

Allison's Detention

By JJ Argus



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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

I didn't go to university because I like school. I've always hated school, to be perfectly honest. I hate just sitting there and doing boring stuff. I want to be out and moving! I love moving! I love dancing, the faster the better! Sitting in a chair for hours bores the living shit out of me!

But at the same time I have the same desire for money as anyone else. I had pondered, as the end of high school loomed large, what I was going to do once I had to actually go get a job. I already had a closer acquaintance with boring-as-shit jobs than I really wanted. I'd worked in restaurants and as a receptionist and as a cashier.

Ugh! BORING!

Not only boring but really low paying.

And it seemed to me that the only way to get a better job was to go to university. There were two problems with that. The first was that I didn't really want to go to university and sit in boring classes listening to boring lectures about boring stuff I had no interest in. The second was that I had held the same attitude through high school, so didn't exactly have great marks.

The first thing I had to do was figure out what I wanted to do. Become a lawyer? Ugh! Too boring! A doctor? Ugh! Too gory! A nurse? And deal with bleeding people!? No thanks! A vet? I saw a documentary on a vet once where he had to shove his hand up a cow's ass. No thanks!

A scientist? Well, there were a lot of different kinds, but frankly, they all seemed boring to me. And I didn't think I was that smart anyway. Become a teacher and put up with stupid sulky brats like me? Nu uh! If there was a way to make money dancing I'd do that, but the only way I could think of was to become a stripper.

Now I didn't have anything morally against being a stripper. But while I wasn't exactly a virgin the thought of taking my clothes off and spreading my legs in front of rooms filled with men did not exactly appeal to me except on a fantasy level. I mean, I'm not shy, and I have a lot of confidence in my body and looks, but come on!

I leafed through the college and university catalogs trying to get inspired, trying to find something that would pay decently and not bore me out of my mind. What I eventually settled on was Physical Therapy. I could get a well-paying job then where I hardly ever had to sit at a desk and work on a computer. That sounded cool! And unlike others it didn't require I have super high grades in math or science.

I thought I had a decent chance of qualifying to get into the four year course. The problem was I had to submit stuff like volunteer experience and a submission letter about why I wanted to be a physical therapist. Which was a pain. I wanted to do it because it sounded like I'd kind of like it and would make a lot of money. What more did they want?

So I cheated. I do that a lot at school. Big deal. The courses are easy anyway. I zip through the books in nothing flat. Sticking around and listening to the boring lectures and then doing the boring homework takes time away from dancing and other stuff, like guys. Doing homework is usually easier if some friendly guy lets you copy his – and most guys are pretty friendly to me.

So I made my submission, which included a submission letter largely made up of stuff I'd found on the internet, and some imagined volunteer experience, and I got accepted. I felt pretty good about that! And everything was working fine until June when Mr. Connors, the Vice Principle, called me into his office.

He and I had a bit of a history. He was always yelling at me for skipping school, or being caught doing things I wasn't supposed to be doing and being places I wasn't supposed to be. I'd been given detention any number of times, along with extra homework I usually got some guy to do.

Have I mentioned I'm pretty good looking? I am. I have a really nice body, too. Put those together and boys, I had discovered, pretty much always did whatever I hinted I wanted them to do. The trick is to give them a little, so they're always wanting more.

For doing a homework assignment I could usually get away with giving a guy a hand job. If it was really complicated or time-consuming I might have to do a blow job, but those were easy. I have a knack, and not much gag reflex, if you take my meaning. And it's fun to see guys turn into gurgling rubber when I play with their little man.

Mr. Connors had accused me of having guys do my homework a number of times, but he couldn't prove it. I did read the books, at least, and I have a really good memory, so I could usually answer the questions he challenged me with. I figured this was something similar.

Whenever I had to see Mr. Connors I wore my hair in a pony tail, because I had heard through the grapevine he had a thing for pony tails. I don't know whether it's true or not but I never miss a chance to get an advantage.

Besides, I like flirting. Especially dangerous flirting. You had to be real subtle if you were flirting with a teacher, especially one of those stern, no-nonsense types like Connors. I mostly do it with guys like him to taunt them, to tease them, and to see if I can get any kind of reaction.

I mean, they sure couldn't show one! Not if they wanted to keep their jobs! So I knew he would ignore whatever I did, or try to. But I liked the feeling that even while he was glaring at me he was thinking I was hot. And I was pretty sure that had an influence on his punishments too.

Anyway, I liked it and it didn't cost anything, so why not? He was even a kind of attractive guy in a weird way. I mean, he was tall, thick chested, and had broad shoulders, all of which I like. He wasn't bad looking and had decent hair. He was also more than twice my age, and very much a stern kind of guy, too, which made the very thought of teasing him deliciously dangerous.

Okay, it was bratty too. So? You know there used to be a thing called bear bating? People would taunt bears that were in cages, poke them with sticks and stuff, just to hear them roar. Of course, they never did that if the bears weren't in the cages! But Mr. Connors was in his cage. He was a teacher, and couldn't possibly show any sort of physical reaction to me, nor even express any thought that I was hot looking.

I pondered what to wear. I did keep a few extra things in my locker, after all. But then I had a thought that maybe this was related to my physical trainer thing. The school, of course, knew about it, as they did about every student's application. They went over all the applications with you and often sent along recommendations with your marks.

So I hurried to the gym and my locker there (seniors had their own permanent locker) and quickly changed into my sweat pants and tank top. I would use the

excuse that I had been in the gym exercising! Puurrrfect! And if the sweat pants were kind of low on my hips – which was certainly the way I wore them, and the tank top revealed a nice amount of my toned belly – which it did, so much the better!

Then I hurried to the office and was shown in to see Mr. Connors.

I put my patented innocent look on my face along with a perky smile like I had no idea I'd done anything wrong and had a completely free conscience. Of course, as far as I knew I actually hadn't done anything wrong, recently anyway, so I felt reasonably innocent.

“Hi, Mr. Connors,” I said in my perky voice.

He glowered at me.

“Miss Stewart,” he said. “I've been going through the college applications.”

“Oh that's all finished,” I interrupted. “They already accepted me.”

He glowered again. “Lips closed until I say otherwise,” he said.

I shrugged and made a bit of a face like “Oookaaaaay!”

“You've got a number of volunteer jobs listed on your application,” he said, reading it, and then looking up at me. “But you've turned down every opportunity for volunteer work which the school has offered you.”

The school thought kids should get 'life experience' doing all sorts of volunteer shit, most of which sucked ass, really. Why should I volunteer at some seniors center or go feed icky poor people at a soup kitchen, let alone cut grass for shut-ins?

“Uhm, yeah, I uh, did those on my own time,” he said.

“Really,” he said in a very doubtful voice.

He came around the desk and then propped his butt on the edge.

“Are you aware, Miss Stewart, that we have a very sophisticated system for

picking up on cheating?”

“Uhm, oh?” I said.

“Yes, it can do some amazing things. It searches the internet for phrases from submission letters, for example, looking for plagiarism.”

Uh ooooooh.

“Uh huhhhh?” I asked innocently.

“Most of your submission letter was plagiarized, Miss Stewart.”

“It was not!” I said indignantly.

“It also scans and compares phone numbers.”

“Huh?”

“This place you volunteered at – .”

He turned and snatched up a paper on his desk, then turned back to me.

“St Joseph's summer children's program,” he said, reading it.

He looked up at me. “The phone number happens to be that of April Foster, who, by stunning coincidence, is on your volleyball team.”

“It is!?” I gasped, wide eyed. “Well, I must have just put down the wrong – .”

“And this one, the Joint Reaction Health Center, the phone number matches that of Brent Thomas, who is also a student here and who I've seen you eating lunch with on a number of occasions.”

“I... know Brent,” I said cautiously.

“In fact, every phone number is one of your friends, Miss Stewart. Because you didn't volunteer at any of these places. You're too selfish to volunteer your time for free.”

“I am not selfish!” I said indignantly.

“You plagiarized your cover letter and lied about your references. It's my responsibility to inform the college of this.”

I stared at him, my jaw dropping as I suddenly realized the implications. If he told the college they'd probably take back their acceptance!

“You can't do that!” I blurted.

He raised his eyebrows and folded his arms across his chest.

“I mean... I mean why would you do that, Mister Connors?” I asked, making my voice sound more, uhm, pleading.

“Because it's my job and my responsibility,” he said, glaring at me.

“But... but... if you do that they might not take me!”

“Oh there's no if. They will definitely retract their acceptance and give it to some other applicant who really did volunteer work and really wrote their own submission letter. Which would seem quite fair to me.”

I opened my eyes to protest, but felt a wild rush of emotion and confusion. If that happened... how would I explain to everyone, including my parents!? What would I do now!? It was too late to apply anywhere else!

“But... but isn't there some way I could... make it up!?” I exclaimed.

“By volunteering in all kinds of things you claim here to have done for the last several years? I don't think you have several years worth of time to build up your reputation as a nice person, Miss Stewart.”

“I am a nice person!” I said indignantly.

“You,” he said, “Are an arrogant, selfish, smug, entitled little brat with no respect for anyone but yourself.”

I stared at him in outrage. The problem was, there was probably a few kernels of truth in that but shit, why did I owe my time to some people I'd never even met!? And so maybe I was a bit... bratty but hey, there are lots worse!

“I'm not smug,” I said lamely.

He snorted. “You know you're a beautiful girl and you use that to get what you want. You presume it entitles you to be treated differently, to get special treatment and favors you don't have to pay for.”

He paused. “Although from what I've heard you do pay for some of those favors.”

I opened my mouth indignantly again!

“Yes, just that way,” he said.

I was just working out what I was going to say when he said that. That threw me for a loop because it made it even more obvious what he meant! Should he be saying that to a student!?

“Come now, Allison, you're eighteen now. Not a child. You're an adult... well, technically, even if you act amazingly immature. Adults have responsibilities as well as benefits. And they get the full weight of punishment. Children might be spanked. Adults go to prison. You see the difference?”

“People don't spank children any more,” I said sullenly.

“Oh sure they do. Maybe not your progressive liberal parents, but lots still have this old-fashioned notion that if you don't give your kid a few smacks on the ass now and then it might become a spoiled brat.”

“I am not a spoiled brat!” I protested.

“You're also an adult now. So, suppose you tell me why I should let you get off scott free?”

That perked my interest up. Maybe there was a chance! Something I could do!

“I... I don't know much of anything else I want to do!” I finally said in a rush. “I want to be a physical therapist. I can help people and I won't have to sit behind a boring computer all day or be in a stupid cubicle doing paperwork or any of that other boring stuff!”

“So this is principally about you.”

“Well it's my life!” I said.

“Right. But I am in a job, one I like, incidentally, and my duties include screening college applications for truthfulness. So suppose you tell me one reason in the world why I ought to endanger that job by covering up your cheating?”

“Because... because... it would really help me out!”

“Why would I care about that?”

“Well...”

“I've put up with your bratty misbehavior, insolence and attitude for four years now, Miss Stewart. Are you under the illusion that has endeared you to me? What do I owe you?”

The truth, of course, was nothing, but I needed his help anyway!

“That's not to say I might not be willing to help you.”

I gulped and licked my lips hopefully.

“As I said, you are eighteen now,” he said.

And for the first time I saw his eyes skim up and down my body in a way I'd never been able to provoke before. I felt a huge jolt like... like surely I was mistaken, and... and surely he wasn't suggesting... I mean... Mr. Connors!? He would never – !

“And I've had these thoughts about punishing you for some time now, Stewart. Punishing you the way you deserve for so many misdeeds.”

“Uh... uhm, punishing me?” I gulped.

“Remember when I said that parents who fail to spank their kids often wind up with spoiled brats?”

I stared at him uncertainly. Surely he didn't mean....

“I think you deserve a very solid spanking, Miss Stewart, just to start.”

I gaped at him in disbelief.

“Should've been done years ago, but now, of course, you're an adult. It would be highly inappropriate. When women are spanked it's usually part of something very sexual. Don't you think that's true, Stewart?”

“Uh... uh... I ah... I s-suppose!” I gulped.

“But then, you're no virgin,” he said. “A woman who exchanges oral sex for homework is hardly an innocent.”

I flushed hotly. “I never did that!”

He gave me this dark look, like he knew I was lying, and I tightened my lips, glaring back.

“Miss Stewart, this school isn't that big, and the boys talk – a lot – about the sexual skills of girls. You must be aware you have a reputation for your oral skills.”

I could hardly believe I was standing in front of Mr. Connors and talking about my giving blow jobs!

“So here's the deal,” he said. “If you want me to help you cover up your cheating it's going to cost you, and a lot more than oral sex. I have several years of frustration to work out on you and you have several years of insolence and brattiness to pay for.”

It was hard to even think given how my mind was swirling and churning with shock and wild emotions! My face was hot, and I felt incredibly outraged, indignant, embarrassed, anxious, fearful and helpless! What was I supposed to do!? I mean, on the one hand there was no way I would agree! On the other hand, if I refused then the consequences would be... bad!

“The bonus is you can make up for all of it in one evening. Tonight, in fact. I'll be working late. Show up at Seven at the front door.”

“But... but you... you can't... I'm not... you expect me to – !”

“I expect nothing, Stewart. I require nothing of you. Go home, watch TV, go out with your friends, and go to bed. I don't care. That's your choice.”

“But then you'll turn me in!”

He sighed and shook his head. “Stewart. Get this through your head that checking on student applications is something colleges and high schools do very carefully. The reason yours was referred to me was because inconsistencies were found in it. I have to satisfy those inconsistencies or you're going to be found out. Why should I do that? What's in it for me?”

“Wh-what would you want me to do?” I gulped.

“Obey.”

I stared at him anxiously, confused.

“What?”

“Obey me. Anything I say. You get no free choice in what happens when you come back except, of course, that at any time you can choose to walk away and forget it. But if you want my help, the cost is absolute obedience. You will do whatever I tell you to do, whether you want to or not.”

“But... but what would you... do to me?”

“Whatever I feel like. I leave that to your imagination. Now get out. Return at Seven or don't. It's all the same to me.”

“That's not fair!”

“Oh?”

“You... you're taking advantage of me! This is... sexual harassment!”

He laughed. “You can look at it that way. Or you can consider that the three guys I've caught have already been turned in. They weren't given any opportunity or offer. If you want me to treat you exactly as I would a boy, Miss Stewart, I can do that. All you have to do is not show up at Seven. Think of it as your last detention, Allison.”

*

My mind continued to spin after I left his office, and my stomach wasn't doing very good either! I was gripped by a sense of disbelief! He really wanted me to... I mean, from what he said it wasn't just going to be oral sex! I would have to fuck him! I felt indignant and angry at that!

But the more time I thought about it, and believe me, I wasn't thinking of anything else, the more I thought, well, it was better than getting turned in. It wasn't like I hadn't fucked guys before who were duds. It wasn't like I hadn't fucked guys before because, well, it was expected, kind of a duty, you know, like when you have a boyfriend, even if you're not in the mood?

But fucking an old guy like Connors!? Eeeww! Still, he wasn't flabby or ugly. The spanking sounded kinky, frankly. It might hurt, sure, but hey, little kids lived through it and so would I.

Once the shock faded I even started to feel a strange curiosity. What would it be like to have sex with an old guy like him? I mean, mostly sex isn't all that complicated, if you know what I mean. The guys I'd had sex with, well, they were sure eager, and they treated my body with a certain amount of desperate excitement, which was a big ego boost, but the actual sex part rarely lasted long and was rarely all that exciting.

Okay, so I give him a blow job, which I could do pretty quick. Say, five minutes, then a couple of minutes of spanking, and maybe five or ten minutes of groping and sex. That was like, half an hour of unpleasantness in exchange for getting into university.

Any way you looked at it that was a pretty decent trade. I tried to cling to my anger that he was taking advantage of me because I was a girl, but if I wasn't a girl, or was an ugly girl, he wouldn't have made me this offer. He'd just have turned me in.

So in a sense, my looks were buying me something again, giving me an advantage over other people, which was something I was very well used to, and even felt (I know it's wrong!) I kind of deserved.

Of course, kind of deciding – though I kept changing my mind – that I would do it, did nothing to stop my stomach from churning. The thought of getting naked

with Mister Connors was incredibly daunting and weird! Even worse would be him getting naked! Yuck! Gross!

Thirty minutes, I told myself. Maybe a little more. I mean, if there was actual... sex... well, how long could an old guy last anyway?!

I could get him fired, I thought indignantly. Of course, he would just deny it all, and if I told anyone I'd have to tell them why, which would mean nothing good for my chances of getting into university in the fall. The only way I could tell would be admitting he'd caught me cheating.

The thing about Mr. Connors was he was always a cold fish. He didn't try to grin and joke around with anyone. He was the disciplinarian, and he was... scary in that way. I mean, he was always glowering at you and wearing those dark suits and... and looming to intimidate you.

The thought of sex and Mr. Connors just did not go together!

The thought of spanking, on the other hand, certainly did! I could easily see him embracing the idea of corporal punishment! My grandparents talked about how they had the strap at school when they were young, and that years earlier they had the cane!

But that sort of thing had never really entered my mind, nor any of my friends. To me, the idea of a girl getting spanked was instead related to those kinky internet videos and stuff. In fact, to be honest, the idea had always struck me as pretty hot. It was one of those things I would have liked to try out but couldn't in fear of getting a reputation as a freak.

Guys had big mouths!

Would I have to lay across his lap with my bare bottom there under his nose!? The thought made me flush. I tried to imagine what he would see, looking down at me. What if I was naked!? That thought was incredibly... intense! I mean, it would be horribly embarrassing! But... the idea was strangely exciting, too.

It wouldn't be my idea! I mean, even if he were a regular guy he couldn't tell other people I was a pervert for wanting to see what it was like. And there was no way he could tell anyone anyway, ever!

What else would he do? He said whatever he felt like doing and I'd have to put up with it! I'd have to obey him! I wasn't good at obeying people. I was good at working out ways around doing what I was supposed to be doing and then pretending I just didn't know.

I was tense with anxiety while I argued back and forth with myself about what to do! The thought of what he might do was super scary! Well, I mean, not in the way of being afraid he'd strangle me or something, but more in the way of a roller coaster racing along at twice the usual speed and me being afraid it might crash, even if I knew it probably wouldn't.

But I just didn't see a way to get him to keep his mouth shut unless I gave him a reason. If I let him do... stuff.. to me he'd have to stay quiet and even help me cover up my uh... short cuts.

And, like, how bad could it be? I mean, I've had bad sex, okay. It could be icky and painful and gross and embarrassing, but hey, it was over quick.

So at Seven O'clock I showed up at the front door with my heart thumping and my stomach twisting and my chest tight and face flushed. He opened the door, dressed exactly like he had been earlier, in his dark, three-piece suit.

“Miss Stewart,” he said. “Come.”

He walked down the hall, the door clicking closed behind me as I anxiously followed him, my head swiveling from side to side, looking around. I'd been in the school after hours before, though not legally. It was really a weird change from daytime, when there were hundreds and hundreds of people there.

He didn't go to his office, and I wondered where we were going. Maybe to the teachers lounge? Were there beds in there or something? I knew there were sofas and stuff. I wasn't going to ask, though. My throat was dry and I was too tense.

No, instead it looked like we were headed for the gym. That didn't seem like a place for sex, and I wondered what else he had in mind. But then we turned off into the assembly hall instead.

The assembly hall was a round auditorium. Sometimes really big classes went there, but mostly it was used for the school band, for plays, for school assemblies and meetings and stuff like that. It had about a thousand or so tiered,

theater style seats, I guess.

He opened one of the doors and ushered me inside.

The auditorium had red carpeting along the aisles and down the stairs that led to the stage, and rows of black theater seats in a three quarter circle around the stage. I had no idea what we were doing here. But I walked down to the aisle in front of the stage.

“Get on the stage,” he ordered.

I climbed up the three stairs onto the stage while he sat down in one of the seats in like the fourth row. Now I was baffled! I looked around but there didn't seem to be anyone else here. I looked at Mr. Connors and saw him doing something with a book-sized black box.

Then all the lights went out. It was pitch black! A moment later one of the spotlights came on and shone on the stage.

“Stand in the middle of the spotlight, Miss Stewart,” he said.

Gulping, I moved aside, blinking in the bright light.

“Take off your top.”

I felt like I had been punched, even though, of course, I had come here expecting something like this. Just... not like this! I mean, I had figured he'd like, kiss and grope me and take my top off and then, like fuck me, you know, like guys always did when I let them!

What the fuck did he want me to take my top off here for!?

“Now, Miss Stewart.”

My heart fluttered as I peeled my shirt up and off, my face flushing as I stood there in my lacy black bra.

“Just drop it on the floor,” he said.

I obeyed.

“Stand straight, Stewart. Shoulders back, chest out.”

I nervously obeyed.

“What do you think of this auditorium, Stewart?”

“Uhm, it's... nice?” I gulped.

“You've been here a number of times,” he said.

That didn't seem to need an answer.

“Take off your shoes and socks and pants.”

I felt another jolt, another punch in the belly, and felt my chest tighten so I could hardly breathe, but I undid my jeans and skinned them down, then sat down and popped off my shoes and socks before taking off my jeans. I sat there anxiously.

“Stand up.”

I gulped but reluctantly stood up, still blinking. I couldn't see anything other than the light in my face.

“Stand straight, your feet apart, your hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced.”

I felt another jolt, but I slowly obeyed, feeling almost dazed. This sure hadn't been what I had anticipated!

“You have an excellent body,” he said.

I felt another jolt.

“Very nice breasts. What size are they?”

My mouth opened but nothing came out.

“Answer me, Stewart.”

“I-I... uh... uhm, thi-thirty-six-C,” I gulped.

“They seem larger. But you're a slender girl. That black lingerie goes well with your skin and hair. Are you a natural blonde?”

“Y-Yes,” I squeaked.

“Let's set a few ground rules. When I ask a question you will answer yes or no sir. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Take your bra off.”

I felt another jolt! God! This was it! I had to show him my breasts! At least he wasn't standing right next to me! I dropped my hands and reached behind me, face flaming, and then undid the clip of the strap across my back, then, my mind and stomach both squirming, slipped the bra off and dropped it on the stage.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced.”

Breathless, I obeyed, hardly able to believe I was doing this! I mean, I'd never just... just posed like this for a guy naked! I had been naked around guys but that was like, in bed, in the backs of cars, on sofas and stuff, mostly with the lights low. Okay, I'd gone skinny-dipping with a guy once too, but still, I hadn't just... stood there and posed!

“Very nice breasts,” he said. “Nice nipples. Small and pink. I bet they get long and pointy when you're excited.”

I flushed, my mind squirming, emotions swirling inside me.

“Turn around. I want to see your ass.”

I felt another jolt, but almost in a daze, turned.

“Of course you wear nothing but thongs. Can't blame you with an ass like that. Do you know how many people talk about this ass of yours, Stewart?”

I gulped, heart pounding.

“Rise up on the balls of your feet.”

I obeyed awkwardly.

“Very nice indeed. Take off the thong.”

I felt another jolt, and then, almost like in a dream, I reached down and peeled the thong down over my hips, letting it slip down my legs. I stepped out of it, my back still to the light.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

I obeyed, feeling really, really strange and self-conscious and embarrassed and... and exposed! But also feeling this weird dark sense of something... I don't know, something breathtaking!

“Shift your feet further apart.”

I obeyed.

“Now bend over and grasp your ankles.”

I felt another punch. That was so... gross! I mean, it was... degrading and – !”

“Now!” he snapped.

I gasped and bent over to grab my ankles, face burning.

“Very nice view,” he said. “Looks like you shave very nicely. Smooth as can be. That looks like a very nice, clean tight little entry there, Stewart.”

He was trying to humiliate me! I finally grasped that. This was part of the punishment! I felt indignant and angry, but on the other hand, it was better than a strapping or something!

“This isn't the first time you've been naked here, now is it, Stewart.”

I gulped. He had accused me of being with the guys who had broken in some months back, but I had denied it.

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

“You're lying to me, Stewart. Be advised that lying to me tonight is going to get

you a belt across that beautiful ass of yours. Now once again, this isn't the first time you've been naked here.”

His voice sounded so certain! And I was... intimidated! If I lied he'd know it and it wasn't like before where I could laugh because he couldn't prove anything! He'd strap my ass!

“No, sir!” I said.

“You were here with Evan and Bryce.”

“Y-Yes, sir,” I gulped.

“Fucking Bryce on this stage, under this light.”

God! Which of those bastards had talked!? Probably Evan. I'd only given him a blow job.

“Y-Yes, sir!”

“Stand up.”

I gasped and stood up.

“Turn around, hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced, feet apart.”

God, this was so freaking freaky! But I obeyed, feeling totally weird knowing he was looking at me like this. It was also strange that he sounded so... normal. So calm and detached!

“Yes, an excellent body. Have you considered prostitution, Stewart?”

“No, sir!” I said indignantly.

“Why not? You've fucked guys to get what you wanted before. Why not just do it for straight out cash so you can buy what you want?”

“I-I'm not a hooker!”

“Sir,” he growled.

“Sir!”

“Why did you fuck Bryce?”

I gulped and looked down.

“Because he had tickets to the Disturbed concert?”

I gulped again.

“I don't personally see the difference between fucking a guy to get hundred dollar tickets or just fucking him for the hundred dollars. In either event, that makes you a whore. Doesn't it, Stewart?”

“No, sir!” I said.

“No? How many people do you think would agree with me?”

I wasn't going to answer that!

“They say confession is good for the soul, Stewart,” he said. “Admit you're a whore.”

And then I saw a shadow move! I felt my heart beating even faster as the shadow moved closer, up the stairs. I could still not see his features as he stepped out of the spotlight and then moved around behind me.

“I didn't say to move!” he barked.

I gulped and looked ahead again even as he came up behind me!

I felt his fingers in my long, blonde hair! They were combing lightly through it. Then they slid down my ribs, caressing my flesh lightly before moving onto my back. His hands slid up and down my bare back as I stood there, almost trembling with the tension inside me!

“You have very soft skin, Stewart,” he said.

Crack! His hand slapped across my bottom sharply!

“Ow!”

“I said to stand straight,” he growled.

I gulped and obeyed. I felt his hand jerk back on my hair, forcing my head back more.

“Head back, tits out, and push that ass back at me too.”

I flushed dazedly as he positioned me as he wanted. I still couldn't see him, just the light in front of me!

Then his hands caressed my ribs again, sliding up and down from my ribs along my waist to my hips and back up again.

“Very soft skin,” he said.

His hands slid around over my breasts and I jerked helplessly as they enveloped them, caressing and stroking. My nipples were instantly hard, despite the anxiety and humiliation gripping me! His hands stroked lightly over my breasts, then he gripped my nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers, rolling and plucking them lightly.

“As I understand it, Stewart, you knelt here and sucked Evan's cock. Is that correct?” he asked.

I thought my face might burn off!

One of his hands slid down my trembling belly and then I let out a helpless gasp as his fingers found my sex.

“Good job shaving, if that's what you do. No, too soft. You must wax too. You're willing to put the extra effort into making yourself sexually desirable but not into your school work,” he said as his fingers stroked lightly up and down the line of my sex.

God! I was almost ready to scream and explode, to run off naked! There was so much wild emotion inside me! But the fingers against my sex were sending really wildly powerful sensations up through my body!

“So you knelt here and sucked Evan's cock while Bryce looked on. Is that correct?” he asked.

I didn't answer!

His left hand came off my breast and he gripped my hair behind my neck and jerked sharply.

“Ow!” I cried, my hands pulling free of my neck and grabbing at his wrist.

“Hands behind your neck!” he snapped.

It was the kind of voice, the kind of tone, that made me instantly obey!

“Answer the question.”

His right hand slid up my body, and then to my shock, his fingers traced along my lips and then pushed into my mouth!

“Close your lips, whore,” he said in something like a whisper.

Shuddering, I obeyed, as his two fingers slid deeper into my mouth, along my tongue!

“Lick them.”

Moaning, I hesitantly licked his fingers as they slid slowly in and out of my mouth.

“Just like it was Evan's cock,” he said in a low voice.

He pulled his fingers free of my lips, and then they were at my sex, rubbing and now sinking into me! I moaned, my legs trembling as his middle finger slowly sank through the lips of my sex and up inside me!

“Nice and warm and tight,” he said, still holding my hair.

I whimpered and moaned as his finger pushed shockingly deep inside me! It slid back and then a second finger joined it, pushing slowly up into my body! And when it was all the way in to the knuckles his thumb began to rub against my clitoris.

This was... I was in completely new territory here. I'd never experienced anything like this kind of treatment, nor even imagined it! It was... humiliating

but it was also filling my mind and body with a very dark, bizarre sense of shocked... heat! I know it's weird to say that but that's what it was! I was getting really turned on!

And that shocked me almost as much as everything else!

How the fuck was I getting so turned on by Mr. Connors!? By Mr. Connors treating me like a whore!?

“You have a nice, tight... cunt, Paige,” he said in a soft voice. “Do the boys tell you that?”

I shuddered and he jerked sharply, painfully on my hair.

“Answer me!”

“N-No, sir!”

“Why not? It's true. Do the boys tell you how hot and sexy your body is?”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

“I guess they go crazy when they get their hands on your breasts, don't they.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Panting and slobbering over them, trembling and eager to shove their cocks up inside you?”

“Yes, sir!” I whimpered.

His fingers were sliding up and down inside me in a way no cock ever had! I mean, they were, like, curved a little, and were sliding so smoothly up and then down, while pressing against the side of my hot little tunnel, against the front of it, really, like they were pushing out against my stomach! And that was sending really wild sensations through my body!

Not to mention his thumb was steadily rubbing my clitoris!

“Tell me you're a whore, Paige,” he said, his voice now almost a whisper, but right in my ear. “Say it.”

He jerked on my hair.

“Say it.”

I gasped, and he jerked sharply on my hair again.

“Say it.”

“I'm a whore!” I cried.

“Good. See. You are capable of honesty. Say it again.”

“I'm a whore!” I gasped.

“Again.”

“I'm a whore!”

“Now I want you to put your hands down,” he said.

My chest was fluttering, my breathing ragged as I dropped my arms. My hands were trembling too!

“I want you to bring your hands behind your back and cross your wrists,” he said.

He slid his fingers out of my sex and then immediately put them into my mouth.

“Suck,” he ordered.

Moaning, whimpering, I sucked as his fingers slid in and out of my mouth.

“Suck like you sucked Evan's cock. Lick them. You know how to do that, you blonde whore.”

I jerked as if struck, but licked at his fingers until he pulled them out and drew his arm back behind me. He released my hair and I felt both hands on my crossed wrists for a moment. Then they let go and a moment later something else, something soft went around my right wrist, then pulled tight and then went around my left.

He was tying me up! I was so shocked I didn't do anything at first. Then when I tried to jerk my hands away it was too late!

“What are you doing!?” I gasped, twisting my head around.

“Whatever I want. Remember?”

He was wrapping loop after loop of... something, something like rope but much softer, around my wrists, binding them even more tightly together. Meanwhile I just stood there, open-mouthed, shocked and my head whirling all over again!

He was tying me up naked!

That was... scary, admittedly, but on the other hand I'd already pretty much consented to him doing anything he wanted to me, so... what did it matter? Except it made me feel more helpless!

The spotlight went off, leaving us in darkness. Then the lights of the theater came up.

“Come with me, Stewart,” he said.

He walked to the edge of the stairs and then down. I gaped at him, gulping in air, looked at my clothes behind me, jerked my wrists against the whatever it was, and then helplessly scurried after him.

Walking through the school's halls naked was not something I had previously experienced! Doing it naked with my wrists tied behind my back and following Mr. Connors was... frankly so fucking wild that I couldn't quite wrap my dazed mind around it!

I looked even harder at every doorway and hall crossing we approached now, anxious that I might be seen! Of course, he must surely have made sure we were alone. How was he going to explain this to anyone!? But it didn't matter. I was still incredibly self-conscious and wary of being seen!

We passed a glass door, and since it was dark inside and light in the hall it acted like a sort of mirror. I saw myself, and felt a jolt of wild amazement. Walking naked and with my wrists tied like that I looked so... helpless! It looked like black rope around my wrists! God!

Now we went to the office, but instead of going to his office we went to Mister Sumner's office, the Principle. Connors went in and flicked on the lights. I saw the blinds and curtains were drawn behind the desk as Connors pulled one of the visitor chairs out from in front of the desk.

The visitor chairs in front of his desk were hard wood, probably because it was mostly students that sat there. These were leather over thick padding. They had no arms, though, and as he sat down I felt a sudden wild thought that he was going to spank me!

And then he looked me up and down as my face burned and smiled thinly.

“Lay across my lap, Stewart.”

I flushed hotly, but, eyes downcast, awkwardly bent over and tried to lay down. He grabbed me by the hair and arm and I gasped as he jerked me forward and placed me belly-down across his lap, with my head and shoulders hanging over the edge, my hair spilling down to the floor!

“Brats have gotten spanked since the beginning of time, Stewart,” he said as his fingers caressed my buttocks. “It's the perfect place for punishment, being so well-padded, after all. It can take a lot without any actual harm befalling its owner.

Crack! His hand slapped down across my bottom!

“Ah!”

“Of course, he or she might not be able to sit down comfortably for a while.”

Crack! Another blow made pain explode!

“Oh! Please!”

Crack!

“You forgot to say sir.”

Crack! God, that stung!

“Ow! Please, sir!”

“Please sir what? You don't think you deserve to be punished?”

Crack!

“I-I do!”

Crack!

“Oww! Please, sir!”

“Well this is the punishment.”

Crack!

“And certainly a much milder punishment than losing your placement at university.”

Crack!

“Do you disagree?”

“No but – !”

Crack!

“Ow! That hurts, sir!” I whined.

“That is the general idea, Stewart,” he said.

Crack!

“Spread your legs.”

Gasping, trembling, I obeyed. I tried to twist my head up and back to see but it was awfully hard and my hair kept spilling over my face. He had something in his hand but I couldn't quite see it.

Then I felt something pushing against my little back opening! I gasped, my eyes widening.

“What are you doing!?” I squealed.

“You have a gorgeous ass, Stewart,” he said. “Are you going to tell me nobody has shoved his prick up into it yet?”

I flushed hotly! “No, sir!”

“No? God, what a brat you are!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

I felt the thing pushing harder. It seemed to be... slippery, or slick or ... and it was getting wider and wider, spreading me wider and wider!

Crack!

“Oww!”

Most of it seemed to slide into me and I felt my own body sucking it in all the way inside and ... closing behind it except... there was something else... like pressed against the outside!*Crack!*

“It's called a butt-plug,” he said. “It gets your tight little ass ready for a big cock to slide into it.”

Crack!

“Oh! Oh please!”

Crack Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Please! Ow! Oh! Ooh!”

I was... wriggling and twisting as his hand slapped down on my ass, which was now burning hot! The blows didn't seem to sting quite as much any more, though they did still sting.

“You snivel like a baby, Stewart,” he said.

His fingers slid down between my legs and rubbed at my sex. I shuddered and moaned as they eased into me. They were slippery now too, sinking smoothly, despite how tight I was, pushing deep and then pumping lazily in and out.

“Now, tell me about how you fucked Jeff Forbes here in this office.”

God! How did he know that!?

His fingers were thrusting into me harder and faster now as I trembled and moaned, and he was twisting his hand around so as to get his thumb on my clitoris and rub it furiously. I moaned as he added a third finger, stretching me out wide!

“Tell me you're a whore, Stewart,” he ordered.

I moaned, and he pulled his fingers out.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Say it, slut.”

“Ow! I'm a whore!” I cried.

Crack!

'Again.’’

“I'm a whore!”

Crack!

“Sir,” he said.

“I'm a whore, sir!” I cried.

His fingers slid back into me, first one, twisting and thrusting, then a second as I whimpered and gasped for breath. His other hand slid down under my ribs and kneaded my breast. Then he twisted his hand around, thrusting a third into me and bringing his thumb against my clitoris again!

God, this was so wild and nasty and... and fucking hot!

I couldn't help myself! I was naked across his lap, and even the feel of the fabric of his suit against my bare skin, against my thighs and belly and especially my breasts made me feel a deep, dark, sensual rush! And with his big fingers thrusting into my sex from behind I felt a growing wave of wild, crackling sexual passion flooding into me!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I gasped and moaned and flinched as his big hand slapped my hot, sore bottom! But the sharp little sting was like... like this... this force that echoed through me from my buttocks to my groin, and made my pussy pulse in response every time he slapped me!

“Tell me you're a slut, Stewart,” he said.

“I'm a slut, sir! Oh! Oh! Ohhhh!”

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm a slut, sir!”

His fingers plunged into me and now – oh fuck! A fourth finger slowly forced its way into my body! It stretched me out so that I ached awfully, but somehow that not only didn't dampen the wild heat but added to it! Feeling those four big fingers wriggling and stroking in and out of me was just so fucking wild!

And then his thumb stroked across my clitoris and I lost it. I came, crying out, my hips bucking back against him as the heat overcame me and drowned my mind, sweeping aside my pride and inhibitions!

My feet pawed at the floor and I cried out repeatedly, my hips jerking me up and back against those thrusting fingers and rubbing thumb as he drove me through an incredible, scalding orgasm that left me panting and dazed!

He slid his left hand down into my hair and seized a thick mass of it, then pulled up and up and back so that I cried out. Then his other hand gripped my thigh, and he flipped me over as he lifted my back and shoulders up so I was sitting across his lap.

I wasn't going to complain, though! Since it meant he couldn't smack my ass any more! It burned to sit on, though as I moaned dazedly.

His fingers slid into me again, his thumb stroking across my clitoris more lightly, then he jerked straight down on my hair so I cried out again, head jerking up and back so I was staring at the ceiling.

“Tell me where he was when you fucked him?”

“I-In the principle's chair!” I gasped.

“Ah. So you sat atop his lap? I'm surprised. That position requires you to do all

the work. Not like you at all, Stewart.”

I moaned as I felt his mouth over the center of my left breast! His lips and even his teeth dug into the soft flesh around it as he began to suck. He sucked softly, but rhythmically, and his tongue licked at my painfully erect nipple as he did it!

His teeth were... were chewing at my flesh! It was just shy of painful! But the effect was weirdly hot and incredibly, well, sensual! God, my breasts were starting to throb with energy even as my pussy was starting to thrum and squeeze down on the slick fingers sliding in and out of me!

“Tell me you're a whore, Stewart.”

“I-I'm a whore, sir!” I moaned, staring at the ceiling.

He was... was like... eating at my breasts! Even as he held my head back sharply his fingers were stroking inside me and rubbing my clit and his mouth was chewing at my soft, overheated flesh while he sucked and licked wildly! I felt as if I was being devoured!

He jerked my head up and forward, then gripped my leg and arm and shoved me off, at first, only to pull me back. Only now I was straddling the chair – and him!

I shuddered as he ran his hands up my ribs and fondled my breasts. His hands were big but soft, and not like the guys who had fondled me. I mean, they were a lot less... eager. They didn't try to squeeze really hard. They squeezed more gently, for the most part.

“What's a slut built for, Stewart?” he asked, fingers gripping my nipples.

“F-F-For fucking, sir!” I moaned.

“Indeed.”

“Stand up, slut. I want to examine this hot little cunt of yours.”

I flushed but obeyed, legs separated by the chair and his body.

His fingers stroked along my sex, then peeled it open and I gasped as one, then two, pushed up into me again. His thumb stroked along the top, over my clitoris,

as he looked up at me.

“Do you like having cocks inside you, Stewart?”

I gulped and flinched.

“Just admit it.”

“Y-yes, sir!” I whispered.

“No just say it.”

“I-I like having cocks inside me, sir!”

“You love having a big cock inside you, you whore. Admit it.”

“Yes, sir,” I whispered.

“Say it.”

“I love having a big cock in me, sir!”

His hands fingers were rubbing along the inside of my sex, along the inside of my belly, with enough force to actually pull my hips forward a little towards his face! And then... then he leaned forward and began to lick!

OMG!

The guys who had licked me before had been, well, brief, reluctant, and not very good. When I could get them to do it was like being licked by a collie or something! They just slobbered on me! It had still felt really incredible, though!

But Mr. Connors knew just what to do with his tongue, and I began to feel my knees getting rubbery as heat melted the bones in my body! I shuddered and moaned and my head slowly fell back further and further, my mouth gaping wide as my eyes began to close!

His tongue was sweeping across me in rapid little movements as his lips reinforced the pressure, and those fingers were still sliding up and down inside me and... and my body began to just... burn.

I began to grunt and gasp and moan without even knowing it, and then.. then another orgasm just exploded from deep inside! I was stunned! How could I have another orgasm!? I'd just had one! OMG! I couldn't help crying out as my hips bucked frantically against him, and I could barely stay on my feet!

Then I couldn't. It was too powerful, too intense! It robbed my mind of any ability to control my body! I collapsed! Of course, that meant he stopped licking, as I half fell on him, then slid off him to kneel, gasping, chest heaving, in front of him, bent over between his legs.

My head almost in his lap.

I cried out as he seized me by the hair and jerked my head up and back sharply, then roughly fondled my breasts.

“Slut,” he growled.

He let go of my breast, and when he jerked my face forward again it was to press it against his naked erection! I shuddered and moaned as he rubbed it over my face, over my cheeks and lips. Then he stood up, with my hair still clutched firmly in his grip. His pants fell and he was naked below as he ground my face into his crotch!

“Now let's see about these great oral skills you're alleged to possess, Stewart,” he said. “Start on my balls.”

His voice was so... firm, so remorseless, so... I don't know, but it was like even if I wasn't tied up and he wasn't holding me by the hair I think I would have obeyed right away! Besides, my mind was drowning in the heat of the moment. I felt as if it was melting under this intense rush of sexual passion, and all my fears, cares and inhibitions were gone!

I sucked on his balls, moaning dazedly as he looked down at me with those cold eyes, and then I licked my way up his startling long, thick shaft! I shuddered, wide eyed, at the sight of it. It was definitely the biggest I'd seen in person!

He jerked back on my hair and then slapped my face, dazing me further. When he jerked my face forward again he pushed his cock right into my open mouth.

“Suck.”

I moaned as I closed my lips around it and obeyed, sucking and licking, trying to bob up and down on it as I would usually, but having trouble because he was holding my hair.

Then he started to pump his hips in and out, his big cock sliding back and forth along my tongue as I sucked. I was just starting to get my breath back from that wild second orgasm, and not really thinking straight yet.

And then he shoved himself deep into my throat!

I was able to deep throat guys. I mean, I'd done it before. That was probably why he was talking about this great skill I had. Not many girls could do it, and so when I did it, well, Jimmy Patterson blabbed about it, and from then on every guy absolutely had to have it!

I had gotten better at it, but still, it wasn't something that I normally did without any preparation, without bracing myself, without preparing myself mentally or anything. And it was always me that controlled how deep and how far and how long.

The weird thing is, though, that usually I gagged a little, and sometimes more than a little, usually at the start. But since he'd caught me so much by surprise and my mind was still kind of blasted he was already halfway down my throat before I even realized what he was doing, and I didn't gag much at all!

Which, given the size of him, was amazing! My throat ached as his big, slick cock pushed into it! And even though I instinctively tried to jerk back I could do nothing. His hand was gripping my hair and his other was behind my head and he was pulling me remorselessly forward as his shaft slid deeper into my throat!

I gurgled and gasped and trembled, but then my lips were wrapped firmly around the base of his cock, my face right in his crotch, and he was holding me tightly so there was nothing at all I could do about it!

“Do you know how long I've wanted to do this, Stewart?” he asked. “Do you know how many times I've watched you spin out some bullshit lie about how your dog ate your fucking homework or how you couldn't get to school because of a car accident or a tree fell across a road or there was too much snow or your granny got sick?”

I gurgled and trembled.

“And every time I sat there and saw you spin some bullshit story you knew I didn't believe but couldn't prove was bullshit I wanted to shove my cock right down your lying throat.”

My head was starting to pound as my chest burned! I couldn't breath with his cock filling my throat! I saw black dots sparkle before my eyes!

He slid back, easing his grip on my hair, and what looked and felt like a foot long cock slid out of my throat and mouth to leave me gulping in air and gasping for breath.

“A nice tight throat,” he said. “And much better used for swallowing cocks than vomiting up lies and excuses.”

He rubbed his cock over my face as I gulped in air, then he pulled me forward and roughly pushed himself into my open mouth again, then straight down my throat! And this time he started pumping in and out! His big, thick shaft moved up and down in my throat and across my tongue with hard, steady strokes that I could do nothing about!

He pulled out again, once more leaving me woozy and swaying and dazed, slack-jawed and gulping in air. He slapped my face with his cock as I drew in great, shuddering breaths, then shoved himself down my throat again and fucked it even harder.

He pulled out again, and once more I swayed, groaning, eyes slitted.

He sniffed and sat down again, then jerked on my hair and caught me under an arm, forcing me up off my knees, making me straddle him, facing him.

He let go of my hair, finally, thank God! And his hands gripped me by the ribs as he licked and sucked at my nipples, chewing lightly.

I was hardly even aware of it at first! It took me a minute to regain some breath! When you can't breath absolutely nothing else exists in the world! He started sucking harder and then chewing on the tissue around my nipples after a bit, his hands sliding up and down me as I swayed and moaned.

He eased back and looked at me and I blinked my eyes, my breathing starting to calm down.

“You see this, Stewart?” he said, gripping his cock.

He pressed it right up against my body, so it was laying along my abdomen and belly.

“You see it, slut?”

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” I panted.

His other hand reached up and gripped me by the hair again, then lifted. I gasped, forced up off his lap. Not far, but just far enough. He pressed the head against the entrance to my sex, and I felt another wild jolt.

Then I sank down and that fat slick cock pushed deep, deep into my belly! I cried out weakly, my mind thinking of what it looked like against the front of me, even as it reveled in the feel of it pushing up inside me! God, it was deep!

I groaned helplessly, and then caught my breath as his fingers began to stroke my clitoris.

“Ride my cock, you hot little slut,” he ordered.

His other hand suddenly thrust up under my jaw, his big hand open, his fingers and thumb curling up around my neck and pressing into the soft flesh under my jaw, forcing me upward! I rode up as his hand forced me up, then sank down as it pulled down, then rode up again, then pulled down!

His hand was... tight, but not tight enough to stop me breathing. It did make breathing harder, though, as I pushed myself up and then slid down on his stiff cock.

His hand was practically completely around my throat as I rode him, moaning and gasping and trembling as he rubbed my clitoris.

I felt another incredible sense of dark hunger. My wrists were jerking fitfully against the rope he'd used to tie them, and I was naked and helpless and... and like a... a prisoner! I started to feel that intense wild thrill ride feeling again, of

doing something outrageous and deliciously kinky!

God, he was so big inside me!

I moaned as I rode up and down, as he rubbed my clitoris, and as I wallowed in a growing sense of something very like erotic masochism. Every time I slid down, every time I felt that thick cock pushing up through the tight, warm folds of my sex, pushing higher and higher and higher into my body I felt an incredible sense of delicious rightness!

His hand rose from between my legs and he slapped my breast!

“Ah!”

“Faster, slut.”

I was shocked! I mean, who ever did such a thing!?

And he'd just returned to rubbing my clitoris like that was normal!

But you better believe I started to ride faster!

And he rubbed my clitoris faster!

I was getting breathless from the effort, and from the way his big hand was restricting my breath, and from the wild spiraling heat within me! I was starting to think like... like could I possibly have another orgasm!?! Three in such a short time! Given I'd never actually had an orgasm with a guy that was almost beyond belief!

And then it happened, and I felt myself starting to spasm as convulsions wracked my body. I cried out, or tried to, but Mr. Connors' hand tightened around my throat, and then it felt as if my head was going to explode! I felt as if there was this huge release of energy that his hand was blocking so that my head would literally explode with the power and force of it!

That didn't happen, of course. Instead the orgasm just became more and more powerful, as I trembled and shook like a puppet!

Mr. Connors picked me up then, with him still inside me, carried me over to the

sofa, and lay me down gently on my back with my head against the backrest. Then he dropped to his knees in front of the sofa, and jammed my feet back against the back of the chair above my head.

And tried to fuck my brains out!

I had never been hammered so badly in my life! His big body just pounded me! I could only gurgled and gasp and cry out as he rammed his cock into me with savage strength and power while pinning my legs back against my body and against the back of the chair over my head!

He was almost atop me, his weight crushing me and filling the world as his hips rammed him into my sodden, burning, spasming body again and again and again!

And I just lay there crushed and battered and gasping, eyes slitted... wallowing in it! So good! Soooo goooooood!

He came inside me finally, and pulled back with a grunt of satisfaction, but he wasn't finished, with me. I lay there semi-delirious, drooling, sprawled bonelessly and feeling as if his cock had hollowed out my middle. But also feeling so incredible well-fucked I thought I could just immediately sleep for the next ten or twenty hours.

He left the office for a long minute but I wasn't feeling energetic enough to move anyway. When he returned he had a length of black rope in his hand. I just looked at it and him incuriously at first.

Then he tied a loop in it and dropped it around my head, jerking it tight around my neck! I gasped, my eyes widening, then gurgled as he pulled! I scrambled to my feet, and he turned and walked out of the room, pulling me along behind him like a dog on a leash!

We went down the hall. We went to the gym, and he flicked on the big overhead lights. It felt doubly weird to be naked in the big gym, with so much space around, and I looked around nervously, wondering what we were doing there.

But starting to suspect...

Wordlessly, he halted, then removed the rope from my neck – much to my relief!

Then he untied my wrists, or at least, one of them. He spun me around and pulled my wrists together in front of them, then tied them together again, crossed.

A part of me wanted to say something like, he didn't need to tie me up, but but I felt this weird sense of... wanting to be tied. Being tied up absolved me of any kind of guilt, in a way. I mean, nothing I did was slutty or wrong if I was all tied up by him and 'forced' to do it.

And I was still marveling that I'd had three orgasms!

I'd never had three orgasms in a single day in my life!

“Get on your hands and knees, slut.”

I flinched at the words, but I obeyed, feeling a rise in anxiety as my face flushed. He didn't have to be so nasty about it, I thought defensively.

He doubled up the rope he'd had around my neck, and then tied two loops in it. I couldn't figure out what he was doing until he knelt beside me and pushed them up against my chest. My breasts slipped into the loops, and then he slowly closed them, holding the rope up tight against my chest as he did.

I felt another wild rush of amazement and wonder! Why in the hell was he doing this!? Who did this stuff!? Why would he!?

I felt the ropes tightening around the base of my breasts, squeezing in on the soft, malleable flesh, and that kind of made my breasts throb and pulse and then go taut as he drew the loops around my back and tied them.

“On your feet.”

I stood up and looked down at my breasts wonderingly! They were so... wow! I mean, they were sticking out like round balls, and throbbing! The nipples were like hard little needles tingling!

He pulled me over to where there were thick ropes dangling from the ceiling for rope climbing, then lifted my arms above my head and I gasped, forced onto the balls of my feet as he tied the rope around my wrists to the rope dangling from above!

Then he stood back.

“Now, Stewart, would you like to talk about Amy Brannigan?”

I gulped. No, I didn't! I actually felt a bit guilty about that, but it wasn't my fault! That was Nicole's doing!

“I-I don't know what you mean, sir,” I gulped.

He reached around me and he had something in his hand. It looked like a tiny alligator clip, like we used in electricity class (which I had successfully gotten out of after two weeks by claiming I was allergic to the smell). It was attached by a tiny chain to a sort of round stainless steel ball the size of a ping pong ball.

He let the jaws open and frame my right nipple, then let them shut.

My nipple was suddenly on fire! I squealed wildly and jerked violently against the rope! But all that did as teach me that moving was not a good idea! Not only couldn't I get free but jerking hard like that made the ball thing jerk against my nipple and increased the pain!

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Take it off! Take it off! Please!” I cried.

Instead he snapped another one around my right nipple!

“Eeee! Don't! Please! Please! Please, sir! Oh! Oh! Oh!”

He ignored me as my nipples burned wildly! And there was nothing I could do about it but stay still and beg him to take them off!

Thankfully, the sharp burning began to ease into a dull throbbing ache.

“Nipple twists were involved, I believe,” Connors said.

“That wasn't me! That was Nicole!” I cried.

“Oh. You weren't there?”

“I didn't know what Nicole was going to do!”

“Oh. So you told her to stop and then when she wouldn't, you left.”

“I-I...”

“You didn't laugh while she was pinching and twisting Amy Brannigan's nipples repeatedly?”

“I-I...”

“You didn't taunt Miss Brannigan with not being able to complain to anyone because it would be too embarrassing?”

“I-I...”

“And this wasn't all in aid of punishing Miss Brannigan because she had laughed at Nicole's new hair the other day in the hall?”

I moaned helplessly, looking down at my round, taut breasts and aching nipples.

“And you didn't rather gleefully tell everyone about it afterwards, and say that would teach anyone who was snotty to Nicole or you?”

I moaned helplessly, then cried out in pain at a sudden sharp blow across my buttocks! Then I cried out even more, because the sharp stinging blow sent my hips jerking forward instinctively, and that made those heavy round balls tug at my nipples!

My ass hadn't healed from his spanking. I mean, it's not like it was battered and bruised or anything, but the skin was still kind of tender. I twisted my head around and saw Mr. Connors had a belt doubled up in his hand! A thick one!

Crack!

I squealed again as it snapped across my buttocks, and again my hips jerked forward so that the balls bounced and tugged on my aching nipples!

“Are you sorry for being a bullying slut, Stewart?” he asked.

“Yes! Yes!!”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

I was perched on the balls of my feet, which unfortunately positioned my bottom perfectly for him to hit with the belt! There was no way to avoid it, either!

Crack!

“Ahh! I'm sorry, sir!”

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I'm sorry for being a bullying slut, sir!”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

“You need to show a little discipline, Stewart,” he said. “Every time you move it just hurts your nipples more. You don't want that, do you?”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

I knew he was right, but every time that belt cut across my bottom my hips jerked forward anyway! I tried to hold myself in place as the next blow hit and the next and the next.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I shuddered and moaned, finally able to kind of hold myself in place, the balls dangling from my nipples not moving very much as the belt turned my buttocks a fiery red!

And finally, my bottom was so hot, that the additional blows didn't seem to add a lot of pain, and the throbbing heat sort of acted like a screen against how sharp the sting was. And maybe he could tell, because he stopped, and then gripped my hair and jerked it back sharply.

“So, Stewart, you can show some discipline when you put your mind to it,” he said.

He ran his other hand up and down my body, kneading my breasts, fingering my nipples, then sliding down between my legs.

He released my hair and moved in front of me, then let his fingers roll both my nipples at once.

“Are you sorry for being such a brat?” he asked.

“Y-yes, sir!” I gasped.

He lifted up the ball things and tugged lightly.

“Are you sorry for being an arrogant little bitch?”

“Yes, sir!” I moaned.

“Ahh!” I cried as he pulled the balls up and out so the clips pulled at my nipples and my body arched violently.

“Say it, slut.”

I gasped, staring up at him in his dark suit, my nipples burning.

“I'm sorry for being an arrogant little bitch, sir!” I cried.

He let the tension go out of the little chains between the balls and clips, letting my body relax a little.

“Are you sorry for being a conniving, lying little slut?”

“Y-Yes, s – ahhh!”

He pulled them up and forward so my back arched violently again!

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm sorry for being a conniving, lying little slut, sir!” I cried.

He eased his grip again, then removed the clips completely. I gasped a little in relief, but there wasn't any relief. Instead my nipples began to hurt even more! But only for some seconds, then they began to feel a deep sense of relief, an

almost pins and needles sensation!

He started rolling my swollen, aching, burning nipples between the pads of his thumbs and fingers.

“This has been quite enjoyable, Stewart,” he said. “In fact, it's the first time I've enjoyed your presence in four years.”

He released my nipples, and his right hand was suddenly thrust between my thighs, the curve of his hand between thumb and forefinger pressed in against me. His thumb started to stroke and then his fingers curved in and up!

“Let me tell you what you're going to do, Stewart. Are you listening?”

“Yes, sir!” I moaned.

“When you get to university, start taking lots of courses in sexual psychology, and traditional dancing. I'm not talking about that shit you call dancing. I'm talking about real dancing, even ballet. Take modeling lessons so you know how to walk and pose. Take bar-tending classes and art appreciation classes. Take some basic finance courses so you can talk to wealthy men without seeming like a total idiot.”

A second finger joined the first pumping slowly inside me as his thumb stroked across my clitoris.

“There are a lot of well-off men who would pay a considerable sum to get to spank and strap and fuck a hot little slut like you,” he said.

I moaned as a third finger wriggled up inside me.

“And those men know other men with even more money who also like to discipline bratty little blonde sexpots like you.”

His other hand kneaded my breasts, then took my hair again and forced it back.

“You have a limited window of opportunity, Stewart, to make an awful lot of money at what you do best and what you know best and what you enjoy best.”

I gasped as his mouth closed over the center of my right breast, and his teeth bit

into my flesh.

He pulled back and licked lightly.

“And that's not physical therapy. Physical therapy is for people who care about others. You care about you, and you can make more than ten times as much as an escort than you can in physical therapy.”

He chuckled softly. “Consider it just a different kind of physical therapy.”

His fingers twisted and turned inside me as they pumped.

“Imagine that, Stewart. Making as much money in one year as an escort as in ten years working as a physical therapist.”

He moved around behind me and pulled his fingers out of me. There was a brief pause, then I felt his cock against my overheated buttocks. It was hard and it was thick. I gasped as he seized my hips and jerked them backward, forcing me onto my toes!

Then he pulled on that... that plug thing he'd put up my ass! I moaned as he tugged it free. And then I felt his big cock sliding into me! I braced myself for it to hurt, but... it really didn't. I mean, it slid in surprisingly deep before my body started to clamp down.

And then he jerked back on my hair again sharply, making me cry out, and at the same moment pushed deeper! His other arm slid around me and he roughly kneaded my breast as he began to chew lightly along the nape of my neck.

His hips drew back then pushed forward, drew back, then pushed forward, in short little thrusts as his hand moved down between my legs again and began to finger my clitoris.

Slowly, but with very little pain, his big cock slid up high into my ass! I was gripped by anxiety as it did, but when the pain I had imagined didn't show up I began to relax. I even felt a kind of secret pleasure when he told me what a gorgeous ass I had.

So I stood there on the balls of my feet as he fucked my ass! Talk about weird! My wrists were tied up above me and his cock pumped more and more steadily

inside me, sending sensations that I'd never felt before. It wasn't as good as being in my pussy, but there was a dark edge to it that began to turn me on.

Besides, it was way better than getting my ass strapped!

He continued to chew and suck and kiss along my neck as his finger rubbed my clitoris and his hips drove his cock into me with deep, steady strokes. His cock pushed even deeper, and then halted, with him seemingly buried in my ass.

I gasped as he jerked on my hair again.

“Tell me you're a slut, Stewart,” he said into my ear.

“I'm a slut, sir!” I gasped.

“What is a slut made for, Stewart?”

“For fucking, sir!”

He reached up and did something with the rope, and my hands came free of it. I don't mean they came apart. They were still tied together, but no longer tied to the climbing rope.

“Get down on all fours, Stewart.”

Panting, moaning, I had no problem dropping to my knees on the gym floor! Then I fell forward onto my hands. I knelt there, waiting, pulse racing, then turned my head slowly around to look up at him.

“Get down on your elbows.”

I lowered my chest so I was on my elbows and forearms.

“Now spread your legs wider.”

I flushed, but obeyed. Knowing he was standing behind me looking at me made dark shudders pass through my body.

“Drop your chest to the floor and raise your hot little ass higher.”

I flinched, but obeyed, my bound arms before me.

“Suck in that gut,” he growled. “Pull it in tight against your thighs. I want that ass high and inviting.”

I felt another dark wave of masochistic heat. Because this was so... so sexist and outrageous and degrading and insulting! Why that turned me on I don't know.

“Now, Stewart. You want my cock up your ass, don't you?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I squeaked.

I gasped as I felt his foot on my bottom.

“Beg.”

“Please fuck my ass, sir!” I moaned.

He knelt behind me and slapped my red bottom.

“Again!”

“Please fuck my ass, sir!”

Crack!

“Again!”

“Please fuck my ass, sir!”

I felt his cock rubbing against me.

“Again.”

“Please fuck my ass, sir!”

The head pushed against me and sank slowly into my ass. I was still slippery from that... plug thing he'd shoved into me, and his cock then began to sink deeper and deeper.

God! This was so fucking degrading! And yet that was why it was turning me on! Because it was so kinky and outrageous!

His big cock pushed deeper, pumping now, but every stroke pushed it deeper and deeper. His hands slid down my back until they were pressing against my shoulders, grinding my breasts into the floor! I had never felt so deliciously, darkly... conquered! That's a strange word to use, I know, but it's how I felt! And instead of feeling angered at it I felt this wild rush of sexual heat!

His cock pushed even deeper than it had before! I gasped helplessly as the head jammed so high inside me I felt cramps!

“Hot little slut,” he said.

He started to stroke in and out, using long strokes, strokes which got faster and faster until his hips were slapping steadily against my upraised buttocks! I could only gasp and grunt and cry out at every deep thrust into my quivering, trembling body!

I stared along the floor, along my arms to my bound wrists, and felt so... sexually dominated! It was delicious, in a dark, forbidden way! And he didn't even have to touch my clitoris. With the way my pins and needles nipples were rolling and grinding against the floor, and the feel of that big cock punching into me, and the feel of his hips smacking my buttocks again and again, I kicked over into yet another feverish sexual orgasm!

I cried out as he seized my hair and jerked it back hard. His other hand went around my throat and squeezed as his body leaned over mine. His hips kept ramming into me as his lips came down right next to my ear.

“Come, you slut! Come for me, you hot little bitch! Come with my cock up your tight little ass, you wild little blonde fuck toy!”

Well, it wasn't like I had a choice!

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So, it hadn't taken a half hour. It had taken closer to two. And I felt royally fucked afterward! But in a weirdly satisfying way. In fact, I felt worse about not feeling humiliated and abused than I did about what he'd done to me. What the fuck was wrong with me anyway?

But that had been the wildest, most thrilling, most intense sex I'd ever had in my

life! And the dark, feverish heat and pleasure of it resonated through my mind and every memory I had when I thought about it. Which meant... I wanted more!

I went to university, and settled into the dorm, and started taking courses. They weren't as easy as I'd thought, and you sure had to learn a lot about anatomy and stuff! I had thought I'd spend most of the time standing around and practicing giving massages and helping people bend and twist and stuff.

Instead I was spending all the time reading books and listening to lectures on anatomy and that was fucking boring!

And then I got a call from a lady called Wanda. I say a lady because she sounded old, like forty or something. She wanted to meet me and said she was an acquaintance of Mr. Connors.”

That sure made my pulse race! What had he told her!? Who would she tell!? Could she tell them here and get me kicked out!?

I met her in a restaurant off campus, and was surprised to see that she was actually a very good looking blonde who looked no older than thirty. She was in an expensive dress and had what looked like some very expensive jewelry on.

“So,” she said, looking me up and down.

I flushed, thinking of what Connors might have told her.

“I'm told you have a certain talent and ability I might find useful,” she said.

“I don't know what Connors told you but I'm just here to get an education,” I said warily.

“Of course you are, dear. That's what the young do – get educated. But what's the end goal? To make decent money and have a nice life, yes?”

I shrugged.

“I made a million and a half last year and didn't pay any taxes.”

I blinked at her in surprise. That was... impressive!

“I'm semi-retired now. I mostly manage. When I do date a man I charge five thousand for the evening.”

I blinked again. Five thousand dollars!? To fuck a guy!?

“Why would anyone pay you that much?”

“You don't think I'm beautiful?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Lots of girls are beautiful,” I said.

“True. But for wealthy men, especially those well beyond college age, there aren't an awful lot of opportunities to meet lovely young women. We're talking about men who work twelve hours a day, and don't have time for trying to persuade some cute young thing into lifting her skirt.”

“But five thousand dollars?”

“Again, these are men for whom that sum is almost nothing. The last man I 'dated' is worthy over a billion dollars. Do you think he cares about five or ten thousand? I meet him once a week. That satisfies his urges and doesn't take much time away from his business.”

I stared at her. Twenty thousand dollars a month for fucking a rich guy once a week!?

“Isn't it icky letting these old guys slobber all over you?” I said, making a face.

She laughed softly. “First, we're talking about rather sophisticated men, dear. They don't slobber. Second, just who do you think will be the bulk of your clients if you graduate and get a job in physical therapy?”

I looked at her in confusion.

“Dear, young people rarely need a lot of physical therapy. It's mostly old people who throw out their backs and such. You'll be giving a lot of massages and laying hands on a lot of middle aged and elderly people in that job.”

I made a face.

“Most of my clients are in pretty good shape. They all have home gyms, after all, and many have personal trainers. But regardless, the money is good.”

“And I'd get five thousand dollars a night!?”

She laughed. “No, dear. You have to start low and earn a reputation. However, you do have a specialty, according to Connors, that can fulfill a ... niche demand.”

I looked at her in confusion.

“A girl who can climax four times despite being spanked and strapped is a girl who wouldn't have to work hard to gain a steady clientele,” she said.

I blushed.

“A surprising number of men like to spank girls. And will pay extra for it.”

“Perves,” I growled.

She shrugged. “You could, with very little effort, pull in a quarter million your first year. Half a million your second.”

I stared at her in amazement.

“Once you're properly trained, of course. Men of means pay top dollar but expect the very best for their money. Any service which doesn't live up to that demand gets passed over for the competition.”

“Wh-what would I have to do?” I asked.

She smiled. “Learn to act. Learn to dance. Learn to give massages – sexual massages. Learn how to flirt and be coy and play the innocent.”

“I already know those,” I said.

“And learn to use your body to give you the kind of life you only see on television.”

I thought about it for a minute and then licked my lips eagerly.

“When do I start?”

End

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at

clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which

blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them