



ELLEN

by PuffyRainbowCloud

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Approx. 10,500 words

Signal: PuffyRainbowCloud.47

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/PuffyRainbowCloud/>

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PUFFYRAINBOWCLOUD

Chapter 1

"I don't like the shower. Showers are boring because there are no toys." The little girl stares at nothing on the floor in particular. She's making stimmy, cheek-bellowing motions with her mouth. Her somewhat darkening blonde hair is barely long, but plenty curly. "I prefer the bath", she continues, "but sometimes it's okay to shower. I like it when Thomas showers with me. He *always* tells me I'm so dirty." She makes a dramatic eye-roll, and briefly makes eye contact with you. Her brown, startlingly intelligent eyes take you aback a little. There's something about her.

Thomas is her step-dad, if you remember correctly from the records. It's not too unusual for kids to call their parents by first name these days anyway. "He thinks it's funny", she giggles. She buries her hands in the sleeves of her sweater. It's a synthetic knitted affair. You shift a little, hoping to urge her on. It works.

"And- and we get clean together. Later. But there are other things also!" She sort of shuts down a little; it's hard to tell whether she's thinking or dissociating. Someone who knows her better would know she's reminiscing. She has a photographic memory, so all things need to play out in order for her to remember. But you don't know that sort of thing, because you don't know her. As kindergarten counselor you deal with a lot of petty bullying and whatnot. But apparently this kid shows "troubling signs" so you're supposed to assess that. That is to say, you're not allowed to ask leading questions, so you mostly sit and wait for her to say anything.

One thing you did do was glance through her medical records. That's how you discovered she was a girl. Because apparently, despite several notes in her medical records, no one seemed to be taking her pleas of "I want to be a girl when I grow up" and "Sometimes I want to die" seriously. Either way, you did. So, the girl. She's wiggling her feet and trying really hard not to stim further.

"So Thomas, after he's clean, he cleans me too! And that's okay. Except he often gets shampoo in my eyes, and then he gets mad when I get sad." There's a twitch in here as she revisits her step-father's anger, so that could be something, you think. "And then sometimes he compares with me. Because he's grown up so his is all bigger. I wish it was smaller..." she trails off, and starts looking distant again. This time, dissociation. You can't tell the difference. You shift in your seat, and wait. She, too, squirms a bit in her seat. "Sometimes, he'll tell me to open my mouth." You start listening more intently. This girl is, what, crotch height-ish? "And, and he says dirty girls know how to blow." A blush is spreading on her already quite pink cheeks. You swallow and try to look normal, smile sympathetically. "So I take his penis..." She knows the proper terms. Then again, she is extremely verbal. That has been noted before. "-the head, in my mouth and I make my tongue go all over."

You clear your throat, doing your best to stay professional. "And how do you feel?" you ask. She thinks for quite a while. You can see her glance over at the ticking clock on the wall and you make a mental note to pick up a Bulova-style wall clock that won't tick.

"I feel, I feel like I'm doing a good job. And he says I'm a good girl." Here, she both smiles and nervously scratches at her arm. At least there is variation in her stimming; which makes it easier to tell when she's more or less emotional. "Sometimes there's sperm coming out, and he says that means he feels good. Which makes sense, but it doesn't taste good. But I'm not allowed to say that." Her demeanor darkens a bit and she sighs, her expression turning more concerned as she thinks for a while. "And then he'll get down on his knees. And he kisses me. Which is the grossest part!" She waves her hands in an "ick" way and scrunches up her face. "He kisses me. And one time, I didn't let him use tongue, and he got mad. And he put his hands like this-" she mimics a strangle hold, "and squeezed really hard and I couldn't breathe and I got really dizzy. It was really scary. So I always kiss with tongue!" She says the last part proudly, smiling a bit shyly to herself. You certainly see why she ended up being flagged. But really, a blow job in the shower isn't

that big of a deal. It's not like he's actually hurting her. He only strangled her once, and if there's nothing else... It's not worth making a whole ordeal about. CPS makes a mess of girls like this anyway.

"Well, thank you for telling me, Ellen. I'll be sending you back to class now. You shouldn't have to come back, but you can if you want." Although you'd prefer if she didn't. "You know where to find me." You get up, and so does the girl. She quickly gathers her things, several Tamagotchi included, and follows you to the door. You open it, look around, and with no one in sight you squat to get closer to her. "Listen, Ellen," you start, "try to be nice to your dad. He works hard, and he deserves to relax when he's home. Okay?" Her face looks betrayed for a second, then becomes blank. You give her a little pat on the bum. "See you around", you say, gently pushing her off into the hallway. She quietly disappears from view, dragging her feet.

Chapter 2. Bad

Next time she sits in front of you, the girl is...still odd. But different. She's more still. Her hair is longer, by a couple of inches at least, and nearly a shade darker at the root. But all of her is duller. She's not stimming nearly as much. She's looking down at her hands and twiddling her fingers, but that's about it. You're just wondering whether you should figure out how to get her to start talking when she does.

"I don't like any showers anymore" she says, and there's a pain and a sorrow in her voice that's wasn't there last time. You were nervous about this appointment, sensing you were about to be proven wrong about...certain aspects of your last assessment, and the school records on this girl are...strange.

"He got so angry", she starts. Her legs shift, and despite the sweatpants almost covering it up you become aware that she's sitting strange, sort of tilted and lifted off the seat. "I tried to be nice. I wasn't even yelling at him. I was yelling at mom" and you can see her immediately start boiling at the thought, and you swallow and grasp lightly at your chair to soothe.

You don't like getting a kid in for a second time after dismissing them. It looks sloppy, but also, it's more work. She clears her throat. "He's making me shower with him more. On Tuesdays and Thursdays *and* Fridays." She probably doesn't realize it, but her lips tighten, not just into a frown. You can't help but get a bit excited.

"Has anything else changed, Ellen?" you ask, fishing for what more there clearly is. She changes position, and you see her wince before settling on the cheek.

"We're doing another thing now, also. Where I lie back on my bed." She grabs her legs and pulls them close. "And Thomas and I are both," she hesitates, then whispers; "-naked." She hides her face behind her legs. "And there's this slime, on his finger..." Mindlessly she's stroking her left index finger, mimicking the movements in her memories. "And he puts it...", she takes a deep breath. "-in my butthole..." Her face scrunches up and she sobs, once. "And it hurts! It hurts and I need to poop. And he wiggles it around and it's worse."

Her breathing is picking up at this point. So is yours, you realize, and you try to slow it down casually. You clear your throat, and this seems to interrupt the girl, because she looks up at you. Unusually with her, you lock eyes. You're taken aback by how different her gaze is; dull, exhausted, betrayed, and broken. Whatever she sees in your face, she quickly looks down at her shoes, staring at them as if that would somehow compel them to get her out of there. You speak, and have to clear your throat a bit first; "It hurts worse?" The affirmation seems to work, because she lifts her gaze a little and keeps going.

"And then, he might use another finger. And it hurts even more, even though he says he's careful. But he's not and it hurts and I don't wanna play, but Thomas won't stop. So I stopped saying 'no, stop'. Her face scrunches up again and she starts sobbing, and doesn't stop. "And then, then he takes his fingers out. And he makes his... he makes it slimy." And then those eyes meet yours again. "And then he puts it in me." Her sobbing intensifies, she's proper wailing, and her pain is so guttural, and your breath hitches. You've been under control until now, but you feel yourself start to heat up.

"Hush, Ellen. It's okay." You're not supposed to hush students, but she's too busy crying to speak. "What does he put where?." And she tries her best to pull herself together, which is very hard at her age, and with all of that pain. She claws a bit at her arm, quite aggressively. This seems to soothe her enough to speak again.

"He puts his pe-pe-penis in my butt." Her lip quivers and you watch as another pair of tears follow the barely visible streaks of the last pair and drip off her chin and onto her sweatpants. "And it's so big, and it hurts so bad." Your own cock twitches, likely not visible. You still shift in your seat. It sounded like she was going to continue, so you just lean back in your chair and listen.

“And he makes it move,” and her whole body tenses up, as if clenching to keep him out, and the memories too, “and it hurts worse than all of it. And he says I’m a slut and says things he’s going to do to me.” and she mimics strangling herself. The whole display is disturbingly erotic, and while you take a moment to collect your thoughts, she makes it worse.

“And he goes so fast, and then he goes really slow. And he stops, and he takes it away and my butt pees”. She wails, that full-chest, guttural wail that little kids do when they feel absolutely helpless. “And Thomas says I’m a dirty girl, and I deserve this. And he hits me here,” and she points to her tummy, “and I want to die.” She curls tighter and wipes at her nose with her sleeves, then sobs into her knees again, and she looks so pathetic, and her heaving breaths rock her whole body, and you can smell her wet her diaper from your seat several feet away.

“And you really are a very dirty girl, aren’t you Ellen?” Your heart feels like it’s trying to launch out of your chest as you get up out of the chair and approach the girl, coming to a stop right in front of her. “Ellen, put your legs down.” Your command isn’t harsh, but decently firm. She does, while looking at them as if she never realized she put them up. You point to her sleeves and her knees and she follows your finger with a puzzled look. “Look what a mess you’ve made of yourself”, you say softly. She looks at the stains, seeing them but not quite understanding what you mean. “Do you know what this makes you, Ellen?”

“The crierrr~” she says in a silly voice, trying to defuse a situation that’s suddenly making her very nervous. You unbutton your pants calmly, only your slightly heavier breath exposing how turned on you are. Your zipper opens next, and you let your pants and your underwear drop to the floor. After hearing all of that, you are fully erect. The little girl’s face goes blank again, and she sighs. You put your hand on her shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“Ellen, I think you know what dirty, but ultimately good girls do~” you coax, and she lets her mouth fall open. Your other hand gently wraps around the back of her head and brings it closer until her lips wrap around the whole head of your member. She resists your pressure now, mouth squeezed shut between sobs, but you were going to pause here anyway. You can’t help but gently move some hair out of her face, although the curls make it stubbornly bounce almost all the way back. *The world resists her comfort*, you think to

yourself, and smirk. "Come on", you coax, "you know how to make this feel good for me. I know you do."

She starts sucking, softly, slowly. It seems like your cock is bigger than she's used to, because she ends up making some pretty silly noises as too much or too little air gets through. But she sucks your head, and you watch her shrivel up as your cock twitches and she tastes your first pre-cum. You let out a little grunt, and start forcing her head a little bit further before relenting back, ever so little at a time because it really is very big for her. You smirk, and it's a greedy smirk.

"Dirty slut." you mumble, under your breath. The two of you lock eyes after you give her cheek a firm, barely blush-inducing slap. The movement causes her to gag, and new tears push out from her eyes and snot and drool flow down your shaft and onto the floor and the chair. You grab her wrists and move her hands to stroke and caress you as she sucks. Reluctantly her hands move in tandem with her sucking and sobbing. You bury both of your hands in her hair and start thrusting, bit by bit, as she continues to gag and make a mess.

You're sensitive and pent up, she's a crying mess and five. You're getting close quickly. Your breath and (far too) loud moans betray this, and the little girl clearly picks up on it because she tenses up even further, trying not to breathe for fear of choking on your cum once it comes. Your fingers dig deeper into her hair, grasping it so hard it hurts and she squeaks. You're pushed over the edge. You thrust as far into her throat as you can, which is not far, and you fill it. She throws up, and you quickly pull out. The last thing you need is to drown her. She hurls and spits onto the floor below, and your cock twitches, almost eager again at the sight. She sits back in the chair and cries, now silently, barely shakily breathing.

"You're disgusting, Ellen." you say as you grab some napkins to clean yourself up before pulling up your pants and walking over to your desk drawers and pulling one out. "Still, do you want a sticker or a ring?" Ellen drags herself off of the chair and almost toddles over to you, holding her sore throat. She peers into the drawer for a long time. You lose your patience and slam it shut, nearly pinching her fingers in the process. She squeaks hoarsely and hides her hands in her sleeves.

“I just want to go...” she whispers quietly. You eye her up and down, taking in the pathetic view in front of you. Some of the vomit got on her sweater, very obviously staining the dark-gray-light-gray striped piece. You’re gonna need an out for this.

“Go to the nurse’s office.” you say, walking her to the door. “Tell her you threw up”. You squat down to her level. “I’ll clean up in here. You can’t tell anyone about this, you know that.” She nods emptily, sniveling. You pull more napkins out of the box on the desk behind you and wipe at her face harshly. She’s a mess, but the puke story will hold. It happens all of the time. A kid is crying, it’s all too much, whatever. You take a deep breath.

“They’re not gonna send you back to me. I’m going to dismiss the report of concern I received. This isn’t something to report. If anyone ever does again, they’ll just send you to the hospital to see a doctor instead, and then they might do all sorts of things you don’t like.” As you sort of expected, mentions of hospitals and doctors make her cry softly again. “So just stay out of trouble. Do what you’re told. It’s what dirty little girls do.” She nods, and the betrayal, hopelessness, despair on her face makes you itch to keep the session going. But time’s up. You open the door and give her a light shove. “Goodbye, Ellen.” you say, and there’s no sympathy in your voice. She disappears down the hallway towards the nurse’s office, sniveling.

She’s not going to tell anyone. She’ll be too afraid that would make it worse. Who’s going to believe a little girl over her licensed counselor and her parents? It’s a shame things turned out this way, but some girls just refuse to be happy.

Chapter 2. Good

Next time she sits in front of you, the girl is... still odd. But different. She's calmer. Her hair is longer, by a couple of inches at least, and nearly a shade darker at the root. But all of her is brighter. She's happily stimming in her chair, rocking a little and fidgeting with a small toy. She looks content. You're just wondering whether you should figure out how to get her to start talking when she does.

"I don't know why I'm here" she says, and there's a brightness to her voice that wasn't there last time. You clear your throat. You were nervous about this appointment, because you've never dealt with proper mania and depression disorders before, and the school records on this girl are... strange.

"He was so nice", she starts. She leans forward a little, a surprisingly social move from her. "I've tried to be nice. And it's working. He's been spending more time with me". She blushes and squirms a little in her seat, straightening her wavy, light-blue skirt, and you squirm a little yourself because this new joy is beautiful on her.

You don't like getting a kid in a second time after dismissing them. It looks sloppy, but also, it's more work. She clears her throat. "We've been showering more. On Tuesdays and Thursdays *and* Fridays". She probably doesn't even realize it, but she licks her lips, smiling. You can't help but get a bit excited.

"Has anything else changed, Ellen?" you ask, fishing for what more there clearly is. She squirms again, draws a quick breath, and exhales sharply.

"We're doing another thing now also. Where I lie back on my bed". Her feet start wiggling. "And daddy and I are both naked". She giggles, a little embarrassed. You feign a little bit of surprise on your face. "And he uses lube from the bottle, on his finger". Mindlessly, she's stroking her left index finger, mimicking the movements in her memories. "And he puts it in my butt! It feels really weird". She chuckles a little and her face truly lights up. "But it feels good also! Good and like I need to poop. And he wiggles it around so it feels really good".

Her breathing is picking up at this point. So is yours, you realize, and you try to slow it down casually. You clear your throat, and this seems to interrupt the girl, because she looks up at you. Unusually with her, you lock eyes. Once again, you're taken aback by how present and intelligent her gaze is. But there is something else, too—arousal. Whatever she sees in your face, she quickly looks down at her shoes, staring at them as if that would somehow compel them to get her out of there. You speak, and have to clear your throat a bit first; "It feels really good?". The hook seems to work, because she lifts her gaze a little and keeps going.

"And then, he might use another finger. And it feels even better if he's careful. But sometimes he's not careful and it hurts and daddy doesn't wanna play anymore. So I don't say it", to which she smirks proudly, and you can't help but nod to affirm her. "And after a while, he'll take his fingers out. And put the lube on his penis instead". And then those eyes meet yours again. "And then he fucks me". Her voice is dripping with pride, and with lust, and it's way too small for what it has said, and how it has said it, and your breath hitches. You've been under control until now, but you feel yourself start to heat up.

"And 'fucking you', what does that look like?". Even that might be overstepping in terms of leading questions, but you need to know more. "What does he do with his penis next?" And she tries her best to pull herself together, which is very hard at her age, and especially seemingly so pent up. She bites her lip and rubs her legs together just a bit, and this seems to help.

"Well, his penis goes in my butt," she starts, and once again she beams with pride. She's leaning a fair bit forward now, and there's a slight movement of her hips against the chair, barely visible. "And it's so big, and feels so good!" Your own cock twitches, likely not visible. You still shift in your seat. She seems to have an excited flow going, so you just lean back in your chair and listen.

“And he goes a bunch like this,” and she humps the seat of her chair, a clumsy and childish simile of slow and gentle loving, “and it feels gooder than *all* of it! And after a while, he puts his penis like this,” and she draws a line from her crotch to her tummy. The whole display is disturbingly erotic, and while you take a moment to collect your thoughts, she makes it worse.

“And he jerks it, and then the sperm comes all over my tummy! And it feels warm and funny!” She laughs, that simultaneously nasal and guttural laugh that little kids do when playing, that’s almost like clearing one’s throat. “And he says I’m a good girl, and he loves me. And he kisses me here,” and she points to her tummy, “and I feel so, so happy.” She leans back, feet on the seat, and sighs contentedly, and her cheeks are so rosy, and her breath so fast and heavy, and you can see up her skirt and at the tiny, tiny tent in her white, barely opaque leggings and equally white panties behind that.

“And you really are a very good girl, aren’t you Ellen?” Your heart feels like it’s trying to launch out of your chest as you get up out of the chair and approach the girl, coming to a stop right in front of her chair. “Ellen, put your legs down.” Your command isn’t harsh, but decently firm. She does, while looking at them as if she never realized she put them up. You point to the tiny, shiny wet stain she’s left on the seat and she follows your finger with a puzzled look. “Look what a mess you made,” you say softly. She looks at the stain, and then looks up at you and smirks knowingly. “Do you know what this makes you, Ellen?”

“The leakerrr~” she says in a silly voice, and the intense eye contact you’re barely able to keep reciprocating, the playfully (or stimmingly) puffed up cheeks are captivating. You unbutton your pants calmly, only your slightly heavier breath exposing how turned on you are. She reaches up and opens your zipper next, and you let your pants and your underwear drop to the floor. After hearing all of that, you’re fully erect. The little girl’s face lights up even brighter, if possible. You put your hand on her shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“Ellen, I think you know what dirty, but very good girls do~” you coax, and she opens her mouth wide. Your other hand gently wraps around the back of her head and follows it as she leans in and wraps her lips around the whole head of your member. She pauses here, just as you had planned anyway. You can’t help but gently move some hair out of her face, although the curls make it stubbornly bounce almost all the way back. *Always bouncing back*, you think to yourself, and smirk. “Come on,” you coax, “you know how to

make this feel good for me. I know you do.” She smiles up at you, those brown, intense eyes glazed over from cock-drunkenness.

She starts sucking, softly, slowly. It seems like your cock is bigger than she’s used to, because she ends up making some pretty silly noises as too much or too little air slips through. But she sucks your head, and you watch her wiggle excitedly as your cock twitches and she tastes your first pre-cum. You let out a little grunt, and she takes all of these things as her cue to do her best to start bobbing, ever so little at a time because it really is very big for her. You smile, and it’s not an unkind smile, but it’s not a sweet smile either.

“Good girl.” you mumble, under your breath. The two of you lock eyes again as you cup her cheek and stroke it gently with your thumb, catching a single tear from an accidental gag. It appears to be becoming clear to her that it’s not going to fit further than that, so she breaks eye contact and starts working the rest of the shaft with one hand. The other, you take in yours. You don’t necessarily squeeze it warmly, but you support her weight, and she leans into it. Your hand moves from her cheek back to her hair and you stroke it.

You’re sensitive and pent up, she’s eager and five. You’re getting close quickly. Your breath and soft grunts betray this, and the little girl clearly picks up on it because she picks up just a bit. Her eyes close in anticipation of you cumming wherever you want, and you do — you pull out ever so slightly, so your tip is in the middle of her mouth, and you fill it. As the first sperm hits her tongue, she understands none will end up in her eyes, and she looks up at you again. In her eyes, you now also see gratitude. She swallows a few times before sitting back and sighing contentedly, a proud smile enhancing that already adorable face as your aftershocks subside.

“That was very good, Ellen,” you say as you pull your clothes back on off of the floor before taking a few steps to your desk drawers and pulling one out. “Do you want a sticker or a ring?” Ellen hops off her chair and almost toddles over to you, still a bit cock-drunk. She peers into the drawer for a few seconds before reaching into it and picking out a little ring, made out of clear pink plastic with suspended glitter in it and with a strawberry motif.

“It matches my shirt!” she exclaims excitedly and points to the strawberry pattern woven into her white t-shirt. Little red strawberries all over, with yellow seeds and green

tops, and red hemming. She puts the ring on just any finger and smiles to herself, spinning it around. You walk her to the door. Before opening it you squat to her level again.

“Ellen, you already know that you can’t tell anyone about what we did.” She nods.

“Except daddy of course.” she adds, like it’s common sense.

“Of course.” You take a deep breath. “They’re not going to send you back to me. I’m going to dismiss the report of concern I received. If they find a reason to again, they’ll just send you to the hospital to see a doctor instead, and then they might do all sorts of things you don’t like.” As you sort of expected, mentions of hospitals and doctors make her look very nervous. “So just be a good girl. And be a dirty girl only when asked, okay?” And she nods very assuredly.

“I’m gonna be a good girl. It’s all I wanna be.” She hops into your arms for a hug, and you hug back. Not warmly, but you hug back. Then you stand up and open the door. You both wave and say goodbye, and she skips down the hallway, excitedly shouting to a girl friend further down.

She’s not going to tell anyone. She’s happy and forward, at worst she’ll hit on someone who tells but... who’s going to believe an old man saying a little girl hit on him? You’re glad things turned out this way. Some girls are just destined to be happy sluts.

Chapter 3. Bad

You can't believe it. Ten years later, she's sitting right in front of you. When you saw her name pop up on your schedule you almost didn't believe it at first. What are the chances, after all? You work in middle school counseling now. It's a lot more drama. Especially relationship drama. Frustrations. Pent up energies... It suits you, to understate things. But it's definitely her.

"Hi Ellen." She looks up at you, and there's absolutely no sign of her recognizing you. "What brings you to me today?" you ask, despite knowing perfectly well.

"You know that perfectly well." she mumbles, tucking her hands in the loose front fabric of her pink-white-and-red striped cowl neck sweater. You're kind of relieved to see she seems to have gotten to transition at some point after all. But judging by her appearance, it had been a tad too late. *A shame, but she still has time to grow up beautiful*, you think.

"It seems some students are complaining about you spending a lot of time in the boys' bathroom." you offer. She rolls her eyes, sighing, and lets them land gaze on your trash can, which happens to be placed in her line of sight.

"Maybe some students should mind their business?" she offers in a tone best described as "pissy". "It's no one else's business." She pulls her legs up under her skirt as much as possible. Longer than you would expect, it ends right about the knees. Plain dark

gray and with wide pleats. The sort of thing you'd expect to see at an english school, maybe. At least she didn't have the audacity to wear a tie.

"Please forgive how blunt I have to be. The report reads 'been giving bjs in the boys' bathroom every Thursday since the first week of eighth grade according to witness'. What do you think of that?" She shrugs, licking her lip. You stifle a chuckle. She's just such a perfect example.

"I think that's true. I think it's fine. I think you should mind your business". You wonder if that chain and leather half-choke collar she's wearing closes all of the way on her well defined neck if you pull on the ring. Tired of the attitude she's putting on, you sigh audibly and speak sternly.

"Why would you think it's okay to have public sex in a middle school bathroom?" The reversal takes her by surprise and she looks up. Those vividly brown, frighteningly intelligent eyes make contact with yours and narrow slightly. She's analyzing you, trying to figure you out.

"Why would you think it's okay to choose what I do with my body?" she counters, and you can tell she's instantly burning with anger, just like when she was a little girl, thinking about her mother. Internally, you smirk. You know this behavior. She's lashing out, and she's creating this wide berth of unpleasantness around her, because she's scared to be close. And it's textbook, and it's ridiculous, and she thinks she's the whole world right now. You stand up.

"Because," you start slowly taking the few steps between you, "you're a dirty slut, Ellen." She visibly shudders, and despite her still strong gaze, something in her shrinks a little. You can see it. "And I'm a grown-up. And you know what dirty and good little girls like you do for grown-ups like me." You come to a stop directly in front of her. This time, you aren't hiding anything. You've made sure your hard bulge is very visible. And her gaze falters. And it sweeps to your crotch. And her lip trembles. And she licks her lips.

"I don't know what you're talking about." She's trying to sound nonchalant, but you can hear the lump growing in her throat. You place your hand on her now rather deep brown hair and stroke it gently. She shrinks a little more, and you stroke gentler.

"Oh, but you do, Ellen. You know that perfectly well." Bending forward, you move your hand to her thigh and let your body weight shift onto it. You make sure your thumb presses into it, painfully enough to leave a decent bruise. In her ear, you mumble rather

than whisper: “Are you going to unzip my pants yourself or am I going to have to make you?” You watch in excited content as she closes her eyes and swallows a sob. She opens them again and reaches for the button of your pants. Focused on your crotch, she doesn’t see the slap coming and is quite dazed by it. “Faster, bitch!” you growl. And she scrambles at your pants.

“I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry...” she sobs, zipper finally down. She lets your pants and underwear fall to the floor. You are so hard for her, and the string of pre-cum connecting your tip and your underwear doesn’t snap until they hit the floor. You grab the ring of her collar and pull it hard, which in turn pulls the chain tight. Her face immediately starts flushing pinker as the choke is very much enough. Her soft sobs are like music to your ears, like moaning to your cock.

“Do you want me to fuck you like you’re just a dog, huh?” Her hands wrap around you, one around your shaft, one around your head, and she starts working them. You grunt, and feel annoyed that the pleasure she can give so easily has such power over you. “You’re just a dumb mutt, huh? You have been, all along.” And she nods and sobs. Her movements slow as her face turns increasingly purple and her eyes let you know it’s time to let go of the collar. You do and she breathes a sigh of relief as oxygen quickly fills her brain again. Annoyed, you realize you’ve popped a bunch of blood vessels under and in her eyes, and the choker has left a quite noticeable mark on her neck. You’ll need a cover story later.

You wrap your hand around her long, nearly corkscrew curly hair and use it to pull her head towards you. She whines. With your other hand you grab her jaws and pry at them until she relents. “Let me fuck that filthy maw.” you growl, finally standing up completely straight. She can’t help herself and moans as you say it. And then your cock is in her throat, and she’s gagging and resisting. But your grip on her neck is far stronger than any physical protests she could possibly make. “Please, we both know that if you didn’t want this, you would’ve screamed before now.” you tease. You let her get up for air, maintaining the iron grip on her hair.

“No, stop!” she begs. And your smile widens at the opportunity. You drag her out of the chair and onto her feet, still holding her by her hair, and she scrambles to keep up. And before she has proper footing your other hand punches her in the guts. Hard. Dangerously hard. She falls to her knees, gasping for a breath she’s lost, and you simply shove your

cock down her throat once more. And she gags, but she couldn't have breathed or heaved even if that wasn't in the way. You finally let go of her hair and stroke it again instead, hushing.

"There we go, Ellen. Good puppy." With the fight and brattiness knocked out of her, she deepthroats you with all of the expertise of her decade in the field. Even at 15, she still appears so nubile. That's the thing with trans girls like her. Between the abuse that is practically guaranteed and the magic of the hormones, these angels regress, physically and mentally, and for a magical period they become like children again. You pull at her shirt, and she complies, taking off both her sweater, and the tight tank top underneath, and the training bra too.

"It's cold..." she complains, and you can *hear* the regression in her voice. You feign a sympathetic smile and stroke her cheek with your index finger lazily before moving that hand behind her head and pushing her towards you again. She takes you without complaint. She's gagging less, and isn't even really making that much of a mess. Any drool is immediately picked up and used as lube as she works your shaft and your balls.

Her breasts are so small, her nipples so puffy. It's like looking at a way younger teen, especially since she's bothered to shave her whole body. "That's it, good girl~" you coo, and she moans. You rub at her crotch roughly with the toes of your shoe and she whines on your cock. You get an idea. "Speak!" you command, and she barks on your cock. Embarrassment spreads across her face. "Good girl!" She gets to pull out and get a kiss on the forehead for that trick. You push her back onto your cock and she takes it hungrily this time. Tears are flowing down her face. You kick her crotch lightly, and she groans. If she hadn't been clinging to your cock, she would've folded double. She's adorable like this, pathetic and knocked down, doing what she clearly loves most.

"Ellen, I want to cum. Make me cum, go ahead!" you cheer her on, just like the bitch she is. She picks up the pace, and it's really rather good. She's actually good at this. And you don't last long as you cum, deep in her throat, you give her one last kick in the crotch, and she rewards you with an extra tight and massaging throat to cum down. "That's a good girl~" you moan, before coldly pushing her off. You take a moment to breathe and regain your composure. There's a big pool of clear liquid where she sat, and she's breathing heavily, cheeks rosy and eyes foggy. "Get dressed, puppy. You can't let anyone out there see you like this now, can you?"

“Thank you.” she squeaks. You laugh, a deep belly laugh. You find these young girls so absurd. You watch her get her bra on, then her tank top, but before she can put on her sweater you hut.

“You made a mess, slut. Clean my floor.” And she swallows hard, and she wipes the floor clean of her pre-cum using her sweater. She pulls it on and then stares at the big, shiny stain. You roll your eyes and toss her a blanket off of your couch. She inspects it, disgusted. One side looked fine enough, but the other was covered in the cum and other liquids from countless masturbation sessions, blowjobs, and other obscenities that had taken place in that office during your three years there. She grimaces and puts it on, dirty side in, and at least the stain doesn’t show.

“Thank you...” she mumbles, and you walk her to the door. “Alright, Ellen. See you around. And be more careful with who sees you in the future.” She pulls the blanket tighter around herself, and walks out to her waiting friend, who gestures questioningly at the blanket, and you hear her make some excuse about relationship drama you needed to discuss. She glances back, and you wave her off, and looking back at you in the doorway, she has a moment of recognition, and then her face contorts, and you close the door.

Chapter 3. Good

You can't believe it. Ten years later, she's sitting right in front of you. When you saw her name pop up on your schedule you almost didn't believe it at first. What are the chances, after all? You work in middle school counseling now. It's a lot more drama. Especially relationship drama. Frustrations. Pent up energies... It suits you, to understate things. But it's definitely her.

She had recognized you right away as she walked in. She almost skipped over to you and hugged you, and you felt her press her body up against you as she greeted you fondly.

"I know exactly why I'm here." she winks, tucking her hands under her thighs, and her tiny denim shorts are far too short for her hands to even be close to touching them. You can tell her transition has gone well. A truly stunning body, an adorable face, the most adorably small tits, accentuated by the little lift they give to her pale green spaghetti string crop top. Her belly has just enough pudg that it makes you draw an extra breath as your gaze grazes it.

"It seems some students are complaining about you bringing boys into the girls' bathroom." you offer. She rolls her eyes and giggles before eyeing you up and down.

"Maybe some students should mind their business?" she offers in a tone best described as "playful". "It's no one else's business." She moves to sit criss-cross applesauce and put her hands in the space in-between her legs, leaning forward, and her

arms frame her little tits, pushing them together so that they just about make a cleavage. You can't help but smile at her promiscuous audacity.

"You'll forgive how blunt I'm being. The report reads 'been seducing boys and dragging them into the girls' bathroom to give bjs weekly since beginning of eighth grade according to witness'. What do you think of that?" She shrugs, licking her lips. You stifle a chuckle. She's just such a perfect example.

"I think that's true. I think it's fine. I think that you are jealous." She accentuates the last four syllables by wagging her index finger in the air. You wonder if her pigtails make as good handles as they look like they do. Tired of dancing around in this game with her, you sigh audibly and speak frankly.

"I recognized your name in my calendar. I wasn't surprised at the contents of the report." She's amused by the reveal and looks at you, really looks. Those vividly brown, frighteningly intelligent eyes make contact with yours and the corners of them scrunch up, part of a playful, childish smile. She's teasing you.

"And yet you didn't say anything, or cancel..." she says, elbow on her thigh, tapping her chin with the index finger of that arm's hand, but there's a haziness to her gaze, just like back then when she was drunk on your cock. You smirk. You know this behavior. She's reaching out, and she's ensnaring any man (and likely anything else) she meets, because she's scared to be alone. It's textbook. She's a slut. And she knows she's the whole world.

"Because," you start, and her feet meet the floor. She gets up, "I was curious how you turned out, Ellen." She visible shivers, and despite her still strong gaze, it's getting hazier. You can see it. "And, I'm a grown-up. I have needs. So do you. We both know what little sluts like you do for grown-ups like me." She comes to a stop directly in front of your chair. This time, she isn't scared to show anything. She throws her leg above your shoulder and your gaze falters. And it sweeps your crotch. Your cock twitches, and you fail to contain a grunt.

"I know exactly what you're talking about." She's trying to sound pornographic, but there's a childish excitement in her voice. She places a now slender but somewhat stubby-fingered hand on your chest and runs a finger up and down it. You squirm, and she strokes.

“I can tell, Ellen. You’re a good whore.” Bending forward, she lets her leg slide down, the other come up, and suddenly her whole body weight is on your lap. She lays her hands to rest lazily behind your neck. You’re incredibly hard, and barely in control.

“Are you going to strip me or am I going to have to do it myself?” she teases, and you almost watch yourself reach up and pull off her crop top, and the tiny, baby pink bralette underneath. She helps you, and together you bare those perfect little tits. They really are proper tits. She must’ve gotten on hormones really early, to grow up with her peers.

“I am so turned on by you, Ellen.” you grunt, but your voice falters a little. Your hands are suddenly on her thighs, then they’re pulling at her shorts and she helps you get them off. You grab for her panties. But you don’t find any. She feels the failed grab and laughs, and it’s that same playful laugh you remember from a full decade ago. You reach for a nipple, and she comes down a little to make it easier. You roll it in your fingers and she mewls for you. For you. That’s how it feels. She is performing for you. She unbuttons your pants, like a pro.

“I’ll let you fuck me raw, because you were nice to me.” She strokes your dick as she pulls it out of your pants. She doesn’t need to, because you’re already unbelievably hard. You grunt as she guides your dick to her hole, and despite a lack of lubrication other than your pre-cum, she slips you in with relative ease as she slowly lowers her hips down to meet yours. She’s... not unbelievably tight. In fact, if you were to guess, you are currently enjoying the lubrication provided by the spunk of some gross boy who hasn’t showered for a week. But she whines softly as it slowly slips deeper into her, and you do too. You can’t help but grab hungrily at her chest, as if pulling her in. The claw marks will need a cover story.

She yelps, but the way she squirms betrays that she does enjoy the pain. You doubt she lets these boys hit her. Yet. Your hands wander down to her belly, and you play with it. There’s just, just enough that she doesn’t just disappear into the shorts, but they squish her just a bit. She’s grinding her hips onto you now, showcasing expert technique, and she leans in to kiss you. She pauses right before making contact. “No tongue~” she demands, and you oblige, for now, as she bends in the last bit and you kiss, and passionately is certainly how to describe it. Your movements are already erratic and your breathing

labored, rutting up into her, and she smirks, and her face says she believes she's in control here. You find that cute.

“Don't stop~” you ask, and she certainly complies. She plays with your hair, kisses your mouth, your neck. Through her increasingly needy grinding, her adorably undeveloped clitty leaves a trail of pre-cum on your lower belly. She's panting, moaning, and grunting as she rides you, her gaze so hazy, lost in lust for you. And you grab her throat with one hand. Her upper body suddenly hangs limp in your hand, and her grinding slows to an erratic crawl. You squeeze, hard, and her face turns pink, and then a light purple. She cries, in pleasure.

“There we go, Ellen. That's a good slut~” With the control squeezed out of her, she's suddenly so still. “Grind.” you demand, and she grinds. Her hands grasp at the one on her neck, holding on for comfort. “You can take it.” She does, letting her hands drop, even as she appears not far from passing out. That's the thing with trans girls like her. They're obsessed with being good *girls*. And they'll latch onto any idea of what “good” or “girl” is, as long as they're told it enough. Ellen's daddy had taught her that “good” meant “happily serving someone” and “girl” meant “something beautiful you can fuck”.

“Please, I'm going to-” and with a desperate whimper she's out. You quickly let go of her throat, and as she moans in relief, coming to, you grab her pigtails and you pull her head towards your chest, and you lay her head on it, turning it so she can see your desk, and the somewhat poorly disguised camera on it. She cries in relief on your chest and you start thrusting into her properly, bouncing her hips on yours to the beat of her sobs.

“Didn't that feel good? All of that relief? You're such a good girl.” You kiss the top of her head, and she nods. Her head is swimming after the strangulation, and you pump into her faster, harder, rewarding her for her good behavior. You let go of her head, and she leans back, letting you slide much deeper into her. This coaxes out of her a deep groan, and her clitty twitches out another glob of pre-cum. Together, you grind and thrust, and she's losing herself in it. You reach down to her crotch and with two fingers and a thumb you jerk her off, taking pauses to play with her tiny balls. These really are as if frozen in time. You wonder if anyone's bothered to tell her that this little detail means bottom surgery will be more complicated. And then she twitches and whines so adorably under you, and you rub her neck.

“I’m going to cum in you, Ellen.” you simply state. “And you’re going to help me.” And she does, she really does everything right. The angle she grinds at, the way she’s pushing her chest out at you, her hair, her make-up, the clothes she’s no longer wearing, were all perfect. And she came onto you perfectly. She’s been perfect, in every way. It’s actually very impressive. Her step-dad, sorry, “daddy” did a good job raising her. He even stayed out of trouble, from what you can see in the records. Her parents divorced, and Ellen stayed with her daddy. She may sleep around, but she’s loyal. “You’re a good girl, Ellen.” you say, and you mean it.

“Thank you!” she wails. Then she clenches down hard, lets out a series of squeals, and her little clitty dribbles what constitutes cum for her these days onto your sweater with all of her pre-cum. The way her body twitches around you is one of the sexiest things you’ve seen.

You cum, and it’s uneventful. Frankly, it doesn’t matter, because Ellen is going to fall backwards unless you pull her back into an embrace, so you do. “I see you, in control of everything.” you mumble, and she giggles, so cock-drunk she’s nearly sounding five again. “Your daddy really did make a good slut out of you.” You kiss the top of her head again. Your cock has finally shrunk down enough to pop out of her, and your cum stains your pants and the chair. Somehow, you’ve ended up covered in cum while she’s nearly clean. She grabs a napkin from your desk and wipes herself off, then slips into her clothes. You both stare at the claw marks, unsure how to proceed. “Screw it.” You grab your spare t-shirt from a hook near the door. You’ve worn it so it smells a bit of you and your deodorant, but it should do. She simply puts it on on top of everything, and it’s a perfect outfit. Her chest looks even flatter like this, too.

“Thank you, really.” She hugs you, careful not to get stained. “Alright, see you around! And maybe don’t get seduced by any more students.” she says and winks. You just grunt in response, giving her a squeeze she definitely has earned. She pulls away from you, and soon she’s out the door. She walks over to her waiting friend, and they hug, and her friend points to the shirt, and you hear Ellen say something about having felt cold and you being so nice. And her friend gives her a look that says she knows, and won’t tell. She looks back at you, smiles gleefully, and waves as you close the door.

Chapter 4

Ellen looks up at Eric's face. He looks down at her in turn, concern written all over his face. "And then what did he do?" he coaxes, placing a large hand on her bared thigh which is covered in bruises and welts from other times like this. She draws a sharp breath through her teeth as his hand rubs against a particularly sore spot, then she continues.

"He took his hand away from my cunny, and then his peepee went inside!" She makes big eyes at Eric, and he places a hand on her crotch, and she can't even feel the now decently large bulge, she feels just what she needs to.

"His peepee went inside your cunny? In here?" he asks, and she nods enthusiastically. "And how did that feel?" He starts rubbing over her panties, and Ellen blushes, squirming in his lap.

"Like a million butterflies!" she laughs, and the sound of her laughing just like a little girl gives Eric a million butterflies in his belly too. He starts working his cock out of his sweatpants, and Ellen stares at it, transfixed. She licks her lips. Eric continues to stroke both himself and her.

"Come on, be a good girl, Ellen. Get up here." He pulls her up fully onto his lap, her legs on either side of his thighs. His cock is pressed between his belly and her back. He lifts under her armpits, and she helps with her legs. Then she pulls her strawberry patterned panties to the side, exposing her asshole, and she slides down onto him, effortlessly after all of the warm-up earlier. "That's a good girl~" he coos. He can't help but

bring his hand to her throat. He's learned to like a lot — *a lot* — of things in the bedroom since meeting Ellen on a local kink board. He had been curious about ageplay and petplay and all of the other things they did, but the breathplay is what had brought them together right away.

"Please, Mr. Counselor, don't kill me." Ellen whimpers, and Eric's hands squeeze her neck. It looks like he's barely doing much, but that's because he really knows what he's doing. Her face turns a bit pink, then doesn't change color any further. Eric starts slowly thrusting up into Ellen's "cunny". He's trying to hold back. If he went full speed right now, the scene would end prematurely. She on the other hand, has no choice with how fast she's fading. It's subtle, but she's tapping his chest with a consistent rhythm. She signals that she's close with a series of double taps, as they discussed at the very beginning of their relationship, and he starts thrusting harder into her.

"God, I just can't get enough of raping little victims like you." he growls, and her taps are getting a little erratic. He moans, and so does she, and soon, the tapping stops, and he lays her head on his shoulder as he thrusts powerfully up into her unconscious ass, filling it. She quickly starts stirring awake again. By Eric's heavy panting and somewhat guilty expression she gathers that he came, and she digs her face into his shoulder. He rocks her and hushes as he lets her tears soak into his t-shirt. Done crying, she snivels and sits back up to look him in the face.

"Thank you, Eric, that was a wonderful time." He hums in agreement before picking her up and carrying her to the bathroom so she can empty out. She cleans herself up, and he wipes down too, and as they make their way to the bedroom, he starts talking in his completely normal voice.

"You know, I've been thinking. We should have dinner with my parents. They should meet you." he says. Ellen, shivering as she crawls under the covers, still a bit fucked out, sighs and looks over at him.

"I know. I know, it's just that it's still so soon. I mean, what if you break up with me soon. Then there's no point going through all of that." Her voice drips with insecurity.

"We're gonna need their help once you're in recovery. You should know them now, before you need to."

"Okay, fine, but we're going there for dinner. I am *not* explaining to your mother why there is a big ass cage in our living room." It had barely had time to be theirs, then only

having moved in a little over two weeks ago, but that's still a considerable chunk of their barely turned three months old relationship.

"You know, I'm 28, you're 25. We should be able to have guests over." Ellen swallows and rolls away from him. She hates it, because it's like he doesn't see her sometimes, and then others he does, and then he doesn't again. It's confusing, and it makes her tummy twist and that makes her wet and, these days, very hard.

"Speak for yourself, old man." she grumbles childishly and he sighs and grabs her shoulder to spin her back to him. She resists at first, then finally relents and lets him pull her closer.

"Come on, Ellen. It'll be fine." She digs her body into his, as close as she can get, and he holds her, tight. "I'll call them tomorrow, and I'll make sure to invite us over to their place. Okay?" Ellen nods into his chest, and he squeezes her and strokes her hair for a while.

"But what if they hate me?" she whines, and there's genuine cry in her voice. Eric sighs deeply and rolls away from her as he pushes her back to her side of the bed.

"I literally just fucked you, just so you could feel loved and vulnerable. Can't you just be happy, Ellen?" She swallows her pain, and it fills her entire belly, and it growls. *You will be what he wants, and he will love you forever*, her hunger tells her. And she believes it. They lie in silence for a while, and he must have gotten over it, because he kisses her forehead and says: "You know, it's funny. I haven't thought of this before, but it's a bit ironic the play we do, considering one of my parents is a school counselor." He laughs, a deep belly laugh, and she suddenly realizes what drew her to the pictures on his profile in the first place: the uncanny family resemblance.

Epilogue

In a large, not fancy but large, house, in a small community in the countryside, a middle aged woman places a tray next to her pine wood kitchen table. On the tray is a large ceramic dog bowl containing what looks like a regular dinner, a small metal bowl filled with water, and a pudding cup. She rises, pulls out her chair, and sits down.

“Ellen, come here!” she beckons, and Ellen comes skipping into the room and dives down to the bowl. She bends down and is about to take a bite when she catches herself and looks up at the other woman. She, in turn, brings her hand to the hungry pet’s cheek, strokes the crow’s feet slowly emerging in the corner of those warm, sharp eyes of hers, smiles, and says “Go ahead, girl!” And Ellen eats with much gusto.

As they eat, the other woman, Linda, tells Ellen about her day, who only responds with body language appropriate for a puppy like her. Once both of their food receptacles are empty, the other woman squats, grabs the pudding cup, and starts peeling the lid off. Ellen taps at the floor with her hands, which are paws at the moment as far as she is concerned, licking her lips. And the woman holds the cup out to her, and she digs into it with her tongue. She eats out the cup until there isn’t a speck of chocolate anywhere to be seen. The woman smiles and brings a very content puppy in for a hug and many, many pets.

“I can’t believe you’re turning 35 already...” she mumbles into the very long, messily curly fur on Ellen’s head. Ellen focuses really hard on not understanding concepts like

“age”. “Tomorrow will be just as planned then. We’re celebrating your 5th birthday, of course. Everything after breakfast in bed is a surprise. I’ve double checked, everyone we invited is coming, except for Cassy, because she needed to go to her kids’ soccer recital or whatever.” Ellen swallows a lump of hurt, remembering the birthdays she missed for the benefit of someone her parents loved more. Parents. Like Linda. Her mom. She quickly forgets all that.

Then the woman helps Ellen to her feet. She’s a very good pet, and has been for almost a decade, but there’s no point ruining her knees for a scene, no matter how much she actually loves Ellen as her pet. And they walk to the bedroom, the woman’s finger hooked in Ellen’s collar, who is trying her best not to giggle like a little girl on their way to the bedroom. Once there, the woman orders Ellen onto the bed, and to spread. Ellen does as told, and the woman climbs up in-between her legs, a hungry look on her face. Ellen smiles, closing her eyes, as the woman finally digs her fingers into her thick thighs and her tongue into Ellen’s folds. “You’re a good girl, Ellen.” the woman coos, and Ellen smiles contentedly.

The End