**Schoolgirl Visits the Doctor**

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**Schoolgirl Visits the Doctor Ch. 01**

My boyfriend and I had been dating for a few months and sleeping together since our third date. This was my first consistent relationship in a while, so I decided that maybe I should look into birth control and we could forgo condoms. This wasn't something I had done in the past, so I asked my friend Jessica who she went to. She told me that I had to go to Dr. Simmons on Franklin Street, that he was fantastic and really took care of his patients. In retrospect, I should have taken the sly smile she gave me as a warning, but I was too preoccupied to really notice. I called the office and took the first available appointment later that week.  
  
My appointment was right after school, so I went straight there still in my uniform. I was well aware that I looked like a stereotypical slutty schoolgirl in my plaid skirt, knee socks, and white button-down shirt. It was kind of a thrill to see men turn their heads as I walked down the street. I wore the regulation white cotton bra under might shirt, but my perky nipples always peeked through and definitely caught the attention of passers-by. To enhance the effect, I often wore my hair in pigtails, and that's how I had them done today.  
  
When I arrived at the office, I noticed that there were a lot of other girls my age in the waiting room, some of them also dressed in their school uniforms, others in cheerleader outfits. All of them looked very happy to be there. I was a little early for my appointment, so while I waited and filled out the necessary paperwork, I watched as several girls went in and out. When they came out, they always looked a little more disheveled than when they went in, which I thought was very strange for a GYN appointment.  
  
Finally, a tall blond nurse in a white uniform called my name and I followed her behind a door into the exam room area. We went into exam room three and she asked me to have a seat on the exam table. I was a little nervous, having never been to a gynecologist before. The room had what looked like a standard exam table in it, with stirrups for my feet, but I also noticed at that near the top of the bed there was a cross bar that jutted out from either side and appeared to have restraints on it. As I fidgeted uncomfortably on the exam table, the nurse looked at her clipboard.  
  
"So, Ms. Avera, I just want to confirm that you are 18 years old. Is that right?"  
  
"Yes," I said, my voice shaking a little. I suddenly noticed that it was a little chilly in the exam room and my already prominent nipples were getting very hard and pushing through my top.  
  
"And you're a senior in high school?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"How long have you been sexually active?" she asked.  
  
"Just a few months. We've been using condoms, but I'd like to get on the pill."  
  
"Oh, we can definitely do that for you, but first we have to do a very thorough examination," she responded.  
  
"Ok..." I said, feeling even more nervous that before.  
  
The nurse made some notes on her clipboard, then turned to me. "My name is Nurse Angela and I'm going to take good care of you today. The first thing we're going to need to do is take a few pictures for your medical record."  
  
"Why do you need pictures?" I asked.  
  
"It's just so we can track your development each time you come to visit us. The doctor takes a great interest in his patient's sexual health. Please, take off your top and stand over there against the wall."  
  
I did as she asked, and instantly felt the cold air on my breasts. "Do you want me to keep my bra on?" I asked.  
  
"For these first few pictures, yes, then we'll take it off."  
  
I stood against the wall while the nurse held up a phone and snapped a few pictures of me in my bra, skirt, knee socks, and black patent leather shoes. "Now you can take your bra off, and I want you to hold your hands up over your head so your tits stick out."  
  
"Um, ok?" I thought maybe I heard her wrong, but no, she definitely said "tits" and not "breasts." I took of my bra and held my hands up.  
  
"You have beautiful tits," Nurse Angela said. "But, to get a good picture of your development, I'm going to need your nipples to perk up a little more. Just hold still and I'll help with that."  
  
Before I could even process what she was saying, Nurse Angles was standing in front of me pinching my nipples. First, she took my left nipple between her thumb and forefinger and pinched is slightly, then she did the same with my right nipple.  
  
"Hm," she said, "I'm not getting quite the reaction I need to see. I'm going to have to stimulate them orally." Then before I could react, she leaned over and started flicking her tongue on my left nipple. I instantly felt a charge through my whole body. I was still, for some reason, holding my hands over my head. I arched my back and leaned into her mouth without realizing what I was doing. When I did that, the nurse took my whole nipple in her mouth and started sucking, and then started pinching my right nipple with her left hand.  
  
All of the sudden, I flashed back to reality. "What are you doing?" I asked.  
  
Nurse Angela let go of my breasts and stood up. "I'm just checking your nipples reaction to manual and oral stimulation. It's standard procedure for Dr. Simmons' exams. Have you ever had a gynecological exam before?"  
  
"No," I said.  
  
"Well, it's understandable that you would be a little apprehensive, but I promise, this is standard procedure."  
  
"OK," I said, a little confused. It was then that I noticed that Nurse Angela's outfit seemed a little off. Her white dress buttoned down the front and was showing off quite a bit of cleavage. The bottom of the dress barely reached below her crotch, and she was wearing thigh-high white stockings. How had I missed this on the way in? Was I that nervous about the exam?  
  
"Put your hands back over your head and arch your back just a little," the nurse said, standing back from me. "The doctor will definitely enjoy these pictures," she said, holding up the camera again. What was happening???  
  
"Now it's time to remove your panties," the nurse said. "You can take off your shoes if you want, but keep the skirt and knee socks on."  
  
I did as she said, and she snapped a few more pictures as I pulled my panties down over my thighs and then over my feet. I bent down and unbuckled my shoes and set them aside.  
  
"I think the doctor is really going to enjoy examining you," Nurse Angela said, still snapping away. "Please get up on the exam table and put your feet in the stirrups."  
  
I did as she asked, feeling very self-conscious with my breasts and vagina exposed.  
  
"I see you keep your pubic hair shaved. You must attend St. Agatha's School for Girls."  
  
"Yes," I said, surprised that she knew about that. The nuns at St. Agatha's were strict when it came to personal hygiene. As soon as girls hit puberty, they were given instruction on keeping their pubic hair shaved to prevent being "dirty." Every week we were inspected by the headmistress to ensure compliance. Any girl who had anything less than a perfect shave was first spanked with a riding crop on her bare pussy 15 times and then sent to the school nurse for "cleansing." I have my suspicions that some of the girls skipped their shaves on purpose because they enjoyed the "punishment."  
  
As I lay there on the table, I could feel the cold air against my labia. It was clear that the exam so far was having an effect on me. My pussy was dripping wet and I was getting more turned on by the second. At that moment, Nurse Angela walked to the head of the exam table and started putting my arms in the restraints I had noticed earlier.  
  
"Why are you doing that?" I asked, realizing that I was not resisting in any way.  
  
"Dr. Simmons' exams can be quite intense," she responded. "This prevents you from interfering with him while he is working." Seemed like a sensible enough explanation to me. "I'm going to need to make sure your nipples stay hard so that Dr. Simmons can see them," she said, and pulled two clamps out of the front pocket of her dress. She quickly clamped them to my incredibly prominent nipples and I moaned in ecstasy.  
  
Nurse Angela walked back around the table and stood between my spread legs. "I'm going to prep you for the exam now," she said. "Dr. Simmons is going to need you to be very lubricated to tolerate his exam." As she said this, she started unbuttoning her dress and then slid it off her body. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her tits were large and firm, with perfectly round nipples that jutted out in the cold air of the exam room. She lowered her dress all the way to floor and I noticed she didn't have any undergarments at all, just her thigh high white stockings and white stiletto heels. Her pussy had a thin, blond landing strip that led to perfectly bare labia. I could tell that she was as turned on as I was. Her pussy was totally engorged and dripping wet.  
  
As I watched, Nurse Angela started pinching her own nipples and slid a hand down to her pussy where she started playing with her clit.  
  
"What are you doing?" I asked.  
  
"I'm just preparing for the exam. Dr. Simmons has very exacting standards." This didn't make any sense to me, but I was so turned on watching her fondle herself that I didn't care.  
  
After a minute or so of touching herself, Nurse Angela leaned over me, between my legs, and gave me a long deep kiss, which instantly made me wetter than I already was. Then she stood back up again and pulled a rolling stool over to the front of the table. She sat down on it, her face exactly level with my dripping pussy. "I'm going to do a preliminary exam now, to get you prepped for Dr. Simmons. I need to find out exactly what your pussy can take."  
  
"OK," I said, a little slurred with desire.  
  
As I lay there anticipating just about anything, the nurse leaned forward and started flicking her tongue against my clit. I just about lost it then, but she was careful. I could tell I was about to cum and started rolling my hips around against her mouth, but just before it could happen, she stopped. Then Nurse Angela reached behind her to a cabinet against the wall and opened one of the drawers. Completely overcome, I watched as she pulled out an enormous dildo. "This is the size of the instrument Dr. Simmons will be using on you, so let's see if it fits."  
  
Nurse Angela brought the dildo between my legs and started to fuck me with it, hard. My pussy had never taken anything so big, but it seemed to fit perfectly. I knew instantly that only a giant cock would ever satisfy me. I wanted to cum so bad but I also wanted the fucking to never stop. As she fucked me, Nurse Angela leaned forward and started licking my clit again. I couldn't take it anymore. After about thirty seconds of stimulation I came harder than I ever had before.  
  
"Oh, fuck, yes! Don't stop!" I yelled over and over again as the waves passed over my body. Finally, after a solid minute of orgasm, I collapsed and Nurse Angela backed off.  
  
"I think you are ready for your exam now," she said, sliding the dildo out of me and placing it on a small table on wheels next to her. She walked over to the door and picked up a phone on the wall. "Yes, Doctor," she said, "the patient is ready."  
  
The nurse walked back over to the head of the table and looked at me. "While we wait for the doctor," she said, "you can pay me back a little." As she spoke, she leaned over the table and lowered her left breast to my face. "You need to lick whatever is put in front of you," she said.  
  
I did as I was told and took her nipple into my mouth. I sucked it, then pulled back and flicked it with my tongue. She moved and brought her right nipple to my mouth and I gave it the same treatment. As I licked, she moaned loudly. Neither of us heard the door open.  
  
"Nurse! What are you doing?" a stern voice said. I looked over and saw a man in a doctor's coat standing in the doorway. "You know you can't begin this part of the exam until I am present."  
  
Nurse Angela instantly looked ashamed and embarrassed. "Come to the front of the table and lean over the patient," the doctor said, still looking angry. She did as she was told, her face hovering inches from mine, her pussy pressed hard against mine.  
  
As she leaned over the doctor walked behind her and smacked her hard on the ass, three times. I thought she would be upset, but the look on her face was definitely one of pure joy. "Now stand up and we can begin the exam," the doctor said.  
  
Nurse Angela walked over to the side of the table and the doctor positioned himself between my legs. "I see you are sexually active and here for birth control," he said. "Before I can prescribe that, I need to make sure you are ready for any possible sexual experience. The nurse has checked the capacity of your pussy, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to test it even more. And of course, your ass needs to be prepared as well."  
  
At that, I looked at him and instantly became frightened. It must have shown on my face because he said, "Don't worry. We won't give you anything more than I know you can handle."  
  
He then sat down on the rolling stool which was still positioned between my legs. "You schoolgirls have the wettest pussies," he said as he slid a finger into my vagina and began pumping it in and out. "Yeah," he said, "do you like that?"  
  
"Yes," I mumbled, unsure of what was real anymore.  
  
He kept pumping his finger in and out, and then it felt like he added two more. My pussy was so wet, they slid in without any resistance. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensation. Then suddenly I felt something cool slide down between my ass cheeks. I realized that he had squirted lube against my asshole. Before I could process this information, I felt something slide into my ass. It started small and then got wider as it slid in. I felt like I shouldn't like the feeling but I totally did. I was already highly stimulated and this just added to the situation. As he slid the plug into my ass, I relaxed against it and enjoyed the heightened feeling in my pussy.  
  
Dr. Simmons stood up, and looking down I could see that he had an enormous erection and that his cock was even bigger than the dildo that Nurse Angela had just fucked me with. I closed my eyes in anticipation and inched my ass lower on the table hoping to get that cock in me as soon as possible.  
  
"Not so fast," Dr. Simmons said as I squirmed. "You owe Nurse Angela here an orgasm, I believe." I looked over at the nurse and she was smiling at me and nodding her head. As she did so, she climbed onto the table and hovered over me, her legs straddling my midsection, her face inches from mine. She kissed me for the second time, and then, with her ass stuck high in the air she lowered her mouth to my left breast and began licking my nipple, now tender and extra-sensitive thanks to the clamp. While her mouth played with my left nipple, her left hand began to fondle and play with the right one. This went on for a few minutes, with her mouth and hand switching back and forth between my tits.  
  
I had my eyes closed, enjoying the feeling of having my tits licked, when I noticed that the nurse was moaning loudly. I opened my eyes and looking over her head I saw the doctor standing behind her, apparently licking her ass. That couldn't be right, could it? I'd never heard of that before, but the nurse seemed to be enjoying it thoroughly, and I was enjoying the butt plug a lot, so I guessed this was something fairly normal.  
  
After what seemed like only a few seconds, Dr. Simmons said "That's enough nurse!" and slapped her ass loudly. She sat up over me, looking bashful and shamed. It was kind of a turn on to see her that way, under his control after she had been so aggressive with me earlier. "Get what you need from her before I finish the exam," he said, standing back and holding up a phone to take a few pictures of the two of us.  
  
While I lay there, unable to move at all, Nurse Angela began to scoot forward. She raised her knees one by one over my arms and set them down on either side of my head. I now had a perfect view of her dripping pussy. I had never been this close to another woman's vagina and I wasn't sure what to do. "Remember, Ms. Avera, you have to lick whatever is put in front of you," she said, and began to lower herself down onto my mouth.  
  
Tentatively, I stuck out my tongue and slid it between her lips. The taste wasn't surprising - I had gone down on my boyfriend after he had fucked me - but I wasn't entirely sure what I was doing. "Keep going," the nurse said, looking down at me. I sunk my tongue deeper into her fold and found her clit. It was tiny and compact and as soon as my tongue made contact, she moaned deeply. I began to lick up and down and Nurse Angela began to move her hips forward and back in rhythm with my licking. As I lay there, I looked up at her and saw that Dr. Simmons was reaching from his position between my legs to fondle her breasts and pinch her nipples. I could feel his erection pushed against my throbbing pussy as he leaned forward.  
  
Nurse Angela's head was rolling around and her eyes were closed as the doctor and I continued to arouse her. I could feel her getting wetter and wetter, her juices running down my chin. I've never been interested in women, but this was totally doing it for me. I was insanely turned on, especially considering I had already cum shortly before. Would it be possible for me to cum again? I'd never had more than one in a day before.  
  
We continued like this for a few minutes, me working Nurse Angela's clit and the doctor kneading and pulling on her tits, when suddenly she cried out in elation and ground her pussy into my mouth. I drank her in and kept licking hard until she stopped moving. Delicately, she lifted herself up and climbed off of me. She leaned in for another kiss and then stood up.  
  
It was then that I noticed that Dr. Simmons, still standing between my legs, was holding a riding crop identical to the one Headmistress used on us when we were naughty. It had a long, slender handle and a small, folded piece of leather at the end. "It seemed like you enjoyed that quite a bit," he said. "That's not proper behavior for a good St. Agatha's girl. I have instructions from your Headmistress to punish any of her pupils who come to me and display any deviant sexual tendencies." With that, he lifted up the crop and brought it down hard on my inner thigh.  
  
I screamed out a little, but in all honestly, I loved it. He brought it down hard on my other thigh, then holding it vertically, with the leather fold toward the bottom, he began to give me little smacks on my clit. They were delicate at first, but gradually got harder until each smack made me force my hips toward him in anticipation of the next one. After that, he stood to the side and gave me five more hard smack right on my ass, over the butt plug. This cause the plug to move in and out and the feeling drove me crazy.  
  
"OK, Ms. Avera, we've finally finished all the preparation and you are ready for the actual exam." As he said this, he ran one hand down my left thigh, towards my pussy, and then began to finger me with three fingers again. With his other hand, he unzipped his pants and removed his cock, which stunned me. There was no way that was going to fit inside me! I was both terrified and aroused with anticipation of the pounding I was about to get. I wanted to touch myself so bad, but I was still restrained.  
  
As if reading my thoughts, the doctor picked up a small bullet sized vibrator from the table next to him and began running it over my pussy, not quite touching my clit. Then he pulled out the fingers he had inside me and used them to guide his enormous cock to my entrance. Slowly, he began to work his way in and I felt myself stretching to take him. I couldn't believe my body could handle a cock that size, but it felt perfect. He began to work himself in and out, never touching my clit with the vibrator, just moving it around and teasing me with it.

"Please," I said, "I need to cum now. I can't take it anymore."  
  
"Just wait, I don't want you coming before me," he responded. He continued to move in and out of me and I continued to get more and more aroused, if that was even possible.  
  
"Nurse Angela, please orally stimulate her nipples." I had almost forgotten that the nurse was in the room, but suddenly she was leaning over me, licking my nipples, moving back and forth between them and driving me crazy. While she leaned over me, I could feel her left hand making its way down my body toward my sopping wet pussy. "Not yet!" said the doctor, and her hand stopped somewhere on my lower abdomen.  
  
Dr. Simmons thrusts became stronger and stronger and I started to completely lose my mind. It was at that moment that he said, "Now you may bring her to climax, Nurse Angela." The nurse's left hand started moving lower on my body again and I felt her finger slip between the folds of my pussy and find my clit. "OHHHHHHH!" I yelled, unable to contain myself.  
  
I felt her take the vibrator from the doctor and she began to move it expertly over my clit and maybe ten seconds later everything exploded. I had never had an orgasm anywhere as intense as this one. Every cell in my body felt like it was exploding. My hips ground into Dr. Simmons, taking him even farther into me. Just as I did that he yelled, "Fuck, yeah, you little slut. Take that cock!" and his orgasm exploded into me.  
  
Nurse Angela removed her mouth from my tits and came up to give me another long, deep kiss. I kissed her back as sensuously as she kissed me. The doctor, still inside me, continued to move slowly in and out, and gave me few slaps on my clit with his bare hand.  
  
Finally, Dr. Simmons pulled out of me and cleaned himself off with a towel that Nurse Angela handed him. He put his cock back inside his pants, with me watching it longingly the whole way. "Clean her up, nurse, and I will go enter her birth control prescription into the computer."  
  
Without another word to me, he walked out of the exam room. Nurse Angela walked to the head of the table and removed the restraints from my arms. I could barely move at that point, so she helped me to sit up. She unclipped the clamps from my nipples, giving each one a tiny, thrilling, squeeze as she did so. "I'll help you get dressed now," she said. For some reason, probably because she was still mostly naked, I found this funny and gave a little giggle.  
  
"You did great today," she said. "Your body tolerated the first exam very well."  
  
"First exam?" I asked, with both fear and anticipation in my voice.  
  
"Oh, yes," she replied. "Dr. Simmons is going to need to see you once a week for the foreseeable future to monitor your sexual progress and health. Shall I schedule you for the same time next Thursday?"  
  
"Definitely," I answered.

**Schoolgirl Visits the Doctor Ch. 02**

As I walked out of the exam room and passed through the waiting room, I realized that the nurse had not removed my butt plug. The motion of walking caused it to stimulate my ass and kept me turned on for my whole walk back to the St. Agatha's dorm. I left it in until right before bedtime. Not wanting my roommate to know anything was amiss, I went to the bathroom and removed it. As I pulled it out, I felt a relaxing sensation and looked forward to the next time I could use it on myself.  
  
I went back to my room and changed into my pajamas -- tight shorts and a white camisole that was practically see through -- and climbed into bed. I lay there a long time until I was sure my roommate was asleep, then I began to run my fingers over my body, pinching my nipples and fingering my clit, thinking about the events of the day. At some point I must have started moaning, because I suddenly heard my name.  
  
"What are you doing, Elise?"  
  
Crap, my nosy roommate was awake. "Nothing," I said, and rolled over to face the wall. A few seconds later I felt her tap me on the shoulder. I rolled back the other way to face her and saw that she was kneeling next to my bed and only wearing her regulation thin cotton panties, no top. Her nipples were pointing right at me and I instantly thought of Nurse Angela and felt moisture spread through my crotch.  
  
"I can help with that," Marie said as she looked at my hand between my legs.  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked.  
  
As I said this, she held up a purple, curved vibrator with a white handle. She smiled at me and turned it on. "Just hold still," she said and pulled back the covers with her free hand. She started to rub the vibrator over my camisole against my nipples, all the while staring at me like I was a delicious snack.  
  
"I've wanted to get you off since the day we moved in together," she said, starting to move the vibrator down my body. With one hand, she lifted the waistband of my panties and slid the vibrator between my legs and slipped it between my pussy lips. I felt an instant charge and cried out "OH!"  
  
Marie quickly put the hand not holding the vibrator over my mouth to keep me quiet. Then she started pushing the vibrator against my clit and sliding it back and forth, getting it wet with my juices. Every few strokes, she would slide it inside me and I would moan loudly in ecstasy, but then she would refocus on my clit. I could feel the orgasm building inside of me as she continued to stimulate me. Finally, I screamed loud against her hand as I came almost as hard as I did at the doctor's office that afternoon.  
  
Unfortunately, Marie's hand wasn't enough to keep me quiet, because suddenly the door to our room opened and our dorm matron was standing in the entry in her robe.  
  
"I've always suspected you two of deviant behavior, and now I have proof. Get some sleep because tomorrow I'm going to tell Headmistress all about this." She grinned like the cat who ate the canary and left the room.  
  
I was horrified, but when I looked at Marie, she seemed almost pleased about this development. She gave me a quick kiss between my legs, then climbed back into bed.  
  
The next morning, I got up and showered as usual and got dressed in my school uniform. I was a little embarrassed about the night before so I kept my back to Marie the whole time. After breakfast, which I barely ate, the Dorm Matron, Ms. Richardson, escorted us to the Headmistress' office. She left us in the waiting room, where the secretary stared at us with disapproving looks.  
  
"Headmistress is in with Father Thompkins at the moment. She'll be right with you," she said, with barely disguised scorn. Just then, her intercom gave a short beep and we heard, "Please send the girls in, Ms. Smith." Ms. Smith just looked at us, so we both stood up and walked into the Headmistress' office.  
  
Headmistress' office was very dark, with a large oak desk facing the door. She sat behind it in her nun's habit, with her fingers tented in front of her face. For the Headmistress of an all-girls Catholic school, Sister Genevieve was very young, probably 30. She wore a form fitting black dress, rather than the tent like dresses you would assume nuns wear. She had enormous breasts that were hard to take your eyes off of when she was talking to you.  
  
Father Thompkins sat in the only other chair in the room, facing Headmistress, his back to us. I had seen him before at the school. He was also young-ish, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. A lot of the girls had crushes on him.  
  
"Well, girls," Headmistress began, "Ms. Richardson said she walked in on you two in the midst of some extremely deviant behavior. Is that correct?"  
  
"Actually, we weren't in the middle. Elise had just finished," Marie said, to my utter astonishment. I looked at her and she had a small smirk on her face.  
  
"That is quite enough sass from you, young lady," Headmistress said. "I have to say, I expected better from you, Ms. Avera, but after the report I received from Dr. Simmons, I'm no longer surprised that you would engage in such dirty behavior."  
  
Oh my god, Dr. Simmons told her about my appointment??? I could feel my whole face turn red and I wanted to die of shame.  
  
Headmistress continued, "I've asked Father Thompkins to remain behind because of the severity of these transgressions. I want to be sure we appropriately address them. Now, who would like to receive their punishment first?"  
  
Marie's hand practically shot to the ceiling in excitement.  
  
"Very well, Ms. Ducaine, come around to this side of the desk and bend over." Marie walked around the desk and turned to face me and Father Thompkins, grinning the whole time. As she leaned over the desk, I could see her tits through the opening at the top of her blouse. She clearly wasn't wearing a bra.  
  
Peeking under Marie's skirt, Sister Genevieve said, "I see you've prepared for punishment by removing your panties before you arrived. Very good, Ms. Ducaine. I'm going to do a quick hygiene inspection before we get started with the punishment." With that, she placed her right hand between Marie's legs and began fondling her, checking for a clean shave. I was very familiar with these inspections. They were necessary for our health and well-being, but it was very difficult to not get turned on by them. It looked like Marie was definitely feeling good at the moment.  
  
"Very nice, Ms. Ducaine, not a trace of hair and your vagina is appropriately lubricated," Headmistress said. "We'll now commence with the punishment." She then opened the drawer to her left and pulled out a riding crop very similar to the one Dr. Simmons had used on me the day before. I got a little aroused looking at it, which I thought was weird.  
  
As I watched, Headmistress lifted up the riding crop with her left hand and brought it down hard on Marie's ass. Marie flinched and then moaned, sticking her ass higher up in the air. Headmistress continued to smack Marie's ass 14 more times, alternating the location to spread the paid around.  
  
Suddenly, Headmistress looked up at me. "Ms. Avera, I believe Father Thompkins needs a little assistance. Would you please help him out?" I had honestly forgotten Father Thompkins was in the room, because I was so intent on watching Marie get spanked. Frankly, it was incredibly hot. I looked at the priest and saw that he had turned halfway around in his chair and was holding his hand out to me. I took it and he guided me in front of him. I looked down and saw that he had unzipped his pants and removed his enormous erection, which he was fondling with his other hand. Christ, I was wet.  
  
Father Thompkins guided me down to my knees and I leaned over his hard cock, which he lifted up and pressed against my lips. I opened my mouth and took his cock in as far as I could. It was really quite large. I had tried deep throating in the past and it was not for me, so I tried to make up for it with my enthusiasm for sucking cock. I let my saliva run down the shaft of his dick and wrapped my hands around it and started working up and down, moving about the top third in and out of my mouth at the same time. Father Thompkins leaned back in the chair and watched me work.  
  
"You St. Agatha's girls will take cock any way you can get it, won't you?" he said, haltingly. "Although apparently, you love pussy, too."  
  
I kept working on Father Thompkins cock, while listening to the spanking going on behind me at Headmistress' desk. It sounded like the smacks were getting smaller and that Marie was getting close to coming. Just then, Father Thompkins lifted me off his dick and sat up. "I think I'm going to take your punishment into my own hands, Ms. Avera," he said, standing up and turning me around to face Marie and Headmistress. By this point, Marie had stood up behind the desk and was looking incredibly frustrated. She must not have cum yet.  
  
As I watched, Headmistress reached around from behind Marie and began to unbutton her blouse. As Marie's shirt fell to the floor, I got a quick thrill at the sight of her perky tits. Headmistress reached around in front of Marie and began to play with her nipples. "Do you like that, Ms. Ducaine? You deviant girls get turned on by the slightest thing. Ms. Avera, please remove your blouse as well," she said, looking up at me.  
  
I did as I was told, although unlike Marie, I was wearing a bra. I felt Father Thompkins unclasp it and it fell off my arms to the floor. My nipples were hard as tiny rocks and I really wanted someone to touch them. Father Thompkins accommodated me, reaching around and kneading my breasts and pinching my nipples hard. I was so turned on, I couldn't think straight.  
  
"Ms. Avera, you're going to demonstrate the deviant behavior that brought you here today," Headmistress said. As she did so, she guided Marie onto the desk to an upright kneeling position, still facing me. "Lean over and bring Ms. Ducaine to climax, Ms. Avera."  
  
I looked at Marie, who looked like she'd just won a prize. Just then, Father Thompkins walked up behind me and leaned me over the desk until my face was right in front of Marie's dripping wet pussy. I had never been with a woman in my life and now I was about to eat pussy for the second time in two days. This was almost too much. Almost.  
  
Marie scooted forward and I found my face pressed right up against her. I reached out my tongue between her folds until I found her clit and began to lick. Marie moaned and just then I felt a SMACK on my ass. Father Thompkins was spanking me!  
  
"You. Are. Such. A. Bad. Girl," Father Thompkins said with each smack. Each smack to my ass drove my tongue deeper into Marie's soaking pussy, and she let out a sharp moan with each thrust. He backed off for a second and I felt him lower my panties down to my thighs, then he started smacking me again, with a definite focus on my pussy. I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter with each smack. I continued to go to town on Marie's clit, and I could tell she was enjoying that immensely.  
  
Suddenly, I felt the familiar drip of lube in my ass crack again. Where had that come from? Then something slid in my ass again. I think it was Father Thompkins' finger, but I couldn't see what was happening so I can't be sure. Whatever it was, it moved in and out slowly, and then I felt what I think was another finger slide into my pussy and possibly a thumb start fingering my clit. I started rocking my hips back and forth along with the movements of whatever was playing with me down there, all while keeping my tongue focused on Marie. Finally, after a long while, Marie came with a loud moan and leaned back against Headmistress, who continued to fondle her tits.  
  
The stimulation going on in my pussy region continued as Marie climbed down from the desk. The next thing I know, Headmistress is climbing up in front of me and lifting her skirt. She shoved her hair-less dripping wet pussy in front of my mouth and I went to work again. I looked up and she and Marie were kissing off to the side while Marie slid her hands inside Headmistress' top.  
  
I could feel myself getting closer and closer to coming, but just when I thought I was going to, Father Thompkins would take his thumb off my clit and wait a few seconds. It was pure agony. After a long few minutes, Headmistress came loudly as well and climbed down off the table. I was still being fondled from behind, but just then then hand pulled away and Father Thompkins stood me up.  
  
"Your turn, slut," he said, sitting down on the chair again, his cock pointing upward. I was still facing away from him and he pulled me down onto his lap. His cock slid into my sopping pussy with almost no resistance and I moaned as I felt it push into me. He guided me to start bouncing up and down on his hard cock, while his hands held my tits. I slid up and down on him, loving the feeling of his hard cock inside me. Maybe I was a slut? Did it really matter?  
  
As I worked myself on Father Thompkins dick, Marie had come around to kneel in front of me. I slowed down with the bouncing and started grinding myself against Father Thompkins, and Marie leaned forward and started licking my tits. Father Thompkins reached down and started playing with my clit. I was overwhelmed by everything that was happening. Marie and Father Thompkins switched positions on me then, with his hands going back to my tits and Marie making her way down to my clit.  
  
Marie started to lick me vigorously while Father Thompkins pinched my nipples and I moved up and down on his cock. I couldn't take it anymore. I came. Hard. As I did so, I felt Father Thompkins jam his cock into me and groan. I felt the waves of the orgasm wash over me as Marie continued to lick me. I leaned back against Father Thompkins. It was then that I noticed Headmistress filming us.  
  
She must have seen the confused look on my face, because she put the phone down. "This is for your student record. We need documentation of your deviancy, so that we know what kind of student you are." I honestly didn't care at that point; I was so exhausted from the orgy.  
  
Father Thompkins lifted me to a standing position and turned me around. "Clean me up," he said, with a sneer and lowered my head to his slick cock. I leaned over and started licking all over, relishing the taste of my own pussy mixed with cum. All the while, I could feel his cum dripping down my legs. Finally, he lifted me off of him. I stood up straight and pulled my panties up. Marie and I finished dressing and waited for further instructions from Headmistress.  
  
"You girls are dismissed," Headmistress said as we finished putting our clothes on. "We will see you back in two weeks. This deviancy will not be cured overnight. You're going to need quite a bit of punishment."  
  
As we walked out of the office, the secretary looked up with the same expression as always. "See you soon, girls," she said as we walked away.