Letters To Levi 9 - Tomboy Tamara and the Risqué Photos

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Dear Levi,

I'm writing to you about an experience I had that might be useful to girls my age, or even older. I'm in fifth grade and I'm friends with more boys than girls. Because I'm a tomboy, fitting in with them is easier. But today, in art class, I was hanging out with my friend "Ian." We were in a larger group of boys and he started bragging about how this eighth grade girl sent his brother a topless photo of herself, and the brother texted it to Ian! Then he pulled out his phone and passed the photo around to all the boys and even I saw it. And Levi, the girl had real boobs! Some of the boys wanted copies of the photo and Ian sent it to them, right there in class.

I was a shocked, but I realized that people my age or even a little older don't always make smart decisions, like sharing a nude photo. Adults around us always tell us not to send photos to people you don't know and never to send inappropriate pictures. That lesson sure hit home with me today when Ian showed that girl's photo around. I know my friends don't always like listening to all the adults and all their rules and stuff, but I guess we should listen to them and do what they say.

But the thing is, there's something else I want to ask - just for me, something I hope you could help me with personally. It's just that, well, it made me feel really strange when all those boys were so excited by that picture of that eighth grade girl and her boobs. I really didn't like it, but not 'cause I felt bad for her. It was more like I was angry or something - especially when Ian was talking about how hot that girl was. It made me mad - but mad at her, not at all the boys. What was all that about, Levi? It was really confusing.

Anyways, please help keep all the other children safe and if you could help me understand those weird feeling, that would be like really great.

Hoping to hear from you,
Tomboy Tamara in Tucson

Dear Tomboy Tamara,

I'm sure your parents and teachers would be very proud of you for being so civic minded, Tamara. And I'm sure they'd fully support your words of warning. But really, what a load of HORSE SHIT. Really - ONE little topless photo is going to ruin some girls life, one? Are you kidding me? Did the world stop spinning when that photo got shopped around? Did you bother to ask the girl if she minded that a bunch a young men thought she was 'really hot?' Did it ever occur to you that maybe, just maybe, said young lady might LIKE the idea that the boys think she's the one to drool over? Is it even CONCEIVABLE that all those adults are just JEALOUS because young girls are so much prettier than dried up ugly old HAGS? Did you stop and think about any of this for like ONE FUCKING SECOND?

Jesus Christ on a sandwich, Tamara, little goody-goody know-it-all nose-up-teacher's-butt children like you MAKE ME CRAZY! GET A LIFE and THINK FOR YOURSELF! Jesus.

Oh, and, let's see - Tomboy? Tamara, I know you're young, I know you're innocent, I know you're a bit of a do-gooder little cunt, but Tamara, my dear - there's NO SUCH THING AS A GOD DAMN TOMBOY. It's a lie, a falsehood, a convenient way to hide the truth from yourself. Here's the truth, Tamara - when a girl says she's a tomboy it really means she's a girl who wants to be with the boys so that she can have her way with them. It's just a stealthy way to get close to some boy and trick him into her pants. It's all just like 'oh were just best buddies, but gosh won't you fuck my brains out.' It's a scam, Tamara, a scam. Tomboys are just girls who want sex - sex with real boys! Tomboys are just SLUTS, pure and simple, and they're the worst kind of slut of all - sluts who won't admit they're sluts. So fess up to yourself, TT - you're really just after those boys, probably that "Ian" boy you only mention like a hundred times in your pathetic, idiotic letter.

And now, Tease-the-boys Tamara, let's see if you can put two and two together and answer your own incredibly stupid question. Can you do it, TT? Can you figure it out, you who pretends to be "one of the boys," and then gets mad when the real boys look at another girl? What's the answer, TinyTits? Huh? That's right, you silly little slut - you were mad because you wanted those boys to be looking at YOU. You wished YOU were the one who'd sent around the topless picture. You're jealous. Aren't you? Admit it!

Fortunately for you, TT, Levi Denom is a gentle soul who likes to take pity on misguided children like yourself. I'm here to help you, sweetheart. And unlike all those adults who just like to give you rules and make decisions for you, Levi likes to help children help themselves - not tell them what to do. And I think you know what you need to do to fix your problem. You know, don't you Tamara, sweet child? One little photo, that's all it will take. I'm sure you're so much prettier and sexier and more appealing that that skanky eighth-grade girl. Why, she's practically a grown-up old hag already. But of course, if you're worried, you can always rely on old Levi to help you out. I mean, you wouldn't want to sent the WRONG photo out to your friends who are boys. No, that wouldn't do at all. Maybe you need someone more experienced to help you pick out just the right photo to send. Oh! Gosh, maybe I could help with that. But, well, only if you thought it was the right thing to do, Trusting Tamara.

Looking forward to helping,
Levi

Dear Levi,

I cried and cried after I read your letter. I hated you! I wanted to kick you, you were so mean. But after awhile I couldn't cry any more and then I read your letter again, and again, and, well, I guess maybe you're right. I mean, I really didn't make any effort to make sure that that girl would be upset about her picture being on all those boys' phones. And maybe you're right, also, that maybe the adults are just jealous and, gosh, they really are bossy all the time. Aren't they? And, and, okay, maybe I do kind of like Ian and maybe I do kind of like being in the middle of all the boys and being close to them and sometimes, like joking around, maybe I get patted on the butt or get to wrestle with Ian and I guess, maybe, that's like kind of cool and I sort of like it. But... Oh! Maybe you're right.

And I really was mad when all those boys were looking at that skanky girl. And they keep getting her picture out and looking at it all the time and it just makes me so FURIOUS and they hardly ever pay any attention to me any more. It's awful!

So, yeah, I guess maybe that was a good idea that you suggested. So, like, I took some pictures of myself but I don't think they're very good, but, like, here they are, attached to this. So will you, like, tell me if any of them are any good and maybe the boys would rather look at one of my pictures instead of that nasty old eighth grade girl? Please? I don't know who else to ask and it's really kind of embarrassing. But I know you'll tell me the truth. You're really good at telling the truth, Levi. Even when the truth is kind of hard to take. So, I trust you.

So nervous,
Trembling Tamara in Tucson

Dear Trembling Tamara,

The truth, eh? You want the truth? Well, Trembling Tamara, the truth is that the dozen topless selfies you sent me SUCK! Oh now, don't be upset! Don't misunderstand! YOU, you your very self, the sweet, short-haired, freckled brunette with the cutest little nose and those big brown eyes - you, are a knockout! Those eyebrows! Those wonderful, arching, perfect, subtle eyebrows and what amazing long lashes to accentuate the prettiest big eyes. God, those full, pouty lips! No, trust me TT, trust that Levi would never lie, would only ever tell you the truth - you are a very pretty girl, a hot number, a sexy little vixen. Even with your short hair nobody would ever mistake you for a boy, Tempting Tamara. But your pictures, on the other had: THOSE SUCK! Those pictures, not a one of them, are ever going to drag the boys attention away from that skanky, booby eighth-grade hussy. It's not that you aren't gorgeous, little TT, or even that they're particularly bad pictures - it's just that those pictures don't have what it's going to take. They are NOT UP TO THE JOB.

'You don't understand,' you say? 'Please explain it to me, Levi?' But of course, dear!

To begin with, let's just face facts, shall we? You're what, Toothsome Tamara, ten-years-old, maybe eleven? And can you tell me what it is that ten-year-old little girls don't have, sweetie? Eh? What is that you, in particular, do not have? I'll give you a hint - it rhymes with kitties. YES, you got it in one, you have NO TITTIES. Now don't be upset - it's fine - it's all good. Hell TT, in some circles, circles I know and love well, it's considered quite the advantage for a pretty little girl to have nothing in the bosom department. It can be quite delectable. But, and this is a big but, we're dealing with TEN AND ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOYS here, my Trembling Trusting beauty. And boys like that want..., wait for it: BOOBS! Boobs, boobies, big bouncing bazongas! Boobs are practically all they can think about - morning, noon and night. BUT, and this is an even BIGGER BIG BUT, TT, and you have to trust me on this, 'cause I'd never lie to you, if they can't have BOOBS then those pubescent preteen boys will very happily settle for something else - something you DO have, Timorous Tenuous Tamara, something that will drive those boys wild. Something that will overwhelm their carnal little brains, short out their hormonal circuits, send their little peckers to permanent bonerville.

Can you guess what it is, Tasty Treat Tamara? Can you?

Oooh, I'll give you another hint: think pretty, think precious, think pink and parted and practically poised for penetration! (Oh gosh, I kind of need a minute. Just hang in there, I'll be right back. Oh, okay. I'm back. Wow. Still a little out of breath, but I'm fine.) Did you figure it out, Tamara? Do you know what it is that any of those boys would practically give their left nut to gaze at for even half a second? I'm sure you do, TT - I'm sure you feel it tingling, I'm sure it's telling you how exciting it would be, I'm sure it's quivering and getting wetter and wetter even as you think about all those boys looking at it, wishing they could be the first ever to touch it and rub it and finger it and maybe, maybe slide something right up inside of it! What is it Tamara? What is old Levi talking about!?

You know, don't you, Tempting Tamara? Levi is talking about your precious, private flower, your lily of love, your treasure slot - your perfect, pink PUSSY. That's right, little one; your little cunny.

Oh don't be so shocked! And stop blushing like that you silly girl. Every girl's got one and every boy wants to see it, well, most boys anyway.

Now old Levi's not telling you what to do, Tiny Temptress. Old Levi's just letting you know the facts of the situation. Dear, kind, old Levi just wants his precious, sweet Tamara to be the happiest girl ever. Imagine that silly "Ian" boy wrapped around your little finger. Imagine when all those other boys forget all about that eighth grade slut-bitch and delete her useless sad picture from their phones 'cause there's only room for one pretty little lass in their memory: Tantalizing, Tremendous, Tempting Tamara!

But it's your choice, my dear. Your truthful, trustworthy friend Levi stands ready to help - but only if you choose, only if you choose.

Always ready to help,
Levi

Dear Levi,

OMG, OMG! I can't believe I'm doing this. But oh, I don't think there's any other way. Please, please, please help me. I don't know which picture to use! I have to get this right, it has to be right the very first time. Oh! I just don't know. And I'm so scared. What if the adults find out. Oh gosh, my parents!

I, I didn't know how to take pictures of my, my..., oh gosh, I can't write it. But you know what I mean. The thing that's going to get the boys' attention. So I did a naughty thing! Oh, I'm so ashamed. I snuck into my brother's room and I looked on his computer and he had lots and lots of pictures of naked ladies! They were all adult ladies, and they all had big, you know, boobs - way bigger than that stupid eighth grade girl that all the stupid boys won't stop whispering about all the time. Anyways, I took a bunch of the pictures on a flash drive and then I went back to my room and I took off all my clothes and I got out daddy's camera I'd borrowed, with the good timer, and I, I, oh gosh! Levi! I took pictures of myself - pictures like the bad ladies on my brother's computer. Pictures from the front and pictures from behind, standing, sitting, laying down, kneeling, even down on all fours like a doggy. Why are there so many pictures of the ladies on their hands and knees with their butts up in the air?

But I DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF THE PICTURES ARE ANY GOOD! Oh please, help me. Will one of the pictures work. Will one of them get the boys to stop looking at that stupid eighth grader and see me, instead! Oh gosh, I'm so nervous. I don't have anyone else to help me, Levi. Please tell me the truth. I'm sending you all forty of the pictures I took. I hope it's not too many. I'm sorry if it clogs up your email. But I really, really need to know!

Please write back soon!
Terrified Tamara in Tucson

Dear Terrified Tamara,

Now, now, Tamara! There's nothing to be terrified of! Just calm down. Levi is here to help you. Didn't I say I would help you?! And I'm sure that everything is going to be just great. You'll have that Ian boy eating from the palm of your hand in no time.

In short, Tamara my love, your new pictures are FABULOUS. My goodness what a sweet innocent little body, and such perfectly formed, delicate nether lips, barely hiding the pinkness of your perfection. Oh, the artistry and the beauty, they made my heart swell until it nearly burst - or maybe it wasn't so much my heart swelling but rather my... Well, let's not be crude.

There is just one tiny problem, Tamara my Tasty love: while there were certainly at least half a dozen pictures that were particular favorites of mine, pictures that required quite a lot of poring over and several sessions of self-involvement - oh, didn't I particularly like the way you bit your lip and arched your back to reveal your precious treasure - and yet, which of the tantalizing, sweet pictures of my innocent little girl is the very best? You're so very correct, we have to get this exactly right the first time. And I simply can't decide. They're all so wonderful - I can't choose. Sure, I can boil it down to six or seven truly wonderful scenes of trembling temptation or tantalizing torment, but I simply can't decide on the very best, the one picture guaranteed to turn the head of your silly Ian boy and all his nearly pubescent friends.

But never fear, Tamara! Your friend Levi always knows how solve such perplexing conundrums. It's the simplest solution in the world - crowd sourcing! That's right Tasty Tammy, old Levi is up on the latest methods - hey, I practically invented some of the more interesting ways to use social media. And I have connections, baby, connections. Even as you read this, your wonderful, tantalizing pictures are winging their way across the internet waves to a select group of highly discerning connoisseurs of the younger female form - men who will self-sacrifice to give your lovely pictures the kind of attention they deserve - a group of the finest souls who are dedicated to ensuring that you, Tamara my love, will get everything you've dreamed of.

Oh, I know what you're thinking! But don't worry. My dear colleagues will be completely discrete, I can assure you. Don't even think about them staring at your pictures, one by one, with excited appreciation. Don't imagine the feelings you might engender in them, the urges they might have to deal with - they're just strangers after all. How can it hurt to have a few dozen strangers exploring the perfection of your lovely little form. I'm sure they're all just strangers to you, Tasty Tiny Tamara. I couldn't possibly have accidentally sent the pictures to any men who know you - the chances of that are infinitesimally small!

Hang in there, TT. My crowd of helpful advisors won't abuse themselves for more than a couple of days before they get back to me with their votes on the best of your wonderful pictures. We'll have our answer in no time, no time at all! I can't wait.

On the edge of my seat,
Levi

Dear Levi,

Oh GOD! Levi, you won't believe what happened! It's horrible. Oh god, I'm so ashamed. I'm so embarrassed. And I don't know what to do! Please, please, please - YOU HAVE TO HELP ME!

I'm sorry, I need to calm down. I know you can't help me if I don't tell you what happened. But it's hard. It's hard to talk or write about. Oh god, I just want to all go away. I wished I'd never seen that stupid picture of that girl from the eighth grade!

So, here's what happened. I was hanging out with Ian and his friends in the art room and I couldn't stop thinking about how cool it was going to be when they were more interested in me than that booby birdbrain. Still, it was fun to hang out with them. But then the school secretary came and told me that I had to go see the principal! She was very huffy and all the boys laughed and I got very scared 'cause I had no idea what I did wrong but I was already feeling really weird and guilty about the pictures.

Our school principal is Mr. Bickel and he's a good friend of my parents, so it's really strange going to his office. And I hated the way he was looking at me from behind his big desk when I walked into his office, like he was really mad. I started trembling and when he told me to lock the door behind me, which was really weird, I could barely turn the little knob. I pulled down the shade, too, just like he told me. I was getting more and more scared with every second that he scowled at me.

"You're a very pretty child, Tammy," Mr. Bickel said, "even with your boyish haircut. You should really wear a dress or a skirt, though, Tammy. A short skirt would be comfortable when it's hot, wouldn't it?" I didn't know what to say! So I didn't say anything, I just stood there trembling until he went on. "You know why you're in trouble, don't you Tammy?" Oh god, it was awful. I just bit my lip and shook my head, standing there in front of the big desk.

And then without saying a word, Mr. Bickel slowly turned the monitor of his computer around so that I could see it - and there I was! Oh god, Levi, it was horrible! Mr. Bickel had the pictures I took. He had all of them. He scrolled through them, all the time glowering at me. I wanted to scream, but I bit my lip even harder and managed to only moan a little bit.

Finally, Mr. Bickel said, "Tammy, it was very, very naughty of you to take these pictures of yourself and send them to me."

"But I didn't!" I managed to squeak.

"Don't try to deny it, little girl!" he said. "Just tell me, Tammy, how will it be when your parents find out you did this terrible thing? How will it be when your daddy sees these pictures, child. How will you feel when the whole world knows that you did this?"

"Oh god, oh god, please," I begged. "Please don't tell them! You can't. You just can't!"

"Oh but I can, child. And I must! It's my responsibility as the leader of your education and a good friend to your parents!" he said. I was sobbing, but he still scowled at me like he didn't even care. But then he said something that gave me hope, hope that I was ready to grab ahold of. "However," he said, "I suppose that if you were willing to do something for me, something to help an old principal get through his long, arduous day with a bit of a smile on his face and a spring in his step, then perhaps, if you were very good at it, I could be persuaded to keep this vile, prurient information to myself."

"Oh gosh, Mr. Bickel, yes, please. Please don't tell them! Please, what do you want me to do?"

The smile Mr. Bickel gave me was the scariest thing ever - but when he told me to come around behind his desk and kneel at his feet I did it. I was too scared not to. I didn't like the way he ran his fingers through my short hair. I almost screamed when he unbuckeld his belt and pulled down the zipper of his pants. But I bit my lip and just looked up into his scary eyes.

Oh Levi, I did what he said. I'm so ashamed! I'm such a bad girl. But I was so scared, and the picture of me were right there on his screen and I knew all he had to do was send a single text and my daddy would see them! Oh gosh. I reached into his underpants, just like he told me to, and there was a big thing in there and it was warm and I could smell it, like kind of musty and I pulled it out into the light and I nearly screamed. I followed all of his instructions. I stroked up and down it and my hands looked so little as it got longer and harder and bigger around. And as soon as it was straight and hard like a balloon can be hard he used the fingers twined in my hair to pull my face closer and closer to the big thing, until it was touching my lips!

"That's it, Tammy," Mr. Bickel said, "we won't tell your parents about the nice pictures, will we. You can just be Mr. Bickel's nice cocksucker. You can just make Mr. Bickel happy. I can always find a few minutes, or even an hour, around lunch, when we can have a little quiet time together and you can help Mr. Bickel rekindle his joy for the education of you little monsters. Go on now, baby. Lick it. Come on, lick it, then you can put it in your mouth and learn how to be a good little cocksucker and mommy and daddy will never know about your little collection of photos!"

I did it, Levi. I'm so ashamed of myself. It's so hard to even write about it and I'm blushing terribly even thinking about it. But I know I have to tell you the truth, or else how can know how to help me. I flicked my tongue out and I tasted the very tip of his big thing - his cock. I tasted a tiny drop of fluid that welled up out of the little hole there, then ran my tongue all around the big bulb at the end. And I could tell I was doing what he wanted, because he shivered and gave out a small moan.

But pretty soon I felt him pressing my head forward. I pressed my palms against his thighs then, and I tried to push back, even though I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't help myself. I didn't WANT to have his cock in my mouth! It was too scary, too awful, too big! I should have known. I'm just a little girl and he's a big adult man. My lips parted around his cock and he forced more and more inside. And when he whispered for me to suck it, I did. I'm so ashamed, Levi, but I did it. I sucked on his big cock while he forced my head forward and back, over and over. His cock slid in and out of my mouth, maybe half of it. And I couldn't do anything to stop him.

It seemed like Mr. Bickel made me do that for about an hour, but afterwards I figure out it was really only about ten minutes. He was moaning and snorting the whole time, almost like he didn't like it. And then, finally, he bobbed my head forward and back really fast and I sucked really hard and then my mouth flooded with something horrible. It was thick and gooey and slimy and oily and it coated every surface of my mouth. I almost choked on it! Mr. Bickel growled at me in a really scary way and so I didn't let any of the awful stuff dribble out of my mouth. I held it in place and when he pulled his cock from my mouth I showed it to him, just like he growled. Then I swallowed it. Oh gosh, Levi, it was so awful - I swallowed that nasty stuff down into my tummy and even after I'd swallowed it I could still taste it coating my mouth, clinging to everything.

Mr. Bickel told me he'd be waiting for me tomorrow, at the same time. He told me we had an understanding now, that as long as I came to see him, and did such a nice job making him feel good, he wouldn't tell my parents about the pictures. And the last thing he told me was that from now on he expected to see me wearing a nice short skirt or a short dress, like a proper girl. The way he said it was scary, like I would get in bad trouble if I didn't wear the right clothes. Then he sent me back to class. He was smiling a terrible smile when I left his office.

The rest of the day was awful. I couldn't think about anything else but how much I really, really didn't want to go back to Mr. Bickel's office and about how really, really awful it was that I could still taste the stuff he made me swallow and I really, really didn't ever want to swallow that again. But I felt so helpless. When I thought about mommy and daddy knowing about the pictures I nearly fainted. And just to make things even more awful - all the rest of the day the boys were passing around a NEW picture of that stupid, nasty eighth grade girl! OOOOH!

Oh Levi, I don't know what to do! Please, please. What can I do?

Please help!
Tortured Tamara in Tucson

Dear Tortured Tamara,

Oh, my goodness, Tamara! You couldn't possibly mean Mr. Lamar Bickel. It's inconceivable. What are the chances that your very own principal could be one of my dearest advisors! Oh, what a tragedy. I'm truly sorry my Tender little Tamale.

But gosh, sweetie, you really are in a tough spot, I guess. I mean, there's not really much we can do about it. Surely it would horrible beyond measure for your mommy and daddy to find out about your pictures. Your mommy might die of the shock, and just imagine your daddy poring over your pictures. No, no, it can't happen! A fate worse than anything.

No, my dearest Tasty Treat, there's nothing for it. You're going to have to go along with Mr. Bickel. And come now, it can't be that bad. Surely it isn't. You survived your simple little encounter with Mr. Bickel's tumescent manhood. It wasn't so bad. You said yourself that it was only a few minutes of your time. You satisfied his needs in no time. You didn't suffer particularly. You didn't choke on his issue. So you had to endure a few hours of a strange taste - I'm sure it wasn't really that bad. Perhaps you'll get used to it. Maybe you'll even learn to like it in a few weeks! Maybe some day you'll yearn for that unique, salty, cloying flavor. And really, Tammy, what's a few minutes of your day, every day, compared to the horrifying humiliation and trouble that would come from your parents knowing about your little secret.

Surely you see that your only hope is to go along with Mr. Bickel. Be a big girl now, stop your blubbering and your trembling and resign yourself to a few years of wrapping those pretty, full lips around your principal's throbbing hot pole of flesh. It's not that bad being a little cocksucker, Trashy Tamara, it really isn't. If it get's difficult, if you need a way to survive the daily ordeal, just imagine that it's Ian's little prick sliding in and out of your wet mouth, spewing hot cum down your throat. Heck, now that you know how the deed is done, perhaps you should surprise the poor slob with a few minutes of heaven. THAT would certainly get his attention off of that skanky whore of an eighth grader.

You can do it, Trampy Tamara! I have faith in you. I'm rooting for you.

Let me know how it goes,
Levi

Dear Levi,

Oh Levi, Levi, everything is so much worse! I told myself that you were right, that I'd survived letting Mr. Bickel put his awful cock in my mouth, that I could survive it again. It wasn't such a horrible thing compared to mommy and daddy finding out about my pictures. But Levi, when I went to Mr. Bickel's office to tell him I would do it, it wasn't what I expected!

I guess I have to calm down and tell you. I don't know what else to do. I'm at the end of my rope. Nothing could get any worse.

Mr. Bickel was waiting for me, just like he'd said. But right after I locked the door and pulled down the shade, I realized he wasn't alone! The assistant principal, Mr. Oxton, stepped out of the shadows on one side, and Mr. Malick, the special needs aid from my classroom appeared on the other side. I nearly screamed.

"I'm so glad you chose to come back, Tammy," Mr. Bickel said and he had a mean little smile on his face. "It would have pained me to have to tell your parents about what a naughty little girl you are. But, as you can see, Tammy, it would also be terribly painful for Mr. Oxton or Mr. Malick to have to tell your parents. You wouldn't want that, and they would just hate to have to do that, wouldn't you, gentlemen?" Both of the other teachers smiled and nodded and I was shaking so hard I could barely stand up. "It's really wonderful that you're here to make Mr. Oxton and Mr. Malick happy, just like you make me happy, Tammy. Then they won't have to tell your parents anything. So just come on around here, Tammy baby. That's a good girl."

Levi, I was so confused and overwhelmed with shock. I barely even knew what I was doing. I was terrified that I was going to have to suck the cocks of all three big adult men, one right after another. Oh gosh! Now I wish that was all I'd had to do.

In a daze, I walked around to the principal, and I knelt in front of him like he told me too, only he was standing up instead of sitting down. He made me unbuckle and unzip his pants and fish around until I pulled out his big cock again. I stroked and stroked it until it was nice and hard and then he made me kiss the end of it and lick it from the bottom all the way to the top. But then he stepped back and Mr. Malick stepped up. I had to go through the whole thing again with Mr. Malick and his cock was longer than Mr. Bickel's, but not as big around. He was still moaning a little bit when he stepped back and then I went through all of that for Mr. Oxton too. His cock was shorter, but it was really fat and had lots of veins and it smelled bad. When Mr. Oxton stepped back I looked up to see all three big cocks surrounding me and I was so scared!

I should have been even MORE scared.

The next thing I knew I was standing and then I was leaning over Mr. Bickel's desk and somebody lifted me and then I was on my hands and knees on the desk. Everything was happening so fast! I almost screamed when Mr. Bickel flipped the short skirt I was wearing up over my back and before I could do anything about it, he and Mr. Oxton had pulled my panties down and over my knees and right off over my shoes! I heard Mr. Bickel say "Ah, yes, gentlemen, there it is in the flesh, even more magnificent and alluring than her pictures!" and as he spoke my knees were spread apart and I knew they were all looking at my little cunny. It was terrible - but it also made me tingle and spasm down there, and I got kind of wet. I heard a click and looked up to realize Mr. Malick had a camera!

Oh Levi, I was never so scared in my whole life and I couldn't believe they were looking at me and taking more bad pictures. I wished I'd never ever seen that picture of the eighth grade girl. I wanted to run away and I was ready to, no matter what, but Mr. Malick stepped up and took ahold of my head, with his fingers curled into my hair. He stretched me forward and my elbows fell to the desk. I gripped the edge of the desk with my hands and I tried to pull back but he was too strong and he held my face up so that my lips were just touching his big cock.

I couldn't see anything but the front of Mr. Malick, and after I opened my lips and he slid his cock to the back of my throat for me to suck on, I had to go cross-eyed to even see that. I did the best job I could, I really did. I sucked hard and swirled my tongue around. I wanted to do a good job so it would be over soon! But then I felt something touch my cunny! I think it was Mr. Bickel's finger, swirling around the outside and even pressing inside for a second, because he's the one who said, "You see, Terrie! He said she'd be a little slut for us. Just look how wet she is, how the flesh is swollen and pulsing. Yes, yes, get in close with the camera. Such beauty and allure must be captured. And Jesus, look at the way the little tart is gobbling Blare's skinny cock. He said she'd be a natural." It was hard to understand what he was saying with Mr. Malick forcing my face to bob forward and back as I sucked on his cock. But I'm pretty sure that's what he said.

Levi, I know I'm a naughty girl. I know I shouldn't have wanted Ian and his friends to look at a picture of me instead of that other girl. I know I shouldn't have wanted Ian to kiss me! But Levi, I never ever wanted three grown adult me to do the things that my teachers wanted to do! I felt something much bigger pushing against my little cunny, swirling around and opening me up. I couldn't see, but I knew it was Mr. Bickel's cock! Oh gosh, I never knew that could happen! He was going to put it inside me. I didn't know if it would hurt and I was so scared and my cunny was quivering so hard, and tingling and getting wetter and wetter as he teased it from back there.

It hurt! It hurt, Levi! When he shoved it up inside me, past the lips of my cunny, it stung like twenty shots at the doctor's office. I would have screamed so loud, but my mouth was gagged tight around Mr. Malick's throbbing meat.

Levi, I think Mr. Bickel was fucking me. Isn't that what that bad word means? I think he was fucking me really hard and really deep and it was so big and tight and it hurt and it hurt, until, after awhile, it didn't hurt so much and I realized I was shaking all over and sucking on the other cock even harder because I was super excited and there was a strange warm feeling spreading out all through my body. Oh, oh gosh, Levi, I can almost feel the feeling even now, just thinking about it. I think I'm a bad, bad girl, Levi. I think I might be what you said, Levi - a slut, a nasty bad girl slut. But oh god, Levi, the feeling!

"Fuck me, Lamar, I'm going to cum!" Mr. Malick said, and he pulled even harder at my head.

"Together, together, Blare, now, now, oh god, yes, now!" Mr. Bickel said back. I could barely understand them, but I could still hear the camera clicking away.

Mr. Malick's cock suddenly filled my mouth with the same awful tasting thick stuff that Mr. Bickel had, only his tasted saltier and maybe a little different, but it was just as awful and it almost came out my nose and it was so oily and thick and I knew I would be tasting it all day. But I wasn't thinking about that because at exactly the same time Mr. Bickel was grunting and moaning really loud and he seemed really excited and he push way up inside me, so far up it hurt again, but deep inside and I could tell that he was shivering even though I was still shaking all over myself. Levi! I think Mr. Bickel put his thick gooey cream up inside of me? What will it do? Is it bad for me? It was scary and confusing!

Mr. Bickel and Mr. Malick both pulled their big cocks out of me at the same time and I though I was going to collapse onto the desk. But before I could, I heard Mr. Bickel say, "your turn, Terrie" and then somebody grabbed my hips and held me up. I knew it had to be Mr. Oxton, and he didn't waste a second. He forced his super fat cock past the lips of my cunny right away. I thought he was going to split me open and I could hear strange squishing sounds from back there as he started fucking me really hard and fast. He yelled, "oh god, so fucking tight!" but Mr. Bickel hushed him and then he just whispered it over and over.

My mouth was still full of Mr. Malick's nasty, oily cream and I didn't want to swallow it, but I was afraid to spit it out, so I kept it in my mouth and dropped my head down to the desk while Mr. Oxton kept ramming his fat cock into me from behind.

I just wanted to collapse, Levi! I didn't want to be fucked any more. But they didn't care. And when Mr. Bickel growled at me to be a good girl and raise my head up, I did as I was told, only to find out that he was taking pictures of me and wanted to get my crying face into his shot. Then I had to open my mouth for him and half of Mr. Malick's cream oozed out onto my chin and Mr. Bickel seemed to really like that. But he made me swallow the rest of it. After that he went all around me, taking pictures from every angle, even when I started shaking again from the warm tingling feeling that Mr. Oxton's fucking was causing. He seemed to like taking those pictures the best.

I think Mr. Bickel said, "He was so right that she's a natural! She's practically begging for it!," and Mr. Malick laughed. But I'm not sure, because Mr. Oxton was fucking me so hard and the tinging, warm feeling was getting so overwhelming again. What did that mean, Levi? It doesn't make any sense.

I was shaking so hard that I threw my head back and moaned out loud when Mr. Oxton finally pulled me really tight and held me with his cock way up inside. I knew he was leaving his nasty cream inside me when I felt him jerking and heard him grunting "fuck, fuck, fuck!"

I really did collapse when Mr. Oxton finally let go of me and let his fat cock slowly slide out. I didn't think I would ever be able to move again. It felt like my whole body had turned to rubber. But Mr. Bickel only let me lay there, panting, long enough to take a whole bunch more pictures of me. I wanted to scream at him, but I was too exhausted. As soon as he was done he made me stand up on my wobbly, skinny legs and then Mr. Malick helped pull my skirt back in place and straighten my blouse that had gotten all bunched up around my chest. Then they told me I had to go back to class and they would expect me the same time tomorrow!

Levi! They didn't even give me my panties back! And as soon as I tried to start walking I felt the cream from Mr. Bickel and Mr. Oxton start oozing out between my cunny lips to dribble down my leg. I had to squeeze my legs together as tight as I could and walk with little baby steps, heading for the girl's room down the hall. I was all the way out in the hall before I remembered I had Mr. Malick's cream stuff all over my chin and I tried to wipe it off, but I just smeared it all over. I couldn't get to the girl's room fast enough!

Even after I cleaned up, the rest of the day was awful. Every now and then more stuff dripped out of my cunny and I was afraid one of the boys would notice. It was already bad enough that they were teasing me for wearing a skirt and blouse. It was a long, long day.

Oh god, Levi, I don't want to go back there again! But I don't want them to tell my parents about the pictures, either. And, well, I also feel so ashamed. I think I shouldn't have had those warm and tingly feelings when they were doing those bad things to me. Does that mean I'm a terrible girl? Does it mean I'm super terrible that I want to have those tingly, warm feelings again? Why do the tingly, warm feelings make me think about Ian?

Oh Levi, please tell me what to do! I'm too confused and upset and scared to figure anything out for myself.

What do I do?
Terrible Tamara in Tucson

Dear Terrible Tamara,

Oh, my dearest TT. Who could ever have imagined that two more of my far-flung advisors, Terrie Oxton and Blare Malick, could be employees in your elementary school. Why, the chances against it were astronomical. But then it just goes to show you - sometimes the impossible does happen. And now that it's happened there just doesn't seem to be a thing we can do about it.

But don't fret, Tammy dear! I've had strong words with your trio of admirers and I've extolled them in no uncertain terms that they are not to harm my favorite little Toothsome Tootsie. Strict instructions were given to take their time and train you up slowly. No anal for at least two weeks, I told them! And even then no more than one anal penetration a day for another two weeks. They were quite put out with me, I must say - that Blare especially was ready to just rush forward with your advanced backdoor education. And sweetie, trust me, I absolutely laid down the law with that trio of intrepid educators - no double penetration for a month! Absolutely none. Really, you're just a child after all. They've got to work up to these things slowly. Slowly but surely, of course.

So you see, Timorous Tammy, Levi has everything under control and he won't let anything bad happen to you.

And stop worrying about all those pictures they were taking when you were up on Mr. Bickel's desk. Again, Levi is looking out for his favorite Trembling Tamale. Levi would never let you down! I'm sure you will be so happy and relieved to know that Levi is setting aside a full ten percent of the considerable profits from the distribution of all your wonderful photos into an account to fund a new educational program for young children - a program to teach children about the dangers of texting and social media and how to protect themselves. Isn't that wonderful? Isn't that what you always wanted - to help all those other children out there. Just imagine, you might have saved that eighth grade girl from becoming the skanky-ho that she is today if we'd just started earlier. But we'll save the next little girl together Tremendous Tamara, you and your dearest friend Levi. So don't worry when those men are taking pictures of you - it's all for a good cause. Fuck by fuck and suck by suck, we'll save all the little children, sweetie.

Oh, you wanted me to tell you what to do, didn't you? But Tamara, I told you, Levi doesn't tell children what to do, he just helps them make their own decisions. And sweetie, precious, gorgeous Tomboy Tamara, you already made your decision, didn't you? You know you did. You made your decision when you took topless pictures of yourself, you made your decision when you took naked pictures of your cute little cunny, you made your decision when you went back to Mr. Bickel's lair of lustful depravity after he'd already used your pretty little mouth. Tamara, you made your decision when you claimed to be a tomboy, just to get close to Ian and his friends. And all those decisions were the same, weren't they Tamara? All those decisions were just you being exactly what it is you desperately want to be - the ultimate little slut. And you got your reward for your decisions, too. That wonderful warm and tingling amazing feeling that overwhelmed your little brain and made you want more and more and more. That's the proof, Tamara, that feeling and the fact that you want more of it. You're a slut now and a slut forever.

So your decision is already made, baby, and I don't have to tell you what to do. You know you're going to go back to Messrs. Bickel, Oxton and Malick and you know your going to submit to anything they want to do and you know your going to revel in the wonderful feelings you get from making them happy, happy men. And you know that very soon you're going to want to send Ian and his friends one of your pictures and then, maybe, you can have lots of happy time teaching Ian and his friends about all the things that your three adults like to do to you. Because that's what a slut does, Terrific Terrible Tamara, that's what a slut does.

Ta-ta for now TT. Be assured that I'll think of you often and I'll make sure your pictures are getting a wide, lucrative distribution. It's the least I can do to help all the little children stay safe from inappropriate texting.

Your friend,
Levi