**Schoolgirls of St. Cats** 01

by [catwilliams](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1111776&page=submissions)©

Helene walked along the corridor, particles of dust floating lazily in the sunlight. There was already a girl waiting to see Nurse Bishop: Miranda Thomas. The two girls slept in the same dormitory, in neighbouring beds, had known each other since they first came to board at the Catholic school of St Catherine's. Since turning 18, they had grown apart: Miranda was far more experienced and knowing than Helene. Somehow it seemed that they had less in common than the two young girls who had giggled together beneath the bedclothes for months on end. Helene smiled at Miranda, who was, as usual, looking sensuously preoccupied.  
  
Helene sat back. Miranda always pushed the school uniform rules, she thought. Although wearing the same charcoal gray pinafore dress, with the same row of buttons leading from the top of the skirt to the bottom, and the same crisp, white blouse, her dress was much shorter than Helene's, the tops of Miranda's stockings were clearly visible. And the shoes - "Smart black shoes of a sensible nature with no more than a one inch heel" - were distinctly sexier than the author of the rules had intended. Miranda had scandalized the dormitory with the underwear she'd brought back after the summer hols - all these tiny, strappy thongs and delicate, lacy panties - real lingerie, Helene remembered.  
  
The nurse's buzzer sounded, and without looking at Helene, Miranda went through the door. The light turned from green to red.  
  
Helene stood and looked through the window to the lawns. The school's grounds went down the hillside to the fish pond at the bottom, concealed by the trees. Helene liked that part of the gardens, it was out-of-bounds to the younger girls and hardly anybody bothered going down there. It was a real sun-trap, under those trees. Only the other day, when the rest of the school had gone on some sporting occasion, and Helene was supposed to be practicing the clarinet for her exams, she'd stolen down to the secret garden, had lay down on a towel in the sun and prepared to doze the morning away.  
  
Helene had looked around the garden to make sure she was really alone. It was strictly forbidden for a girl to be out of uniform at St Cat's. Feeling naughty at this minor infringement, she kicked off her shoes, rolled the opaque, black stockings down her long, slim legs and lay back to enjoy the weather.  
  
But before she had realized it, "those" thoughts had started to creep across her mind, and the hand that was so innocently undoing the buttons of her dress - the better to catch the sun - had exposed her from the waist to the legs, and Helene's hand was now tracing the contours of her flat young belly, feeling the edge of the innocent, white cotton panties, stroking the smooth mound that lay between her legs. With two hands now, she felt herself grow warmer and wetter, the pussy lips growing beneath the tight, white cotton; Helene felt her firm young clitoris standing proud beneath the material.  
  
The schoolgirl slipped her hands beneath her panties, pushing them down, feeling her wet, almost hairless pussy aching with desire. She stroked her clit, ran a finger between her wet, willing cunt lips. She rubbed herself, faster and faster, the sunlight warming her body and young skin, until at last, moaning and trembling, she had found release in a loud and aching orgasm, so powerful it forced her to lift her arse off the ground.  
  
Slowly she came down from her orgasmic high. And suddenly she felt embarassed, ashamed of herself. What was she doing, letting that lust grip her and take her, exposing her sex in public. She thought: anyone could be watching me. The music teacher, Mr Williams might have wondered where I was, had come to look for me, had stood under the trees watching my wet fingers as I made myself cum.  
  
Helene stood up, pulling her stockings up to her thighs, aware of how damp they were from the juices that had run from her aching pussy, vowing that this really would be the last time.  
  
The nurse's buzzer went. Helene shook herself desparately. She really had to get a grip. What on earth was wrong with her, even just the memory of that day was making her ache and tingle and long to touch herself again. But there was nowhere private in St Cat's. Another year to go, then she'd have a shared bedroom next to the dormitory, then she'd have some space, as long as she had the right partner.  
  
The buzzer went again. It sounded more irritable.  
  
"Helene Ash?"  
  
The person sitting behind the desk was not Nurse Bishop - safe, confidential Nurse Bishop, with her long red hair, her pixie face and her "I'm one of you girls" attitude. The person sitting behind the desk was Doctor Clarke, the school's new GP, wearing his usual clean, white coat.  
  
"Helene Ash?" he repeated, "please close the door and sit down."  
  
He was looking at her notes, speed reading through the last year or two, Helene thought. She said:  
  
"I'm sorry, I wanted to see the nurse", and stood up to go.  
  
"You shouldn't go, Helene," Doctor Clarke said firmly, "I see you've made and missed a few appointments in the last month, so you may as well stay and get to the bottom of it. There's no-one else out there, so you're not wasting my time." He smiled. "Why don't you give me a go?"  
  
Doctor Clarke came around his desk and perched on the front. "He's quite an attractive man", Helene thought, taking in his twinkly brown eyes, his curly hair, his strong neck and powerful physique.  
  
The doctor leant forward and took her hand.  
  
"I've heard it all in the last two terms," he said, confidentially. "I've had girls tell me they're pregnant because they've touched their boyfriends' penises, I've had girls tell me they're going to hell because they had some brief and unfulfilling lesbian encounter in the dorms. I've even", he tapped his nose and grinned boyishly, "had the odd teacher come in. You'd be amazed what what goes on in a catholic girl's school."  
  
He stopped, and looked down at Helene.  
  
"Now, unless you're going to tell me that you had sex with three boys at the same time last night, you're not going to tell me anything new."  
  
His eyes played over Helene, noting her schoolgirl pigtails, the sensible shoes, the correctly-sized dress, the stocking-tops properly concealed.  
  
"And it's not that... but it's something to do with sex, otherwise you won't have been waiting to see Sarah. Nurse Bishop," he added, "Shall I guess? Shall I try and guess this dirty little secret that you're convinced is so shameful?"  
  
Helene nodded, dry-throated.  
  
"You fancy a boy and you don't know what to do about it?"  
  
Helene shook her head.  
  
"There's a girl, and she makes you have funny feelings..."  
  
Helene blushed, shaking her heard vigorously. Doctor Clarke paused. He could feel his cheeks growing a little warm himself.  
  
"You used a toy to pleasure yourself and you're worried you're not a virgin any more?"  
  
Helene sat up, wide-eyed: "can that happen?"  
  
Doctor Clarke laughed, "No, no, of course not, only a fully erect male penis, sliding into your vagina can take that away. Fingers, vibrators, dildos, cucumbers and bananas, it's not the same at all. So, what is it, Helene, what is your secret?"  
  
Helene looked at her feet.  
  
"I think about sex all the time. And I get so hot, and I get so wet."  
  
She looked up at the doctor.  
  
"And what do you do with these feelings, Helene?"  
  
She shrugged.  
  
"Sometimes nothing. Sometimes I touch myself."  
  
She swallowed hard.  
  
"Actually. 'Sometimes' isn't right. It's 'always', I always touch myself when I think about sex."  
  
Doctor Clarke was looking serious.  
  
"And how often do you masturbate?"  
  
"Four, five, six times a day, whenever I can," Helene confessed. "When I'm in the showers. When I wake up, when I'm lying in bed, sometimes I can make myself ... two or three times in one go."  
  
Doctor Clarke laughed. "Lucky girl, I can only do it two or three times a day."  
  
He noted her expression.  
  
"We all do it, when you're lying in bed at night feeling guilty, chances are that half the girls in the dorm are playing with themselves, and probably most of the mistresses too! But, I can see you have a bit of a problem with being so self-conscious about your sexuality. Can you bring yourself to use the right words?"  
  
Helene felt ashamed: she could hear the words - crude dormitory words - but they wouldn't go past her lips.  
  
Doctor Clarke smiled kindly.  
  
"I masturbate, Helene, shall I tell you how I do it?"  
  
He didn't wait for her to answer.  
  
"Sometimes I'm just so horny, I feel I'm going to explode. I feel my balls are going to explode, Helene, and I just need to make myself cum really quickly, and I'll just undo my trousers, and I'm already stiff, and a few moments later, I'm done. Sometimes I'll be thinking about someone, and I'll be lying in bed, and my cock is hard and big, but I tease myself, pulling my cock slowly, in long, steady motions, until I can stand it no longer - and then, when I cum, the spunk shoots over my stomach and my chest."  
  
He laughed, self-consciously.  
  
"Probably, if I could do it five or six times a day, I would, but I'd never fit it in. So, Helene, what words can you say?"  
  
"I don't know where to start, Doctor Clarke."  
  
"Let me help you. Repeat after me: 'I touch myself on the nose and I like it.' "  
  
"I touch myself on the nose and I like it."  
  
"I stroke my tummy and it feels nice."  
  
Helene repeated it, unconsciously touching herself. Doctor Clarke thought for a moment.  
  
"I like to feel how soft my legs are above my stocking tops."  
  
Helene sat a little further back, her mouth open, stroking her legs above her stockings.  
  
Doctor Clarke thought: "I'm glad they make them wear those, the number of times I've wanted a girl to wrap her long, stockinged legs around my waist and pull me in deeper while I empty my balls into her wet cunt."  
  
He cleared his throat.  
  
"I like to lie down and stroke my pussy."  
  
Helene copied him in a daze, then thought, ashamed: "how can I say these forbidden things?"  
  
But something inside her had changed for ever.  
  
"Masturbate," she said, pronouncing the word carefully.  
  
Doctor Clarke looked surprised.  
  
"Is that an order?"  
  
For a moment, Helene nearly said yes. But she smiled and shook her head.  
  
Doctor Clarke stood up, suddenly brusque. Helene noticed that his brown corduroy trousers were bulging, as if under tremendous pressure.  
  
"Naughty Doctor Clarke," she thought, and then suddenly: "I did that, I made that man's cock grow hard. He wants me, he wants to put his cock inside me, he wants to empty himself deep inside my wet, lusting pussy."  
  
Helene could feel herself being overtaken with lust, she said: "I think I'm going to go back to the dormitory now."  
  
Doctor Clarke laughed: "I bet you can't say what you're going to do."  
  
Helene blushed, and looked deliberately up into his brown eyes.  
  
She spoke slowly: "I'm going to lie down and stroke my pussy."  
  
Doctor Clarke looked thoroughly rattled.  
  
"I see, well, we haven't finished here yet, that'll have to wait. You really ought to have a check-up, you know. Would you mind sitting down on the bed there." He turned away, "I think I need a glass of water."  
  
Helene sat down on the bed, and swivelled up, stretching her legs out in front of her. Her dress had risen to about where Miranda's had been. She wondered if Miranda had had the same type of conversation with Doctor Clarke. She smiled: certainly not, she was probably the one who'd slept with three boys at the same time. One in the ... cunt. One in the mouth. Helene was puzzled for a moment, oh, one in the arse! She nearly said it aloud.  
  
Doctor Clarke was facing away from her, fiddling with something on the shelves. The office was rather gloomy and old-fashioned. Just like all the teachers' offices really, only with cloudy glass in the windows, and those two always-closed doors in the opposite wall. Records, she thought vaguely, records or equipment.  
  
Doctor Clarke came over to the bed. He'd put a stethoscope around his neck, and he was being very professional.  
  
"Now Helene, if you could unbutton your top, I'll listen to your lungs."  
  
Helene obeyed him, undoing her dress, slipping out of her blouse and leaning forward. She felt the cold disk on her back, obeyed the instructions to breathe in and breathe out.  
  
"Lean back."  
  
She lent back on the bed, her pinafore school uniform dress wide open, she hadn't bothered with a bra, and she felt suddenly aware that her firm breasts on show. Clarke applied the stethoscope's cold disk again, gave the formal instructions.  
  
As Doctor Clarke moved around her chest, his finger grazed her exposed nipple. Helene shuddered with pleasure, then blushed as she realised that just that glancing touch had made her nipple stiffen. Clarke looked at the erect nipple, rosy-red, except for the tip - a small white bud, straining to be touched and bitten.  
  
"Hm," the Doctor said, "your breasts are well-developed."  
  
Helene could feel herself burning with excitement as he examined her nearly naked body. His finger was sliding down her belly, pulling the dress aside, and she could feel her pussy aching beneath her white cotton panties.  
  
"So, young lady, just how do you touch yourself?"  
  
Helene looked directly into his innocently enquiring brown eyes.  
  
"I don't know", she lied, "I do whatever I want."  
  
Doctor Clarke suddenly looked masterful.  
  
"I want you to show me."  
  
It wasn't a request.  
  
Helene looked up at Doctor Clarke and the older man looked down at the young schoolgirl in his spell.  
  
"Let's say... Let's say that I want to make sure that you're doing it properly."  
  
He looked down at her white panties. God, he thought, she's already wet.  
  
"So, Helene, how do you start? Do you take you underwear off first?"  
  
Helene shook her head.  
  
"No doctor, usually I like to touch myself everywhere else, just feeling myself, waiting..."  
  
Her hands were stroking her belly, the inside of her thighs, running around her stocking tops.  
  
"I don't touch my pussy at first, I'm touching myself and thinking."  
  
Her finger tips brushed beneath the waistband of her knickers. The promise made Helene draw breath sharply.  
  
"I can't touch myself straight away, it's too much."  
  
She pulled her hands up from the waist-band and started feeling down the material.  
  
"Like this, " she murmoured, "this makes me wet and ready. I can feel myself getting wet, all that juice coming from me."  
  
Helene widened her legs. She was using both hands now - on either side of her panties, top and bottom.  
  
"I'm so wet..." she sighed, "so horny".  
  
Doctor Clarke thought: those knickers are soaking, so much wetness. He closed his eyes, imagining grabbing hold of those innocent, white panties, of ripping them apart to expose the quivering flesh, of plunging his cock into her gaping hole, grinding against those pussy-juice soaked knickers.  
  
"What's making you wet, Helene? What words would you use?"  
  
She moaned.  
  
"I can't hear what you're saying? Speak louder please, Helene."  
  
"Ohh, my pussy, my pussy juice... my cunt... it's so wet, so wet for you, Doctor."  
  
Helene lay back, and looked up at the doctor, raising her hips, pushing her panties down to her stocking tops. Doctor Clarke pulled them down further. She had, he thought, a perfectly formed cunt. Petal-like lips, parted and ripe - a firm clitoris - a hairless mound, he could see every detail, every crease. Suddenly he wanted to touch it, lick her, part those young legs and taste her from her ass hole to her clit, slowly and deliberately, drinking that fragrant juice with every lick.  
  
But not yet.  
  
"What else do you do Helene? Do you use your fingers? Do you use toys?"  
  
Helene shook with lust, "just my hands," she said, slipping a finger between her cunt lips, using her thumb to stroke her clitoris, to keep it in a state of lust.  
  
"You should use a toy," the doctor said, "you'll find that an orgasm is so much more satisfying when you have a thick cock filling you up."  
  
Helene groaned in anticipation.  
  
"Fuck me, doctor," she gasped, "fuck me, fill me up."  
  
Doctor Clarke touched Helene's pubic mound with his fingers. They were firm, probing, manly. Helene pulled her hands away, grateful for this experience. He carressed her around her clitoral hood, deliberately provoking her with expert strokes.  
  
"Do you ever taste yourself, Helene?"  
  
Helene's cunt, her belly, her legs were on fire.  
  
"No... no, that's too naughty."   
  
"It's very naughty," the doctor agreed, "but I want you to finger yourself, and taste your fingers."  
  
He carried on rubbing around her clitoris. Helene's hips were rocking now, they had found a mutual rhythm, her body hovered around the point of no return. Helene reached down, felt the doctor's fingers on her, felt around them, to her wet lips.  
  
"I'm fingering myself," she said, "I have my fingers in my ..."  
  
She paused.  
  
"Go on," ordered the doctor.  
  
"I have my fingers in my cunt, my cunt, my fingers are in my cunt, and they're so wet."  
  
"Taste them. You should know what pussy juice tastes like."  
  
Helene licked the length of her fingers, mesmerized by the salt, the hint of spice, the rich perfume.   
  
"I love it, I love that taste."  
  
She was surprised to hear the words.  
  
"Everyone tastes different, Helene, you'll learn that."  
  
"Taste me," she said, abruptly.  
  
The pressure on her clitoris immediately stopped.   
  
"Finger yourself again."  
  
Helene looked up at the doctor, he seemed utterly absorbed in her now, there was nothing in the room: no desk, no light, no shelves. No closed door to the hall, no cupboard door left carelessly ajar. Helene thought: he hasn't locked the door, anyone could come in, they would see me like this, my knickers around my ankles, my uniform half off, my cunt, so wet and willing this man on - Helene, the virgin slut.  
  
Now she was fingering herself, rubbing herself with her thumb. She could barely bring herself to stop. Helene licked her fingers, rubbed them around her mouth. She could smell the musky pussy juice with every breath.  
  
"Kiss me now."  
  
The kiss was soft to start with, gentle and exploring, his mouth commanding, leading Helene's experience. Their tongues met. She thought: "he's tasting my pussy on my mouth", and shuddered, feeling the doctor's fingers and thumbs on her cunt again. She rubbed herself against his hand, finding the rhythm, driving herself towards an orgasm. She felt his mouth smiling as they kissed.  
  
"What do you want me to do, Helene? Tell me what you want."  
  
She broke off.  
  
"I want you to fuck me, doctor. I want that cock. I want to see it, I want to feel it. I want to taste it. I need it inside my cunt, doctor. Now - I need it now!"  
  
Doctor Clarke grabbed Helene's legs and pulled her around so she was lying across on the couch. In one deft movement, he dropped his trousers and his pants. Helene had a glimpse of a long, pink cock, and then the doctor was pressing it against her pussy. She felt him rubbing his cock on her clit, she thought: I'm going to die without this cock, please just fuck me!  
  
"Fuck me!" she shouted, "just fucking fuck me!"  
  
Doctor Clarke spread her legs apart with his hands, and slid his cock between her lips, then pulled out, rubbing her, teasing her. Touching her wet clit with his cock, parting her lips, holding her buttocks apart, he let it nuzzle her pussy-juice soaked ass hole.  
  
Helene nearly came, she shouted: "oh god!" and then Doctor Clarke's cock entered into her inviting cunt. His large, manly hands pulling her hips down, forcing his cock inside her. A deep, powerful thrust rid her of her virginity, forced open her pussy lips, spread her legs wide. Helene boiled over: on the second thrust she cried out - "fuck me, doctor!" - and on the third her body exploded with pleasure and passion, the orgasm rippling through her from her hair to toes, touching her tits, her belly, her arse, her cunt.

Doctor Clarke felt the sudden gush of pussy juice that came with Helene's orgasm. His balls were boiling with cum, desperate to explode. He groaned, letting go of Helene's arse, grabbing her thighs, feeling her long slim, stockinged legs wrapping themselves around his waist.  
  
"Deeper, deeper," she moaned, "cum inside me, cum inside me, cum-inside-me, cum-inside-me".  
  
Just as he could hold his spunk no more, he pulled his cock out of her gaping lips. Even as he did, his balls exploded with pleasure. Cum shot from the end, spraying Helene's hairless cunt, landing over her belly, her boobs, reaching her chin, the corner of her mouth.  
  
Helene's hands were already on her clit. "Again, again, I need more," she moaned, rubbing herself with abandon.  
  
But Clarke had already moved away from the sex-obsessed girl.  
  
A different voice spoke, a girl's voice, clear and distinct: "Stop."  
  
Miranda stood in the cupboard door, looking on at the scene. Helene's pounding heart sunk. She had been discovered! Someone knew her deep, dark secrets. In vain she tried to cover her sweaty, spunk-covered body with her schoolgirl's pinafore dress.  
  
Miranda strode forward. Doctor Clarke seemed to have melted away.  
  
"Oh god, I'm so sorry," Helene said, not knowing what to apologise for.  
  
Miranda smirked. "You will be, I'm getting my own back on you."  
  
She sat down, alongside Helene on the bed.  
  
"Do you know, Helene Ash, how many nights I've laid alongside you, and listened to your fevered masturbation? How many breathless orgasms I've heard? There have even been nights when I could swear I could smell your sex on the air."  
  
She cast her eyes at Doctor Clarke.  
  
"Last few weeks, I've been escaping when you've finally wanked yourself to sleep, gone and found myself some Doctor Dick.  
  
"But before then... before then, that was difficult. I'd be on the verge of going to sleep. All those girls, fast asleep. Just you wriggling in bed. I know everything about you, Helene. I know the noise you make when you touch yourself for the first time. I know how the sounds change as you get wetter. I know the rhythms you use.  
  
"And I've lain in bed alongside you, and touched myself, copied your movements. Wanked myself silly, cumming as you did. Mutual orgasms. So close to you, I could have stretched out this hand..."  
  
Miranda reached across to Helene's belly, peeled back the sweaty uniform.  
  
"I could have stretched out this hand, have felt your warm, sweaty skin, slid it down."  
  
Helene trembled as the other girl's hand touched her hairless mound with strong, probing fingers.  
  
"I'd have found your clit, all stiff and wet. Played with it, used a rhythm you weren't expecting. Made you cum on my rules."  
  
Miranda was staring at her schoolgirl friend, her index finger rubbing Helene's clitoris in small circles. She lent forward, their faces almost touching, licked the doctor's cum from the edge of Helene's mouth. There was a moment, and as their tongues met Helene found herself grinding her pussy against the girl's fingers, their mouths soft and most against each other. Helene could feel the doctor's presence to her side, and reached out blindly, feeling his taut, naked body - his muscly waist - his hard, hard cock, his tight, tight balls.  
  
Helene found herself gasping for relief, but agonizingly, the young girl who was playing with her pussy was slowing down, and stopping.  
  
Miranda spoke.  
  
"I think you're a very dirty girl."  
  
Helene didn't want to talk, she held Doctor Clarke's cock in her hand, feeling it grow harder with ever slow stroke.  
  
"You've let a man take advantage of you, and he's positively covered you with cum."  
  
Miranda looked down at Helene's naked, sweaty body.  
  
"You need to be cleaned up."  
  
Clarke said: "I think she should clean me too."  
  
He stood, his hard, red cock just inches from Helene's mouth.  
  
"Lick me clean, Helene."  
  
Helene looked up at the naked doctor. She looked at his huge cock, surely it was too big to get in her mouth. She leant forward, and pushed the foreskin back, exposing the bulbous end. Tentatively, she licked the end, feeling the vibrations echo along its shaft. It tasted familiar, it tasted of her excited cunt, it tasted of Miranda's cum-flavoured kiss. She took the whole of the end in her mouth, and tried to echo the rhythm of their frantic fucking.  
  
"Lick the shaft," Miranda ordered, "make it last".  
  
Clarke held his cock upright, and watched as the schoolgirl tasted his cock from the tip to the balls. He felt her strong tongue on his sack. She was lying down now, lost in steady licking and sucking. Her legs were open, her lips were moist. Miranda had stopped playing with Helene's clit, and was kissing her belly, biting her nipples, probing her cunt with her fingers. Anything other than touchy that firey clit, as stiff as the doctor's cock, as needy as his balls.  
  
Helene could feel the taste of the doctor's cock changing. No longer could she taste her cunt on it, just the thin savory cum that oozed steadily from the end. She was aware of being touched, but more aware of her clit crying for attention. Miranda licked her friend's tummy, tasting sweat and cum, licked down and down, cleaning Helene's pussy without touching the clitoris. Sucking her delicate cunt lips, letting her tongue flicker between them, opening them.  
  
"God, this girl gets so wet," Miranda thought, if she was on top of me, she'd be dripping into my mouth, I'd have to swallow her juice by the mouthful, like I swallow his cum.  
  
She fastened her mouth around Helene's clit, not quite letting it touch the sides of her mouth. Licking around the hood, finding the rhythm.  
  
Helene broke off, looked down to see Miranda's head sucking, eating, biting, licking. Their eyes met, Helene could see the lust in Miranda's eyes.  
  
"This can't be happening", she thought, "that's a girl drinking me down, that's Miranda, she's had her tongue in my pussy, tasting Doctor Clarke's cock... It's so wrong, we're not allowed...".  
  
Miranda stopped, echoing Helene's thoughts: "You're so wet, you naughty girl! And I haven't had anything yet! I'm not going to let you orgams yet, not until you've deserved it."  
  
Miranda undid her school uniform dress and blouse, letting them drop off her shoulders. She slid onto the bed.  
  
"Come here."  
  
Uncertain who she was speaking to, both Clarke and Helene moved closer. Miranda grabbed the doctor's cock, and kissed him.  
  
"You, I'm going to fuck you later. Right now, I want this girl's mouth on me. Helene, I want your mouth, I want your tongue, I want your lips."  
  
Miranda parted her legs, exposing her tight pussy to Helene. "Her clitty is so much smaller than mine," thought Helene, momentarily jealous of the neatly shaped triangle of pubic hair above Miranda's cunt.  
  
Helene said: "You'll have to teach me. I've never even seen another girl before. Where do I start?"  
  
Miranda wriggled pleasurably, touching her cunt lips and offering them to Helene to taste.  
  
Nervously, Helene opened her mouth, and let her lesbian lover wipe her fingers clean on her tongue and lips. Miranda's cunt was spicier than hers, like balsamic vinegar, they were sugar and spice...  
  
"You start, darling, by licking my fanny, from the bottom to the top. I'll tell you what to do from there."  
  
Helene bent down, she could smell the excitement coming from Miranda's cunt. "I'll tease her, she teased me," she thought, kissing and licking the girl's thighs above her stockings. She could feel Miranda moving impatiently. The girl broke off from pulling the doctor's engorged cock.  
  
"Don't you tease me," she said sternly, "I want your tongue on my cunt, young lady, and I want it now!"  
  
Despite herself, Helene nearly said "yes miss", but she leant forward again, parting Miranda's cunt with her fingers. Although she was wet, her clit and lips weren't nearly as obviously turned on.  
  
Helene thought: "she shaves her pussy hairs, she keeps it in shape".  
  
"Yes, yes," murmoured Miranda, stroking the girl's hair, "lick along my pussy, just up, just keep the rhythm. Push your tongue against my labia."  
  
Helene could feel the muscles in her neck tighten, but the perfume was growing in her mouth, Miranda's cunt was softening, opening up, letting Helene's tongue penetrate between the folds. Helene shifted to get comfortable, hooking her leg up onto the couch, exposing her arse and her cunt to the air. She could feel the doctor moving behind her - she ached to feel his cock thrusting into her, she needed to feel his balls slapping against her mound. His hands were on her arse now, his prick was feeling its way between her lips. Helene broke off from her steady licking of Miranda's cunt.  
  
"Pull my pigtails and fuck me from behind," she ordered.  
  
Doctor Clarke lent forward and held her pigtails tight as he pushed his painfully stiff penis into the gaping wetness of Helene's wet cunt. The force of the penetration pushed Helene's face up against Miranda's moist pussy, and she grunted with unexpected pleasure.  
  
"Faster now, faster now, lick me faster, lick me faster, harder," Miranda ordered, "oooh", her hips were rocking, rocking with the same rhythm as the doctor's powerful thrusts, "I'm cumming," Miranda gasped, "keep licking me, Helene, keep eating me."  
  
Helene could taste the excited, warm musk-flavoured juice coming from Miranda's tight cunt, the girls could feel the tiny, but firm clitty hard against her teeth. Miranda screamed with pleasure, "oh Jesus," she shouted, "dear god."  
  
The doctor's cock was like a piston now, Helene could feel her orgasm growing in her belly and her thighs. With her free hand, she felt between her legs, rubbing herself, hearing the sounds of frantic fucking, feeling Doctor Clarke's pulsating shaft pump in and out of her lubricated hole.  
  
Doctor Clarke could hold on no more, the sound of his eighteen-year-old girlfriend's noisy, lesbian orgasm - and the feeling of Helene's frantic masturbation brought him to the edge. His balls boiled over as Helene's body was hit by another orgasm, the sperm slammed from his cock, filling the young girl's innocent pussy, a virgin no more. He held his cock inside her for a moment, before letting it drop down out of Helene's cunt. Helene looked up, locked eyes with Miranda, both girls red-faced and sweaty with their climaxes, Helene's mouth rich the taste of Miranda's cunt juice. She carried on playing with her pussy, feeling the doctor's cum dripping from her exhausted hole, oozing down her thighs, making her stockings sticky with semen.  
  
"I am such a slut," she thought, "they all think I'm so virginal..."  
  
Helene shuddered at the thought of the pleasures to come.

**Schoolgirls of St. Cats 02**

The dormitory in the morning was the usual noisy hub-hub. The two eighteen-year-olds, Helene and Miranda, stayed under their bedding, looking at each other. They were rolling their eyes at the other girls arguing about their place in the showers, losing and finding their uniforms. Eventually the other schoolgirls left the dormitory. Miranda said: "I'm first," and leapt nimbly from her bed, discarding her pink checked pyjamas on the floor, and running naked to the shower room. Helene didn't mind, she wanted to take her time this morning, and the last thing she wanted was an audience.  
  
Miranda came back into the communal bedroom, rubbing her dark hair dry with a towel.  
  
"No time for a blow today," she said.  
  
Helene got out of bed, picked up a towel and wandered into the shower.  
  
The girls shared a communal shower, big enough for six or seven girls at one time. After all these years, Helene thought, it seemed silly to be self-conscious. She shampooed her hair, squirted gel into her hands, and washed herself. The water was a little cold at this time of the morning, and it made her nipples stand out from her breasts. She squeezed them, and laughed at the effect.  
  
Miranda was saying something through the door. Helene couldn't hear a thing, she said:  
  
"Sure, whatever", and started hunting around in her sponge bag for her razor.  
  
Helene was very conscious of her lack of pubic hair. Only a few short blonde hairs graced her pussy - a pussy which had only recently been defiled by the school's doctor, and doubly so when her friend, Miranda had introduced her to her first meaningful lesbian experience. Helene shivered with pleasure. At the time, its seemed as though this was the beginning of a string of experiences, but now she was comes to terms with it as a one-off experience.  
  
Miranda had told her that a sure-fire way of getting thicker pubes was to shave regularly, and so Helene squeezed some moisturizer into her hand, and rubbed it around her shower-damp pussy. She peered down, took her razor and with careful strokes, removed all the small hairs that were there. She turned around, letting the water wash the shower gel and moisturizer from her body and her hairless mound.  
  
The water played in rivulets on her curves, and she allowed her hands to fall onto her body. She held her belly flat, making her clitoris appear more prominent.  
  
She thought about looking down, meeting Miranda's eyes, as her schoolgirl friend drank down her fragrant cunt juice. Impatient, she rubbed her clit and her pussy, gasping with almost immediate pleasure, feeling the warmth and wetness between her legs. She thought about Miranda's tongue down there, licking her clean of the doctor's spunk. The memory of Miranda licking her lips brought Helene to an immediate, shuddering, panting climax.  
  
Her breathing was fast, each breath a small cry of pleasure, until the orgasm burst in her loins, lighting fires in tits, and her belly and her cunt. For a moment, she lent with her head against the cold, white tiles, letting the shower wash her clean.  
  
Drying herself with a slightly damp towel, Helene started picking her uniform. The dress from yesterday, a new blouse. Shoes could use a polish, but they'd have to do. A pair of thick, black stockings. But no knickers. She opened her drawers wildly. Surely she must have a pair somewhere... but her hunt was in vane. Miranda's then: she'd borrow one of those lacy panties, or an exotic thong, one that would barely cover her cunt lips, let alone keep her warm. But Miranda's drawer was just as bare.  
  
Helene, otherwise dressed, panicked. She went through every bedside drawer in the dormitory, but every single girl was out of underwear.  
  
The bell rang - the breakfast register! She picked up her book bag - knickerless or not, she was going to have to get going.  
  
In the refectory, all the girls were sitting quietly, waiting for the Head to start his morning annoucements. Helene grabbed a glass of orange juice, a banana and a piece of toast from the canteen. A teacher was waiting by the canteen, Helene said: "sorry miss, I couldn't find....", but the teacher waved her apology away.  
  
Helene squeezed in next to Miranda. She spoke carefully, out of the corner of her mouth: "where have my knickers gone?"  
  
Miranda smirked.  
  
Helene looked around at the other girls from her dorm on the table. They all knew, she realized, they had to know, they were all looking at her, knowing that she was on display for all the world to see. Helene clamped her legs together, suddenly conscious of the cool breeze playing on her pussy, pulling the bottom of her dress over her lap.  
  
After the Headmaster had spoken, the girls started talking.  
  
Helene spoke to Miranda again: "what have you done with my knickers?"  
  
Miranda said: "don't worry, they're safe," and picked up her bag.  
  
Helene ran after her, suddenly very self-conscious about the way her dress was flapping up, in danger of showing everyone a lot more than her stocking tops.  
  
"What did you do with them?"  
  
Miranda turned, put her finger to her lips.  
  
"It's a punishment," she whispered, "you'll get them back when you play nice with the other girls."  
  
And with that, Miranda went into her classroom.  
  
Helene had geography now, it was in the new block, around the back of the old school. The wind whipped around the courtyard, and Helene did her best to trot across the gravel while clamping her dress down with her hands. When she got to the new block, she was just behind the teacher, Mr Byrne. He was, she supposed, in his 30s, rather swarthy man with a cruel mouth. Helene thought: "gosh, he's not a nice man, not like Doctor Clarke."  
  
My Byrne held open the door for Helene.  
  
"Come along Ash," he said, wearily.  
  
Helene started to climb the three flights of stairs to the geography labs, but Byrne stopped her.  
  
"Here, carry this," he said, giving her a laptop case.  
  
Helene waited for him to pick up a heavy looking projector.  
  
"Don't wait for me, for heavens sake," the teacher said, grunting as he picked up the projector, "just go on up."  
  
Helene had to carry the laptop in both hands, her schoolbag hanging from her forearm. As she climbed the stairs, she felt her dress sliding up her legs with each step, she felt Byrne's penetratingly dark eyes playing on her legs, hoping to catch a glance of her soft white thighs above her stockings.  
  
Someone had left a door open, and a wind was rising in the stairwell. Helene's dress blew up, she could feel the cool air on her arse and her pussy. She struggled to hold her dress down and carry the laptop, but it was too difficult for her.  
  
When they were half way up, the Head of Humanities, Mr Kelly was waiting. In his 50s, with greying hair, Mr Kelly was a giant of a man, with a broad chest and powerful shoulders. He looked, Miranda thought, as if he could pick two girls up, one under each arm, and carry them back to his cave.  
  
Mr Byrne said, "Ah, Kelly, will you walk up with me? The projector in my lab is broken again, and there's something I want you to look at."  
  
They fell into step behind the struggling Helene, both men gazing up the stairs at the schoolgirl's humiliatingly exposed bum.  
  
Helene glanced around: it was shameful, disgusting, these two middle-aged men wanting her so transparently, they weren't even bothering to hide their arousal. Dr Clarke had been one thing, but the cruel-faced, sardonic Byrne and Mr Kelly, taut with physical strength was just too much.  
  
Kelly and Byrne didn't even bother speaking, they just looked up at the teenager's firm young arse, her shapely legs, the promising thighs above her stockings, the perfectly hairless pussy: the two men were of one mind.  
  
Helene's face was flushed red, with exertion and shame. The men followed her all the way up to the top of the block, not saying a thing. When the party got to the classroom door, they didn't even hold it open for her, but watched her as she struggled to keep it open with her feet. She glanced down at their trousers. Both men were clearly fully erect beneath their suits. With a sense of shock, Helene could see that Kelly's cock was making his trousers bulge out half way down his thighs. She caught his eyes: he winked at her, and she blushed again.  
  
Helene took her place in the classroom, keeping her legs angled well away from Mr Byrne's view, holding them close together. The lesson was as dull as ever. At least there was a DVD for the second 40 minutes. Mr Byrne busied himself with the screen and the project.  
  
"Helene Ash, please put the blinds down."  
  
He didn't even bother looking at her. Helene stood up with a sense of impending dread. To get the blinds down, you had to hook a metal eye with a long pole and twist. The first two or three, near the teacher's desk, were fine, but the ones at the back were always tricky. And the blind at the back of the classroom wouldn't go down at all. Helene didn't bother with it, hoping that Byrne wouldn't notice.  
  
"All of them."  
  
"But sir, that one's broken."  
  
Byrne stood up.  
  
"It'll come down if you get up there and jiggle it around."  
  
He turned the lights down, the laptop was booting up. He walked to the end of the classroom, where Helene was desperately trying to mount the worktops and keep her modesty.  
  
Byrne met her eye.  
  
"Just get up there, girl," he said, witheringly.  
  
Helene lent forward and pushed herself up on the polished worksurface. She could feel Byrne behind her, she thought:  
  
"I can feel his breath on my bare thighs."  
  
She trembled, Byrne said:  
  
"Hold still, girl."  
  
He put his hands just above her knees, as if to hold her still. Helene could feel him gripping her thighs, staring up at her naked, hairless pussy. You didn't argue with Mr Byrne. He'd do just what he wanted to do, and he'd expect you to like it.  
  
Helene carried on prodding at the blind's metal loop. When it came free, it shot down, surprising them both, and Helene stepped back, feeling Byrne's hands slide up her thighs to her smooth arse. Getting down from the stool, he still hadn't let go and she felt him deliberately press his hard cock into her soft cheeks.  
  
The film was boring. Byrne was listless. He brought his chair down and sat at the side of the class, but he didn't bother looking at the screen. He played with the long wooden pole that Helene used for the blinds. His dark eyes flickered malevolently across the class. Helene kept her legs angled away from him, holding tightly onto the bottom of her dress.  
  
When she first felt it, she thought an insect had landed on her leg. She went to brush it away from her thigh, but found it wasn't an animal, but the top of the long wooden pole that was pushing on her thigh. She looked up. Byrne was looking directly at her. He was mouthing something, pushing against her thigh with the pole. It wasn't hard to translate: "open your legs". Reluctantly, Helene parted her legs.  
  
She felt the wooden pole creep over her stocking tops, Byrne was pushing the skirt up, exposing her for all the world to see. Helene angled around in the chair, compelled to let the teacher see whatever he wanted.  
  
Now Byrne had an uninterrupted view of her pussy and he manoevred the wooden pole until it was on her pubic mound. He let it slide down between her legs, and then lifted it again, parting Helene's plump pussy lips, rubbing her clit from below.  
  
Helene could feel the tell-tale warmth spreading between her legs, as the wooden pole probed her, played with her.  
  
She thought: "this is so wrong, so why is he making me feel like this?"  
  
She stared at him furiously, angry that this man could create this sexual arousal in her, using an entirely inanimate object.  
  
Her clitoris was getting hard, prominent, needed. Helene thought: "I'll give him a show, the pervert", and started touching herself, playing with her clit, parting her cunt lips to let Byrne's pole in deeper.  
  
But that wasn't what the teacher wanted: with a painful rap across her knuckles, he brought the pole down on her hands, stood up, and turned the lights on.  
  
The girls stood up, chatting, picking up bags, preparing to go to lunch. Helene crouched down on the floor, not wanting to lean over and give all the girls an eyeful of her smooth, hairless pussy, with its protruding lips. Just as she was leaving the classroom, he called out:  
  
"Ash, stay behind."  
  
The other girls laughed, and made snide comments. Helene stood at the front of the classroom.  
  
"Stay there, Helene. We need to have a conversation."  
  
Mr Byrne left the room, shutting the door behind him. Helene waited nervously for him. She could feel that he was going to make use of her in some way, and although nervous about his demands, a thrill was playing inside her.  
  
The door opened, and Mr Kelly and Mr Byrne came in.  
  
"Did you know that Mr Kelly wrote the uniform rules?"  
  
Helene shook her head dumbly.  
  
Byrne stared at her.  
  
"If you've ever wondered why your dress has 14 buttons, it is because Mr Kelly decided it should be so. Mr Kelly is the custodian of the uniform. If he decides to change the rules, so be it. It's all written down in the school manual."  
  
The two men sat in the front desks, leaving Helene standing, vulnerable at the front of the classroom.  
  
Kelly spoke for the first time.  
  
"Slip your shoes off for me, Ash."  
  
She bent down, and unbuckled the shoes, wishing she'd had time to polish them.  
  
Kelly gestured, and Helene placed them on his desk.  
  
"The manual says: 'smart black shoes of a sensible nature with no more than a one inch heel.' "  
  
The man turned the shoes over in his gnarled hands.  
  
"They are certainly sensible, but smart they are definitely not. Dock three points, Mr Byrne."  
  
He passed the shoe to his colleague.  
  
"Would you mind measuring the heel?"  
  
Byrne obliged.  
  
"Just on the inch, Mr Kelly. But they're rather worn, so were clearly more than one inch originally. Shall we say another point?"  
  
Helene opened her mouth. This was completely unfair, those shoes were almost new.  
  
Kelly agreed. "Minus four points, Mr Byrne."  
  
Byrne looked at Helene.  
  
"What next? Dress off, please Ash."  
  
Helene stared at the men.  
  
"This is a uniform inspection, under rule 4.16. We can tell you to do whatever we want. Get your dress off, girl."  
  
Helene felt stunned. No doubt they were right. She fumbled with her buttons; when she got to her waist, she thought she was going to faint. The grey pinafore dress slipped from her body. She folded it up and passed it to the men.  
  
Kelly and Byrne spread it out on the desk, inspecting her dress. Helene stood in front of them, in just her white blouse, bra and black stockings.  
  
"We're thinking about introducing a couple of changes to the uniform, Ash. You're a senior at St Cats, we ought to ask you your opinion."  
  
Helene would have agreed to anything to get out of the classroom.  
  
"Yes sir, of course sir."  
  
"Given that the girls have to walk across the courtyard to get here in the winter, we thought we might allow you to wear boots in the winter. Smart, black polished leather, of course. Any particular view on how high?"  
  
Helene said: "It's very cold out there, sir, the higher the better."  
  
Kelly smiled a tight smile.  
  
"I thought you might say that. I'll make a note of your opinion. And for the rest of the year, well, those thick black stockings must get uncomfortable in the summer."  
  
He smiled to himself.  
  
"I hear reports that you've been known to take them off when you're in the garden."  
  
Helene starred out of the window. She had only done that once, just a few weeks ago, when everyone had left for the day. She had taken off her stockings, and played with herself in the sun, she had made herself cum, and because she was all alone, she had let herself make noises that she'd never done before. And someone had been watching! Helene wondered who had been hiding in the bushes, drinking in the vision of a virgin schoolgirl fingering herself, moaning, making herself orgasm in the sunlight. Her heart fluttered: if Kelly knew about it, all the teachers would, they would have talked about it in the classroom. Maybe even one of the teachers had taken photographs... her heart sank. Her worst nightmare had come true.  
  
"The dress is OK, just a bit scruffy," saidn Byrne  
  
"Minus another two points then, Mr Byrne. A total of minus six."  
  
Byrne looked up.  
  
"Blouse off now."  
  
Kelly carried on.  
  
"We're considering letting the seniors wear a thinner stocking in the summer terms. Sheer black, you know the kind of thing. Or possibly even letting you older girls choose whatever you like. What would you say to that?"  
  
Helene thought: "well, that would be something, something to let us cool down perhaps..."  
  
Byrne gave the blouse a cursory look.  
  
"Nothing there."  
  
He placed it on the chair beside him.  
  
The two men looked at the girl, appraising her. Beneath her bra, Helene's breasts were not large, but her nipples were distinct and responsive - and visible through the material. Modestly, she kept a hand over her hairless pussy.  
  
"No knickers, Mr Kelly."  
  
Kelly whistled through his teeth.  
  
"The rules don't actually specify that a girl must wear knickers, Mr Byrne. I never felt it necessary to incorporate that precise instruction."  
  
"That was an omission, Mr Kelly."  
  
"I shall rectify it. However, the general preamble does specify that girls shall be at all times dressed modestly, and I think that would certainly both preclude the practice of deliberately omitting underwear, and go some way to prohibiting the removal of pubic hair."  
  
"Three points for the knickers, three for the hairless cunt, do you think?"  
  
"At least that."  
  
Kelly consulted his notes.  
  
"In any case, that takes us to over 10 points total, which is the maximum I had anticipated. Now, punishments..."  
  
Helene felt she should speak.  
  
"Sir, sirs, I'm almost entirely hairless down there anyway, I only shaved because Miranda said they'd grow back thicker."  
  
The teachers were quiet for a moment.  
  
Byrne spoke:  
  
"And at what stage did Miranda - that teenage tart, Miranda Thomas, I presume you mean - get close enough to your pubes to notice that you hardly had any?"  
  
Helene had nothing to say.  
  
Kelly continued: "Punishments. The maximum, ten points. There's a choice for you, Ash. You can have six across the arse, or you can have Wednesday detention until the end of term."  
  
Helene winced. She couldn't have the detentions, she'd miss out on the only time she got to herself during the day. At least being spanked, it'd be over with.  
  
"I'll take the six, sir."  
  
Kelly bared his teeth.  
  
"Mr Byrne, would you like to oblige?"  
  
Byrne stood up. He looked around the classroom.  
  
"Bend over my desk, Ash," he said.  
  
Helene walked nervously to Mr Byrne's desk. She placed her hands on the edge. She knew she had made a mistake. This was going to hurt. Her arse was smooth and firm, it would feel everything. She breathed deeply, bent down, spreading herself over the desk. Byrne touched her stockinged legs with the wooden pole. "Keep them apart," he ordered.  
  
Kelly stood next to them.  
  
"Three on each cheek, Mr Byrne?"  
  
Helene felt his rough hands on her arse, parting the cheeks.  
  
"Fancy having a piece of that on the end of your cock?"  
  
Byrne grunted.  
  
"It will look nice with a cock inside it, true enough. Nice looking arsehole too, I don't usually go for teenage girl's asses, but I'd fuck that one."  
  
Helene thought: "Can't they just get on with it? Can't they just spank me now and get on with it?"  
  
She could feel the two men appraising her. Kelly's hands had moved between her legs, were touching her crack.  
  
"Nice cunt lips," Kelly said, "it's an attractive pussy without any pubes."  
  
Helene could feel his fingers between her pussy lips, spreading them apart, she could feel Kelly's finger probing her clit.

"Nice clitoris," Kelly commented, "I bet the other girl's can't keep their mouths of it. What do you say, Ash?"  
  
Helene said, "yes sir".  
  
"She's wet too," Byrne agreed, "you can see her glistening. Oh well, better get on with it."  
  
He sighed, stepped back, raised his hand and spanked Helene hard across the cheeks.  
  
The girl gasped, the hot burning sensation seemed to suffuse her arse, her cunt, her thighs.  
  
If this was pain, then it was of a very different sort.  
  
This time, it was Kelly who smacked her. His fingers touched her cunt as it landed, touched her cunt and her arsehole.  
  
Byrne said: "I think the girl likes it!"  
  
Kelly grunted. "We can't spank her if she likes it: this is supposed to be a punishment. I suggest we detain her."  
  
Mr Byrne said: "Yes, she deserves a detention."  
  
Helene started to get up. She was beginning to feel wet, her pussy was hot and moist. If she got detention, she thought, maybe she could get sometime alone, she could think about those men spanking her exposed arse, looking at her hairless pussy, wanting to fill her with their hard cocks...  
  
Someone pushed her back down, leaving her prone, lying across Mr Byrne's desk.  
  
"Detention is on our rules, Ash."  
  
Byrne was standing behind her. Helene heard a zipper, felt his trousers drop down, his hard cock rubbing between her damp, naked thighs, stroking her pussy lips, teasing her puckered asshole. Kelly was standing, watching them.  
  
"Deciding which hole, Mr Byrne?"  
  
Byrne said: "decisions, decisions, maybe both..."  
  
Helene said: "my pussy, my pussy, please sir, my pussy needs your cock."  
  
Kelly said: "ignore her, Mr Byrne, take your pleasure wherever you want it."  
  
Helene felt Mr Byrne cock pushing hard against her moist cunt lips, then suddenly he was inside her, penetrating her with the full length of his cock. Helene thought: "I need more," and lifted her leg, giving the teacher more space to fuck her with, fuck her more deeply. Helene's clit was firm and stiff, squashed up between the teachers cock, rubbing on the edge of the desk. Helene let herself rock backwards and forwards with Mr Byrne's thrusts, feeling every inch of his cock inside her, masturbating herself on the teacher's desk. She couldn't help moaning with pleasure, feeling Mr Byrne increase the pressure on her. His hands were on her arse, spread over her cheeks.  
  
They were sweaty, and kept sliding - the thumbs nearly meeting in her crack - almost but not quite touching her asshole.  
  
Then the teacher shifted position, and the tip of one of his thumbs slipped into Helene's anus. Involuntarily, she gripped it, her cunt contracting on his cock, and pushing down her clit on the edge of the desk, Helene's rubbed herself to a magnificent orgasm.  
  
She shouted: "Mr Byrne, Mr Byrne, oh sir, oh sir!"  
  
Kelly said: "Stop right there, Mr Byrne, the naughty, slutty girl has just had a climax. That's no good, we're supposed to be punishing her for being such a cock tease all morning."  
  
He spoke to Helene.  
  
"You're a bad girl, a truly bad girl. If your parents knew what a slut you were..."  
  
He smacked her hard on the arse.  
  
"We'll see if you like this. Mr Byrne, go to the other side of the desk. I think you should pleasure yourself into her mouth. I'm sure Helene's hungry after missing lunch. I expect she'd thank you for a mouthful of hot cum."  
  
Byrne stood in front of the girl,  
  
"Open your mouth."  
  
Helene looked up at his cruel, dark eyes and opened her mouth obediently.  
  
Byrne stretched back his foreskin, held his cock out, stroked the girl's cheeks with it. Helene could feel the traces of pussy juice drying on her face. She could smell her sex on his cock.  
  
"Sir, let me suck it, sir."  
  
Byrne smiled sardonically.  
  
"By all means, you can suck it, you can lick it. But I shall make myself cum."  
  
Helene took the teacher's cock in her mouth, feeling the end of it fill her up. She was glad that Dr Clarke had made her taste her own pussy, she was glad too, that she could remember Miranda's hard little clit, and the sharpness of her flavour. It was reassuringly sexy, it was her teenager's cunt that had made this teacher's cock so hard.  
  
Byrne pulled held himself, started wanking, lubricating the tip of his cock on the schoolgirl's tongue. He held her head, guiding himself in and out of her willing mouth.  
  
Helene was so preoccupied with Mr Byrne's cock, and trying to keep it in her mouth that she hadn't noticed Mr Kelly was behind her. All she knew was that one minute she had one cock inside her mouth, the next her cunt was being filled with the longest, thickest penis she could have imagined. Helene parted her legs as far as they could go, but her pussy was still struggling to accommodate Mr Kelly's huge cock.  
  
"Steady girl, don't wriggle,", he said, "you're wet enough."  
  
Helene decided to concentrate on Mr Byrne's cock, struggling to get the tip in her mouth, her tongue swept around its bulbous end, licking it clean of the thin cum that was emanating from its tiny slit. Byrne pulled her head back:  
  
"Let me make myself cum," he said, "I want to see your spunky mouth and tongue."  
  
Helene breathed deeply, and opened her mouth obediently. Surely, she thought, Mr Kelly must be full inside her now.  
  
His rough hands were on her arse, holding them apart. He was inside her, and just beginning to ease himself in and out of the teenager's tight pussy.  
  
"You shouldn't have enjoyed being spanked, you slut," he said, "I didn't know it'd make you so wet."  
  
With that, he raised his hand, and smacked Helene's arse.  
  
"But I need you wet now, so maybe this'll help."  
  
Helene whimpered. Despite the way the punishment was making her cunt wet, it still hurt.  
  
If only Byrne would cum in her mouth, she could focus on Mr Kelly's cock.  
  
Byrne was wanking his cock slowly, enjoying the site of the young girl keeping him clean. He saw his colleague's face closing in the ecstasy of the schoolgirl's cunt. He grunted: next week, he thought, he'd have the pleasure of fucking that ass.  
  
Helene looked up at him. Byrne smoothed her pigtails with a sweaty hand. She seemed to be begging him with her eyes.  
  
"Now," he whispered, "I'm going to cover you in cum. Swallow me down, there's a good girl."  
  
He gripped his cock, and with two or three final jerks, finally summoned up the cum from deep inside his balls.  
  
The first spurt landed deep inside Helene's mouth. Her eyes widened in surprise: "she wasn't expecting all that," thought Byrne with satisfaction, realising that Helene had never had a mouthful of spunk before.  
  
By the time he ejaculated for a second time, her mouth was closed, and the spunk splashed across her lips and face. Byrne thought: "there's nothing sexier than spunking over a girl's face and hair, not unless it's over her pussy too."  
  
On the third spurt, her mouth was open, waiting for the precious load. He watched silently, as his cum landed on Helene's waiting tongue, watched her close her mouth, and swallow with satisfaction.  
  
She was looking up at him.  
  
"Thank you sir," she said, wiping some of the hot cum from her cheek and licking her finger clean, "thank you".  
  
And she closed her eyes, and focused on the huge cock that was sliding in and out of her cunt.  
  
As soon as Byrne had emptied himself over the girl's face, Kelly felt a sudden burst of moisture from deep within her cunt. Now he could fuck her more smoothly, she was gripping his cock, rocking back and forward, practically wanking him off with her cunt. He wetted his finger on the sweat and pussy juice, ran it up between her ass cheeks. Finding the tight little asshole, he circled it with his finger, pressing harder with each stroke.  
  
Helene was almost crying with pleasure, "For god's sake, cum old man", she thought, and then gasped aloud when Kelly finally condescended to push his finger past her anus and deep inside her butt. She reached around with her hand, desperately trying to reach her clitoris, but Byrne grabbed her hands and held them in front of her.  
  
Helene had never felt so full. Her pussy juice was running freely now, over her hairless mound, down the inside of her thighs to her stockings.  
  
She cried out: "please cum sir, please cum inside me."  
  
Kelly snarled: "don't you cum, girl, don't you dare climax now," and with a huge thrust that nearly pushed the girl off the desk, he started to empty his balls inside her willing pussy, filling her with hot, sticky cum. On his second thrust, his cock slid out of the girl's gaping pussy, spraying hot cum over her hairless lips and her asshole. Slipping neatly back inside her again, Kelly felt her wetness magnified by the quantity of cum that was now running inside her.  
  
Finished, he spanked her arse for the last time, and withdrew, cleaning his cock on her arse cheeks, wiping himself on her stockings.  
  
Helene was spent, lying over the desk, breathing furiously.  
  
"Why wouldn't he let her cum?" She felt suddenly furious. She wanted that man's monster cock again, she wanted to fuck it, feel it inside her - she wanted Byrne's cock too, she wanted in her mouth and in her arse.  
  
The men were dressed now, dressed as if nothing happened, and the nearly naked schoolgirl lying across the desk, spunk on her face, in her hair, on her tongue; cum and pussy juice dripping from her abused cunt was a figment of their diseased imaginations.   
  
Byrne said: "ten minutes to your next class, Ash, you better straighten yourself up and get going."  
  
Kelly said: "it's five detentions, don't forget that. Same time next week. And don't think that your ass as escaped."  
  
Helene sat alone in the geography classroom. Her pussy was sore from Mr Kelly's huge cock, she felt used by Mr Byrne. She could hear girls in the corridor outside the classroom. She picked up her clothes and ran into the storeroom. It lead through to the classroom next door, that was a spare one, she could get dressed and go out that way.  
  
Inside the storeroom, she quickly got dressed, and turned to leave through the other door - but it was locked.  
  
Helene realised with horror that she was going to miss her next lesson, unless she went out through Mr Byrne's classroom... she sat down on a spare chair to think about what to do.  
  
The chair let her lean back, she put her feet up on the desk, legs apart and decided to wait. She'd already missed PE now, she'd have to get Byrne to write her a note, either that or go and see Nurse Bishop. She'd understand.  
  
Helene pulled her dress up to her waist. Both men and Miranda had said she had a perfect pussy, and she was curious to know why. She pulled out a mirror from her school bag, and used it to examine herself.  
  
Her cunt lips were always quite prominent, and they did look a little like a flower bud. Her clitoris was clearly defined. She laughed, Miranda said she had a clitty made for licking, it just begged a girl to eat it. And she tasted nice, too. Doctor Clarke had ordered her to masturbate for him, and when she was wet, had made her taste her juice on her fingers.  
  
She rubbed her pussy with her fingers, watching her open her own cunt lips in the mirror, seeing the finger slide in.  
  
She was still wet from her sexual frustration, still full of Mr Kelly's cum. She licked her finger curiously, tasting the different flavours.  
  
Helene fumbled blindly in her school bag. At the bottom was the banana she'd picked up for breakfast, but hadn't had time to eat. She picked it up. It was long and smooth and thick, not as thick as Kelly's cock, but a nice size. Experimentally, she rubbed the fruit against her pussy lips. To her surprise, when she parted her lips with her other hand, it slid inside smoothly, travelling on the Kelly's cum and her juice.  
  
It was a struggle, but she managed to slide it in and out with one hand, using her thumb to stimulate her clitoris. Almost immediately, she realised that she could make herself orgasm very quickly.  
  
They all wanted her arse too, Kelly and Byrne had looked down on that tiny arsehole and said that they would fuck her there.  
  
Involuntarily, she clenched her anus. She'd have to learn to loosen up if she was going to sacrifice it to their disgusting desires. Using her free hand, she felt down between her cheeks.  
  
Still fucking herself slowly with the banana, still rubbing her clit with her thumb, she felt her way down to her tight asshole. Her juices had run all the way down, and the muscly ring was wet and slippery. She felt her finger tip pressing against her, just as Kelly had down. Helene encouraged herself to relax and accept her digit. When she finally plucked up courage and she pushed harder, she found it opened up easily, before automatically gripping her finger again.  
  
With a finger in her arse and her wet, freshly fucked cunt full of hard banana, the girl closed her eyes and dreamt. She saw Miranda, looking down at her as Helene drank down her friend's pussy juice. She saw Byrne's cock jerking its precious fluid onto her face, tasted him as she gratefully swallowed every drop. She felt Kelly's rough fingers in her arse, his huge cock stretching her beyond belief.  
  
Helene's orgasm flooded through her body, bring tears to hear eyes and sweat to her body. She rocked against the fruit in her cunt, forcing her finger deeper into her arse. Meaningless words sprung to her lips: she was crying with satisfaction. When the pleasure had finished riding through her body, Helene breathed deeply, moaned quietly to herselft, and dropped the banana into her bag. She licked her cunt flavoured fingers slowly.  
  
Helene struggled to her feet, preparing to sit in the storeroom for another hour until she could make her escape.  
  
She heard a lock click, a handle turn.  
  
The door to the spare classroom opened. Mr Kelly stood there, his face hard and expressionless.  
  
Eventually he spoke: "Next week, you trollop, just you wait."  
  
That evening, when the younger girls had gone to sleep, the eighteen year olds gathered on Miranda's bed.  
  
Helene said: "I got into such trouble with Byrne and Kelly today."  
  
The others sat up. Lisa said: "both of them? at the same time?"  
  
Anne said: "they did me, too, on my birthday." The slim, blonde girl smiled ruefully, "well, Kelly couldn't get inside me, so Byrne fucked me and Kelly made me wank him all over my tits."  
  
Lisa was brushing her long, dark hair.  
  
"Is Kelly really as big as they say?"  
  
The other girls laughed: "he's got a cock like a kid's arm!"  
  
Helene said: "I didn't think he'd get it in me, but he kept spanking me until I got so wet, I could have taken anything."  
  
Lisa said: "and what about Byrne?"  
  
Helene said, matter-of-factly: "wanked himself off in my mouth."  
  
"He makes so much spunk," Miranda commented, "I swallowed three mouthfuls, easily."  
  
"He fucked me too," Helene said, "he kept going on about how nice my cunt looked, I think he wanted to fuck my arse too."  
  
Lisa said: "have you ever...?"  
  
All the girls shook their heads.  
  
Miranda said: "show them your pussy, Helene."  
  
Helene looked at her friend.  
  
She shrugged: "it is a very pretty pussy".  
  
Helene lifted her bum and pushed her pyjamas down. She lay down on Miranda's bed.  
  
Miranda said: "I can't look at it without wanting to hold that beautiful clit between my lips."  
  
Lisa looked shocked: "oral? on another girl?"  
  
Miranda laughed: "not like it'd be my first time."  
  
Anne said quietly: "it feels very nice, and anyway, I don't know why you're making such a fuss, we touch each other all the time."  
  
Lisa said: "that's different, that's not sex: oral is sex. Fingering, that's just play."  
  
She looked at Helene's hairless pussy.  
  
"Do you shave?"  
  
Helene said: "a bit, but I don't have much anyway."  
  
Lisa said: "is it smooth?"  
  
"You can touch me."  
  
Helene parted her legs slightly, waiting for Lisa to feel her mound. She felt her cool hands stroking her. Inside her, feelings of warmth were beginning to grow.  
  
Lisa said: "you should have a feel, Anne, it's rather nice."  
  
Anne said: "I'm alright."  
  
Helene said: "don't be shy," and she took Anne's hand, held her fingers, rubbed them against the edge of her pussy.  
  
"See, I'm perfectly smooth."  
  
The two girls continued to stroke Helene's hairless pussy.  
  
Anne shifted on the bed.  
  
"Don't stop," Helene whispered, feeling Miranda's hands creep on to her belly, feel her tits. Her nipples were getting stiff, aching to be played with, bitten, teased. Miranda was rolling them between her fingers, pinching and rubbing. Helene moaned, lifting her hips, desperate for more.  
  
Anne and Lisa were touching her everywhere, except where she needed it. The hands carressed her thighs, her hips, her belly. They stroked her hairless mound, their fingers were tracing the crease between her legs and her pussy. Everywhere, except her cunt. Helene knew her clit would be stiff now, her pussy lips wet and open, aching for sex, needing fingers, a mouth, a cock.  
  
Someone got up from the bed. Helene's eyes were closed, focussing on all the girls who were stroking her body; teasing her, feeling her, touching her.  
  
The bed creaked as Lisa sat back down.  
  
Now something was on her cunt: something hard and plastic. Lisa laughed as it slipped over Helene's wet pussy lips, playfully describing the warm, wet circle of her cunt. Helene barely felt it slip inside her: whatever it was was much narrower than Kelly's cock or even the banana that she had used earlier.  
  
Lisa slid it out of Helene's pussy, let it drop between her wet checks, nuzzling her asshole, pressing against it. Helene said: "oh no, don't do that, that's too naughty," and then she felt Miranda's mouth on hers, felt her soft warm lips pressing against hers. Their tongues met, and Helene felt herself relax.  
  
Lisa felt it too. Gently she eased the vibrator up against Helene's anus, flicking the switch so that Helene could feel its gentle throb. Anne's hands were now on her clit, stroking her gently and rhymically, and Lisa pushed the toy further into Helene's ass.  
  
The girl clenched her bum, raising her hips in a rhythm, begging Anne to rub her more.  
  
She broke off from kissing Miranda.  
  
"Make me cum, girls, please make me cum."  
  
The vibrator in her ass felt so different from a cock in the cunt. It was warm, intimate, more satisfying in a strangely physical way. But she needed an orgasm now. Helene felt Miranda's hand close over Anne's, both girls pressing down on her cunt. Someone was opening her pussy lips, fucking her with fingers. Someone else was rubbing her clit now, faster than before. Almost immediately, the orgasm started to run through her aching, lustful body. Helene could hear animal sounds coming from deep within her. Miranda said: "shut up, or a teacher will find out", and started kissing Helene's trembling mouth again.  
  
Helene didn't know where to focus on: there were fingers inside her, on her, a toy throbbing in her arse, and everywhere girls were touching her. From the way Lisa and Anne were breathing, Helene knew they were close too, she could feel that they were masturbating themselves in time with each other.  
  
Helene's climax broke: her hips lifted and writhed as if she was in pain, so desperate was she to shout, to scream; they mustn't be discovered by the teachers patrolling the corridors, but it was so impossible was it that she was naked, three girls fucking her to an orgasm.  
  
Later, Helene lay in bed next to Miranda. It was gone midnight. Lisa and Anne had gone back to a bed. From the giggling sounds, Helene knew they were fingering each other.  
  
Miranda said: "it's too late now, but you owe me big time."  
  
Helene said: "I know, I know."  
  
She yawned.  
  
"What would you like?"  
  
Miranda laughed.  
  
"Oh, I'll tell you what I want. And you'll do it. And this time, I'll cum first."

**Schoolgirls of St. Cats 03**

"They've gone!"  
  
Miranda could hardly control her excitement. She burst into the dormitory, pushing a chair under the door handle by habit.  
  
"I don't think Nurse Bishop believed it for a moment, but she signed my note, and Forsdyke accepted it like a lamb."  
  
Miranda stood at the window, looking down the drive.  
  
She said: "you better pass your clarinet exam, the amount of practice you're having!"  
  
Helene sighed.  
  
"Grade 12, it's so hard!"  
  
"Bishop said I'm to spend the day in bed... but I thought I'd need a shower first."  
  
Helene stretched.  
  
"I need one too, I'm positively disgusting after last night. I want to be all squeaky clean again."  
  
Miranda struck a pose:  
  
"Undress me slave."  
  
Helene looked up at her, brushing her long blonde hair from her eyes.  
  
Miranda repeated: "undress me slave, undress me and bathe me in asses' milk."  
  
Helene laughed: "asses' milk? skimmed or semi?"  
  
Miranda pouted.  
  
"You said you'd do whatever I wanted. And I'm a dirty girl girl who needs a shower, and you're my slave. So undress me, lead me to the shower and clean me."  
  
Helene said meekly: "yes, ma'am," and dropped an exaggerated curtsey.  
  
Miranda said: "shoes first, slave," and offered up a leg.  
  
Helene squatted by her girlfriend's feet, undoing her buckles.  
  
"Now the stockings."  
  
Helene lifted Miranda's dress, placed her hands on her slim thighs. She felt the thick black stocking tops beneath her hands, and rolled them slowly down, over the knee, where they dropped to the floor.  
  
Miranda stepped out of them.  
  
"You may undo my dress."  
  
"Shall I start at the top or the bottom?"  
  
Miranda pretended to think.  
  
"Start at the bottom slave, it's sexier."  
  
There were fourteen buttons to their grey, school uniform dresses. Usually they just undid the first two or three, and stepped out of them, but Miranda was playing for time.  
  
Helene fiddled with the buttons. It was awkward, kneeling on the floor, in front of the 18 year old girl. Miranda sighed, and laid her hands on Helene's head. For a moment she could feel herself losing patience with her game, but it was, she knew, worth it.  
  
Miranda's dress was falling open. Helene could see her soft belly, catch her first sight of the exotically lacy thong that Miranda had picked out that morning. It had sequins that caught the light from the dormitory window, and beneath the white lace, Helene could see the small tuft of pubic hair and her friend's neat pussy.  
  
Helene pushed the dress further apart, rising from her position, sliding her hands up Miranda's hips on her soft, warm skin.  
  
Miranda giggled: "you're not supposed to like this, slave. Finish the buttons, quickly, and get my blouse off."  
  
The final few buttons came undone much easier, and the dress dropped to the floor. Helene undid the crisp, white blouse, revealing a matching lace bra. Not for the first time, she was suddenly envious of her friend's womanly physique. Miranda's breasts - although still those of a young girl, were fuller than her own.  
  
"My bra," Miranda said imperiously, turning around.  
  
Helene fumbled with the catch for a moment - it was so different, undoing it from the back - enjoying the warm, sleepy scent coming from Miranda's shorter, dark hair.  
  
"Undress me," Miranda repeated, "and take me to the shower."  
  
Still standing behind her girlfriend, Helene placed her hands on Miranda's hips, letting them slide over her eighteen-year-old skin, catching the delicate thong with her fingers, easing it down slowly, until the straps became loose and dropped down her legs.  
  
Miranda, now totally naked, said: "shower me."  
  
Helene said, "wait a tick," and started undoing her blouse buttons.  
  
"Oh no," Miranda said, "slave stays dressed, only royalty go naked."  
  
She held out her hand.  
  
"Take me to my shower."  
  
Each dormitory had its own shower -- and with eight or so shower heads, half a dozen girls could comfortably shower together - and did so every day. The room was still slightly damp from the morning. Miranda stood regally in the centre.  
  
"Make sure the water is correct, Miss Helene," she said, "if I get a chill, I shall want your head."  
  
Suddenly she had a fit of the giggles.  
  
Helene, still fully dressed in her school uniform, tried to turn on the shower taps whilst remaining out of the water's reach.  
  
"Oh dear, no," Miranda said, "Miss Helene's going to get very wet today, she may as well get used to the idea."  
  
Helene stared at Miranda. She thought: "what a huge pain, she knows I've got nothing left until laundry day tomorrow".  
  
Miranda said: "You said you'd do anything. You can hang them up later, don't be such a fuss pot."  
  
Miranda was right, of course. The rest of the school wouldn't be home until the evening at the earliest, and it was another hot summer's day. Her uniform would dry in an hour.  
  
She turned the taps on, deliberately letting the hot water drench her, soaking her dress, her blouse and her stockings. Helene was grateful that at least Miranda hadn't insisted on shoes.  
  
"Wash my hair."  
  
Helene stood behind her naked friend, feeling the water from the shower heads spraying on her legs and her bum. Miranda bowed her head into the water, flicking it back so water sprinkled on Helene's face. Helene applied some shampoo and rubbed it into Miranda's hair. She let it run off and repeated with conditioner. Miranda's hair was sticking to her neck, barely touching her shoulders. Helene traced her friend's spine with a finger from her neck to the small of her back.  
  
When her hair had rinsed clean, Miranda said "clean me now."  
  
Helene knelt on her knees behind Miranda, the water on the shower room floor soaking into her stockings. One-by-one, she massaged shower gel into Miranda's upturned feet, her shins, her knees. She thought: by the time I've finished, I shall have touched every single centimeter of her body, I shall know her absolutely.  
  
Lost in thought, she barely felt Miranda part her legs, allowing Helene to stroke the inside of her thighs.  
  
"My back, now."  
  
Helene stood up, using both her hands to clean Miranda's back. She had an elegant neck, with a little line of dark hairs at the nape. Her back was strong, Helene's hands enjoyed feeling it, wet and soapy. The small of Miranda's back was gently curved, her hips slightly pronounced. Her buttocks were tight, and, Helene thought, seriously biteable. Instinctively, she let her left hand slide over her girlfriend's arse, over her hips and onto her belly. Miranda sighed and leaned against the shower wall.  
  
With her free hand, Helene undid her dress and let it fall to the floor; then her blouse. She cuddled up to Miranda's back, putting her arms around her, feeling the water course freely over her back, feeling Miranda's back pressed against her naked breasts and belly.  
  
Helene's hands explored Miranda's front as if it was her own. It was strange to raise her hands and feel Miranda's breasts, much larger and firmer than her own, with stubby nipples. Miranda was giggling. Helene played with her nipples, squeezing them between finger and thumb, feeling them grow harder beneath her touch. Miranda held Helene's hands, pulling them down towards her groin.  
  
Helene felt the groove of her hips, leading inexorably towards her pubic mound. Her fingers explored further, feeling the soft skin, the slightly rough area where Miranda's pubes grew. She felt her softly swollen cunt lips, her precise clitoris, still sleeping beneath its hood.  
  
Helene ran her fingers down, gently parting Miranda's pussy lips with a finger.  
  
Miranda whispered: "not yet".  
  
Helene bit her ear.  
  
"Then what, mistress?"  
  
"Wash me first, wash my pussy, then make me smooth."  
  
Helene took the opportunity to drop her knickers to the floor, step out of her sodden stockings. She squirted a little gel onto both her hands, rubbing them together to form a foam.  
  
She stood behind Miranda, sliding a soapy hand between her bum cheeks, her fingers exploring her crease. With the other, she reached around, teasing her pubic hairs, making Miranda's pussy foamy.  
  
"Open your legs, ma'am."  
  
Miranda spread her legs further. Helene's hands touching beneath her legs. She could feel her friend's cunt soften beneath her hands, she felt her puckered asshole with her fingers. She couldn't resist stroking around it, feeling it tighten and relax as hers had done last night. She pressed harder, kissing and licking Miranda's neck playfully.  
  
"Finger fuck me," Miranda breathed, "both fingers."  
  
Helene's finger parted her pussy lips, feeling the warmth inside, the wet juice inside.  
  
Miranda could feel Helene's hands pressing against her, could feel the finger moving inside her.  
  
But she needed more.  
  
"My ass... please..."  
  
Helene pushed harder against the wet asshole, the muscles tightening, then giving way as Miranda relaxed and let her girlfriend's finger slide inside.  
  
Helene could feel Miranda holding both her fingers tight: one in her ass, the other in her cunt; she was clenching and rocking against her. Helene fingered Miranda's cunt as deeply as she could, keeping her finger just inside her asshole, vibrating the tight muscle. Helene started to stroke Miranda's clit with her thumb.  
  
For a moment, Miranda let her continue. The feeling was almost more than she could bare, much more than this and she would be lost forever. But it wasn't what she wanted.  
  
"Stop now."  
  
Reluctantly, Helene stopped rubbing Miranda's clit, let her fingers slide from her cunt and her asshole.  
  
"Bad slave."  
  
Miranda turned around to face her friend.  
  
"No-one told slave she could get naked."  
  
She pouted, and gently pulled Helene's nipples.  
  
"Make me smooth now."  
  
Helene knelt, feeling for a razor in the sponge bag.  
  
The water was splashing on Miranda's back, running down her legs.  
  
Helene felt cold, now that she wasn't in the water.  
  
"What shape would my mistress like?"  
  
She examined Miranda's pubes. Usually she left a small triangle, just above her cilt. What pubes there remained were trimmed short anyway.  
  
"As they are, slave, just a tidy up today."  
  
Helene squeezed a little foam into her hand, and applied them to Miranda's mound. The lips were more pronounced now, just protruding. Helene thought: I'd like to feel them between my lips, I'd like to suck them...  
  
It was odd to shave another girl's fanny. It felt back-to-front, but Miranda was compliant, and soon the foam had been shaved away, leaving smooth pink skin. Miranda guided the water over her belly, the water washing away the residue.  
  
"Kiss it now, slave."  
  
Helene lent forward, feeling the soft, hairless skin beneath her lips. She wanted to explore with her tongue, but Miranda's hands were on her wet, blonde tresses. She was taking instruction: she knew her place.  
  
"On either side."  
  
The hands moved her head from either side of the small triangle of pubes, and then to the centre.  
  
Helene felt the scratchy pubes, she experimentally licked the skin. It's much nicer, hairless, she thought, you can tell where you are...  
  
Miranda's hands were applying a distinct downward pressure now. Helene's tongue slid through the slightly abrasive hair, and then found Miranda's little clitoris. She pulled her tongue in. Helene thought: "I might be her slave, but I'm going to make her say things aloud".  
  
Her mouth closed over Miranda's pussy. She felt the cunt lips against her mouth, she pressed with her tongue, feeling them part beneath her, suddenly tasting the salty juice inside. Miranda was pulling her head tighter.  
  
Helene looked up at her friend, meeting her eyes. She remembered, just a couple of weeks ago, looking down at Miranda eating her for the first time, and suddenly became aware of how wet her pussy had got, how hungry it was for the touch of fingers, of a mouth, how desperately it yearned for a hard cock pushing against it.  
  
Still gazing into Miranda's eyes, she flicked at her salty clit, filling her mouth with the taste of Miranda's pussy. She licked the lips, sucked them into her mouth, found the clit, pushed on it with her tongue, squashing it down, then letting it free, growing suddenly bigger.  
  
Helene could feel, could taste, could hear Miranda's growing excitement.  
  
Miranda was breathing heavily.  
  
"Make me cum, my beautiful girlfriend, eat me up."  
  
Helene focussed on finding a rhythm. She was licking from near Miranda's asshole, licking from the bottom of the cunt to the top, all the way up to her clitoris in long, languid licks.  
  
Miranda sagged down, opening her legs more.  
  
"Finger, finger me too," she ordered.  
  
Helene ran her fingers between Miranda's butt cheeks, finding the tight puckered asshole, pushing against it, slipping her fingertip in  
  
"Faster, make me cum, NOW!"  
  
Finger inside Miranda's ass, Helene stopped licking, just focussing on the hard, clitoris that was demanding her tongue. She swirled it around with her tongue and her lips, until her neck was aching with effort.  
  
A final burst of warm pussy juice ran down Helene's chin, mingling with the hot water from the shower. Miranda groaned: a long, animal roar. She was almost suffocating Helene, so hard was she pulling her mouth against her cunt. Involuntarily, she raised her head, screaming with the orgasm.  
  
As she came, her legs gave way, she slid to the floor, trying to catch her breath. Miranda spread her legs, playing with herself. The water was splashing on her belly and breasts.  
  
She said: "I need to drink you now, sit over me, sit over my mouth, I want you to drip juice into me so I can drink you down, Helene."  
  
Helene couldn't wait. She could feel her wetness, she could feel her arousal, the fire spreading around her body. She looked down at the wet and lustful Miranda, thought about spreading her legs over that pretty face and losing herself to that mouth - that mouth that would be so soon full of her love juice.  
  
Helene swung her leg over Miranda's chest, and glanced up, looking towards the door of the shower room.  
  
"What's that?" she asked.  
  
"What's what?", Miranda replied without interest, "what kind of time is it to be asking questions?"  
  
"That," Helene replied, "that little black circle under the shower head."  
  
Miranda was stroking Helene's wet pussy, tantalizingly close to her face, parting the lips with her finger. She thought: "I wonder what she'd do if my tongue accidentally touched that perfect little asshole".  
  
"We'll look later, just let me taste you."  
  
Helene said: "no, it's weird, I want to know".  
  
The blonde girl got unsteadily to her feet, and walked over to the wall. The small black circle in the wall had a slightly glassy finish to it.  
  
"What do you think?"  
  
Miranda slouched over to the wall.  
  
"It's new," she said, definitively, "that wasn't there before. Don't think you'd ever notice it unless you were on the floor looking up..."  
  
She laughed.  
  
"Not a novelty for this room."  
  
Helene said, seriously: "it's a camera lens, it's got to be."  
  
"Don't be so paranoid."  
  
"Well, what else would it be? It's not like it's a light-sensor, it'd be nearer the door. What's behind this wall?"  
  
Miranda thought for a moment.  
  
"There's a cleaner's cupboard, I think."  
  
The two girls looked at each other. Helene shrugged.  
  
"We've got all day, nice for you to owe me for a change."  
  
The girls slipped into their pyjamas, took away the impromptu door jam and stepped out into the corridors of Alice House. It was completely silent, there were no girls, no cleaners, no house-mistresses. It felt uncanny.  
  
Miranda was right, there was a cleaner's cupboard in the corridor, but it was locked. The girls felt frustrated.  
  
Helene pointed to the ceiling. The corridors of their House were institutional, with years worth of paint covering everything. Old wires, Tannoy leads and pipes were a universal beige.  
  
Except for one, thin black cable.  
  
The girls looked at each other.  
  
The cable ran along near the ceiling, partially concealed by the old fixtures. It turned the corner towards the rec room, and suddenly plunged towards the floor.  
  
Miranda said: "well that's that then," but Helene said: "don't be silly, there's a cellar, but you can't get to it from inside."  
  
The girls went out the front door, but rather than walk down the path in their pyjamas. Helene took Miranda's hand and led her into the shrubbery that surrounded the house.  
  
She turned, raised a finger to her mouth: "there's a door here..."  
  
The door was unlocked, and although unpainted and scruffy, it swung open easily. Nervously, the girls entered the darkness, Helene leading, trying to find her way down the stairs.  
  
Miranda said: "I don't like this."  
  
Helene turned and made a face: "there's something down here, I can hear it," she whispered.  
  
The bottom of the cellar was completely black. The girls stood at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for their eyes to get used to the dark. Helene surprised her by being braver, resisting Miranda's subtle tugs on her hand. After a few minutes, Helene became aware of a faint light, glowing beneath a door on the far side of the cellar. She walked stealithly over the floor, careful to not make any noise. Miranda walked behind her, feeling conspicuous in her pyjamas.  
  
The door was half-open, and the girls looked cautiously through the gap.  
  
Lit by a blue light, a young man was sitting in front of several computer screens. Most were turned off, but one was flickering, and Helene could hear the unmistakeable sounds of sex. The man was leaning back in his chair, watching the screen intently.  
  
Miranda mouthed: "who is it?"  
  
Helene shrugged, then opened her eyes wide.  
  
"Mr Michaels," she said silently, "the new IT guy."  
  
Helene nodded: that figured, she thought.  
  
Michaels leaned forward and clicked on a keyboard. Making Helene and Miranda jump, he said: "so, what's new girlies?"  
  
A new image filled the screen. This one was clear and close up. To their horror, the girls could clearly see themselves in close-up. Helene was blurred, kissing Miranda's neck. The man groaned: "oh, you dirty girls, you dirty dirty girls, I knew it...."  
  
The screen flickered. They could see Miranda standing against the wall, her dark hair stuck to her face, clasping Helene's head, her fingers intertwined with her girlfriend's blonde hair. The sound was subdued, but the moans of pleasure were still clear and distinct. Michaels shuffled in his chair, his trousers dropping to the floor. The schoolgirls heard him groan with pleasure as he wrapped his hand around his cock.  
  
"What did you get up to?" he said, fast-forwarding the video, "you slutty catholic schoolgirls, you never did a filthy sixty-nine in the showers, oh, you deserve punishment...."  
  
He was wanking himself now, thrusting against the air with each stroke. When Miranda's orgasm rippled through the speakers, the girls thought he was going to shoot his load, but he was saving himself.  
  
Suddenly he stopped: "oh shit," he said.  
  
In the video, Helene was staring at the lens, her face and fingers magnified. Then Miranda.  
  
"Shit shit shit," Michaels said.  
  
He stood up, looking anxious.  
  
Mr Michaels was the youngest of the male staff members - he wasn't a real teacher, but a new graduate, come to "learn the ropes". Tall and willowy, he fumbled awkwardly as he turned around, struggling to get his cock back in his trousers.  
  
He saw the girls standing in the doorway.  
  
"Oh," he said, half-heartedly.  
  
Helene and Miranda were speechless. Miranda was the first to find her tongue. She said: "you filmed us! you put a camera in the shower and you filmed us! and you sat there, wanking yourself off! You are going to be so fired!"  
  
She turned as if to go, dragging Helene with her.  
  
Michaels begged: "no, please, anything, I'll do anything."  
  
Miranda said: "Nurse Bishop, I think. She's still here."  
  
She added: "she'll probably get the police, they'll probably take you away in handcuffs."

Michaels was almost crying. He walked halfway across the floor. Now that he was closer to, Helene thought: "he's only three, four years older than us..."  
  
But she said: "you went to all this effort, to wire the whole school up..."  
  
Michaels grasped at the straw: "No," he said, "I found it like this, I..."  
  
He broke off.  
  
"...I was looking for somewhere to have a smoke... you know, weed... I came here, it was all here."  
  
"Even the camera in the shower?"  
  
Michaels shook his head shamefacedly.  
  
"No, I did that," he confessed. "It was my first. My first and my last. I'm so sorry."  
  
Miranda said: "so whose was it? Who set it up?"  
  
Michaels said: "I don't know, I suppose my predecessor, he spent a fortune on it, there's a box of wireless cameras too, but I haven't figured out how they work."  
  
Helene said: "but you could? then you could put a camera anywhere?"  
  
Michaels nodded. "I suppose so. There might be a range limit."  
  
Miranda said: "so how much is there? have you gone through it all?"  
  
Michaels shrugged. "I've looked at one or two DVDs, but the place is full of them. I guess they're not edited. There's no labels."  
  
Miranda walked over to the computers. She picked a DVD from the shelf.  
  
"Know what this one is?"  
  
Michaels said: "no, put it in the computer".  
  
The screen flickered into life. It was an empty office, could have been any office, the girls thought. Michaels fast forwarded the video. Shadow moved across the desk at an unnatural rate. Suddenly a figure appeared, walking around the desk at farcical speed. Michaels slammed the video on hold.  
  
Helene said: "Kelly."  
  
"No sound on these ones," Michaels apologised.  
  
The muscular middle-aged man sat at his desk, his grey temples prominent to the camera above, staring at a black folder. He looked up, beckoned with his finger. A female walked in front of the camera, too close for anyone to make out. She appeared to be wearing a school uniform that was far too small for her.  
  
"Kelly won't like that," Miranda commented, under her breath.  
  
But it looked as though Kelly liked it very much. After a few perfunctory kisses, the woman spread herself on the desk, her black stockings only just making it over her knees, while Kelly - shirt still on, and trousers around her ankles, fucked her furiously and silently.  
  
"But who is it?" Helene wondered out loud.  
  
Michaels was standing with his mouth open.  
  
"It's Forsdyke," he said, "Forsdyke and Kelly, who'd have thought it! They way they go on at each other in the senior common room!"  
  
The girls were shocked: "Forsdyke?" Helene exclaimed, "but who'd want to shag her?"  
  
Miranda said: "your lover boy, that's who."  
  
Michaels shot them a look, raising his eyebrow.  
  
"Yeah," Miranda said, "Kelly did Helene yesterday. In his classroom. With Byrne, the dirty old man."  
  
They looked at the video again. Miss Forsdyke, the deputy headmistress who ruled St Cats with a rod of iron was being fucked from behind by Mr Kelly. Her facial grimaces were unmistakeable.  
  
"Girls," Michaels said, "the person that owns this video runs the school."  
  
There was a moment's silence, and then Miranda said: "so, you like watching teenage girls having sex with each other then?"  
  
Michaels looked confused: "well, yes...," he said, "I didn't really think about it until I found this..."  
  
Miranda ran her finger along the shelves.  
  
"Got a favourite, have you?"  
  
Michaels looked at his feet. He mumbled something, glanced sideways at Helene.  
  
She said: "I'm your favourite?"  
  
Reluctantly, he said: "yes, but you're not having sex, it was just a few days ago, you were in the shower."  
  
Helene finished: "when I washed myself?"  
  
Michaels nodded.  
  
"And I made myself cum?"  
  
The teacher was looking embarrassed.  
  
He said: "and you shaved yourself, there was something very ... sweet, very sexy about you doing that. And touching yourself."  
  
Miranda said: "you've got it on video."  
  
Michaels said: "yes, it was the day after I fixed the camera."  
  
He broke down.  
  
"God, I'm so sorry."  
  
Miranda said: "It's OK. We forgive you, don't we Helene?"  
  
Helene looked confused: this was very different from the Miranda who had been on the verge of calling the police.  
  
Miranda continued: "Mr Michaels, have you ever touched a girl?"  
  
Michaels looked confused.  
  
"Yes," he said, "once, kind of".  
  
"Only I was thinking," Miranda said, perching on the desk, "that if this comes out, you'll be in trouble - you'll probably go to jail, because no-one will ever believe that you didn't put all this in. And we'll get expelled, and Helene's mum and dad will probably disown her."  
  
Helene thought: "it's true, they didn't send me all the out to the middle of nowhere to a strict girls-only catholic school and expect me to sleep with the teachers, the doctor..."  
  
She swallowed hard, mummy and daddy would die of shame if that video ever came out, of her naked in the shower with another girl like that, her mouth sucking a clit and licking those cunt lips, guzzling that delicious pussy juice... She felt hot with the shame of it, she knew she had to confess, she had to come clean... if only she could stop herself.  
  
Miranda hooked her finger around the waistband of the teacher's trousers.  
  
"So I was thinking that we might come to a deal."  
  
Michaels was lost in thought, all he knew was this teenage girl - the same girl he had just seen having the most passionate sex he could ever imagine - was pulling on his trousers. His cock was swelling, his balls wanted to explode.  
  
He said, dry-mouthed: "what kind of deal?"  
  
Miranda kissed him on the side of the mouth. His face was slightly stubbly against her lips.  
  
"Why, the kind of deal where you get fucked senseless and we get to call the shots."  
  
Wordlessly, Michaels raised his hands nervously to the schoolgirl's breasts, but she batted them away.  
  
"First things, first," Miranda said, "so you like watching girls play with themselves, do you?"  
  
She reached over, took Helene's hand, pulled her across.  
  
"See, we like being watched. I'm not saying that you're not a very naughty man, but nothing makes me wetter than watching Helene here screaming with lust, begging for cock. And nothing makes me hornier than being exposed and maybe someone watching me, when all I can think about is a girl's tongue on my clitty, or a finger exploring my arse, or a huge cock in my mouth, tasting as if it's about to explode with cum for me to swallow down, like a very, very naughty girl, who's very, very good at swallowing a lot of hot cum. So maybe we should see if we can get into the mood. Poor Helene here, she made me cum so many times with that tongue, and those long slim fingers, but she must be so desperate she'd pleasure herself right here, right now, with us watching."  
  
She moved around, standing behind Michaels, wrapping his arms around his waist.  
  
"Helene, darling, why don't you get naked, and show Mr Michaels what a truly beautiful, hairless pussy looks like. He's never seen a schoolgirl's cunt before, he's never touched or tasted one."  
  
She nipped Michael's ear.  
  
"And you, you're not going to lift a hand. You do, and it's all over."  
  
Helene looked at Miranda. It wasn't possible, she wasn't really going to strip naked in this dingy cellar and pleasure herself in front of this ogling man, but Miranda clearly had a plan.  
  
Helene pulled her hot pink t-shirt over her head, exposing her small, young breasts, and slipped her pink, checked pyjama trousers over her hips, exposing her smooth pussy to the teacher.  
  
Miranda asked: "Do you like what you see?"  
  
Miranda still had her thumbs hooked on the waistband of Michaels' trousers. The zip was undone, and her fingertips could feel the pressure from his cock growing erect.  
  
"Just a teenager," Miranda said, "young, tight flesh. Little titties. I bet you'd like to suck those titties, wouldn't you?"  
  
Helene pinched her nipples, made them grow hard and stiff.  
  
She felt slightly ridiculous: "do you want to suck my titties, sir?"  
  
Michaels' voice was rough and dry.  
  
"Yes," he croaked.  
  
Miranda said: "And Helene's mouth. Would you like to feel it on your lips? Would you like her tongue to be sliding next to yours? And later, would you like to feel her breath on your thick cock, would you like to feel her tongue on your end, her lips around your shaft..."  
  
Michaels' cock was fully erect, exposed to both girls. Miranda took hold of it for the first time, helping it free of Michaels' trousers. It was warm and throbbing in her hands. Miranda undid his belt, pushing his trousers down. She dug down deep beneath his white cotton briefs to find his warm, tight balls. She cradled them in her hand.  
  
Helene said: "would you like to watch me touching myself? I get so turned on when I know someone is watching me pleasure myself."  
  
Michaels said: "oh," with a touch of surprise, as his cock jerked in Miranda's hand. Cum flew from the end, splashing over Helene's hands, her belly. Helene thought: "there's so much cum, he's covering me in it."  
  
Warm spunk was running down her stomach, over her hairless mound, down the inside of her thighs. Helene scooped some of it up with her hands, and rubbed it on her belly, and up to her breasts, rolling it around on her nipples. She could feel cum sliding over her clit, between her lips. Suddenly excited and overwhelmed with passion, she rubbed herself with her spunky fingers. But she caught Miranda's eye, this wasn't what she wanted now.  
  
"So much cum, sir," she said, licking her sticky fingers, tasting Michaels spunk on her fingertips.  
  
Michaels said: "I'm so sorry, I just..."  
  
Miranda said: "we don't mind, do we Helene? We're resourceful girls, we are. You just sit back and watch us."  
  
Michaels sat back in his chair, his eyes nearly popping out of his skull.  
  
Miranda stood next to Helene, flattening a hand on her belly.  
  
"So much spunk," she said, almost to herself, and then to Helene, "can you imagine that in your mouth? Jesus!"  
  
Helene laughed: "I need another shower, I'm completely covered."  
  
Miranda said: "you know, we haven't finished yet."  
  
Helene felt her schoolgirl friend's hand underneath her pyjama elastic. Her fingers, stronger and less elegant than her own, were rubbing her cunt and her clit. Helene held Miranda's wrist. "With him watching? Really?"  
  
Miranda whispered: "trust me, let me make you cum".  
  
Helene lent back, feeling on edge. Miranda pushed her pink pyjama bottoms down further.  
  
"Can you see OK, Mr Michaels? Have you ever seen one girl fingering another?"  
  
Helene could feel Miranda separating her cunt lips, one finger pushing against her wet flesh. She kissed the top of her friend's head. Miranda looked up. Helene looked into her brown eyes, feeling her girlfriend's breath on her face. Their lips met: Helene felt Miranda's tongue edging into her mouth. She felt weak with lust, desperate for a full, open-mouthed kiss, but something was holding her back.  
  
Miranda had two fingers inside her wet pussy now, her thumb rubbing her stiff clit persistently. Helene could feel the unmistakably warmth of an orgasm growing in her loins.  
  
Helene rested her head against Miranda, lost in the intensity of an approaching climax. She looked over at Michaels, lying recumbant in the chair, his trousers down on the floor, his cock big and stiff, he was masturbating at the sight of the two teenage girls making love in front of him.  
  
Miranda pulled her fingers from Helene, kissed her fingertips, ran them along Helene's lips.  
  
Obediently, she opened her mouth, feeling the fingers along her tongue, tasting her own pussy juice.  
  
She laughed: "you've got to make me cum now!"  
  
Michaels said, desperately, "eat her, eat her cunt!"  
  
Miranda turned to him: "you'd like that, would you? Two young girls fulfilling your fantasies? Give you something to wank about for the rest of your life. Well," she said, "I'm going to do that, I'm going to go down on her - two slutty schoolgirls in your catholic school fantasy, dripping with cum and pussy juice - but I'm going to do it because I love it when she cums and I can taste and feel and smell her orgasm. But," she pointed at his cock, "you leave that alone. Just watch."  
  
Miranda sunk between Helene's legs, kissing her spunk flavoured tummy, licking her hairless mound clean.  
  
Helene's clitoris was hard and proud of her cunt. Miranda settled her mouth around it, feeling her girlfriend grow against her tongue. Miranda licked her with long, steady licks, and almost immediately felt Helene's hands on her head, encouraging her on, she felt Helene's thighs tighten against her head, she tasted fresh, warm cunt juice on her tongue, felt it on her lips and her chin.  
  
Helene was breathing fast and deep: Miranda started to move her head, so as to emphasise her tongue movements. Helene groaned, loudly.  
  
"Oh Miranda, I love your tongue on me, I love your lips on me, please make me cum, make me cum, make me cum."  
  
Her noises were almost animal in their intensity, half whimpering, half moaning, her naked body was moving with every lick of her girlfriend's tongue.  
  
"I'm cumming Miranda, don't stop darling, I'm cumming."  
  
Helene cried out with intensity and the orgasm broke, flooding through her legs and her stomach, her chest and her cunt. She pulled Miranda's dark hair, forced her to rise from between her legs, and at last kissed her. Their mouths fully open, devouring each other, sharing complete passion, total lust. Helene was desperate to taste herself on her friend's mouth, was filled with a desire to taste her, to make her cum as she had done.  
  
Michaels was panting in the chair. Only by the strongest willpower had he managed to not make himself cum. His hands were gripping the arms of his chair wildly. He didn't know what to do, he wanted to fuck both the girls, he wanted their cunts and their mouths and the arses. Michaels was blind with lust. He watched the two girls kissing each other, hopelessly trying to memorize each second for the rest of his life.  
  
When they finally broke apart, the brunette had to fight to keep the blonde's hands out of her pyjama bottoms. Michaels knew he had never seen so much lust.  
  
The brunette kicked his feet.  
  
"What are we going to do with that, Helene?" she said, looking at his cock, "can't be anything left in that, not after all that cum he left on you."  
  
She addressed Michaels, "did you see her rubbing your spunk into her titties? Dirty slut, isn't she," she added almost conversationally.  
  
Helene said: "do you think he can cum again?"  
  
She looked hopeful, Michaels thought.  
  
Miranda said: "he's a teacher, he should tell us a story."  
  
She squatted on the floor in front of him, pulling the naked Helene to the ground.  
  
"Tell us a story, sir," she said.  
  
Michaels eyed them suspiciously. His cock was groaning with frustration, and here they were casually discussing whether he could orgasm again.  
  
"A story?"  
  
He felt lost, "sure, why not..."  
  
His mind struggled to come up with something from his childhood.  
  
"Once upon a time, there was a beautiful princess, who lived in a tower..."  
  
Helene yawned.  
  
Miranda said: "bored now".  
  
Helene said: "does this story have any sex? Does she get fucked by several handsome princes, all at the same time?"  
  
Michaels said: "well..."  
  
Miranda said: "I know, tell us the story of the two naughty schoolgirls, and the horny teacher who's been videoing everyone on the school, and who is going to do exactly what the two naughty schoolgirls want, or else Mr Plod will come down here with his handcuffs, and take you away in the van."  
  
Michaels said cautiously: "remind me how that story goes?"  
  
Helene said: "well, it's happily ever after, because the two girls get whatever they need for their last year at school, and the horny teacher gets a lot of very dirty sex."  
  
Michaels said: "I like that story, how does it start?"  
  
Miranda said: "we're on page two, now. The two naughty schoolgirls are going to see if they can make him cum again."  
  
Michaels felt his belly tighten, his cock stiffen and visibily jerk.  
  
Helene said: "we'll play pass the parcel, I'll take a turn, and my friend will take her turn, and the winner..."  
  
She looked at Miranda.  
  
Miranda smiled: "the winner will get a lovely mouthful of hot spunk to swallow..."  
  
Michaels could feel the sweat prickling on his stomach.  
  
"Well," he said, with an attempt at humour, "who's first, the blonde team or brunette team?"  
  
Helene said: "heads is mine."  
  
She lent forward, Michaels could feel her breath on his cock. He looked down, her tongue was out, she was pretending to lick his shaft. He gripped the chair arms desperately. Her mouth was almost on him, her blue eyes fixed on his. As she rose to the top of his cock, she opened her mouth wide, and Michaels saw his cock disappearing in to her mouth. He felt the heat of her mouth, and when her lips closed on him, they both thought that was the moment. Michaels had to will himself to wait on, not ejaculate inside her soft, innocent mouth.  
  
Miranda said: "my turn, greedy."  
  
Helene moved to one side, looking sulky.  
  
Miranda gripped Michaels' cock with her hand, pulling the skin down, making the bulbous end go a violent red. She looked up at Michaels. "Something tells me," she said, "that you'd like to ...."  
  
She thought for a moment.  
  
"Oooh, watch the cum drip from my pussy and slide down my legs to my stockings..."  
  
Michaels thought: "sure, sure, whatever... yes, I'd love to see that..."  
  
But he said: "I want to cum on your titties, I want to suck them until they're hard and cover them in spunk."  
  
He nearly lost it then, Miranda could see the tip of his cock open for a moment, and she prepared herself for a hot gush of cum over her face.  
  
Miranda said to Helene: "I don't think this is a job for one girl."  
  
She took Helene's hand and pulled her nearer.  
  
"Let's both give it a go."  
  
The two teenage schoolgirls knelt in front of Michaels, licking his cock like it was a lollypop. Up and down, they went, sometimes meeting each others mouths and half kissing, tasting the teacher's cock on their mouths. Michaels took his hands from the chair arms, and cupped each girls' head. They were wanking him now, wanking him with their lips around his cock. The moment was coming, Michaels could feel the cum gathering inside him, could feel the urgency.  
  
He groaned: "I'm cumming, girls, I'm cumming."  
  
In an instant, both girls were on the end of his cock, slipping it out of each others mouths, taking it in turns to swallow it deep inside their mouths, to suck the cum from his balls.  
  
It was Miranda who won: she had just taken his cock in her mouth, when, with a desperate jerk, Michaels' balls finally exploded.  
  
She had a moment's notice before she felt her mouth suddenly fill with hot, salty cum. Michaels was holding her down, grinding his hips against her mouth, her lips, her teeth. She tried to swallow him, but the spunk was coming so fast, she could feel herself choking.  
  
Miranda stood, turning her head, getting ready to spit the hot cum from her mouth but Helene pulled her close, put her face next to hers, opened her mouth over Miranda's.  
  
Miranda thought, "she is such a dirty slut, what have I done?" but she opened her mouth, felt Helene's tongue inside her, sweeping her clean of the spunk. Helene swallowed, a laugh playing on her face.  
  
The two girls kissed, holding each other, and then Miranda, suddenly overwhelmed, rested her head Helene's shoulder, shuddering with pleasure.  
  
"I can't believe you did that," she whispered.  
  
Helene laughed, "neither can I. I'd do anything with you, anything."  
  
She stood up, looking suddenly fierce, "it's true, Miranda, I can do anything as long as I've got you."  
  
They kissed again, filled with joy.  
  
Michaels looked up at the two kissing teenagers. He thought: "Jesus, what have I done..."

**Schoolgirls of St. Cats 04**

Helene dreaded Wednesday evenings at St Cats. Straight after dinner, when they should still be digesting and chilling out, the girls were herded down to the gym and told to pick their activity.   
  
Helene sought out Miranda in the crowd. Miranda always picked running. It wasn't just her slight short-sightedness and vane refusal to wear her glasses, Miranda was actually good at running - especially cross-country, with its sticky mud and awkward branches. Miranda was graceful, Helene thought, able to pick her way along the tracks with elegance and the speed of a gazelle - leaving Helene and all the other girls trailing behind, slipping and sliding and tripping over anything that could be seen as an obstacle.  
  
Helene thought: it hasn't rained for weeks, it won't be wet at least, and... she thought about her options. The swimming pool was notoriously cold, and the hockey pitch was just the thing if you liked teams sports - which Helene decidedly did not. So it was to be the cross-country.  
  
The girls got changed into their running gear. Mostly they ran in tracksuits, but Miranda always wore a maroon school skirt. She runs for the school, Helene thought, she's earned it. She'll probably run for the county this year.  
  
The teacher on duty for the cross-county was Forsdyke. No athlete, the girls had a theory that Forsdyke organised the cross-country because it provided ample opportunities for a cigarette and a drink. Helene smiled to herself. Out of all the girls in the group getting ready to run, only she and Miranda knew Forsdyke's dirty secret, how she liked to dress up in a school uniform and be fucked by Kelly, the grizzled head of humanities.   
  
Forsdyke was speaking. "Usual route girls, down the boundary until you get to Pilgrim's gate. Into the woods to the lane. Along the lane, up the field and sprint your way home. Last girl runs again. We're taking times, so make it fast if you want to run for your house."  
  
She blew her whistle, and they were off. Helene jogged slowly behind the main pack. Already she felt uncomfortable, the rhythm so hard to achieve. She could just see Miranda at the front, sprinting away with apparently effortless ease.  
  
Miranda didn't know why people complained about running. To her, it seemed as natural as breathing and sex: just something her body did, something it enjoyed.   
  
The run down the boundary was soft on her feet, the grass cut to a nice length. She vaulted Pilgrim's gate and ran over the short stretch of farmland before the wood, hurdling the small stream with a smooth action.  
  
Down among the trees, the air was cool and moist, and Miranda put on a burst of speed. There was no-one behind her now.  
  
When she emerged from the wood, the first thing she saw was a red BMW parked in a field gate, with a dark figure standing behind it. He seemed familiar: Miranda squinted at him from a distance. The man stepped onto the road, as if to confront her.  
  
It was Mr Byrne, the cruel and darkly coloured geography teacher. He said: "Thomas, go and sit in the car."  
  
Miranda said: "but sir, I'm on the run, and I don't want to be last..."  
  
Byrne followed her back to the car.   
  
He said: "you don't have to be, but that depends on you."  
  
"What do you want, sir?"  
  
Byrne kept his eye on the lane.  
  
"I want you to make me cum. And when you have, then you can go."  
  
Miranda was annoyed, but she tried not to show it. With Byrne, you never knew what he might decide to do.  
  
She was sitting in the driver's seat, leaving him standing outside. Miranda could tell he was already erect beneath his trousers.  
  
"How do you want it, sir?"  
  
Byrne said, distantly. "I don't care, just get on with it, whatever you want."  
  
Miranda leant forward, and started undoing his flies.  
  
Byrne was quite a stylish dresser: he was wearing dark, button-fly trousers and a thick leather belt. Miranda undid the belt, the brass buckle falling heavily from his crotch. She struggled with the button flies, but eventually his trousers dropped away, revealing a thick cock, lifting up his white cotton boxers.  
  
Miranda pushed the boxers down, she gripped his cock with one hand, felt around his balls with the other. She played with him for a few moments, pushing the foreskin back, watching the teacher's cock glisten.  
  
Now she could hear the first runners panting along the lane. Byrne shouted occasional words of encouragement. Under his breath he said: "I told you to make me cum, I'm not your boyfriend enjoying a grope." He paused. "Or your girlfriend for that matter."  
  
Obediently, Miranda opened her mouth and took his cock in her mouth. She felt it jerk against the roof of her mouth, could taste the salt on his skin. Gently she pulled his balls: scratching them lightly with her fingernails. Byrne grunted, and Miranda could feel his cock getting wetter, getting a foretaste of his cum. She thought: I've got to get a wiggle on, I've got to make him cum or I'll be horribly late!"  
  
She started thrusting her head against him, forcing his cock fuck her mouth, but to her horror she felt him losing stiffness.  
  
Byrne said: "are you wet?"  
  
Miranda said: "do you want to fuck me?"  
  
Byrne said: "well this is useless, I might as well wank myself off into your mouth, so yes, I'm going to fuck you."  
  
He pushed her back into the car, lifted her skirt and pulled her knickers down her legs and threw them away, in one easy action.   
  
"Turn around."  
  
Miranda wriggled around in the car, lifted herself onto a knee, trying to keep her other leg comfortable under the steering wheel. She could feel the wind on her bare arse.  
  
Byrne shouted: "move your butt, Ash!"  
  
Miranda thought: "Damn, if Helene has gone past I'm in trouble!"  
  
She wiggled her arse invitingly.  
  
Byrne said: "good God, they are rubbish".  
  
Miranda felt his cock exploring the gap between her legs, rubbing her almost hairless mound. She reached between and held it, guiding Byrne forward to her cunt.  
  
Byrne pushed himself into her without mercy, suddenly filling her up: she gasped with surprise and with the suddenness of the sensation.  
  
"You're not very wet," he complained, "try playing with yourself, see if that works."  
  
Miranda said: "you want me to masturbate while you fuck me, sir?"  
  
Byrne grunted an acknowledgement.  
  
Miranda slid a hand between her legs. She could feel Byrne's cock sliding awkwardly out of her cunt, she felt around her splayed pussy lips, the hard masculine flesh disappearing inside her. She thought about Doctor Clarke and Helene, thought about their tongues and fingers, thought about all the orgasms they had shared and would share. Now she found her clit was hardening, and she rubbed it with her fingers, feeling the warmth lubricate her cunt.  
  
Byrne was sliding smoother inside her now. When she rubbed herself, she could touch his balls with every stroke, and she knew that the teacher - who was penetrating her in full view of the lane - liked this very much.   
  
Byrne was fucking her deep and fast now, and to her surprise, Miranda could feel herself approaching an orgasm. She thought: "nearly there, just a minute," and then Byrne pulled out of her.  
  
"Wet enough now, girl," he commented, and Miranda felt his cock sliding over her arse. She thought: "he'll never get it in up there," and then realised that Byrne was pushing against her arsehole.  
  
As soon as she understood what he wanted, she clenched up, as if to resist his cock - but then took time to relax herself.  
  
Byrne pushed his cock against her ring of muscle. As she relaxed, it loosened and Byrne took advantage, Miranda felt his cock enter her arse, penetrating her, sliding on her pussy juice.  
  
The teacher groaned, and then spoke: "you can make yourself cum, you lazy cow."  
  
Miranda felt her clit again. Still hard, still sensitive to her touch, she found she could now finger herself and play with her clitoris at the same time - whilst feeling the most intense sensation of fullness she could imagine.   
  
Byrne's hands were on her arse cheeks now, he was fucking her for his pleasure, taking voyeuristic delight in the schoolgirl's masturbation. Miranda started to moan: long, low, animals noises. She could barely tell where Byrne's cock and her asshole finished, so intense was the pleasure she was taking.   
  
Her leg, braced on the steering wheel, started to shake, and at the same time, she felt Byrne fuck her ass even deeper.  
  
He groaned: "I'm cumming now," thrusting inside her.   
  
Miranda said, "Sir, sir, are you going to full my arse with your spunk?"  
  
Byrne almost laughed with glee.  
  
"You're such a slut, Thomas."  
  
Miranda's masturbating fingers were a blur. Byrne's cock fell from her, she could feel cum dripping from her hole, down the inside of her legs. Now she she had brought herself to a climax, she was pressing her face into the car seat, rocking with the rhythm of her fingers.   
  
She fell forward over the hand-brake, panting.  
  
Byrne stood back.   
  
"Not bad, but you're going to have to sprint to catch up."  
  
Miranda turned to look at him  
  
"Well don't look at me, get running!"  
  
Miranda got out of the car with difficulty, standing shakily to her feet, looking around for her knickers.   
  
Byrne shouted: "get running!"  
  
The schoolgirl sprinted along the lane. There was almost no hope, she thought, not unless one of the girls had stopped for a smoke - there was always that hope. Ahead of her, she thought she could see a couple of people in the far distance. A car was crunching along slowly, and Miranda hopped onto the grass verge to let it pass.   
  
Byrne's red BMW pulled up alongside her, the window slid down, and Byrne threw a pair of green knickers out onto the road. Miranda heard him laugh as he drove off at speed.  
  
She scooped up her knickers and burst into a faster sprint. Her skirt was flying around her, and anyone would have seen her cunt if they'd bothered to look. By the time she got to the last stretch, she could see two figures sauntering along the lane at the end. Desperately she ran as fast as she could in an effort to catch them up, but as she got close, they heard her approaching, and started running. The three girls ran towards the gym block - they could see Forsdyke, Helene and a handful of girls at the finishing line.  
  
Miranda was struggling: she was trying to hold her skirt down as she ran, anxious not to give Forsdyke another reason to complain, but the two other girls - large girls, unfit girls, girls who had stopped for a smoke - oh the shame of it - they were beating her to the finishing line.  
  
Forsdyke ticked their names off and gestured at the shower block. She said: "What are you looking at me for, Thomas? Go around again."  
  
Miranda said: "it wasn't my fault, my elastic broke".  
  
Helene said: "it's true miss, we told her to take them off and run, but she kept trying to hold them up."  
  
Forsdyke said: "should have picked a better pair. Ash, give her your knickers and go and have a shower. Thomas, get running."  
  
Wordlessly, Helene lifted her skirt, pushed down her knickers and handed them to Miranda. She pulled them up, it felt odd to be wearing her girlfriend's undies.  
  
Forsdyke said: "Get running, Thomas," and whacked her on the arse with her clipboard.  
  
Miranda ran off, tears in her eyes from the stinging board with its unforgiving bulldog clip. She thought about cheating, about making a short cut, but she knew it was too easy for Forsdyke to check up on her. She'd have to do the run again.  
  
After the sprint to catch up, after the emotion of being fucked in the arse by Byrne, Miranda found the second lap particularly tiring. By the time she got back to the gym, all the changing rooms were locked.  
  
She thought: "I'll have to go back to Alice House and have a cold shower".   
  
Trudging around the corner, she saw Helene coming towards her.  
  
Helene said: "I was so worried, she is such a bitch."  
  
Miranda said: "You don't know the half of it. It wasn't my knickers that made me late, it was Byrne."  
  
Helene took her hand.  
  
"Bishop said you could use her shower while she does her evening session. I've got a key."  
  
Miranda felt relief. Staff had permanent hot water.  
  
"Thank you sweetheart."  
  
The girls walked across the quad to the wing with the Nurse's rooms. Helene led them down the corridor, took out a key and surreptitiously let them into Nurse Bishop's private bedroom next to her consultation room.  
  
"Have a shower," Helene said, "I'll go and get you a change of clothes."  
  
Miranda stepped out of her sweaty running clothes, went into the bathroom and stepped into a gloriously hot shower.  
  
Nurse Bishop had a nice selection of shampoos and gels. Miranda picked one, and started lathering her body.   
  
She thought: "Helene's a darling for doing this, and the Bish is an absolute star. She really gets it."  
  
Miranda shampooed her short, dark hair. She was glad she didn't have long hair that had to be twisted into pigtails like Helene's. Such a fag.  
  
She turned the shower off and stepped out. She was just reaching for a towel when the door opened, and Nurse Bishop came in.  
  
When she saw the naked schoolgirl, she blushed and turned half away.  
  
"I'm sorry, Miranda," she said.  
  
Miranda picked up the towel.  
  
"It's OK," she said, "you lose your self-awareness in this place, it's completely natural to be naked in front of other girls."  
  
Bishop looked at her: "I suppose it is, I'd completely forgotten. You know I used to go to a school just like this one?"  
  
Miranda was rubbing her hair dry.  
  
Nurse Bishop smiled to herself.  
  
"I dare say it was much like this, I only left a few years ago, really. Three years at uni, a couple in a hospital and then here."  
  
She tucked her red hair back underneath her traditional nurses' hat.  
  
"Honestly, Forsdyke does like her uniforms old-fashioned. I have to strap everything on the morning."  
  
Miranda laughed. Nurse Bishop had a cheeky smile, and that lovely creamy complexion that you sometimes get with that red, deep auburn hair. She thought: sometimes to listen to her, you'd think she was our age, but she must be pushing thirty.  
  
Nurse Bishop checked her hair in the mirror.  
  
"I'm just waiting for Doctor Clarke to arrive for the next appointment, but then I'll come and make a cup of chocolate for us all, and you can tell us all about it."  
  
Miranda wrapped herself up in an old, but comfortable white towelling dressing gown. Nurse Bishop's sitting room was cosy, but rather confusing. There was a faded sofa in a striped material that looked as if it had come from a hotel, a couple of dining chairs from the refectory, and a battered leather armchair that looked like it was family.  
  
Miranda picked the chair, and stretched out her long, slim legs.   
  
The curtains were drawn against the encroaching night, and another pair separated off this room from what Miranda knew would be the kitchenette that led to the nurse's office. She smiled to herself, remembering how she'd crouched behind that door, watching Dr Clarke slowly seduce her school-friend, finally penetrating Helene on the examination couch. The thought made her feel sexy.  
  
Her arsehole could still feel its recent penetration, and despite her self-stimulated orgasm, she knew that she would have to cum again, if only to relive her recent experience.   
  
Miranda undid the dressing gown, and exposed her pussy to the air. She stroked her mound slowly, played with the small patch of pubic hair that she let grow just above her clitoris. She thought: she'd have to ask Lisa where she got that little dildo thing from, it'd be nice to have something to play with. Her eyes lit up: she'd have to see if she could persuade Doctor Clarke to fuck her in the arse, she knew he'd never done anal.  
  
Miranda's arsehole twitched involuntarily.  
  
She stroked her clit thoughtfully. She was feeling dreadfully tired. Before she had time to think about it, she had dozed off.  
  
Something strange woke her. She was dreaming that she was lying on a desk at the front of the school hall. Completely naked, with a line of male teachers standing in front of her. Michaels, Kelly, Byrne, Travers - the lot of them. They were playing with themselves - so close she could reach out and touch them. Her arms were stretched out across the desk, but despite this, someone was stimulating her. She could feel fingers, a tongue, she was getting wet, but she didn't want to look, just in case it was Forsdyke eating her teenage cunt, or Miss Taylor, or Smith... the thought crossed her mind that it was Nurse Bishop. She smiled to herself, that one she approved of, she'd had a crush on the nurse for years.   
  
As she began to awaken, Miranda felt herself beginning to orgasm. Her hips were moving without permission, seeking more sensation, more tongue, more mouth, more lips, more cock.  
  
She was still sitting in the leather armchair, her legs wide. In the doorway, just behind the curtains, she could see Nurse Bishop watching her, a strange expression on her mouth - half desire, half fear.   
  
The mouth was doing its work. Still half caught in her dream, Miranda didn't want to look down, but she couldn't help lowering her hands down. She felt a head, a girl's head, with long pigtails. Miranda held them both in her hands and gently pulled the girl's head up. Helene looked up, an irrepressible grin on her face. Miranda looked down at her. The schoolgirl's face was covered with her pussy juice, she was glistening with it - practically from ear-to-ear, from her nose to her chin,.  
  
Miranda said: "just kiss me, you tart".  
  
Helene said: "I can't do that, that'd be so naughty."  
  
Miranda frowned.  
  
"Why?"  
  
Helene pouted, "well", she said, "you would taste your own juice, and I'm sure that's a sin."  
  
Miranda laughed.  
  
"Just kiss me."  
  
She held Helene's face between her hands, and gently rubbed her lips against her mouth, teasing it open with her tongue. She could feel that Helene was trying not to laugh, there was a tightness in her muscles, she was slightly shaking.  
  
Miranda gave up, she said: "oh just get on with it then, go on, make me cum if you must".  
  
Helene said: "Nurse said it'd be good for you."  
  
Miranda said drily, "and she's just checking your technique, is she?"  
  
"I've forgotten how to do it."  
  
Bishop spoke for the first time.   
  
"It's been such a long time. I didn't think you'd mind, not from what Chris Clarke and Helene tell me?"  
  
Miranda said: "well, you can't see anything from there. If you need a reminder, why don't you come here and watch more closely."  
  
Helene frowned. "But what about Mi...?"  
  
Miranda cut her off. "We'll sort that out. Come here, Nurse, and get a good view."  
  
Nurse Bishop settled herself down on the sofa next to the chair. She slipped a little forward, pushing her dress up her thighs.   
  
Helene said: "would you like a go?"  
  
Bishop said: "oh no, no thank you, it's ... just old time's sake".  
  
Helene settled back down between Miranda's legs. She stroked the tuft of pubic hair, and ran her fingers down either side of Miranda's otherwise hairless pussy. She opened her cunt lips, parting them with her fingers. She could smell the sex from Miranda's cunt.   
  
She said to Bishop: "Miranda likes to be fingered, she especially like it when someone slides a finger inside her arse when she's being eaten. Guaranteed orgasm, isn't it?"  
  
Miranda said: "100%."  
  
Bishop said: "I think I'd like that too."  
  
"Usually," said Helene, "I like to lick her very slowly, from the bottom of her cunt to the top of her clit. Each time, I can taste her a little more, and each time, my tongue slides into her a little further. I don't dive in and start on her clit, she needs to be brought up to it. You'll know when, she gets very noisy. She'll tell you what she wants."  
  
Helene pushed Miranda's thighs further apart, encouraging her to lift them up.  
  
"So," she explained, "I start here, and end here."

She lent forward and licked the patch of skin between Miranda's arse and her cunt, licking slowly up over the lips to the clit. Nurse Bishop lent forward and lifted her pigtails up out of the way. She could see Miranda's cunt lips being parted by the teenager's tongue, how with each stroke, Helene was penetrating her girlfriend, how she was getting wetter, how her clitoris was becoming more prominent. Miranda was arching up, desperate for more.   
  
Bishop stretched out her hand, and laid it on Miranda's belly, pushing it up, making the clitoris pop up further, becoming more prominent. Now Helene was catching it with each lick and Nurse Bishop could hear the schoolgirls moaning together with pleasure. Even Helene, her mouth full of cunt was making a sound that Bishop associated with the most delicious taste in the world.  
  
Miranda was rocking backwards and forwards, trying to find a rhythm with Helene's mouth. Bishop thought: "they'll never notice what I do."  
  
She ran her hands up to her stocking tops, under her dress, slipped a finger beneath her underwear. She wasn't surprised to feel how wet she was, but as soon as she touched her clitoris, she realised that she was very near a climax.  
  
Miranda was beginning to cum. Helene's mouth had completely closed over her wet pussy, her tongue rubbing her in frenetic circles. Bishop knew that Miranda was holding back, she felt for her clit, hard underneath her nurse's uniform. She thought: "I wish I could just make myself cum, but it's terribly bad..."  
  
Miranda's orgasm was sharp and explosive: one moment she was moaning and rocking, her hands on Helene's head, pressing her close, the next she said: "Oh Jesus," in a perfectly normal voice, then rolled forward, suddenly laughing, hugging Helene's head.  
  
Bishop thought: "oh bloody hell, what I am going to do?"  
  
As if still asleep, Miranda wrapped herself up in the towelling dressing gown and curled up on the sofa next to the nurse.  
  
Nurse Bishop said: "hot chocolate!" and went into the kitchenette to heat up some milk.  
  
Helene followed her in.  
  
"Like much?"  
  
Bishop said lightly: "I thought it was lovely, brought back many nice memories."  
  
Helene perched on the kitchen counter. Bishop busied herself with milk and chocolate powder, trying not to look at the schoolgirl's thighs, just visible above the thick stocking tops.  
  
Helene said: "I think about being a nurse sometimes. Do you all wear that uniform?"  
  
Bishop said: "Forty years ago, perhaps! Things don't change much at St Cats."  
  
Helene said: "Pity, it's rather glamorous."  
  
Bishop said: "It takes me forever to get dressed. You should try it."  
  
"I might do that. Where do you keep it?"  
  
Bishop nodded. "In the wardrobe in there. That's my bedroom too, the couch folds out."  
  
Helene slipped off the counter and disappeared behind the curtains.  
  
Nurse Bishop stirred the milk into the powder, trying to remember if she had any sugar... she didn't feel like running down to the refectory now.  
  
She put the mugs on a tray, and walked back into her sitting room.  
  
Miranda was fast asleep, and Helene was naked, except for a simple white bra, and white cotton briefs.  
  
Nurse Bishop looked at her: "I didn't know you were serious!"  
  
Helene was fiddling with a suspender belt around her waist.  
  
"How does this work?"  
  
Bishop said: "well, dear, you've almost got it right. Usually I do it up at the front, then turn it around. Yes, like that."  
  
Miranda sat down on the arm of the sofa.  
  
"Stockings?"  
  
Bishop said: "in the drawer. Those are the uniform ones. Make sure you get a matching pair."  
  
Helene looked quizzical. "They're all black, aren't they?"  
  
Bishop said: "yes, but some are seamed. They're all supposed to be seamed, but I have some emergency ones too."  
  
Helene rustled through the nurse's lingerie drawer. "These'll do", she said.  
  
The schoolgirl held the stocking top open over her foot, and gently pulled the nylon over her foot.   
  
"They're so delicate, compared with the school ones."  
  
Bishop said: "well, they only last a few days."  
  
Helene stood up. She had put on both the seamed, black nylons and was holding them up with her hands, studying the suspenders.   
  
"Oh," she said, "that's how they work. Two on each side.... 1, 2, 3, 4... bit awkward..."  
  
Bishop said: "yes, but you've made a mistake, the suspenders go underneath your knickers, so you can just pull them up and down..."  
  
Helene looked vacant.  
  
Bishop said: "let me show you."  
  
Helene stood in front of Bishop, who got to her knees in front of her.  
  
The nurse thought: "I'm crossing a line here," but she said: "When were you 18?"  
  
Helene said: "ten days ago, Nurse Bishop."  
  
The Nurse smiled to herself.   
  
"You can call me Sarah."  
  
Deftly, Nurse Bishop unhooked the first suspender fastener, she said: "Excuse me," and poked the suspender under Helene's knickers.  
  
Helene laughed.  
  
Sarah said: "you can do your other leg yourself."  
  
Helene turned around, letting the nurse access the suspender that lay tight across her buttock. Nurse Bishop thought: "I wonder if my arse looked as good at that, that could be a peach, it's so smooth."  
  
She shook herself awake.  
  
Helene said: "how am I looking?"  
  
Sarah said: "your seams are all over the place, Forsdyke would ball you out for that. Not that she'd actually get a ruler out, or anything."  
  
Helene snorted.  
  
"Only if she wants to smack us on the bum."  
  
The nurse grimaced.  
  
"She really shouldn't do that."  
  
She looked at the thin, black seams that ran up Helene's legs.  
  
"I must say, you do have the legs for a pair of sheer stockings. If I was a man..."  
  
"Yes, Sarah?"  
  
The name felt strange in Helene's mouth.  
  
"Can I call you Nurse Sarah, just until I get used to it?"  
  
The nurse shrugged.  
  
"Whatever you feel comfortable with."  
  
Nurse Bishop put her hands around Sarah's thighs, sliding the nylon over her soft skin to try and straighten the seams. The delicate material tickled the schoolgirl.  
  
She said: "these make our thick school stockings feel so rough. I feel like a lady in these."  
  
Sarah Bishop said: "a pair of heels and a good dress, and you'd command any man you wanted. And half the women too, I wouldn't be surprised."  
  
The other leg was trickier, Helene hadn't pulled it up properly.   
  
Nurse Bishop started at the foot, straightening up the reinforced heel at the bottom of the stocking; the narrow triangle that started the seam up the the leg. The stockings were just fine over the young girl's shin, and the older woman couldn't help admiring their elegant shape. She ran her hand up the seam, to the top, and up to the black suspender, with its satin finish.  
  
Helene turned around.  
  
"Shall I put the rest on?"  
  
Bishop nodded silently, and Helene picked up her white, knee length dress and let it drop over her shoulders.  
  
Helene said: "you can get up now."  
  
There was a pause.  
  
"I like the view from down here, Helene."  
  
Helene said: "take your hat off. I love your long, red hair."  
  
The schoolgirl lent down, plucked the hat from the nurse's hair.  
  
Sarah Bishop's hair was an iridescent gold -- warm and luxurious, it glowed from within.  
  
"Is it natural, Nurse Sarah?"  
  
Sarah smiled. She had been asked that so many times before.  
  
"That's for you to find out."  
  
She knew she was flirting. That really was crossing the line. Eighteen or not, Helene was considered to be young and innocent, but the thoughts that were running through Nurse Bishop's mind were anything but.  
  
She said: "do you mind if I lift your dress? I want to check something."  
  
Helene shook her head, stifling a laugh. She was getting used to being the object of everyone's sexual interest. Two weeks ago, she had never even seen a penis, let alone an erect one - and the rumours she'd heard, about what other girls did together in their beds at night had been incomprehensible.  
  
She said: "you can check anything you like."  
  
Bishop slid the dress up Helene's thighs, over the fine nylon stockings, the suspenders, her white schoolgirl knickers.  
  
"Those aren't part of the uniform, you should try another pair."  
  
Helene said: "I'll hold my skirt, you can take them off."  
  
Sarah looked up at her. This wasn't flirtation, this was sex.   
  
Helene thought: "what does this woman want to do with me. Will it be fingers, or mouth? Or maybe she's got something else..."  
  
She felt the nurse's fingers plucking at her knickers. They felt nervous, trembling, uncertain.  
  
Helene spoke clearly.  
  
"Please take my knickers off, Nurse Bishop."  
  
The nurse felt suddenly relieved. More certain now, she pulled the teenager's school knickers down over the suspenders, her hips, the stocking tops. The white cotton panties slid down those bewitching legs, made so much more sexy by the black seamed nylons.  
  
"Now what, nurse?"  
  
Nurse Bishop was staring at Helene's hairless pussy. She could see every detail, the soft, fleshy labia. The delicate petals of her cunt lips, her pearl-like clitoris.  
  
"You're completely smooth."  
  
Helene said: "I don't have much anyway, miss. And being blonde, you can't see what I do have. But I like to shave it off. It's so much nicer for the other girls to be able to see me and taste me without having to wrestle with the hair. And the men like it too, they can see my pussy, and that turns them on."  
  
"Of course, it does, Helene. It's a very pretty pussy. Do you think I should do something like that?"  
  
"I don't know know, Nurse Sarah. Perhaps Miranda might know."  
  
"She has a little bit left, doesn't she?"  
  
Nurse Bishop added: "it is natural to have some pubes, I don't think I'd like to lose them all. Is it something Miranda likes then?"  
  
Helene said: "It's easy to do. In fact, she gets me to do it. One day I'm going to shave a heart there."  
  
Bishop laughed. This girl's sexuality might be raw, but it was light-hearted, affectionate and fun. She suddenly felt close to her, she wished she'd had a girlfriend like that at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.   
  
Her heart dropped: all those nuns, so eager to see sex everywhere. And what was there? Not much for her: a few grabbed moments with a bespectacled girl - Tina something - in the changing rooms at swimming lessons. A few rushed gropes. One memorable time when there had been some emergency that had distracted all the sister, when Tina had consented to let her lick her muff - just after they'd taken their A-levels, a little celebration.  
  
Foolishly grabbed moments, and that had been the end of her lesbianism, except for that one time at university.   
  
Drunk and stoned and sharing a friend's bed... God, that had been good sex, her and Debbie wrapped around each other, fingering and tonguing and groping, and finally ending up in a closely-coupled sixty-nine in front of the gas fire. Just the one moment, but a moment that had lived itself hundreds of times in her mind when she made herself cum with her fingers, reliving the taste and sensations of a few years ago.  
  
Nurse Bishop looked at the young girl's hairless muff. She thought: "it's so pretty", and kissed Helene's pubic mound.  
  
Helene said: "mmmm", so the nurse kissed it again. She felt Helene's hands on her hair, stroking her gently.  
  
"Do you remember what to do?"  
  
Sarah slid her tongue down Helene's cunt, feeling the stiff clitoris, her smooth pussy lips.  
  
"I get dreadfully wet, nurse, I don't know what to do."  
  
Sarah could still remember a particularly powerful moment. Lying on her back in the student room, Debbie's mouth sucking and licking and eating her, an orgasm running through her body - something which excited Debbie so much that her cunt had been dripping juice into the nurse's waiting mouth.   
  
Nurse Bishop said: "I hope you do, I think I'd like to drink you down."  
  
The sexual smell coming from Helene's pussy was exciting the nurse. She profoundly needed to make this girl climax, she wanted her to force her head into her cunt, to say things, she wanted to feel and taste the excitement.  
  
Miranda said: "you shouldn't do that here."  
  
Nurse Bishop leapt to her feet, wobbling slightly on her heels.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
Miranda was wide awake, the dressing gown parted again, her pussy glistening.  
  
"I was going to watch you, and make myself cum, but we've got something to tell you."  
  
The two girls, Nurse Bishop and Doctor Clarke walked down the hillside to the ornamental pond.  
  
Doctor Clarke said: "you're sure he can't get a camera down here?"  
  
Miranda said: "it's like I said, he doesn't really know what he's doing. It wasn't him that set them up."  
  
She shrugged.  
  
"Look, he didn't say there was a camera in the Nurse's room - if there was, he'd have seen us giving Helene her eighteenth birthday present - and he didn't mention it. But we don't know for sure. And we don't want to see either of you getting sacked."  
  
Helene said: "we think he's on our side now, but I don't think we'll ever be able to trust him fully."  
  
Doctor Chris Clarke said seriously: "what does he get out of it?"  
  
Miranda laughed.  
  
"He has a bit of a thing for watching girls. Not very surprisingly, really. But turns out he likes watching Little Miss Pigtails play with herself. So he gets that, and pretty much anything else he wants."  
  
Clarke said: "he's lucky man you didn't go to the police."  
  
Helene said: "he had a video of us, in the shower together. I mean: mummy and daddy would go mad..."  
  
Nurse Bishop said: "that is the problem with being catholic, there's no sense of perspective..."  
  
It was late evening and the stars were out, Orion marching across the Dorset sky. Doctor Clarke was carrying a pair of blankets. At the bottom of the school gardens, there was still the scent of a warm summer's day in the air. The midges on the pond had gone to sleep, and apart from birds in the wood, all was quiet. They lay the blankets out near the rhododendron shrubs, giving them a view across the pond to the path that led down from the school. With the boundary walls behind them, they were perfectly alone.  
  
Doctor Clarke said: "so tell me the story again?"  
  
Miranda and Helene told him what had happened, how they'd had sex in the showers, how they'd discovered a camera lens and tracked it back to the cellar, where they had found Mr Michaels, the school's IT man, wanking in front of a video of Helene devouring Miranda in the showers, the girl's orgasm recorded in explicit detail.   
  
Clarke shifted uncomfortably on the rug, he turned towards Miranda, who was lying next to him. She could feel his cock underneath his trousers brushing against her exposed thighs.  
  
Bishop carried on: "so - I don't get whether you're blackmailing him or bribing him - it's half of one, half of the other, isn't it Chris?"  
  
Doctor Clarke's hand was pushing Miranda's school uniform up over her stocking tops.  
  
Miranda thought: "two men in a day... that's rather naughty, but I don't know if I can stop him."  
  
She lifted a leg, letting the doctor's hand slide between her thighs, felt his fingers rubbing the crotch of her knickers. Miranda knew she was wet, she knew he would feel the warmth and want to push the lace across, slide his fingers inside her willing pussy.  
  
Helene was sitting up, fidgeting with her suspender belt.   
  
She said: "I feel trussed up like a turkey."  
  
The nurse said: "you'll get used it. It's just different. It's OK if it's on properly. Look at me."  
  
Nurse Bishop lay down next to Helene on their rug. She lifted her dress. Helene looked down at her legs, their shape enhanced by the smooth black nylon. It was true - the nurse's suspenders, now she could see them, were lying smooth against her creamy skin. In the moonlight, her knickers merged with the shadow of her crotch, a mysterious area to be explored.  
  
Miranda could feel the doctor's fingers deep inside her, gently thrusting against her. When the doctor pulled them out, she felt a momentary pang of emptiness. The juice on her pussy lips dried, making her feel slightly cold. She shivered. Doctor Clarke was curled up behind her now, his hands exploring her dress, fiddling inexpertly with the buttons.  
  
Miranda took his hand, and sucked his fingers deliberately, tasting herself on his skin.  
  
"That makes me so wet," she said, "are you going to fuck me then, doctor?"  
  
She rolled over, facing Doctor Clarke, undid his trousers, helped his cock out into the air.  
  
"Lie on your back," she said.  
  
Helene was lost in thought. Nurse Bishop's thighs were creamy and soft, and her hand seemed to glide over them, from the black nylon to the skin and back again. When she altered the sweeping movement to travel over the satin underwear, the nurse gasped with suddenly pleasure, and Helene thought she was going to orgasm on the spot.  
  
She lent down, her pigtails tickling the woman's thighs, kissing her skin, licking the edge of the nylon stockings, and up, towards the knickers.  
  
Sarah thought: "I must remember this"; and she thought momentarily of those moments from earlier in her life: her inexpert licking of Tina's muff, the overwhelming lust she had experienced with Debbie.   
  
Now Helene's tongue was on her knickers, sliding up and down the black satin, exploring the groove of her cunt under the fabric. Nurse Bishop could feel her wetness soaking the material. She longed to feel Helene's fingers pulling the material away, to feel that teenage tongue sucking her flesh and drinking her juice.  
  
Still licking the nurse through her knickers, Helene looked sideways, across to where Miranda was straddling over the doctor, his cock in her hands, hands on her bum, pulling her down on him.  
  
Helene could tell the exact moment his cock had penetrated the young girl's cunt; the look of ecstasy on Miranda's face was unmistakable.  
  
Now she was grinding herself against him, using him as a toy, hands on his taut stomach as she rubbed herself off on his hard cock and muscular body.  
  
Helene became aware that the nurse was pulling her stocking leg.  
  
She dropped her head back to the nurse's satin-covered pussy, she lifted her leg over the nurse's face.  
  
Nurse Bishop pushed up the girl's dress. Somehow, Helene had taken her knickers off: in the moonlight, the woman could see a perfectly shaped, hairless cunt just above her. She stretched her legs wide, yearning for the sensation of Helene's tongue on her pussy. She felt the teenager's stockinged legs against her face. With her hands, she traced the seams from her shins to her thighs, to the suspenders, and then pulled the hips down, pulling that beautiful cunt to her mouth.  
  
Clarke looked up at Miranda as she masturbated against him. He thought: "I must stop myself, I must stop myself."  
  
There was no doubt about it: Miranda was fucking him, using him as a toy to bring herself to an orgasm. He wanted to touch her breasts, to grab her bum, but he knew from previous experience that she would just push him away. This was her time. As if she was reading his mind, he felt her hand move onto her clit, the other hand spread over her belly. The teenager was masturbating herself, playing with her clitty, while penetrating herself on the doctor's cock.  
  
Miranda was in another world: her orgasm was filling her body, she was timing herself to perfection. She knew she was making noises now, her fingers were a blur on her clitoris, her other hand gripped her belly just above. She shouted: "now!" throwing her head back, "oh yes!"  
  
Clarke thought she would squeeze him to death, so tightly did she grip him between her legs.  
  
Miranda rolled off the doctor, grinning broadly, laughing loudly.  
  
"Oh my god that was a good orgasm," she laughed again.  
  
Clarke was engrossed in watching the nurse and Helene in a tightly-bound sixty-nine. He could hear the sounds of the nurse's mouth on Helene's wet cunt, she was completely engrossed in licking and drinking and being completely absorbed in the flavours and sensations. He knew Helene was teasing her dreadfully: the nurse's cunt must be on fire, begging for direct simulation.

Miranda wriggled across to the two women.  
  
"Enough," she said.  
  
Helene lifted her head, biting her lip, still rocking her cunt against the nurse's mouth.  
  
Miranda poked Nurse Bishop with her finger.  
  
"On your knees!"  
  
Helene climbed off Sarah, and with a groan, the woman turned around onto her knees and hands.  
  
Miranda said: "I think we can get rid of these now," and pulled the nurse's black knickers down, over her thighs. The nurse lifted her knees, letting the girl pull down her panties over her stockings.  
  
Miranda ran her fingers between the nurse's bum cheeks.  
  
"Nurse, you're very wet," she said, "would you like a nice big cock inside you now?"  
  
The nurse groaned: "anything, fuck me with anything."  
  
Helene grinned.  
  
"Some other time..."  
  
The two teenagers were either side of the nurse. The doctor slipped off his trousers and his shirt and came close behind her. His cock was still wet with Miranda's pussy juice, but the girls held him, and guided it to the nurse's pussy.  
  
"Make it a quick one," Miranda whispered.  
  
Doctor Clarke's cock penetrated Nurse Bishop in one powerful movement, the woman nearly collapsed onto the blanket with the force, she made a small sound, a whimpering sound.  
  
The doctor held her arse her his hands, and started fucking her with deep, regular strokes. Almost immediately, Nurse Bishop started panting with the effort.  
  
The doctor could feel her seamed, black nylons sliding against his bare thighs, he could feel the suspenders tight against her arse cheeks rubbing his skin.   
  
He looked at the two girls on either side of him. Helene was stroking the nurse's back, her hair. She pulled her dress up towards her shoulders, undid the nurse's bra strap, slipped her hand underneath to feel her breasts, the erect nipples.  
  
The nurse gasped: "let me eat you".  
  
Helene looked at Miranda, who shrugged.  
  
Quickly, Helene lay down in front of the nurse, spreading her legs, exposing her hairless pussy to the woman's view. She propped herself up on her elbows: she wanted to remember this, the doctor fucking the nurse, while the nurse drank her down, her red hair tickling her belly.  
  
"Too much, too much," she gasped as the nurse sucked her clitoris deep into her mouth, "softer, softer..."  
  
She relaxed as the older woman found her rhythm, sliding her tongue over the teenager's cunt lips, her hairless public mound, her stiff clitoris that begged for attention.   
  
The rhythm was the same as the doctor's: as Doctor Clarke penetrated the nurse with the length of his cock, she responded by licking Helene from the bottom of her wet cunt to the top of her clit.  
  
Miranda was feeling rather left out: she stroked the nurse's seamed stockings, idly slipping a hand between her thighs. She could feel the doctor's balls banging against the nurse, she could feel Sarah's pubes tickling her hand. Reaching up, she felt around the hot, pumping cock, she felt the nurse's wet cunt lips, her fat clitoris. She thought: "I'm going to give her a helping hand."  
  
Miranda gripped Sarah's clit under two fingers, began to play with it, push it, pull it. This was going to make her cum very quickly, already Miranda knew the nurse was having to struggle to stay in control, she had completely lost her rhythm with the effort. Helene was holding the nurse's head down against her pussy, desperate to cum.  
  
She said: "make me climax, nurse, make me orgasm, pleeeassseeee............"  
  
It was too much for Nurse Bishop. Suddenly she was completely overwhelmed with pleasure: Miranda's hand on her clit, drowning in Helene's pussy juice, being fucked by the doctor from behind.  
  
The nurse shrieked loudly, collapsing against Helene's body.   
  
Half laughing, half crying, her body writhed with the orgasm; her pussy felt completely satisfied, and yet already it was aching for more.  
  
Helene tried to put her hand across the nurse's mouth: "we'll be found, someone will hear us!"  
  
She was scared, and yet excited.  
  
The doctor said urgently: "for fuck's sake, let's hide."  
  
Miranda and Helene grabbed their blankets and as many clothes as they could see and the four ran to the rhododendron bushes for protection.  
  
Nurse Bishop said ruefully: "I hadn't done..."  
  
Helene held her hand: "don't worry... there's more where that came from."  
  
They were right to be worried. A torchlight appeared at the other side of the ornamental pond. It was sweeping left and right over the grass as the owner searched the grounds. When it was halfway around, Helene and Miranda, lying under the bushes with a clear view, could see two silhouettes. Helene shivered: she was sure she had left something on the grass, something incriminating.   
  
Even as she watched, she could feel someone touching her back, sliding their fingers towards her ass.  
  
She tried to shake them off, but at the next moment she felt the unmistakeable sensation of the doctor's cock pushing against her cunt lips.  
  
Helene bit her lip: she whispered in Miranda's ear.  
  
"Your boyfriend has got his cock in my cunt."  
  
Miranda smirked.  
  
"Keep quiet."  
  
Helene could feel the cock sliding in and out of her now. There were more hands, hands on her ass, on her legs; stroking her black, seamed nylons. A hand was on her belly, its thumb on her clit. Another was sliding between her butt checks, down towards the doctor's cock - but stopping short, pressing against her anus, a fingertip almost penetrating her. Whoever was touching her clit was teasing her horribly, pulling her lips wide, exposing her clit, barely, briefly touching it. It had to be the nurse, Helene thought, surely, the doctor had enough on his hands, but who was playing with her arse.  
  
She closed her eyes, focussing on the delicious feelings that were dancing around her body.  
  
The torchlight was coming closer, the two figures were becoming clearer. Despite her intense pleasure, Helene could hear that they were talking.  
  
At that moment, the finger on her anus took advantage of a moment of relaxation, and dipped in, just past the ring of muscle.  
  
It caught Helene by surprise, and the orgasm shot through her cunt, her legs, her belly and her back. The doctor had obviously been waiting: at the same moment, the teenager felt him jerking inside her, felt his cock pulsating with the spunk that was firing from his balls.   
  
Helene was rocking backwards and forwards on he knees, fighting to keep all the sounds inside. She thought her eyes would pop, her lungs explode.   
  
Miranda whispered: "Forsdyke and Kelly."  
  
The torchlight swept across the grass in front of them, stopping just a meter or two in front of the hiding place.   
  
Kelly stepped forward into the circle of light.  
  
A woman's voice said: "do you have something, Mr Kelly?"  
  
Kelly said: "yes, a pair of rather fancy panties - black satin - and a school stocking."  
  
"Any names?"  
  
Kelly grunted.  
  
"No... but I don't need to guess."  
  
"The usual suspects?"  
  
"Miranda Thomas and Helene Ash, the little trollops. We'll have to do something about them."  
  
The two voices subsided as they continued their walk around the pond. The torchlight had disappeared between the trees, heading back to the school.  
  
Miranda and Helene sat back on the dry leaves beneath the bushes. Helene could feel the doctor's spunk dripping from her.  
  
Nurse Bishop and Doctor Clarke were further back.  
  
The doctor asked: "who was it?"  
  
Helene said: "as bad as it gets, Forsdyke and Kelly, and they know it was us."  
  
The nurse looked worried.  
  
Helene said: "not you two, just us."  
  
Miranda said: "I don't care."  
  
Helene looked at her as if she was mad.  
  
Miranda shrugged.  
  
"The video. Don't you see? They can't do a bloody thing while we have that."

**Schoolgirls of St. Cats 05**

*Since Helene and Miranda discovered a secret network of video cameras in the school, they have been conspiring to get revenge on the teachers who had been sexually using and humiliating them for the past few weeks.*  
  
\*  
  
Helene looked around grounds surrounding Alice House. The day was hot, and nobody else was around the girls' accommodation. She took a deep breath: it was time for some serious decisions.  
  
The route to the door that led to the basement was difficult. Helene squeezed through the bushes, twigs catching her thick black stockings, pulling at her bag and snagging her grey school uniform dress. The door was ajar, and Helene waited for a moment for her eyes to grow used to the dark before climbing carefully down the rickety steps. In the far room, she could hear low voices, could see the flickering light of the computer screens.  
  
Doctor Clarke, Mr Michaels and Miranda were sitting in front of the screens. Frozen on the screens in front of them was the unmistakable shape of Mr Kelly, the head of humanities. He was a strong, middle-aged man, with grizzled grey hair and a muscular jaw.  
  
"We've been waiting," Miranda said.  
  
"I had to get something," Helene said evasively, gesturing with her bag.  
  
She spoke to Mr Michaels.  
  
"Is it OK if I leave this here, sir?"  
  
Michaels said "sure", absent-mindedly, and Helene put the tatty rucksack in a dusty cupboard.  
  
Miranda lent forward and clicked the computer's mouse.  
  
The screens flickered into life.  
  
Kelly stood up as a woman's shape filled the screen. The two figures moved around, flirting.  
  
Clarke commented: "pity there's no sound."  
  
Michaels said: "I've got some better cameras now. They do sound."  
  
Miranda said: "you've got them working then?"  
  
Michaels grinned.  
  
The figures were now having sex across the desk. Kelly's arse was pumping at full speed, fucking a plump middle-aged woman from behind. Her stockings were falling down her legs, a tight pinafore dress lifted up her back, completely covering her head.  
  
The doctor shifted in his seat.  
  
The couple changed position. Now the woman was kneeling in front of the man's erect cock.  
  
Miranda said to Helene: "it's enormous, I can't believe he wants to put that up your arse!"  
  
Helene made a face.  
  
The man pulled the woman towards his cock, his fingers entwined in her pigtails. She opened her mouth, struggling to get the cock in her mouth. A few minutes of oral sex followed, finishing with the man ejaculating over the woman's waiting face. The audience watched as the woman rubbed it over her skin as if it were moisturiser.  
  
Eventually the figures moved towards the edge of the picture, becoming indistinct.  
  
Michaels sighed.  
  
Clarke said: "you're right, you can't do anything with that."  
  
Helene felt confused.  
  
"Why? it's obviously them."  
  
Michaels said: "the problem is, you can't tell it's them together at the same time."  
  
He gestured.  
  
"OK, that's Forsdyke about to get a mouthful of cum."  
  
He looked at the screen.  
  
"...and you tell me that's Kelly's cock, but - forgive me - I don't think your word would stand up in court."  
  
Helene said impatiently: "but when he's doing that doggy thing, you can see his face."  
  
Clarke said: "that's true, but as Mr Michaels points out, you never see their faces at the same time."  
  
He looked at Michaels.  
  
"And you didn't make this video, did you?"  
  
The young man scratched his curly brown hair thoughtfully.  
  
"True enough, it was one I found."  
  
He looked at the girls.  
  
"I'm sorry, I don't think there's anything we can do. This video might have been made up of bits. We don't know it wasn't, if you think about it."  
  
Miranda said: "well, we need to get a better camera in there straight away. We need those voices."  
  
She held out her hand.  
  
"What do these cameras look like?"  
  
Michaels fumbled in a box on his desk.  
  
"Here's one, it's all ready. Plug in the cable and press that button and we're off. It's the same fitting, so it should slip in the mounts easily. You've seen how they fit."  
  
"Get him up on screen."  
  
Michaels understood immediately what she meant.  
  
He hit a couple of buttons on the console. The monitors flickered, and Kelly's office came into view. The teacher was leaning across his desk. He was looking at a thick black file - the real rule book by which the school was run.  
  
Kelly lent back in his chair, his eyes briefly turning in the direction of the door.  
  
He undid the thick leather belt of his trousers, unbuttoned his flies and pulled his trousers down.  
  
"Dirty bastard," Miranda said.  
  
Kelly's cock was already erect. Even in the poor quality video, his secret audience could make out his long white penis.  
  
Kelly lent down and picked up a long, flimsy black stocking. He rubbed the material between his fingers slowly, then stretched the black nylon, slowly bringing it down along the length of his cock.  
  
He closed his eyes in pleasure, feeling the seamed black stocking gliding over his cock.  
  
Helene wondered aloud: "does it really feel that nice?"  
  
Clarke said: "yes," and chuckled to himself.  
  
Michaels looked across.  
  
"Where's Miranda gone?"  
  
They looked at each other.  
  
"She can't!" Helene exclaimed.  
  
Clarke said: "she can..."  
  
He looked at the screen again.  
  
"Here we go," he sighed heavily, "she's a silly girl," he added affectionately.  
  
On the video screen, Kelly had open the stocking top, and slid his cock inside the black nylon, the dark seam clear against his large pale cock.  
  
Suddenly he jumped up, he penis flapping foolishly, dropping the stocking onto the floor.  
  
Kelly struggled to push his cock into his trousers, hastily buckling his trousers and sitting heavily in the chair.  
  
The light in the room changed momentarily: the slender shape of Miranda appeared on the screen. She sat down in the chair opposite Mr Kelly.  
  
Clarke, Michaels and Helene carried on watching in silence.  
  
Inside the office, Miranda sat opposite Mr Kelly. The smell of sex lingered in the office.  
  
Kelly said: "what do you want, Thomas?"  
  
Miranda said: "I was wondering about my geography project sir."  
  
Kelly frowned: "you'll get it back next week, can't you wait?"  
  
"I've got a pass for the weekend, sir, and I wanted to show it to someone."  
  
Kelly shrugged.  
  
"Reasonable enough. I suppose I ought to be grateful you want to show something off."  
  
He stood up, and walked out the room.  
  
Miranda stood up and turned towards the camera. At first she couldn't see the camera, but she soon realized she was looking too low.  
  
Michaels muttered under his breath: "come on, come on...."  
  
Clarke said shortly: "she's doing her best."  
  
Up on the shelf, there was a box file with an odd looking spine. Miranda stretched up on her toes, pulled it from the shelf.  
  
The box was full with documents, but at the bottom there was a discreet compartment. Miranda tugged both edges - it worked just like the ones in the basement.  
  
Sick with nerves, she fumbled for a moment as she could hear Kelly searching in the next room, but the old camera popped out neatly.  
  
Miranda struggled: the new camera wasn't quite the same fitting. Either she could get the cable plugged in, or she could fit the lens in its mount, but not both at the same time.  
  
Her hands started to shake, and she dropped the cable. It rattled noisily against the wall.  
  
Kelly called through: "nearly found it, you can stop that blasted noise!"  
  
Now Miranda had the camera located safely, she suddenly realised that the cable would slip through a convenient hole.  
  
She pushed the file back on its shelf and jumped back in her chair.  
  
Kelly came in, holding a blue binder. He threw it on the desk.  
  
"There you are."  
  
Miranda didn't move. She spoke towards Kelly's desk, her head cast down.  
  
"Well?"  
  
"There's something else, sir," she mumbled.  
  
Kelly sighed impatiently.  
  
"I've always looked up to you," Miranda said.  
  
"Go on."  
  
"Thing is, I'm not seeing my parents at the weekend."  
  
Kelly frowned: "so I went to get that for nothing? I had everything sorted out!"  
  
Miranda continued.  
  
"I'm going to see my boyfriend, sir, and his parents are away."  
  
Kelly grinned knowingly: "big party is it?"  
  
Miranda shook her head.  
  
"It's just me and him, sir, and he's told me what we're going to do."  
  
Kelly nodded in understanding.  
  
"Don't you think you should wait until Monday before you go to confession? Father Hardy's heard it all before."  
  
Miranda said impatiently: "that's not it sir. It's my first time and I'm scared."  
  
Kelly looked disbelieving.  
  
"You, Miranda Thomas? Your first time?"  
  
Miranda nodded.  
  
"It's true sir, I'm a virgin."  
  
Kelly said: "I'm not an idiot, you know. You must know you have a certain reputation."  
  
In the basement, Michaels was fiddling furiously with the controls.  
  
Clarke said: "it's worse than before, Michaels."  
  
Michaels waved his hand impatiently.  
  
"It's a complicated network, it's thrown something off. Just hang on."  
  
Miranda was beginning to think she had a talent for acting. Her eyes were pricking, as if she were about to cry.  
  
She said: "I don't care what people say, I've never had sex with a man, I've never touched a man's penis - or even seen one, not in real life!"  
  
Kelly said: "Thomas. Everyone - and I mean everyone - knows about you, and your recent exploits with that other trollop, Helene Ash."  
  
Miranda sniffed.  
  
"She's just a girl, sir, she doesn't count."  
  
Kelly raised his eyebrows.  
  
"Girls don't count?"  
  
Miranda giggled sheepishly.  
  
"Girls count, of course they count, but they only count for men. What Helene and I do - what we all do, that's just... playing with each other. It's innocent, it's not sex."  
  
Kelly said: "I'm not sure the Bible would say that."  
  
Miranda said: "the Bible doesn't say anything, sir, not about girls touching other girls".  
  
The teacher closed his eyes.  
  
"Well, let's say you've never seen a penis. What do you want from me?"  
  
Miranda said: "we don't get sex education at St Cats, sir. Do you have any books?"  
  
The video screens were coming into focus now. The clouds of smeared colour stabilized, the pixels cleared and the office came into focus.  
  
Helene said: "she's so brave."  
  
Clarke said: "it was worth it. Now we just need Forsdyke to pay a visit. Is there any sound?"  
  
Michaels edged forward, hit an icon and the basement filled with tinny voices.  
  
Kelly made a tapping sound with his teeth. He was still feeling randy. He thought: "my cock need attention."  
  
"No books. Forsdyke controls that side of things."  
  
Miranda made an unhappy sound.  
  
She said: "how big are men, sir?"  
  
Kelly smiled. He held out his hands. "Usually, about this big, and as thick as three fingers."  
  
Miranda said: "usually?"  
  
Kelly said: "well, penises are like people, Miranda, they come in different sizes too."  
  
Miranda said: "what's big, Mr Kelly?"  
  
Kelly opened his hands wider.  
  
"This would be big."  
  
Miranda looked at him with wide eyes.  
  
"I don't think I could get that in, sir, and Michael says he's well-endowed."  
  
Kelly made a gesture.  
  
"How big are you, sir?"  
  
Kelly coughed.  
  
"I'm rather well-endowed."  
  
"Does Mrs Kelly like it?"  
  
Kelly said: "yes, Miranda, she likes it very much."  
  
"Can I see it, sir?"  
  
Inside the basement, the three people were watching without speaking.  
  
Doctor Clarke broke the silence.  
  
"We are recording this, aren't we?"  
  
Michaels said: "of course, red light up there."  
  
Helene said: "I can't believe she's pretending to be a virgin."  
  
Michaels said, laughing: "I reckon Kelly's swallowed it too."  
  
Kelly repeated slowly: "you want to see it?"  
  
Miranda nodded.  
  
"Yes sir. Please sir, I'd like to see your cock. I want to know what to expect."  
  
Kelly stood up. Underneath his trousers he could feel his penis pushing against his fly buttons.  
  
He dropped his trousers, letting his cock spring up dramatically.  
  
Miranda gasped.  
  
"And that's supposed to ... fit in me? It'd never go in!"  
  
Kelly said: "it's not so difficult, not if you're nice and wet."  
  
Miranda said: "like, after a bath?"  
  
"No, Miranda, your pussy gets wet when it wants a penis inside it."  
  
Miranda said: "Oh, like when I touch Helene..."  
  
Kelly said: "it's quite natural. If you'd like to touch it, Miranda, you can."  
  
The teenager looked up at the teacher's powerful physique. She thought: "he's bigger than Miranda said."  
  
She stretched her hand out towards the visibly throbbing penis, her eyes wide as her hand encircled the teacher's member.  
  
Kelly grimaced.  
  
"It's not a gear stick, girl, it's a cock. Hold it like something you love."  
  
Miranda released her grip, and stroked the enormous cock with her hands. The skin was cool and velvety, the head red and moist.  
  
"That's right," Kelly said, "how does that feel?"  
  
Miranda said: "it feels like I want to go faster."  
  
Kelly said: "not yet. Use your other hand to stroke my balls."  
  
Miranda carried on wanking him slowly. She cupped Kelly's balls: warm, hairy and full of cum.  
  
"Some girls like to kiss their boyfriends' cocks."  
  
Miranda looked up at him.  
  
"You mean, put their mouths on a boy's willy?"  
  
Kelly laughed.  
  
"Yes, Miranda. Sometimes they lick, or kiss. And some girls like to put the end in their mouths and make the boys cum like that."  
  
Miranda said: "cum?"  
  
Kelly said: "I'll show you that, too, if that would be helpful for the weekend."  
  
Miranda lent forward. Kelly felt her soft breath on his erection, her tongue slid down his erect cock, circling the end. She flicked her tongue on his savoury end.  
  
"Is this making you wet?"  
  
Miranda looked up at him, her mouth aching with the effort to accommodate the girth of his penis.  
  
Kelly said: "Will you play with yourself for me? I know you do that."  
  
Miranda was kneeling now. She lifted her grey pinafore dress, feeling her pussy through her lace thong. She was warm and tingling. Her finger slid between her lips, feeling the hot, tight warmth. Kelly was making her drip with lust: and she was having the same effect on him, she could taste a trace of cum in her mouth.  
  
She pulled her mouth away, feeling Kelly's hands tighten on the back of her head.  
  
"Sir?"  
  
Kelly looked at her. His balls were throbbing, his cock was desperate for the eighteen-year-old's pussy.  
  
"Lie down on the desk."  
  
Michaels looked at the screen with rapt attention.  
  
"That'll do it."  
  
Clarke said: "it's quite clear, that's Kelly, that's Miranda. We've all witnessed it."  
  
Helene said simply: "she's done it."  
  
Kelly pulled Miranda's lace thong to one side with a rough finger. Her pussy lips were prominent and glistening.  
  
"Be gentle with me sir."  
  
Kelly almost laughed at the cliché. His cock was resting on her almost hairless mound. He held himself against her, rubbing the tip of his cock on her clitoris. It felt firm and sensitive.  
  
He said: "you're really..."  
  
Miranda said: "I'm a virgin sir, please sir, be inside me."  
  
She felt Kelly's cock pressing against her cunt. She thought: "he's making himself wet with my juice, so he'll slide in smoother."  
  
The pressure against her was growing firmer. Kelly's cock was exploring her outer lips, easing itself past her opening.  
  
Miranda thought: "oh my god, he's huge."  
  
Kelly looked down at the girl he was starting to penetrate. She wasn't wearing stockings, he thought crossly, he'd give her a detention for that.  
  
His cock was two inches inside her now. Miranda lay across the desk, only partly aware of a pen on the desk that was pressing on her bare arse.  
  
She thought: "did I press the button on that camera?"  
  
Kelly slid inside her pussy, opening her cunt wider than ever before. Miranda gasped, the pressure was almost more than she could bare.  
  
"Sir," she said urgently, "slowly, please sir."  
  
But Kelly was deep inside her now, sliding in on her pussy juice. He could feel her body responding to each thrust. He placed his hands on her hips, stroking her young belly. His thumb felt its way to her tuft of pubic hair, to the firm button of her clitoris.  
  
Miranda brought her legs up, her thighs resting on his hips, her feet pulling on Kelly's exposed arse, encouraging him in his strokes. She felt his thumb on her clitoris, mimicking the rhythm of his cock. She tried to focus, fighting the orgasm that was rising in her body.  
  
Kelly was speeding up, she was close to cumming now, the red flush was spreading across her teenage body, she was breathing deep and harshly, grabbing the air into her lungs.  
  
The thumb on her clit was now a circular blur; actions that would have made Miranda scream a few moments ago now gave her the most exquisite ecstasy.  
  
"Sir, sir," she panted, "make me climax, make me cum, make me... oh...."  
  
Her body strained involuntarily, lifting her arse from the table, grinding herself against Kelly's thrusting cock, against his rough thumb on her tender, swollen clitoris. She twisted violently, unable to control her muscles as the orgasm exploded in her loins, the fire flowing through her body. Miranda gripped the edge of the desk, desperate to keep the orgasm living in her body.  
  
In the basement, Helene found herself transfixed. The memory of Kelly's cock inside her, the vision of her friend being fucked so violently by the teacher was turning her on. She looked at the men on either side of her. It was clear that they were as absorbed by the vision as was she. Both men were sitting awkwardly, Doctor Clarke visibly stroking his penis through his corduroy trousers.  
  
Helene parted her legs. She'd been disturbed in the dorm by Miranda's summons to the basement, and had been on the verge of using a toy that she'd just bought herself. Knickerless, she'd followed her friend to the meeting.  
  
Now she was grateful, her wetness was spreading inside her thighs, her clitoris screaming for attention. With deliberate stillness, she began to stroke her pussy slowly. On the computer screens, Miranda was now kneeling in front of Mr Kelly, looking up at him.  
  
Helene couldn't help letting a out a moan as her friend took the teacher's cock in her mouth. Both Michaels and Clarke turned towards her.  
  
Helene said: "Well, look at the three of us, secretly touching ourselves. I don't know about you, but I'm going to do this properly."  
  
She stood uncertainly and reached into her rucksack.  
  
Nestling below an innocuous jumper were a selection of toys that Helene had recently bought on a shopping trip to the nearby town. She reached down, selecting a naturally textured dildo. Helene unbuttoned her dress, and stepped out of it, leaving it on the cellar floor. She sat back down in the chair, parting her legs.  
  
Michaels and Clarke were looking at each other. Clarke shrugged, stood up, undid his trousers and let them fall to the floor. Michaels laughed nervously before joining him.  
  
Helene was looking at the video screen.  
  
Kneeling in front of Kelly, his cock in her mouth, still fragrant with her pussy juice, Miranda felt the nylon stocking beneath her hand. It felt exquisitely soft. She thought: "I could make him cum now, but the longer this goes on, the better."  
  
She stood up. For a moment, she thought about kissing Kelly, but instead she stood up and sat on the desk, stretching the stocking out with her hand.  
  
"What's this for, sir?"  
  
Kelly said: "possible school uniform".  
  
His voice was thick and lustful, his cock visibly throbbing with desire.  
  
Miranda opened the stocking top, and carefully pulled it over her foot, slowly extending a long leg inside the nylon, the soft material brushing on her young skin.  
  
"It feels very nice, sir."  
  
Her nylon clad foot was hovering near Kelly's erect penis. Sensing Kelly's anticipation, she drew her toes up under his cock, drawing them along its length.  
  
Kelly moaned.  
  
"He likes that," Miranda thought, playing with his balls with her stocking covered foot.

She pushed his cock up with her foot, making it squirm against his firmly muscled belly, wanking him with her foot.  
  
Kelly said: "you can make me cum like that."  
  
All pretence had dropped from the lesson.  
  
Miranda said: "do you like having a schoolgirl - an innocent teenager - rubbing your cock with a black seamed stocking?"  
  
Helene sat back on the chair, her legs wide apart. She held the dildo in her hand, tentatively rubbing it against her moist pussy, lubricating it, as Kelly had made himself wet on Miranda's cunt. The toy felt natural, with moulded veins and ridges. Helene parted her wet lips with a hand, played with the dildo for a moment, getting the angle right, then began to introduce it to her aching cunt.  
  
It felt odd, to be so full of cock and to not have a man pressing against her body. Odd, but strangely satisfying. Helene felt around her engorged lips, feeling the rubber cock stretching her wide, lubricated by the pussy juice that was escaping from her. Helene tried to imagine what it would feel like with that small vibrator pushing against her arse hole, how full would she feel.  
  
She fucked herself slowly with the dildo, her other hand stretching the skin around her clitoris, teasing it into a state of arousal.  
  
Helene noticed that the two men had turned away from the screens now, they were standing on either side of her, wanking themselves slowly, watching her fucking herself with rapt attention.  
  
Miranda played a game with Kelly's cock. Looking up at the teacher, she extended her pink tongue towards his cock until the anticipation became too much for the middle-aged man, and he tried to make her take him. When he relaxed, Miranda treated herself to a surreptitious lick, a fleeting burst of pleasure for the teacher. Unable to bear it any more, Kelly gripped his cock in a bear-sized hand and started to wank himself slowly, aiming his cock at the teenager's face.  
  
"No sir," Miranda said in a deliberately young voice, "this is my lesson, don't forget."  
  
She took the black, seamed nylon in her hands, stretching it over the teacher's throbbing cock. The nylon slid over him, his cock still wet from the schoolgirl's pussy and mouth. Miranda pulled it tight, the seam pressing against his cock, he balls enrobed in the black nylon. Now Miranda started to masturbate him slowly, her tongue licking his nylon-covered cock.  
  
Kelly closed his eyes. The softness of the stocking on his balls, the almost abrasive seams on his end, the wetness of the schoolgirl's mouth and tongue were conspiring to make him climax. His mind filled with all the girls he had fucked in the school, all the cum he had left in the mouths, their cunts, their arses, on their tits and their faces and in their hair. He kept returning to last week, following a knickerless Helene up the stairs, spanking her arse until she got wet and then fucking her over the desk.  
  
He held Miranda's head, encouraging her to keep licking and sucking him until he was ready to cum.  
  
Helene had been ready to cum for a long time. It was only through a combination of patience and skill that she managed to hold herself off. She glanced up at Michaels, and then Doctor Clarke. Two men, completely turned on by the sight of her playing with herself. She could tell that either one of them could cum at any moment.  
  
She said: "I want you to make yourselves cum."  
  
She wasn't sure if they'd heard her. Neither man raised his eyes, or altered the rhythm of their handstrokes.  
  
Helene said: "I won't make myself orgasm until you do."  
  
She spoke finally.  
  
"I want to feel your spunk on me first. I want you to cover my belly, my cunt, my legs with your hot, steaming cum."  
  
This had the desired effect: Michaels quickened his pace, whilst the doctor seemed to slow his action, favouring long, languid movements. He raised his head with pleasure. Miranda thought: "I hope they can aim properly..."  
  
Now she was fucking herself quickly with the dildo, her fingers directly on her throbbing clitoris, pulling it, pushing, playing with herself. She could make an orgasm come with a second's notice.  
  
Michael's was the first to cum. A line of spunk flew from his cock, splattering across the schoolgirl's belly, landing on her masturbating hands.  
  
Clarke grunted, leaning forward with concentration, he started to empty himself directly on Helene's hands, her dildo, her thighs, her hairless pussy.  
  
She said: "more please".  
  
Involuntarily, Michaels turned towards her face: his second spurt of white cum landed on her cheek and her chin. Instinctively, she licked the corner of her lips. The taste of the teacher's semen brought Helene's orgasm closer. Michaels stepped closer awkwardly, his cock close to Helene's mouth. She opened her mouth, held his still hard cock between her lips, tasting a final spurt of cum on her tongue.  
  
"Suck me clean," Michaels panted.  
  
Helene groaned with pleasure. A sudden fire opened in her cunt, it blazed throughout her body. Helene felt the doctor take her hand from her dildo, but he carried on fucking her with it. She used both her hands now, one on her clit, the other on her spunk covered belly, pulling herself taut as she wanked herself into a frenzy. Helene closed her eyes, briefly she imagined what it would be like to make herself cum in front of a group of masturbating men, being showered in spunk flying from their dicks as they wanked themselves according to her rhythm, completely preoccupied with the teenager's pleasure.  
  
On the video screens, ignored by the two men and the girl, Miranda held Kelly's cock in her hand, cupping his balls, her mouth a firm circle over the stocking-covered penis, fucking him with her mouth.  
  
Kelly moaned with pleasure.  
  
"You naughty girl," he breathed, and looked down at the brunette sucking his cock.  
  
With a violent shout, the cum rose in his balls. Even through the black nylon, Miranda was struck by the force of his ejaculation. The cum seeped through the stocking and into her mouth. She swallowed a mouthful, and was immediately filled again. She stroked his balls, encouraging the final drops.  
  
Kelly dropped like a stone onto his chair. His face was bright red, his breathing fast and deep. For a moment Miranda worried that he was having an attack, he was so completely finished.  
  
"Sir?"  
  
The teacher opened a baleful eye and stared at her impassively.  
  
"Virgin, my arse."  
  
Miranda giggled girlishly.  
  
"I'm sorry, sir, I just needed your cock so badly."  
  
Kelly said: "well next time, just come in here and tell me to fuck you, don't make me get your bloody homework first."  
  
His breathing was normal now. Miranda thought he looked as though he might be interested in a second session.  
  
"You and bloody Ash."  
  
Miranda did her best to look cute.  
  
"Double detention."  
  
That night, the girls lay in their neighbouring beds. Miranda, despite having swallowed a bellyful of cum, had been hungry and gone straight to the buttery for a stolen supper.  
  
The lights in the dormitory were out, and all the other girls were asleep.  
  
Miranda said: "so you bought a dildo?"  
  
Helene laughed silently. "I had a late birthday cheque from my aunt, so I had a pass to go into town. And you know, there's a shop in Harbour Street..."  
  
Miranda commented: "didn't you feel weird going in there?"  
  
Helene said: "yes, I thought there would be a bunch of dirty old men there, but the man who runs it seemed quite nice. I told him it was for a joke, but I don't know if he believed me. Anyway, I got a dildo, and a vibrator, and this tiny little toy for your bottom, and a pair of these vibrating eggs... I don't really know what you use them for... Auntie thinks I bought a hockey stick..."  
  
She propped herself up on her bed, speaking with a low voice into the dark.  
  
"I really loved it when Michaels and Clarke were watching me... they were so turned on, they could hardly speak. I couldn't help thinking how much sexier it'd be if there were others... maybe even Nurse Bishop too, all watching me masturbate, all touching themselves... I don't know what's happened to me, I want it so badly..."  
  
She broke off.  
  
Miranda said, "hold on, I'm coming over."  
  
Helene heard a rustle of bedclothes, felt her girlfriend slip under her duvet. Miranda was completely naked, and her body was so warm. In the dark, Helene felt for her girlfriend's face, kissed her cheeks, the line of her chin, all the way around her mouth until she could bare it no longer. The girls kissed softly, their mouths open, their tongues touching and sliding and teasing.  
  
Helene felt Miranda's hand lifting her nightie and parted her legs in anticipation.  
  
Miranda spread her hands over Helene's hairless pussy, feeling the warmth from her cunt, parting the lips with her slender fingers. She wasn't surprised to find that her hand was already wet her juice, or that the clitoris was firm.  
  
Helene said: "taste me".  
  
Miranda lifted her hand and licked her wet fingers. Helene's cunt had a beautiful taste. Miranda felt up, ran her finger around Helene's face, her lips, feeling her girlfriend lick them clean.  
  
"I didn't mean that," Helene said, "I want your mouth on me."  
  
Miranda pouted.  
  
"Not fair," she said, in a sulky voice, "I want your mouth on me."  
  
"Same time?" Helene asked in a small voice, "shall we see if we can cum together."  
  
Miranda nodded happily. She lifted the duvet from their bodies, pulling Helene's nightie up her belly. Even in the dark, she knew exactly where her friend's body was.  
  
Miranda burrowed down under the duvet, kissing Helene's boobs, biting her stiff nipples, sliding over her tight belly, until she found Helene's parted legs, her sweet, wet slit. She lifted her leg over Helene's face, and lowered her moist cunt over the teenager's face, feeling Helene's blonde hair tickling the inside of her bare thighs.  
  
They had a little game: each would try to copy the other's movements to a fault. If Miranda held open Helene's pussy lips, and penetrated her with her tongue, then moments later she would feel her friend do the same to her. If Helene sucked her clitoris into he mouth, then she had to follow.  
  
It was a way of telling each other what they wanted, too.  
  
Miranda felt Helene's tongue pressing against her clit, spreading her pussy lips wide, travelling the full length, exploring her crevice, flicking against her ass hole. She gasped with the sudden pleasure and almost forgot her obligations.  
  
Miranda stopped tasting and tonguing Helene's hairless pussy, her aroused clit so hard against her mouth. She slid her tongue down over the hood, to the lips, held open by her hands. She swallowed a mouthful of juice, pushing Helene's cunt open with her tongue, exploring the depths.  
  
And then she carried on descending, pushing her head against the duvet, lifting Helene's ass from the bed with her hands. Past the end of her cunt, to the in-between skin, finally reaching the puckered muscle. Helene clenched and rocked, almost cumming with the exquisite pleasure. Miranda licked around the hole, teasing Helene with little strokes of her wet tongue that almost, but not quite, slid over her anus.  
  
She could feel the same warmth travelling through her body, this was almost like having sex with yourself.  
  
Helene reached up, pulling down on her friend's bum, forcing Miranda's pussy onto her tongue. Her clit was hard against her mouth, the lips warm and wet and open. She felt the schoolgirl exploring her ass with a finger, and responded by taking her clitoris in her mouth, rubbing it with her tongue, while pressing against the anus with her finger, letting it slip into the ring. She heard Miranda groan from under the duvet, felt her own clit being being engulfed in her mouth.  
  
They were both close to an orgasm now: Helene could feel Miranda's belly sweating against her own, skin sliding over skin, her thighs being tickled by the brunette's curly hair.  
  
She pulled, tugged, teased the perfumed bud between her lips, her finger now half a length in the Miranda's ass.  
  
The bliss that Helene felt growing inside her was incredible: she wanted to scream with pleasure, but to do so would break the rules - would wake the girls in the dorm. Instead, she buried her face in the schoolgirl's pussy, drinking down the juice, stimulating her clit, fingering her arse.  
  
Miranda started to rock against her, desperate for completion, for satisfaction. Helene knew that Miranda was having a tremendous orgasm: small groans of pleasure, barely audible from beneath the bedding were so sensuous, so sexy, that they would have made her climax by themselves alone.  
  
She pulled the girl closer, feeling the small triangle of Miranda's pubes scratching on her chin: it was as though a star had exploded in her body, the waves of pleasure bursting like waves in her belly.  
  
As she came, Helene let out a stifled gasp: the lights in the bedroom had come on, the duvet was being pulled away from their bodies. With the last strength she possessed, she pushed aside Miranda's arse, staring around her.  
  
The girls in the dorm were sat up, too, stretching, yawning, looking bewildered.  
  
At the foot of the bed stood the intimidating figure of Forsdyke, magenta with rage.  
  
"Out, now!" she shouted, "you are both of you expelled, immediately, this moment!"  
  
Helene stood to her feet, pulling her nightie down over her hips, still feeling the quivering pleasure in her cunt, but now mixed with distress, as tears pricked at her eyes.  
  
Miranda was sitting on the bed, wrapped in the duvet, looking shocked and as upset as she felt. She was blinking in the light.  
  
Forsdyke stood back.  
  
"You have five minutes to report to my office," she hissed, and strode from the dormitory.

**Schoolgirls of St. Cats 06**

Lisa Kwo sat on her bed in Cheshire House contemplating the bags that lay strewn around the two girl bedroom. Absentmindedly, she twisted her long thick black hair into plaits, finger-combing it out, before starting again.  
  
Despite being the same age as the eighteen year old Helene Ashe who'd been summarily deposited into her room, she only knew the blonde girl by reputation. And what a reputation! Up until a few months ago, Helene had been quiet and studious, keeping herself to herself - and then the stories of her exploits with her friend, Miranda Thomas, had started to circulate.  
  
Lisa felt somewhat giddy at the prospect of sharing her room with such a girl - supposed to have slept with many of the school staff, and not just the male members either - as well as most of the girls that had been sharing her dormitory...  
  
Whatever had had happened last night had obviously been too much for the school to ignore. Everyone knew that Miranda had just walked out the school gates before breakfast that day, her schoolgirl uniform left behind on her bed, and now here was Helene...   
  
Lisa and Helene had barely exchanged a word before the slim blonde had taken herself off to the showers. She'd been an awfully long time, Lisa thought.  
  
Her mind drifted away, and back onto the dreadful prospect that faced her tomorrow. A third viva with Ms Baker - and she absolutely had to pass this exam if St Cats was to enter her for the Oxbridge examination. Lisa didn't understand it, her family had moved from Japan three years ago, and by any measure, her command of English was perfect - but when it came to thinking quickly, marshalling her thoughts in the oral examination, her tongue turned to lead and her thoughts deserted her.  
  
The door opened, and Helene came in, blonde hair tousled and wet, wrapped in a white towel. She nodded at the Japanese girl, who looked deep in thought.  
  
"I'm Helene."  
  
They shook hands awkwardly.  
  
"I'm Lisa. I'm sorry about..."  
  
Helene smiled nervously.  
  
"Me too. What's everyone been saying?"  
  
Lisa looked around the room, anywhere except at the English girl's bright blue eyes. She'd heard the rumours, despite everyone concerned being sworn to silence, but she couldn't bring herself to say the shameful words.  
  
Helene made a face.  
  
"If it's as bad as that, they're probably right. "  
  
She swallowed hard.  
  
"OK. The truth. You need to know. I was in bed with Miranda, and Forsdyke came in and pulled the blankets off us and everyone saw what we were doing."  
  
Helene looked terribly upset.  
  
"Miranda would have been expelled, only she left before Forsdyke did it, I would have been too, only Byrne spoke up for me, said I had excellent prospects and just needed to get out from under Miranda's influence. He said I'd gone off the rails, the bastard."  
  
Lisa looked at her steadily from under her thick black fringe.  
  
"So they relented. With Miranda gone, they said I could stay, as long as I moved in with ..."  
  
She broke off.  
  
"With the other high-flyers. And worked hard."  
  
She looked at the oriental girl on the opposite bed.  
  
"I'm sorry, are you OK? I didn't stop to think. Is it terribly horrible, having to share your room with me?"  
  
Lisa tried to laugh.  
  
"It's not that. It's my viva retake tomorrow. I keep failing, I get so nervous."  
  
Miranda looked surprised.  
  
"Can't believe you haven't passed that already, everyone knows you're the brightest girl in the school."  
  
Lisa shrugged, feeling the shameful tears pricking at her eyes.  
  
Helene rushed across the room, the towel slipping from her shoulder, exposing her delicate pale skin. She wrapped her naked arm around the girl.  
  
Lisa felt dismayed, having this half-naked girl, with such a bad reputation on her bed felt very wrong. Helene's hand was stroking her hair.  
  
"There's no reason you shouldn't pass easily," the girl was saying, "do you take a friend in with you?"  
  
Lisa shook her head. There was no stopping the tears now.  
  
"I lied," she was saying, "I told my parents I had passed, I couldn't bring myself to tell them I had failed, how could I, after all this time... my family..."  
  
She dried her tears, trying to be brave.  
  
"No, I don't take a friend. I don't really have a friend to take."  
  
Helene squeezed her.  
  
"Look, I know we've only just met, but we both need a friend now. Take me, maybe it'll help. Who's taking the viva anyway, is it Kelly by any chance?"  
  
Lisa shook her head.  
  
"No, he took my first. It's Baker this time. I don't really know her."  
  
"Let me come with you. It sounds like you need a friend."  
  
The next morning, the girls got dressed in their school uniforms. White blouses, dark blue pinafore dresses that came down to their knees. Thick black stockings, pulled up over their knees. Helene looked ruefully at her unworn sensible flat shoes.  
  
"I thought I'd seen the end of having to dress like a little girl," she said, plaiting her long blonde hair into a tidy French plait. She looked over at Lisa, her hands shaking as she tried organizing her hair into a pair of pigtails.  
  
"Let me do that."  
  
Helene sat on Lisa's bed, her legs either side of the girl's boyish body, pulling her hair straight, deftly twisting the Japanese girl's hair into thick black strands. For the first time in ages, Lisa felt herself relax, comforted by the shared intimacy of the other girl's body. She tried not to think of the images she had in her mind: of Helene and Miranda, sweaty, aroused, entwined around each other's naked bodies, their faces in each others... she forced herself to not think about it, Lisa tried not to acknowledge the shameful excitement of the forbidden that was swelling in her body.  
  
The two girls stood outside Ms Baker's office, waiting for the clip-clop of high heels that would announce the teacher's presence. Helene thought she'd never seen such a completely groomed teacher before: always immaculate in a severe jacket and skirt, towering high heels, black stockings with that perfectly straight black seam rising up the back of her calves. Not a hair out of place, make-up artfully applied, the very thought of her made Helene feel shabby and ungroomed. Almost unconsciously, she bent down, pulling up her stocking tops beneath her dress.  
  
"Come."  
  
"The voice of doom!" Helene said under her breath, relieved to see a brief smile flash across Lisa's usually emotionless face.  
  
Ms Catherine Baker was sitting behind the large wooden desk, empty of everything except a notepad and a pen.  
  
"Miss Kwo," she said, glancing up, "and with Miss Ashe today, as well. Nice to see you've bonded so quickly."  
  
She glanced down at her notepad.  
  
"Well, no point in waiting, we might as well dive in. Helene, if you could sit to Lisa's right so I can be sure you're not helping her, we'll start. English Literature, first, Lisa, please summarize the story of Shakespeare's Henry VIII, we'll start there and move into history."  
  
Helene looked at her room-mate, expecting her to jump smoothly into an answer, but instead Lisa had frozen. Her mind had obviously gone completely blank.  
  
The teacher sat silently, her red lips pressed firmly together.  
  
"Perhaps you could start with the main characters? You do know this play, don't you, we went to see it at Stratford in the autumn."  
  
Lisa started to talk: her mouth was dry, and the thoughts unorganized. After a few minutes, Ms Baker raised her hand.  
  
"Perhaps you need to, " she searched for the right word, "unwind, relax a little?"  
  
"That's what I said she needed to do," said Helene.  
  
A glimmer of a smile crossed the teacher's immaculate face.  
  
"I'm sure your idea of unwinding is very different from Ms Kwo's. Not every girl here in St Cats uses sex as a panacea for all ills."  
  
Helene felt her cheeks flushing: "that's not fair, miss," she started.  
  
Catherine Baker turned to her.  
  
"Don't come the little Miss Innocent with me, Ashe. There's not a teacher or student here who doesn't know pretty much everything and everyone you've done. I'm probably one of the few people here who hasn't had you one way or another."  
  
A flash of anger rose in Helene's head.  
  
"I haven't left yet."  
  
Ms Baker regarded her thoughtfully.  
  
"Is that a threat or a promise? There are teachers here who'd have you over that desk and be spanking that pert little bottom of yours for less."  
  
The teacher glanced at her watch.  
  
"Well. I think I'm going to get a cup of tea and leave you two to talk it over."  
  
She swept out of the room, leaving the two girls alone.  
  
"It's a pity she's not Kelly," said Helene.  
  
Lisa looked confused.  
  
"But he's so horrible!"  
  
Helene smiled.  
  
"Oh I know, but I can usually twist him around my little finger."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, let's just say that Mr Kelly has certain weaknesses. I'm sure if I unzipped that huge cock of his, he'd be putty in my hands."  
  
She laughed.  
  
"A great big thick throbbing tube of putty!"  
  
Lisa said: "he'd never pass me though, not for that!"  
  
"Of course he would. It's not like you're not terrifically clever, you'll do just fine in the Oxbridge examination, this is just a formality. Ms Baker could pass you and no-one would blink an eye."  
  
"Do you think..."  
  
Lisa broke off.  
  
"Is she like Kelly? Is there a way..."  
  
Helene shook her head.  
  
"I really don't know. All I do know is if I start anything, she'll have me down in front of Forsdyke in a second."  
  
The door opened, and Ms Baker re-entered the room.  
  
"So, have you managed to relax?"  
  
She looked at the two girls.  
  
"Perhaps I should have given you longer, given Ms Ashe the chance to work her magic on you, Miss Kwo?"  
  
Lisa felt herself blush. She stared at the floor.  
  
The teacher looked at her wryly.  
  
"You can't be the one girl at the school who doesn't spend her evenings in bed with the other girls? Please don't tell me St Cats still has a virgin, an eighteen-year-old virgin?"  
  
Lisa refused to raise her eyes: she'd die if anyone saw the tears beginning to form in her eyes.  
  
"Not even a grope after dark?"  
  
Lisa shook her head.  
  
"No wonder you're tense, I can't imagine how you manage to do anything."  
  
Ms Baker's voice softened.  
  
"Really, Lisa, I do think that you should try to... experiment a little. I'm sure Miss Ashe here would help you adjust to life in a girl's dormitory."  
  
Lisa's voice shook.  
  
"How do you mean, miss?"  
  
"Well."  
  
Ms Baker paused.  
  
"One's first time - with a man or a woman - is bound to be difficult. I'm just saying that Ashe here is notorious for having sex just for the sake of it..."  
  
Helene interrupted.  
  
"Of course, I would help Lisa, Ms Baker."  
  
Catherine Baker regarded the school girl impassively.  
  
"And where would you recommend she started? Being touched? Licking?"  
  
Helene shook her head.  
  
"Looking, definitely looking. Then touching."  
  
The teacher smiled.  
  
"I'll show you mine if you show me yours?"  
  
Helene nodded her head.  
  
"Would you mind if...?"  
  
"Please, don't mind me."  
  
Helene stood up.  
  
"Will Lisa pass her exam?"  
  
Catherine Baker laughed.  
  
"Well, it is an oral examination, and there's no particular syllabus, so I'd say - yes - if she passes this, she could pass anything."  
  
Lisa lifted her head up and looked at Helene and the teacher.  
  
"I'd do anything to pass."  
  
"That's the spirit. Helene, you were about to start, I think."  
  
Helene stood in front of the woman and the teacher.  
  
"I can't believe I'm doing this again," she thought, sliding her hands down her thighs to the bottom of her dress, finding the hem and pulling it up, over her legs, her waist and finally tugging the uniform over her head.  
  
The teacher cleared her throat.  
  
"Miss Kwo. Perhaps you can describe your friend's nearly naked appearance?"  
  
Lisa spoke quietly.  
  
"Helene is wearing school shoes, a simple white bra, plain white cotton underwear and black school stockings..."  
  
The teacher interrupted her.  
  
"Her body, Ms Kwo, what does she look like?"  
  
Lisa flushed.  
  
"I'm sorry miss. Helene has pale skin, blonde hair in a French plait. Blue eyes. She isn't thin, but she's finely-boned. Her breasts..."  
  
Lisa swallowed.  
  
"Her breasts are not large. Her waist is slim, her bottom is pleasantly rounded. I think her legs are her best features."  
  
"Touch her."  
  
Lisa's eyes rounded. Ms Baker raised her eyebrows quizzically.  
  
Lisa stood, moving around Helene's standing body. As if she was electric, Lisa stretched out a cautious hand, having to dare herself to touch the girl's stomach.  
  
"Tell me?"  
  
Lisa's mouth was dry.  
  
"Her skin is smooth, like silk or velvet."  
  
"Further up."  
  
Obediently, Lisa raised her hands to Helene's shoulders.  
  
"Not that high, Kwo. The breasts. Cup the breasts. Both hands, from behind."  
  
Helene felt the Japanese girl's clothed body behind her, the stiff dress material grazing her naked back. Two uncertain hands cupping her small breasts beneath the white cotton bra. Helene remembered Miranda doing the same, her hands sliding further down, lifting the edge of her underwear. The teenager trembled at the memory.  
  
Behind the desk, the teacher shifted position.  
  
"What is happening now?"  
  
"Hers nipples are changing."  
  
"How so?"  
  
Lisa's voice was croaking with nerves.  
  
"They are stiffening now, I can feel them against my hands."  
  
"Excellent. Now, back down the waist, and don't stop this time."  
  
Lisa Kwo ran her hands slowly down Helene's waist, to her hips, feeling the white cotton knickers under her palms.  
  
"Stop there, and spread your fingers out. Let yourself feel the curve of the girl's body down towards her pubes."  
  
Helene lent back against Lisa's body, her eyes fluttering beneath her eyelids as she felt the other girl reluctantly stretch her fingers towards her throbbing pussy.  
  
"You should let your thumbs go under the elastic. Tease her. Then follow with your fingers."  
  
Helene felt the girl stiffen.  
  
"Miss?"  
  
"Or would you rather go back to Henry VIII?"  
  
"No miss."  
  
"Then you'll do what I say. Now. Slide your hands under Ashe's knickers. Let them meet between her legs and tell me what you feel."  
  
Helene thought she was going to die. Lisa's hands were barely touching her skin, she knew the girl was desperately trying not to make contact with her pussy.  
  
"Touch me," she whispered urgently in Lisa's ear, "feel me, please."  
  
There was a sudden change in the girl's body: Lisa's hands almost grabbed Helene's pussy beneath the straining material.  
  
The teacher tapped her pencil on the desk.  
  
"What signs might you look for to determine if a girl is aroused or not?"  
  
Lisa could feel the warmth, the wetness beneath her fingers, but she couldn't bring herself to utter the words.  
  
"Ashe? What should Kwo be able feel now?"  
  
Helene sighed inaudibly.  
  
"Heat. Moisture. My clit will be stiffening. My lips, my pussy lips will be swollen..."  
  
"Correct. Would you say that Miss Kwo has turned you on?"  
  
Helene shuddered with pleasure.  
  
"Yes miss."  
  
"Good. Miss Kwo, you can easily verify this by tasting Helene's pussy juice. If you would be so good as to slip one of your fingers into Miss Ashe - yes, that's right, as deep you you like."  
  
Lisa turned her head away, trying to clear her mind, make her fingers obey the teacher's instructions. Helene groaned, feeling the Japanese girl's fingers parting her pussy lips, a finger sliding between, as far as the knuckle.  
  
Lisa spoke, matter-of-fact: "it's very warm, Ms Baker."  
  
"That's right, Lisa. You did that: you made her wet and slippy. Congratulations. Now let Miss Ashe lick your finger and we'll see if she agrees."  
  
Helene moaned slightly as Lisa withdrew her finger, lifting it up to her face. She smiled, the girl looked so nervous, her finger was shaking. Helene held her hand, waiting for the glistening finger to extend, and licked deliberately along its length. The taste was rich and immediately she knew she needed more.  
  
"Now you, Miss Kwo. This is just a start, but you may as well get used to it now."  
  
Lisa extended her pink tongue, the tip of it just reaching past her lips.  
  
"Don't beat about the bush, girl. Shove it in there."  
  
Lisa's eyes opened in alarm.  
  
The teacher sighed.  
  
"If you want to pass, you'll do what I tell you. And more, too. Now lick your finger and taste Helene right now."  
  
Helene watched as Lisa closed her eyes and reluctantly took the finger into her mouth as if it were poison. Then her eyes opened again, and the barest hint of a smile crossed her mouth.  
  
"It's a pleasant taste, is it not?" said Ms Baker, "Everyone is different, but there's not much to beat a nice wet pussy. Right."  
  
She looked at her watch.  
  
"Moving on. Ashe, if you could step out of those knickers and sit on the desk. Legs apart, we both need to have a good look now."  
  
Helene started to slip out of her thick stockings.  
  
"No, no, leave those on. We haven't got all day."  
  
Helene obliged, kicking her pants off her feet, sitting on the hard wooden desk, spreading her legs wide. Catherine Baker stood up and walked around the desk.  
  
"Right. Lisa. What's the first thing you notice?"  
  
Lisa stared at Helene's naked body, the puffy pink lips, the raised mound of her clit.  
  
"Come on, come on. "  
  
"I don't know, miss."  
  
"Pubes. Or rather the lack of them. Ms Ashe keeps herself as smooth as a little girl. "  
  
She looked at Helene.  
  
"Girlfriend prefer it that way? Each to their own, I suppose. Mine likes me to keep trim, but nothing more. Not that she's ever expressed a preference."  
  
"Your girlfriend, miss?"  
  
Catherine Baker smiled.  
  
"Of course. Never really fancied men, personally."  
  
She turned to Helene.  
  
"So do you wax?"  
  
Helene shook her head.  
  
"I don't really have any pubes miss, they're very fine, and blonde. I have a little shave when I shower."  
  
"And you, Miss Kwo?"  
  
Lisa flushed red.  
  
"I..."  
  
The teacher raised her hand.  
  
"Don't bother. We'll find out soon enough, no doubt. So, where were we... right, Miss Ashe has no pubes, so she'll be nice and smooth. This area here," she said, pointing, "is the clitoris, which as you can see is nice and prominent. The lips are, as Miss Ashe said, extended, and you can see clear signs of moisture. Now. Oral sex."  
  
Lisa took a half step back.  
  
"Come on girl, it's not as bad as all that. We've all done it at some stage, and ... what did you think of the taste?"  
  
Lisa tried to find the words.  
  
"I liked it," she whispered.  
  
Miss Baker pursed her lipsticked mouth.  
  
"You liked it. Of course you did. Well, you're going to taste some more now."  
  
The teacher turned to Helene.  
  
"Lean back a little, I want to make sure there's no cheating. If you can use one hand to hold Ms Kwo's pigtails back, that would be useful. Right, Lisa. You'll need to squat in front of Ashe for this. I want you to start with kissing the top of her thighs, each side, then lick the skin up towards her pussy, but I don't want you to make contact yet.  
  
Lisa parted her legs, squatting in front of the desk, trying to ignore the excited tingle in her belly. Her mouth was so close to Helene's pussy now, she could smell the strange scent of the excited teenager. All her instincts were screaming at her to take the girl in her mouth, to suck and lick and drink her down.  
  
"Kissing first, then licking. We take our time, remember."  
  
Lisa nodded, and leaning forward, licked Helene's thigh, just above her stocking top. She could almost feel Helene's skin tingle in response, and then the Japanese girl ran her tongue up towards the eagerly waiting pussy.  
  
"You might like to lick her around her clitoris, then down again."  
  
Ms Baker's voice sounded dry with excitement. Lisa followed her instructions.  
  
An image of her parents watching her came into her mind, and the thrill of naughtiness, the excitement of the forbidden pleasures redoubled the aching between her legs.  
  
"Now, Lisa, you may lick along the edge of Helene's pussy lips now. But no further. Just to give her a sense of what she can expect."

Lisa felt the delicate flesh beneath her tongue, the softly puckered labia, the animal scent of the schoolgirl's excitement filling her nose.  
  
"A very nice job. Well done. "  
  
Helene looked down at the girl's face between her legs: her narrow eyes, her olive skin, Lisa's thick black fringe almost obscuring the view of her mouth against her pussy. She groaned as the girl's tongue grazed her clitoris, dropping Lisa's pigtails in the effort to not collapse onto the desk.  
  
The teacher sighed.  
  
"I'll do that, shall I?"  
  
She stood behind the Japanese girl, gathering the pigtails in one hand, and stroking the black fringe away from her eyes.  
  
"I need to see this anyway. No cheating here."  
  
She looked at Helene.  
  
"Frankly, I think Miss Ashe will cum - orgasm - very quickly, wouldn't you agree, Helene?"  
  
Helene could only nod.  
  
"Yes please," she moaned.  
  
"Now, when you want to make a girl cum, Miss Kwo, you should slide your tongue between the pussy lips, even penetrate her if you wish, as if your tongue was a cock. You need to use your imagination, but basically you can lick with the whole of your tongue, or the tip, you can suck the lips into your mouth, you can flick, lick and suck the clitoris.... oh..."  
  
The teacher looked down. Lisa had opened her mouth as wide as possible, taking in the whole of Helene's pussy - the lips, the clitoris, everything - and Ms Baker could tell from the Japanese girl's cheeks that her tongue was working hard, licking and flicking and teasing.  
  
Helene could stand it no longer, she lent back, closed her eyes and let the orgasm surge through her body. Her hips rocked on the table, desperate to control her movements, to let that beautiful oriental girl carry on whatever it was that she was doing. Helene moaned, groaned, "oh god," she said, "Lisa..."  
  
The Japanese girl was urgently trying to control her feelings, the wetness of Helene's pussy was flooding her mouth: she had no choice but to swallow mouthfuls of juice in her effort to maintain the orgasm. From beneath her, she could feel her dress being lifted, firm fingers pulling aside her underwear. She tensed feeling the teacher's fingers parting her own pussy lips - a finger, or was it two? - sliding deep inside her. The pressure was almost unbearable: Lisa's mouth was over Helene's clit, firm and erect inside her, her tongue flicking as fast as possible against the throbbing - and a teacher's fingers, an old woman was exploring her own soaking pussy.  
  
"Stop now."  
  
Ms Baker's voice was close to croaking.  
  
"It's considered polite to kiss now. Speaking personally, I love to taste my own excitement on my girlfriend's mouth. "  
  
Lisa was shaking: her legs were giving way beneath her. Almost crying with frustration, she stood up again, leaning against the English girl's naked body, her school uniform pressing against the smooth, wet pussy, Helene's legs wrapped around her body.  
  
They found each other's mouths - gently at first, tentatively, then their mouths opening wider. Their tongue met, sliding on Helene's pussy juice that was smeared across Lisa's teenage face. They kissed with abandon, Lisa willing Helene to reach out, lift her dress, touch her, lick her.  
  
Catherine Baker coughed.  
  
"Enough. You both have a class to go to. Miss Kwo, I am pleased to say you've passed the English Literature stage of the exam."  
  
She glanced at her watch.  
  
"The history portion will be this afternoon. Two-thirty in this office. You're both excused games. Lisa, I want you to remember this lesson. I shall expect you to be able to show me what you've learned this afternoon."