

A Dirty Little Girl

(Fg, scat)

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Melanie Hayes was a ten year-old girl not concerned with normal ten year-old girl things.

She knew people thought she was pretty. She had dark, fine hair that fell to the middle of her back. Her eyes were large and dark brown, with long lashes; often passersby paused and stared and commented to their companions about what a gorgeous woman she'd be someday. Her bones were fine and long, preparing her body for height and delicacy. Being ten, her legs were a lot longer than her torso, so she walked a little awkwardly, and many middle-aged men couldn't help but stare. Her breasts were just puffy buds, and she didn't even wear a training bra yet, although her mother had suggested nervously once that perhaps she should. It was mysterious and odd to her, the way people treated her because of how she looked. And if she had been any other girl, she'd have long ago learned how to use that to her own advantage.

Melanie, however, wasn't really aware of all those things. Not the way her parents were. Not the way her teachers or her friends were. Others looked at her and saw a budding beauty, sensitive and shy and needing to be nurtured and protected. Melanie looked at herself and saw a dirty little girl.

She was raised in a loving home by very religious parents. They were not severe at all, just dedicated to a pure and holy way of life. Happiness and security was the order of the day for Melanie. She was raised as correctly as any ideal parental situation could hope to produce. But it didn't help. It didn't stop her from doing nasty things. What was so wrong with her that she could be brought up in such a nice home with such sweet, loving parents, yet she could still be so sick inside? So perverted!

With guilty, twisted pleasure, Melanie had to admit it to herself: she loved to play with her shit.

Melanie always produced very firm-to-hard medium-sized turds, and she had to work very hard to push them out. Often she had to push fingers into her vagina to nudge at the poop from a better angle. Sometimes she would simply reach straight up into her ass and dig those nuggets right out.

Being a child, Melanie was extremely ashamed of her bad little habit. At the same time, though, she was also extremely excited by it. She took to obsessively washing her hands with her father's Lava soap in the garage. Old color pictures of her show her hands to almost always be the brightest shade of scrubbed-pink. Shit, of course, stinks. Really, really, stinks. It is an odor that seeps into the skin and stays there for quite some time after the shit itself has been cleaned away. And Melanie secretly, joyously, sniffed her fingers and hands as often as she could.

At age nine, Melanie began shitting her panties at school and throwing them into the trash can, vaguely--in her own prepubescent way--getting off on the idea that others would be smelling her shit in the school bathroom for days to come. Her usual routine was to go to lunch, let it combine with breakfast inside her for a nice big chunk, then she'd be excused from class late in the day to crap it all out into her panties while she stood, half-crouched, in a locked stall under the tiny frosted bathroom window. She loved to hear the younger kids playing at recess outside while she loaded her panties full of shit. She imagined some of them did what she did, and that made her dizzy with urges she couldn't satisfy, but loved to feel, nonetheless.

Melanie's panties-messing happened only a few times a month, so her regularly absent panties from the laundry basket wouldn't become too noticeable. Her family lived very close to a K-Mart, and that was back in the days when a girl could walk around her neighborhood alone, so Melanie went up there often and spent her allowance on lot of new panties. Eventually she would buy boys' underwear instead of girls', because it held the shit against her ass so much better, and for those few minutes in the bathroom stall that she would squish it around and listen to it crackle and squirt, it was so much more satisfying to know that she was doing it all in a boys' pair of white cotton briefs.

The end of school was always only a half-hour or so away when Melanie would return from her weekly bathroom shit. She tried to do it only on a Friday, because the other kids were often more excited then and less likely to be concentrating on trying to find the source of a strange poopy-smell. However, Melanie's fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Jamie Reeves, did smell something. She pulled Melanie aside after school one day.

"You and I need to have a chat," said Mrs. Reeves, settling into a student's desk beside Melanie. The girl was surprised her teacher could fit, but then she noticed for the first time how slender and petite Mrs. Reeves really was. Being tall, Mrs. Reeves gave the much smaller Melanie the impression that she was a giant in every way. But that just wasn't true. Looking at her now, Melanie could see that her teacher

was a very attractive, shapely woman.

The friends Melanie always walked home with were waiting for her outside the open classroom door, in shock and amazement, since Melanie was a model student and never got into any trouble. Melanie herself was very alarmed as well, and completely embarrassed that her friends were watching her. With an impatient flurry of her hands, Melanie sent them grumbling away.

"I'm glad we'll be alone for this little talk, because there's some things that you might not want other people to hear." Mrs. Reeves held Melanie's gaze for a long time before looking away and clearing her throat. Melanie was terrified, but sat very still.

"You don't--um--wipe yourself very well, my dear," murmured Mrs. Reeves in a low and gentle voice. She leaned toward Melanie and gave her a very small, very sympathetic, pitying smile. "Your bottom is dirty sometimes, and I can smell it."

Melanie didn't know what to say. She was sweating heavily under her clothes, and her bare bottom inside her skirt suddenly felt extremely naked. Her habit was to wipe with her bare hands until her bottom was dry. It left wonderful streaks that she would scrape off later and taste, thin little flakes that melted on her tongue before bath time. Now she sensed almost painfully that those smelly brown streaks were all but burning into her skin, sending clear signals to Mrs. Reeves that she was a very dirty girl.

Mrs. Reeves sat quietly watching Melanie squirm. Melanie in return tried to act casual, and eventually she shrugged and looked toward the open classroom door. In the distance down the hallway she could hear the janitor whistling. The streaks, as they sometimes did when she got hot, began to severely itch her narrow ass. More than anything, Melanie wanted to run home, tear off all her clothes, and jump into a cool bathtub.

"Let me show you something." From her lap Mrs. Reeves brought up her checkbook calendar. Opening it flat on the desktop, she motioned Melanie to lean over and look.

"Look at these marks here," Mrs. Reeves said, pointing at certain Fridays in each month, where a little black X had been written in the day's square. Melanie's stomach clenched as she stared at the X's. She was caught. Mrs. Reeves was looking at her, but Melanie didn't return the look. She remained staring down at the calendar, rigid with terror.

"Melanie, I should tell you that all year I've been smelling a dirty bottom, ever since the first week of school." She turned the calendar back to August. "It wasn't until the next month that I realized there was a pattern to when I smelled that dirtiness, so I began to keep track of it. By December I was definitely expecting the pattern to continue," she flipped through the months to show Melanie the X every two-to-three weeks, almost always on a Friday, "so then my next task was trying to discover whose dirty little bottom it was."

Melanie, in looking down at the calendar, began to notice more in her field of vision than she first realized. Out of the corner of her eye, just beneath the edge of the desk, was Mrs. Reeve's lap. Her legs were not crossed at all, not even at the ankles, and one of her hands fell to rest in her lap while the other continued to flip about the calendar. Melanie strained to pick it up on the edge of her vision, but she thought she could see Mrs. Reeves hand moving a little. The heel of her hand pressed down between her thighs.

Something warm seemed to burst inside Melanie's head, right behind her eyes, as her shock consumed her. A huge sob shook her body, and suddenly she was on her feet running toward the door, out into the hallway. Old Mr. Jones, the pleasant janitor, was sweeping the floor and stopped to watch her approach. Melanie didn't know what to say, so she only continued running. Before she knew it, she was out on the sidewalk, sprinting home, sobbing. It was absolutely the worst day of her life.

Then the next Friday was the best.

* * *

All the next week Melanie faked being sick in order to stay home. The doctor said she was "at that age" when strange things in her body might make her want to lie low for a while. He told her mother not to worry and gave them both a lollipop. At home, Melanie refrained from playing with her poop at all, and she gathered up all of her boys' underwear, walked down the street to a neighbor's trash can, and threw them away. She would be a good girl from now on.

On Friday, Mrs. Reeves came to Melanie's house and took her out for dinner and a movie. During the week, the teacher had called Melanie's mother and expressed great concern over her daughter's health. Mrs. Stuart had confided that the problems might be relating to pre-pubescent "developments", and she at a loss as to how to handle it. Mrs. Reeves then volunteered to come by and take Melanie out for a pleasant evening and a little gentle advice. It was, after all, what a teacher lived for--to help shape a child's life.

When Melanie heard her teacher's voice at the front door, her throat instantly went dry. It became hard to breathe, and she ran into her bedroom and locked the door. She could hear her parents and her teacher talking pleasantly for several minutes as Melanie sat on her bed, knees drawn up rocking slowly back and forth. Tears were streaming down her face. As the voices drew closer, and the knob on her door was jiggled in surprise, Melanie knew her life was over.

"You see, this is what we're afraid of," muttered her mother. "This sort of strange stuff was going to happen sooner or later, we knew, but we just wish it was later. The teenage years will be so much harder on us if she has to start them when she's ten!" With that, Melanie dutifully

got up to unlock the door and show the cruel adults her pink tear-stained face. If they only knew what her real problem was! She was a dirty shit-loving thing! An animal! And her teacher knew it, and it made her touch herself!

"Ah, oh dear," whispered her mother, taking Melanie gently into her arms. One hand wiped at the tears while the other smoothed the little girl's hair. "This is just what we've been talking about."

"Well, don't worry," smiled Mrs. Reeves, bending over slightly to run her own long hand through Melanie's dark hair. "Every girl goes through something like this sooner or later." Melanie dared to look up at her teacher then. Something in the woman's voice had sounded... nice. Very gentle and honest and real. A loving voice. Melanie searched her teacher's face and saw nothing but kindness, and her hand on her hair felt very good. She closed her eyes and sobbed one last time.

"All right, Melanie," said her dad. "Mrs. Reeves was worried about you, so she came by to take you out for a nice little evening. OK? Have fun!" And with that, Melanie was out the door and down the walk to the car, holding Mrs. Reeves' hand. She felt like a kindergartner, but she didn't let go. Part of her was afraid, and part of her was not.

In the car, slowly winding away down the road toward a pizza place, Mrs. Reeves didn't say a word about the poop smell or the calendar or Melanie's panicked flight from the school. They talked about nothing important, but it was a pleasant sort of nothing, and Melanie began to relax. She hadn't felt like eating much all week, so she was famished. With Mrs. Reeves encouragement, Melanie ate nearly an entire pizza all by herself, and the two of them took a long, comfortable time to finish eating. Melanie did worry a little about how gassy pizza always made her, but she tried telling herself that Mrs. Reeves wasn't as mean as she thought. It would be OK. Melanie just hoped--as she finished of yet another thick, cheesy piece--that the inevitable large poops that pizza gave her could hold off until she got back home. The last thing she wanted to do in her awkward situation was to do that around the woman who knew her secret!

But Mrs. Reeves seemed completely at ease, not caring in the least that the girl sitting across from her was a little shit lover. By the time they finished dinner, Melanie was giggling over typical girl-stuff, as Mrs. Reeves proved adept at being able to relate perfectly to what went on inside a youngster's head. It was clear why she was such a good teacher.

On the way to the movie, Mrs. Reeves brought up the smell. Melanie was ready to talk about it this time. She sat on her side of the car watching the streetlights zip by, and she lightly knotted and unknotted her hands in her lap. She was very conscious of her rectum and the heaviness that was already beginning to build from dinner. Her anus itched just a little.

"Melanie, I understand why you ran away last week," said Mrs. Reeves very gently. "But you don't have to be afraid." They had come to a

stoplight, and Mrs. Reeves looked over at Melanie, then reached over and cupped her chin in her long fingers. "You don't have to be ashamed, dear."

They drove on in silence for another mile before Melanie spoke.

"I don't know why I'm so dirty," she said in a small voice. She stared at the dashboard and waited.

Mrs. Reeves chuckled, "Hey, it's OK. It's a natural part of your body. It's there and you can't help it."

"But it's wrong to leave myself dirty," stammered Melanie, confused.

"It's wrong to do in school," corrected Mrs. Reeves, "when you're around other people. But when you're alone, that's your business. In private you can do with your body whatever you want to do."

Melanie struggled with what she was hearing. "Really?" she whispered. "Anything?"

"It's just YOU," Mrs. Reeves emphasized. "Who else should ever know what you do with your body? Unless you want them to know, that is."

Melanie stared at the dashboard as a warm flush ran straight down her body to her crotch. That night, for the first time in her life, she would have a full-blown orgasm. Her body was getting her ready for it. She turned to her teacher and frowned. "But God will always know, right?"

Mrs. Reeves instantly nodded. "Right." Then she looked deeply into Melanie's eyes. "But remember, He's the one who GAVE you that shit to play with."

Boom! As if echoes hammered inside her head, Melanie struggled to believe she'd heard correctly. At the same time, the warm flush ran deeper, and Melanie distinctly felt something begin to ooze out of her pussy. It tickled, and she wanted to reach into her panties and smear it around.

Understanding Melanie's shocked silence, Mrs. Reeves continued. "There is no law of God's against loving your own poop, my dear. It's perfectly OK. You've just got to trust me on this."

The light changed.

* * *

When they got to the movie theater, the show they wanted to see was already fifteen minutes gone by. They'd taken too long at the pizza place! Melanie stood near the ticket window with her teacher, wondering what they were going to do, when Mrs. Reeves softly said, "You know, Melanie, we could just go back to my house and watch a movie. I've got a lot of DVDs you might like."

Melanie blushed and looked down at her shoes. The thought of seeing the inside of her teacher's house was an unspeakable thrill to her,

although she had no idea why. It was bizarre to even think that Mrs. Reeves slept or ate or watched movies or did any of the normal things that she did. Teachers weren't supposed to be real people, right?

But Melanie's world was expanding that night. Her teacher had comforted her about her deepest, most depraved problem. She had filled her up with the food that was Melanie's favorite--and the most likely to make her problem come back, and soon. Her teacher had not decided to give up on their special night just because they'd missed the movie. Instead, she was giving Melanie the rare chance for the student to see the teacher in private life, in her home. It was a marvelous rush! Melanie didn't recognize the feeling, but it was there, and getting stronger: she was falling in love with Mrs. Reeves.

"OK," the girl said. "I'd like that." Carefully, tenderly, Mrs. Reeves reached out and took Melanie's slender hand in hers. They walked back to the car like that, the teacher's fingers lightly caressing the student's. Melanie had never felt so warm and so special in her entire life.

* * *

Mrs. Reeves' house was just three blocks away from Melanie's--she could walk there anytime, her teacher said! By the time they reached it, though, Melanie was desperately worried about her dinner. It wanted to come out. Great big heavy bunches of it. Her bottom was full and weighted down. It was awkward to sit in the car seat, and it was worse to walk.

Then, just before turning onto Mrs. Reeves' street, Melanie let out her first fart. She was mortified, but she couldn't hold it in any longer. There wasn't a danger of shitting herself, either--this time it would be very solid, she could tell--so the fart was merely a decision she had to make in order to relieve some of the pain that was building up. Her narrow ass made a froggy squawk, and she shifted nervously and looked hard out the window.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, tears in her eyes.

She heard Mrs. Reeves inhale slowly, then exhale, then breathe again. "It's OK, Melanie," she said, and Melanie felt her teacher's hand pat her on the thigh, then stay there, the thumb rubbing gently up and down, just above her knee. "I know you couldn't help it, and I don't mind the smell."

Melanie was much relieved to hear that, and the hand on her leg helped her spirits to improve, too. A teacher who thought she was filthy and terrible wouldn't have held her hand and touched her leg so gently, right? Mrs. Reeves must like her despite all that! Melanie's tears really did come, then, but more from relief and happiness than anything else. She wiped her face quickly and turned to give the woman a quick, "thank you" kind of smile. She suddenly farted again.

This time they both looked at each other and burst into laughter. And the more Melanie laughed, the more she farted. The car began to smell wonderfully noxious, and Melanie guiltily laughed on and breathed as deeply as she could.

"I guess you ate too much pizza, young lady!" Mrs. Reeves chuckled. She squeezed Melanie's knee affectionately, then moved her hand up to pat the girl lightly on her tummy. Melanie choked on a last guffaw, and looked down at the well-manicured fingers rubbing her abdomen, right where the seat belt was pushing. "You must be getting pretty full and crampy down here, eh?"

It was more than true. Melanie was stunned by how honest her teacher was, how comfortable she was talking about such intimate, dirty things. Was this normal for other girls and their mothers? Was this how all kids learned about these natural things their bodies did? Moms who laughed and touched and spoke openly about it? Her mom had never and would never do such a thing, that was for sure. But maybe that was the wrong way... maybe Mrs. Reeves was giving her the kind of attention and affection that all the other girls in the world really got in their homes, so they could know the right way to grow up, the right way to think and act.

Melanie put her hand over her teacher's and held it there, massaging her cramps. Maybe Mrs. Reeves was right in what she'd said before, but Melanie was still too locked in her own weird world to truly believe it: things like shit weren't as bad and as dirty as she'd thought; it was part of God's plan for her body, and she shouldn't be so hard on herself for liking it. Everybody had to shit, after all, so it was as common and as normal as putting on clothes or brushing hair. Why should she worry about it so much?

Soon they were in Mrs. Reeves' driveway, and she was unbuckling Melanie's seatbelt for her as the girl struggled to get out and stumble toward her teacher's back door. The garage was free-standing, behind the house, and Mrs. Reeves led them into her home through the kitchen door. Melanie had perhaps taken twenty steps from the car to the middle of the kitchen when her body decided it had to poop immediately.

No more farts, no more cramps that could wait. It had to come out. Her rectum felt as if an entire bowling ball were hanging low inside, pushing down hard on her agonized sphincter. A shuddering wave of clenching spasms wracked her lower body as she fought the natural urge to just let go.

Of course, instantly Melanie was in tears again, desperate to find the right way to go to get to a bathroom. At the same time, though, she was terrified that one more step would bring it all right out of her, no matter how hard she'd try to stop it. What am I going to do? Melanie's mind cowered in the face of all her fears. Oh, God, please help me!

Mrs. Reeves, who followed her in, stepped past her until she was standing in front of the girl. The kitchen table was beside them, and

the teacher dropped her purse and keys on it. Her eyes, watching Melanie's paralyzed terror and humiliation, were soft and sympathetic.

"Can't take another step, can you?" she asked gently. She reached up and smoothed the tears from Melanie's cheeks. Her touch was so nice! Next she pushed back some of Melanie's dark hair, which had fallen across her face. Tucking the hair behind her ears for her, Mrs. Reeves calmly said, "It's OK. I understand if you can't make it to the bathroom."

Melanie, despite her extreme discomfort and distraction, took a giant pause at that. What did she mean?

Mrs. Reeves continued. "Look, dear, I've got linoleum floors in here. It'll clean up just fine if you need to go, and we'll wash your clothes in my washer."

Melanie was stunned. This, now, was being nicer than anybody, really would normally be. Right? At the same time, though, Melanie's love for her teacher was as ready to erupt as her asshole. She remained immobilized by it all, rigid with pain and astonishment.

"All right," Mrs. Reeves simply said. "I understand how you must feel. But you don't have much choice, do you?"

Melanie shook her head.

"You really can't move another inch without going?"

Melanie nodded.

"But you're embarrassed?"

Melanie shrugged, big tears rolling down her cheeks, and then she slowly nodded.

Mrs. Reeves took a deep breath, then another. "Well," she said. "I guess I'll have to help you. OK?" She stepped closer to the girl and took her face in her hands. Guiding Melanie's cheek to her soft bosom, Mrs. Reeves hugged the girl closely. Melanie instinctively threw her arms around her teacher's waist, clutching her tightly. Her teacher was thin, and her breasts were nicely proportioned to her body. She smelled like sweet summer flowers, and she was warm.

Suddenly Melanie found herself in the most conflicted moment she'd ever known in her life. All the romantic love a ten year-old could possibly feel for another person was surging violently through her body, mind, and soul. She felt extremely hot and light-headed, and her heart almost scared her with its pounding. At the same time, she stood immobilized by the embarrassment and humiliation of her inevitable shit accident. How could she ever really be forgiven by Mrs. Reeves if she got dirty poop all over her kitchen? And, on top of all that, enfolding it all within a blinding haze that she would recognize in years to come as unabated lust, Melanie wanted desperately to feel and to smell and to see and to taste her hot, nasty, wonderful shit.

"Just move your hands lower, dear," Mrs. Reeves whispered to her. "It's all right. Put them down on my bottom. Down where my legs come

together."

Melanie mechanically did as she was told. Her mind was a screaming storm of confusion, so her instincts took over. She was going to trust and obey the older woman. She ran her small hands down lightly over the back of her teacher's skirt, down over the lush curve of her ass, down below where it curved back and tucked in, until she was reaching around the tops of the woman's thighs. Her little fingers fit snugly into the crease of Mrs. Reeves' ass, furrowed into her crotch from behind. Dimly, Melanie wondered what her fingers would smell like if she could pull them up to her face just then.

"That's it, that's right," Mrs. Reeves crooned, smoothing down Melanie's hair. Her touch was a lover's, full of care and intent.

"Now, you just relax and wait...." Melanie felt her teacher's body tense all over. Shifting their position slightly, Mrs. Reeves widened her stance and leaned a little bit on Melanie's upper body. The girl could feel her teacher's breath close on her head, in her ear. Mrs. Reeves was bending over her, pressing her face into the girl's soft hair. Her breathing was slow and deep, and then she grunted.

Immediately, Melanie's fingertips were wet. She heard dripping on the floor beneath them. Her feet in her sandals were getting wet from the splatter, and suddenly so was her tummy and legs. Mrs. Reeves grunted again, and the wetness got a lot worse. She was peeing!

Her teacher's urine was soaking into her clothes as it gushed out and down, and that transferred onto Melanie's clothes as well. Even the fronts of her thighs were getting trickled on through the fabric of her teacher's skirt, which was pressed tight between them. Still too stunned and desperate to think on her own, still relying on her trust and new love for her teacher, Melanie remained motionless and in physical agony. Her hands stayed glued up against her teacher's crotch, and pee began to flow along her wrists and forearms, dripping off her elbows.

Melanie's need to relieve herself was too much. Any moment now and she'd explode. But that couldn't be bad now, right? Not if her wonderful teacher was willing to do the same thing....

Mrs. Reeves, as if reading the girl's mind, whispered, "See, beautiful girl... it's OK to use the bathroom however you'd like... when you're in private." Then the woman grunted again and squeezed Melanie even tighter. The girl gasped. A familiar bulge pushed against her fingers. It was getting bigger. It was so hot!

Mrs. Reeves was shitting in her own panties! For me! Melanie's nose suddenly caught the stench, and the girl's legs gave way. If her teacher hadn't had such a good grip, they'd both have collapsed into the pool of piss.

But they remained where they were, locked together, as Mrs. Reeves continued to grunt softly and push more and more shit out of her ass. Melanie simply held her fingers against the fabric of the woman's dress

where she'd bunched it up against her panties and the crack of her ass. Slowly, she could tell there was a slime starting to seep through to her fingers. It was getting really messy in there.

"That's it," her teacher murmured, "feel my poop coming out. Right here with you, and it's OK. I don't mind giving my dirty pieces to you here.... We're in private, see? We're alone and no one in the world will ever know. Understand?"

Melanie thought she did, and she nodded her head.

"Yes, good. I want you to know this forever, sweet child. You are allowed to do whatever you want with your body, and that includes every part of it, even this poop that you think is so terrible."

Mrs. Reeves gave her an extra squeeze, then kissed the top of her head hotly, pressing her half-open mouth against Melanie's hair for a long time. The girl could feel her teacher's breath, coming more ragged now.

"I want you to know that it is **not** terrible. Not if you like it. It's OK."

Melanie closed her eyes and tried to keep her own body under control. Despite what her teacher had just done for her, she was still unsure. She still had to overcome the weird fears that she couldn't even explain. But she could smell the shit. The odor hung thickly in the air, a tangible gas she could actually taste when she opened her mouth. In a blast of euphoria, Melanie suddenly realized she was permitted to touch someone else's shit. She could feel the slime on her fingers! She was being allowed and encouraged to touch it--her teacher had told her feel down there, and she'd just said that it was OK....

Why shouldn't she make her own mess, too? Oh God, she thought, maybe we can play with it together! Melanie's legs shook again as her last moments of control were shattered.

"Melanie, baby, it's OK. It's OK." Her teacher continued to kiss and stroke her hair, holding her as tightly as possible. "It's OK. Go ahead now. Go ahead. Let it out."

Melanie couldn't help it. Her poop was coming! She cried out, "Unngghhh!" and buried her face deep in her teacher's wonderful cleavage. Wrapped inside that warm flowery cocoon, the girl could barely breathe, but it was like heaven. She shuddered and sobbed, then she let her bottom completely go.

A rude wet eruption of farts issued from her backside, then a huge turd burst through her anal ring. If she'd been on the toilet, it was one that might've been two feet long by the time her anus pinched it off. But this one wasn't dropping and coiling harmlessly in the potty. This one had nowhere to go. Hitting the resistance of her underwear and shorts, it immediately squashed and slid out the top and the legs of her panties. More and more came, and Melanie sobbed and pushed, harder and harder, trying to get it all out, to get relief. To get dirty.

Hot, wet clumps slid down the backs of her thighs, until the angle and their weight was too much, and they fell free from her legs to land

with great nasty splats upon the linoleum. Melanie's ankles and heels were quickly being covered in small mounds of excrement. In the small of her back, where the poop was overflowing out of the top of her underwear, her tucked-in shirt held the growing clot of waste in place. Her back was getting sticky and itchy where it was covered.

A good deal of filth went up under her crotch, too, sliming its way between the lips of her pussy. Soon her entire pudenda was thickly caked with her own feces. Her pussy crack was on fire, and Melanie had an uncomfortable certainty--one that she'd known only a couple times before--that some of the wicked mess had squirmed its way up inside her hole. Her vagina felt invaded. It was like when her fingertip went up in there, but not as hard. It was filling her narrow tunnel, though. Definitely it was something she could feel going inside, where nothing was supposed to be.

Her urine flooded out of her as her straining poop subsided, and soon her panties were an insane leaking bag of sewage. Her pussy was turned into a messy sludge of waste, the pee swelling up against it momentarily before her panties saturated and the shit was eroded enough at the edges to let it out. Every inch of her bare legs was covered in wet nasty stuff, running down. She was soaked. She knew her teacher was soaked, too. And the smell! It had to smell horrible!

Melanie pulled her face out from her teacher's cleavage and inhaled. Wow. It was worse than she thought. It was worse than bathrooms at the convenience store near her house. The stench seemed to suffocate all breathable air, to make each attempt to inhale a torture of control. It was all she could do to breathe and not vomit. Against her, above her, she could feel Mrs. Reeves convulsing, too. A muffled gurgling and swallow told her that her teacher felt the exact same way.

For many moments, the girl and the woman held each other that way, stifling down the puke, trying to breathe regularly, getting used to the smell. Melanie's eyes were closed tightly, and she tried to simply feel. The sticky, burning shit was all over her skin. From her belly-button down, in front and in back, she was itching and messy. It was wonderful. She wanted more than anything to settle her stomach so she could start holding it and squishing it between her fingers and smearing it around. She wondered if Mrs. Reeves would let her.

Her conflicted emotions were fading. She began to feel like she normally did at the height of her playtime, when she was alone and overcome with lust. Her mind no longer wondered if she was wrong or bad or dirty. She didn't fear she'd go to hell. It wasn't about that anymore. She decided she could trust her teacher, she could believe her. Mrs. Reeves was an adult. She knew how the world worked, and she wasn't afraid to tell Melanie the things her parents were too uptight to talk about. If everyone else knew it was OK to fool around with their own bodies in private, then why couldn't she? Why shouldn't she?

Eventually, Melanie found her voice. Coughing a little, she said, "You feel nice."

Mrs. Reeves chuckled, coughed, and kissed the top of her head. Tipping the girl's chin up toward her, the older woman bent down and kissed Melanie fully on the lips. Her mouth was soft and warm. Melanie's heart thumped violently in her chest. Her pussy seemed to tie itself in a knot. Her mouth kissed back. Passionately.

Then she felt the tip of Mrs. Reeves' tongue. It was licking against her lips, wiggling, trying to part them. Melanie knew what this was: frenching! Mrs. Reeves wanted to french kiss her! Light-headed with joy, Melanie opened her mouth wide. As the woman's long, warm tongue entered her mouth, Melanie couldn't help but moan. Mrs. Reeves' mouth was bigger than hers, and her lips were so soft and full. She could taste the woman's lipstick and the pepperoni from the pizza she'd eaten earlier. Her tongue, sliding so slowly against her own, was a sultry, confident animal in Melanie's mouth, melting her from the inside out.

The little girl tried dizzily to rub and push her own tongue against her teacher's. Mrs. Reeves' tongue danced along, whichever way Melanie's went. The girl was overcome with wonder and gratitude and desire. It was paradise.

Melanie's legs gave way again, but her teacher held her up, and they continued to kiss. Melanie's enthrallment made her squeeze, more and more, against her teacher, and soon her hands were squashing recklessly into the mass of poop that still hung heavily in Mrs. Reeves' panties. The woman groaned into Melanie's open mouth, working her tongue with even more intensity. Melanie could hear her teacher's shit squish out of her panty legs and top. New splats on the floor decorated her toes and feet and shins. The little girl now wanted to kiss and to play, and so she continued to try her best to french with her teacher like a woman would do, while at the same time she rhythmically, sensuously, rubbed against the back of Mrs. Reeves' soiled skirt, against the shitty panties sliding all over her ass.

Then she found the zipper at the back, and she pulled it down.

Her teacher's long skirt fell heavily to the floor. Mrs. Reeves gasped into Melanie's mouth, and her entire body shuddered like she'd just been splashed with cold water. Melanie slid her hands up the backs of the woman's thighs, onto the lower cheeks of her ass. She was filthy, covered in shit. Melanie could feel the familiar thick scum of smeared shit collecting between her fingers as she move them around. Shit got caught under fingernails, caked up over the backs of her hands, on her knuckles. Mrs. Reeves was now moaning continuously into the little girl's mouth.

Melanie pulled aside her teacher's slimy panties, then, and did what she loved to do to herself. She inserted the entire length of one finger into her teacher's brown, loose asshole, and she began to wiggle it around. Mrs. Reeves broke contact with Melanie's mouth and cried out, "Yes! God, yes! Don't stop!"

Melanie, her obsession taking over, inserted another finger in the hole.

Hugging her teacher's breasts close to her face, she pumped her fingers relentlessly into the woman's anus, relishing the squirting and popping sounds the shit made as it got drawn out of the woman's rectum, then squeezed aside to make room for more savage thrusts.

Mrs. Reeves, though, lost control of her legs. She let go of Melanie and fell straight down. Melanie, still clutching at her teacher, got yanked down on top of her. Her fingers wrenched out of the woman's asshole on just in time before Mrs. Reeves hit the linoleum. Collapsed in the middle of their own revolting excrement, the two of them just lay still for a moment. Melanie rested her head on Mrs. Reeves heaving chest and listened to the woman's heart bang away. The girl's entire lower body was sprawled on the filthy floor, while her upper body pressed gently down on her teacher's. Mrs. Reeves lay completely on her back, her legs spread wide, her hands once again gently stroking her student's soft hair.

Finally, her teacher was able to speak. "So, Melanie, you see how this is OK? Do you mind what we just did?"

Melanie thought about it. She knew the rules about adults and children. Her parents had warned her about adults getting too friendly, that she was supposed to tell them if any adults touched her down there or made her touch them. She could tell from experience that it was a real concern, not just some religiously-slanted pointed of view. She'd never, ever seen any adult behaving the way Mrs. Reeves had with her. Mrs. Reeves had broken rules. But so had she! She was the one who put her fingers in her teacher's dirty hole... and Mrs. Reeves hadn't even asked her to!

A new wave of fear and shame shuddered through her, and she didn't know what to say. What she was afraid of, really, was that she wasn't sorry that she'd touched her teacher like that. She wasn't sorry her teacher had done such dirty bathroom things or had kissed her like that. She knew that stuff was wrong, and now she was shocked at herself for liking it. For not caring any more about breaking the rules. For wanting to do it more and more.

Her values shifted. It was an easy victory within her--of depravity over decency. Why couldn't adults touch her, really? If she wanted it, what was the problem? Why shouldn't they do things to her, if she wanted them to? It was never cool to force things on a person, no matter if you were an adult or not. But otherwise, what was the big deal? Melanie decided that the rule must have been made up to protect little girls from mean people who didn't ask for permission to touch. But, since she wanted to be touched, the rule didn't apply to her.

After that, she was ready to play all night.

"Melanie," Mrs. Reeves said, her voice gentle, "I understand if you're a little scared. I know this isn't what you think a teacher should do with--"

"No!" Melanie interrupted. "No.... I mean, it's OK." She lifted her head and looked down into her teacher's half-wild eyes.

"I love you--I mean--I love it," she blushed and snuggled her face down inbetween the woman's breasts.

"Oh, my baby," Mrs. Reeves crooned, hugging her close, "I love you, too. I love you so, so much...."

Melanie raised her head in amazement, but Mrs. Reeves didn't look away or shake her head.

"For the longest time I've been watching you, falling for you more each day." She smoothed the hair out of the child's eyes. "Then I felt like I really had to help you out with your--um--problem, and I thought I'd lost you forever. You were so upset! But I know what you've been going through. I wanted so much to help you."

Mrs. Reeves was crying now, silent tears running free. Melanie began to weep, too, at the sight of her teacher in such tender pain. She just wanted to kiss her again, to feel her tongue like that again, and maybe that would make her stop. But her teacher continued talking while the tears flowed.

"You see, I was just like you. I grew up always playing with my poop. I loved it more than anything else in the world. I tried to get dirty every time I thought I could get away with it. I did it at school like you, too. But I got caught, and I had a hard time for a while. Then--" she sobbed and paused, looking away.

Melanie hugged her fiercely, and Mrs. Reeves went on.

"For a long time I was in a special place, and my parents would visit once a month. I got lots of help from people, and eventually I stopped wanting to play in my shit. So I went somewhere else for a while, and that was nice. I fell in love and did a lot of normal girl things. Then, when they let me out of that place, I was free." She smiled in a way that Melanie couldn't understand.

But then Mrs. Reeves brightened, and her tears stopped coming. "So I went to college. It was so wonderful! And I met somebody really special there." Her eyes looked up at the ceiling, far away. "With her help, eventually, I was playing with my shit again, but by then I was a lot smarter about it--and about the world." She winked.

"And then, of course, I became a teacher. And I love it." She held Melanie's beautiful little face in her hands. "It's brought us together, after all. My sweet girl...."

Gently pulling, Mrs. Reeves brought Melanie further up on top of her, until the girl could bend down and kiss her deeply. Mrs. Reeves wrapped her arms around the girl, sharing her tongue, emptying herself into the little girl. Melanie kissed her back just as fervently, dizzy with love, convinced she was the most precious girl who had ever lived.

Melanie felt her teacher's hands moving down, cupping her narrow buttocks. Squeezing her ass rhythmically, making sloppy sounds down there. A large glob of half-dried shit popped out of the leg of her shorts and slid onto the floor. Melanie suddenly wanted her teacher to touch

her hole the way she had been touched. The thought made her break off the kiss, jump up, and rip down her pants and panties.

In her haste, still standing over her teacher, small pieces of shit were flung out from her panties, raining down all over the woman. Pieces peeled stickily away from her belly and hips. A thick brown sludge ran slowly down the insides of her thighs. Mrs. Reeves gasped and stared as Melanie raised one foot at a time and stepped out of her things. The little girl's bare cunt was dripping nastily.

In an instant, Melanie turned around and got on her hands and knees, her face over Mrs. Reeves' thighs. With what she thought would be a seductive wiggle of her hips, Melanie shook her skinny ass from side to side and said, "Please, please, please put your finger in my hole!"

Then, with a delicious, slow push, Mrs. Reeves did.

"Mmmmmphhhggg!" Melanie grunted, shoving her butt hard against her teacher's deep finger. At the same time, the girl instinctively drove her face down between the older woman's legs. Mrs. Reeves' long skirt was pulled up around her waist, and Melanie saw immediately what she wanted to do. Her teacher's soiled panties were still on, covering all the delightful woman parts within; but the panties were thin cotton bikinis, and they were saturated and leaking. Everything below the woman's waist was brown and slimy. Her panties were filled and overflowing with what Melanie craved.

Gluing her mouth to her teacher's pubic mound, the girl sucked for all she was worth. She slurped and licked at the panties, sieving out the nasty shit juice through the cotton and then her teeth. It tasted more lovely than anything she could have imagined. Better than her own. So much nastier! So wet and dripping! Melanie sucked up the liquefied filth in long, delectable pulls, getting her mouth full of it. Then she pulled off and swished it around, feeling some of the fine grit, savoring the moment like the connoisseur she was fast becoming. Then, with less difficulty each time, she swallowed it down.

Mrs. Reeves, feeling and hearing what the girl was doing down at her crotch, was beginning to buck her hips and fly off into another orgasm. The sweet girl's chin continually bumped against her screaming clitoris every time the child took a big suck. She was gnawing on her teacher's panties, her teeth raking along the entire surface of her teacher's labia--through the panty barrier--every time, and it was sending the woman straight to heaven. Melanie had no idea what to do to please her, she only knew what she wanted for herself: to have Mrs. Reeves finger-fuck her little butthole while she swallowed as much of her teacher's shitty juice as she could. That made Melanie's head spin, her stomach churn, and her insides go all warm and funny. Mrs. Reeves enjoyed it enormously, too.

"Oh, Melanie, sweet girl... I love that. I love that..." the woman moaned.

Soon Melanie noticed her teacher driving her ass up off the floor, humping her crotch against the girl's face as she slurped and chewed.

Melanie suddenly got a very naughty idea. The next time Mrs. Reeves picked her ass up and held it high, as if she was in a spasm, Melanie quickly hooked her fingers under the waistband of the woman's panties and yanked. They slid easily over her ass, greased by the slippery mess that was everywhere. In a frenzy of tugging, Melanie had them off in mere moments. Mrs. Reeves, realizing what the girl was doing, urgently lifted her feet so the panties could slide off. Then she held out her hand.

"Here--give them here!" cried the teacher, who took the small drippy garment and immediately pressed it against her face. Tiny globs of brown kept falling out of the twisted crotch, and the whole thing had left a gooey trail as it had traveled down the woman's legs, then back up to her face. Mrs. Reeves smeared the panties all over her forehead, cheeks, and neck; but her nose and mouth got it the best. She sniffed and snorted the panties, then stuffed various sections of the filthy cotton into her mouth, sucking and chewing. Her eyes were ecstatically rolled back in her head, her back slightly arched, her crotch beginning to hump the air more and more.

Melanie turned quickly back to her prize, to see the delicious mess between Mrs. Reeves' legs. Sure enough, a thick pile of shit had settled on the floor right against the crack of her ass, where it had fallen from the panties. In wonder, the little girl reached down and picked up a great mass of it in her hands. I can't believe it, she thought. She's just like me.... It looks just like mine! Melanie clenched her hand in wonder, watching intently as the slippery brown poop squished out between her fingers, curled crazily, then peeled and fell off. She could play with it the same way she played with her own!

Melanie scooped the handful back up, again and again, squishing it out between her fingers, watching its texture grow smoother the more it was handled, the bigger and harder lumps softening and blending in. A sleeve of shitty goo had slid down her wrist and over the back of her hand. It looked like she wore a shit glove, her hand was so covered.

How many times had she done this to her own poop? She thought about the joy--the feral, unchained euphoria--that she always experienced when handling her own shit. She felt so brave and so special, like she was in possession of the most prized treasure in the whole universe, and no one else was smart enough to know how to get it for themselves. Holding her teacher's nasty waste, the same happiness flooded through her, and her little body shuddered over and over.

Finally, inevitably, she raised her defiled hand to her mouth and opened wide. She ran her tongue all over and around her four shit-covered fingers, licking her thumb like a popsicle, running her teeth under her fingernails to scrape out every little bit. It burned and tingled against her gums and the lining inside her mouth. Her tongue started to grow numb and thick. It tasted terrible--it was so sick! But that was exactly what made her feel so wonderful, so hot and melted and happy inside.

Her little ass bucked wildly against Mrs. Reeves' finger, which was now barely moving in her at all, since her teacher was so distracted with her panty sucking. Melanie humped herself against the finger with more and more force, kneeling above her teacher, chewing on her teacher's shit, licking her fingers, moaning a song of pure lust. Mrs. Reeves heard and felt her student's obvious pleasure and, leaving her panties stuffed perversely in her mouth, she reached up with her other hand and found the little girl's clitoris.

Melanie was stunned! Oh, God, what's that? I've touched that before, but it's never felt so good!

Her entire body was suddenly one gigantic throb of heat. Over and over, huge surges of pleasure wracked the girl's small frame. Her hand flew out of her mouth, down to the floor, to help steady herself. She ducked her head and panted, "Oh--oh--oh!" repeatedly, as sweat sprang out all over her skin. Mrs. Reeves flicked her thumb back and forth against the girl's tender button, crooning to her softly.

Melanie's ten year-old body was ready for its first true orgasm, but she didn't really know that. She'd never heard of such a thing. She just knew that it "felt real good" when mommies and daddies touched each other's private parts. And now she was playing mommy and daddy with Mrs. Reeves, and she was about to feel good, too!

Straining her neck, Mrs. Reeves spit out her fouled panties and opened her brown, drooling mouth. She began to lick on the little girl's lust-swollen, dirty cunt, savoring the horrid flavor of Melanie's shitty genitals. And Melanie exploded from the inside out. There was a blinding moment of hot hard pleasure, a monumental BANG! that started between her legs and shot instantly to every part of her. She screamed, surprised, overjoyed. In violent spasms, Melanie gasped for air and drove her small pussy back hard against her teacher's expert mouth. Her anus clenched savagely around the finger that impaled it. Her toes curled, and every muscle, for the sweetest moment, just locked up and would not release.

And then she collapsed on top of her teacher, trying to breathe.

* * *

A few minutes later, realizing she'd dozed off, Melanie raised her head and tried to focus her eyes in the brightly-lit kitchen. It was hard. The leg of the chair next to her was just this shining curve of aluminum, oddly soft-looking, gauzy and unreal. She was so weak all over. Every muscle felt heavy and sore, but in a nice way.

Smiling, she laid her head back down and closed her eyes. It was the most contented, the most secure that the little girl had ever felt. Because her teacher loved her. Because her teacher loved her and loved shit, and now it was clear that they were meant to be together. In her romantic fourth-grade way, Melanie began to dream about what

it would be like to be married to Mrs. Reeves. To be a wicked lesbian like the preacher talked about on Sundays.

Mrs. Reeves' purse was within reach on the floor. Melanie heard her teacher, still supine, reach out for it and fumble around. Then the little girl felt a gently stroke of fingers against her cheek. She raised her head to see a cell phone, held in her teacher's long, brown-streaked fingers.

"Honey, I've got an idea. Can you dial your house, please?"

Melanie did it without hesitation, smiling to herself as she watched her own filthy fingertips smudge even more poop onto the tiny phone. She handed it back to her teacher, then laid her head back down to listen.

"Hello, Mrs. Hayes? ...This is Mrs. Reeves.... Yes.... Yes...." Melanie could only hear her mother's voice as a concerned little buzz, far away. She closed her eyes and concentrated on feeling the vibration of her teacher's voice as she spoke.

"Melanie is still a bit tender, I'm afraid, but we've done a great deal of talking, and that's helped her out a lot. Yes.... Well, no, but I've got an idea." Melanie held her breath. Like any ten year-old girl would do, she concentrated on crossing her fingers and toes, tight.

"She's gotten so much out of our conversation so far, and she's interested in talking with me more. Yes.... So my idea is for her to spend the night with me, so we can stay up as late as we'd like, and talk about whatever's on her mind." Melanie almost yelped with glee, but she stopped herself just in time. She felt Mrs. Reeves reach out and squeeze her slimy leg, in warning.

"You know, like we discussed before, her problems embarrass her and she just feels like she'll die if she thinks you hear about them. Yes, I agree.... I think she'll really have a great chance to come out of this if we can just have some more time, somewhere that she can be herself.... Yes.... Yes, I've got two guest bedrooms and a pull-out couch, so we're covered.... No, my husband is gone out of town until tomorrow.... I know it's a strange request, but under the circumstances...."

Mrs. Reeves' hand relaxed on her leg, and Melanie could sense a happy note in her voice. She forced herself to ignore the word "husband", deciding in an instant that she should trust her teacher. If Mrs. Reeves wasn't worried about it, she wouldn't worry about it.

"No, but she can use an old t-shirt of mine.... Yes, I will. I'll put them in the wash tonight so she can wear them home tomorrow. Don't worry.... Of course." Suddenly the phone was thrust back at the little girl, and she grabbed it excitedly.

With all the willpower she could muster, Melanie mastered her panting breath and managed to speak with the same sad, small voice she'd used with her mom all week. "Hi, Mommy," she muttered.

Her mother sounded concerned, but firm. "Sweetheart, do you really want to spend the night with your teacher?"

"Yes, ma'am," she said immediately.

"Do you feel like she's helping you? I mean, really?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," Melanie replied, allowing her voice to betray a fraction of her joy. "I'm so--so, you know..." She was at a loss, but she did manage to tell the truth. "It's nice to talk to her."

"Are you going to be all right with her, there by yourself? Do you feel safe?"

"Oh, Mommy!" Melanie rolled her eyes and, even though they were still lying head-to-toe, she tried to look back at her teacher and make her best "Mommy's crazy" face.

Her mother sounded satisfied and relieved. "Well, then it's OK with us. Just tell Mrs. Reeves we'll call her tomorrow about picking you up. Maybe she can bring you back over after lunch... or whatever."

"OK, Mommy," Melanie chirped back. She was sliding one grimy finger between each of her teacher's long toes, which were still mostly stained. Little blobs of brown would tumble down the soles of her feet, leaving nasty, slug-like trails behind. Mrs. Reeves began to squirm from the tickling, and Melanie could barely stifle a giggle.

Her mother was ready to hang up. "We'll call you and figure it out tomorrow, OK?"

"All right," Melanie replied, then, "I love you, too," and the call was over. She handed the phone back to her teacher, then wriggled her way down to her teacher's feet. She ran her small tongue up and down and all the way around Mrs. Reeves' big toe, then sucked it slowly into her mouth. It nearly gagged her, but she worked her mouth on it as sensuously as she could, trying to get all the taste off it at the same time.

She was rewarded with a guttural moan from the other end, then a mouth on her own little toes. She couldn't help but snort and groan as she started to suck on Mrs. Reeves' next two toes. She'd never thought grown-ups would like sucking on toes, but that was something she could still do to herself--being a flexible ten year-old girl--and she'd taken a chance that her teacher's feet would taste just as good as her own. And, from the woman's response, it must feel just as good, too.

With her head spinning and her body warming back up, Melanie barely had time to exult over the wondrous night of freedom her teacher had just won. She could play all night, if Mrs. Reeves wanted her too! They could try all sorts of things! Quivering, nearly faint with love and lust and pure little girl glee, Melanie continued to suck and chew on her teacher's toes, feeling her own being licked so sweetly, every movement of Mrs. Reeves' tongue sending hot splashes straight into her crotch.

She loves me, Melanie thought. She's going to be my wife forever!

Her imagination was flying. She saw her teacher divorcing an ugly, fat

husband, who sadly let them piss all over him as he sat on that same kitchen floor, dressed in faded sweatpants and a stained t-shirt. Then they would laugh as he cried and ran out the door forever. It was wonderful! She could see herself standing naked in front of a mirror, covered in feces, being licked from head to toe by her beautiful, loving teacher. She saw herself licking her teacher's dark, sweet asshole as the woman squatted above her, farting wetly into her face. She thought about what it would be like to open her mouth wide and let her teacher poop right onto her waiting tongue. Chewing--swallowing! The heavens as she puked everywhere. The filthy smell and the mess they'd make.

Gasping for breath, Melanie tore her mouth away and snarled, "We're nasty lesbians, aren't we? Lezzies who eat each other's shit!"

Without waiting for an answer, the little girl turned back to devour another one of her teacher's defiled toes. For her part, Mrs. Reeves only moaned louder and intensified her own efforts. In no time, the two would find cunt and asshole again, and the child would have her second orgasm of the night--and of her life.

For an instant, though, she couldn't help herself. The old worries crept in. Was she really going to hell now? Did the preacher and her parents have it right? Melanie wondered. Were some sins so bad that God would forget her forever? Or would God smile on her anyway? He gave her a body that shits, after all. He gave her a body with holes to play with. He gave her a mouth that liked to taste and eat. He gave her a mind that can't stop thinking about those dirty, dirty things.... Why would He make her like that if He didn't want her to *be* like that? It just didn't make any sense!

Then her tongue scooped up a thick smear of shit between Mrs. Reeves' last two toes, and all the doubt was driven from her mind. Grunting, sucking, slurping it all down, Melanie knew without a doubt that she was the luckiest girl in the world. She silently prayed her happy thanks to God, and then she swallowed and searched for some more.

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