**The Headmaster's Office 01**

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Chapter 1

I'm in my final year at a posh boarding school in Sydney. It's pretty cool in an old-world sort of way. As well as the normal business, science and humanities subjects, they include other electives that would be more at home in a Swiss finishing school, like deportment and etiquette. It's supposed to prepare us to be tomorrow's leaders of society; you'll never get the CEO's job if you serve him from the right instead of the left at a dinner party, or worse, you stand talking to his wife for half an hour with your slip showing. Hey, maybe there's something to it; I know I could stand to be a bit more lady-like. Most of the time it's pretty fun, but the teachers can be strict. Where other schools punish students for drugs and alcohol, our big problems are inappropriate language and bad posture.

The trouble started this morning at the end of second period when my teacher discreetly passed me a note as I walked out. Yellow card: bad news -- "Please report to the Headmistress at lunch bell." I knew what this was about: for academic problems, you see the Headmaster and disciplinary issues go to the school marshal, so I knew it wasn't either of those. "Headmistress" is technically an Assistant Principal; it's an honorary title that dates back to the last century when the school formed as a merger of an all-boys and an all-girls school. The headmaster is the boss of the combined school, so the Headmistress is reduced to perform one job that he can't handle: girls' uniform violations.

Let's get this straight up-front: my summer school dress is a little bit short. I finished growing at age eleven and now stand a petite 4'11'' and three-quarters. The Asian girls like to hang around me because it makes them look tall, but with my milky skin and blonde hair I stand out starkly against their tan skin and dark hair.

At just forty kilograms (88lbs), my size XS summer school dress was new last year and I expected it to be my last before I left school. I had no boobs to speak of, so in a desperate attempt to get boys to notice me, I took up the hem to a racy mid-thigh level.

It worked ... kind of. I dated a boy named Brad for more than a month shortly after I turned eighteen. We'd progressed from holding hands and stolen kisses to heavy petting and one awkward episode of dry humping. He left a note in my locker to sneak out of the senior girls' dorm after lights-out. I could guess what that meant and to tell the truth I was equal parts excited and apprehensive.

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Technically, I wasn't a virgin any more: girls' boarding houses have the highest density of vibrators and dildos in the known universe. They get handed down through the years and just seem to accumulate. I lost my maidenhead to a short, slim, gold vibrator named Ernest. It is at least 30 years old and has an on-off switch instead of a touch-sensitive button. Ernest takes tiny little watch-batteries which have long since died and never been replaced; the newer vibes take triple-As and are much cheaper to run, so nobody has ever tried to buy him a new battery. Ernest is given to all of the new girls; he's small and harmless -- well, relatively harmless -- but excellent for beginners because he makes you learn technique rather than relying on vibration or size.

I was excited to try sex with a real boy so out I snuck at the designated hour. Brad and I pashed and petted in the garden behind the gym for a while until we were both well and truly stiff with anticipation. He didn't seem prepared to make the next move so I drew up my courage and took matters into my own hands ... literally! I was underneath so I raised my hips and with one hand pulled down my soaking cotton panties, and with the other I released his throbbing rod from the straining confines of his underpants.

I couldn't see his dick but it felt wonderful in my inexperienced hand, a bit thicker and longer than Ernest of course, about 6" and a nice handful around the girth. I was relieved that he wasn't too thick; I'm so tiny and the bigger dildos that the netballers like just hurt me. Still, I do enjoy a bit of length, and sadly I didn't think my cup would runneth over, but beggars can't be choosers so I shouldn't complain.

He raised himself up over me to make space and I started stroking his iron tool against my flat belly and down to the wispy blonde curls of my mons. I rubbed his cock back and forth against my skin and with each back-stroke moved it closer to my glistening labia. Finally, one downstroke brought the base of his dick into contact with my clit. Involuntarily, I arched my back and pushed down with my hand, ploughing his full length over my clitoris and along my burning wet labia, leaving his cock-head poised at my entrance.

It was too much for both of us. I gasped and tipped over the edge, shuddering as the orgasm washed over my body. His dick bucked in my hand and sprayed cum over my thighs. I was soaked, sticky and spent, but deeply unsatisfied. I wanted cock.

He was mortified. I don't think he knew I had come and he probably thought he had blown it all by himself (well, in one way, he had). He zipped up, apologised, and raced away; and that was the end of Brad. For my part, the experience had spoiled boys for me. I was determined that my "real" first time would be with a man who knew how to handle himself, and meanwhile I was going to practice controlling my own body to reward his skill.

Chapter 2

At the end of last year, I packed up all of my books and clothes in the boarding house store room and went home to Melbourne for Christmas. To my eternal gratitude, Santa brought me the present I had dreamed of for the last 6 years: boobs! I don't know whether it was something in the water or just a last gasp of puberty, but in November I went home wearing a 32AA bra and returned to school -- miraculously -- a 34C. Now C-cup might not sound like a heck of a lot, but on my tiny body, they look like double-Ds. I love them, and judging by the looks in class this year, I'm not the only one.

The fairy-tale turned into comedy last week when I unpacked my summer dress from storage. There's an expanding panel at the back of the dress, so I could still button it up ... just; the buttons gaped a little at the front when I breathed in. But the real problem was the length; my new rack just took more fabric to cover and it caused the hem to ride two inches higher on my thighs. My over-locked hemline (oh why didn't I just fold it under!) was now covering my panties by a meagre five inches. But that wasn't the worst bit: sitting down gave me only two inches of panty-coverage.

The other girls in the senior dorm enjoyed the joke and had fun teasing me in a good-natured way. Unfortunately, none were good-natured enough to loan me a dress until I could get the money from Mum for a new one. Last night we played Truth or Dare and my best friend Trish dared me to go the whole day at school 'commando'. That brings us to today: "No-Panties-Tuesday."

The uniform shop will be open tomorrow and Mum came through with a money transfer on the weekend, so I just had to make it through this one day in the tiny dress with my pussy a few inches from exposure and then the nightmare would be over.

Apart from all the giggling in the back of class, it wasn't actually that difficult to get through the day sans panties -- I just kept my laptop bag on my lap (where else!) giving me a new artificial hemline all the way to my knees. Easy-peasey.

The yellow-card summons to see the Headmistress was a bump in the road, but it was just going to be about the hem and maybe the bust, not the panties (that would be a red card). Everything would be fixed tomorrow so I wasn't really worried. I couldn't get back into the dorm for panties until after school, so when the lunch bell rang I walked off to the heads' office suite casually holding my hem flat in case of a wind gust.

I handed the yellow card to the receptionist and she looked back up at me -- and my dress -- with a little smirk. She guessed what this was about too, and she was getting some small amusement from it.

"Sorry Belinda, Mrs Bingham has gone home with the flu," she smiled, knowing this would come as good news. "Can you come back tomorrow?" Even better! Tomorrow I would come back in a nice, modest school dress and she would send me away without a word.

A deep voice from the next office, "Send her in, Miss Strachan. I can deal with this."

Oh shit, the headmaster. I made silent, goggle-eyes at the receptionist and waved my hands in a warding-off gesture.

"But Mr Gallows, I don't think ..." she began.

"Nonsense! I'm not busy and Mrs Bingham could be home all week. Send her in."

She gave me a pitying smile. "Yes sir. In you go, Belinda."

I could get through this. Deep breath ... crap, button nearly popped! In I went.

Chapter 3

Mr Gallows is really tall, about 6'4'', reed slender and kind of cute for an old guy (he's at least thirty-five!). He has a rugged outdoorsy look: short and wavy dark-brown hair, deep tan and beard stubble, but with straight white teeth and dimples that look a bit sexy when he smiles. He might have escaped notice from the girls except for one curious habit: whenever he thought that no one was watching he would reach down and adjust himself from the right to the left or back again. This is an endless source of amusement for teenage girls. We watch with mirrors when he stands at the back of assembly; we take bets on how many times he does it before the bell. Geez dude, go buy some comfy shorts.

There's no shortage of giggling and after-hours dreaming in the dorm about what he might be packing, and without fail it always ends with a wild rendition of a Led Zepplin's "Hangman", with a dozen teenage girls in nighties with air-guitars and hairbrush microphones, screaming like Robert Plant "Swingin' on the Gallows Pole, Swingin' on the Gallows Pole" and collapsing in gales of laughter. Sometimes I go back to my bed with Silver (after Long John, not the colour) -- an eighteen inch double-ended dildo -- still singing "Hangman" to myself and thinking about him.

"Shut the door, Belinda, shut the door." The two heads shared an office and he was bent over Mrs Bingham's desk searching for the counter-part of my yellow note that would tell him what he had so rashly volunteered to deal with.

He found it, held it up, and started reading to himself. He still hadn't looked up to see me yet, otherwise he probably could have saved some reading. "Aaaah ... right ... uh-huh ... I see," he mumbled as he read and then looked up, paused, and blinked a couple of times as his eyes wandered over the contours of my dress.

He cleared his throat after a pause that was a moment too long, "Won't you sit down, Belinda?"

"Actually, I'm comfortable standing thank you Sir."

"Yes, I see ... ah ... I mean, very well," he stammered. He steeled himself visibly, drawing up his enormous height and putting on the stern Headmaster-face. "Now it seems that one of our teaching staff has noticed that your dress is perhaps not in full accord with the school regulations," he announced formally in an ominous tone.

"Yes Sir, but I ..." I began.

"Now I normally step out while Mrs Bingham deals with these cases," he interrupted, "but I know the drill and I think we can probably sort this out without her help, don't you agree?"

"But tomorrow, Sir ..." I was starting to worry and tugging at my front hem to make it look longer in grim hope that this wasn't going where I feared it would go.

He pressed on without listening. "Regulations are very clear, Belinda. Your hem line must be no more than four inches above the knee, measured from the floor at a kneel."

My dress was higher than that even before the booby-fairy visited me. Now it was a subject way beyond doubt, but as he was saying it he reached back to his desk for a ruler. This was not looking good; both my hands were now frantically tugging at my hem and pulling my dress even tighter over my breasts. I couldn't utter a sound.

He came closer, towering over me with my head at the level of his elbow. "Please kneel on the carpet, Belinda, and we'll take a measurement."

How was this going to work?! If I kneel down one leg at a time, the dress rides up and flashes my panties-less pussy. I paused for a moment, thinking. Carefully, I bent both knees at once -- lowering myself slowly and keeping my hips straight to stop the cursed dress riding up. I got about half way down before the strain of the awkward position broke and I plopped forward onto my knees, hips in and back straight like a gymnast finishing a vault. Unfortunately, that's where the comparison ended as I toppled forward with the momentum of the fall.

The only thing in front of me was Mr Gallows' leg and I instinctively put out a hand to stop the fall. I got him open-handed on the upper thigh and as I pushed back to right myself, I felt the flesh beneath his suit pulse and heave beneath my fingers.

Oh. My. God.

I just grabbed the Headmaster's cock. And it was halfway down his pants leg. This guy must be hung like a horse!

He leaped back like he'd been stung by a bee; he looked down at himself, then hurriedly turned around and retreated behind his desk with the chair pulled in tight.

In a moment, he recovered serenely. "Perhaps over here would be better," beckoning to the space beside him. But then realising he wouldn't be able to reach me without pulling out from the desk and exposing what I now imagined must be a boner the size of a riding crop, he changed tack and cleared the leather-topped desk in front of him.

With colour rising in his face, he gestured to the desk. "Up here, please Belinda."

This was not going well. I still had tingles from the fleeting feel of his manhood in my hand. I was starting to get moist as I awkwardly stood up, and I could feel the lips of my vagina sliding deliciously against each other, making me wetter still.

Mr Gallows respectfully looked away to study a painting on the wall, and I nimbly hopped up onto the desk on my knees. The desk was antique and unfashionably low, so even with him seated I was now only a head taller. My breathing had quickened, straining the buttons open a little over my bust, and my rock hard nipples now pressed though my bra against the taut fabric. Right in his eye line!

He turned his head back around -- copping an eyeful -- and I saw him visibly reel back and flush. He should have called an end to this charade long ago, but now it was a matter of pride and authority, so he gamely pressed on, taking up his ruler.

He stood the twelve-inch ruler on the desk in front of me and I swear the top of it barely made it up to my hemline. I quickly moved my knees apart a little to bring the hem closer to the desk, but I was still easily double the regulation four inches. And now -- how did this happen? -- I was kneeling splay-legged with barely a thin sheath of cotton separating my dripping, bare vagina from the face of a guy whose enormous cock I had just groped through his suit pants. This could not be happening.

Disbelief became denial. I knew the rear hem was a bit lower because my new, improved C-cups -- now standing proud like cherries on big scoops of ice cream -- had only really caused the front to ride up.

"But Sir," I blurted. "Mrs Bingham measures the rear hem." I have no idea where I was going with this; I could hardly duck-walk around on my knees and anyway, there is no way the rear hem was anything like four inches from the desk. Not that I even cared! I was getting a new dress tomorrow!

Before I could work out how to back-pedal this desperate ploy, he reached around and stood the ruler behind my butt, then realising he couldn't see it from his higher angle, he scootched down and -- incredibly -- reached between my open thighs to swap hands on the ruler.

His face was now just inches from my aching crotch, surely he could smell me, but maybe he had a touch of Mrs Bingham's flu. He twisted his wrist a little to get a better look at the ruler, which amazingly he was still watching, bringing his cuff link into contact with my throbbing twat. The cuff link was cold and my engorged lips felt like they could melt it to scrap in a few seconds. I let out a tiny moan of pleasure and he quickly startled from his study of the ruler, dropping it and withdrawing his hand, sliding that wonderful cuff link through my open slit and making me shiver with pleasure.

He looked up at me, my eyes almost closed and biting my lower lip. Then he looked down at his hand, the cuff now dark and moist from my juices. He paused in a silence that seemed to stretch out forever, and then he sniffed it, confirming perhaps his darkest fears.

Very quietly, "Belinda, do you see any way that either of us can escape this moment and retain any dignity?"

"No sir," I whispered, my heart pounding. "I don't think so. Except ..."

"Except?" He looked up from the shameful pussy-stain, a look of hope in his eyes that there might be a way out of this where he gets to keep his job.

"Except, sir," I gulped. "I feel that ... I feel very strongly that you should finish ... you know ... what you started."

He stared at me for a good ten seconds, but I held his gaze, trying to tell him telepathically what I wanted.

Gaining composure, he slowly reached between my thighs again. "Like I was saying, I'm fairly sure, Belinda, that this dress is in violation of our school regulations." He picked up the ruler and tapped it lightly against my bottom setting off more shivers of pleasure. "But I'm not absolutely certain. Shall I measure again?"

"Yes please, Sir" I whispered.

"Very well." And then, with infinite gentleness, he raised his hand higher. This time the knuckle of his thumb nestled in the pleasure centre between my thighs. He added some light pressure, opening me up even further. "Yes, I can see the problem now. My thumb was in the way of the ruler and blocked my view. Shall I move it out of the way?"

"Yes, yes."

He straightened his thumb and positioned the tip at my dripping entrance. Then slowly, gently, and in one continuous movement he pushed into me. The pleasure was excruciating. Stroking his thumb in and out, he picked up an increasing rhythm and said, "Belinda, you realise that Miss Strachan is still in the outer office."

"Yes, Sir" I was starting to build up to a climax, which he was telling me had to be silent.

"I want you to do something for me."

"Anything," I whispered.

"There are a great many things to learn about becoming a woman that even this school does not teach in the syllabus. Even so, I am very well versed and would be pleased to tutor you. Would you like that?"

My eyes were now squeezed tightly shut as he increased the pace and pressure of my very first thumb-fuck. "Oh, God yes," I whispered. I was seconds away.

"Excellent. Please come see me here after school for your first -- no, your second lesson," he said. "Please don't feel you must return to the dorm to get changed; you can come just the way you are." As he said this last sentence, he thrust his thumb deeply in to the last joint and pushed back against my G-spot, using his giant open hand to grasp my inner thigh for leverage. My orgasm exploded outwards from my G-spot and I was coming like an out-of-control freight train. I bucked my hips against him but he held me with the one hand on my thigh and the other pressed against my belly. Biting my lip harder to avoid crying out, explosions racked my tiny body as I writhed in his powerful grasp.

I sagged forward, spent, and went to kiss him softly on the lips. He allowed the briefest kiss and then slid his hand out and pushed me gently backwards. I could see his pants and they now looked like a circus tent.

"But what about you," I asked.

"I can wait," he whispered. "But I think I might be stuck behind this desk for a while. Come see me when Miss Strachan leaves."

I climbed down from the desk, straightened myself up as best I could manage and then escaped quickly through the outer office. I cleaned up and cooled down some more in the toilets before meeting the other girls in the cafeteria, and I must have done a reasonable job because nobody commented.

"How's No-Panty-Tuesday, B'lin?" Trish giggled. "Any sightings, yet?"

"No," I mused. "No sightings." I smiled cryptically and they looked at each other, confused.

Chapter 4

The afternoon passed in a blur. I don't remember much about it and had almost forgotten that I was flashing my pussy every time I sat down. I don't think anyone saw; I'm pretty sure there would have been a commotion -- not that I would have noticed.

My mind was swimming with three competing thoughts. One would follow the other and then they would cycle back to the beginning again, over and over.

One: did he mean what I think he meant? Was I really just a few short hours away from my first fuck with a man? Or did he mean that my behaviour was slutty and unladylike and I needed extra tuition?

Two: If we were going to fuck -- and I was pretty sure we would -- I was almost bursting to make it happen. I wanted to know what a real cock felt like inside me. I knew from Brad and my one grope of Mr Gallows that a cock is not like a dildo; it pulses and throbs with a mind of its own. I was used to complete control of whatever was in my pussy but on this, I would have none at all. He would have control of one end and God alone would control what happened at the other end. I was trying to imagine what it would be like and just couldn't.

Three: And this one would come along hot on the heels of thought number two -- how big is he? He must be long; otherwise, I wouldn't have felt it down his thigh. Long is good. I took the eighteen inch double-ended Silver home for the holidays and now I can take a little over seven inches without any pain. Mr Gallows was surely bigger than seven inches but I thought he would be gentle with me. My greatest worry was that I had no idea how thick it would be. Like I said before, I don't like thick dildos. I'm so small and so tight, it takes me half the night just to get it in and I'm kind of over it by then. What if he couldn't even get it in? What happens then? I think I would just die.

The end of the day finally came and I made some excuse to separate from the girls returning to the boarding house. I waited behind a tree in the car park outside the office and from my vantage point, I could see inside, so I knew Miss Strachan was still there. After what felt like an eternity, she came out swinging her key, got into her car and drove away. A few seconds later, the door opened and I saw Mr Gallows. He looked left and right but didn't see me, then he turned and closed the door again. What now?

I saw the venetian blinds flip closed, first in the outer office and then in the Heads' office. Surely this was my cue. I looked around myself to make sure the coast was clear and then sprinted across the car park and through the door, locking it behind me.

"Come in, Belinda. I'm glad you're here," I heard through his doorway. His voice sounded calm and confident. I'm pretty sure mine wouldn't be so I said nothing but walked tentatively over to the open doorway.

He was behind his desk like before but pulled even closer in to the desk, so all I could see was his slim upper body down to his stomach.

"Now Belinda, I believe we were discussing your clothing."

All of a sudden, I had the dreadful fear that my first recurring thought would come true; he would blame me for what happened at lunchtime and this would be correction for my sluttiness. I put a hand down to block the view between my thighs and sat opposite, pulling my chair in to hide my embarrassing hemline.

"I'd like to discuss your school dress first."

Shit. Here we go. "Sir, I can explain," I started quickly. "I just came back from holidays and I'd grown ... um ... I mean ... my shape is a bit different and I didn't have money for the Uniform shop and then my Mum finally sent me some but now the shop is closed until Wednesday and ...." I was babbling and I felt my face burning with shame, for my dress and for what happened at lunchtime, which must have been my fault.

I looked up at him and stopped. He was leaning back with one hand to his mouth covering a big grin. I've been had.

Then I noticed something strange: pants hanging on the back of Mrs Bingham's chair. He followed my gaze but kept covering the smile.

"Sir," I looked back at him. "Do you mind if I check something?"

"Please be my guest."

I pushed my chair back and ducked under the table. For a moment, I was frozen; I couldn't breathe and I couldn't move. Under the desk he was completely naked and holding his semi-erect penis in one open hand. I just gaped, my jaw hanging open. It was the most beautiful thing I think I have ever seen, laying fully over his open palm with at least the same length again hanging over the front. It had to be at least nine inches.

Recurring thought number one flew from my mind. I was in all kinds of trouble but none of it was the disciplinary kind. Likewise, recurring thought number three: his love handle wasn't as long as Silver, but it looked exactly as thick -- a nice tight fit.

That left recurring thought number two ricocheting around my brain, faster and faster, making me dizzy. I want to touch it I want to hold it I want to press it between my tits I want to kiss it I want it in my mouth I want it in my cunt I want to feel it plough into me I want to feel it explode deep inside me I want it to fill me up, fill me up until I spill over ...

I don't know how long I stayed down there staring, but when I came back up he hadn't moved.

"Sir?" I croaked, trying to regain some control.

"Yes?"

"About my dress. I will have a new one tomorrow. This one is going in the bin."

"That would be a shame, Belinda." He had taken the hand from his face and was smiling openly now.

"And my panties ..." I began.

"You do own some, don't you?"

I flushed again to the roots of my blonde hair. "Yes, Sir." I looked down at my bare legs, all too aware of my naked pussy barely covered by the thin cotton.

"Best you wear them at school then, don't you think?" He was trying not to laugh.

"Yes, Sir," I replied, relieved.

"But please feel free to come to me wearing whatever makes you comfortable."

I blushed again, but said nothing. What happens next?

"There's just one more clothing-related issue," he said getting serious again. "Your brassiere."

Sweet lord Jesus, is he really going to keep talking about clothing or can we cut the crap and skip to the fucking? He knows I've seen his cock in his hand. He knows that I know what we're both here for so how about we bypass the whole headmaster/schoolgirl bullshit and start feeding me that monster cock.

Well, that's what I thought. What I said was "Yes, Sir? What about it?" I quickly checked myself; my bra wasn't even visible. I hope he's not doing a Brad on me, I thought. If he chickens out, I don't think I could take control. I was too nervous about that pet python in his lap.

"Come closer and I'll show you," he beckoned to the desktop.

Oh, okay! This is progress. I don't know what he's doing but he's playing some kind of game with me. This isn't about my bra, it's about foreplay. Two can play at that game!

I pushed back my chair and -- unlike earlier today -- I climbed onto the desk slowly, one leg at a time. As low as it was, it was still mid-thigh for me, so I hooked one knee out to the side and held there for a moment -- half way up -- holding his gaze with my own eyes.

I was giving him a front row seat to the show of his life. My earlier anxiety had melted and my juices had started flowing again while staring at his cock. As I held my knee on the desktop with my thighs spread apart, I felt labia open like a flower. Oh, he was good. His eyes stayed locked on mine, but I thought I saw a little twitch in the corner of one.

Not good enough! Still not moving my body, I contracted my powerful pelvic floor muscles, winking at him with my pussy. I could feel my lips pull in tight and close with the pressure I was applying. I held it for a silent two-count and then released, opening up again.

It was enough. His eyes twitched down for the barest moment and then returned quickly back to mine. His adam's-apple bobbed as he swallowed and his ears reddened just a little. Satisfied, I finished climbing onto the desk, kneeling in front of him but sitting back on my heels as I smoothed my tiny school dress over my thighs. The show's over, Bud. Your move.

"Show me your bra, please Belinda."

Well, since you said 'please', I thought naughtily. I popped the first four buttons of my dress and slipped one shoulder out displaying the strap and one cup of my simple, white underwear.

"Lord in heaven, where on Earth did you get that?" he asked, his eyebrows narrowing.

"K-Mart," I responded, a bit indignant. Until last Christmas, I had barely needed a bra. I bought the cheapest ones I could and saved the clothing budget my Mum provided to buy shoes. When my bust magically filled out, it never occurred to me to do any different. I just traded up from AA to C cups.

He reached forward with his left hand and slid it gently beneath the cotton covering my right breast, brushing his palm deliciously across the nipple as he lifted it out. He squeezed gently, feeling its fullness press back against his grasp, and leaning forward he kissed the nipple and took it between his lips. Applying a firm suction, he flicked his tongue over the tip, sending little electric shocks through my breast as the areola hardened under his expert treatment.

I gasped with pleasure and leaned into his touch. "Harder. Bite it," I whispered, but without warning, he stopped sucking and that wonderful building pleasure deflated like a balloon. What the hell?

He popped my aching breast back into my K-Mart bra and buttoned me back up. I was confused and excited at the same time. I opened my mouth to say something, but nothing would come out.

"There. See what I mean?" he said.

"Huh?" I looked down at my breasts. The left one was smooth and rounded but the right clearly showed the outline of my nipple, which was standing erect and pointing straight at the villain who had made it that way.

"You nearly took my eyes out with those at lunchtime," he explained. "The same thing happens when you are cold. The classrooms in the old wing aren't heated and I can tell you from experience it's pretty damned hard to teach when all the girls in class are looking up you with their high-beams on. Get a properly padded bra. Something with decorative banding will help to spread the pressure."

"Point taken. Thank you." Looks like I was going to be dipping into the shoe-fund. "Any more sartorial advice, Sir? My sandals, perhaps?" I asked playfully.

Quick as a shot: "No. I think we can move on to grooming. Your hair ..." he paused.

I reached up and felt my honey-blonde locks. I had it cut in a sensible but stylish pixie-cut, swept to the side at the front. I thought it was pretty cool and a little bit sexy in a boyish way.

"What wrong with it?" I asked, a little bit hurt.

"Oh! Uh, nothing," he waved a hand dismissively. "It's quite beautiful. I'm not being clear; how to put this ...?" he paused, not sure how to proceed. "How's this: it is un-gentlemanly to be seen picking hairs from between one's teeth," he said reaching into the drawer beside his desk. "So a proper lady is careful to ensure that he is never exposed to the risk."

With that last sentence, he brought out a pump-pack of clear shaving gel and a disposable razor. Oh my! My former excitement returned in full force and a smile spread across my face.

"Is that for me?" I asked shyly. "Will you do it?"

He smiled and nodded. "Of course. It would be uncivil of me not to, since I brought it up."

Throwing the last scraps of timidity to the winds, I swung my legs out from beneath me, and scooting forward until my bottom was on the edge of the desk, I popped my ankles up onto his shoulders and leaned back on my elbows to watch his reaction.

He brought both hands up between my thighs and gently pushed them wider apart. My dress fell back to reveal the soft, blonde wisps covering my pussy and he pushed the hem further back to expose my flat belly, which was fluttering nervously beneath his touch.

He pumped a small amount of gel onto his fingers and massaged it gently through the short curls, taking care not to touch my open lips or the pink clitoris poking shyly out beneath its hood.

"Now what was that I thought I saw when you climbed onto the desk?" he asked.

"This?" I asked, flexing my pelvic floor again and winking at him.

"Extraordinary!" he whispered, his eyes boggling.

I knew it was a pretty unique trick. None of the other girls in the senior dorm could do it. We play a game called "Stalactites"; you stand with feet apart and a vibrator (switched off) in your pussy, the other girls hang weights from the end. The girl who can carry the most weight before the vibrator slips out, wins.

I've never lost and now nobody will play against me. Most girls can't even hold the weight of the vibrator; they try thicker dildos and bent G-spot vibes, but nothing helps. My tiny frame makes my pussy incredibly tight, so even soaking wet I can hold the weight of the vibrator without flexing.

My secret is pelvic floor exercises. My little brother is eight years younger than I am and after he was born my Mum suffered incontinence. She got me to help remind her to do pelvic floor exercises and it was fun to do them together. It's not kinky or anything; you just flex, hold, relax and repeat. You can do them watching TV, brushing your hair, whenever. I still do them now without even thinking. Six hours of class every day provides ample opportunity. My pelvic floor is so strong I can pick up a coin standing on its end with my pussy lips.

Mr Gallows placed a finger at my wet entrance, sending another shiver through me.

"Again" he said.

I did it again, closing over his fingertip and squeezing it. He pulled it out with slick plop of suction and I released again, smiling up at him. He reached under the table to adjust himself and took a hitching breath, looking up at the ceiling. "Lord, have mercy."

When he was back in control, he set to work with the razor, gently but thoroughly, until my mound and outer labia were completely smooth.

Putting the razor in the bin and reaching forward, he cupped my tiny bottom in his hands and lifted me to his mouth, softly tonguing my slit. He tilted his head to the side and licked more roughly and insistently across my open lips, kindling a ball of fire in the pit of my belly. He kept up this assault, occasionally dipping his tongue into me, varying the speed, depth and pressure until my breathing was coming in ragged gasps. I tilted my head back and even with my eyes tightly closed tears leaked out the corners and ran down my face.

Suddenly he shifted attention up to my clitoris, sucking and flicking it with his tongue. I felt the orgasm rise and fill my body with a buzzing heat. It built up slowly and then washed powerfully over me like a tidal wave, carrying me away and tumbling my body over and over until I didn't know which way was up.

Mr Gallows leaned back in his chair and delicately licked my juices from his lips. I recovered quickly and still desperate to feel his cock inside me, I sat up and slid forward off the desk straddling his lap.

"Whoa! Slow down," he admonished. "Who's in charge of this lesson?"

"You are, Sir," I said primly as I began removing his tie and unbuttoning his business shirt. Did I say he was reed slender? Oh, but I was s-o-o-o wrong. He does have a wiry frame, but it's covered with thick layers of ropy muscle. I ran my hands up from his six-pack stomach, across his bulging pecs and pushed the shirt back over his shoulders exposing hard trapezoids. Most guys with a bod this hot would pack it into a tight, slim-fit shirt that showed off their shape; I was surprised he kept his hidden behind loose clothes, but I guess a man in charge of several hundred impressionable young minds needs to set a standard. And what a standard he was setting so far!

He folded his huge hands around my narrow waist and lifted me neatly off him as he stood up, pushing the chair backwards as he set me down on my feet. The strength! He handled me as if I weighed nothing. At 6'4" he towered over me, his hips at about the level of my rib-cage. His cock was now fully erect, pointing north and resting against the taut uniform stretched across my breasts. It was my first close-up look and if anything, it was even more beautiful than before. About nine inches, I guessed, with a slight downward curve, it came up past his belly button and the circumcised knob floated an inch or so above my breasts, close enough to lean down and kiss.

I tried to do just that, but he stopped me and began unbuttoning my dress, pushing it back over my shoulders and letting it slip to the floor around my ankles. I reached back and released my bra and it dropped to the floor as well.

Now we were both naked, standing close but not touching except where his hard tool rested between my swelling breasts. He slid his hands up my sides and pressed them together. About the size of oranges since my miraculous growth spurt, they bulged around his shaft, the nipples pressing lightly into his hard stomach.

Pivoting his hips back and down, he tried to slide his cock through my cleavage but there was too much friction and the skin just bunched up, covering his knob like a foreskin. I grabbed the shaving gel and pumped a few squirts into the gap he had just vacated, and when he pushed back up it glided smoothly all the way through.

Tall as he was, still only the last three inches of that magnificent wand could reach my breasts, so I popped my bottom back down on the desk to give him better access. The next time he pushed forward, his entire length plunged through my cleavage, five inches of it clearing the top and touching me on the lips. I had the barest moment to catch a drop of pre-cum on my tongue before he slid away again. How to describe the taste? Salty? Sweet? Utterly exquisite!

Kneading my breasts as he fucked them, he took a dozen more teasingly slow strokes but never gave me a chance to get my mouth around his knob. This would have to change. Hold on tight, I'm going in!

I stood back up and turned us around, giving me access to the office chair. Sitting brought my eye line down to his navel with his cock-head dancing in front of my waiting lips.

Unbelievably, given what had happened so far, I still hadn't wrapped my hands around his manhood. I did so now, very softly, just behind the knob.

"You won't break it, you know," he said. "No fingernails and no teeth. Anything else goes."

I squeezed a little and the angry tip swelled. I jumped back a bit, thinking he was about to blow all over my face, but he encouraged me to go on. Gaining confidence, I gave it a harder test-squeeze and his knob throbbed even bigger. I couldn't believe my eyes, I had no idea they did that. Wanting to know where the boundaries were, I increased the pressure until my knuckles turned white, watching his face for signs of pain, but there was only pleasure.

I tried stroking downwards, but I had to release all of the pressure because of the friction. I reached for the gel again, but he stopped me and moved my hand all the way down to the base. "Start there and try again," he advised.

This time when I stroked back towards the tip, the skin came with me, sliding over the hardness beneath like silk sheets over steel. It was amazing! All of the bumps and contours were beneath the skin and I could feel them running across my palm, yet my hand stayed in contact with the same handful of skin. This was so not like a dildo.

He reached down for my other hand and cupped it around his balls. "Remember how I said 'anything goes'? Well, not there it doesn't. Gently does it with those guys." I didn't think he meant 'do nothing', but I wasn't exactly sure what I should do with them. Rub them? Juggle them? I gave them a gentle squeeze and he nodded. Right choice! Good one, Belinda!

I leaned forward and licked around his knob as I stroked, relishing the taste of the salty pre-cum that I milked from the tip. I opened wide and took the head into my mouth, running my tongue around the ridge of his knob and wondering if I should be doing anything else. He was looking down at me, enjoying watching me explore, but I could tell that I wasn't progressing him along.

I moved him deeper into my mouth, my jaws yawning around his thick shaft. I nearly had him in the back of my throat when he stopped me, holding my head still with his hands.

"No. Felatio is not about swallowing," he instructed. "There's nothing sexy about a girl gagging on a dick. Don't try and take it all at once, just get a mouthful and alternate pressure, suction and movement."

Oh, was he in for a surprise. Another game the girls play is Deep Throat. By now, you probably think all dorm girls are sluts, but most of us are technical virgins; we just love to explore our own sexuality. Deep Throat is not a complex game: you spray a blob of whipped cream onto the shaft of a dildo and then try to lick it off ... but the tip mustn't leave your mouth. The further away you put the cream, the further into your mouth the dildo goes.

I lost badly on my first few goes and nearly blew chunks all over the bed, but I practiced controlling my gag reflex and now it's practically non-existent. My personal best using -- you guessed it -- Long John Silver the famous double-ended donger is 13 inches straight down my throat. I held it there for 5 seconds licking off the cream and brought it all back out in one smooth action.

I did appreciate Mr Gallows' fellatio lesion -- I was very much a beginner -- but boy was I going to teach him a lesson too.

I took the suggested mouthful and applied pressure with my tongue, then sucking hard I pulled him all the way out except for the knob and sucked him back in again. That seemed to work. He was running his fingers through my hair and I could feel him shaking a little. I wrapped one hand around the base of his cock and gently massaged his balls with the other, all the while sucking and releasing, stroking him in and out of my mouth.

I could hear his breathing quicken and he tightened his hold on my head. The muscles of his legs were standing out and I could tell he was trying to prolong his orgasm. Here we go! I let go of his shaft and reached behind with one hand to grab his buttocks. Then, before he could stop me, I took a deep breath, moved his knob to the back of my throat and swallowed, pulling him towards me. All nine inches slid cleanly through my lips and down my throat, helped along by the natural downward curve of his cock.

With my mouth now pressed hard against his groin, I snaked out my tongue and bringing his balls closer with the hand cupping them, I licked them mercilessly while I swallowed, closing my throat down hard over his bulging knob.

"Oh Holy Christ," he yelled. His hands locked on my head, pressing even harder into me as I felt his balls contract beneath my fingers and tongue. Then with one gigantic throb, he unloaded down my throat. I could feel the cum streaming though the underside of his cock down the length of my tongue as what felt like a gallon emptied straight into my stomach without even having to swallow.

I pushed away, inch after gorgeous inch sliding out between my lips. The tip cleared my throat and I inhaled deeply though my nose as the final five inches slid across my tongue leaving a trail of cream that tasted nothing like what we use in the dorm. I kept the end between my lips, sucking deeply and milking the final drops as the last spasms pulsed though his balls.

When he was empty, I lay back in the chair and smiled up at him standing between my open knees, gaping at me with a stunned expression. I rubbed my wanton slit and beckoned to him: "Now put it in here," I demanded.

Chapter 5

His shock turned to confusion. "It doesn't work like that," he said. Then his face darkened in concern. "Have you never been with a man?"

I shook my head, "Uh uh."

"Oh my God! But you're not a virgin, I know that from lunchtime," he said with genuine concern. "Belinda, you need to give it time. I can't just make it pop back up again."

I looked down at his cock, which was now softening and drooping. How could I not know this? I felt a little embarrassed and every bit as deflated as he looked. I wanted that magnificent cock in my pussy and now I couldn't even jam it in with a shoe-horn. Would I never get the fucking I so richly deserved?

My disappointment must have showed on my face. "It's going to be all right" he soothed me. "Give me twenty minutes, thirty tops." He lifted me effortlessly onto the low credenza beside his desk so that we were standing face to face again. "We just need something else to amuse us while we wait," he said gently kissing my pouting lips.

Reassured, I open my mouth to kiss him back, tilting my head to the side. His rough five o'clock shadow scraped against my cheek. Ouch! Beard burn! Not on my watch, mister!

"You just nominated yourself for my twenty minutes of amusement, Sir," I said with a smile, reaching for the shaving gel and a fresh razor.

"Whoa! No way!" he held me at bay. Tomorrow's a school day and I can't come to work looking like Freddy Krueger!" Seeing my frown at a 1980's pop-culture reference (I had to Google it -- a rare miss for me -- I love the classics), he explained, "Hideous scarring. Bad look."

"Bullshit," I retorted. "Feel my legs and tell me I don't know how to shave. Besides: fair's fair. You shaved me!"

He face started to soften as he ran his hands down my taut thighs and smooth calves, then back up again, moving on to mould my tiny round bottom, narrow waist and heavy breasts.

"I don't shave my tits and arse," I said flatly. "You're stalling," giving him a forceful stare that I never thought I could muster for any member of the faculty, let alone the Headmaster.

"You're right" he sighed, moving close to kiss me softly. "Trust is very important, especially for us. You trust me, don't you?"

I looked down between us. "Given the damage you could do with that thing, and where I'm planning to put it when I get some wood back into it, I'd say I'm marginally ahead on trust points, wouldn't you?"

"You make a strong argument. Do you do Debate?" I ignored this and pumped some more gel into my hands then massaged it into his stubble. Despite my confident insistence, I could see that his face had a lot more angles and contours than my legs, so I started slowly on what seemed like an easy bit: his sideburns and cheeks.

He had both hands on the rise of my hips where they narrow in to my slim waist and was closely watching my bobbing breasts as I worked on his beard. I was just moving on to his chin when I felt a light touch on my bottom, right in the middle where my thighs meet and distractingly close to my vagina. It was his penis, semi-erect and bobbing up and down between my open legs. With each strong flex, it stood up straight, and almost at its full nine inches again, it was long enough for the tip to scrape the underside of my bottom while I was standing on the credenza. Hmm, he was ahead of schedule, I'll take that as a compliment. I paused for a moment and then continued shaving. The touch came again in the same place, twice this time with a couple of seconds between. His mouth was still but he was smiling with his eyes. I looked threateningly back at him.

"That's very distracting," I admonished, brandishing the razor. "If you don't find something else to do with it while I finish this, you could get cut."

"He reached down and grabbed his stiffening manhood. Bending slightly for clearance, he pulled it forwards and nestled the tip just inside the moist lips of my vagina. As he straightened up again, his cockhead pressed insistently at my entrance without pushing inside.

My resolve started to melt away and I nearly surrendered the little role-reversal game we had been playing, wanting desperately to just unlock my knees and impale myself on his gigantic cock. He moved his hands back onto my hips and looked into my eyes questioningly. I recognised this as another gambit in the game, testing my resolve to delayed gratification, which was swiftly running out.

I steeled myself again and took up my assumed role. "Really?" I cocked one blonde eyebrow. "I have a razor to your throat and you're going to leave 'It' there?"

"Yep," he grinned merrily, flexing his shaft and making the knob bulge, opening my pussy by an imperceptible margin.

"Yes, Ma'am," I growled back at him, tightening my pelvic floor. My inner lips closed tightly over his cockhead and squeezed until it slid back from whence it came.

He gasped with the friction and pressure and then croaked "Yes, Ma'am."

My legs felt like jelly but I wasn't going to let him see how close I was to giving it away. I moved in until my nose was directly in front of his and my nipples brushed his chest. "Yes, Ma'am, what?" I hissed.

He straightened his shoulders and looked at me seriously. "Yes, Ma'am. I am going to leave my cock in your vagina. Just for the moment Ma'am, until you can find a better use for it."

I giggled, breaking the mock tension. "Very well," I smiled and went back to work with the razor. Each time I stopped to clean the blade and it was safely away from his face, he would flex his cock, to which I would respond by bearing down on my pelvic wall, crushing it in retaliation. With each exchange, he gradually reattained his full length and hardness, and with veins bulging, he opened me up and pressed into me bit by tiny bit.

By the time I finished shaving his face, his entire knob was inside me and technically, I suppose, we were fucking. My heart was racing because the time had finally arrived, the moment I had dreamed of ever since the disaster with Brad, my first cock. I didn't know what to do next, but since I had gone through so much to remove his stubble I kissed him, gently at first and then more insistently as I moved into his embrace, wrapping my arms around his neck and crushing my breasts into his heavily muscled chest.

He broke our kiss and breathed into my ear, "Quid pro quo, Belinda. Do you trust me not to hurt you?"

"Yes. Yes." I gasped, struggling for breath. "Just please be gentle." I was frightened now and a few tears were welling in my eyes. It was as though I could feel the gravitational pull of his cock, the inch inside me, and the eight below that. The base of his massive rod was so far away; I imagined it driving up into me, knowing it would reach nearly to my ribs, but also knowing that was impossible.

Holding tight he stepped back, pulling my feet off the credenza. I locked my arms and legs around him in panic, his cockhead still inside me. "Christ, what are doing?" I cried. "Don't let me fall!" I was sobbing openly now and pressing my face into his neck.

"Shhhh." He soothed. "Trust me. I promise I won't hurt you." I stopped sobbing but the tears were still coming as I clung to him. He arranged his massive hands around my ribs -- thumbs just beneath my breasts -- and lifted me a little. "I've got you," he said gently. "Now let go slowly and I will hold you. I promise."

I unlocked my ankles from behind is back and allowed my legs to drop either side his cock. I felt him take up the extra weight with his hands. Sniffing back the last of the tears, I pulled my head back and looked up into his solemn eyes. "Go ahead," ne nodded. "Let yourself go."

I opened my arms, releasing him as he took my full weight in his hands. I thought it would hurt, but it was actually really snug and comfortable -- kind of like being suspended in a skydiving harness.

I was now hanging in mid-air nearly a foot and half off the floor, the first of nine inches of iron hard cock pushing into my desperate vagina ... and utterly helpless to do anything about it.

I wiped the tears from my cheeks and craned my neck forward to kiss him again, but he held me tantalizingly out of reach. I smiled; it's going to be like that, is it? Okay, so you're in charge again. What now?

Ever so slowly, he braced his elbows at his midriff and raised me up until the tip of his cock almost slipped out, but still held in the entrance, enveloped by my open lips. Without pause, he lowered me down again, giving just the one inch back. Repeating these tiny movements, he started to build up the tempo, using my body to perform micro bicep curls. In spite of my desperation for more of him, I felt a baking heat building inside my sex.

On the next downward stroke, he dropped me three inches instead of just one. The feeling was like a micro-orgasm! His cock, cool on the surface from exposure to the air, hit the molten core of my womanhood like ice meeting fire. It set off ripples of contraction down my vaginal walls, clamping onto his rigid member with involuntarily spasms. He drew a gasping breath and quickly lifted me up, holding still with just the tip of his erection inside me and straining with the effort to suppress his mounting orgasm.

"You okay," I asked.

"I will be," he answered through clenched teeth. "My God, I've never felt anything so hot ... or so tight!" he marvelled. "I almost have to push you down onto me."

"I can't help it," I said. "I'm just a small package." Reaching down to grip his shaft nestled between my thighs I leaned in to whisper in his ear, "And this is a 'good thing'. You know what they do in small packages, right"

Getting his rhythm back, he lowered and lifted my body, fucking me slowly with just the tip again, but giving me a little extra with every few strokes. Once we were both used to the pressure and friction he maintained that depth -- about three inches -- for a dozen slow, delectable strokes. Oh Christ! Every nerve ending in my body was tingling! I threw my head back and moaned with pleasure, my breasts thrust out before his downturned face.

I pleaded with him, "Please, Sir, I want some more." I didn't realise the literary reference at the time -- it was completely accidental -- but he laughed, breaking the tension.

"Dickens!" he cried happily. "And Oliver Twist not even on our reading list. Well done, Belinda." Then he looked at me with a sparkle, "Do you have any other quotes pursuant to the situation? Something from Led Zeppelin, perhaps."

Sprung! My initial reaction was panic; we were in trouble for singing about the Headmaster. Then reality kicked in and I remembered that the Headmaster had me suspended in mid-air, impaled on the first third of his nine-inch cock.

"But how...?" I began, blinking with confusion.

"The senior girls' dorm is directly above the staff lounge," he explained. "I was in there grabbing a few hours' sleep after I stayed late to prepare for the final assembly last year."

A little chagrined, I started singing in my light, musical soprano, watching for his reaction. "Hangman, hangman, upon your face a smile. Pray tell me that I'm free to ride, ride for many mile."

Then he joined in. "Your brother brought me silver. Your sister warmed my soul. But now I laugh and pull so hard and see you swinging on the Gallows Pole."

We laughed together. "Literature classics, rock 'n' roll," he said. "Any more surprises?"

We had both been teetering on the edge of orgasm and I recognised this for what it was: a way to prolong the pleasure that neither of us wanted to end. But I was also close to my breaking point with tears of frustration and need welling in my eyes. I sung again, softly and in tune at first. "I want it all, I want it all," and then building up to a husky growl that I hoped was reminiscent of Freddie Mercury, "I want it all, and I want it now!"

He shot back, "You can't handle it all," in an eerie Jack Nicholson impersonation.

It was too much for me and the tears came again. I embraced him and buried my face in his neck. Whispering to mask the emotion in my voice I told him, "I know I can't. I want all of you and I know I can't have it. But I want you deep inside me, as deep as you can go, and I don't want to stop again. Please."

"Shhhh," he soothed. "That's what I want too. Loosen your arms." I let go and he continued to bear my weight effortlessly in his hands. "Tell me when I get there," he said, lowering me oh-so-deliciously-slowly onto his cock, pausing as spasms of pure pleasure rippled through my sex.

"More," I panted. "A little more ..." Then as he touched against my cervix, "Right there! I can take a little more, but you'll have to stretch me." He had about six inches inside me now and started gently probing in and out at my depths, working against the resistance. There was a little pain, but mostly it was just an intense pleasure of fullness that I have never experienced with a dildo. I felt down at our nexus with my hand and realised with disappointment that there was still almost two inches to go, but I was full and the pain was starting to override the pleasure.

"Stop" I breathed. "I can't ... just finish me. I can't take any more though."

At my command, he raised me up almost to the point of exit and swept me breathlessly back down, seven inches of iron plunging straight up into my core. Again and again, pleasure exploding in my vagina with the glorious friction and never once passing the point of pain where I had stopped him earlier.

This time I felt the orgasm begin in my thighs, spilling from my loins down my legs, up into my tummy and the depths of my vagina, all spinning and burning together in a ball of naked flame. Then with the speed of a gasoline fire, that ball of energy ripped through my body, expelling a scream of lust and desire from my lungs.

My body lost all control; my back arched and my legs clamped together like a vice over the base of his cock. The entire nine inches now trapped in my flesh so completely that it felt as though it was all inside me.

Now thrumming like a teakettle as my climax convulsed out of control, I held him, helpless to move in the grip of my vagina and crushing thighs, just as he held me helpless in his powerful hands. His body rocked back, muscles bursting from his arms, chest and shoulders as his own orgasm followed mine. I felt his cock yield a little to my pressure as his climax commenced and then a moment later it bucked and throbbed and jetted load after load of cum deep inside me, filling me with pressure until I thought I would burst before it washed back over his cock and poured down my thighs.

That release triggered a second orgasm. Screaming again with the unbearable pleasure, I hooked my heels behind his buttocks and pulled in with all my strength, forcing his manhood deeper inside to fill the space created by his explosive stream. With the exquisite pain of his pulsing knob driving into me, a third crescendo rocked my body, this time my own gushing ejaculation mixed with his and washed over his balls, now pressed achingly against my incandescent labia.

As the euphoria and adrenalin drained away, discomfort returned and I slid gladly away, his strong hands lowering me softly to the floor. I took his cock into my mouth, softening but still pumping weakly. I gently massaged his balls and stroked his length, sucking away the final drops of cum oozing from the throbbing tip and savouring them on my tongue.

Mr Gallows fell back into the office chair, exhausted, rippling muscles covered in sheen of sweat. I straddled him and rose up to kiss mouth, his neck, his earlobes, and whispered my thanks in hitching sobs of pleasure. He leaned the chair back and held me there in the silence, my breasts pressed against his chest, our tummies touching and exchanging heat as the rest of our bodies cooled.

"I stand corrected," he whispered. "You could handle it all."

I smiled against his shoulder. "Yes, but I'm going to pay for it. I may not be able to walk upright tomorrow."

"I can give you a sick pass if you like," he offered.

"And what would it say?" I laughed. "Belinda is unable to attend class because of the cataclysmic fucking I administered to her in my office? Thanks, but I'll make do."

After a while, "This should never have happened," he said uncertainly. "But I am so thankful it did. Do you think we'll do it again?"

"Never like this, but that won't stop me trying."

~~~ THE END ~~~

**The Headmaster's Office 02: Fantasy Night**

**Fantasy Night**

by Belinda LaPage

I feel like the spy who saved the world. The monumental improbability of the scheme that I pulled off this week will never be recognised except by the two people closest to me in the venture, and in many ways neither of them knows the entire story. To be sure, it is not as though I have gone completely unrewarded; indeed as I write I can feel a tingle of excitement spreading through my loins at the memory of what I did ... and what was done to me.

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The first piece in the jigsaw fell into place on Tuesday evening. I was lying in the Sick Bay recovery cot with Mr Gallows – the Headmaster of our privileged Sydney boarding school – quietly basking in the afterglow of sex. We have been meeting after lights-out in Sick Bay a couple of times a week for about a month – we simply could not find another appropriate location for a schoolgirl and a headmaster to make love.

I was wearing last year's way-too-small and no-longer-appropriate-for-public-exhibition school dress, now a traditional lovemaking prop that enhances sex play for us both. Properly donned – if there can be such a thing with this dress – it is several sizes too small to comfortably contain my swelling 8C breasts and the hem line covers my panties by a scant few inches – if I'm wearing panties, that is – which tradition also dictates that I must not. On this occasion I was indeed *sans* panties yet again, with the dress – improperly donned, some might say - unbuttoned to my midriff and the hemline hiked up to my 20" waist.

That's not to suggest I was indecent, though. I was still wearing a red lace bra that was almost covering my nipples (a state of affairs that I blame squarely on Mr Gallows' insistent tongue) and my hairless pussy was modestly covered by his right hand. He was lost in his own thoughts playing a favourite game, where he probes at my entrance and tries to withdraw before I can trap his finger in my labia by flexing my powerful pelvic floor muscles. I play along, but his fascination is so focussed I'm beginning to wonder if he realises that I am watching him and I decide whether he wins or loses. Men!

Our lovemaking that night had been beautiful and slow. Every time he enters me is like the first, the thickness and contours of his 9" cock slowly filling and parting the tight confines of my vagina. He relishes the slowness too as the constricting grip and heat of my love canal holds him perpetually on the edge of orgasm.

Looking down at him I felt a pang of regret and wanting; once again only the first two thirds of his now flaccid member were coated with my juices. At 4'11" and three quarters, my petite size makes it impossible – well, virtually impossible – for me to accommodate his entire manhood. Reading my recollections of our first encounter (which I do a lot) I wonder if I will ever feel all of him inside me again. Here's what I wrote:

*"The release triggered a second orgasm. Screaming again with the unbearable pleasure I hooked my heels behind his buttocks and pulled in with all my strength, forcing his manhood deeper inside to fill the space created by his explosive stream. With the exquisite pain of his pulsing knob driving up into me, a third crescendo rocked my body, this time my own gushing ejaculation mixing with his and washed over his balls, now pressed achingly against my incandescent labia."*

Wow! Heady stuff, Belinda! I'm tingling again with the memory. Our sex is different now, sweet and sensual rather than animal and uncontrolled. Not that I'm complaining; that climax was not without a cost: I couldn't walk the following day and I begged off school complaining of stomach cramps (I didn't think 'bruised vagina' would work as well). At lunchtime – after seeing the absentee list – Mr Gallows sent me a sealed note hand-written on his office stationary:

*"To whom it may concern, Belinda is unable to attend class because of the cataclysmic fucking I administered to her in my office. Sincerely, John Gallows, Headmaster."*

I laughed so hard it hurt, but pretty much everything hurt that day. I still have it locked away in the secret drawer of my keepsake box.

Selfishly, I desperately want to feel him balls-deep inside me again, but I want it for him just as much. He never loses control with me; never drives deeper than the seven inches he knows I can handle. I so wish he could just abandon control as I had and pound his full length into me, not just once but again and again until he came deep inside me.

Thinking of others before myself (well, maybe thinking of myself a bit too) ... maybe I'm growing up?

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The next night, the second jigsaw piece – seemingly unconnected to the first – fell into place and my plan was born.

The senior girls' dorm is only very lightly supervised and – if I'm honest – we exploit their trust a little. Once dinner is eaten and homework is done we have the evening to ourselves because the staff are all busy mothering the junior girls.

Mr Gallows would have a fit if he ever found out what we get up to – at the very least he would demand videos. We spend half of our time talking about boys (most of us have never actually slept with a boy) and the other half exploring our sexuality with the collection of vibrators and dildos bequeathed to the dorm by senior girls over the years.

On Wednesday we played Reverse Tug of War. I sat it out and watched frustratedly hoping for Stalactites. Reverse Tug of War is played between two girls using my favourite dildo Silver – a double-ended 18" rubber shaft. An elastic band is tied around the middle and – well, you get it – first to the middle wins. Fully stretched, my pussy is only 7 inches deep so the best I can ever hope for is a draw.

Sometimes I challenge my best friend, Trish. She's six feet tall, athletic, small breasts, long auburn hair and pale Gaelic skin. She's one of the few girls who can reliably take a full half of Silver without pain. I can't beat her, but I enjoy getting her about 8 inches deep then gripping Silver with my secret muscles and fucking him back and forth inside her before I let her win. It makes for a good show and gives the new girls the courage to give it a try.

That night's game will go down in dorm history; stories will still be told about it when my grand-daughter enrols in the school. Trish challenged my new room-mate, Rupali. Rupali is 6'1" tall and built like an underwear model: long, shapely legs, slim hips, a very narrow waist and full breasts that defy gravity. She has coffee-and-cream skin and gorgeous cascades of long black hair, cut into bangs at the front to frame her high cheekbones.

New to the school this year, she joined Trish on the Girls 1st netball team playing Goal Shooter (Trish plays Goal Keeper so they are at opposite ends of the court and have little interaction – until now). I went along to the game on Monday night to support Trish, but couldn't take my eyes off Rupali. And I wasn't the only one; a group of boys had learned of her selection and filled the front row of the bleachers in the gym. The netball uniform is an old-fashioned, box-pleat skirt in the school colours over a high-cut, sleeveless, black lycra leotard. Since netball skirts are so short and players do a lot of jumping and pivoting, the girls choose to add a modest pair of black lycra athletic shorts. The black ones aren't sold in the uniform shop and – this being her first game – Rupali didn't have any so she played in just the leotard and skirt.

The boys were spread right out along the front row as the game started – presumably to get the best angle on the girls' legs – cheering and yelling and completely oblivious to the rules. A few minutes in, a long, fast pass from our Centre came flying into the goal circle; Rupali leaped straight up at full-stretch to take the ball, her pleated skirt ballooning out to display her long, bare thighs all the way up to the hip and the narrow strip of lycra stretched tightly across the mound of her pudenda. I shocked myself by gasping a little even though I see her in her underwear every morning.

The front row fell into a shocked silence and then – as Rupali made the goal – there was a frantic jostling for position as all of the boys at the defensive end raced for the spare seats in the second and third rows in attack. I went down at half-time to tell her the fan-club was in her honour; she was flattered but not embarrassed and I was surprised to see a lot more twirling and jumping from her in the second half. Mynx!

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If those boys could see her now - red satin nightie, panties off, lubricating herself and her end of Silver – they would have a coronary. Despite our auto-erotic games in the dorm, I have always thought of myself as very much heterosexual, so I was surprised and a little shocked at the warm tingle of excitement I felt watching the girls getting into position. They sat on the floor facing each other, long, shapely legs scissored together, each with one head of the 18" Silver nestled in their vagina. I caught myself studying Rupali more closely than I should have been and felt a flush of shame mixed with excitement. Her pubic hair was trimmed short and shaved into the shape of a small apostrophe above her sex. Her outer labia were completely shaved and now spread wide around Silver's girth, showing pink glimpses of her inner womanhood at the edges.

I dropped a hair ribbon between them to commence the match and both girls greedily gobbled four to five inches in a single thrust. *Oh my Lord!* It takes me minutes to work that much cock into my tiny pussy and these two Amazon goddesses managed it in a couple of seconds. There was a respectful gasp from the 10 girls assembled to watch and more than a little sympathetic clenching of thighs – myself included.

The easy bit over, Trish leaned back expertly, relaxing her muscles, straightening her hips and keeping her clitoris away from contact with Silver. This earned her another inch or two and Rupali – seeing the sense in the strategy – copied. Both girls had about six inches – enough to fill me up completely – and were working against the friction, lifting and rolling their hips; stretching their vaginas and trying to upset the other girl's angle of entry. Their breathing started coming in panting gasps as each girl's gyrations caused Silver to dance and buck deep inside the other. Before long both were glowing with perspiration.

The audience watched on, completely rapt now and I noticed several hands disappearing up nighties as the tension mounted. Both girls made it to 8 inches and were obviously full. With Silver now pressing against the backs of their vaginas, legs locked tightly together and engorged lips separated by less than two scant inches of rubber shaft; they were forced to move as one, lifting and thrusting in unison. With one last desperate push, they lunged towards each other and in an instant their labia met, hiding the centre marker from view so that nobody could tell the winner.

Incredibly, neither of them stopped and 10 pairs of eyes stared jealously as these two tall, beautiful girls – heads back, eyes shut and gorgeous long hair spilling around their shoulders - moaned and vocalised their pleasure as they ground together at their centres; lips meeting, pressing and spreading like a passionate kiss.

Rupali grasped at Trish's hips for better purchase, they bucked and ground as a single being, moans building to screams with impending mutual climax. They came together, backs arched and crying out in ecstasy, writhing and trying to move against each other but unable to because of the shaft that joined them. I heard several gasps as some other girls climaxed under their own touch and looked down, no longer surprised to see my own panties soaking wet. I surreptitiously reached down to rub and squeeze my clitoris in a fruitless effort to relieve the heat and longing there.

Their single sexual body became two again. Rupali unlocked her long brown legs from Trish's midriff and slid backwards, disgorging the seemingly endless length of Silver, her inner folds clinging to the shaft as she withdrew, grudgingly relinquishing their hold as each of the 9 inches slid between her thighs. A look passed between them; not embarrassment, but an understanding that neither had intended this to happen yet neither felt any regret.

The silence in the room was palpable. To break the tension, I suggested "Rematch?" in a voice that sounded far steadier than I felt. There was laughter all round and several girls – those who had not yet come, I noticed - crept quietly off to their own bedrooms to minister to their own needs. I tidied the cushions and made myself useful washing Silver while Rupali pulled on her panties and straightened her nightie, then we switched the lights out walked together in the dark to our shared bedroom.

Later, lying in bed I heard her sobbing softly across the room. I listened for a while, not knowing what to do or say.

"It doesn't mean anything you know," I said. "Coming, I mean. It doesn't make you a lesbian or anything. I've come plenty of times playing games with the toys."

"It's not that," she whispered in hitching sobs. "I like boys and girls, I've known that for a long time." The tickle of excitement in my stomach was starting to feel decidedly familiar now. She continued: "But that was the first time I have ever come."

I wasn't sure what to say to that – I thought it would be good news, not bad. I knew she had slept with a boyfriend at her previous school. I was surprised she had never climaxed. "What about your boyfriend?" I asked. "Didn't he ... you know ... look after you?"

"He tried," she explained. "But he was only 7 inches and I never felt ... ," she searched for the right word, "... full ... like with Silver." And then with a voice hitching with tears, "I thought I would never have an orgasm, and now I finally have one and it's with a girl. What if I never come with a man?"

Sweet baby Jesus! Talk about first-world problems! I dreamed about issues like a 7 inch cock and coming with a 9" shaft deep inside me.

"Wow" I said, surprised. "Didn't Silver hurt? At the end?"

"Not at all. There was some stretching, but it was beautiful, touching me in a way that a man never will."

Never say never, sweetie, I thought to myself. From personal experience you just never know when you'll be kneeling splay-legged before a man with his hand up your school dress stroking you to orgasm while he's inviting you back for a night of cataclysmic fucking on his 9" cock. Just saying, you know.

I fell silent in my own thoughts for a while and then, changing subject: "Rupali, you're Indian right?"

"My parents are," she said. "I'm Australian, I guess."

"Aren't you supposed to be a virgin?" I asked candidly. "You know, for your wedding night?"

Her musical laughter lifted me up and made me smile in the dark. "No," she said. "My parents have embraced the Australian way." And then with some sadness in her voice "I will choose my own husband, I suppose."

"Isn't that a good thing?" I asked, wondering why anyone would like their partner chosen for them.

"Maybe," she explained. "But there's something indescribably sexy about the idea of going to bed with a man you have never met." She paused, wondering how much to share. Then, with some excitement: "Don't you fantasise about a stranger? You've never seen his face, never felt his touch, and then his cock – one that you've never seen or felt, so you can't know how big it is – slides inside you, but slowly! You don't know anything about it – he's behind you, so you can't see – and every inch that goes in might be the last, but maybe it's not, maybe he fills you up and there's still more."

Wow! My nipples went hard. But I said, "That doesn't sound like an arranged wedding to me. At the very least you'd see your husband at the wedding."

"True, but it doesn't hurt to fantasise," she sighed.

We were quiet again for a while. I heard her breathing deepen as she neared sleep.

"Rupali?"

"What?" she replied sleepily.

"What if I could make it happen? You know, what you were talking about before."

"Belinda," she said in a dreamy voice, "you make that happen and I will stick my tongue so far up your tiny, tight snatch you'll come out my ears." Then she fell asleep.

Oh. My. God.

It would be a long time before I got to sleep that night.

And so a plan was born.

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On Friday, the last and most delicate piece of my master plan slotted into place. I met Mr Gallows in Sick Bay as usual. We kissed and petted for a while and then – when my tiny school dress was in a suitable state of disarray – we moved to the examination bench for lovemaking.

I stood on the wooden step that patients use to climb onto the bench; bent over with one knee hooked up onto its flat surface. With my dress pulled up around my waist, I arched my back to present my shaved, gaping pussy to Mr Gallows' standing behind me. He reached one hand under my dress to stroke my breasts while the other guided the tip of his cock to my entrance. I waited until he was at his most vulnerable (though I concede that the opposite may have appeared more true); he pushed the first few inches into me and was waiting for spasms in my vagina to abate as I adjusted to his size – then I struck.

"Sir?" We still addressed each other formally; for one it reduced the likelihood of an embarrassing public scene and for two ... well ... we both found it kind of sexy.

"Is this important? I'm kind of busy." His pleased tone made a lie of the words. He has come prematurely on a couple of occasions and is most at risk upon entry – when I'm at my tightest. Conversation helps him regain control, so it was a welcome diversion. I once offered to masturbate beforehand so that my pussy would be ready for him – he forbade it. Hey, he's the boss.

"Do you have any fantasies?" I asked baldly.

"Yes. I want to ram this thing so far into you that you speak with an accent," he joked. But was it joking?

I joined in, laughing "My Mum speaks with an accent" (she's French). "You didn't have anything to do with that, right?"

"I wish," he said under his breath.

"What!" I laughed in surprise.

"Belinda, this might be hard to hear, but your Mum is smoking hot."

Sigh. I already knew that.

Back on topic, though: "Seriously, that's your fantasy? To go balls-deep in me?" I asked.

"No, hey, don't get me wrong, I don't want to hurt you," he backpedalled. "Or any woman for that matter – I've never been able to do it before. It doesn't stop me wondering what it would be like though – to not have to worry about it."

Confirmed: excellent. Now, close the loop, Belinda.

Our conversation had done its job and he was slowly working his long cock deeper into my pussy. I was impatient for the moment when he would reach my innermost point and start pumping me harder.

"I was reading this book – Ingenious Pain by Andrew Miller ...," I began.

"I've read that," he interrupted. "Great book. Great insights on what makes up our soul. It's not on the scholastic list, though."

I pressed on: "There's this scene where a woman is skating on a frozen pond. Suddenly she's ravished from behind by a mysterious stranger, but she doesn't mind, in fact she wants it to happen. He just lifts her skirts and starts fucking. Then he disappears unseen. The fact that it could have been anyone is part of the appeal to her."

He started laughing, his cock pulling deliciously against me with the effort. "Is that really your fantasy, Belinda? What you've just described is the fantasy of every boy in the world old enough to masturbate to internet porn. I wish I found you 20 years ago."

"No, it's not my fantasy. I was just curious; it seemed a bit ... scary. What about older guys, why don't they get off on that?"

"Oh, we do," he said. "We just recognise the paradox."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's impossible, right. If she doesn't want it, it's rape, and that's not sexy. So you would have to know she wants it, and then it couldn't be a surprise. Paradox!"

Stretched and lubricated now, he started stroking into me with an increasing rhythm – just the first 6 inches – while massaging my breasts and pinching my nipples. I stopped talking and just enjoyed the ride – that wonderful feeling of friction and fullness. He came before me but – at usual – the extra pressure created by his cum spurting deep inside me triggered my own imminent climax.

As we lay together afterwards I asked "What if there was no paradox? Couldn't someone in the middle set it up without either person's knowledge?"

"Now THAT, Belinda," his hand under my dress, stroking me back to readiness, "THAT is the ultimate fantasy. Sign me up when you work out the kinks."

That's a promise, I thought.

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With all the pieces now in place, it was just down to execution. If this went right, I could fulfil the sexual fantasies of two people in a single stroke. Maybe three, I wasn't sure yet. But if it went wrong, I could ruin lives. The stakes were high, but the risks were low; I was confident of my players in this production, they just needed to play their part. (Spoiler: they did).

Saturday night was the night. It was usually pretty quiet on Saturday; all of the day-boarders go home for the weekend and only the full-semester girls remain. Legendary things don't usually happen on Saturday because it's no fun without everyone to share the experience.

After dinner, I was in my room listening to music – I don't know where Rupali was – probably at the gym. I sent a text to Trish (she was probably just down the hall, but mobile phones are a curse of our generation, right?)

"Playing 'What's up Doc'. My place 11:30pm. Bring your roomie. Rupali's in."

Then one to Rupali:

"New game. Our room 11:30pm. Trish is in."

And another to Mr Gallows:

"Fantasy night. Teachers' lounge 11:45pm. Wait for me. Wear a hoodie."

And I waited. That was the hard part.

Rupali came in at 8:30pm wearing just a crop top and bike shorts. The tight lycra clung to every curve and she was glowing with perspiration. Been for a run, obviously. "Hey babe," she greeted me. She was still catching her breath as she sat on the floor stretching down. Long, beautiful, legs spread wide and flat on the floor she reached for one foot, her full breasts parting against one knee and hair spilling over the top of her head, hiding her face. I stared openly, not tingling any more, just wanting.

"What's the game?" she asked, not looking up.

"Huh?" she startled me out of my study of her gorgeous body.

"Your text. What's the game?"

"Oh. 'What's up Doc'. We haven't played since last year, but you're not the only newbie, Trish is bringing Mandy." I explained the rules: 'What's Up Doc' is a guessing game. One girl picks an item from the dorm and slides it into the pussies of the other girls – who are blindfolded of course – until one guesses right or all pass. The girl who guesses correctly gets to go next. It works best with small groups – it's faster moving and easier to keep a lid on the peeking.

"Sounds fun. Trish is coming?" Seems like she was hoping for a repeat of Thursday night. I was hoping for something better.

"Yep; and Mandy. Just the four of us. We'll play in here."

"Cool." She was in. She stripped off her crop top and shorts ready for the shower. I was trying to play it cool but I couldn't help watching. Her large brown nipples were fully erect from her exertions and she rubbed them with her fingertips to get them to sit down again. I imagined putting one in my mouth when her long eyelashes flicked in my direction. I was sprung.

She was standing naked in front of me – watching me watching her – but I couldn't look away. With a swish of long black hair she pivoted on one foot and turned away. Facing the door now – very slowly and keeping her legs straight – she reached down to the floor to pick up her sweaty clothes, holding the pose for a few wonderful seconds. I let my gaze run all the way up those long, long, legs; lingering at the top to study her shaved brown pussy lips bracketed between perfect buttocks and thighs.

"Jump shot!" she sang, suddenly leaping up, full breasts bouncing, and tossed her clothes towards the hamper. She looked at me, winked, then grabbed her robe from the door and left. You know, I was beginning to think that show was for me.

When she returned 10 minutes later, we both pretended nothing had happened and went through our bedtime routine, waiting for the dorm to quieten down. We lay in bed gossiping and giggling quietly in the dark when we heard a quiet tap on the door. It was 11:30. Deep breath, Belinda; here goes.

I slipped out of bed and let Mandy and Trish in before turning on the light, both girls were wearing short satin nighties (de rigueur for 'Whats Up Doc') and great big smiles. Mandy is about 5'6," skinny, small breasts and bony hips. She's cute in a geek-chic kind of way: a slight overbite, black framed glasses, white teeth and clear skin.

As I tossed some pillows on the floor, Rupali swung her legs out of bed – three pairs of eyes watched every movement as she folded them gracefully beneath her bottom, sat down, and smoothed her maroon nightie (what little there was of it) over the tops of her thighs.

Trish flashed me a conspiratory glance and suggested Mandy go first since she has not played before. This was also true for Rupali, but she didn't say anything. I knew what Trish was doing, so I agreed.

"OK," I instructed Mandy. "Go out and grab something from the dorm and bring it back; we'll be blindfolded. Only rule is it has to fit in our pussies. Remember, I'm small and I haven't had a turn yet, so keep it sensible."

Mandy slipped out silently with a big goofy grin on her face and Rupali handed silk scarves to me and Trish. She kept a giraffe-print one for herself that I hadn't seen before; it should have looked kitsch but instead it contrasted exotically with her glossy black hair and coffee-and-cream skin. We slipped off our panties and waited for Mandy to return.

There was a quiet knock at the door and Trish grinned at me again as we lifted our blindfolds and raised our bottoms in the air, ready to play. We heard Mandy sneak in behind us. "Ready?" she asked.

"Banana!" Trish and I sung in unison.

"You bitches, you peeked," Mandy sounded betrayed.

"No, we didn't," Trish laughed. We all pulled down our blindfolds and sat up. "New girls always pick a banana; it's like a tradition."

Rupali got the joke and started laughing too. Mandy looked at us again, realised she had been had, and joined in.

"Me next," said Trish, slipping out the door.

I handed a spare scarf to Mandy. She stepped out of her panties and we all turned around: head down and bottom up, ready for Trish. She returned quickly – that meant she had been planning ahead. Bad news.

"Ready B'lin?" It seemed I was to be her target for this prank.

"Sure, you only live once."

I heard a squirting sound from the bottle of lube. "If that thing's thicker than a banana," I threatened, "I'm coming back in here with a leg from the coffee table." Nervous giggles all round.

"Don't get your twat in a tangle," she admonished, then "Here it comes!"

Holy crap! It felt like I was being doggy-fucked by Frosty the Snowman; it was freezing. My tiny pussy clenched in shock. "Loosen up, Blinny," Trish said, "or I'll have to leave it in there all night."

The initial shock had worn off and I realised it really wasn't as cold as I initially thought. Whatever it was had come from the fridge, not the freezer. Blood was flowing back into my veins now, so I relaxed and set to work trying to guess what was in my snatch. I only had an inch or so, so I asked: "A little more, please." Trish slipped another inch inside me. The fresh coldness contrasted with the now warmer part and gave me a pleasant shiver. I thought it felt bumpy. "Twist it please."

"My pleasure," said Trish. "Hang on, no, it's yours you horny slut." More giggles. She twisted the shaft inside me. Definitely bumps, round profile and cold.

"Gherkin," I guessed.

"Loser!" she trilled merrily, whipping it out of my hole. "Next."

I left my blindfold on as Trish moved behind Rupali. I could hear her breathing beside me, maybe a little nervous. Blind, I groped about for her hand, found it and gave it a squeeze, which she returned. Still holding her hand, I shuffled a bit closer and we settled our interlocked elbows back on the floor. Our heads nearly touching, the scent of her shampoo filled my nostrils, coconutty and tropical, making me dizzy.

Her hand jerked in mine. "Oh!," she uttered in surprise, then "Mmmm" as it turned to pleasure. Sounds like Trish had started.

"More please," she said in a husky whisper, right next to my ear. At that moment, totally unbidden, an image so complete and so perfect in detail popped into my head ... it was almost real. I was in this same position, crouched over on knees and elbows with my bottom in the air and holding Rupali's hand, but in my image she was beneath me instead of beside me. Her slim arms were raised behind her head, long black hair fanned out beneath them. Our bodies touching, breasts pressed together, her legs locked around my waist. We weren't eye-to-eye, but cheek-to-cheek, her lips close to my ear as in reality. I rearranged my pillow long-ways so that I was straddling it, pressing it into my stomach, my breasts and my pussy, thus completing the illusion.

"Deeper," she commanded in real life. The imaginary me was now wearing a strap-on dildo, the tip poised just inside her pussy. The real me moved her hips in time with the imaginary me – although the distinction was now starting to blur – and half of the long didlo slid into her soft, warm centre.

"Now all of it," she breathed. I felt the muscles in my thighs start to contract and warmth spread out from my stomach – the first harbingers of an imminent climax.

Suddenly I was snapped back into reality as Trish laughed "But you don't know how much there is."

"I'll take my chances," Rupali quipped back, with a smile in her voice. A few moments later: "Is that all of it?"

"Give you a tip, Sweetie," Trish giggled, "don't ever say that to a boy. And yes, it's all in. Any more and you'd be giving me a manicure."

"Now all the way out and back in half way, please." What was going on? Out-sourced masturbation? Then I got it: Rupali was feeling the texture and measuring its length by touch. Clever. "Lift the end straight up please .... Now down ...Thank you." Genius! She was checking the flex. Oh, she's good.

"I can't be sure, but I think it is Purple Pat," Rupali guessed. Purple Pat the Pimply Peter was a purple, latex dildo with raised nodules.

"Not bad, for a beginner," Trish said with typical Australian understatement. We all took off our blindfolds and turned around to see Trish smiling and waggling Pat back and forth.

"You sneaky bitch," I laughed. "You had that in the fridge!"

"Anything goes, remember," she said. "Your turn's coming."

So it was. But now it was Rupali's turn. I had to step my game up if I wanted a chance to execute my plan.

Rupali stepped out and we got into position. She was back in within seconds – not enough time to get to the toybox or the kitchen. What could she have? It must be something from this room. - that narrowed it down.

"Now Belinda hasn't won yet, so I'm doing her first," she said. I felt a warm flutter when I heard those last four words.

Rupali was behind me now, probably looking straight up my pussy and seeing me wide open and soaking wet from my little daydream earlier. What is she thinking? Then I felt a gentle touch near my anus, sliding down through my labia, brushing and then gently pinching my clitoris. Oh my God! That's her fingers! My mind was spinning and my heart was racing; I was as-good-as getting finger-fucked by my roommate.

Still attending to my clitoris with her fingers, she pressed something hard and cool against my entrance. Thank God, I wasn't going to have to guess 'fingers' in front of the others. It was too hard for latex and not cold enough to be metal. Wood? Plastic? She pushed the tip in a bit deeper. "Hold it there a sec," I croaked, trying to control my breathing as I adjusted to the thickness. She wasn't helping me either; increasing the pressure and rhythm on my clitoris with her fingers. "OK, more," I requested.

Whatever it was, more of it slid into my steaming hole. Apart from hard and cool, it was also perfectly smooth and a bit thinner than all of our dildos. And curved! As she pushed deeper it pressed uncomfortably against the side walls of my vagina. "Umbrella!" I blurted, suddenly sorry that I spoke up because it would bring the delicious clitoris-rubbing to an end.

"Careful," said Trish ironically. "Don't press the button."

"Well done, Belinda," congratulated Rupali. We all turned around, smiling and giggling. "I thought maybe you would take longer." She sounded disappointed. I smiled at her a bit sheepishly, hopefully letting her know that I let my excitement get the best of me.

"Off you go, B'lin," said Trish. "Me first when you get back; I'm hornier than a dog with two dicks.

The rest of us in unison: "Eeeeeewww! Trish!."

Uh oh. Speedbump. My master plan was for Rupali; I hadn't reckoned on getting past Trish and Mandy first. I needed inspiration ... quickly. I slipped out the door, heart pounding with anticipation and now with a low panic as well. What could I get that Trish and Mandy would never guess? Think, Belinda! My fantasy of fucking Rupali with a strap-on kept interrupting my thoughts, making it hard to concentrate. And then ... perfect clarity; the extra piece of the puzzle that even I didn't know about slotted in to place and the plan was perfect ... no – beyond perfect – uber-perfect!

I silently padded through the common room to the toybox hidden in the sofa recess. I rummaged right to the bottom, tossing vibrators and dildos out onto the sofa. Found it: Rawhide, (you know, slip it in, strap it on, ride em out, Rawhide!), a thick but plain latex strap-on dildo. Concealed inside the rubber cup that secures the base is a much smaller dildo facing inwards. Working as quickly as I could, I slid the inner dildo into my now very lubricated, very hot pussy. I fumbled with the straps a few times, finally getting them cinched tight around my waist and legs.

I looked down, my new penis now standing proudly out underneath the hem of my nightie and gave my hips a wiggle, making it jog and bounce. I've never seen Rawhide used; never even heard of it. I could see why: I looked fucking ridiculous. Mandy didn't know about Rawhide so no trouble there. Trish knew, but Rawhide's dildo is the same size and shape as half a dozen others in the toybox, so providing I could conceal the fact it was a strap-on, she wouldn't guess.

Time was running out; the girls will be expecting me back. Silently, I opened the main door and raced down the steps to the Staff Lounge, cock swinging and whacking me on the thighs. How do guys walk with these things? Out of habit, I almost knocked on the door. I poked my head inside – Mr Gallows was there. Phew!

"Come with me if you want to fuck," I said in my best Terminator monotone.

His eyes boggled at the cock standing out under my nightie. "Quick point of clarification: who's fucking whom?" he asked, staying calm and grammatically correct even under duress.

"You can un-pucker your asshole; it's not for you," I said. "It's fantasy night. I worked out the kinks like you asked. Now quickly," I hissed, "pants off; hoodie up; complete silence. Let's go."

"Am I going to lose my job over this?"

"Only if you fuck it up," I glared at him. Then more softly, "I have it under control. Trust me; you will not regret this." I pulled his head down to my level for a kiss.

He looked at me a moment longer: nipples hard under my sheer nightie, latex cock swinging back and forth between my thighs; then: "Fuck it." He stepped out of his track pants and pulled the hoodie up.

"Atta boy. Follow me," I said, disappearing out the door and tip-toeing back up the stairs to the senior girls' dorm.

We stole silently through the dorm, pausing outside my bedroom door, I looked up at him and held a finger to my lips: shhhh! We went in. The girls were in position with blindfolds still on. Thank God.

"What the fuck, B'lin? Did you slip out to catch a movie?" Trish joked, a nervous laugh betraying her outward confidence.

"Sorry, I needed fuel. Now, does anyone know if you need to prime a two-stroke? Stand back while I try to start this thing up." More nervous giggles. I glanced at Mr Gallows to see if he had worked out what was going on. He was standing catatonic, mouth open, staring at the three bottoms raised in the air, pussies peeking out beneath the short nighties. I waved a hand in front of his face to get his attention and directed him to stand behind me.

I knelt behind Trish and massaged some lube onto Rawhide's latex shaft. Being very careful to avoid giving any clues that the dildo was attached to my groin, I placed the tip between Trish's pale pussy lips. "Ready?"

"And waiting. Do it."

Moving my hips forward a little, I gave her about half of Rawhide's 7 inches. He's quite thick, which Trish likes. "Ooooh, big dildo. Thanks Babe."

"Ahhh, but which one, Miss Smarty Puss?" I teased.

"Give me the rest and I'll tell you"

Very carefully now so Trish would think I was holding a dildo in my hand, I planted one foot beside her for balance and leaned forwards, giving her all but the last inch.

"Oh you crafty bitch," she admonished. "Six or seven inch latex dildo, cock shaped, thick, no other features. I can think of five that fit that description."

"Would you like me to fuck you some more while you think about it?" I laughed.

"Just a little; I'm still horny."

Thrusting my hips, I gave her a few slow pumps and then withdrew so that just the tip remained inside.

"Time for a guess, Trish. Mandy is getting wet listening to all your dirty talk."

"Hmmm," she grumbled. "Leroy?" Big, Bad Leroy Brown was one of the half-dozen nearly identical dildo's she had just described.

"Nope! Next victim!" I sung. I took a look behind me at Mr Gallows. He had his cock in his hand – now hard and angry, veins pulsing – and a disbelieving look on his face. He raised his eyebrows at me as if to ask if it was his turn. I shook my head and moved behind Mandy, motioning him to follow so that if he made a noise it would sound like me.

Now for a bit of fun. I lubed Rawhide again and placed the tip inside Mandy. "Ready?" I asked. She made a nervous sound something like agreement, so reaching down with both hands I slipped her nightie up around her waist, grabbed her hips and pulled her onto my thick shaft, startling a gasp out of her.

Then she let out a muted shriek of realisation. "If you're holding my hips then who's holding the dildo?" she babbled.

"I didn't say it was a didlo. Maybe it's a mystery man. Might not even be my hands," I teased. "Anything goes, remember." I looked over at Rupali's bottom, squirming with pleasure as I described her fantasy. Little did she know ...

"Oh my God!" Trish blurted. "It's Raw-----." She stopped herself just in time. My heart skipped a beat; she nearly named Rawhide, ending the game and blowing my plan out of the water. I was getting too cocky (pun intended), letting them know I had a strap-on.

"Guess?" I asked Mandy.

"I'm thinking. Get your mystery man to fuck me some more while I think." Brassy! You go, girl!

Obliging, I started stroking back and forth, fucking her doggy-style, the inner dildo squirming inside my own pussy every time I changed direction. It was a wonderful, powerful feeling to be fucking like a man; it occurred to me that no matter whether a woman is on top or bottom – or who's calling the shots – she's still the one getting a fucking, not the one giving a fucking. I was beginning to see the attraction.

I looked back to check on Mr Gallows. He wasn't even watching; his eyes were locked on Rupali crouched next to Mandy. Listening to Mandy and I fuck, she had snaked a hand between her thighs and was rubbing her clitoris; with each stroke her labia opened and closed, showing her wet folds to Mr Gallows. He looked down at me, questioning. I nodded silently, yes, that's for you, be patient.

My own excitement mounting, I pushed forward harder, the cup of Rawhide's base now bumping Mandy on the bottom, deliciously jolting the smaller dildo inside me. I wanted to reach under and rub her clitoris, but didn't dare, I had already way overstepped the line. She stayed silent but I could feel her body tense with an approaching orgasm. Bringing out my inner-caveman, I grabbed her hips tight and thrust roughly all the way into her. She arched her back as she silently came, tendons standing out in her neck with the effort not to make a sound. Good girl. I slid out of her and released her hips.

"Time's up, Mandy," I said.

"Well, I'd guess it was a Strap-On, but I didn't know we had one. So I'm going to go with the mystery-man ... James Bond," she sighed.

"Wrong again. Your turn, Rupali." I stood up and sucked in my tummy so I could step out of Rawhide without unbuckling.

I looked at Mr Gallows; he was just about shaking with excitement from watching me fuck one girl while another massaged her shaved pussy in front of him. I felt his cock, it was hard as stone, pulsing with his raging heartbeat and dribbling pre-cum. I put him silently into my mouth, getting an exciting taste of his lubricating seed.

I guided him into position kneeling behind Rupali and held up one hand. Stay! I crept around in front and crouched down so that my mouth was right beside her ear. I looked up at Mr Gallows and held up two hands, miming a doggy-style grasp. Understanding, he placed his hands on Rupali's thighs and ran them slowly up to her hips, pulling up her nightie, moulding her curves and feeling her firm, smooth flesh. With his hands now on her hips where they narrowed into her waist and that monster nine inch cock poised just an inch away from her pussy, I leaned back towards Rupali's ear and breathed "Fantasy night, Babe. Shall I block your ears? Or do you think your tongue's not up to it?"

She jumped like she'd been hit with a cattle prod, but stayed silent. She lifted the blindfold of one wide brown, flashing, eye and glared at me in terror. I held her chin so that she couldn't look around and leaned in close again. "It's OK," I breathed. "I trust him. You trust me." She stared at me a moment longer, then visibly relaxed, nodded and pulled the blindfold back down.

"I'll have the James Bond treatment too, please Belinda," she said in her rich, musical tones. "I'm looking forward to it." I nodded at Mr Gallows. All clear. He guided his cock into Rupali's steaming pussy and immediately set up a rhythm fucking her with the first half of his massive shaft. Rupali reached forward, feeling for me. She slid one hand between my thighs and grabbed my bottom, guiding my swollen labia to her mouth. She gave me few tentative licks, tasting my juices ... has she done this before? Probably not.

I looked up at Mr Gallows; I wanted Rupali's tongue in my twat, but I absolutely needed to see his weapon in hers. Holding Rupali's head by the ears, I grudgingly pulled her away from my pussy. I guided her up off her elbows and then quickly, silently slid down backwards beneath her, thighs parted around her head. I slid her nightie up to her shoulders to expose her large breasts, the nipples erect and brushing against me. I arched my back and pulled my nightie up to expose my own breasts, our nipples now touching and rubbing against each other.

I looked up to check on Mr Gallows, 6 inches of his iron member now stroking commandingly into Rupali less than a foot away from my face. Rupali resumed her assault on my pussy, sucking my clitoris and pushing her tongue deep inside, trying to fulfil her promise to make me come out her ears. She started rocking back and forth onto Mr Gallows, rubbing her heaving breasts against mine and concentrating her tongue and lips on my burning clitoris while the tip of her nose probed my pussy lips.

I was too short to reach her pussy with my mouth so I reached up both hands, massaging her clitoris with one thumb and cupping and gently squeezing Mr Gallows balls in the other.

All this was done in relative silence, maintaining the charade for the other girls that I was kneeling behind Rupali, feeding Rawhide into her pussy.

"I think maybe there's more, Belinda," she asked. "I'd like all of it now, please." Mr Gallows stopped thrusting, keeping six inches in Rupali's twat. He leaned forward a little, slipping another inch in. "Is that all of it?," she asked.

Trish: "What did I tell you about asking that? Guys don't dig it, especially not mystery men like James Bond." If only she knew.

Mr Gallows pushed another inch in, making Rupali gasp in surprise – just one left in reserve now . "Oh my goodness! There is more!" her voice rose half an octave as I felt a shiver run through her body. When I thought she was ready, I increased my grip on Mr Gallows balls and pulled in gently. Following my lead, he leaned forward and buried his entire cock deep inside her hole, pressing hard up against her buttocks. She vocalised a little shriek, then quickly masked it with "Ah yes, I thought that was all there was. Move it again please Belinda, as you did before."

Mr Gallows slowly slid all 9 inches out; Rupali's pink folds tightly gripping his cock as he withdrew, then he plunged strongly back in again, balls-deep. He repeated, thrusting deeply, building up the tempo as I tried to stop his swinging sack from slapping against Rupalis groin. – a sound I couldn't easily explain to the others. She lowered her head back down to my pussy, probing me deeply and grinding her chin into my clitoris. I felt my orgasm building and – still holding Mr Gallows with one hand – I reached around with the other, roughly grabbing Rupali's head and pushing her tongue deeper into my molten core.

Rupali redoubled her efforts, straining tongue flicking and probing deep inside my tight pussy. I tipped over the crest of the orgasm and floated weightlessly down the other side, fireworks of ecstasy exploding in my womanhood, my juices mixing with Rupali's saliva. I wanted to scream but couldn't, so I just held my breath and hugged Rupali – her breasts crushing mine – until I had control again.

Mr Gallows kept pounding his enormous length into her pussy (where did it all go?), pulling each stroke at the last moment and just touching his pubis to her bottom without making a sound. If it wasn't happening right in front of my face, I would never have believed that such a monumental fucking could be administered in complete silence. I guided Rupali up off her elbows so that her swinging breasts would brush against mine, teasing her hard nipples. Then, still cupping Mr Gallows balls – although I was having trouble keeping up with his powerful thrusts – I moved my free hand back to work on Rupali's clitoris, rubbing and gently pinching in time with Mr Gallows' pumping cock.

I felt Rupali's body stiffen as her climax – her second ever and first with a man - approached. She arched and pushed back, raising her bottom and dropping her head back between my thighs. We were close to the end now; Mr Gallows has few sexual weaknesses, but a coming woman impaled on his cock is one of them – if I come first during lovemaking then he will follow seconds later. Even in the silence he would feel Rupali's building climax and would be powerless to suppress his own.

Tremors shaking her body, Rupali wrapped her arms around my raised knees and squeezed them tight around her ears, trying desperately not to scream. On cue, I felt Mr Gallows' balls draw up ready to pump Rupali full of cum. He gave one more deep thrust, pumped his balls, and I felt his semen race past my fingers and through his cock on its long, long, journey to the depths of Rupali's womanhood. He withdrew about half way and then buried himself again, timing each stroke now to the pump of his balls, delivering each powerful jet of cum to the extreme depths of Rupali's vagina.

When their spasms abated, Mr Gallows left his cock inside Rupali and ran his hands over her waist and shoulder blades, then down to cup and squeeze her large breasts, silently thanking her for what they had shared as they basked briefly in the afterglow of sex. The other girls remained blessedly silent; Mandy presumably allowing Rupali to enjoy Rawhide as she had, and Trish trying to decide whether she wanted a fucking from her best friend or just guess Rawhide and end the game. Their patience would soon run out though. I scooted backwards as I guided Mr Gallows' long cock all the way out and wrapped my lips around his softening length, pumping and sucking the last of his semen into my mouth to avoid a cleanup.

Releasing him, I quickly slid all the way out, stepped forward with my lips next to Rupali's ear and breathed: "Rawhide" as I pulled her nightie back down over her bottom.

Out loud, I said: "How about a guess Rupali? What's Up Doc?"

"Well," she began slowly, "I don't agree with Mandy's mystery man idea because I don't believe God ever blessed a man with a cock quite like that." Giggles from the gallery. As she spoke, I backed Mr Gallows to the door. "So that means it was definitely a strap-on. I have looked through the toybox a number of times and we do have one down at the bottom. I'm sure I heard one of the girls name it as I inspected it. Is it ...Rawhide?"

I picked up Rawhide with my foot, jingling the buckles to make some noise as I made a grab for it and waved Mr Gallows out. For a big man he could move like a cat. "Ta da!" I sang as the door softly snicked shut. The girls removed their blindfolds and I held rawhide up for inspection, still wet with Mandy's juices. It might have been my imagination, but Trish looked a little disappointed. Maybe she wanted a turn? It would have to wait; Rupali was about to start leaking cum all over the carpet so I needed to get the others out.

"That's one turn each," I said. "And I need to get to sleep so I can dream about mystery men sneaking into my dorm to shag me blindfolded."

"If he does, can you send him to our room when you're done?" Trish joked. "You got me started with that thing, now I'm going to have to dig Leroy out of the toybox and finish the job." I opened the door and the girls filed out to the sound of muted giggles.

When I turned around again, Rupali was blotting cum from her labia with a tissue. She turned her eyes up to me, looking through long black lashes. "If I ask, you won't tell me, will you?"

"Nope," I smiled.

"Good."

I tidied the pillows, picked up Rawhide again and was walking to the door to wash him and put him away.

"Wait," Rupali whispered. "You're not done."

"Yeah, I am," I reassured her. I stepped in close and put a hand on her arm. "You did me." I blushed, feeling embarrassed, grateful and emotional all at the same time.

"That's not what I meant" she said softly. "What happened ... what he did ... it was exactly as I described it. It was my fantasy. Why would he do that?"

"It was his fantasy too," I said truthfully. "And mine, just to watch. To .... ," I groped for the right words – a lump rising in my throat, "... to see him use ... you know ... all of it." Tears were welling in my eyes now.

She pulled me closer and held me, towering over me, my ear pressed against her soft breasts. "He can't do that with you, can he? He's too big?" I shook my head in her tight embrace, my tears wetting the front of her nightie.

She held me quietly for a few moments. "That's your fantasy, isn't it?" she said, more of a statement than a question, as if she could see into my mind. "You want him balls-deep inside you."

I was crying openly now, no use pretending. Sobbing and hugging her tight, as she hugged me. "Yeeeeees," I cried. "I want to be completely joined; to crush our bodies together; to have nothing between us."

"Shhhhh, babe," she soothed. "I know, I know." She held me close and stroked my back until the crying subsided. Then changing tack: "You fucked Mandy, didn't you?" I nodded. "I thought so." She fell silent for a bit longer. "How did it feel?" she asked curiously. "You know, to have a cock and to just ... fuck someone with it?"

"It felt amazing," I recalled. "Powerful, liberating."

"I want to," she whispered.

"Me too," I whispered back.

She bent her knees and lowered her tall body all the way down until we were face to face. She kissed me; open mouth and soft lips pulling at mine. I opened my mouth to her and kissed back. Her tongue touched my lips, testing to see if I wanted more. I did; our tongues met and danced in the arena of our open lips.

Rupali lifted my nightie over my head, breaking our kiss, her long soft fingers caressing my curves, lingering over my breasts, touching my nipples with her thumbs and setting off electric sparks of excitement. I slipped the thin straps of her nightie off her shoulders and it fell to the floor pooled around her ankles.

I passed Rawhide to her and climbed into bed, watching as she turned it around and unbuckled it, working out how to put it one. She discovered the inside dildo and – realising what it was – looked up at me, dark eyes flashing in surprise and pleasure. I was entranced; she stood there in front of me, 6'1" tall, beautiful and utterly naked; glossy black hair cascading over one shoulder and framing a full, perfect breast as she ran her fingers over the short inner-dildo. I shivered with desire. She stood with legs apart and moved the tip to her pussy, sliding it all the way in easily. She held the leather cup to keep it inside as she arranged the straps and tightened the buckles.

Ready now, she looked up at me. She struck a Marylin Monroe pose: turning side on, one hand on a hip the other patting her hair, head turned back over her shoulder looking at me through long eyelashes. Long limbs, brown skin, ripe breasts standing out in profile ... and a thick 7" cock pointing out and up from her crotch. She was perfection. "How do I look?" she asked.

"Extraordinary," I croaked. I slid back and ran a hand down the bed sheet beside me.

Rulpali came to me and slid into bed, slipping one long arm beneath my neck and the other behind my back; pressing our bodies together, her full breasts pushing against mine. We kissed again, more hungrily this time. I put my own arms around her, feeling her long, soft curves, kneading her bottom and pulling her closer, feeling the thick, latex cock pressing against my mound and my tummy.

I rolled away, holding Rupali's hips, encouraging her to follow. She rose onto her elbows above me; I opened my legs and she moved between them, resting lightly on top of me, poised on knees and elbows. I reached down to feel for Rawhide, preparing to guide it to my wet centre. Wrapping my hand around the thick shaft, I could not quite touch my thumb to my middle finger tip – a good indication that it would be a very tight fit inside my tiny vagina. Would Rupali take it slow? Her need was as great as mine and she was no expert at handling a monster cock ... or a miniscule pussy for that matter.

I broke off our kiss and looked into her eyes. "It won't fit," I whispered, frightened now.

She kissed me again, "It will, we just need to take it slow."

Relieved that she understood, I breathed "Take me!"

She reached down with one hand and guided Rawhide into me. I was still lubricated and a little stretched from wearing Rawhide earlier and felt no discomfort as she pushed the first few inches inside, stopping when she reached resistance at the untouched depths where the inner-dildo and her own tongue could not reach. She pushed gently forward, stretching my pussy and causing some pain. She saw the look on my face and stopped. "I don't know how to do this," she apologised. "I have to push a little bit, or it won't go in at all."

"Just fuck me with that much; slowly though! And give me more every now and then," I instructed.

She withdrew but – Rawhide not being her own cock – she couldn't tell when to stop. It popped out of my pussy and slapped wetly against her belly. We were watching each other's eyes; I held focus for a moment and then saw a smile curling the corners of her mouth. We both burst into gales of laughter at the same time. I reached down and repositioned the thick shaft at my entrance. With mock seriousness I looked at Rupali and said "Now be careful, young lady. You could take an eye out with that thing." We both giggled some more, breasts bouncing pleasurably against each other.

Getting her length, Rupali set back to work, learning how to wield this wonderful weapon. She established a slow rhythm, withdrawing almost to the tip – careful to avoid a repeat of earlier – and then driving back in powerfully, but only to the point of resistance and no further. With each stroke I loosened a little, allowing her further access. Her superior height brought her breasts all the way to my chin. I took the opportunity to taste them – like low hanging fruit – licking and sucking one to a hard point and then repeating with the other.

Rawhide is thicker at the base that at the tip; so by the time she touched down in the innermost depths of my vagina, my pussy was stretched so wide that the thick shaft was in constant contact with my buzzing clitoris. I was going to come too early. I lifted my ankles up over her shoulders to change the angle of entry and to give her cock – for that is how I had come to think of it - the deepest possible access to my vagina. I looked up into her eyes, frantic and pleading. "Finish me," I whispered.

And she did. In a single fluid movement, she withdrew all the way back to the tip again and rammed her thick cock home, sending out a shockwave of pleasure as her pubis slammed into me. Again and again she pounded me, each stroke setting off a larger explosion as her body crashed into mine, the waves of ecstasy overlapping and building to a shattering orgasm. I called up a mental image of her cumming from this beautiful cock, emptying her load into me, filling me so completely that cum sprayed out around her pounding cock, soaking my thighs. I erupted, pushing down with my heels on Rupali's shoulders I lifted my bottom, straining against our connection, pushing Rawhide down against me but up against Rupali, grinding the inner shaft into her clitoris. Still pumping into me, she pushed back and I felt her body stiffen and convulse with her own climax. I dropped my legs back down and held her tight, deep inside me and our bodies pressed together as the last spasms contracted in our muscles.

We rolled onto our sides and held each other that way, neither wanting to be the first to break contact, until I heard her breathing deepen into sleep. I gently slid her cock out of my pussy and backed out of bed. Kneeling beside her sleeping body, I pulled back the covers and unbuckled Rawhide, and pulled the inner dildo gently out of her pussy without waking her. I left the room to wash Rawhide and return it to the toybox. When I came back Rupali was still in my bed; I slid in beside her and folded into her naked embrace like a Russion doll. One hand slid up to cup my breast and I heard her whisper in my ear "Thank you. I love you."

School just got a lot more interesting.