

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



She checked the time; she still had forty-five minutes before she had to be there. She checked herself again in the full-length mirror.

"My god, you look like a whore," she said out loud. "But that's what he wants. He doesn't want the sweet, innocent girl I used to be. He's read those books and seen those photos. What a fucking mess you've made of your life Lucy."

She felt tears welling in her eyes. She reached for a tissue, dabbing her eyes gently. She had spent over an hour doing her make-up. Lucy didn't want to mess it up now. She slumped into her armchair.

"Why am I even bothered what I look like, for fuck's sake," Lucy said. "he's going to want me naked and bent over his desk as soon as I get there. Oh, what a mess, what a god fucking awful mess. It was all Sharia's fault, that lying, cheating bitch."

She laughed to herself. "Bitch is the right word," she said. "Opening her legs for that giant of a dog. If only I hadn't seen her doing that, I wouldn't be in this mess."

She dabbed her eyes again. All the time she had been getting ready, she had been mentally blaming Sharia and Jasper for her predicament. Still, she really knew that in the end, she only had herself to blame. She could have told her father what that bitch was doing, and he would have kicked her out, and that dog, and she would never have seen them again, but no.

"No, you stupid cow," she said to herself. "No, you couldn't resist it, could you? You had to see what the fascination was, had to hold his massive cock for yourself, but not even satisfied with holding it, Jesus Lucy, you sucked off a dog. You actually put that dog's cock in your mouth and sucked and wanked him till he came."

Without knowing what she was doing, just the memory of that cock shooting its cum into her mouth had her hand going between her legs. She sighed when her fingers contacted her engorged clitoris. Her other hand brushed aside her blazer, exposing her breasts. Her nipples were hard, and she pinched each one as her fingers teased her clit.

"Oh, Jasper," she moaned. "I need you between my thighs right now, that beautiful rough tongue of yours licking the length of my pussy, that rasping tongue on my button, that tongue delving inside my pussy, and that beautiful cock, so big, so thick, forcing my mouth wide, oh Jasper I want that in my pussy, just like Sharia, I want you to drag me into the wood, tear my clothes off and force me over that log then fuck me, get that huge cock and that massive swelling in my pussy and fill me with doggy cum. Oh god...Oh god...Ooooooooooo!"

The flood of juice erupted around her fingers. Suddenly, she jumped up in fear that she would get her skirt wet. She grabbed a wad of tissues and packed it between her thighs. She was dizzy, she almost fell.

"Oh god, Lucy," she said. "you've turned into a pervert too."

She checked the time again. Fifteen minutes, she checked herself. She had to button up her blazer. Lucy couldn't be walking through the school with her tits out, although anyone seeing her would know that she wore nothing underneath. She checked her skirt, and she laughed, more a wide ribbon than her skirt. It barely covered her bottom, and without panties, her pussy was almost on show. She had decided on her highest heels. After all, if he wanted her to look like a whore she

might as well do a proper job, and they did make her stand up straight and push her tits out. She knew she had great legs, and the heels showed them off. She checked her make-up.

"No damage done," Lucy said. "Right, you perverted old bastard," she said. "let's get it over with."

She opened her door and began her walk of shame. She managed to make it to the connecting door that separated the living accommodation from the main school without seeing anyone. She was well into the school when she heard voices approaching. It sounded like the cleaners were on their way out. She quickly dodged into a store cupboard before they were in sight. She heard them laughing as they approached.

"He's a dirty old man," one of them said. "Always patting my bottom and brushing against my boobs."

"Oh, he's harmless," another said. "I wish my Arthur showed as much interest. If I don't get some fresh meat up me soon, I reckon it will heel up."

There was a burst of laughter.

"You want to try that, Mr. Jenkins," a voice said. "I saw him in the gym after school last week. I don't know about push-ups, but he could push something up me anytime he wants."

"Oh, he's got that sweet little thing that teaches down the boy's school," another voice said.

"Well, perhaps he'd like a change from tender lamb to a bit of tough mutton," the other replied.

They all burst out laughing again, and their voices moved away.

Lucy realized that she was pushed for time, so she rushed along the corridors. She finally reached the headmaster's study with three minutes to spare. Lucy went into his secretary's office next door and used a mirror while she checked her make-up and adjusted her clothes. She undid her blazer and got it so that it was just covering her nipples. She hitched up her skirt so that the bottom half of her bum was showing and just a glimpse of the cleft of her pussy.

She was outside his door just as the school clock chimed the half hour. The door opened, and he was standing there. Suddenly, Lucy's legs felt like jelly.

"Very nice," he said. "I take it you've come to be fucked."

"Yes, headmaster," she whispered.

"Louder!" he said.

"Yes, headmaster, I've come to be fucked," she said out loud.

"And fucked you will be, you little slut," he said. "Come in."

He stood back and allowed her to enter. Immediately, she was rocked back on her heels to see four other people sitting around the room, two that she recognized as being members of the school board, two old and fat individuals that she'd always taken a dislike to. Next, there was Pastor Phillips, the school Chaplain, and finally, Miss Hughes, her form tutor.

"Stand in the center of the room," the headmaster ordered.

Lucy was confused. She didn't understand what these people were doing there. She went to do up her blazer and hitch down her skirt.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stay as you are. You see these two gentlemen," the headmaster said, indicating the two board members. "Stand before them."

She shuffled over to stand before them, still wondering what was going on. Both men were leering at her.

"Open your blazer," the headmaster said.

"Oh god," she whispered, then cried out as the headmaster's hand struck her bottom with a vicious blow that made her stumble.

"Do as you're told," he said.

She stood upright and opened her blazer. Both men stared at her tits, almost drooling with excitement.

"Can we feel them?" one of them asked.

"Of course," the headmaster replied. "Lucy, step forward. Let the gentlemen feel your tits."

As she stepped forward and both men grabbed her breasts, squeezing and pinching her nipples, she thought of the books she had read about how slave women in America had been put up for inspection before sale. She flinched as they squeezed hard.

"Now turn round," the headmaster said.

Lucy was glad to end the mauling of her breasts so turned.

"Now spread your legs and bend over, touch your toes, and stay there."

Lucy could see no option other than to obey. She looked across at Miss Hughes in a forlorn hope that she would intervene, but the look on her form tutor's face was one of pure evil. There would be no help there, and as for the Chaplain, he already had his hand inside his trousers and was obviously playing with himself.

She bent forward, and immediately, two pairs of hands began stroking her bottom, pinching her buttocks. She felt fingers sliding between her legs.

"She's ready, Alan," one of them said. "She so wet."

"That's why I call her Juicy Lucy," he replied, laughing.

"And you've already fucked her?" the same voice said.

"Oh yes, I have had that pleasure," the headmaster replied.

"I'd like to fuck her now," the voice said.

"Certainly," the headmaster replied. "Lucy, come over here, bend over my desk, and spread your legs."

Lucy tried one last appeal. She looked at Miss Hughes. "Please, Miss," she begged. "Please help me."

"Do as you are told, you little slut," Miss Hughes replied. "we've all seen what you do with that dog, what filth you like, that picture of your face and body covered with his semen. You are a filthy slut and deserve all you get."

"Do you see this," the headmaster said.

She turned her head to look at him, he had his cock and balls hanging out of his trousers, but the thing that bothered her was that he was holding a cane.

"You will do whatever these nice gentlemen desire. If you don't, you will be severely punished," he said.

"Give her a taste, headmaster," Miss Hughes called out.

Lucy turned to look at her and saw that she had her hand under her skirt. She sighed as she realized the position she was in. Lucy was completely under the control of this group of perverts. There was nothing she could do. Suddenly, there was a whoosh and a stinging pain across her bottom. She cried out.

"That's just a gentle sample of what awaits you, young lady," he said. "You are here for the entertainment of these fine people, and anything less than full cooperation will be very painful, I promise you."

"Stand up and look at me," one of the voices behind her said. She turned to face him. She guessed he was well over sixty years of age, grotesquely fat, and appeared to be sweating. "You will call me Major," he said. "Now kneel, you know what to do. Different from sucking a dog's cock, I know, but you can show me how good a cocksucker you are."

She saw the headmaster moving into position behind her. She didn't want to feel that cane again. She dropped to her knees, reached up, and started undoing his belt and trousers. When they fell in a heap around his ankles, she was confronted with a huge pair of Union Jack boxer shorts. Despite the situation, Lucy almost burst out laughing. She pulled down his boxers, and as he lifted his shirt, she was faced with his hairy belly.

"Now suck it," he ordered.

"I would if I could find it," Lucy thought to herself as she looked at the way his belly flopped over where his cock should be, plus his pubic area was covered in a mass of hair.

As if he were conscious of her problem, he lifted his flabby gut and thrust his groin into her face. She was immersed in a forest of thick hair that smelled of stale urine. She desperately searched for anything that could be described as a cock, finally parting folds of fat and exposing a penis hardly bigger than her clitoris. She clamped her lips around what felt like a lump of gristle and tried to stimulate some life into it.

"Go on, take it deep in your throat slut," he said, pushing her face into his groin harder.

Lucy tried to get more into her mouth, but there didn't seem to be much more to be had. She did detect some increase in size but even then doubted if he had more than three inches inside her mouth.

Mercifully, he pushed her away. "You need to learn how to suck cock, slag," he said, slapping her across her face. "Get on the desk and open your legs. I'll see if your cunt is better than your mouth."

Lucy hoped that if she complied, her torment would end sooner. She got to her feet and sat on the desk, lying back, and opening her legs. Miss Hughes and the headmaster appeared on either side of her, each grabbing one of her legs and holding them wide apart. The Major stepped forward and thrust his groin at her hard. Lucy was aware of something hard nudging between her labia but hadn't felt it enter her.

"That's better," he said, resting his belly on her as he humped against her. "Now let's see if you can handle a decent cock up your cunt."

Lucy just wanted it all to end quickly, so she decided that if she made the right noises, it would help her. She began to groan to match his thrusts, trying to push back to meet him each time.

"These little scrubbers are all the same," he smirked to the others. "Once they get a proper cock up them, their body takes over." He turned to the man who had been sitting next to him. "Why don't you stick your cock in her mouth, Jimmy," he said. "she's not much of a cocksucker, but if she swallows dog spunk, she'll take yours."

"You should be honored," Miss Hughes smirked at her. "you're going to get the cock of Sir James Colclough, he's related to the Royal Family,"

"I don't know about related," Sir James said, standing beside Lucy and taking out his cock. "Just because my grandmother was given a title for opening her legs for a Prince and keeping quiet about the bastard that resulted." He laughed. "Here, suck on this," he said, pushing his cock at Lucy's mouth.

Lucy took him into her mouth, pleased at least that it smelled and tasted clean and that it was a reasonable size. She heard the Major grunt and felt a wetness between her thighs. She assumed he had cum.

"There, that filled her up," he bragged, stepping away and pulling up his boxers and trousers.

"Here," Miss Hughes said to him. "Hold her leg. Let me have a go at her."

They swapped places, and as Lucy dealt with the cock fucking her mouth, she felt fingers probing her cunt.

"She still looks tight, headmaster," Miss Hughes said. "Shall I loosen her up?"

"Be my guest," he replied. "she'll need to be able to take stretching at the weekend."

As they spoke, Sir James changed his position. He pulled Lucy up onto the desk so that her head was over the edge, then stood above her, tilting her head back and pushing his cock deep into her mouth. Lucy felt his cock hit the back of her throat and gagged, but he didn't withdraw. Instead, he pushed harder, and she felt the head of his cock enter her throat. She fought desperately for breath as fingers probed her cunt, and a hand was forced inside her. She tried to cry out, but that was impossible. She did manage to take some air through her nose.

Miss Hughes pushed her hand into the girl's cunt, balling her fist and pushing deeper. Suddenly Lucy began convulsing, and liquid sprayed from her cunt. Both the headmaster and the Major grabbed her breasts, pinching her nipples hard and twisting them. Sir James pulled out enough for

her to gasp some air, then plunged back in hard. Lucy felt like cock and fist were trying to meet each other. The pain tore through her body, and she came again.

"The dirty cunt," the Major said. "she's loving it."

Lucy felt the cock in her mouth swell. She knew what was happening and tried to get ready herself. Luckily, he pulled back slightly before unloading his cum into her. She was forced to gasp for air but got a mouthful of spunk at the same time, causing her to cough and choke. He pulled his cock out, leaving the remainder of his cum on her face. As Lucy tried to recover, Miss Hughes removed her fist, her fingers tracing down the girl's anus, probing gently. She smeared the mucus from Lucy's cunt around her puckered bum hole, slipping first one, then two fingers inside.

"Come on, Jeffrey," she called to the Chaplain who was watching from across the room, his cock in hand. "You're the expert on arseholes," she laughed. "All those little boys you fuck." Then, Lucy, she asked. "How many cocks have you had up your bottom, Lucy?"

"Oh please, please no, not there," Lucy begged between gasps.

"Oh, go on, Jeffrey, just give it to her," Miss Hughes said. "She has to take it eventually. It might as well be now, just shove your cock in."

Lucy was trying to swallow the cum that Sir James was depositing in her mouth when she let out a scream.

"Oh, Jesus!" she screamed as a searing pain shot through her body.

"Oh, nice one, Jeffrey," the headmaster said, followed by the others.

Lucy felt her anal passage being invaded, the most peculiar feeling she had ever had. It certainly hurt, and she was sure he had split her. Still, then, as he began fucking her, there was another sensation overtaking the pain.

"See, I knew it," the Major said. "These slags always complain, but a good fucking up their arsehole soon brings them around."

"I ca...I can't hold it," the Chaplain said, gripping her thighs and forcing his cock as far into her anus as he could, then shaking from head to toe as he came.

Lucy felt the surge inside her, felt the heat of his cum filling her, felt his cock pulsing wildly. The cock in her mouth was withdrawn, which allowed her to control her breathing, but the tremors wracking her body showed no sign of diminishing. Jeffrey pulled his cock out, and Miss Hughes immediately took him into her mouth, sucking the last dregs of his cum and cleaning his cock. The headmaster knelt between Lucy's thighs, licking her cunt and anus, then probing her gaping anus with his tongue.

Slowly most of them returned to their seats, apart from the headmaster, who was still licking out the last of the spunk in her arsehole. When he did finally get up and return to his seat, it left Lucy still trembling and hugging herself on the desk.

"Is there anything else any of you would like to do to her," the headmaster said. "I have a selection of canes and straps if any of you wish to use them on her, but try not to mark her too much. Remember, we want her fit for Sunday."

They all agreed that it had been a satisfactory first session and that they expected Sunday to be extremely exciting.

Lucy looked around the room, wondering what on earth this bunch of perverts could be talking about. She wanted to get off the desk and run out of the room but was afraid that her legs would not support her. She hugged herself and shivered as a wave of heat passed through her. 'Oh god,' she thought, 'how can my body betray me after the way my poor body has been abused.'

"Right then, Lucy," the headmaster said. "You may go back to your room. You can have tomorrow to rest, but you will present yourself at this office at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Alice here will deliver your clothes to you tomorrow."

Slowly, Lucy managed to sit up. She edged herself off the desk and then took the wad of tissues that Miss Hughes handed her to pack between her thighs. She found her blazer, skirt, and shoes and stumbled around, putting them on all the time, knowing that everyone in the room was watching her and commenting on her body.

"I thought she took your fist well, Alice," the Major said. "She will be grateful for the stretching on Sunday."

"Can I just remind everyone that although, of course, you are expected to enjoy yourselves and use her as you see fit," the headmaster said. "It would be helpful if we didn't have a repeat of the incident with the last girl. Luckily enough, we did manage to get her into a private hospital, and she has made a recovery. Still, it was expensive, probably more than the stupid bitch was worth?"

"But this one is more developed," Sir James said. "And of her..."

"I don't think we should mention that," Miss Hughes interrupted him. "That is to be a surprise."

"Indeed," the headmaster said. "Now run along, young lady. We still have matters to finish."

Lucy pulled her blazer around her, doing it up, and made for the door. She glanced behind her once more and saw Miss Hughes undressing. She had already removed her blouse, and Lucy could make out some red lines across her back. She bustled out of the room, grateful that the school was deserted.

She managed to make her way all the way back to her room without encountering anyone. Once inside, she wanted to collapse on her bed, but first, she had to shower. Five minutes later, she was sat in the corner of the shower, her knees drawn up to her chest as the warm water cascaded over her, soothing her. Her body shuddered as she recalled what had happened to her, and again her body betrayed her as she felt the warm flood of juices in her pussy.

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The next day, Lucy stayed in her room until hunger forced her out. She was grateful that most of the girls had gone into town. As Lucy was walking down to the dining hall to see if there was any food available, the girl saw Miss Hughes coming the other way. She tried to find some way to avoid her, but there was no option. As she approached, Miss Hughes looked all around her, checking if anyone else was close.

"Hello, Lucy, darling," she said. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm sore, Miss," Lucy replied. "How could you let them do that to me? How could you do what you



did? You hurt me." She had to fight back the tears.

"Oh, nonsense," Miss Hughes replied, then leaning forward and whispering. "I think you can call me Alice when we are alone, especially when we are being intimate with each other."

"But you're supposed to be looking after me, not hurting me and letting those horrible men rape me," Lucy shouted, then looked around to make sure no one could hear.

"Oh, don't come the innocent with me," Alice replied. "don't forget we all have copies of those photos. I was looking at mine last night while Jeffrey was eating my pussy, that dog has a beautiful cock, and the way you got him to cover you with cum, oh, you looked so sexy. And before you complain about being raped, you seem to forget the orgasms you had."

Lucy didn't know how to respond. She knew that despite all the horrible things they had done to her, she still felt a wetness between her thighs just thinking about it.

Miss Hughes noticed her fidgeting.

"Is that little pussy of yours creaming, thinking of what we did?" She smirked. "Oh, you're such a little sex kitten. We're going to have so much fun with you."

"What are you going to do to me?" Lucy sobbed. "I heard you talking about another girl having to go to hospital."

"Oh yes," she replied. "That was unfortunate. She was a couple of years below you and quite fragile. Sir James got a bit carried away."

"What happened to her?"

"Oh, nothing serious," she laughed. "a lot of fuss about nothing if you ask me, but it's all settled now. Sir James found her a position in one of the businesses he's involved in."

Lucy suspected there was far more she wasn't being told.

"Anyway, where are you going?" Miss Hughes asked.

"I was hungry," Lucy replied.

"Oh, so am I. As it happens, why don't we go together? We can have a little chat while we eat."

Lucy wanted to refuse but could tell by the way she spoke that it was an instruction, not a request.

They entered the dining hall, and Lucy selected a single slice of pizza.

"Oh no, no, no," Miss Hughes said, replacing it and placing a portion of lasagna on Lucy's tray. "You need to eat well. You will need your strength for tomorrow."

They sat side by side at a table, and Lucy felt Alice's hand resting on her thigh as they ate in silence. She was relieved that she had chosen to wear jeans and a sweatshirt. She tried to concentrate on the food but suddenly no longer felt hungry; she felt the hand moving up her thigh and sliding between her legs.

"You really have an amazing body for your age," Alice said. "Your pussy is so neat."

Lucy shifted uncomfortably. She didn't respond but cursed herself when she felt her body respond to the hand pressed against her cunt.

"Why are you doing this to me," Lucy said finally. "You are all so cruel to me. What have I done to deserve this."

"Well, I think you know what you did," Alice replied. "That must have been some performance with that dog. He looks massive, are you telling me you weren't tempted to let him fuck you."

Lucy looked all around but saw there was no one near them. "No, I didn't," Lucy sobbed. "I know I shouldn't have done it. I won't do it again. Can't you all leave me alone?"

"Oh, it's only a bit of fun, Lucy," Alice said. "Don't forget, I felt how your pussy responded when I had my fist inside you. You have to let yourself enjoy it. I know the Major is a bit gross, but he's not going to do you any damage with that peanut he calls his cock, I know Jeffrey was a bit rough with your bottom, but you have to get used to it. It seems that every man wants to fuck a girl up her bottom these days, and of course, he's used to doing it at the boy's school. Sir James has promised not to lose control again. He can't afford a scandal with the election coming up. He needs to keep his seat in Parliament. It's worth a lot of money to him."

Lucy couldn't believe that he was hearing this coming from someone who was supposed to be looking after her welfare. She was conscious of the pressure against her pussy. She was also aware that her nipples were hardening.

"Please stop it," she begged, but even as she did, she could feel her resistance melting away.

"Oh, I think you like it, really," Miss Hughes said. "I can even feel you getting wet down there. Tell me, when you masturbate, do you dream of that dog and his huge cock? Do you dream of having that in your pussy, his knot inside you, filling you with his hot cum."

As she spoke, she took hold of Lucy's hand and guided it under her skirt.

Lucy wasn't able to resist as her hand was guided up the smooth flesh of her teacher's thigh until she reached the fleshy folds of her labia. She was shocked to realize that Miss Hughes was not wearing panties.

Lucy's head was spinning; she felt like Alice in Wonderland, only the rabbit hole she had gone down had taken her to a land of perversion.

"Why don't you come back to my study, and we can explore each other at leisure."

Lucy wanted to run, wanted to run out of the school all the way home, and confessed to her father what she had done. He loved her, she would forgive her, she could put all this behind her. But if she really wanted that, why were her fingers playing with the pussy lips of the woman sitting next to her.

"I want to taste your pussy Lucy," Alice whispered to her. "I want you to taste mine. You can do to me what I did to you. Your tiny fist would feel so good deep in my cunt."

Lucy could feel herself getting hotter. She was sweating, and she began breathing heavily.

"Come with me, Lucy," Alice said. "You know you want to. You think it's wrong, but you want to do it, just like you had to take that dog's cock in your mouth. You can't help being what you are, Lucy. You can't help enjoying what is happening to you. Come with me now."

Lucy allowed herself to be taken by the hand and led along the corridors to Miss Hughes' study. She didn't even think to see if anyone saw them, although the building seemed deserted. Once inside, Miss Hughes locked the door.

"There," she said. "No danger of us being interrupted. Why don't you take your clothes off? You have such a beautiful body."

Lucy slipped off her shoes and took off her jeans, then her sweatshirt, standing there in just a very thin pair of panties and bra.

"Let me," Alice said, placing her hands on Lucy's shoulders and slipping the straps down. She then reached round her and undid the clasp, finally removing the bra. "Exquisite," she said as her hands gently cupped Lucy's breasts, her thumbs stroking her nipples."

Lucy sighed as the warmth flowed through her body.

"You can't deny your body, Lucy," she said. "Some girls are just made for this, and you are one. We could all see how you reacted yesterday, even when the Major was trying to get his tiny cock inside you, he's such a pathetic man, and I do wish he would wash more often. Still, the school needs his connections, and it is fun to see the girl's reactions when they are confronted with that huge hairy belly."

"Have there been many other girls?" Lucy asked.

"You are number four," Alice replied. "The first two were very disappointing. They wouldn't stop crying. Don't get me wrong, the men like it if they cry, but when that is all they do, it gets boring. Then, of course, we had the incident with the third girl. That was when we decided it would be better to go for someone older. It wasn't what the men wanted to start with, but when we talked about what we wanted to do, and then we were told about you and the dog, well, it was just too good to be true."

"Who told you about me?" Lucy said, stepping back.

"Oh!" Alice was startled. She realized she had said something she shouldn't. "It must have been one of the other girls."

"But I never told anyone," Lucy said.

"Oh well, I can't remember now." Alice tried to gloss over it, returning her hands to Lucy's breasts and tweaking her nipples. "The important thing is that you are here now." She slid one hand down over Lucy's flat tummy, under the waistband of her panties, and between her legs.

"You're beautifully wet," she said. "Juicy Lucy is such an apt name for you." She slipped two fingers into Lucy's cunt and smiled when Lucy groaned. "There," she said. "Just let your body dictate."

Lucy shivered as she felt those fingers exploring her body. She needed to understand why it was that something so wrong, so frightening, could be so exciting. She knew she should get out of there, but it felt so good. Alice removed her fingers and put them against Lucy's lips.

"Taste your cunt," she said.

Lucy opened her mouth and sucked on those fingers, shivering again. Alice then took hold of Lucy's panties and pulled them down, dropping to her knees as she did so, kissing Lucy's tummy and

pudenda, then kissing her where the cleft of her cunt slipped between her thighs.

"So perfect," she said, looking up at her. "I have to have you properly." She stood up, turning with her back to Lucy. "Unzip me and undo my bra," she said.

Lucy took hold of the zip and pulled it down. She parted the dress and unhooked Alice's bra. Alice shrugged her shoulders, and both items fell away, leaving her naked to the waist. Lucy saw the red lines on her back, tracing them with her fingers. She saw Alice flinch.

"Oh, sorry," Lucy said, taking her hand away. "Does it hurt?"

"Just a little," Alice replied.

"But why?" Lucy asked.

"Why do I let them do it?" Alice said. "Because pain can be so erotic. Are you telling me that you didn't cream your pussy when you were getting your bottom spanked?"

"Do you cum when they are doing that to you?"

"Always, it's exquisite," Alice replied. "Also, for the punisher, I've seen Sir James cum without touching himself, just from the pleasure he gets from using the whip."

She saw the look on Lucy's face.

"Oh, don't worry, sweetheart," she said. "He knows now not to be too severe at the start. You need to get used to it."

Lucy couldn't understand why the prospect of being punished like that was making her pussy so wet.

Alice turned to face her, and Lucy gasped when she saw those same red lines across her breasts and tummy.

"That was after you left yesterday," Alice said. "The headmaster was excited. He needed to rid himself of the tension. He's been looking forward to having you for so long. You won't believe the number of times I have had to listen to him telling me what he would like to do to you while I'm sucking his cock."

As she spoke, she pushed her dress down over her hips, letting it fall and stepping away from it, standing naked in front of Lucy.

"There," she said. "At last, I have waited so long to get you like this. I have watched you develop over the years, dreaming of tasting your sweet pussy. Come, it's time for you to taste mine."

She turned and walked over to a couch.

Lucy didn't understand the change. All she knew was that she wanted to do exactly what Alice was telling her. She followed her, and as Alice sat on the couch and spread her legs, Lucy dropped to her knees in front of her.

"My pussy isn't as neat and beautiful as yours," Alice said. "It has had a lot of use and a lot of abuse."

Lucy looked at her cunt. Unlike her neat cleft, Alice's had her labia extending outwards in fleshy

folds. She reached up and parted them, exposing her clitoris, which looked almost like a small penis.

"You enjoyed sucking that dog's cock," Alice said. "Try my clit."

Lucy leaned forward, nudging her clit with her lips, feeling it react. Surprised by the reaction, she looked up at Alice.

"Yes, it grows like a real cock," Alice laughed. "Sir James likes to pull and twist it. You can do that if you like."

"But doesn't it hurt?" She asked.

"Like I said," Alice replied. "Pain can be very erotic. You have experienced how it feels. It gets better. Sir James is an expert."

Lucy touched her clit with her finger, flicking it, seeing it twitch. She giggled, and she flicked it again.

"Put your fist up me," Alice said. "Just do it, push it right up me, do it now."

Lucy hesitated. She had never even dreamed of doing something like this. The girl felt as if she was stepping into a new world, but her body was telling her it was a world she wanted to enter. She parted Alice's labia with her fingers, then balled a fist. She looked up and saw the anticipation on Alice's face and, with that, forced her fist inside her with all her force.

"Oh god, yes!" Alice cried, her body arching off the couch, trembling violently, and a spray of liquid shooting from her cunt, hitting Lucy on her chest, covering her tits.

"Harder," Alice cried as Lucy forced her fist deeper, fucking her with vicious thrusts. "My clit, bite my clit."

Lucy bent forward, taking her throbbing clitoris into her mouth, sucking.

"No, bite me!" Alice screamed.

Lucy bit down on the hard nub, forcing her fist deep at the same time, and she was rewarded with a mouthful of Alice's cunt juices as she came again.

Lucy had never felt anything like it before, the power she felt as she inflicted pain on the woman beneath her. She was on the verge of orgasm herself.

"Make me cum," she said, removing her fist from Alice's cunt, climbing onto the couch, straddling the woman's face, and lowering her cunt onto Alice's mouth.

She felt her release of juices as Alice's tongue probed inside her. She reached for Alice's nipples, pulling them hard and twisting them, cumming again as Alice bit her clitoris in response, this time releasing a flood of liquid into the woman's hungry mouth.

"Oh, sweet Jesus!" She sighed as she collapsed on top of her teacher.

They lay together. Lucy stretched on top of Alice as their bodies heaved, Lucy trembling with aftershock, the red mist slowly clearing from her brain. She had no idea how long they stayed like that. Lucy didn't have the strength to move, the position she was in, her head was resting on Alice's pubis. She turned her face, kissed the woman's cunt, and felt Alice return the kiss on her pussy.

"Wow!" she said finally. "I've never imagined anything like that. I'm not that person."

"Oh, but you are my darling," Alice replied. "I knew it when I saw those photos of you sucking that dog, saw your face and tits covered with his cum. I knew there was another person inside you, a pervert just like me."

Lucy giggled. "Is that what I am? A pervert," she said.

"Yes, my darling," Alice replied. "don't fight it; enjoy it. There is a whole new world waiting for you."

"Is that what they want," Lucy asked. "The headmaster and the others? Is that what they want me to be, to do the things to me that they do to you."

"Oh, it's a two-way street, sweetheart," Alice replied. "you'll get the chance to do things to them as well. We all enjoy both aspects, giving and receiving. You'll get the chance to repay that fat slob, the Major, for the things he did to you, and Sir James will have you screaming for more as he sends you to the ecstasy of pain."

Lucy shivered at the thought. She still had no idea what she was getting into, but she couldn't deny the way her body was telling her it was the way she wanted to go. Slowly, she managed to climb off the couch, looking back at Alice and smiling up at her, lying there with her legs splayed wide.

"You go and get some rest, darling," Alice said. "you'll need your strength for tomorrow. It will be the most exciting day of your life. It will blow your mind."

Something in Alice's voice terrified her but also excited her at the same time. She had to lean against the desk to put on her jeans, then finished dressing. As she was about to leave, Alice stopped her standing and walked over to her. She took Lucy's face in her hands and kissed her fully on her lips, her tongue exploring her mouth. Lucy responded, her hands roaming over Alice's body as they pressed together.

"There," Alice said when they finally parted. "You have no idea how many times I have wanted to do that to you. I never thought it would happen. Your time in this school was ending, and I thought I would lose you forever, but then I found that book, and everything changed. I knew then that there was a chance for me to have you. Oh, Lucy, the day you decided to suck that dog's cock was the best decision you ever made."

Lucy left the study and walked back to her room in a daze.

*To Be Continued...?*