had rung to signal their freedom.

Trixie went to her locker, collected her things, and exited out the back towards the fields. She had no way of telling Aiden she’d just meet him there, so she hoped that he would be eager enough to be waiting for her. Somehow, she did have some luck on her side today, and she saw him hanging off the side of the bleachers. He jumped down when she got closer, a grin on his face.

“You’ve got a lot of making up to do, Trix. You really blue balled me this time. Not cool, man.” He said, leaning back against the metal risers with a smug look on his face. She shrugged, and when she went to explain herself, she stopped. How would he react knowing that Mr. Mason saw their texts.. and her privates? Trixie shivered and tried pushing the thoughts from her mind, despite her best efforts, she could feel the warmth in her core starting to grow again.

“I’m really sorry, Aiden, things just got...carried away today in class, and I couldn’t stop it. But you’ve got me now, don’t you?” She said as sweetly as she could, running her hands around his sides into a hug. She kissed his neck and down his chest. Trixie had his jeans sliding down his legs, and she teased his cock out of his boxers easily. When she dropped to her knees, Aiden rolled his eyes and groaned.

“C’mon baby, won’t you let me fuck you? Just seeing your pussy drives me wild. I need to feel you wrapped around my prick.” Aiden almost grumbled as her lips worked half of his shaft, her hand firmly wrapped around the other. He was the only guy who would whine about getting a slice of cake and wanting the whole thing. Trixie ignored him and kept at his cock, flicking her tongue over his head a dozen times.

In no time, she had him groaning from pleasure instead of excessive want. “Fuck Trix fuuck,” he thrust his hips into her mouth in sync with her sucking. “Your mouth n-never disappoints...ugh,” he gasped. When she heard the word disappoint, her body stiffened, and his next thrust sent her into a short fit of gagging. Mr. Mason’s voice echoed in her head, and for the first time, she moaned quietly, squirming in the grass as she reattached herself to Aiden’s shaft with renewed vigor.

She was rewarded with spurts of his cum as he grunted and groaned her name. Trixie swallowed his load in a few gulps, and she sat back, licking her lips, and she smiled up at him, “No more blue balls, right?”

“God Trix, it isn’t fair. You can do that to a man.” He said, sagging against the bleachers. He grabbed his bag and helped her to her feet, but her mind wasn’t with him again. She had started wondering if Mr. Mason would react in the same ways that Aiden did. The thoughts made her feel dirty, and it was difficult not to finger herself on the bus ride home. She traced and teased the outline of her panties with a finger, feeling just how wet she was.

The notion of pleasing herself vanished entirely as she was greeted at the door with a stern talking to. Her mother was furious that she had been texting in class and that she had expected Trixie to be

a model student for the others in the school. The ranting went well into dinner, and they spent the rest of it in silence.

Trixie was very aware of the fact that her mother was not scolding her for the content of which she had been texting, and she was very, very grateful for that. She dared to smile to herself at her fortune, one that only lasted for so long before she remembered that Mr. Mason still had her phone in his possession. And all of her pictures. There was still that threat of discovery. And her idea of how to dissolve that threat had those very familiar knots forming in her stomach again.

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Sleep did not come easy for her, and when it finally did claim, her alarm sounded to steal her from it. Sliding from her bed, Trixie slinked into the bathroom and turned the shower on. She wasn't able to come up with any other option on how to keep this situation contained. It seemed almost cliché, and she hated herself for it, but the thought of giving herself to him had kept her mind and her fingers quite busy.

After taking a much longer shower than intended, she had to rush getting dressed in her uniform. Trixie had to wait till she was on the bus to adjust her stockings properly while nibbling on a piece of toast. She had never been the most together person, but today she was very frazzled, and it was showing to anyone who took a slight interest.

And who had been taking more interest in her that day than Mr. Mason? Trixie had been in the hallway, talking with Aiden, who again felt slighted from the lack of texts. The words died on her lips as she tried telling him that her mother had taken the phone for some poor grade as she locked eyes with her teacher. The brief contact made her legs weak for some reason, and she had to look away.

She excused herself from her friend and almost meekly followed behind Mr. Mason. She waited till they were almost at his room before speaking up.

"M-Mr. Mason?"

"Hm?" He turned and looked down at her, acting as if he did not know that she was there, yet the inquiring eyebrow gave that away.

"Could I.. Aahh..talk to you.. before class... Um.. privately?"

The agitation in her voice had a knowing smile curl upon his face, one that made her uneasy and feeling as if she were walking into a trap. Even with that feeling and watching him step aside and sweep his arm in an inviting gesture into the room, she walked into the lion's den clutching her books to her hammering chest. She silently told herself she could still back out of this. And then she heard the door click shut.

"What brings you in, Miss Trixie? You've got a few minutes before class starts, I would make use of them." He stated as he walked passed her to the board. Even with his back to her, she still felt his presence bearing down on her.

His aloofness was also making her skin crawl, and she hugged her books a little closer to herself. "W-well... I haven't quite figured out how to.. Go about this but... Ah, fuck... About yesterday, and my ph--"

"Language, Miss Beatrice. Foul language isn't befitting a young lady like yourself."

And neither is this, she thought to herself just before apologizing and continuing, "We can keep this between us... R-right? What you saw on my phone... What you know? Pl-please?" Her voice had cracked at the end as Mr. Mason had turned around and was giving her his undivided attention now. He remained silent, allowing Trixie time to stumble over her words. "I-I'd be willing to do whatever you wanted to make it stay between us.." She bit her lip as she watched him check her out coolly, her blush creeping down her chest.

"Do you understand the weight of your offer, Beatrice? Of what you are suggesting to your teacher?" His tone was guarded, his eyes filled with dark intent.

"I-I do, yes."

"If you think you do, prove it to me now. Take your panties off, put them on my desk, and get yourself mentally ready for class. I will not tolerate any disobedience from you. Am I clear?"

Trixie's heart skipped a beat or three, not having expected him to request something of her straightway. 'Request' wasn't the right word. His gaze was unwavering as her trembling hands slowly slipped under her skirt. Trixie was very, very careful not to lift it too high, and he did not say anything to correct her as she tugged down her pink lace panties.

She deposited her article of clothing on his desk, painfully aware of the dark stain at its center, and she hurried to her seat, avoiding looking at him at all costs. Trixie did glance up in time to see him slip her panties in his pocket just before other students had begun to arrive and she finally exhaled the breath she had been holding. What exactly had she gotten herself into?

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Mr. Mason did not say anything else to her that day, but he did return her phone to her. She had paused at the end of class, but all he gave her was a dismissive wave. She spent the afternoon in a confused, foggy haze. Trixie couldn't wrap her head around whatever game he was playing, but it ate at her nonetheless.

She went through the rest of the day, texting Aiden but had declined hanging out with him, saying she wasn't in the mood for his company.

Trixie had trouble completing her homework as her thoughts wandered to what Mr. Mason was doing with her panties. Quite possibly the same thing he had done with her phone last night. The thought turned her on immensely, and she found herself hidden under her sheets, digits lost between her folds. She twisted and turned, quietly moaning into her pillow as she climaxed from filthy thoughts involving her teacher. She faded off to sleep, her hand still caressing her sex, thighs wet and clamped around it.

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The next morning when she was in the study hall, she was surprised to get a note from another student, claiming they were sent to her from Mr. Mason.

"Today's lunch will be in my room, as you and a few other students need to work on your drafts for your upcoming paper. I expect you to be prompt and have everything you need for the class following.

Mr. M"

To say she was disappointed was an understatement. Not that she could fathom what he would do with her with the power she had given him, but she had been hoping for something. Trixie texted Aiden about it and one of her girlfriends that they had usually sat with, so they knew not to expect her today.

When lunch had come around, and she made her way to the room and went in to find that she had made it earlier than anyone else. Even Mr. Mason wasn't in yet. She sat at her desk, took out her lunch and papers and started working on her edits.

Trixie had been particularly focused and did not hear Mr. Mason enter. He remained quiet, studying her as she erased a sentence to write down a new one. There were many, many thoughts coursing through his head, and he could barely wait to play with his new toy. He knew, though, that patience was key and that if played correctly, he would be able to reap the benefits for a long time to come.

She started when she looked up to see him watching her. He smiled, almost tenderly at her as he approached her desk.

"I didn't want to disturb you just yet. It pleases me seeing you being so studious, Beatrice. You can continue working later, though. For now, I have something I want to show you.. or rather, you show me." He held his hand out to her rather perplexed figure until she took it. Mr. Mason helped her out of her seat and guided her up towards his desk, which had been completely cleared off.

He let go of hers and adjusted his glasses before he clasped his own behind his back.

"Now, there are a few rules you are going to have to follow for our...agreement to be fruitful. You'll find them out today, and they will be effective immediately."

Trixie's heartbeat quickened, and she nodded her head. This was new territory for her, and it was thrilling. Mr. Mason managed to keep her off balance with the next thing he said.

"There is a bit of an exhibitionist in you, Trixie, and I aim to draw her out of you as much as possible. Starting now."

"N-now??"

"I didn't stutter, did I? You were so very enthusiastic about offering yourself to your teacher and showing yourself off to your classmates, how could you hesitate?"

He closed the distance between them suddenly enough to send her backpedaling into his desk. Mr. Mason's hand found her chin, and he tilted it up towards his face, looking down at her and making her feel very small. She wasn't prepared for him to be so forward, or for what followed.

"I want you to please yourself. Right here. Right now."

She was trying to grasp at the idea still, her mouth slightly parted as if she were to voice her bewilderment. It widened in a gasp as he picked her up by the waist and plopped her on his desk. While he was still in contact with her body, Trixie was frozen in horror. He could do horrible, horrible things to her, and she wasn't sure if she'd be able to stop him. But as she was processing that fear, he lifted his hands off of her and stepped back some, taking some of her unease with him.

He pulled his chair around to the side of the desk and sat, relaxed against the back of his chair as if he were simply taking a break from teaching instead of waiting for his student to defile herself in front of him.

Trixie stayed still for a few moments longer, the heat in her core rivaling what emitted from her cheeks. Mr. Mason cleared his throat, startling her into action if one could call it that. She was slow to scooch back farther on his desk, her hands pulling her skirt back to reveal her white panties that matched her stockings. They did, for the most part, save the almost translucent patch that stuck to her pink lips.

A nod from him had her peeling them off and leaving them around her ankles. One leg lifted so she could plant a foot on the desk, and the other dropped over the edge, taking her panties with it. She knew he could see her trembling, but she wasn't sure if it was more from excitement or nerves, and she wasn't sure which excited him greater.

Taking two fingers, she spread her lips wide for him, and she groaned quietly as he licked his own.

"You look wetter than you did in those pictures, Beatrice. I wonder why that is." He teased, leaning forward with more interest. "Begin," he commanded, and she followed with little delay.

She stroked her slit slowly, teasing her folds but not dipping in just yet. Trixie knew he was right; she was soaked already. The silence between them filled with a short gasp and a soft, sloppy sound as she pushed two fingers inside of herself like she had the night before. This time though, she had an audience.

"I'm going to safely assume that you've enjoyed the freedom you've found sexually. That you've grown to know yourself intimately and that you've done this very vulgar thing quite often. Perhaps even as recent last night..." He trailed off, his words very pointed. Her whimper told him all he needed. She had added a third finger, curled up to press into her g spot.

"You no longer have control over that. You will cum only at my command, just like you will be doing very soon, or you will be punished for it. As I said yesterday, I do not tolerate disobedience."

Trixie moaned and nodded again, "Y-yes Mr. Mason, I won't touch myself without your sayso."

He smiled and shook his head, "I said no touching. You will not finish without my word. I quite like the idea of having you on edge and needy. We'll be exploring that too, my pupil."

"Sorry, Sir." she sighed more than stated, her thumb and forefinger rolling her clit between them. It felt like there was a fire inside of her, and he was fanning it with each syllable and every lustful look at what she was doing. However, Mr. Mason was managing to not look at her little performance just enough to frustrate her.

"That's another rule. You will address me as Sir or as Mr. Mason, always, with respect. There will be an array of names I will call you, but for the time being, you will be Beatrice."

She was panting slightly now, both legs spread wider and thighs slick with her juices. He was standing now, and she made a soft noise as he came closer. She had expected him to touch her, to take over, but he didn't. Instead, it was her hand dragging her closer to the edge.

He observed as she dropped her head back and whined with need. Mr. Mason still had not said that she could cum, and she was becoming more desperate. It finally clicked for her, and she was almost embarrassed that it had taken her so long to figure it out.

"M-may I please cum... Sir?" she added hesitantly at the end, glancing up at his eyes before dropping her gaze again. He caught her chin ever so gently and raised her eyes back up, giving her no other choice.



"You may cum only if you look straight at me when you do, Beatrice. I know what you are, and you'll accept it sooner or later."

Trixie quivered and shook on his desk, within his hand as her pussy convulsed almost of its own accord. Her lips were parted in a long, low moan, and she struggled to keep her eyes open, failing at the height of her pleasure to do so. Only when her whimpering had faded did he cup her cheek softly for a moment, his eyes bright with satisfaction. When he said, "Good girl." he patted her cheek, and that was the final lingering touch he gave her.

He picked up her panties, tossed them at her, and said, "The last rule, these will no longer be allowed in my classroom. I may or may not do a random check, and I expect full compliance. Whether you have to stand in the hall and remove them first or be exposed all day, they will never cross my threshold. Now, clean yourself and my desk up with them and sit down for class. And, no, you may not go wash up. I want you smelling like you just fucked yourself because, well, you did. Dirty girl."

Trixie had to catch herself on the side of the desk as she slid off of it, her legs were threatening to drop her to the ground. She was hazy again through part of the class, this time in a mist of bliss. Mr. Mason had kept an eye on her, and allowed her her recovery time before encouraging her to participate more in class.

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For a week, that was all Mr. Mason wanted. He watched her intently as her fingers danced on her pink slit. Occasionally he would instruct her on how to pose herself or how many fingers she could use. On the third day, he finally broke from simply rubbing his bulge over his pants to taking his shaft out and stroking it methodically. Trixie had been thrilled, thinking that she would finally get to touch him, but she was wrong. He hadn't even finished in front of her that day, despite her cumming twice and leaving her juices on his desk for class.

On that Friday, he touched her at last, having allowed that lustful need to grow within her to the point where he knew every time they passed each other in the hall, her hole was aching for him. That's why it felt like a bolt of electricity ripped through her clit when his thumb brushed it, and she gasped aloud. His left hand had been stroking himself as his right teased and toyed with her nub, sliding two fingers into and making her squirm.

Trixie bit her lip and moaned as he pleased her. She closed her eyes, hips gently thrusting on his fingers. His study of her had paid off tenfold, he knew exactly how she liked to be touched. When her breath grew shorter, he leaned in close, letting his breath caress her ear as he told her, "Cum now, little girl."

He groaned as her body contracted around his fingers, working her through her climax. It was a beautifully intimate moment that made short work of his own stamina. Removing his damp fingers from her, he used her juices to reach his own end.

Mr. Mason finished in his hand shortly after Trixie's aftershocks had subsided. She was still panting slightly as he brought it up to her face, and with a trembling hand, Trixie took his wrist and turned it ever so gently as she licked his hand clean of his cum and of hers. This was the first time that she had tasted him, and she moaned softly that she craved more of his cum.

That was the first time he called her a little slut, and she nearly swooned.

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Trixie had arrived at the classroom early like she had been instructed to from their brief encounter in the hallway that morning. She paused outside the door and looked around, the halls had been mostly empty as most classes were still in session while her own had been occupied with lunch. Taking a deep breath, she turned the doorknob and went inside, very well aware of how her nerves were through the roof, and that her panties had begun to dampen.

"I believe you were taught to knock, were you not, Beatrice?" Aside from his words, the only other part of him to acknowledge her presence was a chastising dart of his eye over the paperwork he held in his hand. She cast a glance over her shoulder at the door, wondering if she should reenter properly while he laid his paper flat on his desk and turned his chair towards her. He took his time visually devouring her while she shifted on her feet, white knuckles clenching the strap of her bag.

She had chosen to wear her hair in a tight braid that draped over her right shoulder. The tail of it rested just upon her full D cup, which pushed the limits of her school uniform. The white blouse's buttons strained at their peak to hold her chest in, those few fragile buttons being the centerpiece of his focus. Mr. Mason did allow his eyes to follow her figure down to her wider hips that were hugged so tightly by her dark plaid skirt. There were two small plains of creamy skin hiding beneath the skirt that stretched down to her white thigh highs. He didn't make any effort at hiding his pleasure. In fact, he chose to lick his lips like a hungry wolf.

Trixie stuttered, drawing his eyes back up to hers and therefore making her stuttering worse, "So sorry, S-sir for not knocking. I d-didn't think.. it wasn't on my mind." She felt like she was grasping for straws at this point.

"What were you thinking of, I wonder. What were you thinking of when I caught your arm in the hall? Have you had your head in your phone again, lost amongst some promiscuous messages, hmm?" He taunted her, glancing at his wrist to check the time. They had at best eight minutes before class started, and while he thoroughly enjoyed toying with her, he had better things in store for her today than feeling guilty about the courtesy of knocking. He stood and stalked slowly over to her and around her, a grin returning to his face as he pressed on; "I'll tell you what you were thinking. You were thinking about your teacher, you dirty girl. You were thinking about undressing him and pleasing him with that pretty mouth of yours, that little mind trying to figure out how best to get his cock inside you. How wrong am I?"

By the time he had finished, he had drawn the shade to the door's window and had returned to the front of her. He waited, his hands clasped behind his back. Mr. Mason had at least half a foot on her, and he used this to his advantage as he stepped closer still, invading her personal space. Trixie cowered slightly in response, and her voice was meek as she nodded and replied, "S-something like that, yes, Mr. Mason.." She gasped as his hands came up to her chest, both hands fully occupied as he groped her.

He squeezed them freely for a moment before moving to the center of her shirt. He undid the top button and worked his way down to and past the most strained one, as he made a short tsk noise, his eyes glaring at her just above the rim of his glasses as he chided, "I don't see you acting upon your thoughts, slut."

The prompt was the permission she needed to sink shakily to her knees, finally meeting his eyes as she lowered herself to the ground. Trixie felt the small rush of air tickle her bare skin, her nipples pressed firmly against her padded bra. Her bag dropped to the side, forgotten, as her hands went to his belt. She could feel the heat of his shaft under his dress pants, and she bit her lip as the metal buckle came loose. Unzipping his pants, she finally freed his cock, and she smiled, her excitement encouraging a laugh from her teacher which made her blush. The confidence she had with boys her

age vanished with that chuckle, and she advanced cautiously, as if in new territory.

Her small hand wrapped around his base as she licked his head slowly before taking it into her mouth. Mr. Mason groaned, a hand finding the back of her head, fingers rubbing over her hair. He looked down at her as she sucked more of him in, kissing her hand with her lips and making a delicious wet sound. Trixie had her eyes closed, concentrating on swirling her tongue around the tip of his cock.

Mr. Mason's fingers entwined themselves in her hair, letting her lead for another sloppy slurp before pulling her further onto his shaft and not stopping until the girl gagged on his mass. He felt his cock twitch in response inside of her throat as she tried to breathe around him. He rocked his hips into her, and only when her fists hit his thighs did he relent. Feeling the small panic growing inside her made him hungry for more.

She wheezed, a small amount of drool connecting her to his shaft as she caught her breath. He had pushed his way back inside her before she was ready again, and he dropped his head back as her throat constricted around him.

Mr. Mason reveled in the small, sharp pricks of pain her nails caused while he fucked her face. He wasn't able to go as harshly as he had wished, but he was far from gentle at this point. She hadn't been used like this before, and it was terrifyingly thrilling. Trixie's braid had loosened considerably, and her eyes were screwed shut as he had his way with her.

"Open your mouth wide, dirty little girl, so I can paint your tongue." He ordered, and she obliged, now panting much like a dog would as she waited for his cum. His hand expertly slid over his slick shaft as he eyed her eagerness, and he couldn't help but deny her further.

With a grunt, Mr. Mason spurted several ropes of cum onto and across Trixie's heaving breasts. She looked down in shock, gasping and almost groaning with the loss of what she had worked hard for.

"The lesson here, Beatrice, is that proper manners get you the things you want in life. Now, thank me for using you and collect yourself. The others will be joining us at any minute."

Mr. Mason had already had himself straightened up, and he had turned to organize his desk, seemingly ignoring the poor girl's whimpering but secretly quite loving it.

"Th-thank you, Sir, for u-using me," Trixie said as she fumbled with her buttons. There wasn't time to clean the spunk off of her chest, and it agonized her to no end. He heard her drag her bag to her seat as he took a piece of chalk to the board, hiding his smirk as he heard a knock at the door and voices just behind it. Surely that knock echoed deep within Trixie's throbbing cunt.

She had managed to button her blouse up by the time the other students had arrived. Trixie nearly jumped out of her seat when the bell rang, signaling that class had begun. She looked up from her spot in the middle of the classroom to Mr. Mason, who was as poised and confident as ever. He was the perfect foil to her still somewhat frazzled hair, racing heart, and dripping slit. Her body ached with need from her arousal, and she hoped it wasn't too obvious to the students around her.

Trixie had zoned out a bit as she tried to calm herself down as quietly as she could. She heard him speaking about Massachusetts and describing the timeframe of which they'd be focusing on today. He had made sure to cast a look her way every now and again that shattered any progress she had made towards peace. It was a smug, belittling look that would only make sense to her and would remind her of her place.

Mr. Mason walked down the row casually as he continued the lesson. Trixie's eyes were on him, wary of his physical approach as well as the weight of his words bearing down on her. The flush on her cheeks darkened, and she averted her eyes. Not that provided any relief; every short breath she took carried the scent of his sex into her nose.

"And when you were condemned as a witch, there were two ways that you were dealt with. One, you'd be tied up and tossed into the water. If you floated like a duck, you'd be confirmed a witch, whereas if you drowned... you would have certainly proved your innocence in the most unfortunate way. The most common way to deal with a witch was to burn her at the stake, for all to see...Trixie, are you alright?"

Mr. Mason had stopped at her desk, his bright eyes on her heavy and unrelenting. She looked up, a silent plea in hers which seemed to make his glow more as he brushed her red cheek with the back of his hand ever so gently.

"Oh, dear, are you unwell? You seem to be burning up. And your shirt.. you should take more care in your appearance, young lady, white shirts can be rather revealing under certain circumstances.."

"I-I am feeling a bit flustered, Sir, I-I'll be okay. Pl-please don't let me distract the class..please."

He let her pleading trail off into silence, knowing that the many curious eyes of her peers would eat at her as he turned away, visualizing her squirming in her seat. He was thankful for the temporary distraction as he subtly tucked himself under his belt. Trixie whimpered against her will, looking down to see the various wet splotches he had pointed out on her bosom. She could feel their stickiness still fresh on her skin, the spots almost acting as adhesives for some of the boys nearby. The sound of a camera went off, and that snapped her back to attention, and she chose to retreat inside her school cardigan for the rest of the class.

Trixie did not stick around for long after the bell had rung, and Mr. Mason allowed her to scurry off with what shreds of dignity she had managed to cling to. He handed her her graded test and smiled when she noticed the yellow note attached to the front of it.

She ran to the bathroom to clean herself, along the way, passing some of the boys from class. She overheard one of them asking loudly if they were next, and that sent her locking herself in the bathroom stall, hyperventilating. They couldn't have been talking about her, right? Did they know what she was doing with their teacher? Did Aiden talk? Aiden.. she kept forgetting about him.

There was no way she could speak with him now, with her white blouse stained with cum. No, she had to wait until tomorrow to talk to him. It had been two weeks since she had spent the afternoon at the bleachers with him, and that was the last time she had spoken with him as well. She cringed internally, that wasn't going to be easy to circumnavigate. Trixie looked down at her soiled shirt and grimaced; there was a lot of cum compilations in her life.

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Trixie had waited until she got home to text Aiden. She apologized for ghosting him, and he went off on her about wasting his time. She felt a pang of guilt, and she promised to have lunch with him the next day. It took a good deal of promising and a picture or two to get him to agree to it.

She was torn somewhat on the inside from texting Aiden pictures of her again. She had not discussed this with Mr. Mason yet, and she felt like she should broach the subject. He was the one who had control of her body, he should be making the decisions of who should be seeing it. That thought had her shifting slightly in her sheets, being offered to others simply because Mr. Mason

wanted it. Maybe that was something that he wanted, as well.

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She looked over the test that he had given her this morning and the little note that was attached to it. She was to be certain to remember her garment rule, meaning not to wear panties in his class, and there she stood in front of her locker, air lightly rustling her skirt as fellow students walked past her. Trixie adjusted her waistband uneasily. She wasn't even in his vicinity yet, and she was already wet. She chanced a peek at her phone and saw that she had two texts from Aiden. There was a small pang of guilt as she read them. We are still on for lunch today? You have been on my mind since last night, and I want to get back to where we were going, wherever that was. Ever since Mr. Mason had taken possession of her, she had sort of dropped Aiden hard. They weren't dating or anything, but there had been definite interest. Looking at the postit on the test and at her phone again, she groaned. Instead of answering him, she stuffed her phone in her partially opened bag and turned to head towards her English class.

Mr. Mason smiled as his pupil entered the class early, as expected. He was standing by the board, and his grin widened as she smiled sheepishly at him. He simply beckoned her over with a finger as he continued to write out the day's lesson on the board.

Without looking at her, he began speaking, "Under no circumstances may you use your hands, Miss Beatrice. If so, I will publicly shame you to the point where you would wish to transfer. And we don't want that, do we, my pet? Now, go take your seat."

Trixie looked at him, quite perplexed by his threat and somewhat worried. When she opened her mouth to question him, he shook a finger at her and said: "Sit."

She shrugged and went to turn only to be yanked back by her backpack with a startled cry. She looked over her shoulder at him, his hand on the handle as he said absentmindedly, "Oh, I almost forgot. You'll need this today." Trixie heard a clink, and she felt the weight of the padlock flop onto her now secured backpack zipper.

"I-I don't understand, Sir.." She began, and he shook his head, grinning, "Oh, but you will, very very soon my dear."

Trixie had trouble hiding her disappointment that Mr. Mason didn't have his way with her. She trudged down the aisle to her seat but instantly froze in place upon reaching it. The color drained from her face as she whimpered, "Wh-what is this?"

"Something troubling you, little girl?" Mr. Mason asked, standing close enough to make her jump out of her skin. She hadn't heard him follow her, and she looked up with a sinking feeling in her chest.

"I-I can't use my hands, M-Mr. Mason?" She asked with a defeated tone. Trixie let her bag fall off of her shoulder, and she felt him press against her body, stealing her breath from her as his hand snaked around her hip.

"No.. no, you cannot. You're a clever girl, Trixie, I'm sure you'll come.. up with something." His smirk was clear in his voice as his fingers found their way up her skirt to lightly stroke her clit. "And you listened, no panties... What a good slut you are indeed."

Together, they looked at the toy, standing proudly in her seat. It was a pink dildo, with a wide head and a lengthy shaft. It was smooth throughout, and it almost glistened in the fluorescent light on its

own. Mr. Mason licked his lips thinking about how it would shine once Trixie was done with it. He made a mental note to find out just how right his hypothesis would be after class. Or if she wasn't careful enough. How he secretly hoped it was the latter.

His words had her flushed, and her heart rate quicken to the point where she felt he'd feel it in his fingers as he rolled her nub between his thumb and forefinger. Much, much too soon, Mr. Mason released her clit and returned to his desk. He called over his shoulder, "The others should be arriving soon. Best, you sort out your.. situation."

She ran her fingers through her hair, tugging on it and groaned low. This was not how she had expected him to toy with her with literally, well, a toy. She did what she could think of. First, her shame showing clearly as she stooped down to pick the dildo up with her mouth. It was weighty as she sucked in half of it, and she stood back up straight. Trixie looked around with desperation. There had to be a place to hide it. Catching Mr. Mason's gleaming eye as she sucked on the dildo had her twisting shamefully away from him.

The desks in this class were merely tables, no small storage spot was available to her. The bookshelves were stacked tightly, and the bright pink cock would certainly draw attention to her classmates. She bounced on her heels, the anxiety getting to her just as much as the indignity of it all. Trixie dropped to her knees, looking to find salvation in her backpack only to be reminded harshly of two things. She couldn't unzip it with her mouth since it was full, and she couldn't unzip it because of the padlock period. That left the netted water bottle holder, but that would be a spot just as bad as the bookshelf.

She made a noise of frustration and then fell silent as the solution dawned on her. He had seen that click, and he scoffed. "It was about time you decided to use your brain, slut. Oh, look, I see someone now." He walked over to the door just as a student appeared. Mr. Mason barely made an attempt to block the student's view of Trixie as she frantically spits the dildo back out onto her seat, and she straddled the chair.

Looking up, she saw her teacher move, and she locked eyes with David, the student who was just walking in. She sat down almost too quickly as he made his way to his seat and she was barely able to stifle her moan as the pink shaft penetrated her. It was enough to get David to stop and ask if she was okay. She bit her lip, nodded and squeaked out "mmhmm" as it stretched her insides. The rest of the students began piling in as she began to sweat lightly. Being stuffed like this in class was having quite an effect on her, and she was deeply aware that Mr. Mason was going to exploit this. If only she knew how so she could mentally prepare for it.

Mr. Mason started the lesson without much attention given to Trixie. She wasn't sure if that was even more of a turn on or not, but she found it difficult sitting still with the dildo buried inside her. She bit her lip as she gently rocked her hips on instinct, stopping herself when she realized what she was doing, and she reddened considerably. Trixie chided herself for not paying attention to the class and having fallen behind in her notes.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught David eyeing her, and she hid her face behind her hair. Had he seen her riding in her chair? Mr. Mason had moved up the aisle between them, and he leaned slightly on Trixie's shoulder, forcing the bulbous head of the dildo to press painfully on her cervix.

"I'm disappointed to have to remind you not to flirt in class, Beatrice. Your studies are important. Save the attention of boys after school. Can you manage that?"

The slightly taunting note in his voice wasn't lost on her, and she nodded her head meekly, a short

and breathless "Sorry Sir."

Mr. Mason lessened upon her only to push down again before moving on. It was becoming difficult for him not to become aroused by her predicament. As he rounded his desk, he announced for the class to get out their folders and textbooks. He hadn't even turned around yet to know the look of pure helplessness he'd find on Trixie's face.

She hadn't raised her hand yet, but her eyes were wider than dinner plates. The worry that was painted on her face got his blood flowing south. They both knew that she had no access to any of her materials and what that meant for poor Beatrice.

The small squeak that escaped her was almost enough for him to take pity on her, but his dark desires overpowered that feeling with ease. When Trixie did raise her hand, she was pale, and her voice was weak.

"Mr. M-Mason, can I please borrow a book?"

The tsk tsk noise that he made had her drop her gaze to his desk, allowing her to see just how much he was enjoying her plight.

"First, you distract your peers with inappropriate conversations, and now you are ill-prepared to advance your education, stalling all others along the way. We'll be having words after class, Miss. Come get one quickly."

She hadn't moved from her spot at her desk. How could she have hoped that Mr. Mason would have been kind to her? She should have known better. She clenched her walls around the shaft, incredibly aware of how wet she was. She was almost certain that there would be a wet spot in her seat. Let alone walk down the between the rows of students and back again with this thing inside her. Trixie had no other choice, so with a small whimper and with all the willpower she had, she squeezed the pink cock tightly and made her way to his desk.

There was no way that she could meet his eyes despite them boring into her. Trixie made it to the front of the room, still holding her breath as she reached for the book... His hand brushed hers as he whispered so only she could hear, "You've been quite the good girl, Beatrice." She had not expected the physical contact nor the praise, and it was just enough of a surprise to distract her enough to let the dildo slide out partway.

Her alarmed gasp made him want to jump her there, the vulnerability was ripe for the exploiting. However, Mr. Mason remained poised and allowed her to scamper back to her seat like a little rabbit. One that had a noticeably awkward gate and an awfully red face. When Trixie fell into her seat, the silicon cock slid up into her in exactly the right manner that sent her spiraling over the edge.

Trixie's legs quivered under her desk as she did her best to silence the orgasm making its way through her. She met Mr. Mason's eyes, hers imploring him for either help or forgiveness, and he was borderline dangerous. She cowered in her seat, wishing to hide from his rage, while minimally aware of David's eyes on her as well as some other classmates.

The remainder of class was spent in a state of sorrow for her. When the bell rang, and the class filed out, David stopped at her desk and hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"So, um, I know we haven't spoken much outside of class, but... I'd like to. Here's my number." He handed her a ripped piece of paper with numbers scrawled on it. She wasn't sure what to say to him

aside from a short "Thanks," and she put it in her pocket. Her voice sounded raw, and she was quite worried about what Mr. Mason might have to say about this.

David left and was replaced by Mr. Mason, who towered over her while she stayed in her seat. She shrank back as best as she could, but he cut the distance between them by stooping to her level. When he spoke, his tone made her heart turn to ice.

"Did I say that you could cum, Beatrice? Did you just abuse my gift within a class full of students and have an orgasm, you filthy, greedy little whore? And what, your performance got you a boy's number? Keep this up, and you'll be whoring yourself out to half of the school by next Friday."

She sank lower with each word cutting into her like a knife. She shook her head, unable to answer and unable to stop her body's response to his demeaning assault.

"Give me your toy. My toy." He corrected himself, holding his hand out expectantly.

Trixie lifted her skirt slowly to reveal the flared pink base beneath it. Leaning back into her chair, she extracted the shaft with a soft groan, its head shimmering with her fresh juices. Her hand trembled as she dropped the base of it in his hand. Her shaking worsened when she felt his hand grip her hair and tilt head upwards painfully.

"Beatrice, for your incompetence and your inability to control yourself, you will not be allowed to cum for three days. Each day, I expect you to use this toy just like you did in class, and as I am just about to demonstrate for you. Do you understand your punishment and why you are receiving it?"

"I-I do Mr. M-Mason Sir.." His glare spurred her onward, "I w-was a greedy slut who came in class without permission and amongst h-her peers."

Mr. Mason grinned and traced her quivering lips with the head of the cock. His own was tight in his pants, needing attention. He had a lesson to teach first.

"That's right, slut. Say 'Aaah.'"

She barely had a chance to do so before he pushed the toy into her mouth and down her throat. There was a bulge in her throat that moved along with his short thrusts, the movements made smooth by her natural juices.

He pulled it out of her while she was choking, a line of spit connecting her to the pink shaft. Tears were brimming in her eyes as she stammered, "Pl-please Sir n-no more." Mr. Mason shook his head in reply, and she opened her mouth back up for him to shove her whimpering noises back down into her stomach.

Mr. Mason released the base of the toy and tilted her head forward, allowing her to spit it out on the desk. It landed with a thud, and she sat there, breathing heavily with a tear or two streakings down her cheek. The hand that was on her hair loosened, and he smoothed out her hair. He leaned down and kissed her forehead softly.

"You'll be a good girl and take your punishment with grace, correct?"

"Y-yes Sir, I will. Th-thank you for punishing me." He smiled and patted her head. Fishing his keys out of his pocket Mr. Mason undid the padlock on her backpack.

"You better run along now. You do not need further corrections for tardiness, do you?"



Trixie answered softly, "No Sir," sniffled and packed her toy away. She gave a small courtesy before darting out of the room.

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Trixie was to use her toy daily without finishing for three days, and she did so without question and with little fuss. By the third day, it was clear she was frazzled from the used by both her dildo and Mr. Mason's cock.

She had been against the bookshelf as he danced his fingers inside of her skirt just over her mound. He took his time teasing her and inquiring about the boy she had been sexting so long ago.

"I.. I kind of stopped talking to him. I mmm I just, with everything going on.. with you.. that just slipped my miihhnd," she gasped as he brought three fingers into her suddenly, her body growing rigid.

He demanded she tell him all the things she had done with Aiden, and he was slightly disappointed that it hadn't gone farther than oral yet. When he had her mewling and moaning, he planted his desires in her.

"I want you to seduce him, Trixie. You may use my room after school if you are successful in whoring yourself out." He patted her gawking head and smiled down at her. He couldn't deny how cute she looked whenever she was flustered. He also couldn't deny that her cheeks being any shade of red was his favorite look on her.

The gawking turned into a blissful explosion as he twisted her little nub and commanded a long overdue orgasm that knocked her off balance enough that a few loose books fell onto the floor. He chuckled, called her clumsy, and had her pick them up, each earning her a quick swat on the bottom. She agreed to talk to Aiden, and there were butterflies in her stomach when she left the room with older thoughts swarming her head, mixing in with new ones.

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One late night Trixie got to thinking about everything. If she was indulging in several fantasies at once, what was stopping her from playing with one more? This was one she had kept to herself, locked deep inside her that she only visited when she knew she was truly alone. Acting on it would be immoral, impossible, taboo. But Mr. Mason had shown her many things, one including her new toy.

That had gotten her thinking about possibilities, and those thoughts both excited and scared her. She wasn't sure if she should tell him. She almost had one day when he was listing things he wanted to do to her, but the idea of him turning away from her due to some dark desire filled her with a sense of dread.

So, despite her rules, she had decided to keep it to herself. Trixie convinced herself that she could still follow his rules, would not cum without permission, but she would be playing with a very different toy. Making sure she had money, she went off into town in a hoodie and baggy jeans, a poor attempt to disguise herself, and bought her quarry with little issue besides an embarrassing look from the cashier. She could barely contain her excitement on her way home, and she couldn't wait for Monday to arrive already.

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When the day finally rolled around, Trixie was elated. She had some time in the morning and spent it trying to do some damage control with Aiden. After a good deal of groveling, she had managed to make some headway, so she played her ace.

Look, I know I haven't been around at all lately, but I want to make it up to you. Meet me in the English room after school ends tomorrow, okay?

She read his Sure, whatever you say text, and had a difficult time containing her hopeful excitement. Trixie glanced at the clock, and that excitement grew tenfold. Things couldn't be better for her.

Trixie had learned Mr. Mason's schedule like the back of her hand. She knew when he would be in his classroom when he'd be on break, when he'd be alone and when he wanted to dump a load of cum in her. So she knew that when the fourth period, his prep time came around, he would be out of his room for the first half gathering supplies. Using his space without him seemed like quite the naughty thing to be doing, but she knew she would be quick.

Slipping into the classroom as soon as she had seen him around the corner towards the Teacher's Lounge felt dirty yet thrilling. She felt even dirtier as she pulled the shade like he had dozens of times before, and she paused there. She looked at his desk; it hadn't been cleaned off today as he had had his morning coffee banging the back of her head against the blackboard as he fucked her face. Her cheeks reddened at the memory, wishing she could still taste him, but she shook her head clear of the thought of his seed and using his desk. Being this sneaky was wrong, but that felt like a cardinal sin.

She pulled her newest toy out of her backpack and inspected it. It was much longer than her pink dildo, and two thirds down the shaft sat a bulbous knot. Running her hand down it and squeezing the tennis ball-sized fleshy cock made her whimper. Maybe this wasn't the best idea to do here. She hadn't been able to get it inside her just yet, and there was only a limited amount of time here. She scolded herself silently, she was wasting her own time.

Out came some lube, the shop owner had been kind enough to recommend a bottle to her, and she squirted some in her hand. The liquid was thick, and it made her wet as she slid it over the dog's shaft and onto the knot.

Some laughter from the hallway had her head snap around towards the door. She could still back out now and be better off saving her new toy for home. While she pondered the safer option, her hand kept stroking the shaft. She knew better, sure, but that wasn't going to stop her. Turning from the door, she straddled her chair and remained standing while her fingers drifted up from the dog's cock to her tight rim. Trixie closed her eyes as she wiggled a finger inside of herself, followed shortly by another.

She scissored them inside of her ass, stretching her hole just enough so his tip would fit inside. She emptied herself, giving one final glance to the door before guiding the toy's head into her. It's bulk increased, and she was whimpering almost immediately as she sat on it. Its texture was more realistic than her pink toy, and that made quite a difference as she bottomed out on the knot with a moan.

Trixie rocked herself on the dog shaft, her hands gripping the back of her chair as the front of the knot knocked into her slit with each thrust. She rode herself nearly to an orgasm just like that, just barely slowing herself down and stalling her fingers that had found their way to her clit. She had to be more aware of herself, but she wanted to push her luck a little further. Her fingers tickled her thighs as they crept towards her target, and while they were still slick with lube and her juices, she

started trying to push them into her occupied hole.

She was making a good deal of noise now despite her efforts to stay quiet. The knot was proving to be a lot more troublesome than she had imagined, and it was painful having two fingers stretching her hole unevenly. She had gone back to rocking again, trying to increase the pleasure so she could relax. If she could manage that, she thought she could work it inside of herself.

Trixie had managed to lodge half of the knot inside of her rim when a breath on her ear made her blood run cold. It was the only warning she received before her ponytail was yanked backward, and she was leaning over the desk, fingers stuck between her rim and the knot, and her face as pale as a ghost as she met Mr. Mason's glare. It was the most sadistic look in his eye, and she had nearly wet herself from fright.

"Beatrice, I knew you were a fucking whore, but I did not know just how vile and filthy you were. A dog's cock? And look where you have it, up your precious asshole. I haven't even had the pleasure of using that hole yet, and you've given it to a dog? Well?" He demanded, barking at her with venom in his voice.

If he hadn't had the vice grip on her hair, Trixie would have sunk to the floor in utter humiliation. She stammered a weak apology, and he lifted her head enough to drop it back on her desk.

"Where are your hands, dog slut? Show me them both now."

The degrading name forced a small gasp out of her as Trixie shakily showed him her one hand while she tried wiggling the other free of her rim. Her wincing and short gasps gave its location away, and she found herself tossed forward against the back of the chair with a pained grunt. Even with her face now hidden, he knew she had to be burning up as he observed the knot and her twitching fingers. With one hand, he grabbed her wrist and jerked her hand out, the sudden room allowing more of the knot to press into her, and she was barely capable of stifling a shriek.

Mr. Mason pulled her back onto the back of the desk, most of her weight now precariously balanced on the dog's knot. There were tears in her eyes as he kept his hold on her wrist, bringing it up to her mouth.

"I-I want to s-stop Mr. Mason S-Sir, please" She begged between gasps. The cumulation of pain was becoming far too great for her, and she begged him again before being silenced by her own wet fingers, gagging on them. He clasped his larger hand over hers, trapping her fingers where he had placed them. Mr. Mason then leaned in dangerously close, and Trixie nearly fainted then.

"You've made one too many whorish decisions for me to just let you stop now. The dildo I got you wasn't good enough? Or are you not good enough for a man's cock? Is that why you crave a beast's knot inside of you? Because you're some degenerate fucking dog slut, that's why."

He shifted his weight onto her, watching intently as her eyes flared up in agonizing pain, and her body spasmed with the sickening pop of the knot finding its way fully inside her. He didn't ease up until her trembling asscheeks kissed the seat and until her muffled shrieks subsided. She couldn't hold back the tears then, everything proving overwhelming. When he brushed her cheek with his thumb, his voice had softened, but there was still a definite edge to it that kept her trembling lightly.

"You have been a very bad girl, Beatrice. If I didn't have classes to prep for, you would be a very, very sorry girl right now." He had released her mouth, letting his hand snake down under her skirt and up her slit. He stroked her insides, feeling the bulge of the knot through her flesh. Trixie tried to speak again, her voice meek.

"I-I am s-so sorry S-sir, I wasn't g-going to cum without permission. I-I just wanted to play w-with my new—"

"Dog's cock?" He cut her off insultingly, causing her to flinch. That made the knot shift inside of her, and she whined in pain.

"No, you were not going to cum. And you won't. Not today, at least. But you wanted to be a dog whore so badly, I'll allow that. As a matter of fact, you'll be happily knotted until my class this afternoon. Maybe by then, you will realize your actions have consequences, slut."

He fingered her snatch roughly until she was panting heavily and silently pleading his name. Without warning, he pulled them out and fullhanded slapped her cunt, and she yelped sharply in surprise.

"Get out of my classroom, needy bitch in heat. I don't want to see you." His words stung, and his tone of disapproval cut deep. Trixie waited for him to stalk towards his desk before moving herself, slinking as low as possible and as gracefully as she could with the knot buried deep inside her asshole.

She tried to give him a sorrowful look over her shoulder at him, but Mr. Mason ignored her completely. The soft whine that left her before she disappeared carried over to him as he leaned over his desk. He rubbed his hand on his face and exhaled. He needed to collect himself in time for his next lesson, and the smell of her sex was intoxicating.

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By the time Mr. Mason's class had come, Trixie was suffering greatly. The knot was sticking inside of her, and it hurt whenever she had to walk. During lunch, the period she would normally have spent with him, she sat in the bathroom and cried from the pain. She had been aching to go to the bathroom for over an hour now, her bladder ready to burst, and with the cock pressing on it, she had been terrified of peeing herself in the hallway every few steps.

She had leaned forward the best that she could, and she tried to relieve herself. She sat there in pained silence, nothing coming out until a small trickle gave way to a flood. Trixie cried harder with relief, and despite her best efforts, she couldn't completely clean the base of the shaft of her pee.

Having to go to his class smelling of urine, on top of being in as much trouble as she was, made her want to curl up and cry. When she made it to his door, she simply stood there, red eyes downcast and unable to work through her shame. Mr. Mason let her stay there for a few minutes longer before he called her over.

She obeyed, shuffling over and whimpering some from the pain. His hand traced up her thigh, the nervous girl flinching slightly from the light contact. He found her skin wet, and her pink lips even wetter just before he touched the base of the knot. She hissed through her teeth, her hole having become incredibly sensitive over a few hours.

"How are you feeling, little girl?" He asked as he circled her toy with a finger.

"A-ashamed... G-guilty... Dirty.." Trixie mumbled something else under her breath, avoiding his peaked curiosity. She shivered as his hand moved underneath the base of the shaft and tapped it with some force.

"Speak up, dog slut."

"T-turned on, Sir. Th-this hurts so much but... I want to cry. I'm so frustrated."

"Do you know just how distracted I've been all day due to your little stunt? I've had quite the trouble keeping myself on task, let alone considering how else to punish you. I'm of a mind to fuck you right here with that knot inside of you, but I think you would enjoy that too much. You did just reveal to me that pain turns you on.. what a dirty girl indeed, Beatrice."

His fingers had slipped inside of her cunt again, tracing the knot and pushing deeper. He felt her breath catch as he pushed even further inside. Her stance widened, her eyes pleading for him to fill her. When her hand reached for his belt, she had no idea he would respond with a quick backhand to her cheek.

She shrieked and held her cheek if he hadn't had his fingers hooked inside of her, Trixie would have backpedaled from its force.

"You don't deserve my cock, whore. Not until you've repented. You'll sit in my class, with your wet cunt dripping and your asshole stuffed while you write out an apology to me. One that details how sorrowful and horny you are. Only then will I allow you to untie yourself, and only if your words are good enough will I let you cum. Am I clear?"

She nodded her head, still shaking with need. She waited for him to remove himself from her pink slit, and she found her desk, taking out a pencil and paper, and getting to work on her task straight away. He allowed her to stay busy with that, leading the class onto another discussion of their current book. Whenever he included her, he was sure to give her easier questions to answer, knowing how offtopic her mind was. It was just enough prodding to keep her on edge while not completely overwhelming her.

Mr. Mason had to keep behind his desk for most of the class that day. On one occasion, he had done a lap around the room and peeked over her shoulder at her written apology that was turning into an essay, and he found it difficult not to groan as he caught sight of some of her words. It didn't help that her other hand was hidden beneath her skirt again. She really couldn't have been sluttier at that moment, and he loved it.

When class was dismissed, he had come over to her desk before she had a chance to approach his. She had still been writing, but he snatched it from the desk and began reading despite her protests. She fell silent as he unzipped his pants and pulled out his shaft. He ignored the lustful looks and pitiful whimpers that came from her as he stroked himself to her words.

"And when I had to go to the bathroom, I had really wanted to take it out. I almost couldn't go because I was so turned on but.. but then I did and I.. I felt so nasty... I still smell like it..' Why, yes, yes, you do slut. I could smell it on you from down the hall. I don't think you know how much I like knowing this." His statement had her shifting in her seat uneasily while her eyes were trained on his hand.

"M-may I please touch you, S-sir?" She begged, and he hushed her with a quick shhh, scanning the page. He was absolutely delighted by her agony. The confession brought a fresh wave of pleasure through him as he read about how the knot had been biting at her insides as the lube had dried. How she was terrified that she would have peed herself in the hallway, or the cock would have fallen out of her.

He tightened his grip, letting her whimpers fill his ears and caress the ache in his balls. His eyes flickered down to hers, seeing his movement reflected in them. Mr. Mason knew then what he would do, and the thought of her reaction brought him closer to his climax. He took his time picking out

another section to read for her.

“ ‘I cannot stop touching myself even though I know I can’t cum. This drives me absolutely wild, and it makes it harder to think as if my brain shuts down, and my most basic instincts go into overdrive.’ I think those lines there describe you quite well, Beatrice. A slut only thinks with her cunt, just as you did when you snuck into this very room to pleasure yourself and thinking you’d get away with it. Stupid slut, I know you better than you know yourself.”

That had her blushing and moaning softly again, knowing it was true. She squirmed in her seat and started pleading again for permission to touch him. Meeting her desperate gaze did him in, and he lowered his reading material to his cock and started spurting onto it. Her tormented cries of denial were instantaneous, and they helped Mr. Mason drain his balls completely. When the last of it dripped out, he wiped his head clean with the paper, smearing the graphite with cum, and he dropped it onto her desk with little care for her needs.

“Use some lube and take your toy out and leave, Beatrice.”

“B-But Sir, pl-please let me finish, please! “ Trixie whined pathetically, watching his cum ooze down the crinkled sheet of paper she had worked so hard on. She had to resist the urge to lick it off of the paper, she had already done enough whorish things today, and she wasn’t sure if she could bear the weight of another round of shaming from him without cumming.

“Perhaps you would have been able to if you had finished your task, but you didn’t, so you don’t get to. You’re still being punished. Goodday, slut.” By then, Mr. Mason had zipped himself up and straightened his shirt out. His student stared at him in disbelief. She wanted to fight more but knew that it would be futile.

Tears accompanied the cum on her essay as she untied herself from the knot as painlessly as she could. She did her best to clean the shaft under his expectant gaze, licking it free of small traces of blood and her own juices. She sniffled and wiped her eyes as she stored the dog cock in her bag and waited for further instructions. When none came, Trixie excused herself. Mr. Mason watched her carefully fold the paper up, and he grinned wolfishly at her, knowing exactly what she would do in the safety of somewhere more private. Just this once, he’d let her get away with that.

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“Soo.. what the hell, Trix?” Aiden said with a chip on his shoulder. He had entered the room to see her leaning against Mr. Mason’s desk. He noticed that her skirt was shorter than the school’s guidelines allowed, but he was still annoyed with her. She didn’t respond at first, so he continued, the edge clear in his voice. “So you go from talking to me every day, talking like that to me to ghosting me? And now this? What makes you think I want to talk to you now?” The school day was over, and the building had mostly cleared out. He saw very little reason to entertain her request, and yet here he was.

Trixie looked away, ashamed. She hadn’t realized that she had left him high and dry a few weeks ago. She couldn’t exactly tell him why she had or who she had been spending her time with, but she had to think of something, or this wasn’t going to end the way she needed it to.

She pushed off of the desk and drifted over to him, her quiet voice carrying across the empty room to him “I’m really sorry Aiden, I.. I had.. some personal things I had to work through.. I was questioning myself, finding myself..” His expression was still standoffish, but he didn’t stop her as she lightly traced her fingers up his chest and around his neck to lace together behind it, her voice lowering in a sultry way, “Do you want to know what I found?”

“What did you find?” He caught a whiff her honey-scented hair as he instinctually leaned in to hear her better.

Trixie smiled mischievously, raising up on her toes to reach his ear, and she whispered: “That I am tired of silly games, and that I need you to fuck me.”

Aiden had been dying to hear those words for long enough that his annoyance evaporated the moment he scooped her up and slammed her ass against Mr. Mason’s desk. Trixie did her best not to gasp from the sudden drop, her asshole still sore from her knotting. Aiden didn’t seem to notice anything, though, leaning in to kiss her fully before pulling back to look at her.

“Are you sure, Trix?”

She grinned and pulled a condom out of her bra, waving it in front of him. Aiden had already undone his pants, pulling out his hardon with one hand and pushing her skirt up with the other. His sudden whistle had her red and stalled her.

“No panties, huh? You really wanted to fuck. There, is it on?” he said, more than eager to get inside her. She fumbled with the wrapper as he yanked her forward while thrusting up. She wasn’t able to recover quickly enough as she stammered his name, trying to push him off of her.

“S-stop A-Aiden, please! Get out of me, you don’t have a condom on!” She did what she could to pull back, but he was able to hold her in place as his jerky thrust embedded his prick inside her. She gasped and groaned, her hand moving to his chest to push him again as he continued thrusting into her. He ignored her pleas and swiped her hands off of him.

“Shut up, bitch. You owed me this for weeks, I’m taking what’s due. Fuck, you are so tight.”

He leaned into her, his hot breath exhaling on her neck as he rammed into her harder. Small, whimpering gasps left her with each one, and despite how wet she was, he was still hunting and stretching her pretty good. Aiden was fully absorbed in her snatch when out of the corner of her eye, Trixie saw Mr. Mason slip inside to watch. Seeing him made her groan, and she almost called out to him for help.

A glare from him set her straight to her task at hand, or rather the cock pushing inside her. She grabbed hold of Aiden’s shoulders and used them as leverage to match his thrusts. Her fear escalated with the realization that he could clearly see the discarded condom, and she started pleading for Aiden to pull out, her throat restricted from the fright. Her legs that had wrapped around him loosened, and she tried once more to pull away, but it was far too late for that.

Aiden grunted into her shoulder, his body growing rigid as his final few thrusts sent his load deep inside of her. Trixie was nearly crying at this point, quietly saying “no no no” over and over as she felt him twitch in her before abandoning her hole. He looked down as some of his cum leaked out of her swollen lips, and he grinned like a madman, pulling his phone out of his pocket.

“A-Aiden, no!” She shrieked, snapping her legs shut as quick as she could as he tried to snap a picture of her.

“Aiden, that is more than enough.” Mr. Mason’s voice boomed from behind them, both jumping out of their skin and Aiden nearly dropping his phone in surprise. He scrambled to pull his jeans up, stumbling over his words to come up with an explanation. Mr. Mason barely paid the poor boy any mind, a short “Get out.” was all he needed to bolt from the room, practically slamming the door behind him.

Trixie's heart was in her throat as her teacher prowled forward towards his prey. She had started to apologize, to tell him she tried to use protection and that she didn't mean for it to happen like that, but the words died unacknowledged between her mouth and his ears.

"On your hands and knees, now, Beatrice. And shut the hell up."

She complied as best as she could, involuntary whining still making its way out of her. His hand came down on her ass hard, and she yelped. A second slap in the same spot and a pointed "Well??" made her croak out, "T-two."

He struck her other cheek even harder, forcing her to yell the next count. He spread her cheeks then, savoring the flinch that coursed through her entire body as he groped her. Mr. Mason spanked her three more times in quick succession on her right cheek, and by the time she cried out "Six," she was holding back tears.

"Do you have something to say, Beatrice?" He asked, the venom in his voice completely contrasted by the featherlike touches he gave her as he traced one of his handprints on her pale cheeks.

"I-I'm sorry I c-couldn't stop him, Sir, I-I tried." Her response triggered a laugh from him, which stung and made her heart sink.

"You're such a filthy whore that you couldn't say no to the boy as he fucked your pussy bare? I shouldn't even touch you now, but I can't help myself. You've already been loosened up."

Mr. Mason shoved her pink dildo into her soaked slit without mercy. Trixie cried out as he fucked her roughly with it, spanking her red cheeks as she wiggled on his desk.

"Oowww, seven, eight, n-nine TEN! Please!" she cried and pleaded for him to stop. He sunk his finger deep into her asshole and growled, "Stay the fuck still, slut." and she froze right away, then slowly lowered her chest to the desk and whimpered into the cold wood.

He continued to fuck her with her dildo, spanking her another five times while fingering her asshole in between each strike. When she announced the fifteenth spank with a weak voice, his hands brushed her red skin, feeling the heat beneath his fingers. Mr. Mason removed the toy from her with a slick sound, and she gave a small anguished sigh, clearly needing release.

Placing it right next to her face, he left her perched on his desk while he went into her bag to collect the dog cock as well as the bottle of lube. When he placed them alongside the pink one on the desk, Trixie's face paled considerably.

"Since you were so very eager to have his cock, too eager to make smart and safe choices, I'm going to see just how many cocks your slutty body can hold. And I know how much you enjoy the taste of cum thanks to your little confession note. I know you crept into a dark corner somewhere and licked my seed off of the paper. How did it taste mixed in with your tears, cunt?"

His words dug deeper into her than her dildos could reach, and she couldn't think of a response. She couldn't even deny the truth. He spat at her. When she tried to, he silenced her by pressing the cum-coated pink dildo to her trembling lips.

"You're more useful occupied, slut. Stop talking and start sucking." She whined as he pressed the dildo into her mouth, leaving it standing on the base just as her head started slowly bobbing on it. Trixie had screwed her eyes shut tight as he landed another blow on her ass. She tried counting still, but the number was muffled, and Mr. Mason seemed to be past caring at this point.



She felt the cold lube pool on her asshole, and she looked over her shoulder at him, the pink shaft only allowing so much movement.

“You can thank me for using lube, Beatrice, as I really don’t think you deserve such kindness, but I know you’re still in pain from releasing your inner dog whore yesterday.”

Trixie’s face flushed as she lifted her head off of the cock long enough to say, “Th-thank you Mr. Mason S-sir for your kindness.” as some drool and cum mixture dripped down her chin. She felt like a whore at that moment, and he only made it worse as he guided the tip of the dog shaft into her aching pussy.

He maneuvered it into her just so the knot nipped at her clit each time he thrust with it. A look from him was enough for her to resume sucking on the dildo, allowing him the time to focus on her rim. His fingering had done little to stretch her, and his loins throbbed with desire.

Freeing himself, he barked an order for her to drop her hips onto the desk and her feet on the floor. She did so as best as she could, feeling a rush of shame as she felt her stomach settle in the wet puddle she had created from all that had transpired.

Mr. Mason barely waited for her to settle before he was pressing into her tight hole. Her whining turned into gasping and finally into a prolonged groan from his painfully slow entrance. Her rim resisted as best as it could until he popped inside, and she spasmed in pain. The noises that managed to escape around the pink shaft pleased him to no end.

“Look at you in your element, slut. Three cocks pumping inside you, still dripping cum and ready for another load. You are so beautifully filthy little girl.”

His degrading praise had her mind lost in the clouds, his words, and the cocks within her proving to be the only anchors that held her down. Mr. Mason moaned as he eased more of his shaft into her, allowing his student’s body to try to accommodate his girth. While he waited, he punished her pussy with the dog shaft. He listened to her breath, knowing her tells intimately. When he had bottomed out in her, he leaned over her back, prodding his weight into her, and he whispered: “Cum now, little girl.”

Trixie convulsed under him the moment the words left him. She nearly choked herself on the dildo as she lost herself in her moans. Her pussy and asshole squeezed and clamped on the shafts repeatedly, hindering Mr. Mason’s thrusts.

Feeling her orgasm on his cock was such a powerful sensation that he did not resume moving until she was well into her aftershocks. He rocked his hips into her red ass and thrust with his hand into her now sensitive hole.

She howled, writhed, and moaned his name as he had his way with her. Eventually, his hand slowed, and he kept the dog’s knot against her slit for the extra friction. Trixie ground back into him as best as she could on quivering legs, and she whimpered she was nearing another orgasm.

Mr. Mason was as well at this point. Her tight little body had been responding to everything he threw at and thrust inside her pushing him in all the right ways.

“Not yet, slut. You do not get to cum before I do.”

His free hand slapped the side of her ass to produce a delicious, muffled yelp from her before it ran up her slender back to grip her ponytail. He forced Beatrice to arch her back up enough so he could

look into her eyes. He saw a cauldron beneath her cloudy eyes, one filled with lust, devotion, eagerness, and agony. When she smiled at him from around the pink shaft protruding from her lips, that was the end of him.

He grunted, thrust himself balls deep inside her asshole, and shuddered as he painted her insides white with his cum. He had kept his eyes locked on hers for the duration, and he saw a look of pure satisfaction flash in her eyes. He pulled himself out of her, letting his cum start to leak down her legs.

Trixie was still panting heavily, and he stepped closer to her, lifting her to a standing position and allowing the dog shaft to fall from her slit. In its stead went his fingers, rubbing her g spot and rolling her clit. He then removed the pink dildo from her mouth, and he stroked her tearstained cheek.

Her voice was barely above a whisper as she trembled within his embrace as she asked: "M-may I cum for you, Sir?". Her entire body pleaded with him in that sentence, and for once, he was powerless to her.

"You may cum for me, my pet." He whispered back, giving her much needed release. He held her as the waves of pleasure ripped through her and threatened to carry her away. When she was reduced to whimpers, he picked her up and carried her to his chair.

He sat there with her, stroking her hair and kissing her forehead for what seemed like ages. It was as if time had stopped at that moment. Trixie had calmed down to the point where she almost drifted off to sleep on him when he gently shook her.

"Not yet, little one. We have to make it to the pharmacy before they close. You need to realize how important safety is, Beatrice. You're a smart girl, you're aware of the misfortunes that could befall you. I can only protect and guide you so much. This is a lesson you'll keep with you for life, won't you?"

Her hands had been gently tangled in his shirt, and she nodded into his chest, "Yes, Sir, I will never forget that. Safety is first." Trixie leaned up and planted a small, soft kiss on his cheek. When she pulled back, she had a bright yet worn smile on her face.

Mr. Mason helped her collect her toys and wrapped his jacket around her as he escorted her out of the dark school. Just before they left the building, he leaned in close and said, "Oh, by the way, I know your next assignment. You won't have to worry about taking a pill after this one, though. Just a very sore jaw."

She looked at him, perplexed, and he laughed a hearty laugh.

"You'll see what I mean, Trix. Come on now, little girl." He kissed her forehead again, knowing she'd be mulling over that puzzle, and it kept a grin on his face all the way to the store.

*The End.*