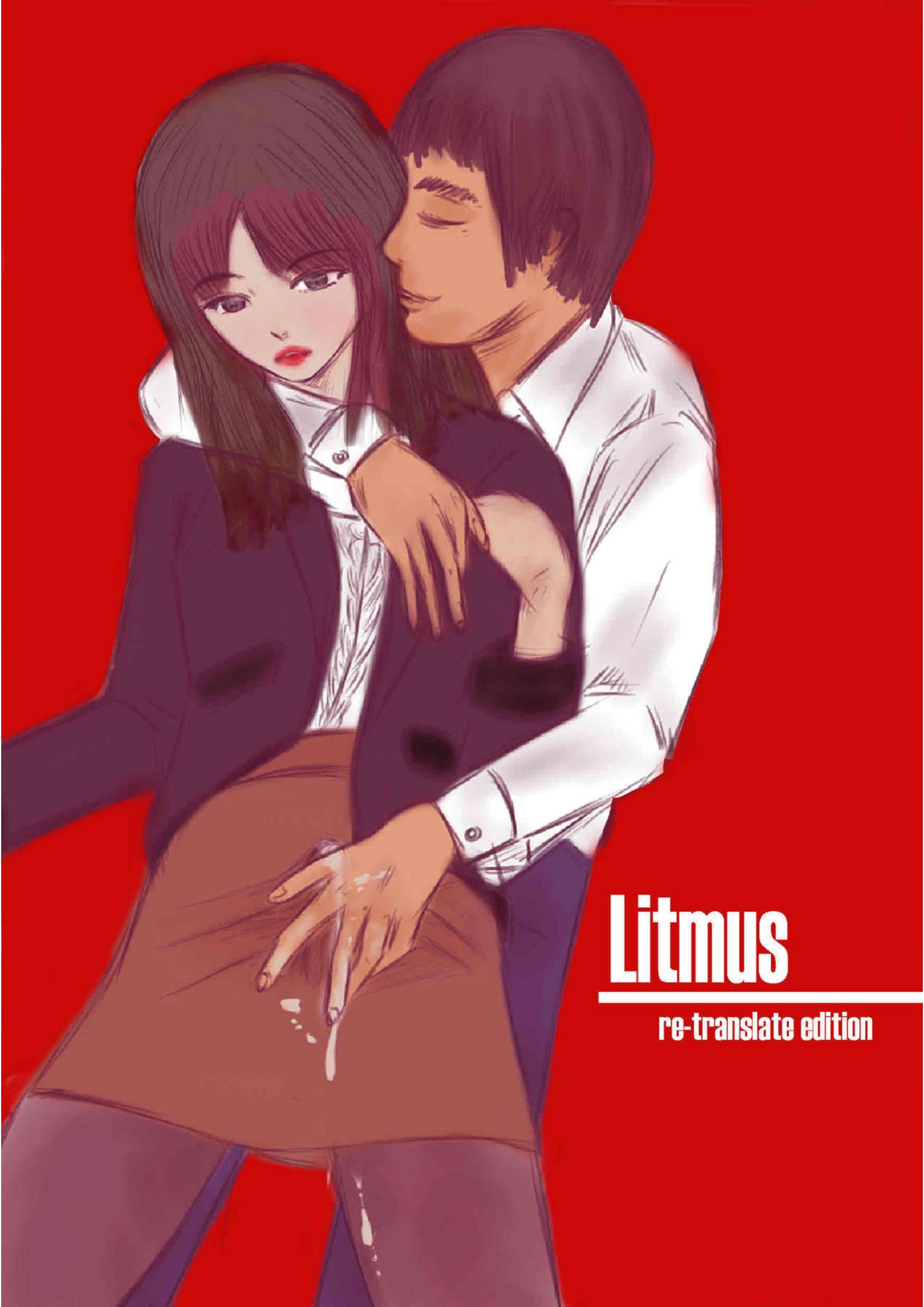
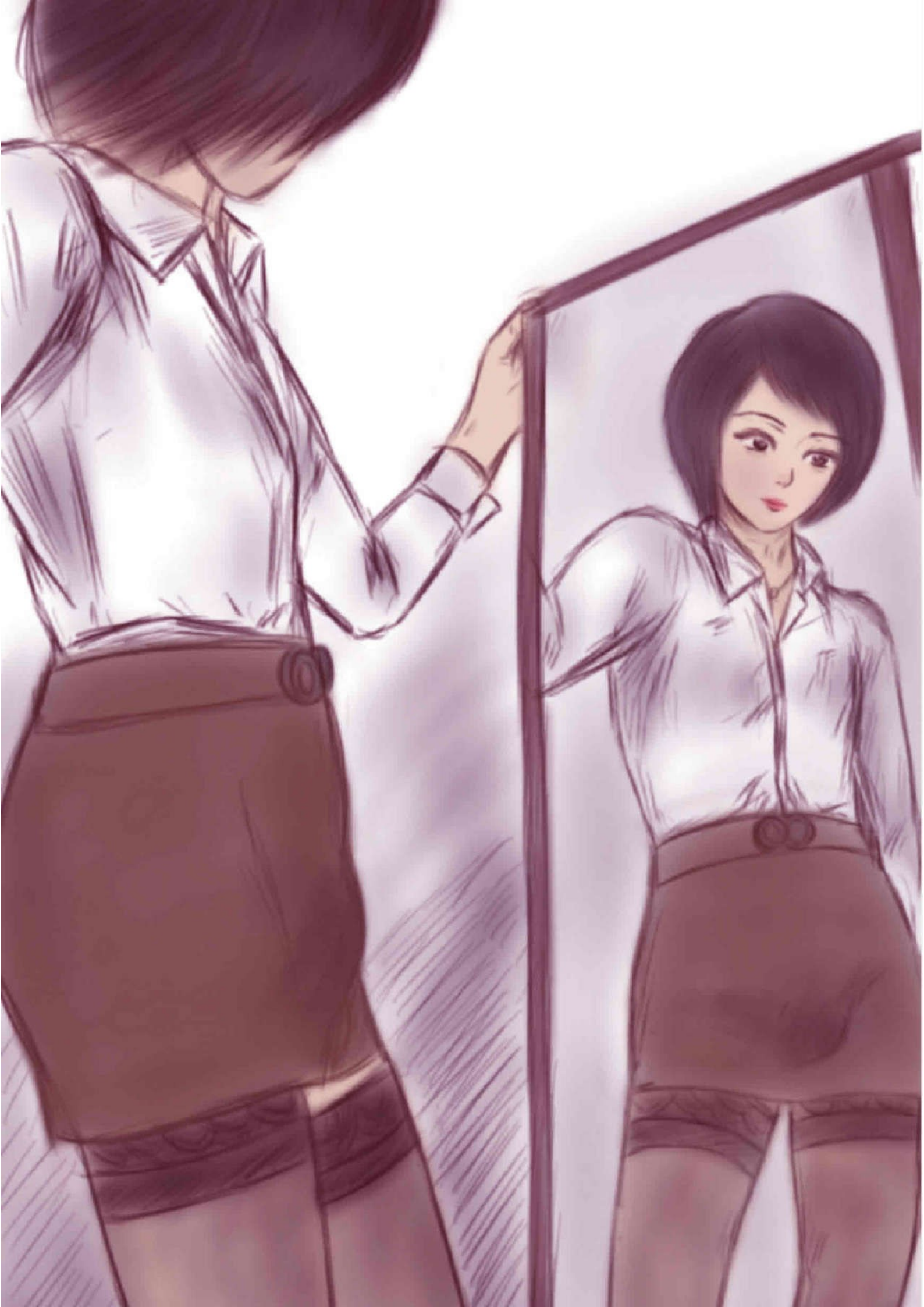




Litmus

re-translate edition





Isn't it nice to get some fresh air once in a while?

Well... I guess it is.



Wait I think it's my phone...



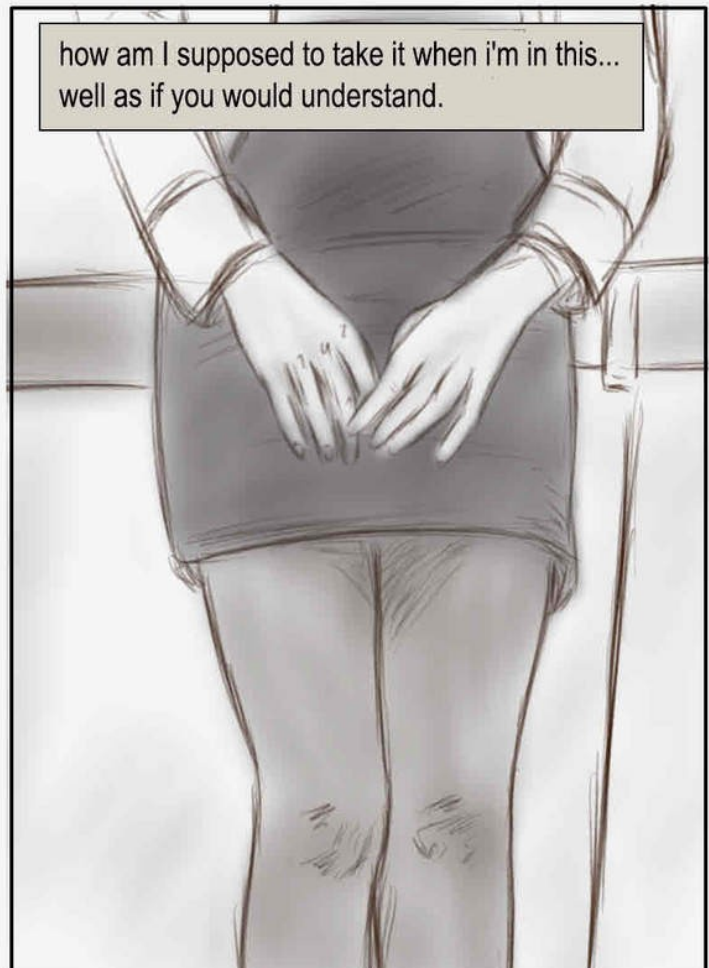
Um... excuse me miss. I know it's none of my business. but I think it's your phone?

it ain't even your business... sign...

I'm not deaf I know it's my phone. but if it's anyone else I would pick it up but it's my mom..



how am I supposed to take it when i'm in this... well as if you would understand.



whats wrong with her...? is she heartbroken?

really? It isn't your business.





Litmus

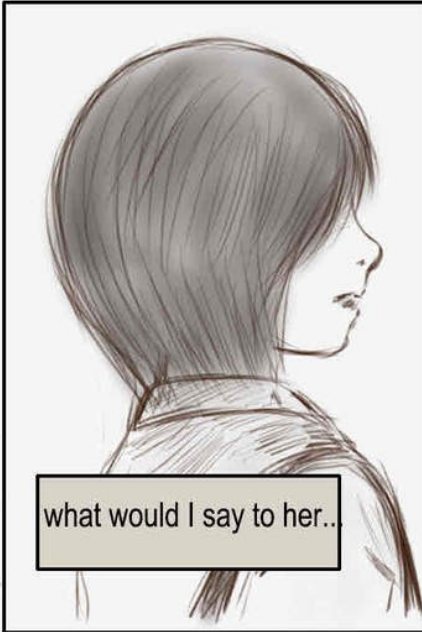
don't worry about it.
I'm already over it...

gotta hang up
class is starting.

what would mom say
if she can see me right now...



what would I say to her..

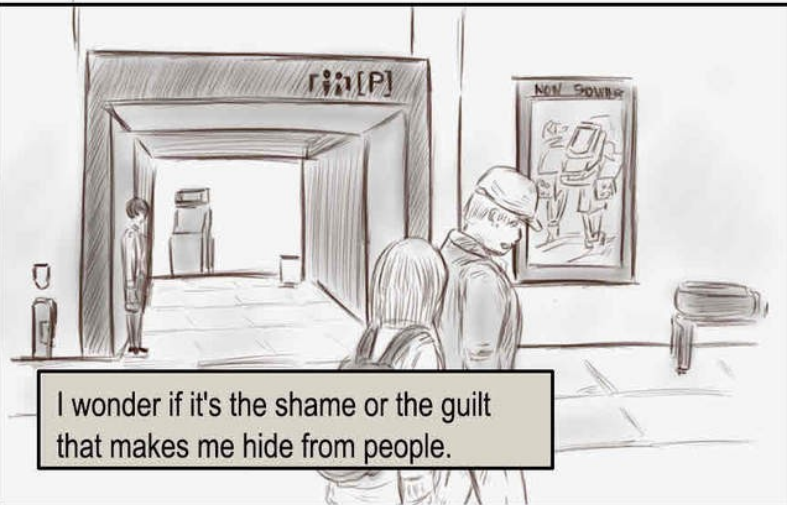


I don't even want to think about it.

after a short call
I wait for him in the
dark corner of the cinema.



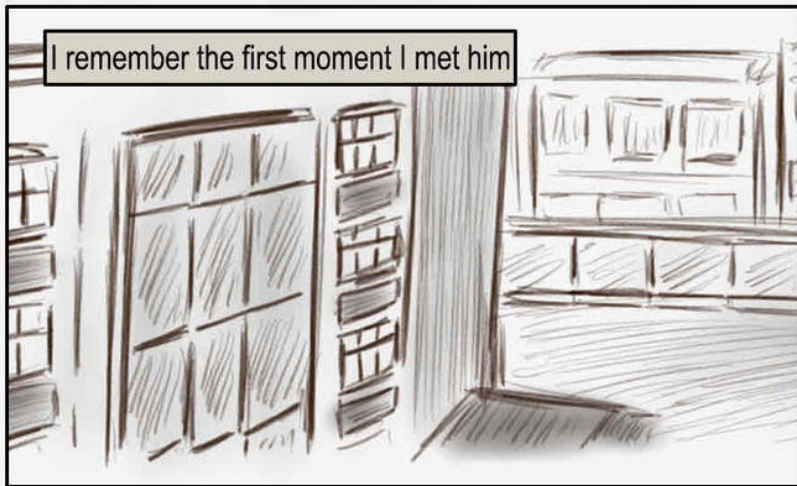
I wonder if it's the shame or the guilt
that makes me hide from people.



but my heart races because of it.
The thrill of fooling everyone.



I remember the first moment I met him

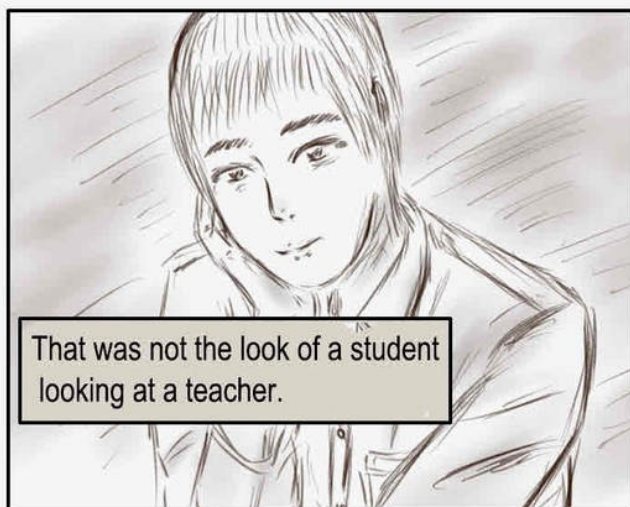




It was the first class in the first day of my first semester.

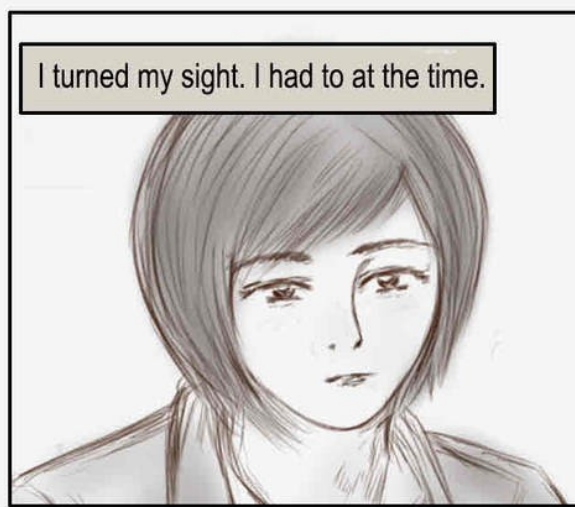


He gazed at me.

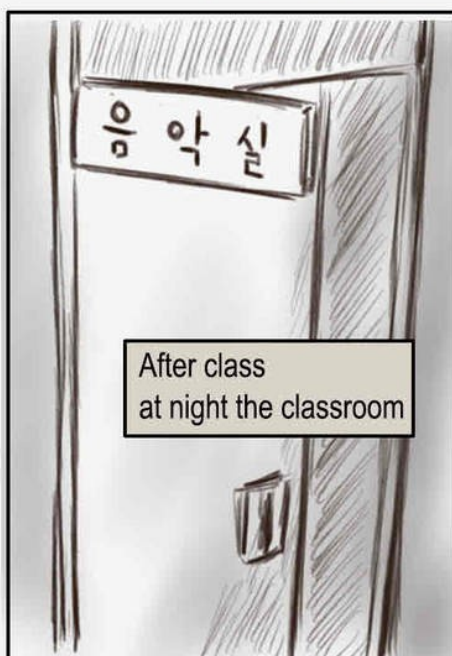


That was not the look of a student looking at a teacher.

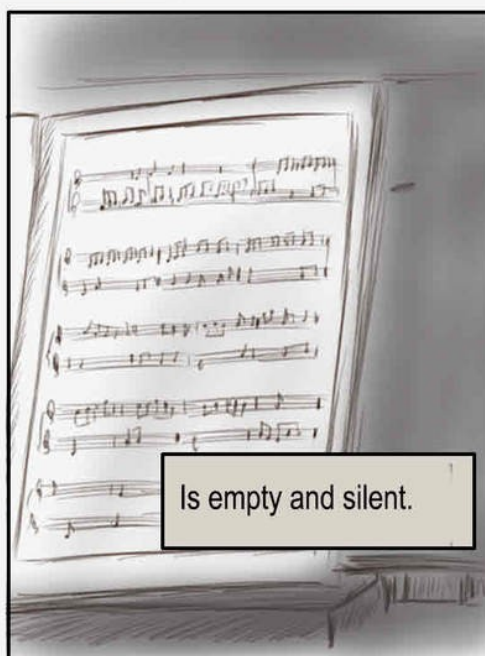
It was something... more.



I turned my sight. I had to at the time.



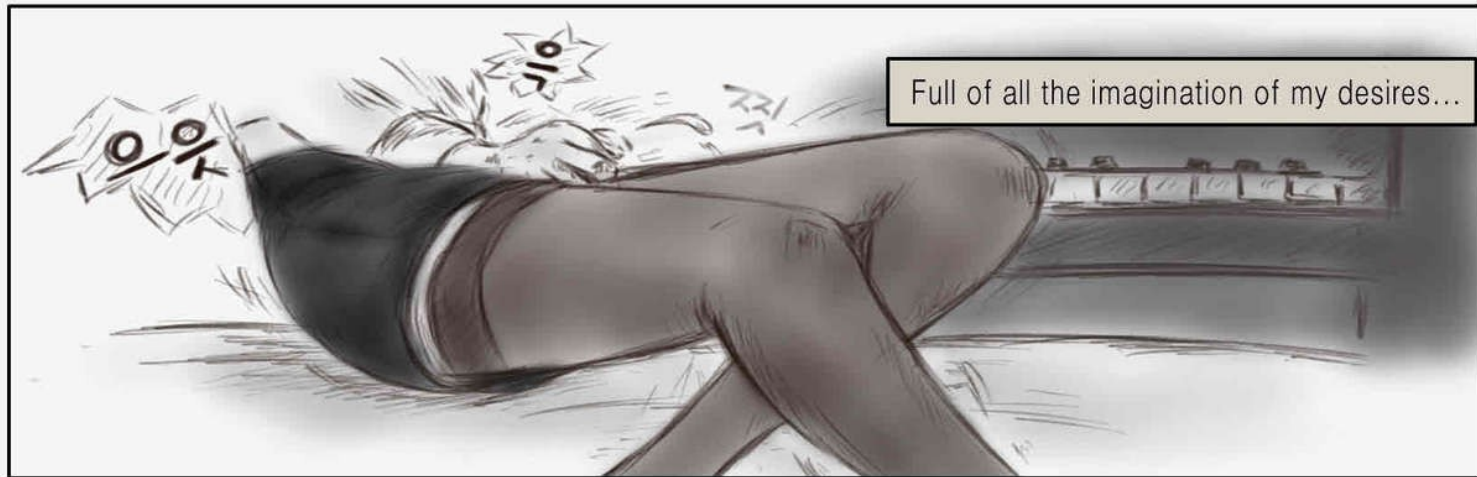
After class at night the classroom



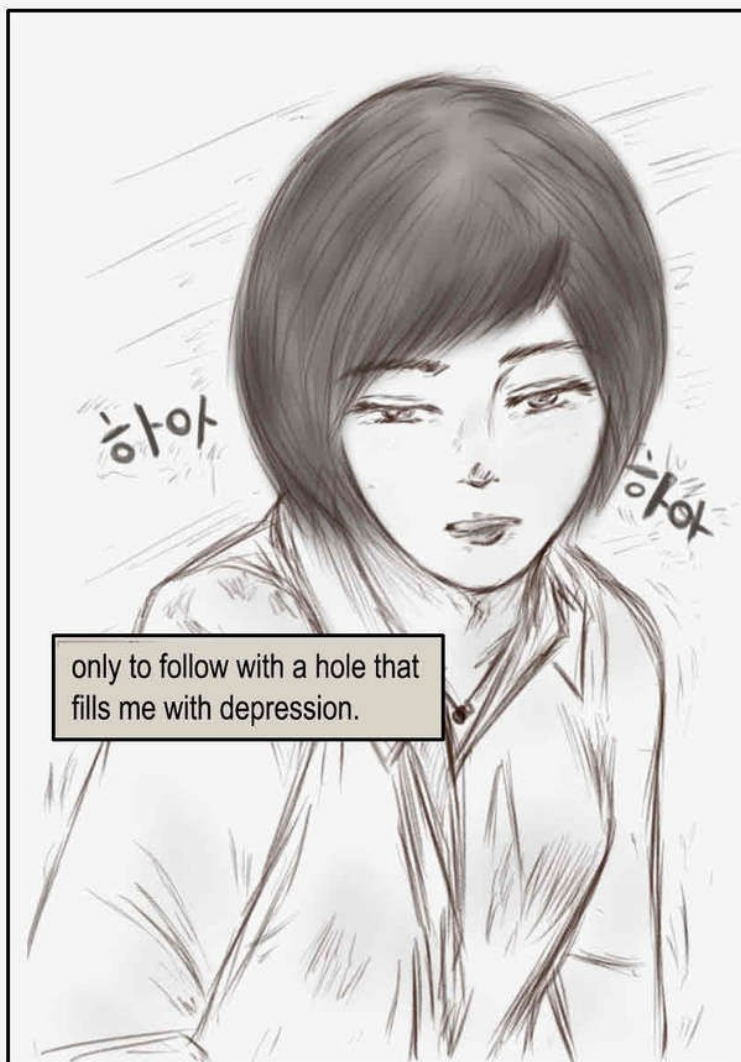
Is empty and silent.



often I reminisce that moment.



Full of all the imagination of my desires...



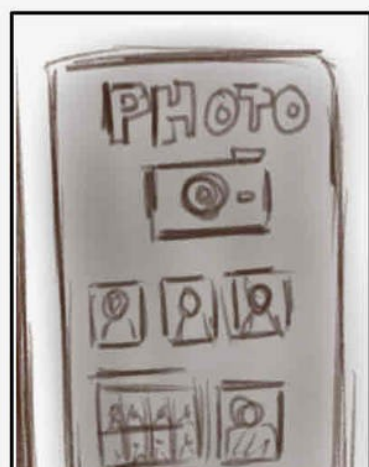
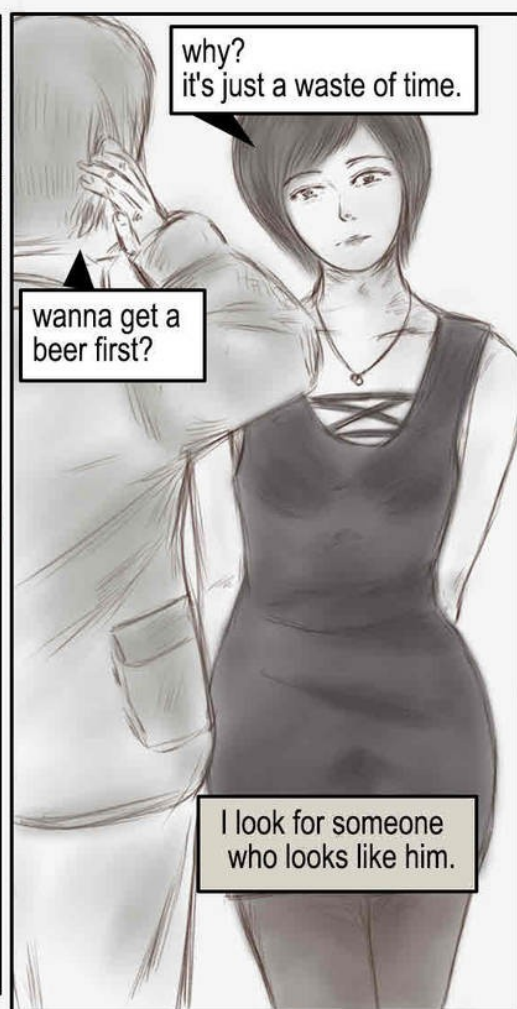
only to follow with a hole that
fills me with depression.

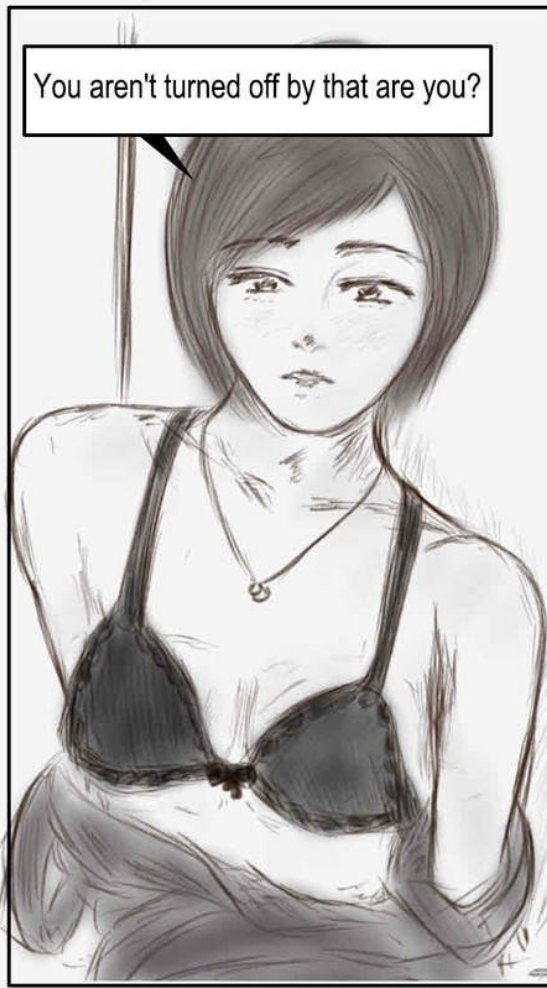
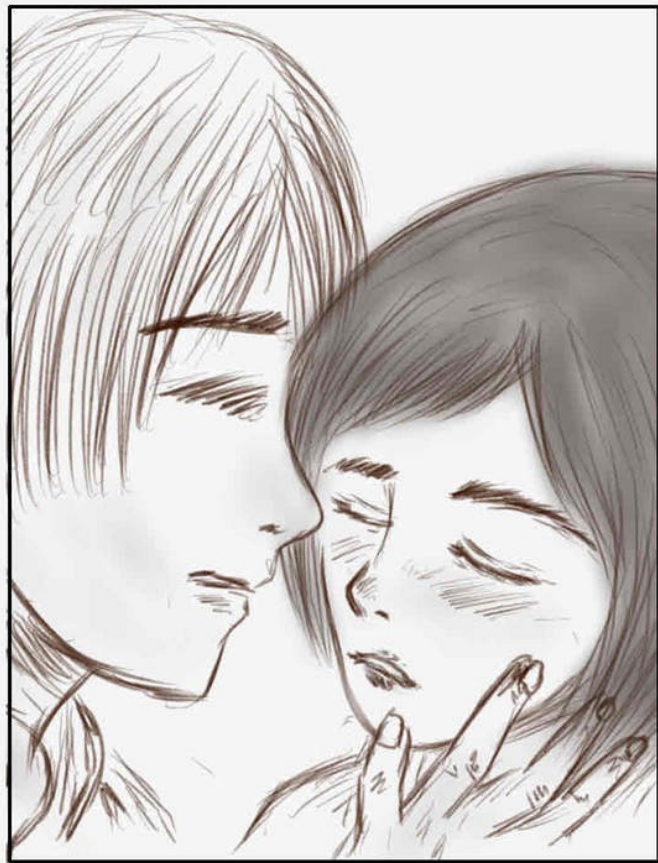


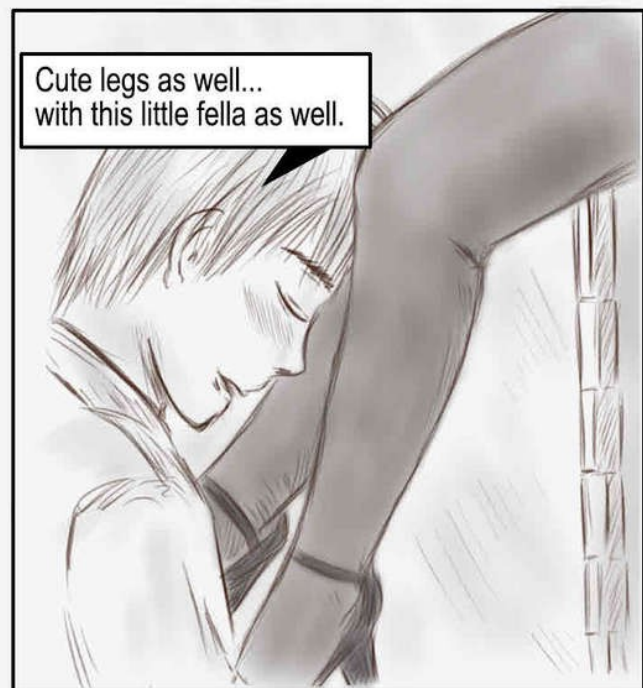
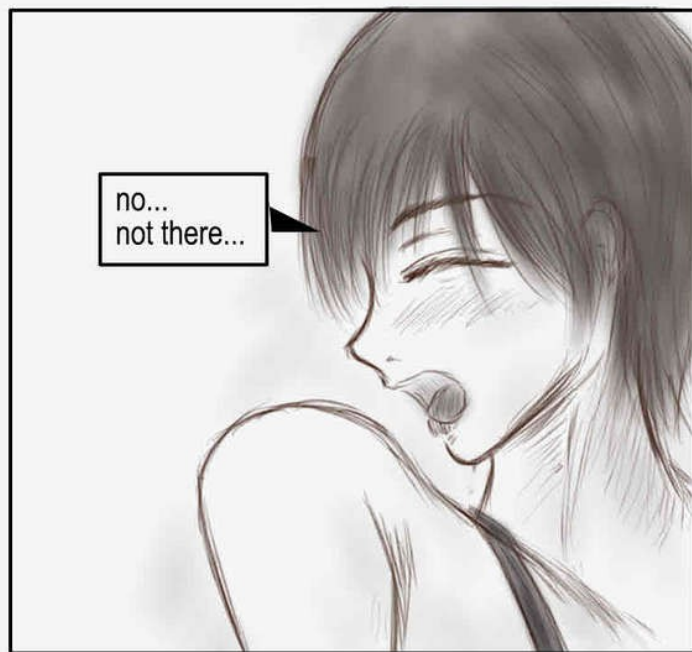
because

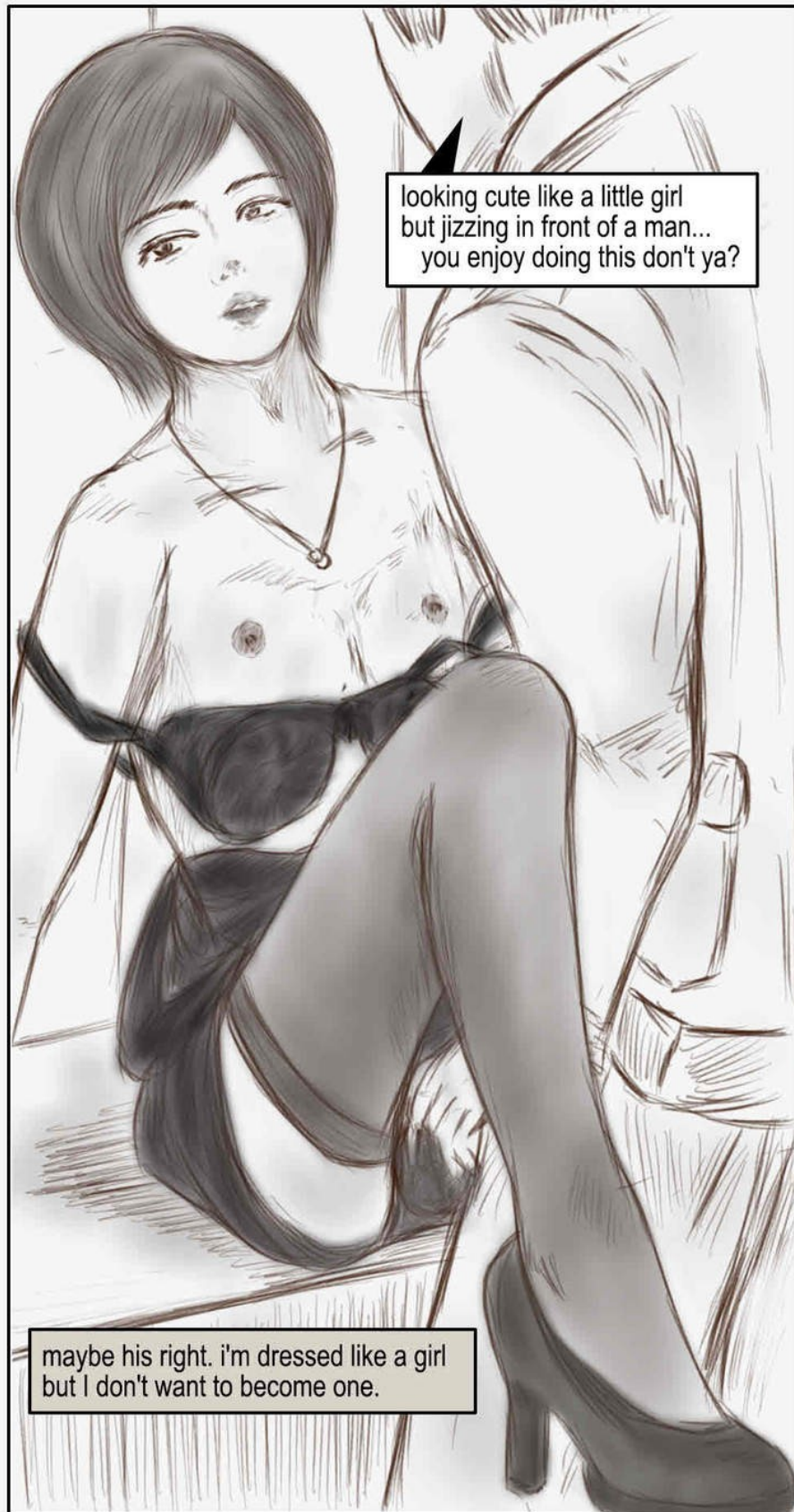


The things that are left dripping
between my skirt and stocking..
reminds me I will never be his girl.









looking cute like a little girl
but jizzing in front of a man...
you enjoy doing this don't ya?

maybe his right. i'm dressed like a girl
but I don't want to become one.



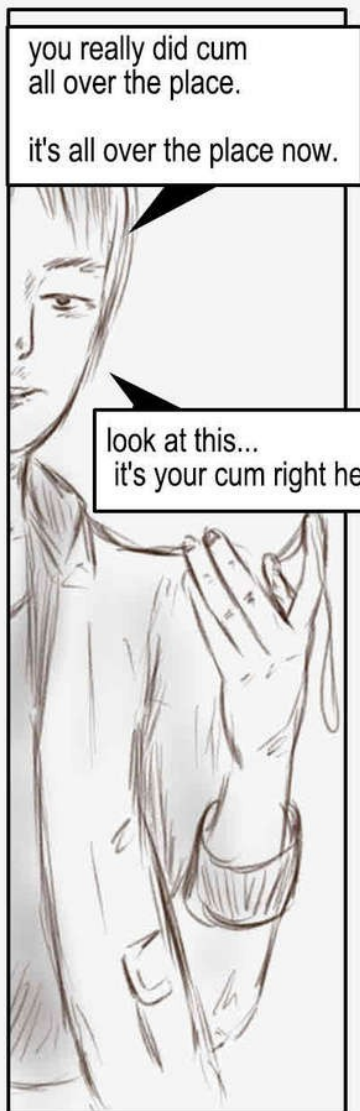
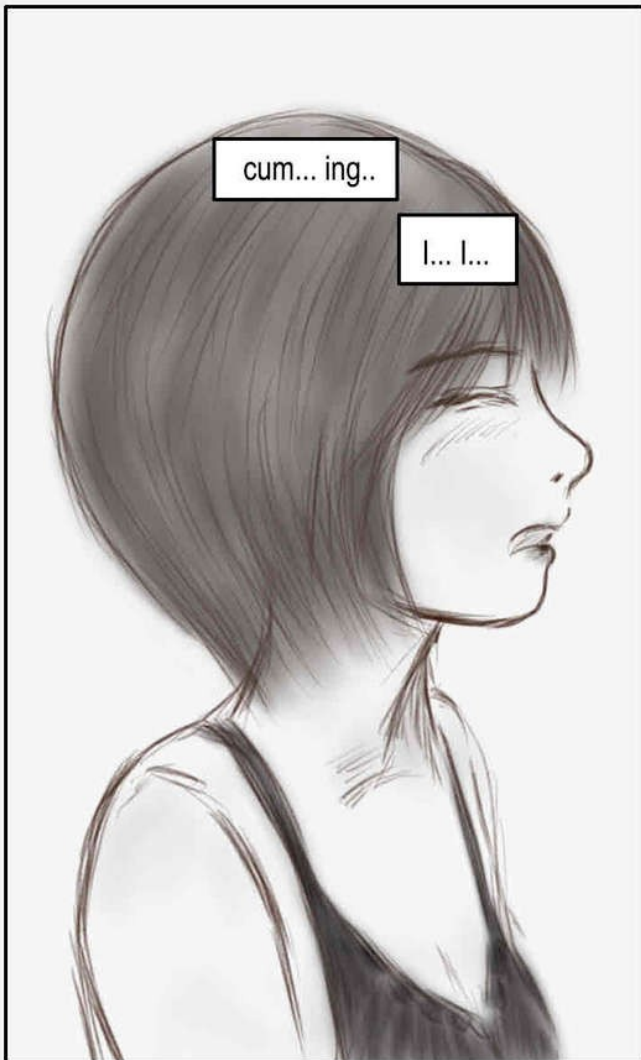
don't... I... that's not...

let's see... how can I make
cum all over the place?



ah... don't bite me...
it hurts... ah....

I... i'm gonna cum again





um... i'm sorry I might have been to rough ya know... not using protection even.



No. not any more.

do you want to meet again? maybe dinner next time?



there won't be a next time. bye.



um. can I at least get your name...

your... just gonna leave?

I leave outside
with his voice slowly fading away.



After all he is just a fake.
A joyride nothing more.

Nothing more.

After a few steps his cum slowly falls down my legs.

It doesn't matter if I try to stop it. It slowly falls down.

did he really cum this much inside of me?

Acting high and mighty outside as a esteemed teacher. While the cum of someone I don't even know the name of falls down my legs.

It disgusts me but just the thought of him cumming makes me stiff. I can't help it. I'm what people call a pervert.



I'll masturbate and take a shower
and go to school to wear the mask once again.

but I didn't know then...
how fast everything will come
falling down around me.

To be continue..

