

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Lucy sat on the chair outside the headmaster's office. She did not know why she had been summoned, especially as it was near the end of the school day and staff were leaving. As there were only two weeks left before the end of term, and she only needed one more credit to attain a powerful recommendation for one of the top universities, she was hoping that she had been called up to tell her that the credit had been given and that a letter of recommendation would be written.

The door opened, and Mr. James, the headmaster, appeared. He was a very tall man, rather imposing, but with a friendly face. She knew he was in his sixties and nearing retirement.

"Ah, Lucy, come on in," he said, then preceded her into his office and sat behind his desk.

Lucy followed, sitting on the straight-backed chair opposite him and instinctively crossing her legs.

"Did I give you permission to sit," he said rather sternly.

"Oh, sorry, headmaster," she replied, hurriedly getting back on her feet.

"No, no, no, silly of me," he said, "of course you should sit."

Lucy was slightly puzzled by his attitude but resumed her seat, again crossing her legs.

"I have summoned you as there have been some issues lately," he said, "mainly about your dress choice and your general demeanor."

"I don't understand, headmaster," she replied, "Miss Hughes is my form tutor, and she hasn't said anything."

"Ah yes, well, we all have different standards," he continued, "but as headmaster of one of the most expensive private girl's schools in the country, I am allowed to set my standards."

"Of course, headmaster," she said, "can you tell me what I am doing wrong?"

"Well, your skirt, for a start," he said, "just look how short it is. There are times, especially when you are going upstairs, that your underwear is on view."

"But all the girls wear short skirts, headmaster," she replied.

"Yes, but few of them have your attributes," he replied.

"I beg your pardon," she said, getting rather worried about the direction of the conversation.

"You heard," he said sternly. "You strut around this school like a queen bee with your non-regulation heeled shoes that give your long, shapely legs a better curve. You wear thin cotton tops, and if you are wearing underwear, it does nothing to stop your nipples from being prominent."

"Excuse me, headmaster, but this conversation is totally inappropriate," she protested.

He slammed his fist on his desk. "I said before," he shouted, "I am headmaster, and I will decide what is appropriate young lady."

"But you are making comments about my body," she said.

"Yes, I am," he said, "that's because I am somewhat an authority on your body. I have watched you grow and develop over the years. I noticed when your breasts began to develop. I have seen your curves develop into the womanly curves you have today."

"But headmaster, I'm not comfortable with this," she said.

"I don't care what you are comfortable with, young lady," he said, "look at you now, sitting there showing an expanse of the thigh, your nipples showing through the thin material of your top. You have the biggest breasts of any girl in school, and you use them."

"I beg your pardon, I don't understand," she said, tears of humiliation beginning to well in her eyes.

"Oh, I've seen what you do," he said, "I've seen what you do when you are near men, especially the younger members of staff like Mr. Jenkins. Your shoulders go back, and you stick those tits out."

He saw the shock on her face.

"Yes, I am allowed to call them tits," he laughed. "I've seen how your activity on the netball court changes when members of the male staff are watching, how you jump more energetically, make your tits bounce, and your skirt flies up to show you perfectly round bottom in those white panties, panties that you show off every time you sit down, yes, now you know why I made you sit twice."

"I'm sorry, headmaster," she said, standing up, "I refuse to listen to any more of this. I don't know what I have done to deserve this, but I refuse to listen to anymore."

She turned and walked towards the door.

"If you know what's good for you, you will sit back down, and this time, don't cross your legs; part them, and let me see your panties."

"What do you mean?" She said.

"Maybe this will give you a clue," he said, opening a file that had been sitting on his desk and revealing the red exercise book inside. He immediately saw Lucy's face go red as she recognized the book.

"Wh-where did you get that?" She said.

"From your bedroom, where do you think," he said, "I regularly visit your bedroom, Lucy. When you are out playing sports, I only do it to search through your laundry bag for your soiled underwear. I do so love the smell and taste of your used panties."

"Oh my God, you're a pervert," she said, "I will report you."

"Oh, I don't think so," he smirked, "not when your family read what you have written in this book. Now sit back down and open your legs like I told you."

Slowly, she returned to the chair, this time sitting with her legs slightly apart.

"Wider," he ordered, waving his hand, "I want to see your crotch."

"Please don't do this to me," she pleaded.

"I thought you liked old men playing with you," he said, tapping the red book.

"That's not real," she protested, "it was something I made up, just a fantasy."

"Well, it seems pretty authentic to me," he laughed, "well written too, I might add, although I doubt Miss Hughes would give you credit for it. So how old were you when you sat on your grandad's knee, and he first put his hand up your skirt."

"It didn't happen," she cried, "I made it up."

"I wonder if your parents would believe that if they read this story," he said. "The bit about when you first felt his cock getting hard, and he slipped his fingers inside your panties is very well written. I bet you enjoyed that. How many fingers did he put inside you the first time."

"Please, it's just a story, total fiction. It didn't happen," Lucy begged.

"It sounds like you like old men. Am I old enough for you?"

"Please, headmaster, please let me go. Please give me back my book and let me go."

"Oh, I think I'll hang on to it for a while," he laughed, "I had to admit I had to play with my cock the first time I read it. You may find some stains on the pages. I managed to wipe most of my spunk off."

"Please give it back," she begged.

"Oh, you have to earn it," he replied.

"Please, I need it back, if my father sees it he will stop my allowance, I won't be able to go to university, it's my eighteenth birthday next week he is going to make a large financial settlement on me if he reads that he will stop it."

"Well, you had better do as I say then," he said, "stand up."

Slowly, she got to her feet. She didn't know what he planned but guessed it was going to be humiliating.

"Take off your top," he ordered.

She hesitated, and he read from the book.

"He rubbed the head of his cock up and down the crack of my bottom. I could feel it was wet with pre-cum, then he rubbed it against my pussy and my little button..."

"Stop it, please," she cried.

He moved to another page. "He stood in front of me, his cock inches from my face. I saw his pre-cum and wanted to taste it...."

"Okay, okay, I'll do it," she surrendered. She lifted her top over her head, placing it on the chair. She was only wearing a thin bra that was almost see-through.

"Beautiful," he said, "now the bra."

There was no point in defying him. Lucy knew she was trapped. She undid her bra, took it off, and placed that on the chair.

"Magnificent," he said, "so big yet so firm, the way they curve up, they defy gravity, they will no doubt sag with age in time, but they are beautiful now, turn sideways."

She did as he commanded, then with her back to him. She heard a noise like a drawer opening. When she turned back to face him, he was holding a camera.

"Cup your tits," he ordered, "tweak your nipples, get them hard, then press your tits together."

She knew she had no option but to obey. She just stared at the headmaster as he clicked away with the camera, telling her to stand in different positions, sometimes leaning forward and holding onto the back of the chair so that her tits hung down.

"Now, the skirt and panties," he said.

"Please, I'm begging you," she cried.

He turned to another page and began reading. "When he came, I couldn't catch it all in my mouth. There was so much it covered my face and fell onto my tits..."

"Okay, I give in," she said, "there's nothing I can do to stop you, but the story is not true. I'm still a virgin."

"Well, we will see about that later," he said, "now, get naked."

The skirt and panties quickly followed the other articles, and she stood before him naked.

"I love smooth cunts," he said, "who shaves you?"

"I do it myself," she said, "I only have to do it once a month."

He made her stand in a variety of poses as he clicked away with his camera. Bending her over for a rearview, he ordered her to spread her legs and pull her bum cheeks apart. Then he told her to sit in his desk chair and spread her legs wide, parting her cunt lips.

Despite the humiliation, Lucy began to feel a strange stirring deep in the bottom of her tummy. Surely, she couldn't be enjoying this humiliation.

"Now, for the best part," he said, "kneel in front of me."

She did as instructed, kneeling with her face level with the bulge in his trousers.

"Now take my cock out and suck it, just like you did with your grandad."

There was no point in her repeating her claim that the story was false. He was never going to believe her.

She undid his trousers and took out his cock. She had never seen a full-grown cock before. It was much bigger than her younger brother's. She had seen his dick when she persuaded him to masturbate for her during the Christmas holiday.

"Have you really never sucked a cock before?" He said.

"No, never," she replied.

"Well, now is a good time to learn. In your story, you talk about swallowing your grandad's cum."

"But it's only made up," she said.

"Well, I might want you to swallow mine, that is, unless I decide to fuck you."

"I am a virgin, I promise," she said, "Daddy would kill me if he found out I wasn't a virgin."

"Well, you'll just have to be a good liar," he laughed, "because I assure you you will not be a virgin when I've finished with you. Now suck my cock."

She opened her mouth and allowed him to slide the head of his cock inside, she was pleased that it didn't taste foul, and as it sat there, she began to get used to the size of it.

"Now, this is what you have to get used to," he said, gripping her head and beginning to fuck her mouth. He began with slow, smooth strokes, stopping each one just short of hitting the back of her throat. After a few strokes, he stopped.

"I've decided not to cum in your mouth this time," he said, "I'm going to fuck you. Instead, it's a long time since I had a proper virgin. I don't want anyone else getting there first."

"Please don't," she begged, "I'll suck your cock, you can cum in my mouth, and I will swallow it, but please, not in my pussy. I must stay a virgin. If my father finds out I'm not, he will never forgive me."

"You should have thought about that before you poured out the contents of your perverted mind in that story," he said, "you obviously wanted your Grandad to do those things to you. Some of the things you talk about later in the story are the most perverted subjects I have ever seen."

"I know, I'm sorry," she sobbed, "I don't even know where I got some of those ideas. It must have been things I've read about on social media sites."

"Well, now you can write about losing your virginity, and this time it will be true: bend over and support yourself on the chair, spread your legs."

Lucy tried one more plea. "I'll do anything," she begged, "anything at all, I will suck your cock every day, I promise."

She knew it was futile as she watched him remove his trousers and pants, standing there in his shirt with his cock standing proud, curving up from his groin, his big balls hanging between his legs. Despite everything, she felt a stirring in her pussy. She knew her body was reacting.

"Do as you are told," he ordered, "bend over and spread your legs."

Finally, she had to concede defeat. Sobbing uncontrollably, she did as he commanded.

He stepped behind her, placing his hands on her bottom.

"Such a perfect bottom," he said, gently kneading her buttocks, "so firm and perfectly round."

He traced his fingers down the crack of her bottom and between her legs, stopping at her anus. He felt her tremble as his finger gently probed her anus.

"I could fuck you there," he said, "just like your Grandad did in the story. Would you prefer me to fuck your asshole?"

"Oh God no...please...not that," she cried.

"But you must have thought about it. You wrote it in the story. How he plunged his cock deep into your bum hole was how you described it."

She was unable to respond. The shame of what she had done was overwhelming. She realized that everything that was happening to her was a result of what Lucy had written. She had brought it all upon herself.

He probed her anus again, harder.

"Such a tight little bum hole," he said, "I imagine that taking my cock would be quite painful the first time. Perhaps I should rub my cock against it and use my pre-cum to lubricate it. Would that be better?"

"Oh please, I'm so ashamed," she sobbed, "I realize I only have myself to blame, but please don't do it there. Use my pussy if you must fuck me, but please not in there."

"Well, now you're begging me to fuck your cunt," he laughed, "that's better. It will be a much better fit in here."

As he spoke, he moved his finger to her cunt, parting her labia and tracing his fingers along the gash until he found the hard nodule of her clit.

"My word, you are wet," he laughed, "you really are a Juicy Lucy."

He stood closer, teasing her cunt lips with the tip of his cock.

Lucy was trembling. She could feel her body taking control. She felt the shock as his cock made contact with her clit, and automatically, she pressed back to meet it.

"I knew it," he laughed, "all that begging and pleading was just an act. You really are a horny little slut. Well, this is what happens to horny little sluts."

Suddenly he gripped her hips firmly with both hands, and his cock nudged its way between her labia. With one mighty lunge, he slammed his cock into her, feeling the barrier of her hymen giving way, driving his cock deep into her belly.

Lucy screamed as she felt herself being torn open. The pain shot through her body, but with the pain came another feeling, much stronger than anything she had ever felt before. The girl had masturbated herself to orgasm many times, but this was no ordinary orgasm. Her body went into convulsions, her knees buckled, and but for his grip on her and his cock buried deep inside her, she would have collapsed onto the floor.

"So you really were a virgin," he laughed, "well, you're my slut now."

He began pumping his cock into her, ramming it deep with each thrust. He had felt her cum and could hear the juices in her cunt squelching as he fucked her. The whole episode had been even more exciting than he had planned, her cunt was tight, and the thought that he was hurting her drove him on.

Lucy was in a daze, there was so much pain in her body as he fucked her, but despite the pain, she felt another orgasm building. She had lost control of her body and found herself pushing back to

meet each thrust.

He reached under her, grabbing her hanging tits, digging his fingers into the flesh, then pulling and twisting her nipples. He was rewarded with another flood of her juices as she came again. He was proud of the way he had held his orgasm back but knew he could not hold out much longer.

With one final violent thrust, he used her tits to pull her back onto him, his cock hitting her cervix as he exploded inside her, his own body in spasm as he fired shot after shot of spunk deep into her.

The heat of his cum made her shudder again. It was followed by a calmness as his cock rested inside her, pulsing as he planted more of his seed inside her but without the force or the urgency of before. The feeling of heat that was filling her was soothing, and suddenly, all the pain seemed to be washed away. She sighed deeply and leaned heavily on the chair. There was even regret as she finally felt his cock withdraw.

He looked down at her as he removed his cock. Cum dribbled from her cunt tinged pink with her virginal blood. He grabbed a box of tissues from his desk, using a wad to wipe his cock, then taking another wad and packing it into her gaping cunt.

"Right, young lady," he said, "I have finished with you for now. I need to get home, and the cleaners will be arriving soon."

He picked up her skirt and top and tossed it to her. She was standing somewhat unsteadily and failed to catch her clothes. She had to steady herself on the chair as she bent to pick them up. She stood, hugging the bundle of clothes, tears streaming down her face. He saw her looking at her bra and panties lying on the chair.

"I'm keeping those," he said, "the bra has your perfume, and I will be masturbating into your panties later. Now go. If you are quick, you can make it down to the staff toilet to clean yourself before the cleaners arrive."

"My book," she said, "can I take my book."

"Oh, I don't think so, young lady," he smirked, "you have to earn it."

"But what you just did to me, wasn't that enough?"

"Oh no," he laughed, "I have other plans for you, young lady. I haven't finished with you by a long way. I will give you a day to recover, and then, the day after tomorrow, you will report to this office at seven thirty in the evening. You will be wearing just a short skirt and your school blazer, no bra, and no panties. Your blazer will be undone so that it is obvious you are naked underneath, do you understand?"

Lucy could only nod in reply.

"Good," he said, "then you will do exactly as you are told, you will not complain, and you will submit to whatever I decide to do with you. We have two weeks of this term left before you leave this school. During that time, you will be my sex slave. If you satisfy me, you will leave school with your book and a letter of recommendation to one of the highest universities in the land. Now go, you may make it in time."

Lucy made it to the door on unsteady legs. She had to squeeze her thighs together to keep the wad of tissues in place. Once outside, Lucy managed to make it to the toilet unseen, and after cleaning up

the worst of the mess between her legs, the girl put on her skirt and top. She managed to make it to her room unseen, stripping off and sitting on the floor of her shower as the warm water cascaded over her.

Lucy relived everything that had happened. She felt totally ashamed, she felt sore, she felt frightened at what she had got herself into, but even as all those thoughts went through her head, she found her hand wandering down her body to her cunt where she gently rubbed her clit as she remembers how it had felt when his cock entered her and when he came inside her. It only took a few moments before she came, not the powerhouse orgasm of before, just a warm glow spreading through her body.

"He called me a slut," she said to herself, "maybe I am."

The following day, Lucy had difficulty concentrating on anything. She was glad the term was coming to an end because it meant that most of the lessons were just discussion groups, and she could sit quietly with her thoughts.

She drifted through the day, wondering what she was going to do. She knew that if she did what the headmaster demanded, Lucy was committing herself to be his sex slave, but then, if she didn't, he carried out his threat to show her father the book. Suddenly, her thoughts stopped dead. She tried to remember what was inside that file when he opened it. All she could remember was seeing that red book.

"The yellow one, oh God, has he got the yellow one too?" She asked herself.

She broke into a run, sprinting all the way to her room. She dived under her bed and pulled out the suitcase. "Please, God, let it be there," she said, her heart beating frantically.

She opened the case, tossing out the clothes until the case was empty.

"Shit! Shit! Fucking shit!" She cried, banging her fists on the floor. "The bastard has been here too. He's got the yellow book as well. Oh fuck, you're trapped, Lucy. If he shows those stories to Daddy, there's no way he will believe they are made up; he'll kick me out, and I'll lose everything."

Getting more desperate by the second, she began searching for the rest of her possessions.

"Oh please God, not those," she shouted, "tell me he hasn't got those. What a stupid bitch you are," she said to herself, "whatever possessed you, okay, it seemed fun at the time, setting up the cameras had been easy, but why keep hard copies, you could have just kept the photos on your computer at least they would have been behind a password, you stupid cunt."

She was sure she had hidden them in the back of her bible, but once they were not there, she began to tear the room apart, books and files flying everywhere. She tried to remember the last time she had spread them out on the bed when she masturbated, but it was no use. Her brain had stopped working. He had to have them, "That perverted bastard must have them. Jesus, Lucy, you are well and truly fucked. You're going to have to do anything he asks for."

She was surveying the mess she had made of her room. Lucy had thought there might be some way she could get the red book back, but now all hope was gone. He could do anything he liked with those photos, show them to her father, or even put them on the internet. There was a knock on her door. She kicked some books out of the way and opened it. There he was, towering over her, a

sneering smile on his face.

"I was walking past the dormitory," he said, "Ellie James saw me and told me some strange noises were coming from your room. I said I would investigate."

"You've got them, haven't you," she said, "you perverted bastard, you've been all through my room, you've got them."

She wanted to punch him so hard tears of frustration rolled down her cheeks.

"I think you should calm down and let me in," he said, "the other girls are probably listening."

She stepped aside, allowing him to enter.

"I'll leave the door open an inch to avoid a scandal," he said, "so keep the volume down."

He walked across the room, turning and standing in front of the window. He pointed to Lucy's armchair that was facing him and with its back to the door.

"Sit there," he ordered, "and open your legs. I want to see your panties."

"What have you done with them?" She demanded.

"I said sit," he said, glaring at her.

She sat in the chair. The headmaster then motioned with his hands for her to part her legs. She knew she had no choice other than to obey. She sobbed uncontrollably as she parted her legs.

He reached for a box of tissues and tossed them to her. She took some and dried her eyes.

"That's better," he said, "those panties are so tight and thin. They show off your cunt perfectly."

"What have you done with them?" She sobbed.

"The photos you mean," he smirked, "don't worry, they are in my safe, and just in case you have some stupid idea to get them back, I have already made copies and uploaded them onto a hard drive."

"What do you want?" She asked.

"Quite simply everything," he replied, "you will do what I want when I want it. Now undo your shirt and show me your tits."

She looked behind her to confirm that the door was almost closed. She stared at him, trying to convey her hatred of him, but he out-stared her, and she gave in, undoing her shirt and lifting her bra, allowing her breasts to fall free.

"Superb," he said, "now the panties, take them off."

She hooked her thumbs in the waistband, raised her bottom off the seat, then slipped them down her legs and off. He held out his hand for them, took them from her, then pressed the crotch to his face, inhaling the scent of her cunt.

"I find the scent of your cunt intoxicating," he smiled, "you have no idea how much self-control I am

employing. I would love to take out my penis and masturbate, covering your face and tits with my spunk. Put two fingers in your cunt."

"Oh God," she sighed as she did as she was told.

"Deeper," he said, "all the way.....now take them out and put them in your mouth."

"Please," she begged.

"Do it," he ordered.

She did as he ordered.

"Good," he smirked, "Now back in your cunt and masturbate until you cum but keep the noise down."

She placed her hand over her cunt and began massaging her clit. Immediately, she felt a shock wave travel through her body. Try as she might, she couldn't stop her body from reacting. She cried tears of shame as she friggd herself harder, feeling her orgasm building. She reached the point of no return. She had to finish it. She threw her legs wider and friggd herself hard. Her breathing shortened, her back arched, and she came, shooting a fountain of cunt juice towards him.

She slumped back in the chair, totally spent.

He calmly walked over to her, reached down, and grabbed her breast, squeezing it hard.

"Don't forget," he said, "my office tomorrow at seven thirty prompt, properly dressed. If you are one second late, you will be punished severely."

He walked calmly out of the room.

The day dawned, and Lucy couldn't face going to lessons. When one of her friends looked in, she told her she didn't feel well and would spend the day in bed.

She needed time to come to terms with the situation she was in. She didn't blame herself. Yes, she was responsible for what she'd written in the red book. It was what was in the yellow book and the photos that troubled her most, and if it weren't for her stepmother, none of that would have happened.

Lucy's mother died when she was six, so for ten years, it was just her and her father. Then he came home one day with a very exotic-looking woman much younger than himself. He introduced her as Shira, saying that he had known her for a while and that she would be moving in.

Lucy had no objection. Although she had little to do with Shira, she admitted that she was very beautiful and made her father happy. Lucy had no problem that Shira was Indian apart from the tuneless cacophony that she continually played on the radio, which she said was Indian music.

When she moved in, she came with a large tan-colored Great Dane that, apparently, she had raised from a pup. His name was Jasper, and he obviously worshipped Shira.

One day, Lucy was in her bedroom. Shira must have thought she was on her own in the house. Lucy went downstairs to get a drink from the cooler. As she passed the living room, she heard Shira

talking.

"Oh yes, Jasper, good boy, do it there, oh yes," she heard her say.

She crept up to the door and peeked in. She almost cried out when she saw Shira on all fours on the carpet. She was naked, Jasper was behind her licking her pussy and her bottom.

"I'm ready, Jasper," Shira said, and straight away, Jasper mounted her.

Suddenly Lucy saw his penis. She had never looked at a dog's penis and was fascinated by the shape and color. Also, it looked huge.

"Fuck Mummy Jasper," Shira said, and he started jabbing his penis at her.

"Oh come on baby, you know where it is," Shira said, "you've fucked me hundreds of times."

Lucy watched as Shira reached back between her legs, took hold of Jasper's penis, and guided it into her pussy. Once inside, Jasper lunged forward, sinking most of his cock into her.

"Good boy," Shira said, "now fuck Mummy, fuck Mummy hard."

Jasper obviously knew what to do as his hindquarters started jerking, ramming his cock deeper and deeper. Lucy noticed that there appeared to be a swelling at the base of his cock. It started about the size of a tennis ball and then grew bigger. He began ramming harder as if he was determined to get that swelling into her pussy.

"Yes, do it," Shira encouraged, "get it in me, Jasper."

Lucy could see the swelling get even bigger, she was sure there was no way Jasper would get that into Shira's pussy, but she started pushing back to meet his thrusts. With one almighty shove from his back legs, the swelling disappeared inside her.

"Oh yes, baby, that feels so good," Shira said, "so good to have a proper cock inside me instead of Colin's tiny excuse for a cock. If it weren't for his money, I would go and live with you, Jasper, and you could fuck me all day."

Jasper carried on humping her for a few moments, then stopped.

"Oh God, yes," Shira said, "I never cease to wonder how much cum you plant inside me. Oh, that is delicious."

Jasper stayed inside her for what seemed like ten minutes, his back end jerking as he continued to cum. Then it appeared to Lucy that he tried to pull out, but he was stuck fast. He even turned and faced away from Shira, but his cock was still embedded in her.

Shira cried out when he finally got free, and a gush of cum jetted from her cunt. Jasper walked around and sat in front of Shira. Lucy could see his cock still standing proud, glistening with his cum.

'Oh yes, baby," Shira said, "Mummy wants to taste your cum." She crawled forward and took his cock into her mouth. Lucy watched as she took him deep into her mouth, pressing her face against his furry tummy.

Lucy realized that her hand had strayed inside her panties, and she was close to orgasm. She quietly

pulled back and made her way back upstairs, where she stripped off and rubbed her pussy to the biggest orgasm of her life.

Lucy kept a close watch on Shira and Jasper for the next day, but neither showed any sign of what had gone on. The day after, Shira said she was taking Jasper for a walk in the woods. Lucy decided to follow. She knew the footpaths through the wood, so she gave them a five-minute start.

She walked along the main path and then heard a noise coming from down a side track. She crept along until she could see a clearing. Shira was draped over a fallen log, her skirt thrown up over her back, and Jasper had his front paws on the log, humping his cock into her. Lucy couldn't see the swelling at the base of his cock, but judging by the cry, she surmised that he had got it in her.

She heard Shira encouraging him as he humped into her, then he slowed as he pumped his cum into her. There was the same procedure when he tried to pull out. He tugged and tugged until he was finally free. This time Lucy was in a better position to see the fountain of cum that sprayed from Shira's cunt. Then she watched as Shira took his cock into her mouth again.

Lucy had to leave for fear of being caught, but it was over an hour before Shira and Jasper returned. Lucy wondered if Jasper had fucked her again. Shira certainly had a broad grin on her face when she returned.

Lucy couldn't get it out of her head. She dreamed that it was her under Jasper, not Shira, that it was her pussy that was being forced open by that huge cock and swelling. The girl wondered what Jasper's cock tasted like. She had tasted boys cum when she had played with the local boys at the river, all the girls sucked cocks, so she didn't want to be the odd one out. Still, it certainly looked like Jasper made a lot more cum than any of the boys had.

She was due back in boarding school in a week, so she wondered if she would get to see Jasper fucking Shira again. On Saturday, her father said that he and Shira were going to the theatre and asked if she would look after Jasper.

"If he gets frisky, just lock him in his kennel outside," Shira said.

Lucy waited until they were long gone before she went over to Jasper and started petting him. He was a big softy, really, and rolled onto his back to let her scratch his tummy. Lucy saw the pointed, red tip of his cock peeking from his sheath. She started to rub closer to his cock, and it began to emerge.

She brushed her fingers against the tip, and Jasper moaned. His cock was still nowhere near as big as when he fucked Shira, so she took hold of it. Immediately, it started throbbing in her hand, and soon, her fingers couldn't encircle him.

"You're a big boy, Jasper," she said, "can I see if I can make it bigger."

She started to stroke his cock like she did with the boys and smiled as it grew even bigger. Then, a bead of pre-cum appeared at the tip.

"Ooo, that looks like it tastes nice," she said, "would you like me to suck your cock, Jasper."

She lowered her lips to the tip of his cock, then lifted the pre-cum with her tongue.

"Um, lovely," she cooed, "now I want it all."

She slipped her mouth over the head of his cock but found the shaft almost too big for her mouth. She forced herself to take it, and once it had filled her mouth, she took a few seconds to get used to it.

Her hand went to his balls, and as they passed the base of his cock she felt the swelling getting bigger.

Jasper seemed to know that there was no way he could fuck her mouth the way he fucked Shira's cunt. He just stretched out, enjoying the feel of her mouth engulfing him.

Once Lucy was comfortable, she started moving her mouth up and down his cock while she gently massaged his balls. Jasper was unable to resist the urge to hump, but he kept it gentle. Lucy felt his cock hitting the back of her throat, then pulled back before she started gagging. The girl continued to massage his balls as she worked her mouth on his cock. Lucy could see the base of his cock swelling. She felt the surge coming, and suddenly his cock exploded in her mouth.

Immediately, she was taken by surprise by the force of his ejaculation. It almost blew her off his cock completely. She tried to swallow, but there was too much. She had to lift her head, and his cum shot into her face covering her completely as her hand pumped his cock.

She was completely covered in doggy cum. Her clothes were soaked with it. When the dog finally finished, she licked some of it from her lips and giggled.

"You are a dirty doggy," she giggled, "look at the state of me. I'm going to have to put you in your kennel while I get this mess cleaned up."

Jasper just sat there with his cock hanging out. She imagined his expression to be one of how he didn't really care how much mess he made.

Lucy was like a cat on hot bricks for the next three days, hoping for a chance to repeat the experience. She finally had her chance when her father said he and Shira were going out to dinner with friends. The girl decided she had to have some way to record the event. She owned two mini cameras with a remote control, so as soon as they had left, she got the cameras set up in the living room.

She decided that to save her clothes, she would strip naked. When she went outside to fetch Jasper, she saw her naked and immediately got excited.

"Don't get any ideas," she said, leading him into the house, "I'm a virgin, and I have to stay that way. You have to make do with a blow job again."

She took him into the lounge and then positioned him in the best place for the cameras. She started both cameras and then began rubbing his tummy again. He realized what she was doing, and his cock was hard in seconds. She moved around to make sure she had a good shot of her naked as she bent down and took him into her mouth. She worked her mouth on him, stopping every couple of minutes to smile at the camera and lick her lips. She wanted to take her time but could tell he was getting ready to cum.

As soon as she felt the surge coming, she sat up, holding his cock so that the first blast hit her full in the face. His cock pulsed and fired ribbon after ribbon of spunk. Lucy directed it onto her face and breasts until she was coated. Then, as the force began to diminish, she took him back into her mouth. The girl filled her mouth with his cum, then turned to face one of the cameras. She smiled and opened her mouth to show it was full of his cum, then Lucy swallowed and opened her mouth to

show she had downed it all. She finished by standing in front of the cameras massaging his spunk all over her body, including her pussy.

After she had fed Jasper and put him in his kennel, she cleaned up and showered. She then spent the rest of the evening editing the footage from the cameras and taking still shots of the critical moments. She then decided to use her printer to print off hard copies. This decision eventually left her in the position where she found herself, plus, of course, the whole written record of the incidents that she created in the yellow book once back at school.

Now, she had to face the music.

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