**The Headmaster's Office 07: Sundara**

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Foreword

Hello readers, this is Rupali. I know what you're thinking: if Rupali is writing the foreword for one of Belinda's "Headmaster" stories then her secret mystery man is no longer a mystery. It's true; I know his identity. I feel a bit late to the party because her readers knew so long ago but ... well I'm one of you now; no more secrets.  
  
The story that follows is -- Belinda tells me -- the second of three on my discovery of her secret. I read the first one: 'Twisting on the ...' -- I can't say the rest, it feels like bad luck. I can vouch for the first part before she left the dorm, but as for the rest ... frankly I think she made some of it up.  
  
Belinda also let me read the other stories. I didn't like the ones with me in them; it was weird reading an 'I' and 'we' story (ED: We call that First Person Narrative, Roops. BL) where I was getting all of the attention. It's like having sex with yourself, but not in a good way. To make it up to me, Belinda promised to write me a story where I was the 'I' and she was the 'she' (ED: A Ghost Written First Person Narrative. BL). "And it will be super hot!" she assures me. We'll see.  
  
This is that story. I haven't read it yet, but Belinda has been asking me some very personal questions about the day we went shoe shopping, so I guess I know what it's about. I hope you enjoy it. Please don't make up too much stuff, Belinda.  
  
I love you. R. (ED: Love you too, sweetie. BL)

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Sundara

"Do they do autopsies on heart attack victims?" I asked Belinda.  
  
"Depends," she said. "Maybe if they're young. Why?"  
  
"Because I don't want my parents to read 'Evidence of sexual arousal' in the Other Comments section of my post-mortem," I replied miserably. In truth, I was feeling anything but miserable; I was only half kidding about the heart attack because my heart really was pounding like a marching band on meth, but I was also excited, apprehensive and so, so horny.  
  
"Oh, you poor princess," Belinda teased. "Have you lost your crown?"  
  
"Don't be snotty, sweetie," I told her. "It doesn't suit you. And mind the wind; I think you just flashed your bottom."  
  
That took away some of her sass. She looked around and checked for people behind us -- there weren't any, I had already checked three times -- and then smoothed her summer school dress and held the hem casually with one hand.  
  
"What was wrong with the last two stores, anyway," I asked. We were shoe shopping ... well that's what Belinda said we were doing, but we had walked in and straight out of two shops already. What we were actually doing was fulfilling a fantasy for her, but if I got a nice pair of heels out of it then ... hey, win-win is still a win, right? OK, that's a lie; it was a fantasy for us both, so win-win-win if I get the heels.  
  
"Um, the creepy old pervs, for one," she said, "who were undressing you with their eyes the moment you walked in. Don't you want to flash a hot young guy, Rupali."  
  
"I don't recall saying anything about wanting to flash anyone!" I lied, because playing up the reluctance seemed to fit with the fantasy. "You make a valid point about creepy old guys, but I'm sick of walking, so promise me you won't make any excuses when we find a shop with a young hottie."  
  
"Promise," she smiled. That was a pretty quick agreement; I got my first inkling that I was being set up.  
  
There was another shoe shop up ahead and I looked in as we passed the window. Empty: good. Half past three on a Wednesday afternoon in early spring is a good time for shoppers and a bad time for shop-keepers; even the streets were pretty empty of pedestrians. We stepped in the door and looked around for the shop assistant ... oh, fuck it!  
  
"Let's go," I said. "There's another one down the street."  
  
"Hang on," Belinda whispered. "He's pretty young and handsome."  
  
"He's pretty young and Indian!" I hissed.  
  
"You're being racist," she said.  
  
"I'm Indian!" I glared at her. "I can't be racist to another Indian."  
  
"You told me you were Australian," Belinda smiled. "Besides, what's wrong with Indian? Hot is hot in any package."  
  
"He'll judge me," I explained in a whisper. "Indian boys think all white girls are sluts and all Indian girls are chaste virgins. If you flash him he'll smile and enjoy it; if I flash him he'll think I just crawled out of the gutter from fucking a wino."  
  
"You're being melodramatic," Belinda rolled her eyes at me. "Besides, he could be Pakistani."  
  
"Right! A Muslim with a little statue of Ganesha on his desk?" I asked, tapping one foot and giving her my best 'Oh, really?' look.  
  
"Hey, don't get your panties in a tangle!" she teased me.  
  
"I'm not wearing any!" I hissed. "And it's your fault!"  
  
"Well me neither, but I'm being a bit more grown up about it," she shot back. "Look," she said, suddenly getting all serious and trying on her commanding act; but at 4'11" and three-quarters, blonde elfin features and wearing a green and white striped summer school dress, Belinda looks about as commanding as a Brownie ... although I concede she does look a lot hotter.  
  
"This is how it is," she delivered the ultimatum, "he's hot and you promised. Is any of that untrue?"  
  
"You set me up, didn't you?" I said. "Have you been here before?"  
  
"That's hardly the point," she defended. "Am I, or am I not, the Queen of Hot?"  
  
I sighed. "You are the Queen of Hot, Belinda. And I am but your humble servant girl." This was a familiar game.  
  
"If I say it's going to be hot, is it ever not?"  
  
She had a point. She comes up with sexy games on an almost daily basis -- the girl's got imagination -- and she never strikes out. Ever! "If you say it's going to be hot, it's going to be hot." Sigh.  
  
"This is going to be hot, Rupali." She looked up at me with blonde eyebrows raised. At 6'1", I'm more than a foot taller than her; why do I let her push me around? I could pick her up under one arm and walk her out of the store myself.  
  
"OK. Let's go." God, was my heart hammering before? Now it was about to leap out of my throat. The shop assistant -- pardon me; the hot, Indian shop assistant -- started towards us with a big smile. He looked to be our age or a few years older and he was also about my height -- nice and tall -- narrow across the shoulders and chest, but with slim hips he still had a very manly shape. His thick, wavy black hair was trimmed to a neat length and his long face was made handsome by prominent cheek bones and a strong jaw. His skin was a lovely coffee and cream brown like mine, so his family was probably from the North, or he might be carrying some British colonial blood -- and still my beating heart -- he was clean shaven. Why so many Indian men want to go around with a moustache looking like a criminal -- or worse, a pervert -- is beyond me.  
  
"Hello. Namaste," he said, "Welcome to Sundara. My name is Rajit." He pointed to his name tag. "How can I be of assistance?"  
  
Oh God. How did I get myself into this?

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It's possible Belinda had been planning this for some time -- she loves the long game -- but the first I knew of this fantasy adventure was the night before when we were in bed together playing Hot Five.  
  
We are both in Year 12 at an exclusive private school in Sydney -- what Americans would call Senior Year at High School. We live in the senior girls' boarding house; I am new this year and Belinda has been a boarder for years, so we were a natural pairing for roommates as far as the Boarding House Mistress was concerned. Clearly she overlooked the whole tall vs. tiny, brown vs. pale, brunette vs. blonde, sporty vs. bookish situation, but perhaps she knew something we didn't because within the first month of school we became lovers and best friends. We'll never share clothes or shoes or make-up, but we share our emotions, our dreams, a love of sexy games -- and on one incredible occasion we shared Belinda's mystery boyfriend, although I was blindfolded and still do not know his identity. At least I didn't at the time; but the day of the shoe shopping fantasy was the day I found out.  
  
Hot Five is another of Belinda's inventions. One person thinks of a topic ... OK, Belinda thinks of a topic and then together we agree on the five hottest examples of that topic. Without fail it gets us so aroused that we have to quit the game to make love, which is true of all Belinda's games and one of the things that makes her so special.  
  
We were spooning in the dark in my bed, Belinda's tiny form folded into mine like a Russian doll; my left arm under her neck and my right hand cupping her breast through the sheer satin of her nightie. This is how we usually sleep until she gets too hot -- literally, not figuratively -- and sneaks back to her own cold bed.  
  
"Hot Five things you do with your clothes on," she began.  
  
"Oooh, good one," I said. "I know Number One already."  
  
"You just go ahead and think that, sweetie. But remember who's the Queen of Hot."  
  
"Of course Your Majesty," I said deferentially, giving her breast a little squeeze. "But it was your royal personage who was the number one hottest thing with your clothes on at the beginning of the year. Do you remember No Panties Tuesday?"  
  
I was smiling with the recollection. Trish had dared Belinda to go sans panties all day at school in a game of Truth or Dare, but Belinda had grown out of her school dress over Christmas and it barely covered her pussy. She spent the whole day sitting with her laptop bag on her knees and ended up getting a yellow card to visit the Headmistress.  
  
"Remember it? It's burned into my psyche, from embarrassment though, not hotness!"  
  
"Oh, it was hot all right," I laughed. "You were so nervous and red faced; you just drew more attention to yourself. Every time you twisted in your seat to see who was watching, that tiny dress would ride up. I saw your pussy three times."  
  
"Oh, you dirty perv!" she cried, elbowing me gently in the stomach, the poorly veiled glee in her voice betraying her words. "Why didn't you ever tell me?"  
  
"We were just roommates then," I said. "And afterwards it never came up. I still think about it when you're not around though."  
  
"OK then," she said. "In that case, Number Two is you playing netball without your shorts."  
  
From the sound of her voice, I could tell she was smiling in the dark; pleased to turn the tables on me. I was selected for the school's First Seven netball team at the start of the year and didn't realise that there was an unlisted item of uniform. The official uniform is a pleated netball skirt worn over the school gymnastics leotard with a netball bib. The leotard is very high cut and -- for gymnasts at least -- is designed to be worn with opaque tights so that it is athletic rather than sexy. What I didn't know is that all of the girls buy black athletic shorts to wear under their skirts so they don't have to shave their bikini line before each game.  
  
"Fair enough," I smiled. "I think the boys appreciated it more than you, though. I've never seen the front row of the bleachers so full!" If I'm truthful, I kind of enjoyed the attention and did a bit more jumping and pivoting to make the skirt flare out than was probably necessary.  
  
"I've got my Number Three," she said. "But you won't like it."  
  
"I thought that you were the Queen of Hot," I teased. "Do you think something's hot that's not?"  
  
I expected some sassy response like I wasn't refined enough to know it was hot, but she didn't.  
  
"Writing," she whispered. It sounded like she was a bit ashamed, which is strange because she's never backwards about sharing sexy thoughts with me.  
  
"What? Like Christmas Cards?" I asked, trying to lighten the nervousness I heard in her voice.  
  
"No. Erotica," she replied. I gave her a moment but she didn't continue.  
  
"So like pornos for blind people," I asked, trying not to giggle.  
  
"You're not taking me seriously," she pouted; I didn't need to see the pout, I could hear it.  
  
"I'm sorry, sweetie," I said. "Do you write pornos?"  
  
"Erotica!" she corrected me. She sounded less annoyed now; I think she worked out that I was teasing her. "You know that bedtime story I told you a few weeks ago?"  
  
"The one about your Physics lab partner Bob?" I said. "That was very sexy. I look at Bob differently now." This is true; I was masturbating while she told it and it made me come. I'm beginning to see why Belinda has a crush on him.  
  
"IT! WAS! NOT! BOB! FROM! PHYSICS!" she snarled, punctuating each word with a poke to my bare thigh. She is so in denial. "Anyway," she continued, "that's erotica. When I wrote that one out, I had to stop every page to cool off. You might have noticed some weeks I'm a bit needy."  
  
"Well, now that you mention it ...," I said softly, stroking her nipple through the satin. Actually I had noticed; but I would have used the word 'horny'. For about a week at a time -- when she's writing, it turns out - she's completely insatiable.  
  
"Erotica is usually just a short, sexy story -- or a collection of them broken into scenes long enough to get you good and hot," she explained, beginning to sound more animated as she hit her stride. "Good erotica is pretty hot; it can get your fires burning and keep them going for an hour or more. When you come after that it's ...," she paused, maybe realising she was favourably comparing sex without me to sex with me. "It's just really nice," she finished weakly.  
  
I let her off the hook. "I know. I read erotica too, sweetie."  
  
"Oh, really?" she seemed surprised. "OK. So think about the hottest erotica you've read."  
  
"OK."  
  
"What is it?" she asked.  
  
"Not telling," I smiled.  
  
"Chicken! Anyway, you know how your favourite erotica gets into your head and pings your secret fantasies?"  
  
"Sure," I agreed.  
  
"Well, writing it yourself is about ten times hotter because you use your own fantasies and have perfect earth-shattering sex every time. As you're writing it and editing it, it's like having super hot sex over and over. It's actually pretty exhausting."  
  
Feeling her nipple harden beneath my fingers as she spoke, I began to wish I could trade some of my sports and science prowess for creative writing.  
  
"Would you write some for me?" I asked.  
  
"We'll see," she teased me back. "You need to build up your favour bank, lassie; especially when you see the toy my mystery man made for you."  
  
My heart skipped a beat. I bought Belinda a strapless strap-on dildo some months ago and I wear it to make love to her. She wanted to return the favour but couldn't find one big enough to ... ahem ... accommodate my tastes. Long story short: her mystery man -- the one who took me blindfolded -- is a very well endowed toy-maker. Belinda called in a favour to get him to make a strapless strap-on modelled on his own cock, but I haven't heard anything about it for ages.  
  
"Oh my God!" I breathed. "Do you have it? Get it now!"  
  
"You need to learn some patience, sweetie," she said. "Not tonight, but soon. I need a special occasion."  
  
"I'm horny," I said. "That's special."  
  
"Not special enough," she said. "What's next? Hot Five, Number Four?"  
  
I sighed inwardly and squeezed my thighs together to quell the fire that had kindled there (it didn't help), but I knew better than to push her. She really is the Queen of Hot and if she says she needs an occasion then it's going to be worth the wait.  
  
"OK, this one is a bit of a cheat," I began, "because you were actually trying to get out of your clothes, not stay in them."  
  
"Oh God, not Spike again!" she cried quietly.  
  
Oh yes, Spike again. We went bikini shopping at the end of last summer and for reasons I don't remember we were wearing one of her mystery man's new inventions: a pair of radio linked vibrating vaginal plugs that we called Ike and Mike; when you switch one on, the other one switches on too providing it is in range. She tried on a skimpy string bikini and -- this still makes me laugh - all four knots got stuck! We got Spike the cute shop assistant (yes, that was his real name) to undo Belinda's bikini and while they were alone in the changing room, I triggered the plugs to buzz her to a secret orgasm while Spike was sitting with his face barely a foot from her pussy trying to undo the last knot.  
  
"Yes, Spike again," I said. "You were so hot in that tiny bikini with Spike trying to undress you without staring at your rack, and then at the end you were trying to hold up the halter he had already undone without flashing him or letting him know you were coming. In fact, I'm promoting that one to Number One because he was a sexy stranger and it was in public."  
  
"Alright," she sighed. "I'm not going to argue with you because I don't want to talk about it anymore. I'm not as big of an exhibitionist as you seem to think."  
  
"Your turn then," I said. "Number Five?"  
  
"OK, you might not agree with this one," she said tentatively.  
  
"Try me," I was smiling; despite her reluctant introduction, she does tend to save the best until last.  
  
"It might just be me, but ...," she paused, "shoe shopping. You know when ..."  
  
"Oh. My. God! Yes! Shoe shopping!" I was instantly hot again. Belinda had stumbled upon a little fetish of mine that I hadn't shared with her.  
  
"You didn't let me finish," she complained.  
  
"You don't need to," I said. "Everything about shoe shopping gets me wet. The kneeling, the feeling, parading up and down with the clerk watching your ass instead of the shoes, the straps, the buckles, the laces ... hell, just everything!"  
  
"Are you serious?" she asked. "How did I not know this?"  
  
"It was embarrassing," I admitted. "I wasn't brave enough to tell until you said it."  
  
"It sounds like you like it a lot more than me," she giggled. "The bit I like is when the guy ..."  
  
"The hot guy?" I interrupted.  
  
"Sure, when the hot guy is ..."  
  
"Kneeling in front of you!" I blurted.  
  
"Yeah, kneeling in front of you; and you wonder..."  
  
"Whether he's trying to look up your dress!" I finished for her.  
  
"Um, actually, I was going to say, you wonder whether he's thinking about going down on you," she said. "You're a bit of an exhibitionist, aren't you?"  
  
"Maybe a bit," I admitted. I wanted to share my fantasy with her, but I was still afraid that it was weird. "If I tell you something, promise you won't judge?"  
  
"Promise," she said solemnly.  
  
I took a deep breath; here goes. "I fantasise about a sexy shoe store clerk kneeling in front of me, stealing glances at my bare legs and -- not that I have ever been brave enough to do it -- I open my knees a little so he can see my panties, special ones just for shoe shopping, pale pink with a gauzy gusset so that at first glimpse he thinks he has seen my pussy. Then when I open a bit wider, he realises it was only my panties, but I watch his face and after a few moments he realises that the panties are translucent and he can see my pussy after all." Christ, I was hot! Could Belinda feel my nipples stabbing her through the back of her nightie?  
  
I continued: "He's fumbling with my feet and trying not to get caught looking at my pussy, but he's getting flustered and I can see his erection. He can't adjust himself in front of me and he's trying to bend over more to hide it, but it only brings his face closer to my pussy, and now I'm thinking about him going down on me -- like you were saying. Watching his cock has gotten me even more aroused and I can feel myself getting moist, and I know it will soak through my panties and he will see how wet I am and then ..."

"And then what?" Belinda asked breathlessly; I could feel her squirming in my arms and I was secretly pleased to be able to pay her back for the sexy stories she tells me.  
  
"And I don't have any more," I said. "I don't know where to take it from there. I don't really want to fuck the store attendant. I'm not being prudish about it; it's just not as hot as having him look up my dress and I think it should finish on a high note."  
  
I could almost hear Belinda thinking and I could certainly hear her breathing. The ring and little finger of my hand on her breast were touching her ribcage and I could feel her heart hammering nineteen to the dozen in there. This was confusing for me; what she said about not being an exhibitionist was true and I was wondering what part of my flashing fetish had her so worked up.  
  
"In your fantasy," she began slowly, "would you bring a lover shopping with you?"  
  
"Um?" I thought about it for a moment. "Is that so I'd have to be more discreet? I don't think so; it's hot because I'm being so brazen, not because I'm frightened of being discovered."  
  
"What if the lover was watching you too?" she asked. "Because they wanted to see your pussy, and ..." she trailed off.  
  
"And?" I encouraged her along.  
  
"And maybe the lover's fantasy is to watch the clerk looking up your dress."  
  
"That would be OK," I replied tentatively. Actually, that would be super hot; two people looking at me but the clerk doesn't know he is being watched. I wriggled tighter into Belinda's body.  
  
"And the clerk is watching you, but nobody is watching the lover, except you of course," she went on, more confidently this time. "So she ..." she paused, "um, he or she is masturbating behind the shelves across the store, maybe flashing you too while you watch."  
  
Oh my! What had I tapped into here?  
  
"And then you leave the store," she continued, "all hot and frustrated and you go straight home and have explosive sex with the lover." She paused to let that bit sink in. "Is that finishing on a high note?"  
  
Cuddled into me as she was, Belinda's head was right in front of my mouth; so she could certainly tell from my breathing what I thought about it. "Yes," I husked. "That is definitely finishing on a high note."  
  
"You'd only need to change one thing," she whispered.  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"The lover wouldn't be able to see your pussy from across the store," she said. "So you might have to lose the pink panties."  
  
I felt a shopping trip coming on. "Would that...," I had to clear my throat; God, why was my mouth so dry and my pussy so wet? "Would that qualify as a Special Occasion?" I asked, still wondering when I would get to see the new toy her mystery man had made for me.  
  
Belinda didn't answer. She rolled over and pulled me close, one hand under the curve of my waist and the other stealing beneath my nightie. "We need new shoes for the Spring Ball," she whispered in my ear.  
  
My mouth was so dry now I couldn't even swallow. "When?" I croaked as her fingers snaked under the waistband of my panties.  
  
"Tomorrow after school," she replied.  
  
We kissed. Tomorrow was going to be a long day of waiting.

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"Hello. Namaste," he said, his voice was accented with the clipped precise consonants that were so familiar from my parents and their friends. "Welcome to Sundara. My name is Rajit. How can I be of assistance?"  
  
I could feel the cotton of my summer school dress brushing across my bare pussy and felt completely exposed, like I was standing on a mirrored floor. Here goes.  
  
"Namaste," I smiled back at him. "Sorry, but now you've exhausted my entire Hindi vocabulary." Voe-cabb-you-lair-ree. Oh my God, I'm talking with my parents' accent. What's wrong with me?  
  
"No, it is I who should be sorry," he apologised. "This place, Sundara; it means beautiful and charming in Hindi, so I am very accustomed to serving beautiful Indian women." He paused and looked away, realising he had just paid a brazen compliment. Looking back into my eyes with a bashful smile he said: "It is not the worst job I have ever had." Oh, bravo, what a recovery! Aussie understatement from an Indian boy; I could feel Belinda beaming beside me. I was now positive she had scouted this store earlier.  
  
I noticed that Rajit was actually a little taller than me; a nice change from peering down at Belinda all the time. I was surprised at how he set off the Indian mannerisms that I didn't even know I had when I realised I had lowered my eyes and was watching him through my eyelashes. What was more surprising was that I liked the way it made me feel and I found myself smiling and flashing my eyes at him.  
  
"I'm going to browse," Belinda said softly, touching me on the hip with her fingertips as she stepped past and around Rajit. Once she was behind his back, she reached down and scratched the back of her thigh, lifting her dress to expose the smooth curve of her bare bottom to anyone watching, which of course was only me. I remembered why we here and felt another flush of adrenalin course through me, setting off tingles in my breasts and deep in my stomach.  
  
I hadn't said anything since Rajit's lovely compliment and he seemed compelled to save me by continuing as if he was still finishing a thought. "Actually it is refreshing to serve Australian girls," he said. As he was talking, I began walking towards a row of shoes but I kept eye contact so that he would come and browse with me. "They seem ..." he paused to think of the word.  
  
"Exotic?" I suggested. Goodness! Did I just say that?  
  
He laughed as if I had made a joke rather than a fool of myself. "I was going to say that they seem less inclined to judge an Indian man who is not a doctor or an IT professional."  
  
I looked down and fingered a lovely black sling back so that he wouldn't see the guilt on my face. I expected that he would judge me because I was Indian and instead I realised that in doing so I was judging him; not by his occupation but by his race. He was right though; many immigrant parents -- not just Indians -- push their children towards professions that they perceive as being more successful. It made me reflect; as progressive and Australian as my parents behave; I still have not discussed my career with them. They expect that I will go to university next year to study science or IT, but more and more I have been considering applying to the Australian Institute of Sport for a netball scholarship. And everybody says I should do modelling ... what would my parents say about that?  
  
"Rajit, can I ask a personal question?"  
  
"Only if you tell me your name," he said in deep tones that I was beginning to find very manly and attractive. "That way we won't be strangers."  
  
I looked back up into his smiling eyes. "I'm Rupali," I said, holding out my hand to shake.  
  
He took my hand firmly but gently, his skin felt warm and soft and gave me a bit of a tingle. "The name Rupali also means 'beautiful'," he said, "although I'm sure you already knew that."  
  
I did. I thought he was going to say something cheesy like 'a beautiful name for a beautiful girl' -- or worse -- but he didn't. "Now that we are introduced, Rupali, you may ask your personal question."  
  
I picked up a patent leather lace-up pump (laces are so, so sexy) and continued to browse as we talked.  
  
"How did you explain your career to your parents?" I asked. "And how did they react?"  
  
"I am sorry," he laughed. "I have misled you; this is not my career. I completed a Bachelor of Science with a Physiology major last year and have enrolled for a Bachelor of Podiatry at the University of Sydney next year. I took a gap year to work in a shoe shop; here I will see more feet in twelve months than I will in twelve years of private practice, so I should get a very good idea of whether I want to devote my career to feet."  
  
I felt a little flood of warmth through my core; oh my goodness, a tall, handsome man with a double-degree, I'm such a snob to like him more because he is educated.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean ..."  
  
"No," he smiled, holding up a hand. "Again there is no need for apologies." Then changing the subject to save me again: "Those shoes are very beautiful," he said, taking it from me. "Would you like to try them on? I believe they will suit you very well."  
  
"Um, OK," I said. "Yes please." I felt another surge of adrenalin as I remembered why I was here. I saw Belinda smile at me from across the store and give me two thumbs up.  
  
"What size are you?" he said, looking down at my feet. "A ladies size eight?"  
  
"That's right!" I said, more impressed than I ought to have been at such a simple trick for someone with a good eye. "I take an eight-and-a-half in some shoes because the right foot is too snug; I think it's a little bigger."  
  
"Let me get the Brannock and we'll find out for sure," he said, taking a few steps away and returning with one of those stainless steel foot measuring devices. "If you don't mind Rupali, I will take the measurement standing," he explained as he kneeled and placed what he called the Brannock beside my right foot. I was about to kick off my school sandals when he looked up at me (I wondered how much closer he would need to be to see up my dress), "May I help you with your sandals, Rupali?"  
  
"Oh! Uh, sure." I was a little bit charmed by his politeness and chivalry. Unbidden, a lightning flash image lit up in my head; lying naked beneath him in bed as he asked 'May I put my cock in you now, Rupali'. I quickly raised a hand to my mouth to hide the smile and was glad that my complexion wouldn't show me blushing.  
  
He unbuckled my sandals and slipped them off my feet, his warm fingers working quickly and dextrously.  
  
"I prefer to take a standing measurement because of the size difference you perceive," he explained. "The foot changes shape, you see, when it is carrying weight. The metatarsals can splay," he traced his fingers down the top of my foot showing me the bones he was talking about, "making the foot wider than when you are seated."  
  
"Now do you normally wear socks with your shoes?" he asked.  
  
I looked down at the short, white socks that are part of our school uniform. The only other shoes I wear socks with are sports shoes.  
  
"No," I answered, my voice a little husky. A tingle ran through me as I anticipated what was coming next.  
  
"May I," he looked up at me again from his supplicant position.  
  
I nodded and bent my knee, raising the heel off the floor in offering. I swallowed hard and hoped he couldn't see my anticipation. God, I came in here with no panties on and now I was getting him to undress me! Who was in charge of this fantasy?  
  
Using both hands, he slipped his index fingers under the sock in the hollow behind my ankle which -- I didn't realise until right then -- turns out to be an erogenous zone for me. As he pushed down with his fingers, I levered my foot up by bending further at the knee and -- as he slipped it over my heel and down past my toes -- I belatedly realised with a breathless rush that my knee had lifted the hem of my school dress over his eyeline. I didn't need to worry about him seeing the panicked look on my face any more; if he had looked up at that moment then all he would have seen was the pink, glistening folds of my pussy.  
  
I was well on my way to becoming fully aroused; it was going to be a very uncomfortable walk back to school and I prayed that we got back in time for Belinda to relieve me before dinner.  
  
While he removed my other sock, I paid more attention to the feeling of his fingertips behind my ankle, so warm and smooth and gentle. Kneeling directly in front of me with his hands around my ankle, I indulged a little fantasy where instead of pushing my sock down, he would stroke upwards, running those strong, smooth hands over my calf, around my knee and then under my dress and up the long muscles of my thigh where he would stop, teasing me, the tips of his fingers just millimetres from the baking entrance of my pussy. It was so vivid that I was almost surprised when he slid my sock down rather than up, but I repeated the same movement as before with my knee; deliberately this time, my pussy buzzing with anticipation and the hope that he would look up.  
  
I reflected with a thrill that I was now technically naked from the waist down and I gave my hips a wiggle just to feel the cotton of my dress swish across my bare bottom.  
  
Sadly Rajit had missed the show; he had folded my socks into a ball and poked then into one sandal. Opening the jaws of the Brannock, he paused for a moment and then looked up at my face. I realised with dull shame that I was waiting for him to touch me again; to pick up my foot and place it in the device, while he was quite rightly waiting for me to do it myself ... which I did, a few seconds too late for it not to be embarrassing.  
  
The steel device was cold and hard after the warm, sensuous touch of his hands, but he worked quickly and expertly and had both feet in and out of it in what felt like just a few seconds.  
  
"It is as I suspected," he said, standing up and looking at my eyes again. "The good news is that your feet are the same length."  
  
"That does sound like good news," I smiled.  
  
"I would be surprised if they were not," he said. "The symmetry of your body and your face is quite perfect, so a difference in bone growth in your feet could really only be caused by a childhood injury; but that seems not to be the case."  
  
Blush! Did he just call my body perfect? I beamed and swished my dress again and caught a glimpse of Belinda impatiently pretending to look at a non-existent watch and then at me.  
  
"The bad news," he continued, "is that your right arch is slightly fallen."  
  
"Oh!" I said. "What should I do?"  
  
"Well, I'm not supposed to say this," he said quietly, "but I recommend you consult a qualified podiatrist and get a set of orthotic inserts for your shoes."  
  
That seemed like sound advice. "Why shouldn't you tell me that?" I asked. As he was talking, Rajit picked out a box containing the lace-up pumps in my size and led me over to a low bench where I could sit; hands in my lap and knees together for the moment.  
  
"This store stocks a range of shoe inserts that are supposed to correct such problems," he explained. "But they are a 'one size fits all' solution to a more complex problem that affects the health of customers' feet. I will share a secret with you," he looked around conspiratorially and I felt another warm flush of endorphins, "I sometimes pay for one myself so that the owner does not detect that I am not selling them."  
  
Rajit 'assumed the position' kneeling in front of me and Belinda quickly circled around the store so that she could see me as he unwrapped the shoes and loosened the laces. "Right foot, please Rupali."  
  
I lifted my foot and pointed my toes for him; straight at his groin, I noticed. Is that Freudian? He slipped it gently onto my foot, touching me all over -- especially around my new erogenous zone behind the ankle -- and sending shivers up my calf. Taking care not to pinch with the laces against my bare skin, he tied it in a perfectly symmetrical bow and then reached for the other shoe.  
  
I saw Belinda looking at me meaningfully from two rows across with a hand under her dress. Was she stroking herself or just encouraging me? Probably both; and it was working! I pointed my left foot for Rajit to slip on the other shoe and placed it back on the floor with my knees a little further apart than was considered modest; although not so wide that he could see my pussy. Yet! I wanted to plant the idea in his head that I was careless with my modesty and that if he was vigilant then he might be rewarded with a glimpse of my panties.  
  
As he completed the knot -- a perfect clone of the other one -- I noticed with a delicious shiver that his eyes did indeed linger on their way back up to my face. I was overjoyed at the success; I was initially afraid that he was just too perfect a gentleman to be true, but it turns out there was a goodly dose of man in there as well. I felt myself getting wetter and I was concerned -- incongruously so, considering what I was planning -- that I would leave a mark on the seat of my dress that he would see.  
  
As Rajit got up, I grasped the edge of the bench and drew my legs in to stand up. Between the low seat, the heels and my long legs; my knees were raised too high and my dress slid all the way down my thighs and pooled in my lap. It would have been fine if it had been intentional, but instinct took over and I yelped with surprise, clutching at my hem to cover my pussy. I heard Belinda gasp from two rows away, so clearly she had gotten the money shot, but I thought that with Rajit in the process of standing and the way the dress bunched in my lap, maybe it was just sexy rather than obscene.  
  
Holding my hem down with one hand, I looked up at Rajit through my eyelashes to see his reaction; he simply smiled and offered me his hand to help stand up, which I accepted and then held for a few seconds as I thanked him.  
  
"How does it feel?" he asked.  
  
For one panicked moment I thought he was talking about my very obvious state of arousal; then I saw him look at the shoes and realised my mistake just in time before I said something else stupid.  
  
"Yes," I said. "The right one does feel a little tighter."  
  
"If you don't mind," he said, "I would like to show you something."  
  
Oh my God! Did my eyes just flick down to his cock? I'm such as slut.  
  
"Of course," I said, clearing my throat a bit. "What is it?"  
  
"I'm not going to sell this to you," he explained, retrieving some translucent shoe inserts from a box beneath the counter, "but I want you to see what the shoes would feel like with orthotics."  
  
I thought orthotics were only for closed shoes, but these ones were a narrow shape that would fit nicely in the pumps without hanging over the edge.  
  
Sitting down again, he quickly unlaced the shoes and replaced them with a pair half a size larger containing the inserts. "Now the left one is just a cushioned insole," he explained, "but the right is one of those corrective inserts I mentioned. I don't recommend it, but it will hold your foot to roughly the correct shape."  
  
With my knees slightly apart again, I was delighted to catch him stealing frequent glances as he fitted and tied the new pumps, once again knotting the sexy laces into perfect bows. Standing up when he was done, he offered me his hand again, which of course I accepted.  
  
"Is that different," he asked.  
  
"They both feel the right size now," I said, "but the right one feels ..."  
  
"Lumpy?"  
  
"Yes!" I giggled. "I was searching for a better adjective, but 'lumpy' describes it perfectly."  
  
"That is because the insert is re-shaping your arch," he explained, showing me with his hand how the foot bends over the insert. "May I try something else?" he asked, gesturing for me to sit down again, which I did, taking care to hold onto my hem.  
  
He removed the right shoe and then, taking my right foot in both hands, he rested it against his thigh, explaining that he was going to massage it to loosen the ligaments, which would mimic what my foot would be like after walking on the insert for a while. I felt another nervous flutter wondering where a sensual massage might lead. With his palms on top of my foot, he closed his strong fingers underneath and pressed gently into my arch.  
  
"Oop!" I squeaked, stealing my foot back. "That tickles."  
  
"I apologise," he said, holding out his hands. "I will take more care."  
  
Ignoring his offered hands, I put my foot back on his thigh much higher than he had placed it before and my breath caught as I felt something move against my big toe. Oh my God, I had made him hard already! I was so tempted to stroke him with my foot, but I resisted and instead pressed firmly down to let him know that my foot was staying right where it was.

As he closed his fingers around my foot again, moving slowly and more firmly to avoid tickling me, I could see his eyelashes flicking upwards as he stole glances at my legs. Even though I had them together, the one resting on his leg was raised much higher and he could easily see all the way down the back of my thigh to my bottom.  
  
Having desensitised my foot, he began massaging much more thoroughly, working his strong fingers down and between the long bones in my foot, warming up and stretching the muscles.  
  
"Oh, that feels wonderful," I groaned. "You have such strong hands." What the fuck? I sound like my own B-grade porno fantasy. I leaned back against the wall and watched Rajit work his magic on my foot; at the same time checking for telltale movements in his crotch.  
  
Another movement in my peripheral vision caught my eye. It was Belinda; she was still in the same place watching us, but now she was lifting her dress so that I could see her pussy. I nearly jumped when I realised that what I thought were the open, pink folds of her pussy, was in fact the pink saddle-shaped head of Ike; one half of Ike and Mike, our radio-linked vibrating plugs. Sneaky cow! She must have slipped it in back at the dorm. She was going to buzz herself to a climax here in the store and leave me high and dry ... OK, well ... not so dry, I guess.  
  
I watched jealously as she pinched the base and began sliding Ike out of her pussy. Ike and Mike are shaped like bowling pins (thankfully much smaller); they have a narrow throat behind the saddle base and then widen out to about an inch diameter before tapering to a bullet nose at the tip. As she drew Ike out, I could see her tight inner lips clinging to its smooth barrel, as if reluctant to release it from their hot embrace. Belinda slowly fucked herself with the vibrator while with the other hand she held her dress up and lovingly fingered her clitoris, holding herself open so that I could see how hot and engorged she was.  
  
It felt like I was burning up. All I wanted to do was to reach under my dress and finger myself, but I couldn't. Leaning my head back against the wall, I closed my eyes and moaned softly; for the pleasure of Rajit's warm touch on my foot, for the feeling of his hard cock twitching against my toe, and for the frustration and jealousy of Belinda masturbating in front of me.  
  
With eyes closed and heart racing, I realised that the time had come. I opened my legs wider and -- just holding one side of my dress -- I allowed the other side to slide down my raised leg and pool in my lap. Unable to look, I waited for some type of feedback from Rajit to tell me that he could see me. After five seconds I felt no change, was he not watching? I was breathing in shallow gasps; I had to let him know how hot I was so I gave some voice to the pleasure that was filling my senses: "Oh, oh, mmmm."  
  
I felt a jolt through Rajit's grip as he jumped. Bingo! We have a winner. Time for a reward: "Oh, that feels so nice," I breathed. "Please don't stop!" Then it was my turn for a reward when I felt the hard surge of his cock as he flexed it, pressing insistently against my toes. "Mmmm, yes," I husked, a smile pricking at the corners of my mouth.  
  
With my head back and eyes closed, I hoped he was taking the opportunity for a long, hot look at my soaking slit; and if so, I needed to give him some warning so that I didn't catch him staring. "Oh, that was lovely," I said softly, moving my knees back together to block his view before I opened my eyes. "Thank you so much."  
  
"Not at all, Rupali," he said. "Truly it was my pleasure." I bet it was. I sat up straight and smoothed my school dress down over my thighs again while he put the shoe back on.  
  
He helped me up again and I gasped in surprise and wonder. "They feel exactly the same now!" I gave him my biggest smile.  
  
"Try walking in them," he suggested.  
  
I walked away from him between the racks, swinging my bottom slowly from side to side. At the end of the aisle I bent over with my legs straight and pretended to fuss with the laces, allowing my dress to ride up and cling around my bottom. I knew it wouldn't ride up far enough to show my pussy, but he didn't and I knew he would be watching closely.  
  
I straightened up, turned around and walked back, holding his gaze with my eyes; loving the way the heels pushed my bum in and my breasts out, almost daring him to look down and admire them.  
  
"How do you get the bows so perfect?" I asked.  
  
"Aha!" he said. "It is a simple secret. Show me first how you tie them."  
  
I looked at him, returning his smile and wondering what he was doing. Sitting again, I leaned down to tie the lace, but my long hair, which I had taken out of its pony tail after school, flopped forwards in my face. I reached back, gathered it into one hand and then saw an opportunity.  
  
"Would you hold this for me, please Rajit?" I smiled.  
  
I know boys like my hair; it's long and glossy and hangs in wavy black locks. I knew he would welcome the opportunity to touch it and feel the silky texture, but he would also have to reach behind me, and lean down with me, bringing our faces closer together. As I made the bow, I looked up into his eyes, little more than a foot away from mine. "Did I do it right?" I asked, evening out the loops.  
  
Unlike his bow, mine hung vertically, one loop sitting high and the other low, spoiling the beauty of the shoes.  
  
"Not quite," he said. "Start again and I will show you."  
  
I pulled the knot open and untied the starting knot.  
  
"Now slowly," he said as I began to re-tie the starting knot, "and stop! Tie that left-over-right instead of right-over-left."  
  
"Um, I don't understand," I said.  
  
He draped my hair over one shoulder and released it, and then leaning further down until our cheeks were almost touching, he closed his large hands around mine and swapped their positions so that the left lace overlaid the right one.  
  
"There," he said, "left over right." I could smell his cologne, spicy and sensual, and it made my heart race yet again.  
  
"Oh, I see," I breathed. With his lips so close to mine, I wanted to kiss, but instead I pretended to flick my hair out of the way and grazed my temple against his in a cat-like fashion.  
  
I completed the bow and evened up the loops and ... it was perfect! I sat up and gave him my sunniest smile. "How did you do that?"  
  
"You were making what is called a Granny Knot," he explained. "You used right-over-left for both the starting knot and the bow. Whichever way you do the bow, you need to do the starting knot the other way. It makes the bow sit straight and it does not come undone so easily, either."  
  
"Thank you so much," I said, the gratitude I felt seemed out of proportion to his assistance, but I love lace-up and ankle strap shoes with bows so much and I'm so disappointed at how they look when I wear them with crooked bows. Looking down at my beautiful shoes, I felt about as sexy as a girl with no panties on can feel in a baggy school dress.  
  
"Belinda! Come tell me what you think," I called. In a panic, she quickly slid the plug home in her pussy and dropped her hem before Rajit could turn around. Looking a little rosy in the cheeks, she came around to my aisle and caught my eye, silently admonishing me for spoiling her private toying session -- something for which I felt absolutely no guilt at all.  
  
I gave my hips another twirl, flaring my dress out as Belinda inspected the shoes. "Wow!" she said. "Very sexy shoes, Roops. But I saw some boots you might like."  
  
She went over to the boots and picked up a thigh-length leather boot with a platform, an enormous heel and -- you guessed it -- laces. She held it up against her body and stroked the leather, smiling at me with a pleading look in her eyes. I didn't need her to sell the idea; they were the sexiest footwear I think I've ever seen.  
  
Trying to keep the excitement out of my voice, I asked: "What do you think, Rajit? Would they look nice on me?"  
  
"Well, long boots are especially suited to long legs," he said, "so I believe that they would look very attractive indeed. However those heels are six inches and the platform is two inches, so I hope your date is over six-foot-six."  
  
I didn't even know any boys that tall, but I didn't care. I wasn't seriously going to buy them, I just wanted to put them on and have Rajit lace me up.  
  
"Then I guess my first stop with them will be a basketball game," I joked. "Can I try them on anyway?"  
  
"Of course," he said, searching for a box in my size and then returning with it to my seat.  
  
I quickly untied the pumps and slipped them off; I was so anxious for Rajit to start strapping me in to those sexy boots, I didn't even think about letting him take the other shoes off. Starting with the left one, he loosened the laces and held the mouth of the boot open for me. I lifted my knee much higher that was necessary, ostensibly looking at the boot but watching his eyes in my peripheral vision and sure enough, as soon as my hem passed his eye line, his eyes flicked from the boot up to my pussy.  
  
I was now steaming hot and wide open and I felt like he could see all the way in to my molten core. My clitoris was aching to be touched, so I don't doubt that he could see it in all of its flaming glory. As I pushed into the boot, I conspired to make it more difficult than it really was; wriggling my hips and opening my legs wider so that he could see not just my pink centre but also the soft curves of my shaved labia and the small triangle of pubic hair that I wax on my mons pubis.  
  
All too soon my leg was deep inside the boot and my pussy was hidden from sight once again. In what I hoped was anxiousness to see my engorged sex once again, Rajit fitted the other boot before lacing the first one. If anything, I made this one more of a difficult task; wriggling and pushing and opening my legs as before, but this time releasing my hem to hold the bench as I pushed into the boot, allowing the overhead lights to glint off my shining slit as I twisted and pushed my foot deeper into the sexy leather boot.  
  
Finally both of them were on. My shallow breathing had degenerated to little more than panting; it was no longer enough for me to see him stealing glimpses at my incandescent womanhood; I needed him to touch me, to part my aching lips with his fingers, his tongue, his cock; hell, all three at once if he could manage it. I was well beyond the point of pulling down my hem and just left it pooled in my lap. With both feet on the floor again, I couldn't tell whether he could see me or not, but he had almost given up just glancing at my sex and was openly staring as I continued to hold my legs open for him, panting and almost moaning with primal need while he tightened the laces.

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Eventually he had both of them laced up to my thighs with perfect bows once again and I had to wait until he moved back and stood up before I accepted the frustrating truth that he wasn't going to reach in and stroke my poor, engorged clitoris.  
  
"Be careful now Rupali," he said, trying to hide the breathless excitement in his voice. "Those heels are very tricky if you are not used to them."  
  
I folded my legs underneath me, making no effort to hold my hem even though -- between the high heels and my long legs -- my naked thighs were pointing almost straight up. Once again I took his hand to stand up and ... Oh. My. Goodness! Belinda may be the Queen of Hot but I was the Goddess; at six foot seven I now towered over Rajit and my lovely little Belinda was only as tall as my belly-button. My aching pussy could think of several good uses for someone at her level.  
  
I was grinning like the Cheshire Cat as I did a slow turn, letting them bask in my magnificence while being careful not trip and fall on the enormous heels.  
  
"So what do you think?" I asked, waiting for the praise and superlatives to begin spilling from their mouths.  
  
Belinda was covering a smile with one hand. "Um, take a look in the mirror, Roops," she said.  
  
I turned again and found the mirror, deflating like an old balloon at what I saw; the sexy bows at the top those gorgeous, sensuous boots were covered by the shapeless sack of my school dress. I was a mess of mixed messages; long, tight, laced leather boots exposing and accentuating the shape of my legs, but the soft womanly curves of my thighs, hips and breasts were lost in the decidedly unsexy square-cut pin-stripes of my school uniform.  
  
"Wait a minute," Belinda said, rushing over to the sales counter. "I have an idea." She came back brandishing a large office stapler and an even bigger smile. "Two minute makeover," she said, approaching me with the stapler.  
  
"Oh, Blinny, I don't kn..."  
  
"Who's the Queen, Rupali?"  
  
Sigh. "You're the Queen, Belinda."  
  
"Who are you?"  
  
"Your obedient servent."  
  
"You are going to let me do this." Statement; not a question.  
  
"Could I stop you if I wanted to?" I asked, a smile creeping back onto my face.  
  
"Probably not, no," she giggled and then got to work.  
  
First she folded the short sleeves inwards to make the dress sleeveless and then -- working down each side from under my arms -- she used the stapler to take in the bodice until it stretched tightly over my C-cups and flat stomach. Turning her attention to the skirt, she took in and stapled a huge amount of fabric, turning it from a modest shift into a slinky tube dress that clung to my hips and thighs. Finally, she stapled the hem so high I wouldn't be able to sit down again without showing my pussy, which at this point was fine by me.  
  
"OK," she said. "Look now."  
  
I turned to the mirror again and gasped; as rough a job as Belinda had done -- with the hem crooked and puckers up and down the stapled sections -- I looked every bit the goddess that the boots made me feel. I shook my hair forward over one shoulder to frame my breasts, which were now smooth and proud, straining the buttons down the front. The long boots now finished well below the hem and the sexy bows drew the eyes upwards to at least eight inches of trim, brown thighs, with the hem now finishing just two or three inches below the soaking, open entrance of my pussy.  
  
I didn't know what to say. "What do you think, Rajit?" I asked, turning to face him so that he could see the whole thing front on. I held my arms out and did a slow turn; the dress rode up a little and as I turned past the mirror I glimpsed the tips of my smooth pussy lips peeking out before quickly lowering my arms and pulling the hem back down.  
  
"You look ... amazing," he husked, his eyes drinking in the sexy boots and my newly revealed curves. The bulge of his cock was now clearly visible in his trousers and it gave a startling jump as I beamed at him, wiggling my hips and clasping hands between my breasts, clearly flattered by the very welcome attention.  
  
"You should get a photo before you rip out all those staples and ruin my handiwork," Belinda said.  
  
"Good idea," I agreed, still watching Rajit watching me and feeling like a super model; albeit a super-model in a stapled up school dress and long, lace-up, come-fuck-me boots.  
  
Walking back to my bag to get my phone out for a photo, I gave Rajit the catwalk treatment; one hand on the curve of my hip, swinging my bottom and crossing my feet over with each stride. It was an awkward feat in six-inch heels and inevitably the whole thing went tits-up (literally) when I clipped one the platform of one boot with the heel of the other crossing them over too early. I tried to recover but I was already falling forwards when my heel caught on the carpet and I went flying. Ever the gentleman hero, Rajit jumped forwards to catch me and managed to hook one arm around my waist, dragging my new mini up to my hips as he saved me from a nasty spill. I still didn't have my feet under me though and as he took my full weight, I felt his other hand close for a delicious moment on my bare bottom as I drove him back and he tried to hold me up.  
  
I almost had my balance again when Rajit stumbled over my sandals and went flying himself; abandoning me and throwing his hands back to break his own fall. Still stumbling, I had one last chance to get a foot under me; in super slow-mo I saw my long, sexy boot coming up and -- calculating where I needed to land it to regain my balance -- I realised with horror that it would place the six inch spike heel with all of my weight behind it square in Rajit's bulging manhood.  
  
I probably should have just accepted my fate and spilled on top of him; with luck my naked pussy might have landed on his erection, giving us both a brief thrill from which we could quickly recover our composure if I could get my dress back down over my bottom. Instead, I tried to step to the side, narrowly avoiding impaling Rajit, but it had the unwelcome result of throwing me in the opposite direction. I got the other leg high enough to clear his body and land it in clear space on his other side, but my last chance was long gone and I was definitely going down.  
  
Getting my feet underneath me was a lost cause; I was now in damage control, trying to land on all-fours rather than doing a complete face-plant, which at my augmented height of six foot seven could have been quite painful. Down I went; clearing Rajit's head with my hands but not with my legs, I congratulated myself on missing his shoulders with my knees even though it nearly cost me a face full of carpet.  
  
Finally safe on hands and knees, I realised with horror that Rajit's face was between my thighs with my dress hiked up to my hips and my naked, open pussy inches above his nose. What I should have done was kick my legs and jump off him, pulling down my dress and apologising; but part of me -- the horny, yearning part that demanded sexual release -- took control and I stayed poised over his face, pushing back with my hands so that I could crouch on my knees and wait to see what he did.  
  
Moving my pussy back a bit so that I could see his face, I realised that the glistening sheen covering his chin, his lips and the base of his nose was my pussy juices. Holy fuck! I must have snail-trailed him as I went down.  
  
For a few seconds, neither of us moved and neither of us said a word; not with our lips, anyway. My eyes were telling him 'You first', and his were telling me the same thing.  
  
"I'll get the door," Belinda said, breaking the silence and stepped away to lock up the store.  
  
Still watching Rajit, I was about to get up when the apprehensive look on his face melted and he licked my juices from his lips. That was all I needed; with my heart in my throat, I lowered my throbbing, aching, engorged pussy to his lips, as if kissing him. He kissed me for real; opening his lips to match mine, sucking gently on my opening to tease out my pink inner folds and tickling the tips of my labia with his tongue.  
  
After the frustration of all that peeking and sneaking, the gentle touch on my pussy felt like I'd just attached jumper cables to my twat; bolts of pure sensation coursed through my core making every muscle down there clench. With my back arched and head thrown back so far that cords stood out on my neck and my long raven hair trail over his hard abdomen, I let out a low guttural cry of passion as he entered me with his tongue; parting my delicate pink lips and forcing me open; just a little at first with the point, then wider and wider, flicking and licking and exploring me with the tip as he slowly drove deeper and deeper inside.  
  
Belinda locked the door and turned off the fluorescent lights, but the spring sunshine outside the display window meant we weren't in darkness and were hidden from the street by only one rack of shoes. Anyone taking a good look would see what was happening, but who looks past the window display into a closed store anyway? No-one ... I hoped.

Belinda was barely on her way back to us when I felt that familiar, irresistible pressure building inside me. I couldn't believe it -- I usually have to work so hard to come (well, Belinda does most of the heavy lifting) -- but Rajit had barely got his tongue into me and I was about to explode. I'm so glad I'm not a boy; as a girl, it's considered good form to come quickly provided you can back it up and come again when he does.  
  
"Oh fuck," I cried through clenched teeth, twining my fingers into Rajit's short hair and pushing him deeper, "I'm coming!" That was really dirty talk for me; I like taking and I like fucking, but I'm a one-at-a-time kind of girl; I don't usually give much more than a 'Please' or a 'Yes' and Belinda is much the same, such is the life of sex in a dorm room with thin walls. Rajit seemed to like it though; he vocalised something into my pussy and redoubled his efforts, grinding his nose into my clitoris and straining deeper, flexing his tongue thick and thin as he licked and probed the walls of my love canal.  
  
I have no idea what he was saying, maybe it was nothing, but the feeling was electric; his voice vibrated his nose and lips and those vibrations passed straight into my clit and pussy lips. The mounting heat inside me suddenly went volcanic and I was coming; bucking against his face and crying out for him to scream, yell, ... recite the fucking St Crispin's Day speech from Henry V for all I cared, but just keep doing that to my pussy while I fucked his face and came in his mouth.  
  
After the first spasms had passed and I slipped into that long tingly descent from climax, I loosened my hold on his hair and let him get some oxygen, slowly grinding and pumping my hips against his lips and tongue, whispering 'Oh God, thank you' and other such, which is the usual limit of my sexy talk.  
  
I was ready to lie back for a well earned rest, but I knew Belinda would have other plans ... and I suppose I owed Rajit a pretty vigorous cock sucking as well. Still kneeling over his face and catching my breath, I watched with curiosity as Belinda fished in her tote bag and pulled out what at first I thought was some kind of weird fusion cross between nunchucks and a boomerang.  
  
She had brought it out upside down and once I mentally reoriented it, I felt another delicious flood of adrenaline hit and send my heart racing; it was the strapless strap-on dildo that her mystery man made for me. If Belinda brought it here, she must have at least suspected that I would go too far and end up fucking the shoe store guy; I felt a little hurt at this presumption but also a little giddy with love for her that she knew me so well.  
  
Oh my God, this was a toy from a gothic torture fantasy! The reason I didn't recognise it at first was because it was three-pronged instead of two. The business end was pink and thick and very realistic; Belinda held it by the shaft and slid it through her closed fist for effect, revealing inch after inch of the most realistic, thick cock with bulging veins and a slight downwards curve. Six, then seven inches projecting from her tiny fist and it just kept on going!  
  
Watching her play with it, I remembered that this was modelled on her mystery man; I don't know what was more shocking; wondering how I would fit this wonderful thick shaft in my pussy, or remembering that the real monster cock on which this was modelled had already been balls-deep inside me and filled me to overflowing with steaming jets of cum. Finally opening her fist and showing me the base, I could see that the entire thing was the length of Belinda's forearm, though thankfully not as thick. At the bottom it was similar to the one I bought for her; a U-bend into a shorter dildo that slid into the wearer's pussy and clamped down on her pubic bone, but this one had another attachment projecting behind that. It looked like a rattlesnake tail; another five inch dildo made up of progressively smaller balls all stuck together.  
  
I recognised this from our internet shopping expeditions; while the middle dildo goes in the wearer's pussy, the rattle at the goes in her ass, ostensibly to provide stability (because you can close your sphincter on the joints between the balls to hold it in place) but it's also for pleasure if you were that way inclined. I didn't think Belinda was much that way inclined, but looking at the size of the weapon out the front, it needed all the stability she could muster. If that meant she had to shove that rattle all the way up her puckered little toochie in order to give me the fucking I had been dreaming of since the Fantasy Night adventure with her man, then I was OK with that.  
  
And her heart went pitty-pat. I mean, I had heard that trite little phrase before but it took 18 years for me to really understand it. It wasn't ba-bump, ba-bump, BA-BUMP beating out of my chest; but looking at that shaft -- fuck, it had to be nine inches -- and knowing where it was going ... well my breathing had shallowed, my pussy was closing back up with apprehension, my pulse felt irregular ... ba-ba-da-bump, ba-ba-da-bump ... and -- even though I had just come -- I was as horny as all get-out.  
  
I stood up, straddling Rajit's shoulders so that he could watch my pussy from beneath; that way he would be disinclined to run away.  
  
"Where do you want me?" I asked Belinda; the royal court was now open and the Queen was presiding.  
  
She looked me up and down and I followed her gaze; long, lean and sexy at six foot seven, naked from the waist down with six inch spike heels, legs splayed and shining black patent leather clinging to the long curves of my calves, white laces up the front finished with sexy bows at mid thigh; toned, brown muscles angling in to the smooth, pink perfection of my shaved pussy lips.  
  
"You're kidding, right?" Belinda raised her eyebrows at me. She loves my long legs; crouching between them to lick me senseless, wrapped around her tiny body while she fucks me with Rawhide (the dorm's strappy strap-on), but most of all she likes to stand on a box and fuck me doggy style in front of a mirror where she can watch my full breasts swinging as she pounds me, running her fingers over my hips and down the sides of my thighs and -- when I'm ready -- reaching around and fingering my clitoris to make me come.  
  
"Standing, right?"  
  
"Right."  
  
"Doggy." Statement, not a question.  
  
"Smart girl."  
  
"Mirror?"  
  
"That would be lovely, thank you," she smiled at me, plucking Ike from her pussy before fitting the new toy. She first slid the anal dildo through her slit to lubricate it and then, with much less fuss and fanfare than I expected, she slipped it into her ass; one, two, three balls deep and then -- her eyes bulging with the sensation -- she pushed one more up there that was probably close to an inch in diameter.  
  
Lying beneath me, Rajit had his head tipped backwards to watch this operation, getting a perfect view up Belinda's school dress from his position on the floor. He was speechless; hell, I was very near speechless: Belinda is beautiful; petite and blonde with elfin features, tiny girl-like hips, lovely C-cup breasts swelling behind her cute little green and white striped school dress ... which she now held up to show us her thick, bulging, nine inch cock; fully erect and curving up from her shaved pubis almost to her breasts.  
  
It was perfectly colour matched to her pussy lips and as she stroked its long, hard surface in her fist, she looked for all the world like the love-child of Tinkerbell and a Satyr about to sink her unyielding shaft into some ripe, young, virgin. Well, two out three ain't bad.  
  
I could also see some controls on the underside of the bridge between the first and second dildo; a red button and -- mysteriously, in my opinion -- a dial. I opened my mouth to ask her about them but then thought better of it. If it was a simple vibrator then I didn't want to know; it's a lovely feature, but I wanted cock, not a vibrator, and I didn't want to appear ungrateful by asking her not to use it. The alternative was that it was something different; I considered her mystery man's last two inventions -- a pressure-sensitive electric-shock orgasm machine and a matched set of radio-linked vibrators -- and the likelihood that this man had built a mere vibrator into a strapless strap-on seemed a lot less plausible. The big question was would it be better to know now or leave it for a surprise?  
  
I like surprises.  
  
"Can I suck Rajit while you fuck me?" I whispered in her ear, embarrassed by my own dirty talk even though I did it loud enough for him to hear.  
  
"Of course you can, Roops," she assured me.  
  
I looked down at Rajit again; he seemed very excited by this prospect. "And can he watch you make me come?" This time I whispered it softly; I don't know why but I feel like I should be ashamed of getting off on a cute guy watching me come.  
  
In lieu of an answer, Belinda pulled the low bench away from the wall and positioned it end-on to the floor-length mirror.  
  
"You," she pointed at Rajit, then at the bench. "On your back!"  
  
In a blink Rajit was lying on his back on the bench with his feet near the mirror.  
  
"Sorry, Roops," Belinda said, looking at me. "I guess he doesn't want his cock sucked."  
  
Rajit nearly circumcised himself getting his zipper down and his cock out. It looked wonderful; six inches, not too thick with a slight upward curve. Belinda had been trying to teach me to swallow a cock; we had mixed success because most of the dildos in the dorm toy-box are too thick or too rigid. I watch with awe when she slides twelve inches of Silver the double-ended dildo down her throat so I vowed that if I could get Rajit to the back of my throat without gagging, then I would give this one a go.  
  
I didn't need any directions from Belinda; I straddled the bench over Rajit's head and faced the mirror with my fuck-me boots and too-cool-for-school tube dress pulled up to my hips. I bent forward at the waist and unbuckled Rajit's pants; if I could swallow him then I wanted to go all the way down, not just to his zipper. While I was doing this, he reached up to thumb my pussy, getting my juices going again and ready for Belinda, who had lubed her long, thick cock and was stroking it through her closed fist as she climbed onto the bench behind Rajit's head, bringing her hips up to the level of mine.  
  
There was certainly no need to stroke or suck Rajit to attention; that ship had sailed long ago. Taking hold of him at the base, I lifted his cock to my mouth, relishing the throbbing weight of it in my fingers. This was only my second blow job with a real cock and I felt nervous as I replayed all of Belinda's instructions in my mind: no teeth, bob / suck / tongue -- mix it up, no teeth, no jerking off with your hand (it's cheating porno bullshit, Belinda says), balls are in play -- but be gentle, no gagging ... and what was the last one? Oh yes; no teeth!  
  
Take it slow, Rupali, I told myself. Relax. No need to gobble him all the way down in one bite.  
  
One step at a time: a yummy bead of pre-cum on the tip; that would be for me, thank you very much. I licked it off with the tip of my tongue and stayed close so that he could feel my hot breath on his cock as I savoured the delicious saltiness and then swallowed with a satisfied sigh. Snaking out my tongue again, I teased him with a few slow circuits of his knob and tickled the vee-shaped seam on the underside, making him gasp and arch his hips upwards, desperate for me to take him into hot embrace of my mouth.  
  
I felt Belinda push the lubed tip of her cock -- for that is how I had come to think of it -- into my slit, just the head nestled in my wet opening while she gripped the curve of my hips, readying and steadying to enter me. Looking up at the mirror in front of me, I caught her eye and she tipped me a wink before sliding a good six inches of her thick, rigid shaft into my pussy. I heard Rajit gasp as he watched; Belinda's cock was maybe a quarter-inch thicker than Rajit's, and in a single stroke she had just ploughed enough into me that would have sent him balls-deep.  
  
Oh Sweetie, you ain't seen nothin' yet! She probably could have given me another one or two inches without hurting me, but if that monster was the same size as her mystery man, then I knew she would end up pounding the whole thing into me and have me begging for more. And this -- I reflected -- is my problem; although Rajit seemed like a lovely guy, I didn't see a potential relationship there because he wouldn't be able to satisfy me sexually ... except for his tongue ... hmmm, I needed to this one through some more.  
  
Belinda set up a rhythm of lovely, long, slow stokes into my pussy; still only giving me six inches, maybe to tease me with the promise of more and maybe to tease Rajit and make him think that was all I could take. With her thick cock pleasuring my pussy, I relaxed to the task in front of me and took Rajit into my mouth; just sliding his shaft though my lips to lubricate him and get a feel for his length and shape.  
  
Belinda had a lot of fucking ahead of her to make me come, so I took it slow with Rajit as well; progressing from a dozen strokes with just my lips to some feather-light tonguing around the head and down the shaft, then I moved on to tracing the length of the cum-vein down the underside of his rod. I had a moment of panic when he twined his fingers through my long hair, afraid that he would force me down onto his cock; but he just followed my movements, gently stroking my hair and scalp with his fingertips.  
  
Gaining more confidence, I gave him a gentle suck; holding and then increasing the pressure as I drew him out, then allowing the built up suction to pull him back inside. I felt his cock heave as his fingers tightened on my scalp and I was worried that I had gone too hard too soon, but he just groaned and stroked the nape of my neck with his thumbs, encouraging me to continue. Which I did. With great pleasure.  
  
With my tongue and hard palate wrapped tightly around his manhood, I was able to get a better feel for his length; a bit over half way brought him to my soft palate and I could go almost an inch further before I felt his knob in uncomfortably close-quarters near the entrance to my throat. I tried to concentrate on Belinda's training; she said to embrace the contact on your soft palate, that trying to open up wider and avoid contact was what made you gag. "Do you gag when you swallow food?" she would ask rhetorically; the lesson being that it was all in your head (pun not intended). If your throat thought that what you were putting in there was going all the way down then it didn't have a problem. The trick -- she explained -- was to move the head to the back of your mouth, quickly swallow it down, and then keep swallowing to override the gag reflex while you brought it back out again.  
  
It seemed so simple in theory.  
  
I wasn't ready to swallow him yet, but I experimented by taking him a bit deeper; moving his knob to the entrance of my throat and then swallowing to cut him off as I drew him out. After half a dozen practice runs, I had him moaning and confidently probing the tight opening, his knob throbbing thickly as he flexed it; and with almost five inches of hard cock between my jaws, I was delighted to realise that I was little more than an inch away from my first balls-deep blow job. Belinda will be so proud of me.  
  
And speaking of Belinda, I could feel her getting a better grip on my hips and understood that I was about earn some more of her thick shaft. Pulling back on Rajit's cock to suck and swirl my tongue around the head, I braced myself for the onslaught.  
  
"Ready babe?"  
  
"Mmmm hmmm!" I agreed around my mouthful.  
  
She drove into me as far as she could go and finally, tantalizingly touched down on my cervix. Oh, the feeling of all that cock in my love canal was exquisite, but still Belinda had more to give because I couldn't yet feel her hips touching my bottom. Moaning on his cock, I heard a whisper of awe from Rajit as Belinda ground against my cervix, pushing and releasing, stretching me and delivering a breathtaking feeling of fullness until I finally felt her pubis press against my bottom.  
  
Deep penetration could be uncomfortable with the 18" double-ended dildo in the dorm toybox; although flexible, its tip is quite hard and un-cocklike and you need to push gently. The tip of Belinda's new weapon was soft and comfortable like a real knob and tickled deliciously at my innermost regions. Now fully stretched, I felt her pull half way out and although I braced for impact, there is no way I could have prepared for what happened next.  
  
She drove firmly back into me without pulling the stroke and -- as her hips slapped against my ass and she touched down on my cervix wall -- I felt her cock flex and heave, bulging inside me and distending my labia as she pulled it thickly back out. I squealed on Rajit's cock, initially stunned and disbelieving, thinking it must have been my imagination, but at the same time the waning shockwave of pleasure in my core told me that something very real had happened.  
  
Belinda didn't wait for me to recover; after she slapped into me she pulled out and drove straight back in again, slapping my ass and setting off the same flex and bulge and shockwave as before; identical right down to the muffled squeal. With a mouthful of hard cock and my head spinning with the glorious pounding Belinda was delivering to my pussy, I finally realised what was happening; it was her mystery-man's mad invention, he had created a dildo that flexed just like a real cock when you drove it hard into your pussy; the trigger was probably in the soft tip.  
  
"Forgot to warn me about that, did you Blinny?" I asked breathlessly, popping up from Rajit's cock.  
  
"Oh, you can feel it can you?" she said with disingenuous glee in her voice; I think she was enjoying this invention nearly as much as me. "It's only on three; he said that should be about 'normal'."  
  
She was still pounding me and setting off little shockwaves of pleasure as her cock bulged thickly inside me. "Three!" I exclaimed, overawed that something this delicious had settings. "What does it go up to?"  
  
"What does it go up to, Rajit?" Belinda asked; I was watching her fuck me in the mirror and she had a wicked grin on her face.  
  
"Ummm," he began, and Belinda paused for him to study the control panel beneath the dildo. "Oh my," he gulped. "Rupali, have you seen This Is Spinal Tap?"  
  
I felt a hot, erotic shiver course through me.  
  
"ELEVEN!" I cried. What was her mystery man thinking? "The fucking sadist! Jesus, he'll pop me like a balloon!"  
  
"Hey," laughed Belinda, resuming her fucking while she raised an eyebrow at me in the mirror. "If you can't take any more then we'll just leave it on three," one ... two ... three count, "Princess!"  
  
Challenge accepted. "Rajit, my love," I said. "Would you be a dear and turn Belinda's cock up to six, please?"  
  
"I would enjoy that very much," he said.  
  
"Don't press the red button," instructed Belinda. What the fuck was the red button? A thermonuclear warhead? Oh, little did I know.  
  
He released my head and I felt him fumbling with the controls for a moment; I kissed and licked his dick as a reward, but waited pensively to see what kind of carnage I had invited upon my pussy before I took him back in my mouth. I needn't have worried too much; Belinda picked up her rhythm again and -- although the throbs of her cock were definitely stronger -- they were nothing like twice as big as before ... thank goodness.  
  
The most noticeable difference was that the surges in her girth lasted longer; she was able to pull almost all the way back out to the tip before I felt her cock relax back down to its modestly thick natural cross section. Between the shockwave of the throb and the ecstatic pulling sensation as she dragged that bulging shaft through my clinging labia, I could feel a wonderful tingling that I knew would soon build to an orgasm; a rare thing for me without Belinda fingers or tongue on my clitoris.

I wanted Rajit to cum in my mouth while I climaxed, so I went back to work on his hard shaft with renewed vigour; sucking him in deeply and swallowing over his knob as it neared the back of my throat. His fingers tensed in my hair and his hips arched into me, telling me that right there -- or deeper -- was exactly where he wanted to be. I didn't know how to make him cum, but I figured that he was a guy after all, can't they cum whenever they damned well please? Hopefully all I really needed to do was pleasure him and let him know when I was ready; if he wanted synchronised orgasms then I would trust him to organise it himself.  
  
Moaning softly but urgently to let him know that Belinda was bringing me along, I kept swallowing and sucking and bobbing on his cock. Belatedly remembering Belinda's lessons, I cupped his balls in one hand and massaged them gently, the surge of his manhood in my mouth told me that this was a welcome development.  
  
Had I thought my orgasm was a long way away? The pounding in my pussy was relentless; Belinda's throbbing, bulging cock was stretching me and building up an undeniable hot pressure deep inside my pussy and with some panic I felt the inescapable engine of climax firing up and revving in my core. Now or never, Rupali; all that practice swallowing was about to be put to the test. With Belinda's instructions ringing in my ears -- don't think about it; just move it back and down the hatch -- I did exactly that: one last practice swallow over the head and then I slid him smoothly into my throat, swallowing again and again so that I never had the opportunity to gag.  
  
Rajit cried out in pleasure and tried valiantly not to buck against my face; I quickly drew him out again, every nerve ending tingling with my mounting orgasm and the excitement of my first deep throat success. Taking him out of my mouth for a moment, I cried out "Eleven!" and sucked him back inside, gasping and vocalising my imminent climax as I drove him straight down my throat again, holding him there and swallowing as I moaned and squeezed his balls.  
  
Belinda didn't slow down and I could feel Rajit desperately fumbling with the dildo's controls around my pussy while he pumped his hips up into my face. I heard a couple of ratcheting clicks and the next time Belinda's hips slapped my ass her cock detonated in my pussy; expanding not just at the end but all the way down it length, stretching my poor pussy lips mercilessly as it bucked against my cervix like a shotgun recoil.  
  
As she withdrew, her cock was so thick she had to brace against my hips to pull it against the clinging friction of my pussy. She could only get it half way before she gave up and pushed back inside, setting off another detonation that had me screaming at the peak of my climax with Rajit's cock down my throat and his pubis pressed into my chin.  
  
I felt his balls throb massively in my hand and then he was coming too and crying out with the ecstasy of release. I felt my upper lip buzz with the vibration of his cum pumping through that wonderful bulging vein and then he was emptying jet after jet of hot seed down my throat. Wanting to taste him and feel him coming in my mouth, I swallowed again and pulled him out to half way, sucking and squeezing and milking the last few pumps from his dick as my own climax finally crested and began to cycle down.  
  
"Rajit?" Belinda directed forcefully. "Red button."  
  
Uh oh. He knew better than to disobey that voice and so did I. Belinda stopped pumping and held her massive shaft deep inside me, and with Rajit's cock still held half in my mouth delivering weak, reflexive, throbs, I felt some inexorable doomsday mechanism charge up in Belinda's mad inventor's cock from hell.  
  
It started with a low frequency vibration in the base of the device near my clitoris, or around where a guys balls would be fucking me doggy like this, and it picked up in intensity until my clit was singing in harmony. Then it extended down just the underside of the shaft, the vibration entering me down its length like a second cock, slowly at first and then racing to the end deep in my womanhood. From there the vibration exploded out from just the underside to the entire knob and I finally understood what was happening; this gigantic, beautiful, cock was coming inside me!  
  
My own orgasm cycled back up with the excitement of having this cock erupt in my depths and I was crying out again with renewed ecstasy when the vibrations in the knob morphed into wonderful, searing heat which then flooded back down the length of the shaft to warm my already incandescent labia. In my mind's eye I had no trouble at all imagining that heat to be thick gouts of cum pouring into me and -- with nowhere to go -- flooding back though my canal, spilling out my entrance and coating the balls of my assailant; who in this instance was ironically a 4'11" and three-quarter schoolgirl with no balls at all.  
  
Disengaging from Rajit's cock, I cried as wave upon wave pleasure rocked me, leaving me dizzy and weak at the knees and using Belinda's shaft to help hold me upright on my beautiful spike heels. Finally spent, Belinda withdrew and I collapsed down to the bench, my bare bottom sitting behind Rajit's head allowing him to get up, looking amazedly for a mess on his slacks before realising that I hadn't spilled a single drop.  
  
Belinda climbed around me and straddled my lap; the dildos in her pussy and ass suspended in the gap between my thighs while the main weapon pressed uncomfortably between our bellies as we hugged and I whispered my thanks in her ear.  
  
"Nice present?"  
  
"Nice present," I agreed.  
  
"Well," she said. "You named the last three toys," referring to Ike and Mike the plugs and Spike the other staples strap-on. "What are you going to call this one?"  
  
What can you call something that big and commanding? Goliath?  
  
"Well," I replied, "apart from your mystery man, there's only one thing I know that can match it for size and scare factor and I saw you-know-who adjusting it in his pants at the back of assembly today." A look of confusion crossed Belinda's face. "So I'm calling it The Gallows Pole."  
  
She gasped and clapped a hand to her mouth, eyes lighting up with fear and surprise. "What?" she blurted. "How did you ...?"  
  
It took a moment to register because her response didn't seem to make sense, and then ...  
  
"Oh my God!" I breathed. "You're fucking the headmaster!"  
  
Belinda didn't say anything; she just sat on my lap staring wildly into my eyes with her hand still over her mouth. And then a new realisation hit me: if Mr Gallows -- the headmaster -- was her mystery man, then ... that night in the dorm ...  
  
"Oh my God! The headmaster fucked me too!"  
  
My heart was racing. I looked down at the cock between us, the headmaster's cock, still hot and stiff and glistening with my juices. As beautiful as it was, it wasn't enough.  
  
"I want him to do it again."

~~~ THE END ~~~