#### The Hi-School Girl

Part 1

The black van was parked at the side of the small road a good distance from Kawasaki High School. It had tinted windows, and it was difficult to look into the van from outside - not that anyone would want to do that, for the van appeared to be a normal delivery van. A man sat in the van, a camera with a powerful zoom lens on his lap. Very soon, he spotted his quarry - a pretty girl was walking down the road, dressed smartly in her school uniform - a grey skirt, and a cream-colored sweater which only revealed the top of her crimson school tie. He began taking pictures of this sixteen year old girl, who, being unaware that she was being photographed from far, was strolling along with her sling bag around her shoulder, walking home after school.

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“Reiko-san!”

Miyuki sat up straight, awoken from her day-dreaming by the teacher. “Please pay attention in class, Reiko-san. As the monitress, you should set a good example for the class.” Miyuki was embarrassed. She managed a quick apology amidst some giggles around her, bowing her head. “Sorry, sir, it will not happen again.”

Miyuki half-blushed, as she remembered what she was day-dreaming about.. Mr Tanaka, the handsome physical exercise teacher. She tucked the fringe of her chin-length hair behind her ear, and attempted to get her mind back to mathematics.

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That afternoon, Miyuki was practising her service skills with volleyball. It was volleyball month for physical exercise lessons, and she enjoyed her physical exercise lessons very much. Even more so because Mr Tanaka was teaching volleyball. As she was attempting to serve ball after ball across the net, her heart beat faster when she noticed from the corner of her eye that Mr Tanaka was walking towards her. She pretended not to see him until he was almost standing next to her, whereupon she turned to look at him in mock surprise, and quickly flashed him a charming smile. “Oh its you, Tanaka-san sensei”.

“Good work, Reiko-san,” Mr Tanaka smiled back, pausing a while to look into Miyuki’s soft brown eyes, “but you might want to do it this way.” Mr Tanaka stepped behind Miyuki, almost putting his arms around the slim girl as he reached for the ball in her left hand, and grabbed her right wrist at the same time. Miyuki was dressed in a t-shirt and a really short white skirt - standard for volleyball. Mr Tanaka could smell her body fragrance at this close distance. As he showed the attractive teenager how to properly serve the ball, he was painfully aware of the end of her skirt swishing softly across his thighs, and his chest bumping into her back every now and then. “Good,” Mr Tanaka cleared his throat, “just continue practising,” he said to Miyuki, who flashed him another smile. He took one more look at the alluring figure of the sixteen year old, and especially the long slender legs, before he walked away. “Its time to put the plan to action,” he thought to himself.

Mr Tanaka told his class to keep practising and quickly made his way to the classroom. The door was locked as always, for the safety of the student’s belongings as they went for physical exercise. Mr Tanaka grinned as he took out the key, unlocked the door, and crept into the empty classroom. He quickly spotted Miyuki’s table.

“Ahh.. my dear Miyuki.” He picked up the neat stack of clothes which belonged to Miyuki, and took a sniff. “Yes..” Mr Tanaka quickly put it aside, for he was looking for something more specific. He rummaged in her bag, and found a pair of white cotton knickers and a bra hidden under a towel at the bottom of the bag. “Ahh.. just what I thought,” as he glanced at the number on the brassiere strap.

He then picked up the knickers, took another whiff, trying to catch the scent of the young lady. Mr Tanaka took a a tiny tube from his pocket, and emptied some light powder onto the fabric of the underwear , just where Miyuki’s crotch might be moments later. With that, he replaced everything, and crept out of the classroom.

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Miyuki had showered and changed back into her normal school attire, but did not notice anything amiss. She was surprised when Mr Tanaka requested her to stay after school as he needed to talk to her. She wondered what it was about, and was secretly pleased.

After school, she went to see him in his office. As usual, everyone, including all the teachers, had taken off soon after the last bell rang, and hence there was hardly anyone left in school.

Mr Tanaka explained to her that he needed a big favor from her. He revealed to Miyuki that besides being a PE teacher, he is doing some freelance photography on the side, and that he needed a ‘model’ really badly this week. He had promised to deliver some samples of his work to a potential client who was interested in ‘fashionwear for high school students’.

Miyuki hesitated at first, but was quickly convinced by Mr Tanaka that it was just a few pictures, and that she did not have to do much besides wearing her school uniform, putting on her school blazer, and doing a few poses.

Soon, he was snapping pictures of Miyuki standing in the classroom with his camera. Miyuki was uneasy at first, but gradually warmed up to his coaxing.

“Good, Miyuki, I need you to sit down on this chair and cross your legs,”

Miyuki obliged, realising that Mr Tanaka had called her by her first name, instead of the more formal ‘Reiko-san’.

As Mr Tanaka continued adjusting his camera, Miyuki was suddenly aware that she was feeling an itch beginning in between her legs. More specifically, at her crotch. She tried to shift in her seat, and hid her discomfort by squeezing her legs together. She watched Mr Tanaka to see if he had caught anything unusual about her behavior, but he seemed occupied in putting the right lens on his camera.

“Mr Tanaka, I need to go soon,” Miyuki ventured, as she felt her crotch grow quite warm. She resisted the temptation to scratch it, for it would be extremely rude and unlady-like to do something like that.

“Oh, just one more shot, Miyuki..please?”, Mr Tanaka pleaded.

“Alright, but I have to go home soon for dinner,” Miyuki said as she rubbed her inner thighs together to try to scratch that strange itch. But it seemed to get worse when she closed her legs tight. She felt extremely embarassed, but tried hard not to give the game away that her pubic area was feeling terribly hot and itchy. It actually felt better when she opened her legs slightly.

“Umm.. could you squat down for this last shot?” Mr Tanaka asked.

“Excuse me?” Miyuki thought she heard him wrong.

“I’m really sorry to ask this of you, but the sun is setting, and I can’t get enough light in this corner of the classroom. I’m just going to take your upper body, I promise.”

“Umm...well.. just my upper body right?”

“Yes, of course,” Mr Tanaka smiled inwardly while appearing the most professional photographer outwardly, as he had taken a gamble that she would not ask to kneel down on the floor instead.

In fact, Miyuki realised that her itch was not as bad, if she opened her legs slightly. It was almost like her private part needed some cool autumn air! She had hence not suggested kneeling down, for strict Japanese custom would require to kneel down properly with her legs tucked behind her bum, and her knees and thighs closed.

So she squatted down, keeping care to turn her knees to the side to protect her modesty. Mr Tanaka was thrilled - he got the girl just where he wanted. His heart skipped a beat when he caught a brief glimpse of her white knickers, but she had shifted herself in a second to make sure she was flashing her favorite teacher her crotch.

“This is going to be a great shot,” Mr Tanaka thought to himself as he focused his lens, catching the whole of the sixteen year old in his view, and not just her upper body as he promised.

It was exactly like one of those girlie ‘idol’ magazines, Tanaka mused, with pictures of models (or ‘idols’ as they were known) dressed in school uniforms, usually in a compromising or suggestive pose like this one.

“Miyuki! Thank you very very much! I’m done,” Mr Tanaka reluctantly ended his photo session with the unsuspecting girl. Grateful to be let off, Miyuki ran promptly to the ladies after bidding her teacher goodbye.

Mr Tanaka sniggered, as he imagined the girl in the restroom, stripping her knickers off to see what was wrong. She would probably not finding anything except maybe a rash on her pubic mound, but most definitely she would be rubbing her private part to relieve the itch over the next hour.

Part 2

Miyuki was in bed thinking about the day’s happenings. Her fingers wandered to her pubic area. She was extremely confused. Luckily for her, there weren’t that many people on the way home - so she had scratched herself there discreetly several times. She had felt her knickers extremely uncomfortable, but enjoyed the cool evening breeze. When she got home, she had taken off her knickers in the bathroom, and looked at the curly mound of black hair on her pubic area. She used her fingers to ‘comb’ through the hair to see if she had somehow gotten an insect bite, crazy as that may sound. Instead, she had found nothing, and her itch had subsided. She inspected her white cotton knickers as well, and did not find anything but a spot of dampness at the crotch area. Was it perspiration, or was it.. ? Is this masturbation? She thought herself crazy, as she remembered those hilarious discussions she had with her friend Noriko before.

After all, it all began with Mr Tanaka’s photo session. Was she horny? Miyuki thought it was all very funny. She was glad she was in the privacy of her bathroom in her own home. She would have died if someone else had found out that her ‘pussy’ was itchy. That was the term her friend Noriko used. It was an American term for her vagina, she learnt.

But she was quite sure this was not masturbation. After all, she had done so once, at least, according to her friend Noriko. It was when she was twelve, and she spent a whole lot of time taking her bath. She discovered that it felt really nice when she had used the shower head to spray water on her ‘pussy’. It tickled tremendously, but when the water gushed onto the sensitive little nub on her pussy, it made her lower abdomen tense up involuntarily. She made herself relax, particularly by opening her legs, but as the water spray splashed onto her pussy, each spray of water made her tense up for a split second. She was approaching her climax without knowing it, as the relaxing and tensing up of her clitoris brought her pleasure senses higher and higher. All of a sudden, she had no control over herself anymore - hard as she tried to hold it back (without knowing why she was doing so), it came. Waves of spasms rocked her body, emanating from her pussy which was pulsating with a mind of its own. Torrents of pleasure, washed through her young nubile body. She was afterward so relaxed she nearly fell asleep in the bath-tub. This, Noriko told her, was her first masturbation.

Miyuki had not tried it again since. Thinking about volleyballs, and bath-tubs and white cotton knickers, she drifted off to sleep.

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It was two days later, when Miyuki’s class had their physical exercise lesson again. Mr Tanaka again crept into the classroom, and gleefully put his powder onto Miyuki’s knickers. He would do that for the next few weeks as well, and Miyuki had no idea. She did start to realise that she would feel itchy in her private part only on the days after volleyball. Is it the perspiration? She wondered. Or is it Mr Tanaka? As she stared at her handsome teacher in the distance teaching her friend Noriko how to spike the ball, she wondered if he somehow had some mysterious power over her body. Why was she reacting that way to him? Again, she felt that urge in her crotch, that hot feeling that spreads all over her pussy. Today, she felt something new as well... she felt a little wet. That familiar feeling when she read an adult manga. Those comics that had dirty pictures of guys having sex with girls made her wet. Not that she reads them often, but curious Miyuki had chanced upon them in a local bookstore and started flipping through the pages. She could not put the comic down, but when she was done, she felt really flustered and embarrassed she had gone through the whole thing. She left the bookshop hurriedly, avoiding the gaze of the shopowner. She had felt some wetness between her legs then. And now she felt it again.

Maybe she caught some disease, she thought. It couldn’t be a hygiene problem, could it? She always takes at least half an hour to bathe. Should she see the school doctor?

“Yo, what’s up, Yuki-chan?” Noriko chirped. She was dressed in a mid-thigh length white skirt, not unlike her pal Miyuki. She nudged Miyuki lightly in her ribs, rousing her from her inner thoughts.

“Oh, nothing,”. Miyuki looked at her friend. Noriko was slightly taller than she was, with a more athletic build, and longer hair that she liked to tie up in a ponytail. Noriko played tennis for the school. While Miyuki had fair white skin, Noriko was slightly more tanned. They had been good friends since the first year they came to Kawasaki High School. Miyuki decided not to tell Noriko about her extremely embarassing problem.

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Mr Umeda looked at his student. He looked longer than usual, at Miyuki Reiko, class monitress. She was his favorite student. Not only did she hand up her work on time every assignment, Mr Umeda also thought her very pretty. But lately he had found it difficult to concentrate on teaching in class. For he thought that Miss Miyuki Reiko had been sitting in a very flirtatious manner.

While all the girls in the class were expected, as young ladies, to sit with their legs closed, Miyuki seemed to move around a little excessively. Sometimes Mr Umeda would see her creamy thighs, as she crossed or uncrossed them, and her skirt would not quite be in the proper place. Once he thought he saw a flash of white between her legs, Mr Umeda’s eyes almost popped out.

Mr Umeda started to give homework to the class to do in class. He would pretend to be marking books, whilst he kept his eye out on this lovely sixteen year old. As the whole class did their work, Mr Umeda would glance at Miss Reiko’s legs below her desk. It was great that the desks were simple ones, with no barrier between his lustful eyes, and the luscious upper legs which would appear every now and then, as Miyuki shifted around in her seat absent-mindedly. Was she doing it on purpose or was she plain careless?

Mr Umeda was not a good looking man. He was past his 40s, and looked more like a portly Japanese businessman, with dark jowls, and horn-rimmed glasses, rather than a school teacher. He could not believe his luck that this teenage beauty queen was such a temptress.

Still, he was shocked when Mr Tanaka made a remark to him after a staff meeting. “You know that girl Reiko in your class?”

“Rei.. you mean Miyuki Reiko?” Mr Umeda said.

“Notice anything about her recently?” Mr Tanaka asked.

Mr Umeda looked at Mr Tanaka dumbly, unsure of how to react.

“She’s been acting rather strangely yah?” Mr Tanaka probed, with a slight smile.

“Um... what do you mean?”

“You know what I mean. The way she behaves.. a little bit unladylike, wouldn’t you say?” Tanaka lowered his voice. He added, “I think it either means they got jilted by their boyfriend, or they’re earning some money on the side.. you know.. “

Mr Umeda’s eyes lit up, “Oh, you mean... “

Mr Tanaka said, “I’m suspecting. Either she donates her underwear for vending machines, or maybe she works part time in a coffee joint without one,” Mr Tanaka laughed, and gave Mr Umeda a pat on the back. “She sure likes to flaunt her knickers during my volleyball lessons..

Maybe you should give her some counseling, Umeda-san.”

Mr Umeda nodded dumbly, and swallowed, as Mr Tanaka walked off.

Mr Tanaka smiled to himself, as he looked at the empty tube in his pocket, no bigger than his pinkie. Because the physical exercise lessons were conducted three times a week, but at different times of the day, he had to plan ahead as to when Miyuki would feel the effects. On Mondays and Wednesdays, when PE was the first activity of the day, he would sprinkle less powder - she would then feel the discomfort the whole day, and start acting like a slut in front of the other teachers. On last Friday, he had dumped almost three-quarters of the tube, knowing that PE was the last activity of the day - he was pleased to note that Miyuki almost could hardly keep her hands out of her knickers.

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It was Wednesday, Miyuki had ran out of class to the restroom. Noriko subsequently went in to look for her, worried that her friend was sick.

“Hey, are you alright, Miyuki?” Noriko shouted from outside Miyuki’s cubicle. The monitress had went straight into the toilet, and pulled her knickers down.

“Period?” Noriko asked.

“No.. um.. yes..” Miyuki was trying to relieve the itch in her pubic mound, scratching frantically, but she did not want her friend to think that she was a disgusting little tramp.

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Mr Umeda was staring dumbfounded at his open briefcase. He was just clearing his table to go home, and was shocked to find a pair of white cotton knickers amongst his belongings in his briefcase. He glanced around to make sure that nobody else was there. Was someone playing a joke on him? As Miyuki Reiko’s image popped into his head, he felt an urgent arousal in his loins. Could what Mr Tanaka said be true? This model student, this class monitress is resorting to ‘extra-curricular activities’ to make a quick buck? And propositioning him as a potential client ? He quickly closed his briefcase and went on his way home.

In the privacy of his own home, Umeda had examined the knickers again and again - there was a definitely feminine musky smell - someone had worn this. Regardless of whether it was Miyuki’s or not, Umeda masturbated with the soft cotton garment, and ejaculated loads of cum into it, fantasizing about images of the sixteen year old exposing herself to him in class.

Part 3

Tanaka decided to put his plan into the next phase today. First, he had doctored Miyuki’s knickers with a full tube of his special powder. He had then called her to stay back after class, telling her that his photographs of her had really impressed his agency, and that he wanted to show the photos to her.

Tanaka knew that the itching effect would come after about half an hour after contact. And PE being the last lesson of the day, students and teachers of Kawasaki High School had all left the school campus within fifteen minutes of the last bell.

Tanaka’s adrenaline was pumping, as he readied his video camera. A professional in his line - and it was neither photography nor teaching. Tanaka fulfilled voyeuristic fantasies of his clients. For the individuals who employed him, it was a vicarious way of experiencing forbidden sexual pleasures; Tanaka acted on behalf of his clients, and he specialised in capturing it on film. Invariably, the client almost always knows the subject, perhaps a sexy student, neighbor, secretary, friend’s wife, colleague, a niece or even daughter. Tanaka had seduced, molested, humiliated or raped all of them.

Although a seasoned hand, he couldn’t help getting excited about the innocent teenage girl that was about to be violated in many ways.

Miyuki appeared at the door way to his office, and bowed her head in greeting to her sensei. Tanaka invited her in, and asked her to sit down on the couch. He brought her an album, and started showing her some pictures of people and places which were ‘his work’. Tanaka wanted to stall for some time, in case there were still people around in school who had not yet left, and this bought him another ten minutes. He was also waiting for his powder to take effect.

“Tanaka-san, did my pictures turn out alright?” Miyuki asked as she flipped to the last page of his album.

“Oh yes, I nearly forgot.” Tanaka went back to his desk, and pulled out another album.

To her surprise, it was labelled “Miyuki Reiko, 16 yrs old” on the cover. Tanaka watched her carefully, and saw her surprise, but she was too polite to ask any questions.

“Oh my.” She saw the first few pictures, and was quite alarmed to see that they had been blown up to almost full page size. She looked quite innocent in them, but yet, there was a subtle hint of flirtatiousness in her pose she realised. She was not sure if it was herself, or the ‘skill’ of the photographer, namely Mr Tanaka, which made it such.

Tanaka was watching her carefully, and registered the first tell-tale twitching of her thighs, as she sat on the couch beside him, looking at the album. Miyuki’s left hand went unconsciously to her lap, and then she suddenly realised that the horrible itching is coming again. “The client really thought you were a great model, Miyuki. They are requesting for more pictures of you.”

“Really?”, Miyuki couldn’t really think, as the itching multiplied by the second. She was feeling alarmed that this time, the intensity had risen quite quickly. One moment, she was feeling fine, the next, it felt like someone was tickling her pussy with a feather.

She turned to the last page, and saw, to her shock, that Tanaka had taken that picture of her squatting down, full-body! Quite clearly, her thighs can be seen.

“Bbbut.. you promised to take only the upper body!” Miyuki stammered, staring in disbelief at Tanaka, who nonchalantly waved his hand and replied, “Oh.. don’t worry about that - all the models do that nowadays.

It’s nothing. And my client really loved it!”

And that’s not a lie either, Tanaka thought to himself - his client did love that picture of the cute girl. Miyuki felt the itching in her crotch grow by the second, and did not want to argue. “I.. Sorry, Mr Tanaka, I need to go to the ladies,” she blushed, Mr Tanaka must think she has no bladder control. She really needed to relieve that itch.

“Sure, but only if you agree to do more pictures for me,” Mr Tanaka said. Miyuki glanced at Mr Tanaka and gave him a silly grin. She wasn’t sure if he was joking or not. “I need to go..” she could not stand it anymore - she practically ran out of his room, much to Mr Tanaka’s amusement.

Tanaka picked up his video camera and tripod, sauntered out into the corridor, and glanced around to make sure nobody else was in school. It was silent indeed. He saw the schoolgirl disappear into the ladies around the corner, and quickly followed her.

Miyuki dashed into the ladies, and ran into the cubicle, closing the door behind her. She quickly sat on the toilet seat cover, and peeled her knickers down to her knees, and started scratching the burning sensation in her pubic mound. “Ohh.. ..oh my,” she muttered to herself. “What is wrong with me??”

Tanaka placed his tripod softly on the ground, closed the door to the ladies, and locked it. He crept slowly to the only cubicle with the closed door, making no sound in his sneakers. All the time, Miyuki Reiko was busy scratching her pussy, her eyes half-closed. It felt so good to scratch she did not realise that Tanaka had climbed onto the toilet seat in the cubicle adjacent to hers, and was training his video camera onto her from over the dividing wall.

Tanaka felt the familiar swelling in his loins as he focused his camera onto the unsuspecting girl. He could only see her hand moving in a fury under her skirt, as she sat there, with her legs open, and her white cotton knickers stretched around her knees. It was a fantastic shot - to anyone, it would look like Miyuki Reiko, class monitress, was getting herself off.

A full minute passed, Tanaka’s tool was struggling to get free from his pants. Tanaka’s mind quickly flashed back to the last week’s events - his client had requested for a picture and video package of Miyuki Reiko, and Tanaka was to be paid handsomely for his services. But his client had stressed that the girl was not to be harmed, at least physically. And he, as a professional, was to deliver the contract - as much as he wanted to, he could not rape this girl.

Miyuki screamed, when her dreamy eyes focused on the black camera lens over the top of the cubicle wall. She quickly pulled her knickers up and dashed out of her cubicle. She heard that familiar voice before she saw the peeping-tom’s face: “Miyuki Reiko’s masturbation in the school toilet..” Tanaka said, stepping out, an evil grin on his face.

Miyuki could hardly believe it. She ran to the door, and found it locked. She could only think of running away. Running away from this nightmare situation - her teacher had caught her on tape in a shameful act. She wasn’t even masturbating. But why was Mr Tanaka in the ladies?? She had a dozen different questions in her head. How could he??

“Just doing my job, my dear Miyuki.” It was almost like Tanaka had read her mind. Tanaka calmly attached the video camera to the tripod, as the panicked girl tried the unbudging door again and again. “Help! Let me out.. why are you doing this?” Miyuki managed in a feeble voice.

“Why don’t we get started.” Tanaka’s eyes roamed over the sixteen year old’s body. For the first time, Miyuki saw that cruel glint in his eyes - his handsome features seemed demonic now as the man strode over to the cowering girl.

Miyuki put up a lame struggle, as the much stronger Tanaka pinned her body and arms against the wall with an arm and his body, while his other hand forcibly grabbed her pert breasts through her school-girl uniform. “Don’t worry, i’m won’t rape you. I just want to make a sexy video.”

Miyuki’s head was feeling light, very light. Her breathing was fast and deep, and her breasts rose and fall with each breath she took. Tanaka took a few seconds to admire her bosom and savor the moment.

Then he reached under her skirt.

Miyuki screamed when she felt his hand under her knickers. “Look, Miyuki, if you’re smart, you’ll keep quiet and cooperate, or I’ll distribute that naughty video of you playing with your pussy to everyone in school.” Her heart sank when she heard that. She closed her eyes, and heard the furious beating of her heart reverberating in her eardrums. She prayed that it wasn’t happening.

Part 4

Miyuki felt her knees weaken, as she felt Tanaka’s hands under skirt. Tanaka tugged her knickers down to her ankles. He got behind her, holding her small wrists with one hand. “Sit down” he ordered, and pulled the girl against himself so that he was supporting her back with his torso, whilst he faced the camera. He pulled her legs apart, laughing, “Still shy, eh?” displaying her most private part to the camera. Miyuki did not look at the camera, looking away as Tanaka hiked her skirt up all the way to her waist, displaying her creamy thighs, long slender legs, and most of all, her hairy muff.

“Weren’t you feeling itchy?” Tanaka taunted her. Miyuki started sobbing, as Tanaka’s fingers started probing her pubic mound, ruffling the fine hair softly. Miyuki tried to close her legs, but each time she brought her knees together, Tanaka would push them apart. Worse of all, her pussy was feeling itchy again. Terribly itchy. Miyuki sat there on the floor, with her legs splayed, her nakedness caught on camera.

“Take one,” Tanaka laughed.

“I’ll help you relieve your itch, Miyuki”. Tanaka’s hand went to her pussy again, cupping her mound. With his index finger, he started rubbing the little piece of flesh that was her clitoris in small circles, whilst his thumb scratched her mons right above where it itched the most.

“Uuhh..” Miyuki uttered involuntarily as Tanaka rewarded her eroding resistance by a vigorous scrubbing of the itching area with all his fingers. It felt so good, Miyuki resisted the temptation to moan with some difficulty. And the worst thing was, she felt herself getting that nasty, wet feeling. She was getting wet!

Suddenly, without warning, Tanaka’s middle finger slipped into the lubricating vagina of the teenage girl. Miyuki’s body tensed up, and Tanaka tightened his grip on the wrists of the young girl whose arms were locked behind her.

He withdrew his finger, and to her horror, stuck it in his mouth! She averted her gaze, and begged him, “Please.. let me go.. I won’t tell anyone..”

“But I would!” Tanaka smiled, and resumed rubbing Miyuki’s clitoris, teasing the sensitive pink flesh, coaxing it to emerge from its hiding place. “Aaaahh...” Miyuki’s body tensed up again, as Tanaka stuck two fingers into her very wet tunnel, making a squishing sound.

“You’re liking this, Miyuki..”

Miyuki could only half protest, and half whimper as he continued pumping his fingers into her love hole. Tanaka could feel his mouth watering; the warm wet sex of the girl was wrapped around his fingers like a glove, and he savored that feeling. As Tanaka expertly kneaded and rubbed Miyuki’s magic button, while simultaneously immersing his fingers deep into her most private part, he was aware that she was deliciously raising her hips more and more, an involuntary response to his finger-fucking.

Who would have thought that just a few weeks ago, this girl was a model student, an untouchable teenage princess who wore short volleyball skirts to his class. Boasting such a magnificent pair of legs, much to the lusty looks of male classmates and teachers alike, she was now being finger-fucked by him, helpless to resist as he violated her untainted sex between the same pair of legs. And it was all recorded, moment by moment, for the benefit of his client. No doubt the client would be playing the video over and over again, savoring the violation of this girl, who would otherwise be an untouchable, forbidden fruit. The client would be able to zoom up close, into Miyuki’s face, her legs, her hairy sex, and zoom out to see this school-girl, dressed in her white blouse, school tie, her white socks and black shoes, her grey skirt hiked up around her waist, and her white knickers dangling on one ankle, as an unknown hand explored and manipulated her tender privates.

“Ohhh.. pleasse stop...” Miyuki was thoroughly humiliated as her vagina grew wetter by the minute, aroused by the unfamiliar intrusion which was her teacher’s middle digit. Tanaka could see the perspiration forming on the girl’s forehead, as he quickened the pace of his pumping action. He felt the increasing tension on his digit as he slid it in and out.Miyuki’s inner vaginal walls gripped his finger. Her butt was practically off the floor for she had no room to retreat from the invading finger but to raise her hips up. She felt some pain, as Tanaka got more forceful and deeper with his strokes, but she mostly felt the unmistakable tension, rising in her abdomen. “No...nooo..” she pleaded as Tanaka’s finger squished in and out of her slippery hole, in an increasing rhythm.

Tanaka noted that he no longer had to hold her wrists behind her back as tightly - she was supporting herself with her palms on the floor behind her, her legs splayed open in the front as he fucked her with his fingers in full view of the camera. Miyuki was panting hard, and at times holding her breath as Tanaka varied the angle of his pumping, and slipped in an extra finger. “Ohh..uh....oh...”, Miyuki gasped, in rhythm to his rapid pumping.

All of a sudden, she let out a big sigh and took in a sharp breath - her butt muscles and vaginal muscles clenched in a final bid to hold the imminent in. But the dam broke. Her hips almost thrashed from side to side as waves of sweet orgasm hit her full force. It was much stronger than her first orgasm from the shower head in the bath. “Uuuuhhhhhhh...” Miyuki Reiko came repeatedly as Tanaka relentlessly kept pumping - he could feel her vaginal walls contracting with each climax that she reached.

He finally withdrew his hand. Miyuki was completely drained but she made out from her hazy vision that Tanaka’s hand was covered slickly with her juices. A silvery strand extended from her pussy to his fingers as he drew the sticky juices out for the benefit of the camera, muttering to himself, “Impressive... “.

The young girl’s short black hair fell across her hung head. She was recovering from the throes of an ecstacy she had not felt before.

“Time for take two.” Tanaka stated matter-of-factly.

Part 5

Mr Tanaka, the PE teacher, stood up and checked his video camera to make sure it was still rolling. He walked back to Miyuki Reiko, who was still sprawled on the ground.

According to the terms of his contract, he had to deliver a ‘facial’ as well. And he couldn’t wait to do it, for the responsive body of the young teenager had made Tanaka’s manhood really hard. Too bad the client did not want an oral shot. He wished so much to unload his sperm into the sexy girl’s mouth.

“No... please” Miyuki stared at her teacher in horror as he unzipped his pants. She tried to move back, but he grabbed her by the shoulders, and started unbuttoning her school blouse. She hardly resisted, as he slipped the garment off her shoulders, revealing a simple full-cup bra. Although Miyuki could not be said to have large breasts, yet her cleavage, showing a porcelain skin which was even lighter than her already fair body made Tanaka’s erection grow; being already three-quarters erect in the last five minutes from making the girl come, his full erection now caused him pain, restrained by his underwear.

As usual, he placed his professional obligations first, and made sure that he was standing at an angle such that the camera would catch the upper body of the girl, including her face in clear view, and only his lower body. With that in place, he pulled his underwear down, and his cock sprang into full erection, pointing directly at Miyuki’s face, only a few inches away from her doe-like eyes - wide open with fear, and her luscious, pink lips.

Miyuki had never seen the male penis at such close range before. It was bulbous,thick and veined, and it throbbed visibly, and she was both awed, and disgusted. She suddenly realised that Tanaka had just unhooked her bra from behind, and with a swift motion, exposed her supple breasts. She let out a little girl squeal, and tried to cover her perky assets, but Tanaka forcibly pulled her arms away. She felt her face flush, as she realised that she was completely vulnerable, and it was as if she was exhibiting herself for the whole world to see. Tanaka held her wrists over her head with one hand, as Miyuki tried to turn her face away from the camera. He fondled the underside of one breast with one hand, feeling the weight on his hand, and then proceeded to knead both her breasts purposefully, humiliating the powerless girl thoroughly.

Tanaka began to pump his penis with his hand, still holding onto the wrists of the girl. He looked down at the helpless teenager, who was trying to avert her face from his erection, but he promptly kept her face in the position he wanted by holding her forehead down with one hand, so that she was looking directly at his pubic area. It was an extremely erotic shot from Tanaka’s point of view. As he masturbated his cock furiously, Miyuki’s fair face, framed by her short crop of hair was just under his massive erection. Looking further down,the girl was baring her naked breasts for him, and her crumpled knickers still hung around the ankle of her exposed legs.

Tanaka knew that his client would be pleased with this take. The facial, was in fact a favorite, almost a customary last shot in adult videos in Japan. To the viewer, who only saw the disembodied male parts of the actor, and the closeups of the actress’s naked body and face, it was like the viewer was there in person, jacking off over the lovely actress. Before long, Tanaka felt the building up of tension. Miyuki seemed to sense it as well, but she could not escape her fate. She could only close her eyes. Like a volcano erupting, he came. Gobs of semen spewed forth from his cock, right onto the cheek, lips, forehead and hair of his female student. He moaned, as he pumped his cock dry, depositing the white cum all over Miyuki Reiko’s face.

The faithful video camera caught it all. Within twenty four hours, it would be played in the privacy of the client’s bedroom, as the client jacked off to the image of Miyuki’s face, and to the smell of the knickers that she wore on the day she was violated.

Part 6

The next few days went like a blur to Miyuki. She attended school, as if nothing had happened. Tanaka was surprised, for he would have expected her not to come to school at all, after receiving the shock of her life a few nights ago, when she became the unwilling star of the adult video that Tanaka shot.

In the meantime, Tanaka kept a close watch on her through his means. He watched her from his black van as she walked home, watching for any signs which indicate that she was about to break her silence and betray him to the police, parents, or friends. But he had always controlled his victims well. Usually a quick reminder that he had the video of their violation, sealed their lips, and ensured their compliance with his wishes.

He watched from a distance, as he saw a tall shapely girl talk to Miyuki outside the cafteria. Noriko Shimabara. She was Tanaka’s greatest fear. Noriko is Miyuki’s best friend, and Tanaka knew that most of the time, it would be difficult for a good friend not to notice the changes in their buddy’s behavior. He stared at the school tennis team player, who was dressed in a pristine white blouse and short skirt which showed off her tanned muscular thighs, and the loose white legwarmers which reached up to her upper-calves.

Noriko had noticed that her friend Miyuki had become rather withdrawn these few days. She appeared to day-dream rather frequently, but would say that everything was fine when questioned. Hmm.. maybe she needed to unwind a little from school - the exam period is approaching in a couple of months, and Miyuki had always been exemplary in her grades, quite unlike Noriko herself. Maybe she was taking her studies too seriously and was getting stressed out?

Noriko tried to cheer her friend up, pulling out from her bag the latest Hello Kitty accessories she bought. Miyuki soon broke out into smiles at the cute cartoon characters adorned on a purse and pencil case. The lone figure outside the cafteria walked away.

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“Why have you been skipping PE classes, Reiko-san?” Umeda, her form teacher, asked the class monitress. She was standing in front of him in his office, as he sat in his fat black chair. His eyes involuntarily roamed the pretty girl from head to toe - her head was hung low, and her hands clasped together in a apologetic, submissive posture.

“I have asked the school doctor, and she said that you are not unwell,” Umeda continued.

“I cannot attend Tanaka-san sensei’s class anymore,” Miyuki ventured, making brief eye-contact with the stern teacher.

“It is the school rules, Miyuki, and you must obey it.”

“I can’t...” Miyuki protested.

“You can’t, or you won’t? I’m sorry Miyuki, if you persist in missing your classes, I will have to punish you severely. In fact, you will stay in my office now, and write for me 1000 lines ‘I will not skip my PE lessons again’. And if you do again, you will be stripped..”

Miyuki’s eyes shot up.

“.. of your duties as class monitress. Your parents will be informed of your misbehavior.”

Miyuki’s distress was apparent in her face. She started wringing her hands, “No.. please don’t tell my parents, Sir.”

Umeda said to her matter-of-factly, “I won’t unless you misbehave.

Now go to the desk in that corner and commence with your punishment.”

Miyuki almost sulked as she walked over to the table and sat down.

She opened her bag, took out her writing pad, and started writing.

Ten minutes later, she had written almost 50 lines. She dropped her pen, startled, when a familiar figure entered the office.

It was Mr Tanaka. She picked up her pen again and started writing, trying to avoid eye contact with her PE teacher, the very same one who violated her modesty a few days ago.

Tanaka bowed slightly to Umeda as he entered, a polite acknowledgement of his colleague. He then turned toward the girl sitting in the corner of the office. “Well, Reiko-san, are you repentant for missing my classes?” Tanaka said acidly.

Miyuki ignored him. To Umeda, Tanaka looked like he lost his temper in the next few moments. He strode up to the girl and grabbed her by the chin - she gave a little scream, and looked at him with great fear in her eyes. Tanaka must have lost his mind, Umeda thought, teachers don’t usually make bodily contact with students, no matter how rude they have been. The most errant students were usually dealt with a stern scolding. Rare had there been cases of teachers who actually hit students - it was usually the principal’s job.

“Do as I say, or you’ll be sorry!” Tanaka whispered sharply into Miyuki’s ear. She knew what he meant. If she did not cooperate, he would release that video to everyone. And to her horror he stuck his index finger into her mouth. She resisted the temptation to bite him, but rather tried to turn her head away and pull her head back, but his other hand held her chin in a vise-like grip. “Awww!” Miyuki felt the pressure on her jaw, and did not dare to bite the digit in her mouth.

“Err.. Tanaka san. You are hurting her.” Umeda’s eyes bulged out in disbelief as he took in the struggling girl in the chair, held down by Tanaka’s rather strange hold.

“Nonsense, Umeda. She loves this kind of thing. Look..” Tanaka’s finger slipped in all the way into her mouth, then pulled almost out of her lips, and went in again. He made a to and fro motion with his long finger, an obvious allusion to the obscene act of fucking the teenager’s mouth.

Tanaka kept going with his finger. Umeda saw the digit, coated now with Miyuki’s saliva disappear and appear repeatedly between the luscious lips of the high school girl. Umeda knew this was wrong - Tanaka was obviously humiliating the girl in an uncalled-for manner, but Umeda could not help but stand riveted at his spot, staring at the helpless girl.

“She’s done enjo-kosai, Umeda-san. What did I tell you?

She’s going to be expelled by the principal if he learns of this.”

“Uhhmmmf..” Miyuki tried to refute the false allegation against her, but could only mumble as the writhing finger in her mouth prevented her from speaking intelligibly.

“And I have proof of it..” Tanaka said, as he pulled his finger out of the girl’s mouth, and released his grip on her chin. Miyuki stared at him at disbelief. Surely he’s not going to show Umeda the video!

“Anyway, be warned Reiko-san. You better behave yourself from now on. Or you’ll find yourself crossing paths with me, and especially with Umeda-san. He will be your disciplinarian. You are dismissed,” Tanaka said sternly to her.

She grabbed her bag, took a look at her form teacher, Umeda, who was still stunned in his seat, and ran out of the office.

At that moment Umeda knew, he would be reliving the images of that afternoon in his head that evening at home, and particularly in bed when he loved to reminisce about his sweet students. He would be thinking of something else that might be sliding in and out of Miyuki Reiko’s sweet mouth.

Tanaka’s voice brought Umeda back to the present. “Umeda-san? Take a look at this, and see if you agree with me to recommend detention for Miss Reiko if she continues to cut classes for these extra-curricular activities.” He dropped a large brown envelope on Umeda’s table, and left the office.

Tanaka spotted Miyuki in the distance, and caught up with her. “Not so fast, Miyuki..” Miyuki halted in her tracks, but she stared at the PE teacher with daggers in her eyes. To think that the good-looking teacher was once the object of her infatuation. “Remember, if you don’t cooperate with me, just go home and check your mailbox.. you will find something very interesting..”. Miyuki turned to go, and he added, “I expect to see you in PE class later.”

She did not go to PE class, nor any other class for the rest of the day. She had gone straight home, her heart pounding, as she considered what Mr Tanaka had said.

Umeda opened the envelope on his desk. It was an envelope with identical contents that Miyuki would find in her mailbox when she arrived home.

In the envelope were two large photographs. One was the same photograph she had seen before in Tanaka’s album, only larger - a shot of her squatting down in her school uniform, and showing a lot of her legs, smiling at the camera. Across the top of the photograph was her name, “Miyuki Reiko, 16 years old, xoxo”, written in a font that resembled lipstick. She was horrified, but this was nothing compared to her reaction when she saw the other photograph. It looked slightly hazy - it was in fact a snapshot taken from Tanaka’s video camera over the wall of the cubicle in the ladies’ room. But it showed clearly, Miyuki sitting on the seat of the toilet, her legs splayed wide apart, her skirt hiked up to her waist, and her hand under her knickers. Across the bottom of the picture were the words, “I love to play with myself.. Would you like to play too? “

Part 7

 “So what’s wrong with your good friend, Noriko?”

Noriko Shimabara looked up from her table, in that section of the school cafeteria that was normally ‘reserved’ for use by the cool people - mainly those who represented the school in sports. But today Noriko was by herself at that table - her tennis teammates had all gone for their classes.

Standing in front of her was Rumi Tachibana, from the same class as Miyuki. The high-school junior sported a deep brown tan - even deeper than Noriko’s, who got it from playing tennis almost daily. But Rumi’s tan was from going to a tanning salon, like many people in school who did it because it was cool. Noriko did not like Rumi one bit.

“You mean Miyuki? She’s fine.” Noriko answered curtly.

“Well, well.. haven’t you heard she’ll be given detention soon from missing Mr Tanaka’s classes? “ Rumi almost had a smirk on her face.

Noriko tried to restrain the expression of surprise that must have sprung up on her face. She knew that Miyuki had not been feeling well and had missed some classes. But last she knew, Miyuki promised her that she would see the school doctor and get permission to skip her PE lessons, rather than cutting classes.

“It’s none of your business, Rumi.” Noriko replied. Noriko felt her temperature rising. Rumi must be here to gloat over Miyuki’s misfortunes. Ever since young, Rumi and Miyuki had been in the same school. They had been childhood rivals when it came to grades - but while Miyuki was friendly, helpful and well-liked by classmates and teachers alike, most people could not put up with Rumi’s cynicism and caustic remarks. Noriko had heard from her other friends that Rumi’s father used to work in the same company as Miyuki’s father even back when they were in elementary school. In the wake of a bad year for the company, Rumi’s father was retrenched, and Miyuki’s father was unable to help. Apparently, the man had committed suicide because of that. Rumi and her mother inherited a large sum of insurance money however and were able to live comfortably. Noriko had asked Miyuki about the truth of what she heard, but Miyuki had always refused to talk about it.

“Of course it is my business. I don’t understand why Umeda-san sensei wants her as the monitress - her behavior is giving our class a bad name you know.”

“Get lost, Rumi.” Noriko responded.

“My, my, getting a bit strung up aren’t we? Don’t think just because you’re in the school tennis team you’re worth anything Noriko... Just remember that... “ Rumi flicked her ash-brown hair back and strode off.

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“Why aren’t you telling me anything, Miyuki? “ Noriko implored her friend. The two high-school teenagers were at a shopping mall near their school in the evening. Noriko had managed to get her friend out instead of going straight home every night. Somehow the cheerful Miyuki that she knew had become reticient and was behaving very strangely these few weeks. “Best friends are supposed to tell each other everything.” Noriko urged.

Miyuki bit her lip. She wanted to pour her woes to her buddy so very much. But she remembered Tanaka’s threat. He would send those photos and the video of her to her parents. “Is it Tanaka?” Noriko thought it might have something to do with her friend’s reluctance to go to his classes. “Is he harrassing you?”

Miyuki shook her head, fearful of what might happen if her headstrong friend Noriko went to confront that terrible man. Noriko was just the sort of girl who would stand up for her more non-confrontational friend, Miyuki. Noriko was taller, had larger bones, and most importantly, had the attitude to match. Her athletic training and tennis had developed her leg muscles and arm power sufficiently that few boys of her age would dare to trifle with her. Noriko had the reputation of taking a few teeth off a school bully - a big guy who was two years older than her.

“No, it is nothing to do with Tanaka, Noriko. I just did not feel like going to school anymore, that’s all. I thought that Tanaka-san would not notice my absence, since its a big class.”

“But why Miyuki? You’ve always had good grades, you must be putting too much pressure on yourself! I will speak to your form teacher Umeda. “ Noriko suggested.

“No... Noriko, Umeda is right, I cannot skip classes just because I did not feel like it. And you’re probably right too, maybe I should just stop worrying about my grades and start enjoying myself more... like you.” Miyuki nudged her friend’s side gently with her elbow, breaking into a smile.

“Hey! Are you saying I don’t study?” Noriko pretended to be angry, and jumped onto her friend’s shoulders.

At a distance, a figure in the shadows observed the two girls giggling and tickling each other.

Part 8

It was a Saturday. Nobody else was in school, except some sports teams who were training, and students who had to come back for detention classes. This time round, Miyuki was the only student who was back in school for detention.

She had received the note from her form teacher on Friday morning. Because she had skipped classes more than 3 classes that week, she now had to accept the punishment. She had failed to heed the warning given to her about making it to all her classes; if she again failed to report for detention class, her parents and the principal would be notified. Last night, she had convinced her friend Noriko not to approach her form teacher Umeda on lifting her detention. She did not want to put Noriko at risk from incurring the attention or wrath of Tanaka. She could endure this detention this once.

With a heavy heart, Miyuki trudged to school. Just several weeks ago, she was the role model student. Now she had to report back to school for playing truant, for the first time in her life.

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Umeda had brought home the pictures the night before. He could not help himself, as he masturbated over the picture of the girl and ejaculated all over her image. He knew that he had impure thoughts in his head as he asked her back for detention. He just could not get enough of the teenage vamp. Looking so innocent, a goody-two-shoes image on the exterior, but actually a materialistic girl of loose values who would sell her youthful charms for sexual favors. Umeda surmised that just as she was corrupted by the lure of money, a symptom of society’s losing battle in traditional moral values against rapid modernisation, he was corrupted by his lust for her.

It was a deep-seated lust. Umeda had always fantasized about his female students, particularly the pretty ones, but it remained as fantasies. But this girl had unlocked all his primordial desires. He wanted to have her.

Today, he would see her again. His heart fluttered as images of the sweet sixteen year old came to his mind.

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“No penetration yet. Have her humiliated in front of her teacher.” Tanaka read the message in his email again. It was from Xanadu. Tanaka had no idea who the client was.. he got instructions from the client always through Xanadu. Tanaka had played his cards so far; Xanadu had told him that the client was extremely pleased with the results thus far - the photographs, the video, and reports on how Umeda had been gradually acclimatised to the idea of Miyuki as a sex object.

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“Welcome to the first half of your detention Reiko-san.” Miyuki was seated outside the staff room, nervous as to what was going to happen to her, when Tanaka walked in with a big smile on his face.

“Whh..why are you here?” Miyuki had thought only Umeda-san would be administering her detention.

“Well, you skipped PE class. So i’m here to give you make-up lessons!”

Miyuki’s heart sank, as she knew she would have to face the man who humiliated her and outraged her modesty. She still remembered how he had violated her most private parts with his fingers, and how he had jacked off and ejaculated all over her face. She hated him. She also feared him.

“But I didn’t bring my exercise attire!” She bit her lip, as a pang of fear shot through her heart. Somehow, she knew that it was his plan.

“It’s alright. I have a spare ladies set for students who use that as an excuse for not coming to class.” Tanaka almost sniggered, as he handed her a set of clothes. “Now get changed and meet me in the gym in 5 minutes.”

In a daze, she went to the changing room. A sudden paranoia gripped her, as she quickly checked that he had not followed her to the ladies, and she made doubly sure by locking the door.

The white cotton-tee that Tanaka gave her was incredibly tight fitting. She managed to slip into it. Although not a particularly endowed girl in terms of her bosom, the tight shirt accentuated the form of her breasts. And the ‘shorts’ - dark blue, as was the school standard, it was really for a gymnastics workout, as it clung snugly to the girl’s lower body. It was cut so high it left nothing to the imagination to the shape of the girl’s buttocks and thighs. And Miyuki was as lithe as a sixteen year old could be - the entire outfit flattered, almost flaunted her young body. She would never have dared to wear this in school, but she had no choice.

Mr Umeda almost had a heart attack when she saw the teenager, dressed so provocatively. Mr Tanaka caught the expression on his face, but pretended not to see. Nonchalantly, he asked Miyuki to start her remedial PE lesson at the gymnasium. Mr Umeda watched from the entrance of the gymnasium, a good distance away. Shortly after, he left. Tanaka locked the gym door.

Part 9

Miyuki was standing in Umeda’s office. She had changed back to her school uniform. Her hair was wet, for she had just showered.

Umeda and Tanaka was discussing what to do with her. For her disobedience, she had to be punished.

Miyuki could not believe it was happening. She had never been punished this way before. When she was a mischievous elementary school girl, she had been asked to stand on her chair, or pull her ears, but had never been exposed to corporal punishment. On occasion, a particularly strict teacher who caught a student cheating on a test might use a ruler to hit the hand of the student.

She was told to stand by the edge of Umeda’s table. Mr Umeda’s heart was pounding, as he told her to face the table, and use her hands to grasp the opposite end of the table. As the table was quite wide, her doing so made her upper body almost flat against the top of the table, whilst her lower body was upright, with her thighs pressed against the solid oak table.

Umeda took the long, hard wooden ruler, and placed it on the girl’s behind. Her reaching over to hold the other end of the table strained her school blouse - Umeda could see her lovely breasts pushing out the front of her uniform as she leaned close to the table top. Her skirt revealed a couple of inches of the back of her thighs.

He pulled back his hand, and struck his first blow with the ruler, right on Miyuki’s backside. She yelped, “Ooowwww!” surprised at how much it stung. She clenched her teeth - she was not going to yowl like a baby no matter how much it hurt, she decided. At least if she had to bear the indignity of being spanked, she was going to try not to cry out like a kid being spanked.

“Whhhack!” Miyuki flinched at the heavy blow, and stopped herself from crying out. Umeda felt a sense of power that was intoxicating. Here he was striking this untouchable teenager. Untouchable because she had been the model student. She was a nice girl, good at her studies, and best in behavior. And now she was being beaten by him for misbehavior. She had a perfect image before, a class monitress, a teacher’s pet. And now, she was sprawled in front of his desk in a totally submissive position, her vulnerable behind was his for taking - that tarnishing of that perfect image of her made him hunger for more. He mistook Miyuki’s silence at his next two blows as being too soft on her, and decided to hit harder.

Raising the ruler high, Umeda struck again. “Uuhh..” Miyuki could not help but cry out a little. She could feel some tears rimming her eyes. Umeda cherished the response that each blow made - he loved it when he made the girl cry out. He loved how her hair flew across her face as she absorbed each blow, the subtle tensing of her buttock muscles just before his blow struck. Umeda felt a stirring in his loins - he was getting aroused hitting this girl! She was in his power.

Miyuki felt extremely humiliated. All her life, she has never been spanked before, not even by her strict father. And now, she’s already sixteen years old, and she had to go through this. The blow on her backside stung. It smarted long after the hard wooden ruler left its mark on her buttocks. She was glad that her skirt (and knickers) was providing a small layer of protection. All of a sudden, her hand involuntarily released its grip on the edge of the table. She had felt the beginning of a terrible itch in a familiar area, and her hand yearned to scratch it.

“Your hands back in position, Reiko-san!” Tanaka’s voice boomed. Umeda had paused briefly when Tanaka spoke; he had not even noticed that Miyuki had released her grip. Rather he was sizing up the back view of this pretty teenager bent almost 90 degrees over his table.

The itch spread in Miyuki’s crotch area like a swarm of angry bees. “Oh no, not now!” Of all the times her mysterious ailment struck her, this had to be the worst. In class, she would had to run out to the bathroom and take almost a quarter of an hour to relieve the itch. She had tried not to scratch, but it felt unbelievably good when she did. In most cases, once she peeled off her knickers and exposed the area, it felt better. What Miyuki did not know was that the contagion was from her undergarment, and that it was aggravated by any perspiration or heat. A person wearing the contaminated garment would not feel anything for some time, and then as the skin perspired, even in small amounts, that would start the itching.

And she never suspected that Tanaka was the culprit behind this. He would doctor her knickers as she went for PE class and left her change of clothes unguarded in the classroom. A few times the itch happened while she was walking home - she almost felt like pulling her skirt up, or even taking off her knickers under her skirt.

Tanaka resisted smiling as he saw Miyuki squirming noticeably as Umeda prepared to continue spanking her. He had done it again, he had crept away in the midst of Miyuki’s makeup gym lesson, and sprinkled some of his magic powder over the crotch of her clean pair of knickers - the same pair that she was wearing now, after her shower.

“Be still, girl,” Umeda said in a stern tone. The truth was that his eyes were roaming over the delicious form of the girl hunched over his table. Could she not take the pain anymore? He had only given her seven strokes of the ruler so far.

“Whaaaack!” The next stroke descended onto Miyuki’s backside, and sent a searing wave of pain through her already bruised buttocks. “Uuuuuhhhhh....”, Miyuki bit her lips. Amazingly, the itch subsided for a second as the nerves of her lower body screamed at the offending blow, forgetting about the irritation in her pubic area.

Miyuki’s tired arms could no longer support her upper body’s weight.. her elbows rested on the table, as the next blow came. “Whhhaaaccck!” She turned her head aside as her mouth opened in a cry, her eyes closed. She could feel the hot tears escaping from her lids and streaming down her face. But she did not want to open her eyes, and see Tanaka smirking at her.

Too bad I can’t catch this on video.. Tanaka mused.

Umeda continued his spanking. Besides the obvious flinching when each stroke made contact with the girl’s soft body, Miyuki was making small bodily movements as if she was in heat! Umeda did not stop nor slow down his spanking. He just kept watching in fascination as the girl seemed to rub her thighs (still mostly hidden under the skirt) together.

Umeda struck again, slightly distracted. This last blow did not quite land squarely on Miyuki’s buttocks, and when he lifted his ruler, her school girl skirt ‘stuck’ to it for a split second. The skirt fell back in place, but not quite in place. It covered most of her butt still, but the back of her upper left thigh was now completely exposed, and one can glimpse her white knickers through the folds of the skirt.

Unknown to Miyuki, the two grown men were now staring at her creamy white thighs. Umeda blinked, and resumed his composure. He struck again, squarely. He could see the little cartoon character Hello Kitty embroidered all around the border of the cotton undergarment. Again, the girl squirmed, and Umeda imagined what her crotch looked like, just a few inches away from where his eyes could see. Was she aroused by being beaten? That was impossible. But then here he was, getting aroused by beating her.

Miyuki almost prayed that Umeda would not pause so long between the strokes. For the itch was unbearable, and the temptation to steal her hand under her knickers great. When he hit her, there was temporary relief from the itch.

Umeda in the meantime, was fantasizing about the very scene he was in. The girl was hunched over his table, her skirt hiked up, and her knickers around her knees. He was fucking her from behind. Every time he humped her, she would cry out not unlike how she cried out with each stroke of his beating.

The spanking continued, and Umeda’s blow fell lower, nearer to the girl’s crotch. Miyuki cried out, whether in pain or in relief, she was not sure herself. But the blow stung her pubic area, but was almost extremely satisfying in quenching the fire of the itch. “Uuuhhhhhh...” she cried out. It was almost a pleasurable moan. She was ashamed, confused, and humiliated. Miyuki Reiko broke down, and started sobbing, the tears streaming down her pretty face.

Umeda continued for a few more strokes, and then stopped.

“Alright, I think you learnt your lesson.”

Part 10

It was late Wednesday afternoon. Regular school lessons had stopped by 2pm on Wednesdays, so that students could go for extra-curricular activities like tennis, swimming, basketball, softball, gymnastics and so on.

There was nobody left in the academic staff department teachers except for Umeda. He was thinking about the events that happened recently.

Just on Monday, he could hardly believe it when Tanaka told him that Miyuki had offered him a blowjob so that they would not tell on her. Tanaka said to Umeda that he knew that Umeda had secret desires for his student. But Tanaka was sympathetic. These “teenage sluts” as Tanaka called them, tempted men like Umeda, and it wasn’t Umeda’s fault. Umeda was glad that Tanaka understood him. After all Tanaka was a man too. Surely which man would be able to resist if a gorgeous teenager offered him a free blowjob?

Umeda wondered how many blowjobs Miyuki had given to Tanaka already.. for he was the one who discovered the truth about Miyuki’s immoral activities. And Umeda was just lucky that Tanaka wanted to share his fortune. Somehow, did Tanaka start off with good intentions and think that Umeda was able to reform his student, and hence told him about this? Or did Tanaka want to take advantage of the girl right from the start and just wanted someone else to be in this ? Anyway, Umeda didn’t care. He was about to fulfil a fantasy that not every high-school teacher, especially one with his looks and age, would be able to fulfil.

Yesterday, Umeda was speechless when Tanaka said that he had arranged with Miyuki for the afternoon of the following day, for her to give her form teacher, Umeda, some oral compensation. He said that Miyuki would nevertheless pretend to be an innocent school girl, as she always liked to do for her numerous businessmen clients. Umeda asked how far the girl would go, and Tanaka had said that she even offered the two of them a discount if they decided to patronise her “full services.” Umeda was quite shocked, for although he had heard that many schoolgirls have resorted to disrobing for peepshows or even gave blowjobs these days, full-service meant that she was basically a whore. All while still in school!

Tanaka even showed him a ‘menu’. On the top was Miyuki’s name, and her picture in school uniform. A quick glance showed that she was obviously one of those that catered to “school girl fetishes.” Full service was the most expensive, and Umeda wasn’t quite bold enough to suggest to Tanaka that he was interested anyway. It was one thing to be offered a free blowjob and take it. It was quite another to pay for a prostitute - especially if she was your student! One thing that caught his eye, was that there was an item under full service called “rape simulation.” Was there no end to how low this demure looking girl was capable of? Was she into S&M too??

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Miyuki was waiting in the school cafteria. She knew that Noriko had tennis training, and would not be wondering why she was still in school. She was waiting for the hour to pass, and it seemed like an eternity. She started playing in her mind the events of the day before.

Miyuki could not believe her ears when she heard from Tanaka. Tanaka had told Umeda that Miyuki performed sexual services for money outside school.

“That’s all lies! Why are you doing this to me ?” Miyuki had protested. “I’ll tell him that you.. molested me..and taped it against my will!”

“Who is he going to believe when I say that you’re a slutty schoolgirl? Horny Miyuki playing with herself in the school toilet. That’s the title of your promotional video, isn’t it? I told him you gave middle aged business men blowjobs and let them come all over your face? Hmm.. maybe I should show him that part of your video as well - you know which scene I’m talking about don’t you?”

“You’re in the video too! You’re going to jail for this!”

“Hahaha.....you crack me up, Miyuki. I’ve edited it of course. After all, you’re the AV star. And even if you report this to the police, there’s no evidence. You’re not hurt, I didn’t rape you. All they see is a album full of suggestive photographs and an amateur video made by an AV-actress wannabe, probably with help from a boyfriend, or one of your middle-aged businessmen whom you service. Oh.. and Umeda himself could probably testify that you almost had an orgasm while he was spanking your ass.”

Miyuki turned beetroot red when she heard that. All of a sudden she realised that somehow, this evil man must be behind the itching as well.

“What do you want?!” Miyuki screamed at him.

“Very simple. Umeda said he could wipe your record clean - not report you to your parents or to the school disciplinary committee... if you serviced him.”

Miyuki looked at Tanaka in horror. Umeda-san had always been a teacher she respected. He was fierce looking, and strict, but fair. He was also about the same age as her father. And now, he was in this with Tanaka, the man she hated with all her guts.

“Give him a blowjob.” Tanaka added helpfully.

“No way in hell..” Miyuki shot back.

Tanaka casually pulled out a white sweater, which Miyuki immediately recognised as belonging to Noriko. She usually left it in her school locker. How did Tanaka get his hands on it? “Say.. does this belong to someone you know?”

“Don’t you dare harm Noriko!” Miyuki clenched her fists in anger.

“Well, stay away from her then, Miyuki. What she doesn’t know is probably good for her. And if you don’t cooperate with me.. well... maybe we can have the two of you girls make the next AV together.”

His words, spoken the day before, echoed in her mind as Miyuki picked up her school bag, and started making her way from the cafteria toward the Mathematics staff department. In her mind, she wanted to protect her friend Noriko by complying to Tanaka’s demands. And besides, it was not too bad - she would have to endure the humiliation of actually masturbating a man, but at least she did not have to perform oral sex - an act of absolute debasement in her mind.

Tanaka had convinced her that it was alright if she did not want to give Umeda a blowjob but that a handjob would do as well. “C’mon Miyuki. The man just wants to get off on you. So just make him come.” Those were his words. And that was what Miyuki expected to do.

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At 4pm, there was a knock on Umeda’s door. “Who is it?” Umeda asked.

“Miyuki Reiko, sir.”

“Come in..”

Miyuki Reiko stepped into Umeda’s office.

“Please close the door behind you.”

And she did. Miyuki was dressed like a regular female student at Kawasaki High School - white cotton blouse, with a short blue ribbon tie, grey skirt that covered up to mid-thigh, black socks and black shoes. She had short, neat black hair that framed her face, and big doe-like eyes. She did not have particularly large breasts, she had a slender frame, and very fair complexion. While some of his pretty female students have a flirtatious or even slutty look about them, Miyuki was one of those girls who looked sweet and demure, a wholesome, well-behaved girl from a traditional upper middle-class Japanese family, which was why Umeda had a hard time believing that she had done enjo-kosai, or prostituted herself.

Umeda looked at her hungrily. Miyuki met his glance briefly, recognising the undisguised lust, and lowered her gaze. The dirty old man. And to think that she had always respected him as a strict but fair teacher.

“Come here, Miyuki...”, his eyes wandered over her shapely legs, the buttons on her blouse, and the faint outline of her bra underneath the white garment.

Miyuki walked forward in front of Umeda’s table. Her heart was pumping quickly, and her face blanched.

“Come nearer.” Umeda beckoned with his hand, indicating that she should come around his table.

“Tanaka said you have something for me..”

Miyuki came around the table, and finally looked up. To her horror, her middle-aged form teacher was seated on his chair, but naked from waist down! The man had rather rather hairy legs, and the hair was especially curly around his pubic region, from which his long obscene member, his penis, was in half erect position.

Miyuki’s hand involuntarily came up to cover her mouth and she turned her face away at the obscene sight.

“Hehe.. nothing to be shy about, my dear.

Now come over...”, Umeda croaked.

“And you would leave me alone after today, right?” her voice almost quivering in her final hesitation. She felt like running out of the room, away from this terrible situation, but her legs felt heavy. She knew she could not run away. If she did not cooperate with the evil man called Tanaka, and her nasty old teacher Umeda, they would release the video that Tanaka made of her when he insulted her modesty.

Tanaka grabbed Miyuki’s wrist and made the angel-faced teenage girl kneel down in front of him, between his legs.

Miyuki could see his member throbbing - Umeda’s penis was even thicker and uglier than Tanaka’s when he jerked off and came on her face.

“Why don’t we get started, Miyuki.” the man leered.

The sixteen year old’s small hand ventured slowly to grasp the man’s cock. It grew even more erect in anticipation of the girl’s touch, almost pointing vertically at the ceiling.

“Ahhh..” Umeda could not believe it as Miyuki gingerly wrapped her fingers around his penis. She then started to move her hand slowly up and down in a weak attempt to masturbate him. She noticed that the tip of his penis was slightly wet and gleaming. It was his pre-cum.

Umeda had masturbated over this for the past nights while fantasizing about this; last night, he had not done so, in order to save his cum for today. He wanted to cum in this nasty schoolgirl slut’s mouth.

Miyuki was jerking off Umeda’s large penis with her hand. Umeda suddenly stopped her. “Enough.. open your mouth..”

Miyuki shook her head and tried to move back, but Umeda’s held on to her wrist in a vice-like grip. “No.. “ Tanaka had said she did not have to do that!

Umeda thought to himself, “She’s really convincing as an innocent school girl..” Her resistance to his advances merely fuelled his lust more. He liked the feeling of dominating her.

He grabbed the girl with one hand by hair at the back of her head, and pulled her forward, and with his other hand, guided his cock toward her lips. Miyuki struggled and squirmed, but his grip was relentless. She closed her mouth in disgust as the veinous, purple headed organ touched her cheek as she tried to avert her head. She could smell a pungent acrid odour from it, it was most disgusting.

Umeda squeezed her neck, and Miyuki was so afraid that he would choke her, that she had no choice but to open her lips. Immediately the huge organ invaded her mouth.

“Oh yes... “ Umeda almost came when he felt the warm wet mouth around his cock. It was a dream come true, looking down between his legs and seeing this teenage queen with her mouth wide open and his huge cock stuffed inside. He really wished he had this on film to catch this erotic moment.

Unbeknownst to him, there was a video camera capturing this scene right at that moment. Tanaka had installed two hidden cameras in Umeda’s office over the weekend. And Tanaka was controlling both cameras in real time from his van at that moment. It was high tech spying equipment, which Tanaka’s clients did not mind paying for his professional services.

Though there was a limit to how much detail the cameras could catch - after all, the table and chair that Tanaka was sitting on partially obstructed the view of both cameras despite them being placed at different corners of his room - there was no doubt the images showed Umeda receiving a blowjob from one of his female students.

Miyuki was sucking his cock like a straw. Umeda grew impatient. “Come on you little vamp.. you can do better than that.. I know you are a seasoned cocksucker, aren’t you. Use some tongue!” Miyuki fought hard not to retch. She started to swirl her tongue round the bulbous head of the man’s cock. It wasn’t the best oral sex, but it felt good.

Umeda’s hands pushed Miyuki’s head down on his crotch, forcing his penis deep into her throat. Umeda suddenly stood up, his penis dislodging itself from her mouth. With the obstruction gone in this new position, Tanaka’s camera zoomed in, capturing Miyuki’s face as some saliva dribbled out of the corner of her lips, the same saliva coating the glistening organ which Umeda promptly shoved back into the hapless girl’s virgin mouth.

He grabbed the back of the girl’s head, and started making her move her head in short forward and backward motions, as his organ slid in and out of her mouth. “Look at me!” Miyuki was forced to tilt her head up, so that Umeda could see her fair face as he humped her mouth. Her soft brown eyes, big and innocent, looking up at him, her pink lips wrapped around his cock - it was an incredibly erotic sight, and Umeda almost came there and then.

Umeda grunted in pleasure as he increased the rhythm and force of his humping, almost slamming into the back of the girl’s throat. Miyuki almost choked a couple of times, but Umeda kept his grip on the back of her head so that she really had no choice but to continue swallowing his cock.

Umeda’s deep guttural groan grew louder, as he thrust his hips forward to fuck Miyuki’s sweet mouth in a maddening pace. His balls were slapping her chin with each stroke, and it felt really good. He could feel the climax approaching. Miyuki felt the imminent approaching as well - his cock seemed to swell even larger in her mouth, and she started to panic, and tried to pull her head back. The sight of the beautiful girl kneeling between his legs, taking his rock-hard cock in her warm mouth was too much for Umeda to bear any longer. “AaaaaAAAAhhhh....OOHHhh.. Ohhhh..”, Umeda moaned, as he finally came in a huge orgasm - his engorged cock shot a stream of hot semen into the sixteen year old’s mouth. He ejaculated another gob of sperm with each spasm, deep into the girl’s throat, holding her head close to his body and keeping her mouth wrapped around his cock as he spent himself.

Miyuki didn’t know what to do when she felt the sticky warm goo spurt into the back of her throat and rush out in her mouth. As it kept flowing out, she had inadvertently swallowed some to keep herself from choking. Umeda withdrew his cock, which had lost half its erection. Hot white cum dribbled out from Miyuki’s mouth - she felt sick to her bones. She felt like throwing up.. and she wanted to cry.

Umeda just stood there, admiring the sight of Miyuki Reiko, the class monitress kneeling down in front of his naked cock, with his semen smeared all over her lips and overflowing out to her chin and floor.

Part 11

Tanaka could almost imagine the client watching the video of the blowjob from the comfort of his own room, masturbating to the scene of the defilement of the sixteen year old school girl. Why the humiliation though? Not so much the humiliation in and of itself, as many clients frequently found eroticism in the act of humiliating the subject, but that the humiliation seemed to be always in front of Umeda. The careful engineering of the spanking, and getting Umeda involved in the whole thing, seemed to point at the fact that Umeda was a key player in this. But Umeda could not himself be the client - Tanaka would know it. So who was the client then? Was it another teacher? Maybe somebody wanted to get Umeda in trouble? But why Miyuki then? Was she just there at the wrong place and wrong time? Or was Umeda there at the right place and right time?

Anyway, Tanaka just kept filming, watching the events from his van through his remote video equipment. Umeda had apparently just spent himself in Miyuki’s mouth. She would probably run out at this stage Tanaka thought, with tears and cum mixed on her wet face, while Umeda was recovering. Tanaka was wrong.

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Umeda had grown soft after cumming in Miyuki’s mouth. But as he looked at the pretty schoolgirl sprawled on the ground, her skirt covering her slender legs barely, and her forlorn face framed by her soft, short black hair, he felt his erection returning. He had not felt this much lust for a very long time. In fact, he had never been able to sustain his erection after one orgasm while having sex with his wife. But the nubile schoolgirl made him feel like an animal in heat. He wanted to fuck the girl. His cock sprang back to life.

Miyuki shook her head in fear and tried to resist as Umeda grabbed the top of her blouse, and with a sharp tug, ripped it down the middle. The buttons fell off to the ground, as the girl screamed.

She tried to stand up and run, but as she struggled with the much stronger man, he pushed her onto the couch in the office. Miyuki fell backwards onto the couch, her blouse almost falling apart, and displaying her white bra. She was sobbing, “No... pleassee... don’t...”, as Umeda took off his shirt, revealing his hairy chest. He stared at the white skin of Miyuki’s bosom, and the cups of her bra covering the delights underneath.

Umeda was originally not intending to go further than a blowjob, but he was not in control anymore. After all this girl was just a whore. Whether she was pretending to reject his advances, or for real, he was not going to take no for an answer.

Miyuki squealed, and struggled on the couch as Umeda climbed onto her legs, trapping them between his knees. With her flailing legs under control, Umeda pulled her skirt up to her waist. She resisted, by using her hands to prevent the wicked exposure. But Umeda was not going to be stopped. He had seen those beautiful legs before, when he had given her a spanking. He had seen the curvaceous hips and creamy white thighs that hinted at what laid beyond. With his hands grabbing Miyuki’s wrists, he now looked at impunity at the full length of Miyuki’s legs, all the way from where her knees was trapped underneath his own, to her hips and crotch, where her white knickers clung snugly. His view was unimpeded by the skirt now, was it was bunched up around her waist. He stared at the dark patch under the cotton knickers - he always wondered what her pussy looked like.

“Please stop... I beg you...” Miyuki still twisted her body and wrists in a futile attempt to wrench herself out of Umeda’s grip. He also remembered the nights he had masturbated himself in a pair of knickers he found in his suitcase - knickers he had convinced himself, belonged to Miyuki, his class monitress. He had sniffed them, and found a musky odour that gave him a hardon, for it was the smell of a fresh teenage pussy that had been in those knickers. He could now relive the experience again.

Miyuki looked at horror as the man, still holding onto her wrists, bent down, and brought his face onto her stomach. He shifted his bodyweight lower down Miyuki’s body, and kissed the bare skin of her navel. Miyuki squirmed as she felt the stub on Umeda’s jowl, and his wet lips on her lower tummy. He moved his face even lower, right over her knickers. The only garment that separated him from the unforbidden pleasures that beckoned him. Umeda put his nose right over Miyuki’s crotch - she froze as she felt him touch her pubic area - and inhaled deeply. Yes, it was the smell of fresh teenage pussy.

Umeda’s hands slipped under the elastic band of Miyuki’s knickers, and pulled her knickers down to her knees. The girl struggled, but Umeda’s body weight kept her down. He suddenly turned his attention to her upper body - with one quick motion, he pulled the straps on both her shoulders down to her upper arms, and dislodged her small breasts from the cups of her bra. He looked at her pink nipples hungrily, her breasts now exposed.

Umeda molested her breasts with his hand, using his other hand to fend off her arms which were trying to block him. Umeda bent down, kissing Miyuki’s supple young breasts..his mouth took in her nipple and started sucking on it. Miyuki whimpered, as pleasure signals from her sensitive breast fed back to her confused brain. Umeda rolled her other nipple between his thumb and forefinger while his tongue licked the nipple between his lips fervently, feeling it growing erect.

Umeda paused to look at the school girl again, her knickers rolled down at her knees. He pulled one of her legs through the undergarment, so that the white knickers now hung deliciously around one kneecap - he loved the look of it. The innocent teenager’s private parts, both upper and lower body were now exposed to his lustful eyes. Miyuki fought to keep her legs closed, as Umeda pried them apart to expose her pussy completely. To no avail, for Umeda was strong, and she was completely at his mercy.

Miyuki closed her eyes tightly, trying to disbelieve the horrible thing that was happening to her. Was she about to get raped? An involuntary shudder ran through her body, when she felt his fingertips run lightly across her clitoris. “No... please stop”, Miyuki blinked and fought back the tears welling up in her eyes. Umeda could see the cunt lips of the sixteen year old swelling up in arousal as he continued to brush them with his finger tips.

Miyuki took a sharp intake of breath as the digit intruded into her most private part of her body. Umeda felt the moistness and exclaimed, “My, my! You’re getting all wet!” Miyuki could not believe her body’s betrayal.

Umeda continued probing her inside, all the while keeping a constant pressure on her clitoris. Miyuki’s body shivered again, much to Umeda’s delight. His dick was rock hard at this point. He positioned his groin between her soft thighs, and rubbed his erect dick against the young cunt, feeling the incredible sensation of her soft lips wetting his cock with her juices. Miyuki felt sick as she felt the bulbous head of his penis against the entrance of her pussy. Ignoring her protests, Umeda pushed, and she could feel pain as his big dick forced its way into her vagina. “Oh.. yes...,” Umeda groaned with his eyes half closed, as he felt his dick enter the incredible warmth and softness of her cunt. The feeling of her womanhood surrounding his hard cock was heavenly. Umeda licked his lips, and plunged his thick, veiny cock into Miyuki’s quivering, freshly defiled pussy. Miyuki grunted as the head of his cock reached the end of her vaginal canal.

Miyuki squealed as Umeda began to slide his cock in and out of the girl. He was very aroused to see the teenage queen pinned against the back of the couch with her legs wide open; the expression on her lovely face was a battle between the anguish of being violated and the involuntary carnal pleasure that her young body was feeling. He locked her thighs under his folded arms, her knees were almost resting on his shoulders as he sunk his dick all the way into her slender body.

He pumped his cock in and out of Miyuki, with each stroke, his balls slapped against her thighs. The couch creaked noisily with each forceful stroke as he mercilessly fucked her. “Uhh...Uh...Uh...” Miyuki cried as she was skewered by Umeda’s massive penis. She felt a tension in her lower body, much like a spring winding itself. It was a tension that she felt a long time ago when she had first experienced masturbation, under the relaxing warm spray of water directed between her legs while taking a bath one evening in her early teens.

Umeda could feel her young vagina, lubricating in copious amounts as he slid in and out of her. Her strong muscles, was like a hot and smooth velvet glove wrapped tightly around his member.

Umeda leaned forward and planted his hands on the couch on both sides of Miyuki, sinking his penis to the hilt. The inside of his elbows was pressing against the underside of her knees, keeping her legs wide open. His face was mere inches away from her face. He licked the salty tears from her face, and she quickly turned her head to the side in a grimace.

“Aaaaah.......aaaaah.....urrrgh... uuuuurrrrrghhh “ Miyuki gasped as Umeda’s penis slid in and out of her hot pussy. Black spots appeared in the periphery of Miyuki’s vision, her head was swimming.... Umeda could not believe the pleasure pulsing through his dick as he pumped in and out of her sweet cunt. Although the sixteen year old resisted the violation in heart and soul, her body was helplessly reacting with the intensity of a mature woman.

Her sweet juices dribbled down her creamy white thighs and coated Umeda’s engorged testicles and penis in a glistening film. Waves of carnal delight, which young Miyuki only dreamed of, began to travel through her body. Her hips began to slowly roll from side to side in time with Umeda’s shaft pistoning in and out of her like a jackhammer. Their bodies collided with brutal force again and again as he humped her mercilessly.

In the meantime, Tanaka was watching the scene, captured by his video cameras, from his van. He had a bulge in his pants as well, as he watched the beautiful teenage girl get screwed by her teacher. Tanaka swore to himself the next assignment he was going to make sure he got some action for himself.

“Uh...uh...uh......” Miyuki’s gasps of pain mixed with moans of pleasure as the sweet girl unconsciously arched her back, increasing the friction on the big cock that moved inside her. Perspiration was forming on her forehead. Umeda was starting to sweat as well as he relentlessly raped the little girl. She was incredibly tight, and he felt like he was going to come soon. He wanted the moment to last though.

He stopped, and forced Miyuki to turn her body over. He wanted fuck her doggie style now. Crying, Miyuki got on her knees and hands. Umeda leered at her luscious round ass, grabbing her buttocks with his hands and pushed her shoulders down while pulling her hips toward him, forcing her to obscenely stick her ass up. The man positioned his groin behind her, and slammed into her once again. “Uuuuuuhhh....” she grunted he seemed even bigger from behind, and her vagina felt like it was stretching to the point of bursting.

Umeda continued fucking the girl and soon felt his big balls begin to contract and knew that he was getting close to cumming. He knew that the sweet beauty beneath him was close to climaxing too. Quickly he moved his hand down Miyuki’s heaving belly and over her pubic area until he felt the very top of her tight, pussy slit. Umeda felt immediate waves of vaginal spasms pass along the shaft of his cock as he rubbed Miyuki’s budding clitoris furiously. The girl arched her back even more, as she tried to resist the incredibly feelings of pleasure building up in her lower body. The smell of her highly aroused and lubricated sex was in the air.

“Uuh.. uhhh.. ppleease..st..sttop... uhh...uhhh...no...no... uh..Uhh.. Uhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Suddenly the panting girl stiffened beneath him, her face flushed red.

Umeda’s cock had to stop as Miyuki Reiko’s pussy clamped down on him with a steely, soft grip. The young girl shuddered then cried out loudly, “Ohhhhhhhh.. Godddddd!” as she reached an earth-shattering orgasm. Umeda grabbed the young girl by her hip bones and shoved his cock deep into her, gradually overpowering Miyuki’s spasming, vaginal muscles.

Her climax came in waves like a huge compressed spring unloading itself again and again - Miyuki’s young muscles twitched and spasmed in a powerful milking action. Not being able to hold it back anymore, the high school teacher’s balls exploded.

“Oh take my cum, you little slut,” Umeda shouted as the first wave of sticky semen pulsed into the shivering, sixteen year old girl impaled on his cock.

“Ohh... noo,” Miyuki cried as she opened her eyes wide when she felt hot semen fill her tender belly. Umeda could feel Miyuki’s continued vaginal contractions through the shaft of his cock, as he shot more and more cum into the girl.

Finally, when he could stand up, Umeda reached for his wallet, drew out a thick wad of yen, and dropped it on the couch where the exhausted girl laid, weeping. “That’s how much you charge, for full service, isn’t it ?” he said.

Twenty-four hours later, a large brown envelope arrived in the mailbox of the Tachibana family. Rumi Tachibana picked it up, went to her bedroom, closed the door, and opened the envelope.

In it was a black video cassette tape, with a picture of her classmate Miyuki on the cover. It was the photograph of Miyuki that Tanaka had taken several weeks ago, but it also said in bold letters over the top, “Hi-School Girl Confinement and Rape.”

Rumi smiled to herself, “Hehe..teacher’s pet is now teacher’s fuck toy.. isn’t revenge sweet...”

THE END